THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL

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"There was a Miller loved a Maid"

FROM THE PAINTING BY YEEND KING, R.I.

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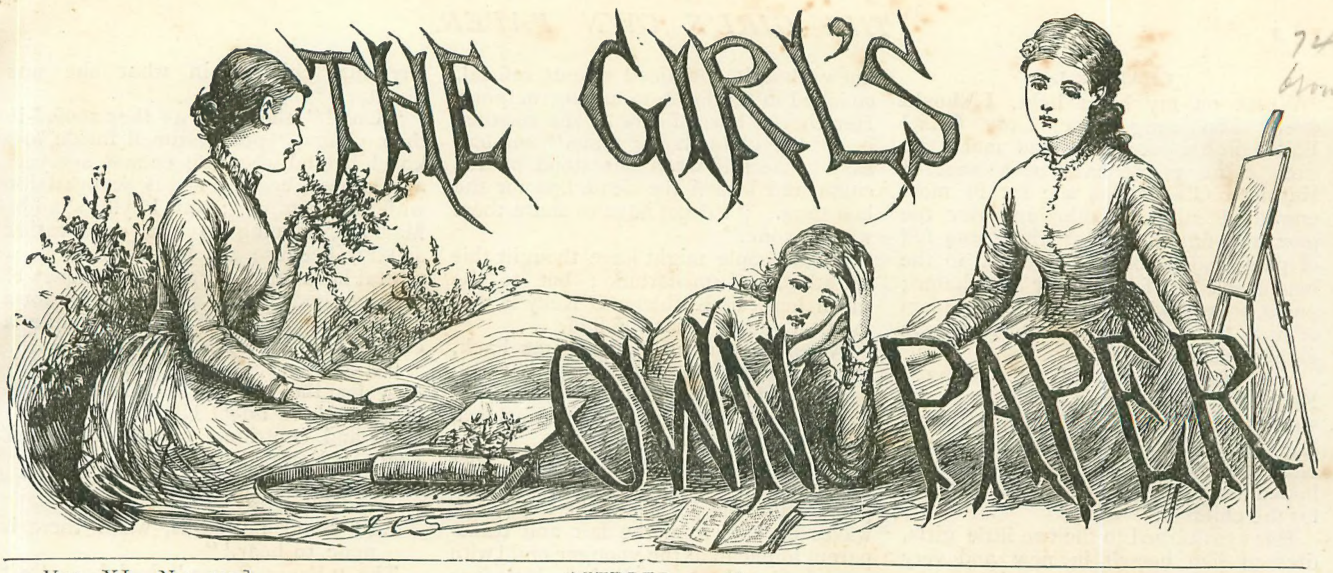

VOL. XI.—NO. 510.] OCTOBER 5, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

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"JAMES PIQUED HIMSELF ON HIS JUSTICE."

CHAPTER I.

"WERE na my heart licht, I should dee." So sang poor Lady Grizel Baillie in her sore need, and much the same thing might have been said of Kathleen O'Kelly, as she sat in most unwonted stillness, thinking over the past and future—a past which was full of pain, and of something which to the honourable girl felt terribly like shame; and a present which offered the problem of how three people were to live upon eighty pounds a year.

"At least she wanted for nothing," Kathleen said to herself, thinking of the stepmother whom she had tenderly loved, and whom but the day before she had laid in the grave; "and she quite hoped her relations would do something for the children."

Her eyes turned to the two little girls, dressed like herself in new and very plain mourning, who were sitting at the window, looking wearily out over the gravelled space in front of the house—a large lodging-house in a seaside town. They were unhappy, and tired of being unhappy, but not clear whether it would be right to be anything else. Kathleen smiled as she looked at them, and they brightened at once, looked at each other, and whispered for a moment. Then the elder one rose, and asked deprecatingly—

"Sister, do you think we might play with our dolls?"

"Of course you may," answered Kathleen, briskly, with a pang of self-reproach that she should have forgotten how dreary the long afternoon must be to the little ones, even though it was more their future than her own which had preoccupied her. "Get them directly; and when we have had our tea I will tell you some more of Sir Arthegall's adventures. Run!"

The children sprang up delighted. Kathleen's stories were a never-failing joy, and during the last sad week she had had no time for them; but one stopped to kiss her as they passed, and the other asked wistfully—

"You are sure you are not too tired? You look very tired. But perhaps it will rest you to tell us a story."

They were but two and three years old when, in an evil day for her, if not for them, their mother changed her name of Leigh for that of O'Kelly, and ever since Kathleen, then only fourteen, had been sister, teacher, and playfellow to them. During their mother's long illness they had naturally learned to look to "Sister" as sole authority; and, in point of fact, Mrs. O'Kelly death was a far greater sorrow to Kathleen than to her own children.

"They are always good and happy with you, Katie," she had said on the last day of her life. "I have begged my cousins never to take them from you. They will be safe with you."

"Yes, darling, you have given them to me for my very own," Kathleen had answered; and the dying woman had hardly spoken again, except to murmur—

"I thought my cousins would have written; but it does not matter."

Kathleen held the answer to that sad appeal in her hand as she spoke, and knew that it contained a curt refusal, couched in the most wounding manner. Her cheeks burned now as she recalled it. "The children are mine," she had said to herself when she stood by the coffin and kissed the dead lips for the last time. "I'll not have to share them with anyone."

Other people might have thought this an additional misfortune; but to the warm heart of Kathleen O'Kelly it was the best comfort that she had.

When the two little ones came back, carrying dolls whose dress and waxen beauty told of former days when money was more plentiful than now, Kathleen shook off her anxious thoughts.

"They want some real play, poor darlings," she thought. "Una looks pale," and she put aside the thick, soft waves of hair from the fair and transparent forehead of the younger child with a tender hand, and studied the little face for a moment. She could not bear to see a cloud there. Una had always been a delicate creature, growing too fast, and thinking too much, and Kathleen had imbibed her stepmother's nervous fears for her.

"Are you going to play with us? Have you time?" they cried, enchanted, forgetting why it was that Kathleen once more had leisure for them. She had had little enough for the last sad weeks.

"Yes, I am going to play with you; are you glad to have me?"

Their hug in reply gladdened her heart. She knew very well that she was all important to them; but just now it was very sweet to be assured of it again.

"Let's play at Florimell in the cave, and have all the chairs for the rocks," Una said. She was the imaginative one of the two children, the elder child usually following her lead contentedly. "Florimell shall sit inside, and Katie shall be Marinell, and we will be sea monsters guarding the cave. Phyllis, you get the plaid; that will make the roof."

Phyllis took it quite as a matter of course that she should be sent to fetch anything that Una wanted, and ran off, only saying to Kathleen—

"You'll take care of my child while I'm gone," and Una began to pull all the chairs together with immense energy. "Don't you like to be playing at Florimell and Marinell?" she cried.

Fortunately Kathleen could truly say that she did. It had once been said of her that she was as English as Irish, and as Irish as English; and perhaps it was owing to the Irish side of her character that she could thus throw off her cares and forget for the time the sorrow at her heart, and enjoy playing with the children as if she had been their own age, instead of twelve years older than the eldest—only a girl after all; but a girl who had already known cruel trouble, though it could not quench her delightful light-heartedness. She was the most charming of playmates, for she amused herself quite as much as her companions, and much too simply and naturally for it to cross her mind that anyone could think her unfeeling to laugh at such a time, or that there was anything childish in what she was about.

"Una!" she cried, as they roofed-in their chairs, "put Florimell inside and kneel behind where we cannot see you, and lament, because she is so heartsick with long captivity; and Phyllis shall be Marinell, coming to the cave rather sulkily, because as his father was a mortal he cannot sit at the banquet of the river gods. The poker will do for a lance, and your old hat will make a capital shield, Phyllis."

"And the green carpet will do beautifully for the sea," said Una, always ready both to adopt Kathleen's suggestions and contribute something of her own. "Now, I'm going to begin:

'Though vaine I see my sorrows to unfold,
And count my cares, when there is none to hear.'"

The "Faery Queen" had been their story-book ever since Kathleen had begun to tell them stories. Una knew good part of it by heart, and in happier days the ever-ready pencil of her stepfather had been constantly in request to illustrate scenes from it.

The door opened while they all sat on the floor, engrossed in the fortunes of the snowy Florimell, but none of them looked up.

"It's only tea," Phyllis said, just as the maid-servant announced: "A gentleman to see you, miss," and then Kathleen, lifting her eyes, saw a visitor standing in the doorway, surveying the scene with distinct surprise and disapproval.

"Shamus!" she cried, starting and holding out her arms, while her eyes filled with tears, "James, I mean," she added, seeing his brow contract at the sound of the Irish name which he hated. "How good of you to come!"

He returned her kiss, saying—

"I told you I would if I could; of course you want someone just now. I am sorry you have had such a strain put upon you; but I suppose it was unavoidable." Then he held out his hand to the little girls, who had risen too and stood close together, looking at him with dismayed and unfriendly eyes. "Well, children!" he said. Each gave a small, reluctant hand in return, and then came and leant on either side of Kathleen as she sat on the sofa, perfectly understanding that he disapproved of them and felt them superfluous. Kathleen put an arm round each little waist, and James disentangled a chair from the chaos in the middle of the room and sat down. There was a moment's silence. Kathleen's first natural gladness at seeing her brother was fast turning into a fear lest his coming might mean uncomfortable discussions and a clash of wills. She could not tell whether it were her fault or his that they were always in antagonism. She felt already that even this time of trouble would probably put them apart rather than draw them together as it ought to do, and that she had annoyed him in the very first moment of meeting. It was with keen self-reproach that she recognised that already her hasty tongue had tripped and brought her into difficulties at the very outset. She made a strong resolution to watch her-

self, and curb that ever-ready tongue which had so often betrayed her into aggravating speeches; but a feeling of constraint had fallen upon them all. She wished that she had been prepared for her brother's coming, and that the little girls' hair had been smooth, and the room in less confusion. She had the sensation that he was sitting in judgment.

"Is Mary well; and the children?" she asked, with a nervous wish to conciliate him.

"Mary is well, thank you; so are the children. How is it that you did not expect me to-day?"

"You wrote that you could not leave home."

"That was a week ago. Surely you got my letter of the 12th, saying that I found I could run down here for a night, on Thursday the 19th? I observed that you made no allusion to it in your reply—that is, in the last letter I had from you."

Kathleen started and opened her eyes in dismay.

"I—yes, I believe I did get a letter; but I could not read it the day it came," she answered. "You know ——"

She was afraid to finish her sentence—afraid both to trust her voice, and of making the children cry. As it was, she could feel Una start and tremble.

"The day it came; the 13th? Ah, to be sure," said James, recalling, after a moment, that this was the date of Mrs. O'Kelly's death. "But I suppose there was no reason why you should not have read it later?"

"I had put it aside and forgot all about it."

"Ah," said James. "Exactly. Well, it cannot be helped; but such forgetfulness is apt to be inconvenient to others as well as oneself. I had made several suggestions which ought to have been acted on at once. As it is, time will have been lost, and unnecessary expenses incurred. However, I know you must have had a good deal to think of," he added, magnanimously. James piqued himself on his justice.

Kathleen made no reply. She felt that, for James, he had been very lenient.

"I will see about tea," she said, not sorry to make a break. "Come, dears."

The children were too much alarmed at the prospect of being left with their step-brother to delay an instant; they had started up the moment Kathleen moved, and James was left to himself. He rose, too, and began to give the room a tidying of which it was much in need. It had been difficult to him to endure its disorder even so long as this, for he was as systematic and orderly as Kathleen was the contrary. If Kathleen were English strongly dashed with Irish, James was English and nothing but English. He had taken after his mother, who had disliked Ireland and all belonging to it, except her husband, with a cold and intense aversion, and certainly her son had no reason to love his country, or to admire its characteristics as brought before him in his own father. His chief desire was to break every link that connected him with his own country, and to be considered English. And indeed, except in name, there was nothing in voice, look, or manner that could have been possibly thought Irish about James O'Kelly—or Kelly, as he always signed himself, greatly to the indignation of his sister.

Kathleen came back in a few minutes.

"I ought to have asked if you would have a bed here," she said. "There is a spare room."

She spoke with effort, knowing that the offer must be made, yet very reluctant to give James the room made sacred to her by the use of one just gone from them.

"Thank you, I took a bed at the Railway Hotel, as I did not know what your arrangements might be. You seem to have had very good rooms here—expensive ones."

Kathleen glanced round, and saw the chairs in their places; Phyllis's work folded up, and two or three books laid on a side table, while the shawl which had served to roof in the cave of Proteus was hung over the end of the sofa. A flash of fun lighted up her dark blue eyes; the room looked so neat and precise that somehow it was exactly like James himself. She had a keen sense of humour, James had none at all, which was unfortunate, for the arch playfulness which was so amusing to most people always seemed to him levity, and, like most persons born without humour, when he saw people laughing at what he did not understand, he was apt to fancy the joke must be at his own expense. Kathleen was grave enough directly.

"You know it is not the season yet," she said, apologetically. "We did not pay anything like full price for these rooms, and as dear mamma could get out so little, we wanted space for her indoors. Of course we are not going to keep them after this week."

"Of course not. I hope you gave notice at once."

"There are two much smaller ones, a bedroom at the top of the house, and a little parlour which never lets, as it has no view except on a blank wall, and our landlady is glad to let us have them very reasonably. We must make that do. I would rather stay here than move anywhere; Mrs. Palmer was very kind all through our trouble, and did not mind what she did for us."

"I don't understand. You talk as if you were going to remain here."

"So we are," said Kathleen, surprised. "What could we do better?"

"I don't understand," repeated James. "You cannot suppose—we must talk over your plans later," he added, hastily, as the maid entered with the tea-tray, followed by the little girls. Kathleen had taken care to smooth their hair, and encourage them, and they returned fully prepared to do their small best to please their formidable visitor, who was almost a stranger to them, as he had seldom come to his father's house after Mr. O'Kelly's second marriage, and when he did, always brought a feeling of restraint and censure which they were not the last to feel.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGELS' DAY.

By ALICE KING.

In the Gospel for Michaelmas Day:—"And Jesus took a little child, and set him in the midst of them."

On Michaelmas Day, 1888, a dense, motionless fog was spread over a considerable part of the country.

'TWAS autumn; 'neath a misty pall
The earth in silence lay,
No gleam of amber light stole down
To gild the angels' day.

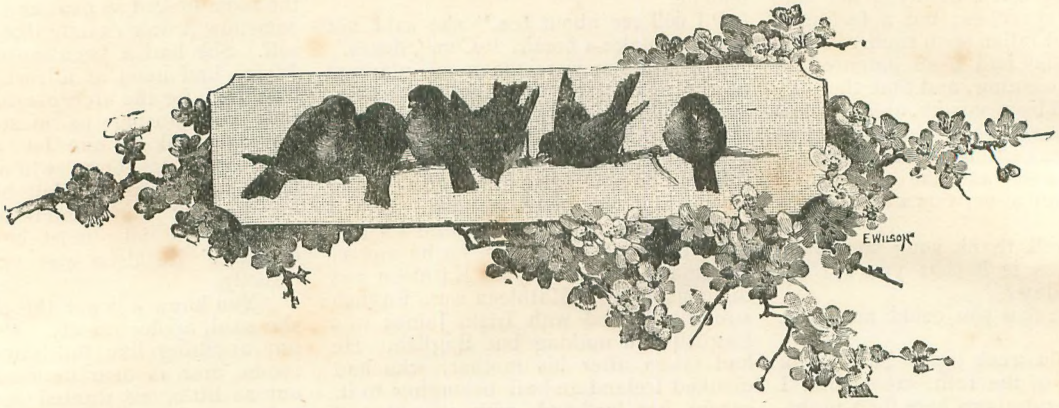
There was no whisper in the woods,
No music of the breeze,
And scarce a drowsy leaf was stirred
To quiver on the trees.

It seemed the angels had forgot
Their own sweet morn to keep,
And left the earth all cold and still,
Sunk in a listless sleep.

But hark! A rippling chime rings out
Like fairy bells at play,
And there is melody at length
Upon the angels' day.

A baby boy with sunny hair,
And starry eyes that smile,
Lisps, "Father, mother, sister, dear,"
And crows and laughs the while.

Thanks, Lord, though in these latter days
No angel forms we view,
That in Thy little ones we find
Their copy fair and true.



ON CAREFUL TREATMENT OF THE VOICE.

(A FEW HINTS TO BEGINNERS.)

By LIZA LEHMANN.

DEAR GIRLS,—The Editor of this paper thinks that a few words on "Careful Treatment of the Voice" may be acceptable to such of you as are commencing to study the art of singing. A great deal has been written by teachers and vocalists upon the subject of singing, the exercises necessary for the cultivation of the voice, and, in short, all that goes towards the training of the voice; but it seems to me that seldom has stress enough been laid upon the great importance of the care—I might almost say the caution—to be observed at the very commencement of study.

Now there are perhaps some amongst you who are feeling quite dejected at the many difficulties to be overcome, and wondering how it is that, in spite of the best of wills and much time bestowed on practice, the progress made is not what you hoped it would be.

It is a sad fact that (often notwithstanding excellent tuition) many promising voices, from which great things were expected, appear after a while to make little or no progress, or, worse still, to lose part of their original charm and sweetness. Then the general verdict is: "Oh, her voice was too delicate to bear training; it is a pity she ever took lessons!"

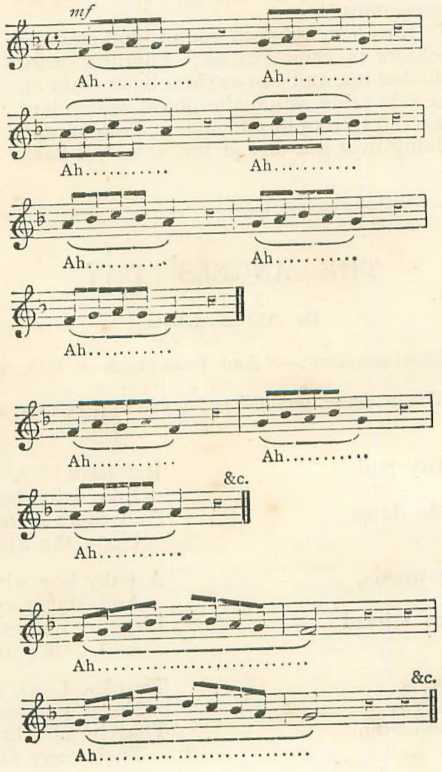
Now I think this disappointing state of things is very often simply owing to insufficient care during practice-time; or sometimes over-impetuousness and too much unrestrained ardour are the causes of mischief, as they lead to overtaxing the throat before it has been strengthened by a course of gentle exercise.

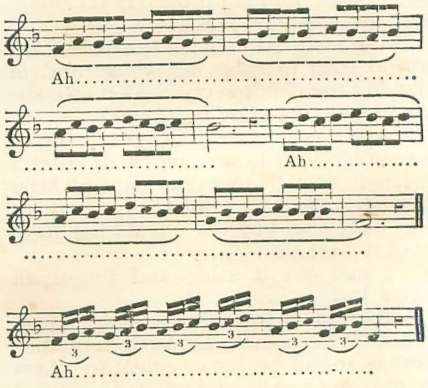
When I hear people say: "Miss So-and-so has a lovely voice, and she sings from morning till night all over the house," I always feel sorry to think how that girl must soon wear out and take the bloom off her voice, when one-quarter the amount of singing done with a little care and system might produce an artistic result which would be a real pleasure to herself and others.

The best time to practise is in the morning, about an hour after breakfast, and if you have been stooping over writing or needlework, take a few turns up and down the room, and make a few gymnastics to expand the chest and ensure good circulation. Two or three slowly inhaled and equally slowly exhaled deep breaths are also a very good preliminary to your practice, as the lungs are thereby preparatorily set in motion.

I have been told that the celebrated Madame Malibran always took a few deep breaths in this way on mounting the platform or stage just before commencing to sing, and I recommend the plan to any of you who may be inclined to feel nervous (and consequently "shaky") when asked to perform. You will find it steadies the voice wonderfully; only be sure to inhale and exhale *slowly* and *quietly*, and through the nose, or with the mouth very slightly open, that the throat may not get dry.

Many teachers tell their pupils to begin their practice with long-sustained notes through the entire compass of the voice, but this sometimes proves too trying a commencement for untrained and delicate voices. The throat and lungs seem to get exhausted at the very outset of practice, and no strength is left for further exercises. If you should find this the case, try beginning the morning's work with little passages such as these:—





I have only given a few examples, which can, however, be extended, and should of course be transposed into various keys. A great many valuable exercises will be found in Alberto Randegger's primer entitled "Singing," which I would advise every student to procure and study diligently.

You have no idea how these will help to polish and improve your voice, and if rightly done with mezza voce, they will not tire you; on the contrary, after a few minutes of these exercises you will feel much better able to attack more difficult ones, such as sustained notes, etc.

It is not at all an easy thing to hear one's own voice accurately whilst singing, but with attention this faculty can be developed; therefore listen carefully to every note you sing, and, above all, when you are vocalising see that you are singing your exercises on a good round Italian A (ah), which is the vowel that opens the throat and produces the best and most free emission.

If this vowel is difficult to you, and you find it has a tendency to sound like "aw," instead of the open "ah," sing all the vowels consecutively on one note, thus:—ah, eh, ih, oh, ooh, and contrast them one with the other; then alternate them—ah-eh, ah-ih, ah-oh, ah-ooh, and finally sing ah and aw several times in succession, that your ear may learn clearly to define the difference.

When at a concert of vocal music, listen attentively, and you will notice that the better the vocalist the more care he or she will take, not only to enunciate clearly every consonant, but also to give to each vowel-sound its own particular character. This ensures a good, distinct pronunciation, which is most important,

as not only the musical sense of the song performed, but the whole of its poetic sense should be conveyed to the listeners. But I will presume you are having good instruction or guidance of some sort, and therefore I will only continue my little hints on "Careful Treatment of the Voice."

If you are a beginner, be sure when you practise to take a rest after the first ten minutes of vocalising; make a little pause, and then practise another ten minutes.

If your practice has been attentively done, and it is repeated every morning, in a few months you will begin to find your voice improving much more than if you were to sing for a whole hour without stopping every day. Then, when the voice has gained elasticity you will be able to practise a longer time without fear of injury; your first and second "dose" of ten minutes can then (but only after another little rest) be supplemented by the practice of a song, and perhaps you will be able to find another ten minutes or so in the afternoon for again going through a song. You will get a great deal done in this way if you are patient and persevering, but remember the voice takes a long time to ripen.

In cold weather you should be very careful not to rush out into the air directly after practice. The throat gets heated with exercise, and a sudden transition into cold atmosphere might produce a bad chill; and oh! how tiresome a cold is, and how difficult to get rid of in our treacherous climate, is it not? When suffering from a cold, I have found great benefit from inhaling the vapours of ammonia through a Chloride of Ammonium Inhaler, especially when I have felt very ill indeed, as, for instance, at the last Norwich Festival, when I was to sing oratorio music for the first time. The final London rehearsal had been long and tiring, and when my share of it was over, I did not allow a sufficient interval to elapse before going out into the raw autumn air (the very thing I have just been warning you against!) Well, next morning I woke with a very bad sore throat, with which I was obliged to travel to Norwich, and which by the next day—the day of the opening performance—had developed into a tremendous influenza. You can imagine how wretched I felt! Gratefully do I remember how kind and sympathising the other artists were, Mr. Lloyd giving me doses of the quinine he always travels with, Mr. McGuckin lending me some wonderful smelling-salts, and so on; but the thing that really helped me was inhaling ammonia, and thanks to this, when the evening performance came off I was able to get through my work, and my cold was scarcely discernible.

But to continue: just as it is bad to rush directly after the exercise of singing into the open air, so it is unadvisable to use the voice immediately after a long walk, game of tennis, or any other fatiguing exercise which has tired the lungs.

Remember, it is wiser to omit your practice altogether when you feel tired or in any way not well; to insist upon singing under such circumstances is merely to impair the vocal organs, and perhaps to lay the foundation of the noxious "tremolo." This "tremolo" or "vibrato" (in plain English "wobble") is a defect which is luckily going out of fashion, and ceasing to be erroneously admired. A "thrill in the voice," such as we can hear in the exquisite pure tones of Lillian Nordica, for example, is a very different thing, and rare as it is beautiful.

And now a few words about things to be avoided at table. Hot curries, very peppery soups or dishes, very vinegary salads, ginger, and nuts are all bad things for the voice, but nuts are the worst of all, as little portions are apt to stick in the throat and cause irritation and coughing. By the bye, some people have a way of coughing and clearing the throat a great many times in succession just before commencing to sing, as if it were a help, whereas it only engenders local irritation, and in some cases becomes a very bad habit.

Strong tea and all alcoholic drinks are likewise bad for the throat, and should be avoided, sherry especially. *A propos* of sherry, I remember once, when I was scarcely more than a beginner, I was invited one evening to the house of an acquaintance who, beforehand, made me promise to sing. When I arrived I found to my horror a very large and brilliant gathering, which included ever so many celebrated artists and notabilities of every description. Oh, how frightened I felt at the idea of standing up to sing! And how hot and stifling the crowded room was! My heart began to beat very fast, and my throat seemed to get as stiff and dry as a bit of old parchment. After a while I saw the hostess threading her way towards me through the crowd, coming to claim the promised song, and my despairing eye catching sight of some sherry on the buffet just at hand, I thought, "Oh, perhaps a little sherry will be just the thing to do me good!" Oh dear, how I regretted that mouthful of sherry! If my throat had been parched before, it was fifty times hotter and drier after swallowing that fiery wine, and needless to say I proceeded to sing my worst!

Now, under the same circumstances, I would ask for a little plain water (not iced), or perhaps take the half of a black-currant lozenge, and I would certainly take a couple of the deep breaths I recommended to you a little while ago.

But I must not forget also to tell you how injurious to the voice it is to wear strong smelling flowers, or have many of them in the room. The great Jenny Lind used to say that the scent of violets was enough to make her hoarse; and Mr. Santley, who seems such a Hercules that one cannot imagine anything affecting him, hates all strong-smelling flowers.

I think so many people have preached against tight-lacing that I need not go over the same ground. To breathe well is "half the battle" in singing, and how can that be done if the lungs are cramped and the chest confined?

Now, dear girls, if any word of mine proves a useful hint to you, I shall truly feel pleased!

A good voice is indeed a great gift, and ought to be made the most of, but although very hard work is necessary, yet never forget that moderation and care in practice are quite as important.

The Italians have an excellent saying, which seems to me appropriate. They say:—

"Chi va piano, va sano,"

which, being translated, means:

"Who goes slowly, goes surely."

Believe me,
Your sincere well-wisher,
LIZA LEHMANN.

DOVES' DOWN;

OR,

PIGEON LIFE.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON PIGEONS.

"Like doves about a dove-cot, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there again." —*Tennyson.*

WHILE waiting in the Editor's room I have often been interested in watching the pretty picture made by the wheeling round and round of the "orthodox" pigeons who have chosen for their homes the deep cornices of St. Paul's Cathedral, and on one or two occasions I noticed that they were on friendly terms with our Editor, whose kindness to all living creatures they seem to have discovered, for there they were on his window-sill looking in at him and thanking him in their own gentle way for the little feast he had provided for them, and to which they were evidently accustomed.

Seeing this friendly understanding between them, I ventured to tell him of what I had seen, heard, and known of these soft, pretty creatures both here and in other countries. In answer he said, "Dot down your remarks; they may prove interesting to our girls."

I left the Editor's room with a GIRL'S OWN PAPER in my hand, secured by a Religious Tract Society wrapper.

Looking at it mechanically, with my thoughts busy on the subject of doves and how I could dress it in an attractive form, my attention was suddenly arrested by the seal on the wrapper. It was a dove with outspread wings, having an olive branch in its mouth, and surrounded with the symbol of wisdom: "Wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." Of course I had seen this seal hundreds of times before, but never as at this moment. The dove seemed a living thing appealing to me with quiet unobtrusive earnestness, and

saying: "In your thoughts upon doves find room for me, the carrier pigeon of the Religious Tract Society. I cease not day nor night to ca•ry its messages into the far-away corners of the earth, and I am the willing bearer of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER both far and near, shielding it always under my wings."

Here was a dove, our own carrier pigeon, full of information and ready to pour it into my ear. It has seen many peoples and countries, it has had many adventures by sea and land, it has brightened many a home, it has let the light into dark places, it has satisfied the longings of lonely hearts; but it has been too busy for many years past to interest itself in pigeon life. It has formed no ties either in Guildhall or St. Paul's; it has no little feathered creatures billing and cooing about it; it has given up all to become the willing servant of the Religious Tract Society, and can tell me nothing of pigeon home life. I may be glad to talk with it another time when I have done with its more frivolous relations.

The dove is of ancient lineage, and divided into classes or families much the same as man, with whose history it is wonderfully woven, and between whom there is a close and mysterious friendship. This I hope to show later on, and to call attention to the characteristics which doves and girls have in common.

The gentleness, grace and beauty, the loving nature, the courtship, the domestic life of the dove all remind one of girl and home life. One has only to watch a colony of them to be quite sure of this. This ought not to be difficult, for next to sparrows there are no feathered citizens so numerous in London as pigeons.

Of what race, descent, or origin, or for what length of time they have formed a commonwealth in and about London, it is impossible to say; they were certainly here previous to the great fire of London, for Pepys in his Diary, when speaking of this calamity, says: "Among other things the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and barbines till they burned their wings and fell down."

They did not live so peacefully then as now, but were subject to the attacks of hawk and falcon who were also citizens of London. It is recorded that when Charles I. was on his way to be crowned, a falcon attacked a dove directly over his head, and a drop of the dove's blood fell on his coronation robe; and again that a sculptor carrying home a bust of this same king paused to rest on his way, when a pigeon overhead was struck by a hawk, and the blood of the bird fell on to the neck of the bust. These two circumstances created quite a sensation, and were regarded as ominous, for the belief was almost universal that "He who is sprinked with pigeon's blood will never die a natural death."

At the present time there are three great centres of pigeon life in London, viz., Guildhall, St. Paul's, and the British Museum, the first being the oldest of the three. I asked a friend of mine, who knows every corner of the City and more of its history than any other person with whom I am acquainted, if he could explain the circumstance of the doves' selection of those places for their homes, and the probable date of the earliest settlement. His theory is that the Guildhall doves are the oldest settlers, and probably assisted the surplus population to emigrate to St. Paul's Cathedral. He thinks that in bygone days, when London business men lived with their families in the midst of their work, and the thought of a country house for dinner and sleep had never been dreamed of, that they required some recreation or amusement when business hours were over, and while some indulged in reading, and others in the cultivation of flowers, some few might have been found who preferred the breeding of pigeons to any other fancy.

Suppose, then, one of these men having a large number and variety of pigeons, forgot to mention them in his will; the consequence would be that at his death the creatures who had depended upon him for everything they enjoyed would be thrown upon their own resources for daily bread and shelter.

That they had been hatched and bred in the heart of the City was a good and sufficient reason why they should continue to abide there, their intense love of home being one of the deep-rooted characteristics of their nature. So looking about the neighbourhood they resolved to seek protection from the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and Common Council, who saw no reason for denying them their request, and without opposition they took possession of Guildhall. The officials, who have an aversion to innovations, regarded them at first with disfavour, but soon became reconciled to their presence, which lent a grace and beauty to the old building, and so they were left unmolested.

This all took place "once upon a time;" but the settlers did not die out, they grew and multiplied; they took possession of roofs, parapets, water-pipes, and chimneys, and in the early morning, before the hall opened its doors to receive legal occupants, the broad pavement in front was quite darkened by these graceful birds.

They multiplied with such amazing rapidity, the birth-rate was so out of all proportion to the death-rate, that something had to be done if business men were not to be ousted from their places of business.

Sad to say, judgment was passed on the pretty creatures, and the thinning process was vigorously carried out. Those who escaped remained on in the old abode, beginning life afresh, and founding a colony which has been ever growing in favour from that time to this, bestowing upon the most business-like city in the world a grace and vivacity it could not possess but for the presence of these feathered colonists. No one would think of hurting them, for they are held almost as sacred as storks in Holland and the birds of good omen that built in the temples and residences of classic Greece.

There is no doubt that doves give to the places they inhabit a feeling of home life. Tom Hood must have felt this, for he notes their absence as a mark of desolation.

"No dog was at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof, no household creature;
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
Not one domestic feature."

Leaving the Guildhall pigeons to their pleasant daily life, let us visit those who have preferred St. Paul's as a residence. I think they must have had perilous times at first, for long before they could have emigrated thither the dome was inhabited by a family of falcons. How or when they were displaced is not known.

Some fourteen years ago this special colony of doves consisted only of ten birds; the number now in residence is about three hundred, not all of one kind, some rare specimens being content to live there.

The assembling of these pretty, graceful, shy creatures in St. Paul's Churchyard about one o'clock to be fed by the people who go there to eat their own luncheon, is a sight well worth seeing. I quite hoped to attract them near me by throwing out some of their favourite food, which I carried in a paper bag, but I was not successful. The policeman, who loves these birds and knows them all individually, came up to me, seeing my disappointment, and said, "It's the bag, ma'am; they don't like the bag." He was quite right, they came to me quickly when the offence had been removed.

Among the many round about us I noticed one who seemed to have no companion, and to be lonely in the midst of the crowd, and I called the policeman's attention to it. "Yes," he said, "that bird is a stranger; it is having a look round in the hope of attracting a female." "What will happen?" I asked. "Well, ma'am, if he finds one that looks upon him with favour, he will court her and marry her, and dwell here with the rest of them; but if within an hour no one notices him, he will go off—he won't waste his time in persuasion."

The nests of pigeons are very loosely built; there is little or no architecture about them. This is accounted for in the following story or legend:—

Soon after the creation of the world, all the birds were assembled in order to learn how to build their nests. The magpie was selected to stand forth as teacher. He taught the most industrious, such as the wren and the piefinch, to make nests in the shape of a cocoanut, with a small hole on one side; others less industrious he taught to make half nests, something like a teacup. And so he went on teaching each according to its capacity, till he came to the pigeon, who, being careless and idle, was very indifferent about the nest, and while the magpie was directing it how to place the little twigs, it kept up a continual "What, athurt and across? what zoo! what zoo!" which so irritated the teacher that he flew away; and to this day the worst nest of any of the feathered tribe is the pigeon's, which consists merely of layers of cross twigs.

But unscientific as it is, it is still a creation of love. The architect as a rule is the female, the male being the purveyor. The St. Paul's pigeons are very particular as to the materials with which they build. What they like best are hay and straw wisps; the policeman lays these about, and he says it is most amusing to see them taking up first one and then another, and after consideration rejecting certain among them.

A pigeon always lays two eggs at the time, or to be quite accurate, a day intervenes between the first and the second, during which time she stands sentinel over the first—

"As patient as a female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed."

At the task of incubation the male bird does his part, for he sits upon the eggs in the middle of the day, while he sends out his little wife for food and air; but if she abuses his kindness and stays out too long, he is displeased, and comes out after her, and before the whole colony pecks her back to her home duties.

I am only speaking of what you may see for yourselves in the London dove colonies; a wider view may be taken when we leave our capital for other places.

The birds are very tame here, and it is most amusing to see a male bird running after a female, and pestering her with attentions. The courtship of pigeons, as seen even here under the very walls of our great cathedral, is most quaint and pretty; the various couples retire from the throng to pay each other little attentions. The coy, coquettish manners of the feminine dove are too amusing. She turns her head on one side, not so far though as to prevent her seeing her admirer, and looks disdainful, then for fear of having given offence she nestles up to him, and they go on caressing and cooing once again. The courtship of a pair is known at once throughout the colony by the tone of voice of the male bird, the acquisition of which is an indication of the approaching union; with that voice it ceases to be a *squeaker*. The betrothal is sealed by a loud billing or kiss. The next important

step is the selection of a spot for the building of a nest in which, when built, they live happy ever after.

It is very rare indeed that a separation takes place or that a bird takes two wives; the fidelity of a dove to its mate is proverbial. I cannot refrain from stating that while I have been writing this article a love story has been enacted before my window, which faces the ocean. An exquisite white dove has been followed for two days between twelve and one by two male doves, each of which is her devoted slave. Sometimes she turns to one, then to the other, drawing them on and on with her fascinations, till I have grown quite sorry for them. To-day they are absent, so I suppose she has made her choice.

A very pathetic story is told of a pigeon and its mate, which expresses the love of one for the other, and as it took place in London it may not be out of place here. A field of peas had been much preyed on by the pigeons living on the roof of the owner's house, and one morning the man shot the old male bird, who was in the very act of trespassing; the mate settled on the ground by the side of the dead bird, showing her grief in the most expressive manner.

The man took up the dead bird and tied it to a short stake, hoping so to frighten away other depredators. But his partner did not forsake him; there she was day after day walking slowly round the stick. The man's wife hearing of this went out to see what she could do for the poor bird, which she found quite exhausted, for it had walked round and round unceasingly, making little springs towards the dead mate. Not till the creature was removed out of sight would the hen return to the dovecot.

To come back to St. Paul's, I asked the policeman if he noticed the doves' conduct one to the other: did they often fight?

"No," was the man's answer, "not often, but I once saw two male birds fight furiously for forty minutes on a ledge of the cathedral, and I thought surely they would kill each other."

"What was the cause, do you think?" I asked. "Oh, some quarrel about a hen or a nest; wherever there's a quarrel a woman's sure to be in it." "How do they get regular food?" "Mostly through the kindness of the people living close round," was the answer, "but we shouldn't mind having a little regular help in the winter-time."

And now let us go to the British Museum, where the doves thrive and look happy, notwithstanding that they were the subject of much controversy a year or two ago, and occupied columns of the London papers.

There is more certainty about the time and method of this settlement than of the two in the City. It seems that in the days when elderberry wine was made from the fruit of the thick bushes around Montague House, and the sweet luscious scent of the lilacs filled the surroundings of the British Museum, some boys, the sons of the superintendent of the building, bought two pigeons and kept them on the premises.

These attracted stray ones from the houses in Great St. Andrew's Street, the headquarters of the pigeon fanciers close by, and soon a colony of columbæ was established—the founders of the pretty dove groups one sees to-day relieving the great sombre façade of one of the most impressive buildings in London.

It is certain that all large buildings with a deep cornice attract these birds, which increase very rapidly when once settled.

Before quitting London pigeons it may interest some to know that previous to the invention of the telegraph the Stock Exchange made use of pigeon expresses to secure the earliest intelligence of money transactions. These expresses were very expensive, and greatly in excess of what one speculator could bear alone, the cost of such an one being six or seven hundred pounds a-year. The men who gained possession of these despatches first were called pigeon men.

A communication was established between London and Paris by the same means. The St. Anthony boys of Threadneedle Street in the reign of Elizabeth called the boys in St. Paul's School St. Paul's pigeons, while they in turn called the others St. Anthony's pigs.

The love of and the breeding of pigeons have afforded great pleasure to many celebrated women and poets, among whom we may mention Mary Queen of Scots, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, and Cowper. Neither is this love of pigeons confined to any rank of life, as Crabbe shows in the following lines—

"Oft have I smiled the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen in their evening glee,
When of some pleasing fancied good possessed,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was blessed.
Whether the call bird yield the hours delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize
The gentle mind, they rule it, and they please."

(*To be continued.*)

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

PART I.

THE FIRST LAIRD OF QUEENSBERRY.

THE hills and the mountains of Scotland have for the most part some story or legend attached to them. On the tops of some can be traced the foundations of Druidical temples, and cromlechs abound in some hilly parts of Scotland, as they do in Wales, telling us of a day long previous to the Christian era. Such a mountain, for instance, is "Ben Ledi," or "Benledi," the Hill of God, so called from a temple which once crowned its summit.

But of a far different kind, and of far more recent fame, is the hill or mount of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, Dumfriesshire, not far from the old castle of Morton. Till less than three centuries ago the hill had not a name, and when it did receive a name it was from a jest of a sovereign of the House of Stewart or Stuart.

It so happened that James V., the grandfather of our own King James I. (who was also James VI. of Scotland), was married to a daughter of the King of France. He was a most eccentric and merry monarch. It is recorded in the chronicles of Scotland that at the end of a dinner, given in honour of his wedding at Holyrood Palace, he resolved to serve up to his royal and noble guests a strange dessert, so as to afford them a little amusement. Accordingly he set at each of the four corners of his table a small dish, most carefully covered up, as if it contained roasted chestnuts or some other such thing. One of his guests was Sir William Douglas, ninth "Laird" of Drumlanrig, who was reckoned almost as much of a wag in his way as his royal master. On opening the dish next him, Sir William found, instead of chestnuts or other fruits, a heap of silver coins. He looked a little disappointed, or at all events a little puzzled, saying, "Sire, may it please your Highness, I did not know till to-day that silver coins grew in the gardens of Holyrood or Dunfermline." The French ambassador, who happened to sit next Drumlanrig, was also not a little puzzled and perplexed, but the king at once said to him, "It is my wish always to present to my French guests, as well as to my Scottish subjects, the very best of the fruits of my country, and these pieces of silver are natives of my land, having been dug out of my mines in Crawford Muir." "I venture to think, with all due submission to your Highness," said Drumlanrig, "that my mountain berries from Dumfriesshire would have made a better dessert to set upon your table." "What! your mountain berries!" replied the king; "and pray what sort of berries does your cold county bring forth?" "Just such a county as that in which stands your Majesty's flower-garden at Leadhills," answered Drumlanrig, readily, and with a scarcely disguised sneer; "there are barely seven miles between them both; indeed, the whole of that mountain-side is quite a garden for berries." "That must be a large tract of land for a garden," replied the king, "and I wish that I could only see it." "Sire," answered Drumlanrig, "it is quite open to your Majesty to come and inspect it with your own eyes, and I shall be proud to show it to you." "I certainly will come some day, and that before very long too," rejoined the king, "and I will have a dessert off your native mountain berries."

It was late in the same summer when the king made one of his journeys or progresses into the fair region of Nithsdale; and he did not forget his promise to pay a visit to the laird of Drumlanrig at his home in that district. As soon as the king had arrived, he took him up to the hill-side region, and there sure enough the king saw large clusters of small berries on shrubs, growing thick on the sides and slopes of the mountains. The berries were of a dark bluish character, and the king on tasting them, as he walked along with the laird, found them pleasant and palatable. "And now, sir, how does my liege lord like the berries of Drumlanrig?" asked the laird, possibly with some little hesitation. "Faith, they are by no means amiss; and though they are a little sourish, they will be sweet enough in the early autumn. In fact, even now they will serve well to quench the thirst on a hot day, when there is not a spring of water handy." "And, my liege," added Drumlanrig, "they will not make a bad dessert some day at Holyrood, to follow after a dish of venison, I think." The king nodded his assent.

After he returned to Drumlanrig's house, the king asked his host what was the name of the hill on which he had been feasted with berries. "May it please your Majesty," replied the laird, "it has no especial name as yet." "Will you send me at Holyrood a dish of your mountain berries?" asked the merry king. "I will present them with my

"THE LAST SIGHT OF LAND."

own hands to Margaret, my Queen; and I desire you henceforth to give to your native hill-side the name of 'Queen's Berry.'" "It shall be done, sire," replied the laird of Drumlanrig; and done it was forthwith.

It was in 1617, soon after the king's return from England, that this little episode occurred; and not long afterwards the laird found a substantial reward of his courtly attention, for he was created Lord Douglas of Hawick, and Viscount Drumlanrig, and subsequently promoted to the higher title of Earl of Queensberry, with remainder to all his heirs male bearing the name of Douglas. His son, the second earl, who married in succession two fair ladies of the noble houses of Hamilton and Traquair, suffered severely in the royal cause during the great rebellion, in which three out of his four sons were slain fighting beneath the cause of King Charles; and his grandson William, the third earl, some time Justice-General and Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, was raised to the marquisate of Queensberry, and eventually to the dukedom, with such remainders to his heirs, that a century or so later, on the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, the ducal title passed under the provision of the patent to the Duke of Buccleuch, whose son is now Duke of Buccleuch and of Queensberry as well; while the marquisate, in strict accordance with the limitation placed upon it by the officers of the Lyon King of Arms at Edinburgh, descended to his kinsman, Sir Charles Douglas, of Kelhead, a grandson in the fourth or fifth generation of the laird of Drumlanrig *above-mentioned*, the same who became by favour of his sovereign the first Earl of Queensberry. The marquisate of Queensberry is still enjoyed by Sir Charles Douglas's grandson.

It may be added that whereas in England very many peerages, especially those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are taken from the names of families, as Townshend, Grey, and Nelson, in Scotland nearly every peerage is local, being taken from districts, such as Lennox, Mar, and Breadalbane, or from counties, cities, or towns, such as Lothian, Haddington, Caithness, and Aberdeen.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SIGHT OF LAND.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE open sea before us lies—
The open sea on either hand;
And far behind, 'neath tranquil skies,
The white cliffs of our English land

Are fast receding from our sight,
Grown sudden dim with starting tears,
While thus we bid a long good-night
To the dear home of girlhood's years.

A seagull follows in our track;
Ah! would its pinions, strong and free,
Could bear a loving message back
To yonder distant shore for me!

In that far land to which we go
Will there be hearts as true and kind
As those that we are leaving now
In the dear home that lies behind?

Hark! from the shore an evening bell
Its parting message seems to call,
And tells us that where'er we go
The Father's love is over all.

Farewell, old land! but as you glide
Beneath the grey horizon's rim,
We feel no distance can divide
The faithful hearts that trust in Him!

THE HONEYMOON AT HAWTHORN HOUSE.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, Author of "Verdant Green."

CHAPTER I.

TWO HOMES.

MY short story will have one advantage over the ordinary lengthy romance; for it will begin, instead of ending, with the wedding of the hero and heroine. Perhaps this is not orthodox, for in the three-volume novels of the circulating library the reader is taken through some hundreds of pages of print before he arrives at that climax of the story, when, misunderstandings being cleared up, and Gordian knots having been untied, the right man and the right woman are brought together and made one, and are supposed to live happily ever after. Whereas the reverse of this might be their fate; and a truthful sequel to the romance might demonstrate that their wedding-day was the beginning of troubles and sorrows, and that the ceremony that was inaugurated with "Dearly beloved," abruptly ended "with amazement."

Now, the orthodox three-volume novel will do all this; but my present novelette will commence with the hero and heroine in the position of husband and wife, and started on that first month in their wedded career, to which is given the familiar title of the honeymoon.

Their attachment had begun when he was a schoolboy. The Rev. Dr. Masham, Vicar of Willowley-on-the-Stream, kept up his academic prestige, and augmented his means, by taking a select number of pupils, of whom my hero, Percival Freer, was one; and before Percival had been a six-months' inmate of Willowley Vicarage, he had fallen irretrievably in love with the doctor's third and youngest daughter Isabella, familiarly known as Bell. Percival was then of the mature age of thirteen, and his charmer had just completed her tenth birthday, and was chiefly noticeable by the two long pigtails of her own hair, tied up with bows of blue ribands, in the region of the small of her back. Why Percival did not fall in love with one of the elder sisters, especially the eldest, who was his senior by five years, was best known to himself; though it would have been more in accordance with precedent, and with the calf-love of hobbydehoyhood. But from the first he seemed determined to bear away the Bell; and he did not swerve from his purpose, but was constant to his first attachment during the four years that he remained the doctor's pupil. Then a change, with which this story has nothing to do, came in his family circumstances, and instead of proceeding to college, with a view eventually of taking holy orders, he was placed as a clerk in a bank. His father's residence was at no great distance from Willowley, so whenever Percival got a brief holiday at home, he adroitly contrived to make his way to his old quarters, in order to inquire after the health of Dr. and Mrs. Masham. On these occasions—like angels' visits, few and far between—he made the most of his opportunities to keep up his acquaintance with Bell, who had developed from the pigtail period

into a blooming and most bewitching maiden; and in the end his constancy and perseverance conquered all obstacles and met with their just reward. With the mutual sanction of the parents on both sides, Bell and Percival became "engaged." It happened at the wedding of the eldest sister to a captain in the navy, when Bell was a bridesmaid and Percival was a guest; and though their own marriage was yet in the dim future, it was promised to be an accomplished fact as soon as his position in the bank had been raised sufficiently to enable him, with his father's supplemental allowance, to take unto himself a wife, and to give her those home comforts and surroundings to which she had always been accustomed.

That time had arrived; the engaged ring had been supplanted by one of plain gold; the wedding was over; the rice and slippers had been thrown, and the bridal pair had started for their honeymoon in the Lake district. They had waited for this eventful day rather longer than they had liked, although Percival Freer had been unusually lucky in quick promotion; but now dreary waitings were atoned for and forgotten, and in the bliss of the present the past was but as a dream.

It was the middle of August when they were married, and they were not able to prolong their bridal tour to the full month of the honeymoon, as Percival could only secure three weeks' holiday for the wedding trip. His time was not altogether his own, as he now occupied the responsible position of manager of the Smokeborough branch of the Coalville, Coketown and Cinderbury Banking Company.

"We must leave these pleasant scenes to-morrow," he said to his bride, as they stood in the sunshine on the lawn of their hotel, and looked over the lovely little lake, Grasmere; "but never mind, darling, we can finish our honeymoon in our own pretty home—Hawthorn House."

To which she replied—

"Yes, dearest Percie; and how much nicer it is to think that we are going there, than to that dreadful Bank House."

Now there had been some little difficulty over the dwelling that she thus termed "that dreadful Bank House," a difficulty, indeed, so great and imminent, that at one time it had even threatened to be fatal to their projected union. The Bank House, which was a portion of, and under the same roof with, the bank premises, was allotted to the manager as his official residence, and therefore as being rent free it formed a part of his income. It was a good and roomy house, built at a time when comfort, rather than fashion, was attended to; and when the value of land per square yard was not so great in Smokeborough as it is at the present day. Old inhabitants, indeed, could remember the time when, at the back of the house, there was a large garden, with a bowling-green enclosed by quaintly-clipped yew hedges; but the bank directors had long since sold the garden and green for building purposes, and now the Bank House stood in a narrow street, with a tall factory on the other side of its circumscribed back yard, and with heavy houses on all sides, shutting out the sun and air.

In the days of their courtship, when Isabella had come there with her father and mother to pay a visit to Percival's widowed mother, who was living with her son until his marriage, she had been so depressed with the idea of being immured through the year in this dismal prison, that on the third day of her visit, finding herself alone with her ardent lover, she had summoned up courage to tell him that although she was devotedly attached to him, et cætera, and should never love another, et cætera, and should be miserable to be away from him, et cætera, yet there was a point beyond which she really could not go, and she could not bring herself to the thought of passing her days in that gloomy house, more especially as she would be deprived of her husband's society for the greater portion of the day, between the bank hours of ten and four. The house was certainly a very good house in itself, so far as regarded space and convenience, but she had lived in a country vicarage all her days, and she could not brook the loss of the sweet, fresh air, and the sight of rural surroundings. There were very disagreeable smells too, odours that were certainly not suggestive of Araby the blest, that in particular conditions of the wind and atmosphere entered the Bank House from those varied manufactories in which the wealth of Smokeborough was coined. On two days of the week a tallow-melting establishment was especially obnoxious, and was altogether overpowering if the wind was easterly. The Bank House was a good house, but its situation was not to her mind.

The momentous matter was talked over and discussed from various points of view; but Isabella was inflexible in her resolve, and as it was clear that the Bank House could not, like Aladdin's palace, be transported through the air and dropped into the open fields, and as, moreover, the bank premises that formed a very important part of the block of building were required for business purposes in the midst of the town, something that approached to a serious crisis arose in the family councils. At one moment it seemed as though the engagement would have to be broken off, and the visit of Isabella and her parents brought to a premature termination. Percival had fondly hoped that Bell might be induced to yield at the last minute, but the day fixed for her departure was one of the days on which the tallow-melting establishment was in full work, and as the wind was easterly, the Bank House was powerfully perfumed whenever window or door was opened. So Isabella left Smokeborough, and returned to her rural home, and revelled once more in the pure country air and sweet rural scents.

Then a correspondence ensued between the lovers—a correspondence that was not of so thoroughly a loving nature as in the earlier days of their courtship. Percival, for his own part, thought it somewhat hard that his dearest Bell should not care to make her home in a house the situation of which he had for many years past put up with, and to the smells and surroundings of which he had grown so accustomed that he barely noticed them; and he argued that Bell would soon come to think the same. But she, on her part, was disposed to be of opinion that her darling Percie thought more of his own comfort and convenience than of hers, and that if he really and truly loved her, so that he could make a sacrifice for her, he would forthwith look out for a suitable house in the country suburbs of the town, which house need not be so large as was the Bank House, but should be girdled with a garden, and, above all, should be free from disagreeable odours, on which point Isabella was especially sensitive.

Finally, and as a matter of course, the lady prevailed, and her wish was law. The bank directors gave their manager permission to sublet the Bank House to their cashier, who was a married man and highly trustworthy, and who agreed to sleep in that special bedroom in which, by an ingenious lift, the whole of the money-boxes of the bank were wound up each evening, and securely fastened by a complicated arrangement of bars, bolts, and bells. This, by the way, although it had not been much referred to, either in their conversation or correspondence, had been among the objections that Isabella entertained against the house. She felt that she could not have slept peacefully in a room that contained many thousands of pounds in gold, silver, and bank notes, that would be a nightly temptation to burglars, and with a system of alarm bells so cunningly contrived that they would rouse the whole house, even if an innocent mouse crept over their wires.

Then, driven to desperation, Percival Freer, the bank manager, searched the neighbourhood of Smokeborough in order to find a house or villa that should suit his own purposes, and should have around it a sufficient idea of the country to meet his Isabella's wishes. Such a house he at length found in the pleasant suburb of Newtownville, a house out of which the first tenants were moving after a two years' residence, "which," as Percy wrote to Bell, "is quite as good as a house-warming." It was called "Hawthorn House," and the auctioneer and land-agent, on whose shoulders a fragment of the mantle of the illustrious George Robins had fallen, described it as "a bijou abode for a family of distinction, but, nevertheless, so arranged that only a small establishment would be necessary to keep it in order." He also represented it as "standing in its own grounds"; as though he would not have been so greatly astonished to find it standing in someone else's grounds; and that these grounds were "so exquisitely perfect that any outlay, however small, would be waste." Near to the garden was a small fir plantation, of which the auctioneer wrote in the following magniloquent style: "The locality, which is exceptionally cheerful and picturesque, is contiguous to a spacious pinewood, whose terebinthinate odours have proved so efficacious in pectoral and arthritic affections, and have in numerous instances not only relieved, but restored to health, many whose cases were deemed almost hopeless."

With his own account of the house, Percival forwarded to Isabella that of the auctioneer, and although she had not a delicate chest, yet there was no doubt that the phrase "terebinthinate odours" had almost as considerable an effect upon her as the preacher's "Mesopotamia" had upon the old woman; and that it strongly predisposed her in favour of Hawthorn House. It was the very place; even its name had a charm for the country-bred and country-loving girl, suggestive of the sweet-scented may, and not of the overpowering and sickening smells to which she had been subjected during her few days' visit to the Bank House. Before Percival actually committed himself to a lease of the house, it must of course needs be seen by Isabella. She came, she saw, she conquered; and papa and mamma also approved. It was true the "spacious pinewood" was far less spacious in reality than in the auctioneer's description, and that the "terebinthinate odours" were not specially apparent a dozen yards from the spot; but there were trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and a lawn, and a small conservatory, and a little paddock for a cow or pony, and stables, and a carriage-house, and all the belongings of a "bijou abode." Above all, there were no disagreeable smells.

So now there was nothing further to be done than to take a short lease of Hawthorn House, and to name the day—the happy day. And the wedding—which, truth to tell, had been postponed longer than was originally intended, all through this business of the house—was determined upon, arranged, and duly carried out. And Isabella Masham became Mrs. Percival Freer, and, as we have seen, went for the bridal tour among the lovely scenery of the English Lakes.

And were they happy ever after? Well, scarcely that, for some disturbing events befel them before their honeymoon was really over.

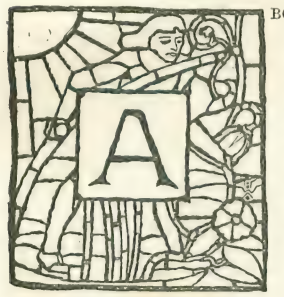
(*To be continued.*)

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

PART I.

WHAT TO CONSIDER IN BUYING OR RENTING A HOUSE, LEASES, ETC.



BOUT two years ago a lady calling on me told me she had just found a charming house that exactly suited her. She seemed quite delighted with it; she added that she had obtained it for ninety pounds a year, though it was quite worth a hundred and fifty; she had taken an assignment of the last two years of a lease. The house, she said, certainly wanted some repairs done, but that really they would not signify; she could not afford a higher rent, and liked a good house. It is needless to add that she had acted on her own judgment, and not asked advice of anyone before signing an agreement, and it was of no use to tell her afterwards that she had probably acted unwisely. The two years have now expired, and she is in much trouble, as she finds that those little repairs she did not think much of have increased, and with what the lease requires her to do, the dilapidations will cost her a hundred and forty pounds, which is equal to paying a hundred and sixty pounds per annum for the time she has occupied the house.

If anyone tells me that they have found a very cheap house, I always feel inclined to ask, "Why is it cheap?" There is probably some reason; it may be that a railway is unpleasantly close to the property, that the next house is a school where music is not neglected, that it can only be had for a very short time at the rent named, that it is the end of a lease and occupier will be liable for dilapidations, that the tenant may have to put in new drains before the house is habitable, or there may be something against the house itself; for in letting an unfurnished house there is no implied warranty that it is in a habitable condition, or that it is fit for the purpose for which it is let. A tenant is supposed to see to these matters for himself, and he can stipulate to have certain things done before he agrees to take a house. Of course if a landlord specially guarantees a house to be in proper condition it alters the case. My experience cost me twenty pounds, in this way: I took a house on lease, after having drains, roof, etc., looked to; but almost directly after taking possession a sharp frost showed that a large balcony was unsafe; the joists on which it was were rotten, but had been concealed from view by the plaster, which when injured by the frost exposed the weak part. It cost twenty pounds to put the new joists in and make good the balcony.

Houses are let on various terms; few landlords care to let one for a year only, for if it is in good decorative repair (paint, paper hangings, and ceilings), and there is only fair wear and tear, it will probably require as much doing to it for a fresh tenant, should it be empty at the end of the year, as if it had been occupied for three years. Houses are frequently let on (what are customarily called) three years' agreements, which are renewable from time to time; but unless there is a stipulation to the contrary, the landlord can, at the expiration of the three years or any other term for which the house may be taken, raise the rent if he chooses; the tenant has of course the option of leaving or of paying the increased rent. The landlord is not obliged to do repairs (unless he agrees to) when a house is let in this way. If in good order when the tenant enters on possession, he does not expect to have to do anything to the house for the first three years.

It is a tenant's duty, whatever arrangement may be made about repairs and without any stipulation in the matter, to replace broken windows and doors, to clear the snow from the roof, and to keep the drains clean. There is an implied obligation for a tenant to use a house properly, and at the end of his tenancy to give a house up in the same condition as it was when he took it, fair wear and tear excepted. Fair wear covers damage done to decorations, etc., by living in a house; but not injuries arising from neglect or carelessness. The occupier is not answerable if the house is accidentally burnt down, but the rent does not stop if the house is razed to the ground, so it is a good plan when insuring furniture to add to the insurance (mentioning it when the policy is taken out) the amount of one year's rent to cover this liability. For if the house is rebuilt it should be ready for occupation by then.

Though a landlord may have agreed to do repairs, it does not follow that if he does not do them the tenant can leave, nor does it allow him to do the repairs and deduct the cost from the rent without special permission from the landlord.

Agreements are stamped; the tenant pays for the agreement and the stamp. The charge for the former varies; the stamp is half-a-crown for a house at twenty-five pounds a year; five shillings for one of fifty, and higher rents at the same rate. If a house is let for one year or for a term of years, then at the expiration of the one year, or of the term of years, the tenancy is at an end without notice to quit. A tenancy from year to year may be terminated by either landlord or tenant giving notice at the proper time, according to the agreement. If there is no agreement to the contrary, a notice must be given six months prior to the end of some year of tenancy on or before the quarter-day. Thus a tenant entering on a yearly tenancy at Christmas must give the notice to quit (any year) on or before Midsummer Day. If a person takes a house from a half-quarter and pays rent for a part of the quarter, then pays rent from quarter to quarter, the tenancy as regards notice to quit commences from the quarter after entering.

Many owners of good houses will only let them on lease for the tenant to do all repairs. Leases can be granted for any time, but are generally for twenty-one years, determinable at the option of either landlord or tenant, or at the option of tenant only, at the end of seven or fourteen years.

The landlord is called the lessor, the tenant the lessee. A lease is, unless otherwise agreed, prepared by lessor's solicitor, but the lessee has to pay the expense of it. The cost of leases are regulated by the Law Society's scale according to premium (if any) and rent. The stamps cost the same as for agreements (unless for a very long lease). The lessor pays the expense of the counterpart (or copy). The lessee keeps the lease; but if there is no counterpart he is bound to produce it for the inspection of the landlord, or to let him take a copy of it if he wishes. The terms of leases vary very much, but generally they oblige a tenant to paint the outside of a house every three years, and the inside every seven, the last year of tenancy being one in which painting, etc., have to be done. A lessee generally has to pay fire insurance; it is to his advantage that the premises be insured, for if he has agreed to repair he must reinstate if the house is burned by accidental fire. A house being burnt down does not exempt the lessee from paying the rent, which he must do just the same if he has no roof over his head. Other repairs are generally stipulated in the lease; it is on account of these that people are so often anxious to dispose of the last few years of their term. When a lease is taken houses are usually let for a little less; one often gets an order from an agent to view a house with, say, "Rent eighty pounds per annum on repairing lease, or ninety pounds per annum on agreement," which ten pounds annually is supposed to cover the cost of repairs for either party. I hardly think the definition agreement or lease is quite correct, but it is in use and generally understood.

Tenant's fixtures have sometimes to be taken with a house; but some fixtures put up by a tenant become part of a house, and cannot be removed. The law for tradesmen's fixtures and those of private persons is quite different. As, for instance, a nurseryman may remove the trees he has planted for his trade, but a private person has not the right to take away those he has planted in his garden. In some cases a house is held on lease at considerably less than its value; this is more particularly the case in neigbourhoods where property has improved, or the value may have risen from improvements made by occupier; in such cases the lease is usually sold, the money paid for it being called a premium. Thus A. takes a house for a long term at fifty pounds a year, and spends a hundred pounds on making a bath-room or on other improvements. When he has been in it a year or two he wants to dispose of the house, so sells his lease and fixtures to B. for a hundred and twenty pounds. B. will pay fifty pounds a year rent, just as A. did, and for the premium paid will get A.'s fixtures and have the benefit of his improvements to the house.

Property tax is paid by the tenant, but the landlord is bound to allow him to deduct it from the rent, and no agreement can be made to alter this. If there is no stipulation to the contrary, sewers rate, land tax, and tithe rent charge are paid by the landlord (some properties are not liable for these). Deductions should be made from the next rent due after payment, and receipts for the taxes produced.

A house taken for "a private dwelling house" cannot be used for a school or for any business purpose.

Though it is, I think, well for women who may become householders to know something of the obligation of landlord and tenant, I would by no means advise their acting without proper advice. An old proverb says that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client," and I think it would probably apply to a woman who was her own legal adviser; a very little care often saves a great deal of trouble. I heard the other day of a lady who was in great perplexity because she had taken a house to move into on the following quarter day, thinking that as she was a yearly tenant and paid her rent quarterly, she could leave at the completion of her year on giving three months' notice, whereas she was bound to give six months, and as her tenancy is only terminable at Christmas, she will probably

have two houses instead of one for twelve months. She would have avoided all inconvenience had she taken the trouble to carefully read through her agreement before she gave notice or took another house, for in it the terms on which she held the house were very clearly defined. The owner of a house expects proper references as to respectability and ability to pay the proposed rent from a would-be tenant before he accepts him.

Before leaving this branch of my subject I must say a few words relative to the purchase of houses.

A freehold house is one on which there is no ground rent to pay, the house and the ground on which it stands belonging to the same person; freehold property is therefore worth more than leasehold. A leasehold house is one built on land that is rented for a certain sum for a period of generally ninety-nine years; at the end of that time the house becomes the property of the person who owns the land, so the value of leaseholds depends on the number of years the lease has to run; that is to say, how many years before the house will become the property of the ground landlord (owner of the land), and whether the ground rent is high or low. Tables are published which show the value and what percentage property pays at different prices. Those who have money and wish to occupy a house, frequently find the best investment they can make is to purchase for their own occupation; being sure of their tenant, they are sure of the interest for their money. It is usually very easy to leave for a stated time a portion, say, half the purchase-money of a house on mortgage at reasonable interest. A mortgage is depositing the deeds of a house with someone who in return lends a sum of money at interest for a specified time. A deed is executed of which the mortgagor (borrower) has to pay the expense. It is not necessary here to go into more particulars, as a mortgage has to be prepared by a solicitor.

Before a house is purchased the opinion of a competent surveyor should be taken on it, and then a solicitor investigates the title of the vendor.

Whether one intends to buy or to rent a house, there are a great many things to be thought of before a decision is come to. Locality is of much importance. Is the neighbourhood in which we are seeking a home healthy? or rather is it likely to suit our household? There is just now a sort of desire with everyone to live in a bracing situation; it is not quite sensible, for though beneficial to many, there are also many people who have better health in mild situations; it is much more reasonable in this respect to consider the idiosyncrasies of the family, and be guided by them rather than by a fancy for a warm or a cold place. I know a health resort celebrated for its many octogenarians that has a decidedly relaxing climate during the greater part of the year; at the same time it does not suit everyone. The nature of the soil is also a great point with many people; good gravel soil is much esteemed, but unfortunately in many places where one knows it ought to be gravel, the gravel has been dug out and sold, and one cannot say much for the various things with which the holes have been filled. Granite, sandstone, rock, and well-drained stiff clay are all healthy to reside on. Some consider that in towns clay is more healthy than gravel, because nothing rises through it, and anything wrong in the drainage is more quickly seen than with gravel that moisture will sink into. But damp, soft clay, and marshy, sandy land are considered very unhealthy to build on. Houses built on a good foundation of concrete or cement are good.

For London and its neighbourhood there are some special maps published showing the geological strata of the different parts, and the height above the Thames, etc. We will suppose that we have made up our minds as to the locality in which we wish to find a residence, then we must consider if the neighbourhood is likely to improve, or will it go down? Are the rates high? These vary very much in different parishes, and have to be calculated with the rent, for frequently where rents are low rates are high, and where the rents are high the rates are low. If the place is new and unfinished, the class of houses they are building on adjoining land is very important. Some friends of mine bought a very nice house some five years ago in a town suburb that then promised to be very pretty. The plots of land between their house and the railway station were to be let for building on. A short time back I went down to visit them; it was early in the week, and I shall not soon forget my first impression as we left the station; it was one of washing, washing everywhere, garments of all descriptions hanging out to dry in back gardens that were divided by such low wooden fences that the place looked like one huge drying ground. The houses had sprung up with marvellous rapidity; but how different they looked from the pretty pictures we had seen of the "proposed elevations," with elegant carriages in the road in front, and nice trees in the garden behind. Then the terrible sameness about the rows and rows of small Queen Anne houses, all doubtless respectably tenanted, but not providing the class of society wished for by my friends, who would be very glad to get rid of their house at a loss to themselves, but which they will not do easily, as it is much superior to those built more recently.

If there are members of the family who have to go into town daily, railway, omnibus, and cab fares are things of no small importance to those who are not rich.

Other things of importance are the state of the drains—a good supply of water with proper sanitary arrangements of cisterns. The state of the roofs and gutters, chimneys that do not smoke, good grates, and the dryness of the house. A dark chocolate damp-proof paint is used a great deal now where there is any dampness in the walls; though of course it may be used on dry walls too, I feel a little doubt when I see it. The aspect of a house is not to be forgotten; some like north and south, some east and west. I should not say that one was better than the other, as it is really a matter of individual preference.

Young housekeepers when they are looking for a house are often apt to be taken with one because there is a pretty drawing-room, forgetting the importance of kitchen, larder, coal cellar, etc. I know some new houses that are very pretty to look at, and have two extremely pretty sitting-rooms, but the kitchens are hardly large enough to turn round in; there is not a place where one could keep a spare hamper; there is no proper larder, only a cupboard in the kitchen, which, though it has outside ventilation, the kitchen stove makes so warm that it is impossible to keep provisions cool, and the back of the house being to the south, there is no place to put a safe, and the coal cellars will only take a ton of coals by putting them in carefully. These things cause so much discomfort to servants as well as mistresses that it is not well to take a house that is not sensibly planned.

When a house is taken through an order to view received from a house agent, it is only right to inform him of the fact; the landlord pays the agent's commission, so it makes no difference to a tenant whether he finds what will suit him through the medium of an agent or not, the rent will be the same as if he deals directly with the owner of the house. If a surveyor is employed by a would-be tenant to look over and report on a residence, the fee varies according to the size of the house. It can generally be agreed on beforehand.

Where there is land attached to a house, leases vary considerably, and in many counties there are special customs relative to them.

(To be continued.)

IN DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

THERE has recently passed away a woman of sixty years old, remarkable not on account of great gifts well applied, but of great deprivations cheerfully endured and wonderfully overcome. We mean Laura Bridgman, an American, who, almost from birth, was deaf, dumb, and blind, and with scarcely any power of taste or smell, but who, by the devotion and skill of her instructors and her own responsiveness thereto, has become an object of interest and edification to the whole civilised world.

When Laura was born in New Hampshire in 1829, the welcome arrival in a comfortable yeoman's homestead, she seems to have been much like other children. Her mother described her as a pretty, sprightly child with bright blue eyes. From the first, however, she was puny, and suffered from fits. For a while she appeared to grow stronger, but before she was two years old she had an illness (scarlet fever) which nearly cost her her life, and from which she recovered with the loss of her chief senses, and with none remaining intact save that of touch.

An account of her at this time says: "She followed her mother and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house, and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit . . . But she could be told to go to a place only by being pushed, or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back disapprobation. . . She had a sign to express her idea of each member of the family, as drawing her fingers down each side of her face to allude to the whiskers of one, twirling her hand around, in imitation of the motion of a spinning-wheel, for another, and so on."

Laura was eight years old when Dr. Howe, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Boston, having heard of her very peculiar case, visited her parents with the express object of inducing them to give their daughter into his charge. His hope was, that if he succeeded in alleviating this extreme case of deprivation,

he might the better show how much can be done for those with only one or two imperfect senses.

With that true love which alone can regard the loved one in the spirit of the line—
"That which is good for her is good for us,"
the parents consented to part from the child for her own dear sake.

Dr. Howe at once made her the express charge of one of his teachers, a Mrs. Lamson, and under his direction this lady gave Laura her devoted and exclusive attention for many years.

"The first experiments in teaching her were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, etc., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines 'spoon,' differed as much from the crooked lines 'key,' as the spoon differed from the key in form. Small detached labels with the same words printed upon them were then put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of the similarity by laying the label key upon the key, and the label spoon upon the spoon. She was encouraged by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head."

The same process was repeated with every article she could handle. Then detached letters were given her to arrange herself into the names of such articles as she already knew. It is said that at this point "she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with animation."

From this she went on to metal types, with a board filled with square holes, into which she could fit them. And when her vocabulary had in this way become extensive, she was taught the deaf-mute alphabet on the fingers. She soon managed this so fast and deftly that only those accustomed to her could follow the movements of her fingers. Still more wonderful was the ease with which she read similar movements in others, though her only possible method of observation was to grasp their hands as they gesticulated.

When Laura's mother visited her, the scene was very touching. The visit occurred six months after she had left home. And how was the recognition to be accomplished, since eyes and ears were closed? Laura felt Mrs. Bridgman's dress—it was not one she knew. The mother put into her hands a string of beads the child had worn at home. Laura evidently recognised them by touch, and put them on with great delight. Memory evidently was there, though affection could find no outlet. Another and another token from home were put into her hands. Laura grew excited; she felt that something unusual was in the air. She approached the "stranger" again, passing her hands eagerly over her person. Suddenly the mother drew her to her side and kissed her, and evidently the recognition was complete. Laura nestled to her, disregarded her favourite playmates, and never left Mrs. Bridgman's side while she remained in the institution.

From the mere names of things, Laura was led on to expressions of relation to place, and to the knowledge of adjectives and of active verbs. At this point it was judged expedient to teach her to write! In a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other. She actually wrote, unaided, a legible letter to her mother, which however rude, imperfect, and infantine in style, was in itself little short of a miracle.

We have seen an autograph of hers of a date a little later. She wrote it in pencil on a slip of paper, in the presence of visitors. The letters are upright, even, and well-formed, in character not unlike the bold caligraphy now in fashion. There is a pathetic interest in the words of this little missive; for the blind girl wrote, remembering another equally afflicted child in a sister asylum—

"I want to see deaf and dumb and blind Julia Brace in Hartford.

"LAURA BRIDGMAN."

By the time Laura was eleven years old she was familiar with addition and subtraction in small numbers. For large numbers she generally used the word "hundred." With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she was familiar. It was said that "her judgment of distances and of relations of place is very accurate. She will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision."

One who saw her at this time described her as possessing "a countenance of much symmetry," and as being cheerful and even merry in manner, and delighted with little gifts or with signs of approbation.

Along with the development of the imprisoned mind, Laura's moral culture was duly attended to. She was trained gently, and displayed a conscientious character, aware of her own rights and respecting those of others. She never tried to conceal her faults, and liked to share her gifts with the other children, especially with the sick, on whom she was very fond of waiting. She showed a curious shrinking from the weak in intellect, and was very strong in her personal attachments. She bore pain with great fortitude, always trying to laugh it off, though she wept freely for sorrow. She grew skilful in all kinds of domestic work, and especially with her needle; indeed, she became so expert in these ways, that in his last report upon her case, her patient benefactor, Dr. Howe, was able to say, "In all these things she succeeded so well that she is now capable of earning a livelihood as assistant to any kind and intelligent housekeeper who would accommodate her work to Laura's ways." From the first she had been careful and neat in personal habits and ways, and as years passed on she showed "a feminine delight in personal ornamentation, in showy and fashionable dresses, bonnets, and the like, and trinkets for her dressing-table." Her faculties of taste and smell perceptibly improved.

In the course of time she showed the advantages of a general education; we hear of "geography, algebra, and history." She saw many visitors from all parts of the world, among them, of course, some famous people, such as Charles Dickens, who describes his interview with much pathos and power in his "American Notes." With some of the guests she maintained her acquaintanceship, and thus she who at first had seemed like a soul imprisoned in impenetrable silence and darkness, came to carry on a correspondence with people of all ranks and races. It is said that she reasoned with good sense and discrimination and thought deeply on religious subjects. She was always interested and busy, and ultimately became skilful as a teacher of her fellow-sufferers.

There seems no doubt that, despite all its limitations, the life of Laura Bridgman was a thoroughly happy one. Let those who lack aught from nature lay to heart the consolation her life gives them, and let those who lack little give still more heed to its lesson.

"SHALL I EVER GET WELL, I WONDER?"

By MEDICUS.

EIGHO! I wonder if I shall ever get well, and be just like other people—just like my old self again?"

Rather a plaintive, even sad sort of question for an invalid to put to herself, but one that is spoken, whispered, or thought by some unfortunate one or other every minute of the day in this big bustling world of Britain.

Let me, by way of example, imagine such a case, and it is not all imagination either—of that be assured.

They call her Aunt Agatha, but she is very young for all that, and being fragile, looks younger even than she is. The children—her elder sister's—love her, in fact everybody loves her and is kind to her, though there are times when she is cross with herself, because she cannot respond with sufficiently expressed gratitude for little fireside kindnesses offered to her!

That is, to her own way of thinking, probably one of the most painful of her symptoms. To feel too utterly low and dejected to be able to return wee Winnie's caress, or give more than a languid "No thank you, dear," to her big brother's inquiry whether he can do anything for her. To feel that it is almost in her heart to say to Winnie, "Do go away, child," or to her brother, "Leave me alone;" thus throwing back their affection in their faces, and to know that feeling thus is owing to her trouble, and no criterion of her disposition, which is tenderness itself when the sun of health sheds its blessings on her.

She is sitting here by herself to-night, quite alone except for the pussy that purrs on the hearth; for everyone has gone out, and she is left to think. She is not altogether sorry for this, for weal or for woe she even nurses melancholy at times. It is the evening of a day in spring, cold and bleak-looking outside, though healthy, happy people do not seem to feel it. The wind is swaying the branches of the trees, and making a kind of whispering moan, and now and then a single drop of rain falls pat against the panes, with a sound like the commencement of a dirge.

Mary comes quietly in to ask if she will have candles. But Aunt Agatha will not have candles. The evening's falling shadows accord with the chastened gloom on her own mind, and she will not pull down the blind and shut out the view. Mary is one of the best girls in the world. She thinks the dear young lady must feel lonely, and she steals softly in again to ask if she will have tea.

"No, Mary; and don't come again, please." Even Mary's kind solicitude makes poor Aunt Agatha peevish.

But what is Aunt Agatha's ailment? There is no actual disease, only just what is commonly called debility, nervous and muscular, brought on no matter how; but this debility is hard to bear, as you may perceive from the little sketch I have tried to give.

Not more than an hour ago the doctor was here, and there were a thousand questions Aunt Agatha had meant to ask him, but, dear me, she could not remember but one or two. Besides, doctors are such busy, busy men, that they have no time to be examined and cross-examined for half an hour by every patient they go to see.

Now it is this class of patient I desire to say a few comforting words to in the present paper. If the hints I give have any merit, it is because they possess common sense, and they may also save you the trouble of worrying your overworked family physician with too many questions.

The symptoms of a case of debility, both mental and bodily, may seem trifling to others, but they are very real and hard to bear by the patient herself. Big healthy folks think thus: "Well, if she is not strong enough to walk, let her sit down or lie down on the sofa and rest." Rest! Little they know that it is precisely when seeming to rest, or when in what other people would call a position to rest, that our delicate girl suffers the most. There is an uneasiness in every muscle and nerve, often amounting to almost a gnawing, that is difficult to describe; and even when this is present the thinking faculty goes on with an unpleasant speed that as surely wears away the system as falling water does the stones. There is really oftentimes more rest for our invalid in moving about, be it ever so slowly.

But I need dwell no more on the symptoms, which those who suffer only know too well; only, such girls, or young ladies, may do a good deal for themselves.

They must first and foremost disabuse their minds entirely of the notion that they can regain health from medicine bottles or pill boxes. These will be placed within their reach by the family physician when and only when wanted, but they are only aids to the general treatment.

Food is the first essentiality. This becomes a stumbling-block in the road to many who are trying to get well. They think they should eat as others do. It would often be better for them if they gave up eating entirely, till driven to seek food by the pangs of an honest appetite. They so often forget that food swallowed is not food digested. It is not what one eats, but what one digests, that benefits the system. A lunch biscuit with a glass of peptonised milk will often do far more good than a dinner of meat and vegetables. The plan of taking wine to stimulate the appetite is one that cannot be recommended. Food eaten and undigested is, to a very large extent, as pernicious as poison. The word "poison" may be a too strong one; what I mean to convey is that undigested food is an irritant, and very bad results are nearly sure to follow its existence in the system. It is bad enough for the healthy to force eating or to over-eat, but it is dangerous for the invalid to do so. An invalid may tell me, "I do not eat too much." But I reply that the term "too much" is a relative one, and what a healthy individual might starve on may be "too much" for her.

"Well," she may say, "I do not feel the bad results we usually attribute to over-eating."

"Stay," I reply again, "there are other symptoms less prominent, namely, dulness, coldness, and a generally uneasy feeling, etc., and these are all placed to the credit of 'this depressing weather,' while as a rule it is the stomach that is at fault."

Let me be more definite. People then who are going about all day, out and in and around, require a deal of different sorts of food that our Aunt Agathas do not. The former can eat, and indeed must eat to some extent or in some way, fat; and plenty of flour food, peas, lentils, and beans are much neglected by them indeed. You see they have wear and tear of muscle; but Aunt Agatha has not. So she must be content with the more easily-digested foods, and these should be taken in the strictest moderation.

Let her beware of the folly of the exploded doctrine, "little and often." If ever "little and often" be required, the physician will tell you. As a rule; with very few exceptions, it is better to wait for an appetite. This appetite may not, indeed it is not likely to be, a voracious one; it may be simply the desire for something, or a feeling of languor and weariness. Then attend to it.

Fluid food is never necessary when solids can be borne. The lean of well cooked meat, not overdone, mutton or beef, fowl, game, fish—not the oily sorts—eggs and milk with toast instead of bread, are all invaluable. Fruit in summer is also of great value. Green vegetables are also good in moderation; mashed and eaten seasoned with a little cayenne, butter, and white pepper, they should take the place of soup, which should be avoided if possible. Variety is most essential, but stews, ragouts, curries, and made dishes of all sorts are bad. Pudding, I think, is best taken by itself, say for supper.

As to milk, it is almost a cure in itself, if peptonised. What is called the Fairchild peptonising powders of the shops are now much used in hospitals. Milk treated thus is easily digested, otherwise it may lie about the system in clots for days even.

Water is necessary for life, but it should hardly be needed by day if tea is taken in the afternoon. At least a tumblerful of spring water should be drank every morning while dressing, and if a squeeze from half a lemon is taken in it, so much the better.

Dressing should be got through without hurry, but I object to dawdling over it. If Aunt Agatha really wants some support for the system while dressing, I think she will find a mouthful or two of cold beef tea with a bit of biscuit or toast far more profitable than either tea or coffee. In this case it may be better to adopt the French system, and leave breakfast till later on—say, the beef-tea and toast about eight, then dressing, bathing if possible, and a little walk or ramble round the garden, and breakfast at eleven; by which time it is to be hoped that an egg will not look like an ogre, nor dry toast like a deadly foe.

That peevishness: how are you to get over that? It is caused by debility of brain, which will get stronger as the body gets better nourished; by want of proper sleep, and by want of fresh air.

Your Aunt Agathas keep too much within doors for fear of catching cold. If well wrapped up, with dry feet, and not too heavy clothing, you need scarcely fear any day that ever blew or rained either. If these invalids were only awake to the true value of pure air, hardly anything would keep them within doors.

Of course good sleep is essential; but let me tell my patients this, while they are weak such a thing is almost impossible, so they must not worry too much after it; and they should not count the value of a night's rest by the hours they have been oblivious. One may awake in the morning hot-eyed, listless, and weary, after what seemed seven whole hours of sleep, while a sound slumber of two may, on the other hand, give energy and hope for the whole livelong day.

Sleep is not to be forced by anything swallowed except a little food.

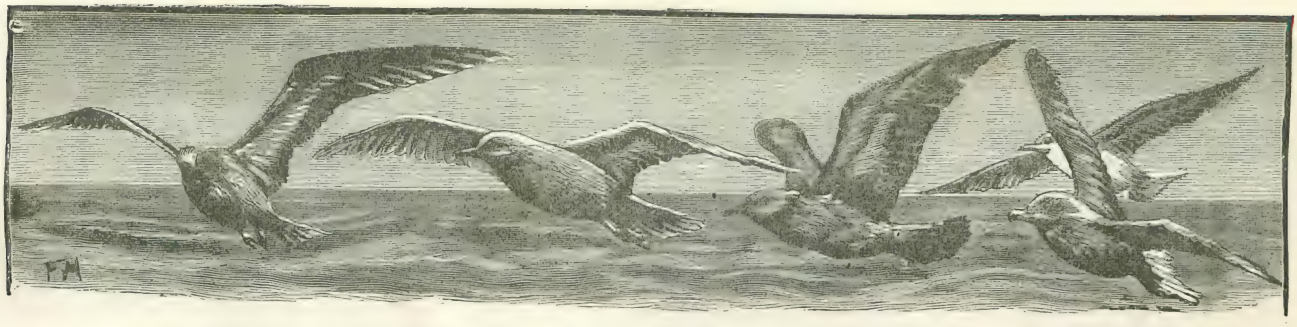
A midnight snack is often a necessity for such patients. They have been tossing about, trying to get off till perhaps one or two, by which time they feel quite worn out. This is just the time to have a little food, whatever the heart seems to desire, and a mouthful of milk afterwards. The strength is thereby recuperated, and calmness, followed by gentle sleep, is the result.

Often more harm than good is done by the invalid's friends in an attempt to "cheer her up," as it is called. This cheering up process is often a very fatiguing one to the invalid, though she may be too patient and polite to say so. But she will feel the fag when her friends go, and a restless night may be the consequence.

I have heard people say when attempting this cheering up: "You want good long brisk walks." Probably this may be true in some cases, but in others long walks do positive harm. When Aunt Agatha is really able to leave her room, exercise becomes incumbent; but not much should be attempted at first. Let her not go far away, but simply saunter about, moving enough to prevent catching cold, and nothing more. Before very long strength will assert itself, then she can have very nice walks indeed, and come back with a good appetite. It is precisely at this period of her illness that a change does so very much good; to the seaside or the hills, it matters but little, so long as there is no chance of her moping.

Fret, often accompanied by fear and great depression of spirits, is a common symptom in this kind of debility. The sort of fear I mean is perhaps better described as downheartedness, and under its influence the sufferer will often put to herself the question that forms my title: "Shall I ever get well, I wonder?" One should not put too high a value on life, remembering that there is a world beyond the grave, and a Supreme Being who knows what is best for us.

Be patient, therefore, Aunt Agatha, and as cheerful as possible. Ah, me! yes, I know it is easy to preach patience, and difficult to practise it. But all can avoid fretting to a very great extent. Make this your rule, then, whenever the mind or thoughts get rambling away to anything unpleasant, change the subject at once. There is no easier method of doing so than that of reading. A book must be light and cheerful; if so it is sure to do good, and even calm the nervous system.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

INTENDING NURSE.—There are, we are informed, no vacancies for pupils in the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Goldsmith's Row, Hackney Road, E., nor will there be any for some two years to come. It is quite a mistake on the part of our readers to say that we gave the age of eighteen as the earliest age for admission as a pupil into this or any hospital. The earliest admissions, we believe, are made at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, where they may begin at twenty-one; but in the North Eastern Hospital above-named, pupils are received from 23 years to 27 years, and for no shorter term than three years. We request our readers to take special note of what we say.

E. B. LEPRARD.—You should write direct to the secretary at the central office of the Y.W.C.A. for the information you desire, as we cannot tell whether they ever make exceptions as to benefits conferred, without the claim of membership, on paying applicants. We imagine that membership would be an essential consideration. The address is 16A and 17, Old Cavendish Street, W.

S. SMITH.—Direct application should be made (in person would be best) to the secretary or matron or lady superintendent of several hospitals. We could not say whether in a special case the difficulty you name might be overcome. It would be well to write and make an appointment before calling, to state all particulars, which certainly appear at first sight to present some difficulties.

E. E. (Bedford).—There are multitudes of reading clubs. For example, that of Miss G. Gabb, 18, Wellington Square, Hastings, Sussex; of Miss Cole, Helions, Bumpstead, Haverhill, Essex (half an hour daily; and French, Italian, and German books may be read). Should either of these have been given up by their promoters, we could name others.

N. POPE, A. E. C., and CONSTANT READER.—The people who used to supply cheap books for promoting the knowledge of foreign languages must have been established at the address we gave, or they could not have "gone away," as you say you were apprised. Why they went away, and where they went, you cannot expect us to know. Perhaps they found it a losing enterprise. If we hear of them again we will give their address. We cannot be responsible for changes of residence, and failure to give notice of the same in the papers which the parties concerned had advertised.

MARY B.—We know of no way to improve the spelling, save by looking out each word in the dictionary, and writing doubtful words several times over till you remember them. Your writing would be improved by practising some copies.

SOPHIA RICHBELL INEZ.—The technicalities of book-keeping may be learnt in a course of about thirty lessons; we should advise you to try and find some classes near you. Are there not any art and science classes in your neighbourhood?

GRASSHOPPER will find Cassell's shilling manual on the examinations for female clerkships in the Civil Service contains all she requires in the way of information.

JOTUN AEGIR will find all the evidences for the authenticity of the Bible in Barrow's "New Introduction to the Study of the Bible," 6s.; also in the "Bible Handbook," 5s.; both published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

WORK.

AGNES OLDFIELD.—We have pleasure in making your knitting club known, for the purpose of supplying socks, cuffs, vests, cardigans, comforters, mittens, gloves and woollen caps for a working lads' club and for emigrants. The work may be done likewise in crochet, if preferred. Intending members must address Miss A. Oldfield, 30, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, W. The title of the club is St. Clement's Notting Hill Knitting Club.

MARY L.—Have you tried the Gentlewomen's Home-work Association, conducted by Miss E. M. Burney, St. Mark's Vicarage, Surbiton? In reference to all such institutions, it would be well, if possible, to make a few inquiries of some person who has already employed the agency; this might prevent disappointments. There is a work society of the character you require at Bath, of which we formerly heard a favourable report. The office is at 3, Edgar Buildings, and a branch at 66, Castle Street, Reading. But "two certificate recommenders are required, and a guinea nomination." We are ourselves of opinion that to take orders from the trade is a more satisfactory plan—that is, to show specimens of work at shops, and obtain orders.

J. H. T.—The only method of transferring an embroidered monogram would be to cut it very carefully round the edge; then lay it on the new surface, and fasten it with a stitch or two; proceed to sew it on by a hem-like stitch at the edges all round.

BIANCA.—1. Many thanks for your kind letter. We should make a small mattress for the top of the box, and cover with cretonne, sewing it down at intervals with buttons; then put a plain band of the cretonne round the sides, with a double box-pleat at each corner. 2. "Muguet" is undoubtedly the French name for the lily of the valley, but you may have mistaken the name when you heard it in France.

FANNY JAMES.—There are several kinds of starch glosses, borax gloss, etc., sold by grocers; and we are informed that they answer the purpose of giving a gloss to linen very well; the instructions are given with each paper.

TOMTIT.—The frame will require to be made first; it should be of pine, unpainted and unstained, or very lightly so; the pine cones are cut flat on one side with a sharp knife, to make a surface to glue them to the frame. But before you proceed to do this you must have some idea or plan for arranging them. When glued on firmly, the whole frame is varnished, and may perhaps need two coats.

HOUSEKEEPING.

PHILLIPPA.—Kerosene or paraffin oil is recommended for cleaning coppers; it must be well rubbed on, and scrubbed off with soap and hot water. It is wonderful for how many cleaning purposes this oil is now used.

X. (Pudsey) writes to us to say she has found out that the paraffin for washing clothes must be put in when the water boils, not unless, or the process will not answer. We are much obliged for your note and recipe.

MOLLY.—Pulled bread is made by taking the crust off a new loaf while warm, and pulling the crumb into rough pieces, measuring about two inches each way; lay them on a clean sheet of paper, and bake them in a slow oven till they are crisp and of a light brown colour; serve with cheese and butter.

FAIREY DE THAREUS.—It is better to sleep on one pillow, keeping the spine straight and the head low.

A READER.—1. Borax possesses wonderful cleansing properties; it softens hard water, and is an anti-acid. 2. The 11th March, 1870, was a Friday. The 30th December, 1868, was a Wednesday. 3. Your writing and spelling both need much improvement.

MUSIC.

OLIVE WOOD, DAISY, NONA.—Write to the secretary, Mr. John Gill, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W., for information as to the Royal Academy of Music. For the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., write to the Registrar; the fee for students is £40 per annum for tuition. Neither of these is for professionals—but for all who want to be educated in music.

TOOTSIE.—*Agitato:* agitated, hurried, the time being somewhat quickened, and the tone generally increased.

SONUS.—For violin music, *con sordini* means "with mutes." The mute, or sordino, is an instrument placed on the bridge of the violin, to muffle or soften its tone.

M. S. C.—"Historical Sketches of Musical Forms" were published in vol. viii.; see pages 70, 141, 278, 342, 466.

MARIA VON C.—There is a translation of Nohl's life of Mozart by Lady Wallace, in two volumes, published in 1877.

WIN.—We could not give more particulars than are given in the prospectus. We should say a fair knowledge of music is required—what would be called "well-grounded."

WELSH MAID.—The crwth, sometimes wrongly called a "crowd," is an ancient Welsh instrument resembling the violin, with six strings, and played on with a bow. The bridge is flat, and not convex at the top, from which it is supposed that the strings were struck at the same time, so as to give a succession of concords.

COOKERY.

GOOD FOR NOTHING should really try and improve her writing and spelling. 2. The best way to have gravy or juice in a meat pie or a fruit tart is to put a small cup or jar in the centre of it. The moisture collects inside it.

MILDRED.—What is called a "poor author's pudding" is made as follows:—Flavour a quart of milk by boiling in it a stick of cinnamon or the thin rind of a lemon; add a few grains of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and pour the whole into a deep basin to cool. When cool add three eggs well beaten, and strain the mixture into a pie-dish. Cover the top with slices of bread free from crust, neatly joined like a crust and buttered on both sides. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

POTATO RIBBONS are made by first peeling the potatoes, and then paring them round and round in very thin and long ribbons into a pan of cold water. Just before they are needed drain the water off and put them on to fry in boiling lard, oil, or good dripping, until they are quite crisp and brown; drain and dry them on a soft cloth, arrange them on a hot dish, and slightly season with pepper and salt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

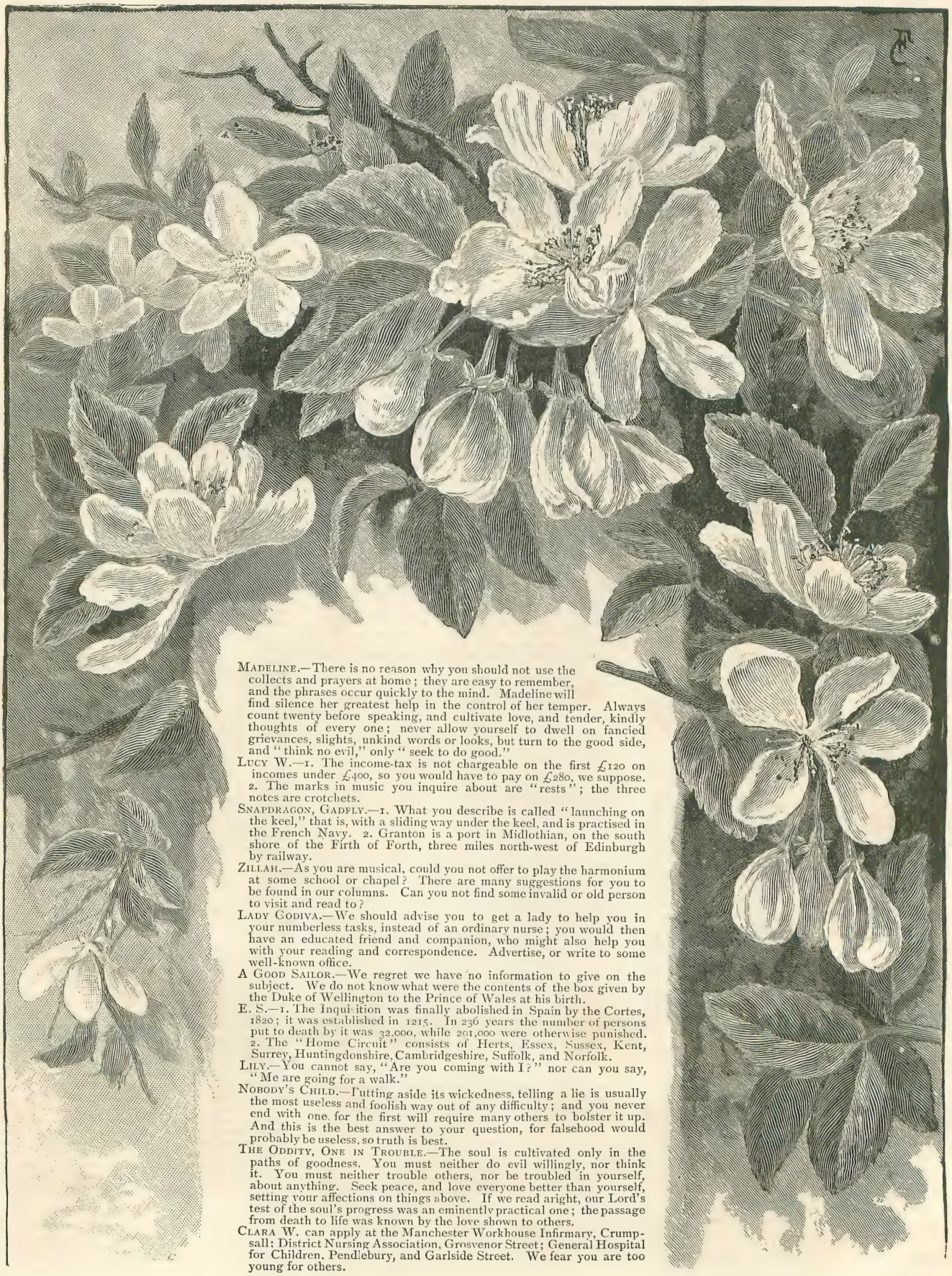
NEW INQUIRER.—The text you quote is to be found in Psalm xlix., 7th verse. The cure you give for a whitlow is not known to us, but we transcribe it: Place a piece of woollen rag in a saucer, and lay a red-hot cinder on it, turning a flowerpot over it; then hold the finger in the smoke that issues through the hole. If you have benefited by this simple prescription, we hope others may do so. The cure you prescribe for warts, viz., rubbing them daily with common salt, we give also, with our thanks. Perhaps a lack of salt in the system is the cause of them.

"ONE OF YOUR GIRLS."—Accept our best thanks for your grateful letter.

A. B. D.—We fail to understand the question ourselves. It is not sufficiently definite, and we regret that we cannot help you to an answer.

TRUTH SEEKER.—You are very unjust in saying that a writer of fiction and all works of imagination "invents a lot of falsehoods, and thereby endangers his own soul." What do you think of the parables, which were invented not only by the ancient prophets and saints, but our Divine Lord Himself, of whom it is recorded that (at least at one time) "without a parable spake He not unto them." The stories and allegories not meant to deceive are not "falsehoods."

M. E. M., AN ADMIRER OF G.O.P.—1. If you are always accompanied by your mother or some other chaperone on your visits, there is no harm in going, but you could not go alone under any circumstances whatever. 2. It is usual to say to your hostess at parting, "I have had such a delightful afternoon," or something similar of a pleasant nature



MADELINE.—There is no reason why you should not use the collects and prayers at home; they are easy to remember, and the phrases occur quickly to the mind. Madeline will find silence her greatest help in the control of her temper. Always count twenty before speaking, and cultivate love, and tender, kindly thoughts of every one; never allow yourself to dwell on fancied grievances, slights, unkind words or looks, but turn to the good side, and "think no evil," only "seek to do good."

LUCY W.—1. The income-tax is not chargeable on the first £120 on incomes under £400, so you would have to pay on £280, we suppose. 2. The marks in music you inquire about are "rests"; the three notes are crotchets.

SNAPDRAGON, GADFLY.—1. What you describe is called "launching on the keel," that is, with a sliding way under the keel, and is practised in the French Navy. 2. Granton is a port in Midlothian, on the south shore of the Firth of Forth, three miles north-west of Edinburgh by railway.

ZILLAH.—As you are musical, could you not offer to play the harmonium at some school or chapel? There are many suggestions for you to be found in our columns. Can you not find some invalid or old person to visit and read to?

LADY GODIVA.—We should advise you to get a lady to help you in your numberless tasks, instead of an ordinary nurse; you would then have an educated friend and companion, who might also help you with your reading and correspondence. Advertise, or write to some well-known office.

A GOOD SAILOR.—We regret we have no information to give on the subject. We do not know what were the contents of the box given by the Duke of Wellington to the Prince of Wales at his birth.

E. S.—1. The Inquisition was finally abolished in Spain by the Cortes, 1820; it was established in 1215. In 236 years the number of persons put to death by it was 32,000, while 201,000 were otherwise punished. 2. The "Home Circuit" consists of Herts, Essex, Sussex, Kent, Surrey, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

LILY.—You cannot say, "Are you coming with I?" nor can you say, "Me are going for a walk."

NOBODY'S CHILD.—Putting aside its wickedness, telling a lie is usually the most useless and foolish way out of any difficulty; and you never end with one, for the first will require many others to bolster it up. And this is the best answer to your question, for falsehood would probably be useless, so truth is best.

THE ODDITY, ONE IN TROUBLE.—The soul is cultivated only in the paths of goodness. You must neither do evil willingly, nor think it. You must neither trouble others, nor be troubled in yourself, about anything. Seek peace, and love everyone better than yourself, setting your affections on things above. If we read aright, our Lord's test of the soul's progress was an eminently practical one; the passage from death to life was known by the love shown to others.

CLARA W. can apply at the Manchester Workhouse Infirmary, Crumpsall: District Nursing Association, Grosvenor Street; General Hospital for Children, Pendlebury, and Garlside Street. We fear you are too young for others.

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WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

All rights reserved.] "'YOU MUST SET YOURSELF TO WORK IN SOME WAY, AND CLIMB THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.'"

CHAPTER I.

BAD NEWS.

I MUST begin my story by telling how I came down in the world. The descent was effected for me whilst I was a boy at school, and before I had anything to do with the shaping of my own fortunes or misfortunes.

I was supposed to have excellent prospects, and to have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth, for I was the son of a wealthy country gentleman, and heir presumptive to many broad acres that had never been encumbered as yet.

I was just sixteen and at Rugby when the shock came. My father was dead, and my patrimony was hopelessly gone; probably the knowledge that he was a ruined man, and that my prospects were wrecked, had killed him.

Six years before, my father had been bitten with a craze for speculation, and had invested largely in mines which were to have been El Dorados, but which swallowed up our family acres instead. The land was not entailed, but had passed from father to son for two centuries or more. Now it belonged to Mr. Randal Burford, the family lawyer.

It is only just to say of him that he had done his utmost to prevent my father from risking the property, and as its purchaser had paid full value for it.

I only realised my position by degrees. Everything was gone or going, and had there been more it would have followed. Just one day before the news came, there was no lighter-hearted lad in the old school than I, or one to whom a bright future seemed more assured. Now all was dark before me.

Mr. Burford was kind in letting me know the worst at once. Ill news, forwarded by driblets, gives a succession of shocks, each of which comes as a fresh trial.

I left school without delay, of course. Mr. Burford would have had me go to his house, but I clung to Lint Hall, the only home I had known, until after my father's funeral, then left it with a heavy heart.

I asked Mr. Burford how my father had been induced to enter on these disastrous speculations.

"It was for want of something to do," he said. "A perilous position for anyone to be placed in, and sure to end badly. So long as your good mother lived all went well. There was perfect confidence between your parents, and her practical turn of mind and common sense put the extinguisher on many an intended rash speculation. It was only after Mrs. Simpson's death that your father became so reckless, and flung his money right and left. He meant and hoped to make you a very rich man. No doubt he threw out hints of the kind to you."

He had done so; and, foolish fellow that I was, I had carried myself more loftily in consequence, and given the idea that in me my schoolfellows beheld a future millionaire.

I gave a movement of assent. I could not trust myself to speak, and I wished to play the man before Mr. Burford, though I was but a few months over sixteen, and felt at the moment as if my heart must break. But for those false hopes the fall would not have been so great. As it was I came down not only from my real position of a little while ago, but from the imaginary height to which my father's hints of vast future wealth had raised me.

"What can I do?" I asked. "No more school for me; no home to call my own; no human being to whom I have a right to turn for help if inclined to ask it."

"There is Miss Dorothy. You are her only relative on the side of the Simpsons, and she has money enough; but I am bound to tell you that your father borrowed a trifling sum from her, and that she is probably the most indignant of his creditors, because her debt is unsecured. It is only fifty pounds. Mr. Simpson wanted to borrow five hundred, I am sure believing that he should soon repay it."

"If I had any money of my own, I would pay cousin Dorothy, for she will talk and talk about that debt until everyone will believe my father robbed her of thousands," I said.

"You have a trifle to come to you—five hundred pounds—from what was your mother's. It seemed almost too ridiculous to settle that at the time of her marriage, because everything looked so bright, and poverty and loss seemed all but impossible. It is well invested at five per cent., but you can only receive the interest till you are of age. It must be your nest egg, Master John; and listen to me. You must set yourself to work in some way, and climb the ladder of success. When you are far enough up, and your pocket well lined, come to me and make an offer for Lint Hall back again. Nothing would please me better than to see the old place in your hands, Jack. I hope I shall live to put my feet under your mahogany there, my boy, as I used to do in your father's days. Cheer up, Jack! Remember two things. You have a friend in the old lawyer, and you are certain of bare bread without asking anybody's help," said Mr. Burford, with his hand on my shoulder and a fatherly look on his kindly face.

The words and the touch brought comfort. At first I had counted on many friends, but in the face of lost position and certain poverty, they had seemed to vanish all at once. On which of them, when it came to the push, could I count for a night's shelter or a day's food? It was much to possess one true friend, and to be just removed from beggary.

My eyes became moist as I listened and felt the friendly pressure of his hand, and I no longer cared to hide my emotion from him.

"You are to come to us after the funeral, and stay till you have had a chance to turn round," said the lawyer. But at that time he had not consulted Mrs. Burford.

Two days later he told me, in a hesitating way, and as if he were ashamed to meet my eye, that he was more sorry than he could express, but that, unknown to him, Mrs. Burford had invited two other visitors, each of whom would require a room, and there were only so many spare apartments in his house. "But I have provided for you all the same, my dear Jack. My head clerk, a worthy fellow, but a bachelor, has nice rooms over the chemist's. I have engaged another sleeping apartment for you, and you and he can chum together for a little while. It will be far better than being alone, and Gordon is an excellent young fellow, and of a highly respectable family I shall be your host, Jack, all the same."

I knew what Mr. Burford meant. He would meet all expenses; but it would not be all the same.

I was only a lad, yet a few days had made me years older in many respects, and I could read all that had passed under the lawyer's roof, as plainly as if it were printed in a book.

Mrs. Burford, who had always been so eager to welcome me under her roof when I was accounted heir to Lint Hall, had no spare room for the impoverished lad who must find some mode of bread-winning, and be only too thankful for the chance to work.

I looked back on former holiday times, and thought of all the coaxing bestowed on the Jack Simpson of better days to induce him to give up boyish society, and spend his leisure with Mrs. Burford's two girls and their child brother. I had thought her very kind to a motherless lad, and felt it pleasant to be counted as a member of the family, for Rose and Nelly Burford were one my own age and the other a year younger. They were bonny, bright girls, and we had grown up as friends.

"They are all children together," Mrs. Burford had said, with a benevolent smile, only the last holidays, and in reply to a friend's remark as to the propriety of such close companionship between a tall lad and two girls who were speeding towards womanhood.

Nelly Burford had always been my favourite. At six years old I promised that she should be my wife as soon as ever I grew big enough, and Mrs. Burford reminded me of this in a joking way from time to time, as the years went on; so persistently, indeed, that I began to get a little tired of it, and other people looked in a meaning way at each other, as if what were all very well for six was not quite in such good taste with a boy of sixteen.

Mrs. Burford would not trouble me with such allusions again. She was now anxious to keep Rose and Nelly out of sight and reach of such an undesirable companion as myself. Alas! I

understood who had obliged poor Mr. Burford to recall the invitation given, straight from his own warm heart, and without previous consultation with the lady who ruled his household and himself. She could not see the possibility of worth and poverty being covered by the same hat, and when I once understood why she had so changed in her manner towards me, I could not have crossed her threshold or tasted bread at her table for the world.

Neither could I bear to accept Mr. Burford's second invitation, though I knew he would have been only too glad to surround me with comforts at his own cost, or do anything to make up for his inability to receive me in his own house. So I told him, very gratefully, that I could not intrude on Mr. Gordon.

"Gordon is quite willing, indeed delighted at the thought of your joining him," said Mr. Burford.

I, however, repeated my thanks, and persisted in my refusal, though I was sorry to pain my one true friend. He did not press for reasons; I think he guessed them. He only asked me, "What shall you do? Where will you go, Jack, if you persist in refusing me this pleasure?"

"Anything. Harvest work, if I can find nothing else. Hands will be wanted in the fields, but I shall go a few miles away before I ask for something to do."

I spoke in a reckless way, for my heart was full of bitterness, and I said to myself, "There is one advantage in poverty even: I shall be free to choose my own mode of working. No one will contend for the privilege of being my guardian. With Lint Hall at my back, tutors and governors would have been necessary. As it is, the living waif may drift whither he will, and none will hinder him from sinking or help him to rise."

"My dear Jack, you will not need to ask for work in the harvest fields. In three days you will own a capital of twelve pounds ten shillings—half a year's interest on your five hundred. You need not look at me as if I were telling you an untruth, or inventing a payment in order to help you over your first difficulties. This is July twenty-third. On the twenty-sixth your half-year's interest will be due. Your father allowed the interest to accumulate for some time, intending to add it to the principal, but when he became embarrassed he spent it. He had a right to do so whilst you were under age, as he supplied all your wants."

"Twelve pounds ten! my very own!" It sounded quite a fortune under present circumstances, and as Mr. Burford quietly laid before me an account book, in which previous interest payments had been duly entered and signed for by my father, I saw that the money would be honestly mine, and I might reckon on a like sum each half-year.

The first thoughts of pleasure in connection with this money were not selfish ones. I had some school debts, amounting in all to not more than ten shillings, but the memory of them cost me several sleepless hours, after I first realised my altered position. They had seemed justifiable debts, and only such as all schoolboys are in the habit of contracting, though I had rarely incurred any. Had my usual allowance come when due, instead of the news of my father's death, they would have been honourably paid. In three more days I should send the money, and Jack Simpson's name would be freed from the reproach of having contracted debts which he could not pay.

Then there was cousin Dorothy's fifty pounds, about which Mr. Burford said she was so angry that she declined to attend my father's funeral. No hope of paying that, though if I could have drawn so much of my five hundred pounds, I should certainly have done it, and diminished my future income to that extent, in order to stop my relative's tongue. She was only my second cousin. I was glad to remember that; and her name was not Simpson, but the more appropriate one of Flint, her mother having been my grandfather's sister. That she had heaps of money—more than she could count—was the popular belief, and that she never parted with a penny if she could help it, was also deemed a matter of certainty.

A happy thought struck me. I might pay Miss Flint the interest on the loan; it would only be two pounds five a year, for she had lent her money at four and a half per cent. It was a peculiarity of cousin Dorothy's that, close-fisted as she might be, she never exacted high interest, not considering it safe to do so. She used to say, "People who promise six or seven per cent. would just as soon say ten, for they never mean to pay either it or the principal. I like borrowers who haggle over the rate and stand out for a quarter per cent. as if their lives depended on it; those are the payers. High interest and great risks go hand in hand."

No doubt Miss Flint was right; but my poor father's trifling loan being likely to prove a loss, was an especially aggravating exception, since it showed that it was possible for low interest and great risk to go hand *in hand also*, and cousin Dorothy hated to be less than infallible.

When I told Mr. Burford that I should pay Miss Flint's interest, I was met by a prompt remonstrance.

"My dear lad, it would be utter folly for you to do it. She is as rich as—I mean she is extremely well off, and will never miss the principal, whilst every penny is of consequence to you. You might just as well hold yourself responsible to some of the swindlers who drew your poor father into those wretched speculations to his ruin. They lost nothing, for an excellent reason—they had nothing to lose."

"And I do not care for them because they drained my poor father of his last shilling. But cousin Dorothy is different; he really had her money, and I shall pay the interest, if I live on bread and water to do it, until I am of age; then she shall have her fifty pounds back out of my five hundred."

Mr. Burford saw that I was in earnest, and yielded, partly because he could not help himself—partly, I believe, because he imagined that my self-denial might impress Miss Flint favourably on my behalf. I made no such calculation, but I did resolve that, however little I might have to spend, I would not get into debt; and that, however uncongenial any work might be that offered itself, I would undertake it, if within my power to perform, and do it with my might.

I told Mr. Burford so, and he promised to find me a post if possible. "But in the meanwhile?" he said, and waited for an answer which he thought I should be puzzled to give him. He believed I should be driven to join Gordon in the rooms over the chemist's after all.

(*To be continued.*)

A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

"CAN you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from overwork, and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely, while the

girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat; "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have nightmare—wake up, dear. I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given *me* any time. Now, go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquised, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time *she* does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman-rights class remarked to her: "We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S.P.C.M."

C. H.

IMPRESSIONS OF CELEBRATED PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

THE question has often been raised, whether it is allowable to describe a musical composition in words, or rather to supplement the works of a composer with our personal impressions, and opinions for and against have been expressed with more or less warmth. Speaking from my own experience as a teacher, I may be permitted to say that the practice of suggesting to the student the idea, which naturally connects itself with a musical work to be performed, appears for several reasons replete with advantages. First of all it sets the pupil thinking; secondly, it excites and heightens the feeling of appreciation; and finally, it secures a more intimate acquaintance with the work of the composer. Generally the pupils learn only the notes of a work, and if they can play those notes with correctness and fluency, most of them think that they have achieved all that is to be done. I think there is in a good piece of music much more to be learnt than a mere succession of notes in a certain order and according to a systematic rule; a good composition in the free style is analogous to a piece of poetry; it describes the feelings of the author, and appeals through sounds to those of his audience. But in so far as the composer speaks through tones and not by words, there is and must be at all times an uncertainty about the precise intention of the musical author. True, the composer can call his piece a nocturne, a serenade, a meditation, a reverie, impromptu, intermezzo, and so on, but it will be admitted that even such names and titles are very elastic, and allow of many different interpretations; and thus the performer, who does not take the trouble to examine more closely the contents of the work to be executed, is unable to do real justice to the intention of the composer, and his acquaintance with the musical author is but a slight and superficial one. On the other hand, if the performer tries to investigate thoroughly and conscientiously the piece of which he is the interpreter, he will soon find that there are feelings expressed which evoke a sympathy that lay dormant within him. And for this reason the close examination will always tend to bring out the beauties and characteristic features of the composer's work. What I am here offering must be taken merely as suggestions, as the impressions I have derived from playing and teaching these pieces over and over again. I do not in the least imply that they exactly represent the impressions felt by the author himself; I merely offer them as assisting the pupil's study and appreciation of the task to be achieved.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS, No. 31.

Evening has set in, peace reigns through

nature, a quiet calm surrounds us, and we feel the blessing of being for a time at rest from the busy turmoil of the noisy world. We feel happy; but our happiness is not complete. We are alone, and not near the person with whom our happiness is bound up; we long for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." The holy calm that surrounds us forbids the deploring of such absence in a loud or passionate manner; but we feel perhaps the grief all the more deeply for this constraint. And now the evening bell from the country church begins its quiet tolling; it invites us to the evening prayer and to rest. We feel calmer and happier, and the former longing becomes now a quiet and peaceful resignation.

No. 33.

A procession of pilgrims is slowly wending its way through the barren desert; their strength is exhausted, the limbs are weary, full of sorrow is their chant, as with heavy and slow steps they march onward to the goal that is as yet, alas! so distant. Heavy sighs escape from the anxious hearts of the wayfarers—hearts full to overflowing; but stern is the command they have to obey, they are resigned to their fate, and hope for that final rest a merciful God will give them at last.

The Spinning Song, No. 34.

We are introduced to the murmuring activity of the spinning-room. Busily the wheels are turning, cheery laughter resounds—laughter in which all can join; all is bright, all is full of mirth and youthful happiness; the favourite tune is taken up in succession, and during the necessary intervals the wheels turn only the quicker, till at last the whole cheerful company runs off with such rapidity that there seems no chance of arresting their course or bringing them back to their work.

The Shepherd, No. 35.

The shepherd boy sits lonely on the rock; his thoughts wander away to the far region where his parents were laid in the cold grave; lonely he sits, thinking of them and of their lost love, recalling all the sweet words that a dear mother uttered, remembering all the happiness that was so sweet, but alas! so shortlived!

The Serenade, No. 36.

With the guitar in hand, the cavalier approaches gallantly yet cautiously the window of his lady's chamber. "My lady sleeps;" he is careful not to awaken her rudely from her slumber, his song is rather hummed than sung. He desires that only a faint echo of that he modestly expresses may mingle with her dream; this is all he dares to hope for. But at times the voice rises involuntarily, and to the quickened beat of the heart the sound of the guitar becomes sympathetically louder. Quietly as he came, he retires again; the farewell he bids to the beloved spot is repeated over and over, he finds "parting is such sweet sorrow." But the lover who can express his affection with such brightness and grace does not seem to dread the future. We seem to feel that even if rejected he will not die of a broken heart.

SONATA APPASSIONATA BY BEETHOVEN.

The literature of the pianoforte contains two collections of works, which may be called veritable books of wisdom. These collections are, firstly, Bach's Preludes and Fugues, universally known under the name, "The Well-Tempered Clavecin"; and secondly, Beethoven's thirty-two Sonatas. Much has been written upon the sonatas of Beethoven; they have been classified according to their different styles and modes of expression, they have been arranged in a certain order (with regard to increasing difficulty of execution); hundreds of pages have been written describing their contents, and speculating as to the intentions the composer wished to express in them. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that no works ever took a firmer and more lasting hold upon the musical world than these thirty-two masterpieces.

I speak here about the great beauties which distinguish the F minor sonata, op. 57, generally called "Sonata appassionata." Taken all in all, this might be described as the most perfect of Beethoven's sonatas. It is not only perfect in point of form, and with regard to the beauty of its themes or subjects and their working out; it is also particularly perfect and admirable in its conception and style. Its expression is thoroughly earnest, manly, and noble; and we find here blended, with a thorough serious sentiment, an energy and firmness of purpose which are seldom found united. Composers who write works of a serious and earnest character generally become somewhat rigid and stiff in expression, and therefore their compositions do not always strike us as sympathetical. In Beethoven's case this is otherwise; he portrays in his admirable work the feelings of one who, having undergone severe and heavy trials, has indeed become earnest and meditative, but has retained a kindliness and gentleness of expression; the feelings of love and affection for humanity have not been lost, and thus a moral strength is exhibited, which not only commands our respect, but kindles our warmer feelings. And here, in fact, lies the strength of Beethoven.

He appears in his greater works as a true philosopher; he sets before him as his task the description of a psychological feeling; this feeling he subjects to a thorough and exhaustive examination, and having considered and weighed over and over again its every phase and feature, the first stage of the process has been reached; indeed, the great difference that distinguishes Mozart's manner of composing from that of Beethoven, is that Mozart, according to his own description (given in a letter), creates in a kind of half dream; he says "that the whole composition forms itself in his brain, and stands before him in its entirety, and that the process of writing it down on paper is merely work," and "thus the writing differs but little from what his fancy created inwardly." Beethoven we find, on the other hand, took the greatest trouble with his principal subjects. He made studies on them with regard to rhythm, melody, harmony, and not until he had removed any weak part did he begin his regular work. For this reason the principal subjects of Beethoven are veritable models of conciseness, distinctness, and symmetry; they appear generally very simple and unpretending, but following the course of the composition, we are almost bewildered at the wealth of new figures and new traits he evolves from them, and this happy result may with truth be called the consequence of a truly philosophical maxim.

But leaving these general remarks, and proceeding to examine the sonata in F minor in detail, we shall find fresh points for admiration. The sonata consists of three movements: the 1st, an allegro assai; the 2nd, an andante con moto; and the 3rd, an allegro ma non troppo. The first movement is written in 12-8 time, whilst the two other movements are in 2-4 time. Thus we do not find the 3-4 time, but we notice its absence only as a matter of fact, not as an æsthetic defect; indeed, the idea of a minuet or scherzo after the first movement, so full of passion and fire would strike us with a sense of incongruity. With a stately expression, full of earnestness, the first movement begins; the subject is of a more immediate rhythmical interest, which interest is enhanced as the movement proceeds by its being brought into contact with other new combinations. It will be perceived that not a single feature of it is lost in the further working out, and thus the composer shows his confidence in the strength and interest possessed by his theme, and exhibits not less also a wise sense of economy. The second subject is conceived in a brighter spirit, but this brightness is soon after interrupted by stormy passages, full of fire and energy. At the end of this storm the second part begins. The thematic work is here superb; not less happy and admirable are the modulations, which are natural and highly effective; closer and closer the modulations follow upon each other, until the minor seventh chord of the leading note is reached. But here I beg to draw particular attention to the manner in which Beethoven lulls the storm he has raised, and directs the mighty waves to settle down into a comparative calm, and to the way in which Beethoven reintroduces the principal first theme. The repetition of the second subject has even greater interest than it possessed in the first part, and indeed the connecting it with the fiery coda, still more passionate and energetic than the previous part, is a new proof of the power of Beethoven's mighty genius.

Although this movement is conceived on the grandest and broadest scale, and is worked out in the noblest dimensions, its structure is absolutely compact and close, not a single bar is employed to fill up a gap, or merely to suit the demands of the form; everything here is an absolute necessity, and is suffused with intellectuality and with sincere feeling.

The solemn chords with which the andante begins impress us with a sensation like that of entering a vast cathedral. We are struck with its holy calm and quiet, and we find here consolation and repose after the stormy passions that reigned without. With regard to its construction, it may be said that this slow movement consists of a theme with three variations; all is quiet and peaceful, and a delightful purity and simplicity of feeling pervades these chords; it is a truly Christian devotion that speaks here with piety and confidence. Towards the end of the andante Beethoven introduces a device, of which he is very fond, and of which he is indeed the inventor—it is the distribution of the air between two different octaves. This device has often been imitated by other composers, but never with so much effect as Beethoven could impart to it. The andante ends with a *pp.* discord, which sounds like a question; the same discord is taken up *ff*, and we are once again in a world full of passion—a passion more intense and stormy than that expressed in the first movement. There is scarcely another of Beethoven's pieces that displays such an intense fire as this finale. It is as though the elements had burst their bonds, as if the frame of things were disjointed, and as if a wild cataract were about to break through all impediments. But over all this fire and passion rises the hand of the mighty composer, commanding and controlling with supreme power, and the almost triumphant tone expressed in the presto sounds like an exclamation of joy at the prospect of final victory. It may be safely asserted that this sonata, if it were the only work Beethoven had ever produced, would in its stupendous merits have been sufficient to hand down to posterity, with all possible honour and respect, the name of the mighty master from whose brain it sprang.

(*To be continued.*)

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

MANY awkward moments have been tided over by a meal, but it could not be said that Kathleen's tea was a success. James was silent, answering briefly when addressed, and then letting the conversation drop, and Kathleen was too sad and anxious to have her usual fluency. For almost the first time in her life she found herself laboriously making conversation and seeking for something to say. When this occurred to her, she nearly laughed outright. To think that she, Kathleen, should have come to this! But after all, as she felt directly, it was no laughing matter that she and her only brother should have so little in common. She had only once seen his wife, so that this subject soon came to an end, and when she asked some question about the boys under his charge he replied, "I make it a rule never to discuss my pupils, even with my wife," and though he did not say it unkindly, Kathleen felt that she had been indiscreet. She lapsed into silence, hardly able to keep the tears out of her eyes, and feeling inexpressibly weary, depressed, and vexed with herself. And as usual at such times, everything seemed against her. Why should Una, generally only too ready to show off her little airs and graces, be as mute as James himself? And why must Phyllis, usually most deserving of her epithet of "neat-handed," upset the salt, so that James set up his black eyebrows, though he forbore to comment? And above all, why did she herself feel so unreasonable, so out of temper? Kathleen did not know how much the condition for which she blamed herself was the outcome of sorrow and of the long strain of nursing which had taxed even her elastic young strength severely.

Tea had been welcome as a break, but she was still more glad to have it cleared away. The children returned to their places on either side of her, visibly discomfiting James, who said, "Can't you send those children away? I want to talk business."

Those children! Kathleen rose, and led them away without one word. She was gone longer than James thought necessary, and he had time to get impatient before she reappeared. Perhaps she and the little ones had "wept a little weep" together—her eyes looked like it.

"Well, James?" she said, sitting down opposite him, as he leant on the table, occupied only by a lamp.

"I wish you had read that letter," he said, unable quite to forget this grievance. "For one thing, I told you to write at once to the Leighs, and prepare them to do something for Una and Phyllis."

"I did so. Mamma wished it."

"Ah! that is better than I expected. Have you heard from them?"

"Yes." Kathleen spoke curtly.

"Well, what did they say?"

"Never mind. I never want to think of it again if I am to say my prayers."

"I don't understand. Have you the letter?"

"I have not; I burned it in the hottest part of the nearest fire—and that was not hot enough." Her cheeks were almost as hot.

"Speak sense, Kathleen: you know how I dislike heroics. I suppose that the Leighs object to take charge of the children. It is natural enough, but of course they will have to make some arrangement. They are the proper people."

"They don't think so, nor do I."

"Let me hear what they say," said James, repressively. When Kathleen was moved, as now, the Irish side of her got strongly uppermost, and it was repugnant to him. Had she not been his sister, possibly he would have thought how pretty she looked, with her dark blue eyes flashing, and the colour flushing in her cheeks; but when Kathleen was moved, as now, the likeness to her father always struck James it was remarkably alien to him.

"Then, if you must hear it, they wrote that as mamma had married again, against the advice of all her family, and had allowed her unprincipled husband to squander the money which should have been her children's, they could not consider it reasonable to make any claim upon them now. Are you satisfied?"

James had winced, but he answered calmly, "There is a great deal of reason in what they say, and I allow that it is hard on them to have the burden of these children thrown on them, but at the same time it would be much harder if we, on whom they certainly have less claim, had to support them."

Probably it was lucky that Kathleen was fairly breathless. James went on in the same composed manner: "I suppose they are literally penniless—no, I believe they may have about thirty pounds a year between them; not more, certainly, since their mother was so foolish, to call it nothing else, as to let my father have all her fortune. Women ought always to have their money tied up. However, that is not to the purpose. You have about eighty pounds a year—enough to pay for clothes and journeys. I propose that you should live with us—Mary is quite willing—you are fond of children, and can help her no doubt with George and Emily, which I shall be glad of. Mary is not strong."

"And what is to become of Una and Phyllis?"

"That is for the Leighs to decide. Miss Penelope Leigh is rich, I believe, and she is their great aunt. I can offer you a home, but of course I have no idea of encumbering myself with Una and Phyllis."

"No one asks you, James! The children are mine! mine! Not a Leigh in the world shall have a hair of their heads, the darlings! and you need have no fear of their encumbering you, as you say! I promised their mother on her death-bed that nothing should part us, and it's not I that will break that word!"

She had started up, trembling with indignation as she spoke.

"Sit down, and don't be foolish!" said James, severely. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"'Tis you that don't know! What have I thought of all these last days but how we should keep together and what I could find to do. I'll find work, never you fear; we'll be no burden to anyone."

"Needlework?" said James, with a quizzical look; and Kathleen laughed in spite of herself, well aware of her deficiencies in that respect. "I've learned to use a needle since old days, but 'tis not that, I mean. There's other work to do."

"Nonsense, Kathleen; I could not allow you to work, as you call it; and certainly I should not permit you to enter on such an absurd and unreasonable undertaking."

"No; you'd have me send my children to the workhouse, may be, and go and serve yours instead."

James had never been so near losing his temper. It was entirely from a sense of duty that he had resolved to make his impetuous sister an inmate of his household, and he was far from anticipating any satisfaction or pleasure from the step. His family affections were not deep, and what he had would never extend beyond a very narrow circle of immediate belongings. He certainly had none to spare for outsiders, like his little step-sisters. He paused to recover the self-control which was in danger of escaping him, and his silence checked Kathleen more than any words would have done.

"I don't want to quarrel," she pleaded. "I am sorry for speaking so angrily, but James, you don't understand how I feel about this. You cannot love Una and Phyllis as I do, but they have every claim on us both. Just think, why, they are penniless—we are bound to atone for it if we can; don't you see that? And recollect how good mamma was to me! I behaved abominably to her, though I

loved the children from the first; but she never would see my sauciness, and was so dear and kind that I could not help loving her. I *have* to do all I can now, and she knew I would." Kathleen's eyes brimmed over, and James was a little touched.

"It is natural that a generous girl should feel so, but I look at it as a man fourteen years older. Even if I were richer, I should not admit that I was bound to maintain these children; and as it is I am far from well off. I have had heavy expenses, and over and above, if I had not made a stand, I should have been drained dry."

He paused, and each thought of the handsome, extravagant father, adored by his women-folk, and irresistible even to the friends from whom he borrowed, until in self-defence they closed both their doors and purses against him. James's face darkened at the recollection, and Kathleen's was profoundly sad.

"I suppose you have heard nothing about him?" James asked, lowering his voice.

"Nothing. I have no idea where he is."

"So much the better," James muttered, adding aloud—"Well, you see the utter impossibility of your keeping these unlucky children."

"And why should I not, then?" For the life of her, Kathleen could not resist throwing a provoking touch of brogue into her voice.

"Simply because you would all starve. Can't you see I am speaking as much for their good as yours? Look here"—he drew out pencil and note-book—"your joint income is a hundred and ten pounds a year. Rent?"

"Our landlady will let us have the rooms at ten shillings a week."

"I'd say she lost by it; but that is her affair. Fuel — clothes — food — so much; these are bare necessaries; we do not speak of doctors' bills, or any such extras. I have calculated the lowest sum. Reckon."

Kathleen's face fell, but she said—"I have the offer of reading to an invalid, at two shillings an hour—two hours of a morning and one in the evening."

"Well, add that on. You see. I shall write myself to the Leighs."

"You can say they need not trouble about the children. Kathleen O'Kelly will look to them."

James took no notice. "Have you any money in the house?" he asked.

"Twenty pounds, besides what we owe."

"I hope you went to no unnecessary expense. That was one thing I impressed upon you in my letter."

"There was no need. It was mamma's own wish that all should be as simple as possible."

"Very right. Well, you can go on for two or three weeks. It will not be possible for me to come down again, but by that time you will have found out for yourself that you cannot carry out this wild plan, and my home will still be open to you. Of course, when once the Leighs are convinced that we are not going to do anything for the children, they will see they must look after them. I will let you know what I hear from them. By the bye, when you write to me, do remember that I prefer to be called Kelly, without that O', which proclaims itself Irish a mile off."

He spoke with acrimony, and Kathleen fired up.

"There's no call to be ashamed of an Irish name that I know of! The proudest Norman knights were glad to change their names for an Irish one. Weren't the MacSweenies Veres, and the MacMahons FitzUrsulas?"

"I have no reason to love Ireland. Our grandfather was the kindest of landlords, yet his tenants refused to pay their rents, and shot his agent."

"I daresay he deserved it."

"Kathleen!" His look of horror amused Kathleen so much that her rising penitence vanished. "James!" she cried, half laughing, half crying; "why will you always suppose I mean just what I say?"

"Because I do myself, I presume. Well, there is no more to say at present, only recollect that you must not look to me for help, except so far as offering you a home goes. It would not be just to my own children."

"I'll promise not to ask it, James. Don't fear that."

"One thing more. You have seen what borrowing and extravagance come to. I hope——"

"There's no need to speak of that." Kathleen had shrunk as from a blow.

"I hope not. My fear rather is that *he* may reappear, and drag you down. I have had to make it clear that I can do no more than I have, and that it is better we should be henceforward strangers. I did not do it lightly, you may be sure; but I have to think of Mary and our children, and there was no choice. But it would be more difficult for you."

"It would." Kathleen knew that such a course for her would be not only difficult, but impossible. Yet the sense of justice, which she had, in common with her brother, made her own that he had reason on his side. He had been very patient, very forbearing, if not very loving, and had given up a considerable portion of his hard-earned income, apparently to no purpose at all.

"I think there is no more to say at present. You shall hear from me when I get the Leighs' answer. If they make a decent allowance, I don't see why you should not keep the children, if nothing else will satisfy you."

"Must you go?" asked Kathleen, feeling that the meeting had been wretchedly unsatisfactory.

"Yes; I have paper work to look through. I must start early to-morrow, so I shan't see you again."

"You don't mind my working?" she asked wistfully, as they both rose.

"I don't think it necessary in your case, but I have no prejudice of that kind if a woman has to do it. The pity is that so few are capable of doing anything really well. You can read aloud pleasantly enough, I recollect, if you avoid that detestable brogue, and it is as unobjectionable an employment as you could find; but it won't pay your butcher and baker, as you'll find. Well, good-bye."

"My love to Mary."

"Oh, of course. She'll take all that for granted. Good-bye."

The door closed on him, and Kathleen threw herself face downward on the sofa, and cried till she could cry no more. Then she got up, almost too tired to stand, put out the lamp, and went into the room where the children were sleeping—Phyllis in a little bed close to the one which Una shared with Kathleen. They were sound asleep; Kathleen stood and looked at them.

"It's they that want me, the darlings!" she murmured. "Mary and James only ask me because it's right they should. My little ones! Kathleen would let you go if 'twas best for you; but oh! I'm glad it's not!"

And then she knelt down and said her prayers by the bedside, and her heart was light again as she thought of the future.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE CATERPILLAR.—A picturesque power of illustration is one of the leading qualities of Luther's Table-Talk. On one occasion, taking up a caterpillar, he said, "It is an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colours in its changing hue."

ADMIRATION AND CONTEMPT.—Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it; but unwise *contempt* is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it *is* nothing.—*Carlyle.*

VERY EASY.—It is very easy to be a fool. One can be a fool and *not know it.*

A RULE FOR READING.—"I have no other rule," says Rousseau, "by which to judge of what I read than that of consulting the dispositions in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to anything that is virtuous and good."

REAL WORTH.—Prize people for their real worth, and not for their gilt; and believe those to be the greatest who are the holiest, and those to be the best company who keep company with the Spirit of Christ.

PLEASURE IN TRIFLES.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise; they neglect the opportunity of amusement without which the rugged road of life would be insufferably tedious.

"AND SO A COMMON FACE GROWS FAIR
IF BUT GOD'S SUNSHINE GLANCES THERE."

WHAT MAKES BEAUTY?

By WILLIAM LUFF.

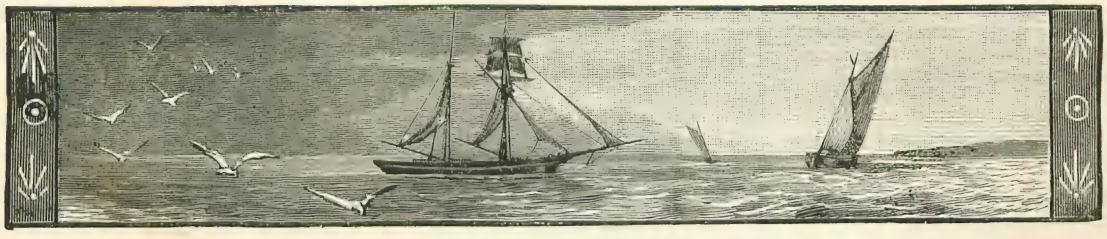
WHAT makes the sea look beautiful?
The sunshine dancing on the waves
  In silver slippers, child,
And gilding every sail that braves
  The waste and watery wild;
This makes the sea look beautiful.
And God's pure sunlight on life's sea
Will make it beautiful to thee.

What makes the hills look beautiful?
The sunshine lighting up the mist
  And crowning every brow,
Till streamlets glow like amethyst
  As to the vale they flow;
This makes the hills look beautiful.
And God's pure sunlight on life's hills
Will melt their snows to crystal rills.

What makes a face look beautiful?
The rosy sunrays dancing light,
  With halo bright and fair,
Chasing the sorrows of the night,
  Gilding the clouds of care;
This makes a face look beautiful.
And so a common face grows fair,
If but God's sunshine glances there.

What makes a home look beautiful?
The playful sunbeams that will fly
  Through every open pane;
These to a humble hearth supply
  A joy wealth cannot gain,
And make a home look beautiful.
So a poor cot, if God be there,
Will in His radiant light grow fair.

What will make Heaven so beautiful?
The sunlight of the Saviour's face.
  Could He withdraw His light,
Beauty would leave the holy place
  And day be turned to night.
He makes the Heaven so beautiful.
Lord, give to us Thy beams below,
That we may here Thy beauty show.



THE SUMMER MEETING AT OXFORD.

By AN EXTENSION STUDENT.

THE educational scheme known as University Extension is now so well established in England that it scarcely needs explanation. Begun some twenty years ago as a small effort on the part of those interested in the education of women, it has spread into a large and important organisation unconfined by sex, age, or rank. Its main object is, as is now widely known, to perform that ancient feat handed down to us in Eastern lore, to bring Mahomet to the mountain, since the mountain cannot come to Mahomet. It is neither more nor less than a bold scheme to carry the teaching and influence of our great universities into the furthest corners of the country.

The rapid growth of the movement may be seen from the fact that whereas in 1886 7 sixty-seven courses of lectures were delivered in fifty towns, in 1888-9 eighty-two courses were delivered in one hundred and nine towns, while the number of students has risen from 9,908 to 14,351. These courses consist of lectures on history, literature, art, natural science, and political economy, and are especially intended for two classes of the community—ladies and working men. Professional men and others are not by any means unrepresented, but from the nature of things it is these two classes especially that need the extension scheme, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to the delegates that already some 3,000 working men have joined their ranks.

The lectures are followed by weekly exercises, the exercises by an examination, conducted, not by the lecturer, but by an independent member of the university, and the examination by a further scholarship competition for those who have obtained an honour certificate. The whole system is well planned and well carried out. To obtain university instruction during six months at the cost of ten shillings is surely one of the triumphs of the nineteenth century!

But the authorities are willing to go a step further. In Oxford (and probably Cambridge will soon follow suit) the doors of the university are thrown open to those students who are able to take advantage of the offer, and a short course of study is provided in those classic surroundings so long inaccessible to them. The summer meeting of the extension scheme has met with some ridicule. It is true that the weaker sex at present predominate, and the idea of ladies playing at university residence, going to tennis and boating parties with note-books in hand to give a colour to their proceedings, has excited much mirth and a good deal of criticism. A visitor to Oxford during August might find some ground for his remarks. The streets are certainly filled with ladies in light summer dresses, who throng in and out of the lecture-rooms with a cheerful gaiety that perhaps does not accord well with the idea of serious study. But after all this is only a surface view. Work, sober and steady work, is being carried on; but the students are the guests of the university authorities, and it would be a poor return for the kindness showered upon them if they went about their way with sad and solemn faces. If all those students who live at a distance could realise what is provided, both socially and intellectually, for the visitors to the summer meeting, the application for tickets next year would be not one, but fourteen thousand! Some slight account of these advantages may be interesting here, for there are few people in the present day who have not heard of the scheme, and felt some curiosity to know what is actually said and done.

First and foremost of the pleasant elements of the summer meeting is the distinct impression imparted to the students that they have a right in Oxford; as the vice-chancellor said in his welcoming address, "The university looks upon you as its children." The extension scheme is no pretence of university education; its students are looked upon as really possessing a name and place in the great foundation that is not ashamed to own them.

They are made to feel that they are not only welcome guests, but "children of the house," and this of itself would be enough to ensure their enjoyment. Another source of both pleasure and profit is the contact with highly-cultivated intellects. Solitary study, and study under skilled guidance, are both alike invaluable; but there is something inspiring and stimulating in coming face to face with the great masters of thought, that produces an unequalled effect upon the mind. It is much to read the books of such men as Professor Max Müller, Mr. Henry Morley, Professor Gardiner, and Professor Sidgwick, but it is infinitely more to hear their living voices, and to listen to their teaching as it falls from their own lips.

The day of visitors to the summer meeting is divided between study and pleasure, or rather between study and recreation, for to most of the students at any rate the course of study is the greatest pleasure of all. The first lecture begins at a quarter-past ten, and for some time previously troops of students may be seen emerging from their lodgings (lists of which may be obtained from the secretaries, who are ready to recommend reasonable and suitable accommodation), and making their way towards the examination schools. No one who has not seen these buildings can form an adequate idea of their beauty; the marble staircases, tesselated pavements, and spacious lecture-rooms, with their fittings of carved oak, are one of the sights of Oxford, and it needs only to be said that they are worthy of the university to which they belong. Attendants placed on the staircases announce to the students the names of the lecturers who are to lecture in north, east, and south writing schools respectively. Shakespeare's "whining school-boy, creeping like a snail to school," was certainly not an Oxford extension student, for there could be no more inapt description of the expressions on the faces of the audience waiting for the arrival of their lecturer than "heavy looks," while the round of applause that greets his entrance testifies to the pleasure experienced when school hours begin. The only trouble that fills the student's breast is that old difficulty so simply but so well expressed in the words—

"How happy could I be with either!"

for when two lectures of equal interest are going forward, one would gladly be in two places at once. The first lecture ends at a quarter-past eleven and the second begins at half-past, just leaving time for a change from one school to another, for pencils to be sharpened, and a new page of the note-books turned over before work begins again. The second lecture ends at half-past twelve, after which the students pour out of the schools, and there is a general rush to the reception-room. This last is a very favourite resort. The indefatigable secretaries have secured the debating hall of the Union Club for the use of their visitors; and there, surrounded by the portraits of past Oxford debaters of world-wide fame, one feels on classic ground. Papers cover the tables, stationery can be always procured, notices of future arrangements are to be seen, and the roll-book of visitors to the summer meeting lies on the desk.

After luncheon we are offered instruction in a lighter shape, various members of the university having offered, with great kindness, to escort parties over the colleges and other objects of interest. Thus the professor of geology takes a geological excursion party out with him, and a librarian of the Bodleian conducts visitors over the famous library. There is usually only one afternoon lecture, at half-past five, and when such names as those of Professor Max Müller and Professor Herkomer are mentioned, it is needless to add that tennis, boating, or excursions are alike powerless to diminish the audiences. The evening brings meetings and social gatherings, when speakers on various subjects address the audiences. The Marquis of Ripon, Sir Henry Roscoe, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. Lewis Morris, Sir Robert Ball, and Professor Stuart were among the number; but perhaps of all the speeches the one that will live longest in the memories of those who heard it is the account which was given by Miss Octavia Hill of her work in London. The sight in itself was a remarkable one, the great hall thronged to overflowing with students and members of the university, all listening with breathless interest to the burning words of religion and philanthropy which fell from the lips of the lady who stood at the professor's desk. The sight alone was a lesson, and formed an illustration to the closing words of her address—"All you who are drinking in knowledge, look at the degraded multitudes around you, and think upon their unlikeness to you! Unlike? Ah, yes, and yet how like. *How* like you will learn to know as you learn more and more of them and of their lives; for in heart and soul we are all alike, each one of us made in the likeness of God, however far we may have fallen from it; and those men and women alone are fulfilling their true office in the world who are striving with all the powers they possess to raise mankind to the standard it has lost—to bring the whole world back to the one great Father of us all."

Noble words! Words which no doubt will bear fruit in many a life when the Oxford summer meeting is a thing of the past, and which were enforced by the head master of Clifton College in the sermon preached in the university church. "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." At first sight the words have nothing to do with study; and yet as the preacher dwelt upon them he showed plainly how they warn us against the besetting sin of students; a cold and barren selfishness in the pursuit of knowledge will defeat its own ends. He that loses his life alone possesses it; he that gives freely of his most precious treasure alone secures a treasure that passes not away.

Based on such principles as these, the University Extension movement must go on to an assured success. It fills a gap in many lives that but for its aid would be obliged to struggle on alone. We cannot all leave our homes, even if we have the desire, and relinquish the nearer duties of life for university advantages, but "all things come to him who waits." As the secretary reminded us, "The self-sacrifice of a desired study is often a nobler education than the study itself, and the names of the highest cultivation are to be found not only in examination lists, but in the hidden records of forgotten lives." It is to such as these that the Extension scheme comes as a peculiar blessing. There are men and women among its ranks toiling for their bread, weaving in factories, and digging in mines, and others again who are so surrounded by household duties that they have but a few minutes every day for study. It is to these that it comes as a stimulus, a refreshment, a glimpse into those regions of knowledge that were once irrevocably closed to them, a link with the higher education of our land that seemed for ever out of their reach.

The glory of England lies in its old traditions; the hope of the future of England lies in the modification of those old traditions by new conditions. It is not destruction that we need, but development. The ancient universities of our land have been exclusive, but, to their praise be it spoken, when a universal cry for knowledge went up from the people, they were the first to acknowledge the full signification of their name, and fling open their gates, that all might share in their riches. It is no new scheme that is revolutionising the education of the present day—it is the natural evolution of those grand old organisations that have made our country what it is. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* was a saying of the ancients, but we, with a more thankful spirit for the good provided for us, will say—If I cannot give myself up to a college career, I will at least be a member of the University Extension.

READING THE BIBLE.

In the course of the last few years I have asked a considerable number of girls to tell me openly and honestly how much enjoyment and instruction they derive from reading the Bible. In a large number of cases the reply I received was that it was felt to be little better than an irksome duty; that they knew the chapter quite well before; they could almost say it by heart; there was nothing fresh in it. Others, whose experience had been a trifle less unsatisfactory than this, answered that though sometimes the Bible is full of help and comfort, at other times there seems nothing applicable to their circumstances, and they turn over the leaves hoping to light on something that will be just what they want, and then give it up, feeling that theirs are not the kind of troubles or joys for which the Bible offers consolation and sympathy.

Finding how frequent were these complaints, uttered always hesitatingly and regretfully, I tried to find out how it came about that while to so many the reading of God's Word is a real delight, and a well whence they draw an unfailing supply of happiness, for others it seems to contain no brightness, and no special message of love; and thinking that some of the readers of this paper may feel the same difficulties, I have written down the result of my inquiries.

In the first place, then, one cause betrayed itself in the answer to the question, "When do you read?" The replies were various. "Whenever I have time," "Just when I feel inclined," "Sometimes in the morning, sometimes at night." In almost every case where the reading was not enjoyed, I found that it was not done regularly. "But what possible difference can it make," I fancy I hear some one say, "whether I read in the morning or the afternoon?"

Not the slightest difference, so long as you do it regularly; but things that are left to be done at any time are very frequently not done at all. The convenient moment never comes; all sorts of distractions and "cares of this

world" come in to hinder us. With some of us our time is not at our own disposal, and we are tempted to put off the reading, for which "any time" will do, till all else is accomplished. Through disinclination, and feeling no special need for it in our own souls, we do not take the opportunities which present themselves; either we forget, or think it does not matter much during the daytime, and being very sleepy, content ourselves with two or three verses hurriedly read at bedtime.

Does it not, to say the least, seem contemptibly mean to offer to God only our odd minutes during the day, for which we can find no better use, or the last few moments at night, when we are too tired to read anything more important? Can we wonder that the Holy Spirit does not unfold to such uninterested inquirers all the treasures hidden in the Bible?

Real enjoyment of the Word of God is a thing to be acquired, and like every other acquirement requires patience and perseverance; and the first step towards it is to take a regular time for reading. To those who can manage it, the hour immediately after breakfast generally commends itself, before one's thoughts have been distracted by other things; others are more at leisure in the middle of the day; others can only find a quiet time by getting up half-an-hour earlier, and reading before breakfast; but whenever it is, regularity is the first essential to the real enjoyment of the Bible, and the best time having been once fixed, it should be considered as a regular engagement, and kept to as such. It is no waste of time. Bernard of Clairvaux tells us that when overwhelmed with an amount of work which seemed almost beyond the powers of any single man, he found his business was most quickly dispatched and most satisfactorily arranged on those days when he had spent the longest time in prayer and reading the Bible. Luther, too, was in the habit of saying, when an unusual amount of business was waiting for him, that he would never be able to get through such an apparently overwhelming day's work without a special supply of strength, and consequently spent on those days double his usual time in the study of the Bible.

But, secondly, no reading, however regular, can do us any good without the blessing of God. What use is beautiful scenery to a blind man? We are as blind men, and cannot see the beauties of the Bible till our eyes have been opened by the Holy Spirit. Some people seem to think that reading the Bible is a sort of charm, and that if they get through a certain number of verses or chapters, however carelessly, they must in some mysterious way have received a blessing; like the Chinese, who, having their prayers written down and put into a praying machine, have nothing to do but turn the handle for a certain time every day. One is often reminded of the quaint confession of Thomas Fuller:—

"Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul; for when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth, and if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hand from turning over the leaf to measure the length thereof on the other side, and if it swell to many verses, I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat."

Probably that is the secret of the whole matter—we are not sufficiently "hungry after heavenly food"; but do not therefore keep away from the Bible; the first thing you need (and the Holy Spirit has promised to give us whatever we need) is this appetite, this "hungering and thirsting" after the truth, and the way to get it is, having taken a regular time for reading, to begin the study by praying, as David prayed, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Then our eyes will be opened to see the blessing which was hidden there all the time, only we were too blind to see it, and we shall find that there is always something just suited to our special circumstances.

But to get all the enjoyment and blessing we ought from the Bible, we must not only read, we must really study it. It is not the quantity of food we eat which strengthens our bodies, but that which we digest and assimilate. So with the Bible; the number of chapters we read is of no consequence; better only a single verse or a single clause, and get the teaching we need, than to read a whole book without drawing the nourishment from it. In the words of the Prayer Book, we must not only read, but "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the spiritual food offered to us.

And a help to this is to read systematically. Much of the teaching of the Bible is lost by desultory reading, though performed most regularly and prayerfully. A full appreciation of the plan of salvation can only be acquired by systematic study.

The methods of doing this are various, and it would be difficult to say which is the most helpful. There are several Bible Reading Unions, the members of some numbering many thousands, who all agree to read each day the portion of Scripture selected; and many find the sense of companionship this gives very helpful.

Others prefer to read straight through the Bible, or the New Testament. But whatever plan be fixed upon, it must be read connectedly to thoroughly understand it.

Before beginning a book, try to get all the information to be obtained about the writer of it, the circumstances under which he lived, and anything known about contemporary history. This is a great aid to understanding the aim of the writers. It applies especially to the books of the prophets—a part of the Bible, by the way, very much neglected by young readers, but which cannot be too carefully read. But it is quite impossible to understand the prophecies without some knowledge of the times in which the prophet lived.

It is a disadvantage of our classification of the books of the Bible that one is apt to get such a very confused idea of their chronology, and to imagine, for instance, that the prophets lived in an era by themselves, after the close of the history of the Jews. This confusion of mind, however, is quite prevented by careful reading. For example, in reading the books of the prophets you will find from the opening verses of the different prophetical books and a study of the marginal references, that Isaiah began his work in the reign of Uzziah, and that several other prophets were contemporary with him. Joel, Hosea, and Micah lived at the same time, and were immediately followed by Nahum. Now it stands to reason that if one begins with Isaiah, and then goes to the next three prophets (as arranged in our Bible, but who did not live till three hundred years later), and then back to Hosea, who was the contemporary of Isaiah, we can hardly fail to get very much confused. By reading first all that is to be found about the times in which their prophets lived, from the books of Kings and Chronicles, one can easily see in which order to read their writings, and which of these prophecies were immediately fulfilled, and what were the circumstances which called for special warnings; while without some such method a large part of the meaning is entirely lost, and from not understanding the circumstances which must have made the prophecies seem so very improbable at the time, one fails to realise the marvellous power of divine inspiration granted to the prophets.

In the same way one gets a much more connected idea of the life of Jesus Christ on earth, by occasionally reading it in the proper order of the events, instead of going straight through the four gospels. So many Bibles are published now with a historical summary of events at the end, besides the endless inexpensive aids to reading the Scriptures, that there is very little difficulty; but even those who are out of reach of any such assistance, may get a very good idea of the order in which the occurrences happened by reading through one gospel, and by the aid of the marginal references comparing the different accounts given by the other evangelists. I have found it a help myself before beginning my reading to look back at the headings of the chapters read on the two or three previous days, in order to refresh my memory as to the thread of argument or history in which I am engaged.

In a short biography lately published of Mary Lyon there are several letters addressed to her scholars. The following extract from one of them struck me very much, as being the advice of a woman of such large experience of the needs of young women—

"Read every morning a portion of Scripture. Look up to God before you begin, and while you are reading. Read in course, you will be more likely to read regularly. It is surprising how a Christian, truly led by the Spirit, will find in his daily portion just the instruction and comfort adapted to his circumstances. God knows everything about you. He knew millions of years before you were born just what you would need for guidance and for food this day. He knew what chapter would come in course in your reading, and that it would just meet your case. Read with a heart lifted upwards, imploring guidance, and ready to be instructed, until you come to something which seems to take hold of you. Lay hold on that, hide it in your heart, and feed upon it."

One other method of reading may with advantage be taken up occasionally, either for a short time between the different portions, or sometimes as arising out of the regular reading. I mean taking a subject, and searching out all that is written about it. For instance, suppose something calls our attention to the subject of "the Holy Spirit," we should naturally wish to find out to whom the gift was promised, under what conditions, and what instances there are of its bestowal. Any striking passages bearing on the subject should be noted down in a blank page of the Bible, if it has any, or the chapter and verse marked in the margin against the passage which first called your attention to the subject. Miss Havergal advised this plan, and in a letter to a niece she says, "Keep a fine steel pen on purpose at hand, and mark the references you thus find in your own Bible; this will greatly enrich it. The plan is very helpful, both for intellectual and spiritual knowledge of His Word."

One other thing and I have done. Do not wait to begin reading the Bible till you feel inclined, or feel to need it. The reading, in spite of your indifference, is the very thing which will make you feel your need, and if you read it as I have advised, regularly, prayerfully, and systematically, the enjoyment of it will soon follow. But even if it does not come at first, read perseveringly; the blessing is sometimes withheld for a little while to try our faith.

In the first chapter of Joshua we see how God promised him success in all his undertakings, and that he should prosper whithersoever he went; but there was one condition, after the promises came the one stipulation "only . . . . this book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: then thou shall make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

DORA HOPE.

THE HONEYMOON AT HAWTHORN HOUSE.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, Author of "Verdant Green."

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME.

IT was a sunny afternoon early in September, and Hawthorn House was looking at its best. The flowers seemed to be brighter than in other gardens, the trees and shrubs made a wealth of greenery round the smoothly-shaven lawn; the pony neighed a welcome from the paddock; and even the fir plantation did its best to carry out the promise that had been made for it. The young bride was charmed. Hawthorn House was the abode of bliss, a nest for turtle-doves, an Eden for the newly-wedded pair.

To add to Isabella's happiness, her special pet "Minnie," an Angora cat of the rare chinchilla colour, was already installed in the house, and was overjoyed to see her long-lost mistress, whose only apprehension during the three weeks of the curtailed honeymoon was concerning Minnie. Minnie would be lost or run over, or poisoned or shot by a dreadful keeper, or brought to some other tragical end while she was away; and in every letter that had gone home from the Lakes she had implored her sister to take care of Minnie, and to be sure to let her be at Hawthorn House when she got to her new home. Her joy, therefore, was great to snuggle her pet once again, and to smooth her soft, long fur. Percival also had a pet, a Willoughby pug, named "Smug," with the genuine colour, mask, moles, and double-twisted tail. And Smug and Minnie were already on friendly terms.

It was the bride and bridegroom's first evening at home. Home! Not the gloomy Bank House in the smoky, smelly, bricky town; but Hawthorn House in the fresh air and green country. Everything was peace and happiness, and the sun shone its brightest. The young bride felt that the struggle that she had made to secure a rural residence had not been altogether in vain, and that it was far better to have had any little disagreeables before marriage than after; and she told herself that she had done wisely in not settling down at the Bank House, where she could never have felt at home, however dearly she loved her husband. After all, he did not lose by it. Their cashier, the new tenant, paid him rent; and the daily walk or drive to and fro would do Percie a world of good, and benefit his health. The change was a distinct advantage both for him and for herself.

They had finished dinner, and had gone into the drawing-room. It was a pretty room, cheerful and light, with a bow-window looking to the west, and on the south a French window that opened on to the lawn. Many of their wedding presents were gathered together in this room, and there was much brightness of gilding, and gleaming of china and glass, with mirrors and ornaments, and choice engravings and water-colours. Undeniably it was a very pretty room, and Isabella's sister, who had been there to prepare it for the home-coming of the bride, knew how to consult her taste and to fulfil her wishes. Her own piano was also there; and there were many traces of her old home at Willowley, very pleasantly to be discerned by her loving eyes in this, the first home that she could really call her own. Hawthorn House from the very first was felt to be a success.

The bride and bridegroom were standing at the open window, looking at the landscape, which was now growing somewhat dusk in the

"THIS STATE OF THINGS WAS BUT OF BRIEF CONTINUANCE."

gathering shades of the September evening. The moon was just beginning to show her disc over the fir plantation, and the stillness of the scene was only broken by the strident cry of some partridges who had not settled for the night.

"How calm and peaceful it looks!" murmured the young wife. "How sweet is the perfume of the flowers! How different it would have been at the Bank House, with no trees to look upon, and no lovely flowers to charm us with their fragrance!"

"Bell, you are quite poetical," he said.

"No, love; I am practical, which is far better," she replied.

"We must both of us be practical and close the windows. It is getting somewhat chilly, and you may take cold."

As he shut the windows the lighted lamp was brought in by Buttons, who, with a cook and housemaid, and an outdoor man who combined the duties of groom and gardener, formed their establishment. But they would not have the shutters closed or the curtains drawn; on this their first evening in their new home they preferred to look out at the landscape under the light of the moon. Isabella nursed soft-haired Minnie on her lap, and Percival patted Smug's broad back and pulled his velvet ears, attentions that Smug acknowledged with those groans, sighs, and sobs wherewith pugs express their feelings of satisfaction.

Lounging lazily in easy chairs, and pleasantly engaged in doing nothing in particular, except musing on their own domestic bliss and the pleasantness of their new surroundings, Isabella, whose tip-tilted nose had for some minutes past been engaged in the not very elegant act of sniffing, said to her husband, "Did the last people ever have gas in the house?"

"No," he replied; "they couldn't have done that, because as yet the gas does not come any further than the Oaks Road, which is a good half-mile from here, consequently we cannot light up our chandelier. Why do you ask?"

"I fancied that I smelt gas—or something. Don't you perceive rather a disagreeable odour?"

Then Percival sniffed, more vigorously than his wife had done, and said—

"Well, I really think that I do. Perhaps it's the new carpet."

"Oh no, it's not the carpet. It's quite a different smell. I should have said it was bad gas."

"At any rate," said Percival, "it can't be the tallow-melting, or any other of the evil smells imported from the Bank House."

For a time they subsided into silence, but the rapture of their quiet musing had been disturbed. A careful observer might have noted that at intervals both the bride and bridegroom were employing the first evening in their pretty home by sniffing—distinctly, if not audibly, sniffing.

At length she broke the constrained silence by saying, as though she were continuing an interrupted conversation—

"Yes, Percie, I am quite sure. I distinctly smell something. Is it the lamp? Perhaps Alfred does not understand it."

Alfred was the name that had been given to Buttons by his godfathers and godmothers.

Alfred's master thereupon got up from his chair and carefully examined the lamp. He pronounced it to be all right, properly snuffed and trimmed. It was clearly not the fault of Buttons or the lamp. Yet there was an unpleasant odour, which was decidedly not a terebinthinate odour from the fir plantation, though they had not perceived it until the windows had been shut and the room closed. Presently it became more powerful, and Percival, sniffing vehemently, pronounced that there certainly was what he was pleased to call "a beastly smell."

There was no doubt about it. The first question was—Whence does the smell come from? The next question was—What can it be? At present there did not appear to be any satisfactory or definite answer to either question. A tour of sniffing was made round the pretty drawing-room, the happy pair appearing to emulate a couple of pointers in a field of turnips or stubble. After ten minutes had been passed in this particularly edifying pursuit, Percival made a final "point," and pronounced that the exact locality of the beastly smell was somewhere in the near neighbourhood of the old English cabinet, where was gathered their chief collection of ornamental china. Isabella's tip-tilted nose confirmed this suspicion.

"There are rose-leaves in the old Worcester punch-bowl," she said; "can they have gone musty?"

But when the cabinet was unlocked, and the punch-bowl was examined, its contents—

"Let their delicious secret out"

in the most roseate way. The pot-pourri was not to be blamed.

"I remember once, at home, some years ago," said the bride, "that we were greatly annoyed by a very peculiar smell in the dining-room, and it proved to be from some apples that had been stored in the cellar below. Can this—disagreeable odour—be from the same cause?"

"Hardly that, for there are no apples in the house. They are not yet fully ripe and gathered."

So the apple theory had to be dismissed, though the smell could not be so summarily got rid of; on the contrary, it was stronger than ever.

Then the tea was brought in, and the fumes of Bohea and the steam of boiling water for a time somewhat overpowered that other odour. But yet their first honeymoon tea in their own home was interfered with by that perpetually recurring idea, "I should have liked to have cleared up the mystery of that bad smell." If they had been having tea at the Bank House there would not have been the slightest hesitation in determining the nature and habitat of the particular odour that visited them; but here, in the rural seclusion of Hawthorn House, there was abundant room for speculative inquiry.

"I hope that it is not from any stopped-up drain," said Percival.

This was a new idea, freely contributed to the general fund of suspicion.

When the tea-things had been removed, and the power of Bohea was no longer felt, the smell began to reassert itself, as though "the lamented Smelfungus" of Sterne had travelled thither, from France and Italy, in the apparel of Smollett, who, for this occasion, might have been dubbed Smellit.

Then the idea occurred to Isabella that the cook might have thrown something into the hot ashes, and Buttons, being summoned, was directed to make the inquiry. On his reappearance he delivered himself of this speech—

"Please, m'm, cook says as she's not done nothing of the sort."

Then Percival suggested—

"As the shutters are not closed, perhaps we had better open the windows for a few minutes, unless you are afraid of the cold?"

Isabella protested that she was not in the least afraid of the cold, and that anything was better than the dreadful smell. So the windows were once again thrown open, and the chill, fresh air sweetened the room and cleared it of what had been offensive to the "olfactory organs," as the auctioneer would have said.

This temporary calm and interval of sweetness and light—for the moon was shining into the room—was interrupted by a tap at the door, and on Percival saying, "Come in," in walked no less a personage than their cook, who craved an audience. Whatever was coming now?

With reference, observed the cook, to the charge that had been made against her, through the medium of Alfred, as 'ow she had throw'd hoffensive things in the 'ot hashes, she begged to say as she had never before lived in a family where she had been made an hobject of hunjust suspicion; and she begged to give Mrs. Freer a month's notice.

Whereupon, having delivered her ultimatum, and hurled it, as it were a firebrand, into the room, the cook slammed to the drawing-room door, and retired to her own kitchen. Percival declared that she was a stupid fool, who did not know on which side her bread was buttered; but the young bride was left to the conviction that the cares of housekeeping and married life had fallen somewhat heavily upon her, seven days before the actual expiration of her honeymoon.

"Don't fret about it, love," said her husband; "I'll interview her in the morning, before I start for the bank. She will have had the night to think over it, and if I find her obstinate, I will ask my mother, who engaged her, to bring her to her senses."

Isabella was comforted, and they walked to the French window, and looked out on the peaceful scene. The moon shone brightly over the garden and fir grove; the heavy scent of the flowers rose upon the air; even the pine odour was distinctly to be recognised; and the newly-married pair stood there enjoying the sense of freshness and rural solitude. True that the atmosphere was somewhat frosty and keen, but it felt delightfully refreshing after what they had so lately experienced.

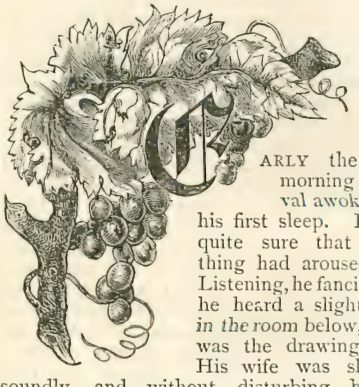
"It was almost as bad as that tallow smell at the Bank House," said the bride.

"It would have been strange," replied her husband, "if you had run away from that only to fall into another that was nearly as bad. What say you, love? I really think that we might venture to leave this window slightly open, and only partially close the shutters. It would help to ventilate the room, if there is really any objectionable smell in it; and in the morning we shall be able to decide on what may be necessary to be done, if we find that the nuisance has not taken itself off. This room is not seen from the road, and it is a very quiet and respectable neighbourhood."

She agreed to this, and they retired for the night, Percival locking the door of the drawing-room, and telling the servants that he had made all right there. It was the first night in their new home.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING AT HOME.



EARLY the next morning Percival awoke from his first sleep. He felt quite sure that something had aroused him. Listening, he fancied that he heard a slight noise in the room below, which was the drawing-room. His wife was sleeping soundly, and without disturbing her he crept quietly from the bed to the window, and looked out. The moonlight very plainly showed him the figure of a man, who stole stealthily across the lawn, placed a large bag

under the shadow of a belt of shrubs, and then returned to the house, in the direction of the window that had been left partly open on the previous night. In all probability the man had been prowling about the fir plantation and the garden, and had seen the newly-married pair standing at the window of the lighted room, and from the safe covert of the shrubs had observed their proceedings and had watched them to bed.

Percival knew that he had locked the drawing-room door on the outside, so that the burglar or burglars—for there might be more than one—had perhaps not got beyond that room. What was he to do? His wife was just rousing from her sleep, and it was quite evident that he must make some explanation to her, whether he continued watching at the window or went downstairs to reconnoitre. It was most unfortunate! Isabella had not only disliked the smells at the Bank House, but also had dreaded the risk of robbers; and now she had experience of both these evils in this her very first night at Hawthorn House, and before their honeymoon was over. Nothing could have been more unfortunate. She would regard it as a bad omen; she would — well, there was no time for speculation, for his wife was evidently wide awake.

"Bell, my love, I think I shall just go down to the drawing-room and see—if that smell is there, and shut the window. The night air might affect your piano; I didn't think of that when I proposed the open window. And it was only tuned last week. It would be a pity to put it out of order. I shan't be long, so go to sleep again, my darling." He had put on his dressing-gown while he was speaking, and without pausing for a reply, quietly opened the bedroom door and crept downstairs.

He had firearms of his own at the Bank House; but had not yet thought of removing them to Hawthorn House. What need should there be of them in that peaceful abode?—especially during his honeymoon. So as he passed through the hall he armed himself with his stoutest walking-stick, and finding that the drawing-room door had not been tampered with, he swiftly unlocked it and darted in. As he did so the man whom he had watched rapidly rushed through the open French window, and running across the moonlit lawn plunged into the shade of the shrubs. Percival pursued him with the nimbleness of a Zulu, but was disagreeably reminded that he had not slippers, or even socks upon his feet, by treading upon sharp flower-pegs, which helped to impress upon him very forcibly that he was not a bare-footed Zulu, but an English gentleman with a sensitive cuticle.

So he had to abandon his pursuit of the thief, who had scrambled through the shrubs into the fir plantation. Percival was quite aware that it was not of the slightest use for him to go indoors and dress, and then turn out again in vain quest of a policeman, which proceeding would not catch the thief, but would alarm his wife. Happily the thief had been too suddenly scared, and Percival had followed too closely upon his heels, to allow him to pick up the bag of plunder that he had laid under the shadow of the shrubs. Perhaps he thought to return for it in an hour or so's time, not *knowing that* he had been seen placing it there. Anyway, he had had his trouble for nothing, and Percival carried back the bag in triumph. It was filled with the choicest of the wedding presents, many of them being in silver. These, at any rate, were rescued; and perhaps he might eventually be able to identify the thief by his bag. On the principle of shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen, he then securely closed and barred the drawing-room windows and shutters, and carried the bag with him to his bedroom.

Isabella was awake and asked—

"Was there any smell, love?"

"A smell? Oh, I see. Well, yes—I mean no—that is to say, he had gone off—it had gone off, I mean, through the open window and across the lawn. But I have put up the shutters and made all safe."

"Thanks," she said; "perhaps it is better for my piano."

She had not seen the bag that he had put down, and he thought it prudent to reserve his tale of woe until the morning, and to allow her to sleep without fear of burglars on this her first night at Hawthorn House. But he had to tell her all about it the next morning at breakfast, and it was then found, on closer scrutiny, that although he had happily regained the contents of the bag, yet that other wedding gifts and articles of value were missing, which doubtless the thief had taken with him in his coat pockets. What with this loss of property, and the disagreeableness of the mysterious smell, which in one sense had led to the robbery, it was a sorry beginning to their life in their new home, and for a moment it dawned upon the young wife that she might not have been worse off at the Bank House, with an occasional whiff from the tallow-melting establishment.

When they went into the drawing-room to replace the stolen articles, the windows were wide open, for the housemaid had herself detected a disagreeable shut-up odour in the room when she first entered it, to undo the shutters, though she had not remarked anything wrong in the way of a diminution of the ornaments, her slight duties in the room having been quickly got over in a wholly perfunctory manner. The young couple decided that they would not tell their domestics anything about the robbery; and Percival, after interviewing the cook on the subject of her previous night's notice, and for the present preventing that impending catastrophe, left home on foot to resume those bank duties that he had quitted for his honeymoon trip to the Lakes. But on his way he called at the police office, and there set on foot an inquiry, and left the thief's bag at the station. An hour afterwards a policeman arrived at Hawthorn House for the purpose of examining the footprints made by the thief in the garden mould, and as he was assisted in this task by the gardener, it followed that the whole affair of the previous night was quickly made known to the servants, with such varied additions and distortions as fright or fancy suggested.

"I smelt the thief as soon as ever I opened the drawing-room this morning," cried the housemaid.

"I'm sure," said the cook, "as I never can have the courage to stay in a house as is broken into every night."

Buttons posed as a would-be hero.

"I should have liked to have had a shot at him with a revolver."

"Go away, you boastful boy!" cried the cook. "You've got no pistol, and if you had you only dare fire it at a sparrow."

In the afternoon Isabella, with Buttons on the back seat, drove the pony-carriage into Smokeborough to fetch her husband home from his bank duties. She had promised him that she would do so, and indeed she had looked forward with great pleasure to this proceeding, and yet now that the time and the opportunity had come, she would have preferred to have stayed at home. For all day long, ever since Percival had left her after breakfast, she had been plagued with neuralgic faceache, so much so that, nervously looking at herself from time to time in the glass, she felt sure that her right cheek was rapidly swelling, and that she should be a perfect fright before the evening was over. No doubt she had taken cold from the open windows on the previous night. As yet, however, the swelling had not made itself very apparent, though her face was *painful*, and she had the feeling that it was "mounting up," but plucking up her courage and putting on a thick veil she drove into Smokeborough, and up to the door of the bank.

She was so charmed with her first drive and with the pleasing novelty of calling for her husband, and taking him home from his work, that she had almost forgotten her faceache, until she observed with quick sympathy that Percival was also suffering from cold. It had rapidly increased since the morning, and was the result of his moonlight chase in airy attire after the burglar. He asked his wife to pull up at a chemist's where he could get something for his cold, and then she thought it wise to confess to her own incipient swollen face. So leaving Buttons at the pony's head, they both went into the shop to procure remedies for their special complaints, while the courteous chemist condoled with Mr. Freer on the atrocious attempt to rob his house on the very first night of his return home.

They drove back with their remedies to Hawthorn House. The pretty drawing-room was all right, and wore its wonted appearance, with the exception of the stolen articles, and the pleasant fragrance of flowers was wafted through the open windows. But the evening was beginning to grow chilly, and with Isabella's swelling face and Percival's cold, it would not do to leave the windows open, so the housemaid was ordered to close them, and to bar the shutters and to draw the curtains. It was rather early to light the lamp, but this was done.

"Now we shall be shut out from the world," said the young husband, "and can make ourselves thoroughly at home and feel comfortable."

"As much as my poor face will let me," murmured the bride, as she brought out her needlework.

Then Percival comforted his wife after the manner of bridegrooms, and opening a book, made himself happy after the fashion of selfish males.

This state of things was but of brief continuance. After a while the happy pair began to sniff, as they had done on the previous evening. Yes, there was no mistaking the evidence of their senses, the smell was there, and was gradually growing in intensity. Isabella, possibly aggravated to the wild idea by the pain of her gathering faceache, feebly suggested that someone might have been murdered and buried beneath the flooring. She was disposed to be low-spirited, and to entertain ideas of a despondent and gruesome nature.

Driven to despair, the master of the house then summoned to the drawing-room the domestic force of the establishment; but their united and simultaneous sniffs failed to clear up the mystery. Nor could they agree as to what precise part of the room concealed the source of the scent.

Then the cook, holding her apron to her nose, was seized with a brilliant idea: "Send for old Panter."

Who was old Panter? It appeared that he was a carpenter, who lived at no great distance from Hawthorn House, and had been employed by Isabella's sister in the nailing down of carpets, and getting the house ready for the reception of the bride and bridegroom.

But what could old Panter do? The cook suggested that old Panter could take up the carpet, and then take up a board of the floor, and find out what was the cause of the smell.

Percival accepted the cook's idea; and the groom and gardener having now gone to his own home, Buttons was despatched to procure old Panter's appearance. It further

occurred to Percival that while they were about it, they might also send for the doctor and policeman, and thus celebrate the termination of their honeymoon in a decidedly novel way.

They had finished dinner before old Panter put in a tardy entrance towards the room of mystery. He was very careful at the outset to explain that he came quite as a favour to Mr. and Mrs. Freer; that it was not usual for him, or in the way of his trade, to attend upon parties at that hour of the evening, unless it were to measure parties for their coffins, a suggestion that made Isabella's blood run cold; but that to oblige Mr. and Mrs. Freer, whose custom he hoped to obtain, and whose very good healths he would be glad to drink, wishing them many happy returns of the day, he had come there at once, though preparing for bed, his hours being early, and anxious to do what he could for a young married couple, whose troubles, which the very best of us may expect, had begun with a burglary on the very first night; and likewise his son, Panter junior, who was being brought up to his father's trade, had come to help him, and would also be glad to drink their very good healths, and a many of them.

As old Panter's somewhat incoherent speech had its lucid intervals in the suggestion of beer, Percival, to smooth over matters, took the carpenter's hint, and ordered a jug of beer and two glasses to be forthwith brought to inaugurate the proceedings of Panter and son.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME-MADE SWEETMEATS.

I THINK to most young folks the sweetstuff made by themselves at home tastes indescribably better than that which comes from what Scotch children call a "sweetie" shop. It has, at any rate, the merit of being more wholesome. With this idea I have written out some successful recipes, which have been duly tried and approved of by an appreciative circle of girl friends, and I think, if you carefully follow them, you also will be pleased with the results.

My first shall be for that time-honoured favourite, *Toffee*. Take one pound of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, and half a teacupful of cream or milk. Put these materials into a nice clean pan, and boil, without stirring, for twenty minutes. At the end of that time find out if it is sufficiently boiled, by dropping a little into cold water, when, if it "sets," the mixture should be poured into a buttered dish or tin. The addition of five or six drops of essence of vanilla, just before it is poured out, is a great improvement.

Toffee Balls are made by taking a little of the toffee off the buttered dish before it gets too cold, and rolling small pieces tightly into balls in your fingers. When you have thus shaped the balls, roll them about on a cold plate until they are perfectly hard and cold.

If you want to have *Almond Toffee*, blanch four ounces of almonds, split them into strips, and throw them into the toffee just before it is dished, omitting the vanilla flavouring. To blanch the almonds, throw them into a basin of slightly salted boiling water, and leave them to soak for two or three minutes. Then pour off the water, and you will find the skins slip off between your fingers. Drop each almond into clear cold water, then strain and lay them in a shallow dish to dry slowly in front of the fire before using.

Everton Toffee.—For this, half a pound of golden syrup, half a pound of Demerara sugar, lemon juice to taste, and from five to six ounces of butter are required. Mix carefully the sugar and syrup, and then add the butter in little bits, stirring slowly till it is all thoroughly mixed. Then cease stirring, or the toffee will "sugar," let it boil gently till a tiny bit thrown into cold water sets. If everything is satisfactory it will be beautifully crisp, and the whole should then be poured into a tin previously well rubbed with sweet oil or butter. When it is half cold, mark it into squares.

Butter Scotch.—Put into a very clean pan one pound and a half of soft sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teacupful of cold water. Let the whole boil for about ten minutes without stirring, then dip a spoon in cold water, pop it into the pan, and back again with its contents into cold water, when if the mixture hardens it will do. You may add, if you like, a little powdered ginger or vanilla essence just before pouring it out. Mark it into neat squares when it cools a little.

Marzipan.—Procure half a pound of almonds, two ounces of bitter almonds, and half a pound of sugar. Blanch the almonds and pound them in a mortar; clarify and cook the sugar slightly, then remove it from the fire and stir into it the almonds. Warm all together, stirring well, and taking the greatest care that it doesn't burn. When it is cooked enough (that is, when it won't adhere to the fingers), pour it out on a board sprinkled with sugar. As soon as it is cool cut it into tiny fancy shapes, stars, rings, and fingers; and, if you are anxious to make it a very "swell" goody, decorate it with preserved cherries or other dried fruits.

Chocolate Creams.—Take one pound of loaf sugar, put it into a saucepan, and pour some good milk or thin cream over it, as much as the sugar will absorb. Let the latter dissolve, then boil it gently for a time, until when you drop a little into cold water it candies. Do not boil it too long, or, in place of smoothly creaming, the sugar will go into minute sand-like grains. Be most careful, too, that it doesn't stick to the pan, but do not stir it till it is taken off, when it must be continually stirred until it creams. Then beat until cool, when it has to be rolled into little balls, which form the inner cream of the sweetmeat. Now put half a pound of vanilla chocolate into a jar, and place over a saucepan of boiling water to dissolve; when melted, dip the creams into it, and place them on a buttered paper to get cool.

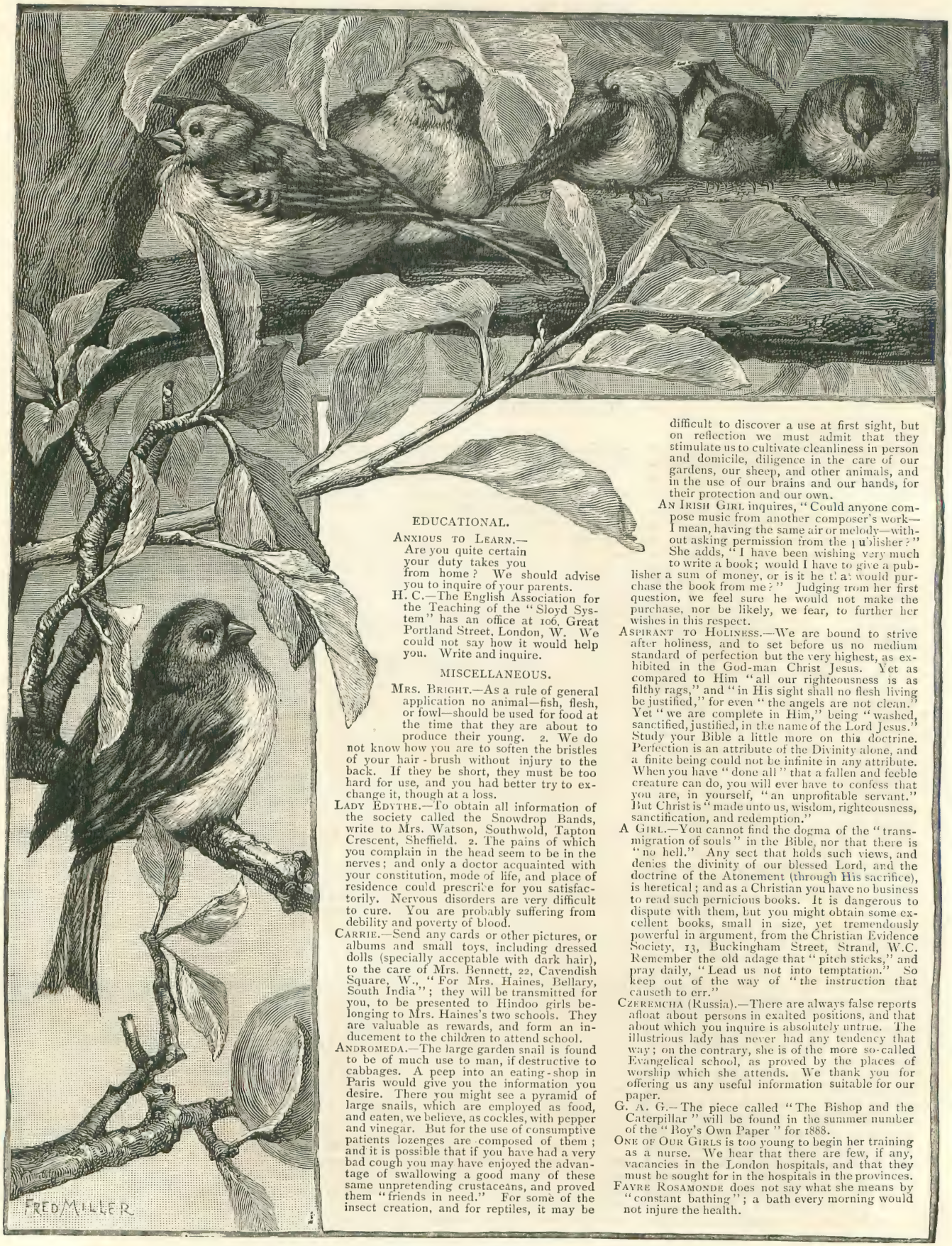
Cocoa-nut Tablet.—Get a small fresh cocoa-nut, open one of the holes at the top, and pour out the milk into a cup; crack the shell, take out the kernel, and pare all the skin from it, then grate about half of the kernel. Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in a large cupful of cold water, and when it is dissolved put it on a clear moderate fire, without flame or smoke, to boil; a little of the cocoa-nut milk may be added. Allow it to boil for five or six minutes, carefully removing every particle of scum that rises, when the sugar should look like a thick white cream; then add the grated cocoa-nut, and let it boil for a few minutes longer, stirring it continuously from the bottom with a wooden spoon to prevent it catching. Try if it is ready by pouring a teaspoonful into a cup of cold water, when if you can gather a little soft lump at the bottom of the cup, it is sufficiently boiled. Remove it from the fire, pour it out upon a buttered plate, or sheet of clean, common note-paper previously laid in front of the fire to warm. When it is thoroughly set, but not quite cold, cut it into neatly shaped blocks. If you would like the tablet to be pink, add some drops of cochineal to the syrup while boiling, stirring to see the required tint.

Barley Sugar.—For this you require one pound and a half of fine loaf sugar broken into very small lumps and boiled over the fire in a pint of water. Keep on skimming it carefully till it looks like glue, and becomes so brittle when dropped into cold water that it snaps. Now add the juice of a lemon, and a few drops of essence of lemon, and boil the sugar up once. Stand the pan in a basin of cold water till the contents have somewhat cooled, when they may be poured out upon a shallow buttered tin; to prevent the sweetmeat spreading too much, draw it together with a knife. When it has cooled sufficiently to be handled, cut it into small pieces, and roll them into round sticks, which you can twist a little so as to make them look more like the barley sugar one buys in shops. All that remains to be done is to sift sugar lightly over the sticks when they have become perfectly cold and hard.

Fig Rock.—For this take one cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of water, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil till the mixture becomes an amber colour, but do not stir during the process; add the cream of tartar just before taking from the fire. Wash the figs, split them in half, and lay them flatly on a dish, pour the mixture over them, and let it stand till cold.

EDITH A. BRODIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—Are you quite certain your duty takes you from home? We should advise you to inquire of your parents.

H. C.—The English Association for the Teaching of the "Sloyd System" has an office at 106, Great Portland Street, London, W. We could not say how it would help you. Write and inquire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. BRIGHT.—As a rule of general application no animal—fish, flesh, or fowl—should be used for food at the time that they are about to produce their young. 2. We do not know how you are to soften the bristles of your hair-brush without injury to the back. If they be short, they must be too hard for use, and you had better try to exchange it, though at a loss.

LADY EDYTHE.—To obtain all information of the society called the Snowdrop Bands, write to Mrs. Watson, Southwold, Tapton Crescent, Sheffield. 2. The pains of which you complain in the head seem to be in the nerves; and only a doctor acquainted with your constitution, mode of life, and place of residence could prescribe for you satisfactorily. Nervous disorders are very difficult to cure. You are probably suffering from debility and poverty of blood.

CARRIE.—Send any cards or other pictures, or albums and small toys, including dressed dolls (specially acceptable with dark hair), to the care of Mrs. Bennett, 22, Cavendish Square, W., "For Mrs. Haines, Bellary, South India"; they will be transmitted for you, to be presented to Hindoo girls belonging to Mrs. Haines's two schools. They are valuable as rewards, and form an inducement to the children to attend school.

ANDROMEDA.—The large garden snail is found to be of much use to man, if destructive to cabbages. A peep into an eating-shop in Paris would give you the information you desire. There you might see a pyramid of large snails, which are employed as food, and eaten, we believe, as cockles, with pepper and vinegar. But for the use of consumptive patients lozenges are composed of them; and it is possible that if you have had a very bad cough you may have enjoyed the advantage of swallowing a good many of these same unpretending crustaceans, and proved them "friends in need." For some of the insect creation, and for reptiles, it may be difficult to discover a use at first sight, but on reflection we must admit that they stimulate us to cultivate cleanliness in person and domicile, diligence in the care of our gardens, our sheep, and other animals, and in the use of our brains and our hands, for their protection and our own.

AN IRISH GIRL inquires, "Could anyone compose music from another composer's work—I mean, having the same air or melody—without asking permission from the publisher?" She adds, "I have been wishing very much to write a book; would I have to give a publisher a sum of money, or is it he that would purchase the book from me?" Judging from her first question, we feel sure he would not make the purchase, nor be likely, we fear, to further her wishes in this respect.

ASPIRANT TO HOLINESS.—We are bound to strive after holiness, and to set before us no medium standard of perfection but the very highest, as exhibited in the God-man Christ Jesus. Yet as compared to Him "all our righteousness is as filthy rags," and "in His sight shall no flesh living be justified," for even "the angels are not clean." Yet "we are complete in Him," being "washed, sanctified, justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus." Study your Bible a little more on this doctrine. Perfection is an attribute of the Divinity alone, and a finite being could not be infinite in any attribute. When you have "done all" that a fallen and feeble creature can do, you will ever have to confess that you are, in yourself, "an unprofitable servant." But Christ is "made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

A GIRL.—You cannot find the dogma of the "transmigration of souls" in the Bible, nor that there is "no hell." Any sect that holds such views, and denies the divinity of our blessed Lord, and the doctrine of the Atonement (through His sacrifice), is heretical; and as a Christian you have no business to read such pernicious books. It is dangerous to dispute with them, but you might obtain some excellent books, small in size, yet tremendously powerful in argument, from the Christian Evidence Society, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. Remember the old adage that "pitch sticks," and pray daily, "Lead us not into temptation." So keep out of the way of "the instruction that causeth to err."

CZEREMCHA (Russia).—There are always false reports afloat about persons in exalted positions, and that about which you inquire is absolutely untrue. The illustrious lady has never had any tendency that way; on the contrary, she is of the more so-called Evangelical school, as proved by the places of worship which she attends. We thank you for offering us any useful information suitable for our paper.

G. A. G.—The piece called "The Bishop and the Caterpillar" will be found in the summer number of the "Boy's Own Paper" for 1888.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS is too young to begin her training as a nurse. We hear that there are few, if any, vacancies in the London hospitals, and that they must be sought for in the hospitals in the provinces.

FAYRE ROSAMONDE does not say what she means by "constant bathing"; a bath every morning would not injure the health.

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LITERARY STUDIES.

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PART I.

THE ART OF READING.

NOTHING is more remarkable in this very remarkable age of ours than the general love of reading. Everybody reads, the idlest as well as the busiest, the most profound as well as the most superficial, the ignorant as well as the educated. Reading is no longer the privilege of a small cultured class; it is as much within the reach of the young worker for her daily bread whose leisure is well spent upon magazine or story book as it is of any well-taught idler whose exertions in every direction are limited to pleasure-seeking. Literature has become essentially popular; it is a very interesting sign of the times that a bishop recommends to young people a wise and wholesome study of fiction.

Now, if everybody is a reader, it is true, further, that every reader is a critic. Not always, certainly, a conscious critic, but still a critic. Even as the mind is busy receiving impressions from the reading, there is going on at the same time, although it may be unconsciously, a busy process of sorting, testing, selecting, rejecting impressions, of finding out, comparing, weighing, of liking and disliking. Each time you read anything and make up your mind about it, you are a critic, whether you know it or not. The unconscious stage in this, as in other developments, precedes the conscious one. First comes the jelly-fish, which feels when it is prodded; afterwards the man, who not only feels when he is hurt, but knows that he feels he is hurt, and why he is hurt, and all about it.

Self-consciousness is a higher and a later stage. You are not a thoroughly good well-developed reader until you know that you are also a critic, and what sort of a critic you are. It is the intention of these studies to guide you to this conscious criticism and to help you to find the higher law of literature.

Criticism is, in reading, that power which enables us to select. Selection is a grand principle which runs through all life. We know, from the scientific thinkers like Darwin and Spencer, what a great part it plays in the physical world in material things. And in our moral life is it not the very essence of morality to be constantly distinguishing between good and evil and selecting the higher from the lower? Indeed, there could be no morality, no virtue as we understand the words, were all things perfect alike, and no possibility left of selection in principle or action.

The baby develops its senses and all its powers by means of selection, and proves, too, its possession of a free will. It deliberately chooses one toy and rejects another; it selects its mother from all other persons about it. This process continues all our lives, and guides our development in every direction.

There are two laws regulating this selection, which it is well for us to keep in mind; the first is: that we select according to our nature. The second, balancing this, is: that our nature is partly made by what we select.

The first we may call, for convenience sake, natural selection. In the case of the body, it is that which makes us, when healthy, prefer wholesome food, exercise, work—whatever, in fact, is good for the body. In the case of the mind, it is that which makes us prefer activity to stagnation, sound interest to excitement, a draught to quench the thirst for knowledge to the incessant potations of the dram-drinker. It is that which, as regards the spirit, makes us prefer good to evil, to love light better than darkness, to turn naturally to purity rather than to impurity, to cling to what brings life rather than death. Such is "natural selection" when body, mind, and spirit are in a state of health. But the second law must keep us in mind that this state may easily be upset; that which we select helps to make our nature, and if by unwholesome selections for body, mind, or spirit we render these unhealthy, they will come to prefer that which is unhealthy, and, instead of natural, we shall have unnatural selection. He who abuses his bodily appetites in any way will lose all taste for what is sound and nourishing. He who feeds his mind upon worthless or mischievous trash will have no relish for food that could give him mental muscle and fibre. He who starves his spirit on base aims and low desires will lose all sight and hearing of spiritual realities.

If we bear this deep truth in mind we see that there can be no greater inducement, no higher motive possible for the choice of good literature. But it is necessary also to remember that although the literature we select may be the best in the world, if we cannot appreciate it it is not good for us. In the words of the lover in the old song—

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be."

There is no need, however, to be discouraged by this reflection. Taste in literature is not a fixed quantity; but a growth. It is always possible, and it is absolutely necessary in order to read wisely and well, to cultivate your receptive faculties. No effort you can make will more certainly bring you a rich harvest of reward in the increased powers of enjoyment and intellectual delight.

The mind and its reading powers have been compared with the body and its digestion. But there is one great difference between the mental and the bodily digestions. The latter, as a rule, is provided all ready for us. What we have to do is to refrain from injuring it. Its strength is best maintained by giving it regular and not too hard work; it becomes weaker in proportion as greater demands are made upon it. In the case of the mental digestion, as in that of all the higher faculties, the development depends upon our own efforts. It must be cultivated; it answers to all demands upon it; the more we seek from it the more shall we find. Our minds "grow by what they feed on;" the more stimulating, the more noble, the more elevated the material we supply them with, the more will they be stimulated and ennobled and elevated to seek for more. The ear of the musician, the eye of the artist, are something more, something higher than the hearing and the sight of ordinary mortals. They are channels through which passes more of the nourishment of the inner life. And the faculty by which we appreciate literature may be so trained and cultivated that this art also may yield to us that which supports the higher life. There is as great a distinction between the condition of one whose taste is trained in literary matters, whose love of reading is fully refined, and another in whom such finer taste and love are not awakened, as there is between the musician and the man "without an ear," or between the artist and one who sees no loveliness in nature. How life itself is broadened and deepened by being initiated in one of the arts. How much is gained by learning to perceive beauty in whatever form it comes within our reach. And surely this is true of literature more than of all the other arts. None other is so accessible to us, none other can minister so fully to our varied needs. Literature can charm us with pictures in words, with songs in words, with all the resources of art, and through its own peculiar channel to the brain, it can find the quickest access to that higher imagination that feeds our inward life.

If we fail to acquire this taste in literature, we are shutting ourselves out from one of the noblest pleasures. We may enjoy reading in a certain sense without it; but if we content ourselves with the lower enjoyment—with mere enjoyment—we shall miss the keen delight in the reasonableness of our enjoyment. All the sense of harmony and proportion will be lacking which justify and upraise the pleasure. Without self-consciousness our love of reading will be on a level with the love of a child for sweets rather than of the musician for music; it must be blind, unreasoning, limited, and without the power of climbing higher. And besides this sacrifice of mere pleasure, sad as that is in itself, we shall miss also one of the greatest helps to the higher life by neglecting to cultivate a true taste in literature, about the greatest help we have, after religion. In all true art the working of the higher law is made manifest, and nowhere more powerfully than in this art. A too obvious moral in works of imagination may be an artistic blemish; but whether the moral be artistic or otherwise, it is the very foundation of the structure of all noble writing. The "moral" in Shakespeare's plays is identical with the plays themselves. They teach us all through the same lesson as life itself—that right is the one thing greater than wrong, that good outlasts evil, that the consecration of life is sweeter and more to be desired than life itself.

There is something more than our moral satisfaction in it when the villain comes to a bad end, innocence is protected and virtue triumphs in any fiction over which the world has laughed and wept. It satisfies us because it is in accordance with fundamental truth; but beyond this it strengthens our faith, often perplexed by the seeming contradictions and injustice of real life, that underneath all this tangle of cause and effect there are laws working to uphold that which is good and destroy that which is evil. The writer of fiction is as strong a champion in his own way as is the Sunday preacher on the side of truth: the former can reveal it as powerfully, and even more realistically, and can teach us, without our knowing that we are taught, the inevitableness of right proving right, and of wrong going wrong.

So we may look for an increase almost boundless in our means of pleasure and of strengthening the inward life, through a fine piece of literature. But we must not imagine that these good things are to be had without trouble—everything that is worth having in this world must be worked for. If literature is an art, the kind of criticism which attends it worthily is a science; and neither is to be loved or practised cheaply. Yet the very making of the effort is pleasant, like exercise to the body in health, and the effort is repaid tenfold. The trouble of patiently following a guide who can interpret, the grappling with what seem at first subtle distinctions, the painstaking of sincere and sound selection, tedious as they may seem for a time, are not worth comparing with the sense of gaining fresh insight, and the keen zest of opening up new veins of interest.

In the cultivation of the other arts, this truth is generally admitted and acted upon. No one supposes that the art of music or of painting or drawing is to be mastered without great and patient effort, apart from practising them; there is no "Open sesame" to make these yield up their joys and privileges to any chance inquirer. In order to appreciate fine

music or works of art, one must be properly qualified, and the wider the culture a person possesses, the more will he gain of their beauty and truth. In the matter of education this principle is upheld; music and drawing are studied quite as much for the purpose of preparing the student to enjoy works of art as to produce them. But I think, up to the present time, literature has been somewhat neglected, and, instead of being a recognised art-study, and about the most important, it has been left to shift for itself and push its own way, under the odium of a usurper, into education.

Speaking only of girls' education, I am convinced that the loss which has been occasioned by this unfortunate error is most serious. Can any single study so strengthen and expand a woman's mind as literature can? Is any other so likely to remain her close companion in any kind of life she may have to lead? Can any other supply her so well with a substitute for the varied experience of an active outer life which gives its balance and its breadth to a man's mind? There can surely be nothing to say against its value in all these respects.

But we do not find, nevertheless, that any means are employed adequate to secure an end so important. Certainly girls are taught the mechanical art of reading; but as to being taught how to read in the fullest and truest sense of the words, that is another matter altogether. That they are too often left to find out for themselves, as though this art, among all the rest, could impart itself without any trouble, as though he who reads may run—in the right direction, on a royal road, through all the dangers and the difficulties.

Mrs. Browning says, in "Aurora Leigh"—

"Sublimest danger, over which none weeps,
When any young wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books!"

She, with true womanly and poetic insight, recognised the danger, and the infinite loss which might ensue.

There are signs of improvement apparent, such as the demand in the university examinations for some branch of English literature, and the prominence given to the subject in the University Extension lectures. But a great deal remains to be done before the study is fairly established in a systematic and scientific shape, and acknowledged in all its dignity as second to none.

Surely for English girls, above all, such an estimation should be the only right one. To quote the admirable words of one who has himself done much to bring this study into the position it deserves, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, in his "English Literature Primer," says—

"No people that have ever been in the world can look back so far as we English can to the beginnings of our literature; no people can point to so long and splendid a train of poets and prose-writers; no nation has, on the whole, written so much and so well. Every English man and woman has good reason to be proud of the work done by their forefathers in prose and poetry. Everyone who can write a good book or a good song may say to himself, 'I belong to a great company, which has been teaching and delighting the world for more than a thousand years.' And that is a fact in which those who write and those who read ought to feel a noble pride."

CAROL.

THANKS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

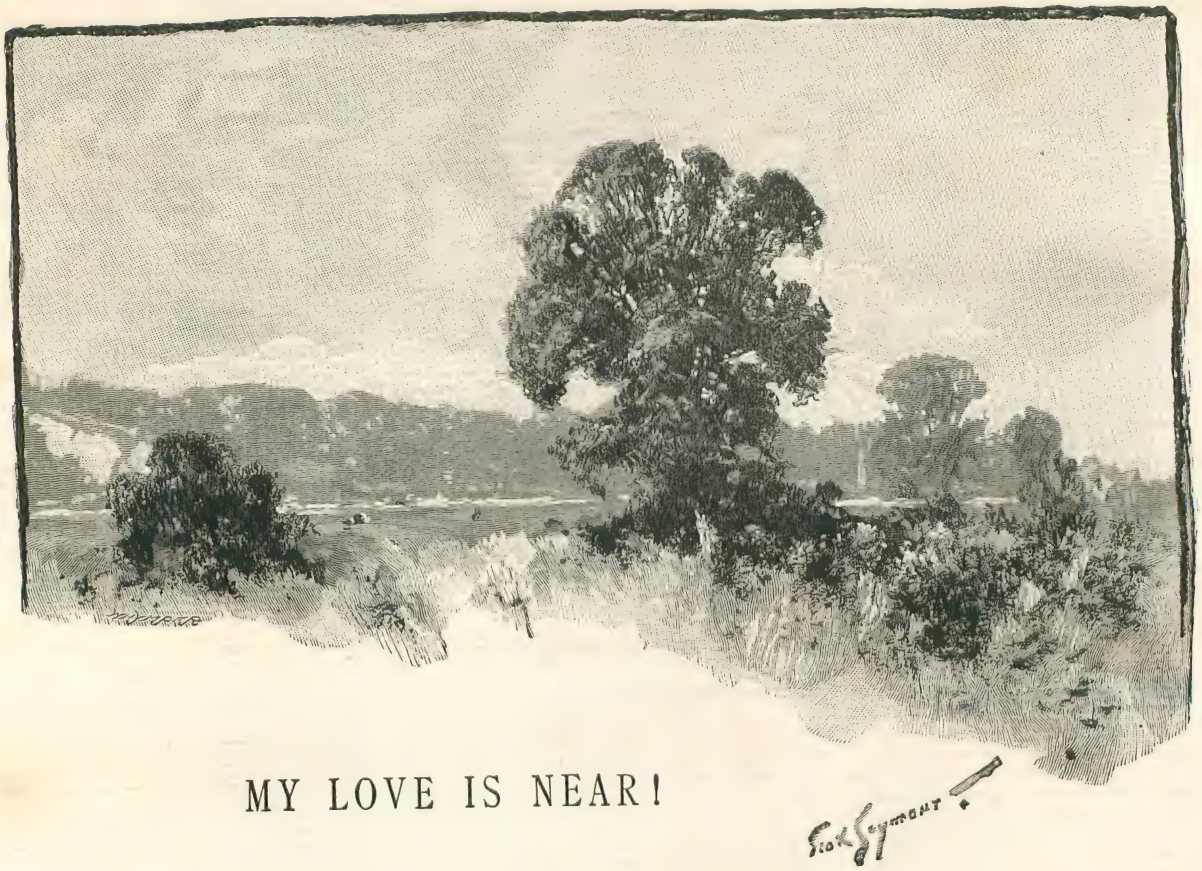
THE kind contributors of Christmas cards for Indian children will be interested to hear that I have lately paid a visit—and a most interesting visit it was—to India, and that I have seen some of the schools which have been pleased and cheered by their friendly gifts. During my absence several packets of cards were sent to my London house, and I think that most have been acknowledged; but there was one "From a lover of the G.O.P. and his little Indian brothers and sisters," which was without address, and I therefore take this opportunity of thanking them for it. I am anxious to let all the collectors know that the cards continue to be very much valued, and that I shall be glad to receive more supplies.

Mrs. Brander, the inspectress of girls' schools, whose tours and work I have before mentioned, writes to me that she gave away every card that she still had by her on her late journey to some districts which have been this year newly placed under her for inspection. She distributed a good number to two schools at Vizianagram, supported by a Maharaja, and she was invited to call on the Maharani, his mother. At her request Mrs. Brander held an informal examination of the Maharani's nephews and nieces, and she has since sent these children some picture books, with which they were very pleased. The Maharani was struck with the usefulness of Mrs. Brander's spectacles (she being short-sighted, generally wears them), and some are to be ordered at Madras for this lady. Spectacles appear to be quite a novelty in that part of India. One woman suggested, on seeing Mrs. Brander's, "I suppose she can understand any book with those glasses on!" The deputy mistress, Miss Govindrajulu, told me that on one occasion when she had given away some Christmas cards in a village girls' school, a number of little boys ran after her bullock carriage, saying that they would so like some too. She was obliged to tell them that she had none for them, but that perhaps the inspector of their school would be able to give them some. I found when I was in India that every little present from England is prized. Most Indian ladies have a small cabinet with glass doors, on the shelves of which they place the curiosities and ornaments which are given them. The collection is very varied, valuable things being side by side with others, such as little china figures that we can buy here for a few pence; but the latter obtain their value from being English. Besides cards and picture books, I should be extremely glad to receive some dressed dolls, for these give great delight to the little girls. Some of the "G.O.P." readers have sent a few dolls with the cards. I hope to get many more, that Indian children may feel that they have kind friends in England who care to make them happy.

The girls' schools in India are most pleasant to visit. They are often held in pleasant open rooms round a courtyard. I mean by "open," that each room is without a wall on the side of the court, so when you enter from the street gateway you can see all the classes at once. The scholars are dressed in coloured sarees—deep red, blue, yellow, and white—and they have many bracelets and other ornaments, and the sight is altogether very gay. The saree is a long broad strip of cotton or silk, something like a dress before it is made up. They fold it about very gracefully. They wear no shoes or stockings, but they generally have silver anklets, and very often nose-rings. The women teachers looked to me very singular at first, for they too have sarees and numerous ornaments. Most often the teachers are men, and these wear large turbans and long coats, either white, or of some bright colour as orange or green. The girls are quick at learning, and not difficult to manage as to conduct. When I went to see a school, they used to bring up their books eagerly that I might hear them read, and they were very pleased to show their neat copybooks, written of course in their own language, sometimes with a broad-nibbed reed pen, and also their needlework. They are very ready at mental arithmetic, and their memory is particularly retentive. I have very pleasant recollections of the gentle, brown-complexioned, black-haired little girls, with their earnest looks and gentle manners. Unfortunately Indian girls are obliged to leave school at the age of ten or eleven; it is rare that they remain much longer. Thus just when they are beginning to understand and like their lessons, they have to give up learning, in order to be betrothed or married. A few receive some instruction afterwards in their own homes from lady teachers, but the greater number have no such advantages, and they very soon forget what they were taught at school. This is very sad, for in many cases their lives become very aimless, and governed by superstitious ideas. It is very useful to grant to the elder schoolgirls scholarships of a few shillings a month—£5 or £6 a year—as if they obtain them their friends allow them to stay at school another year or two. Mrs. Brander is very glad to distribute such scholarships, as also are other ladies well known to me at Calcutta and Bombay, and other places.

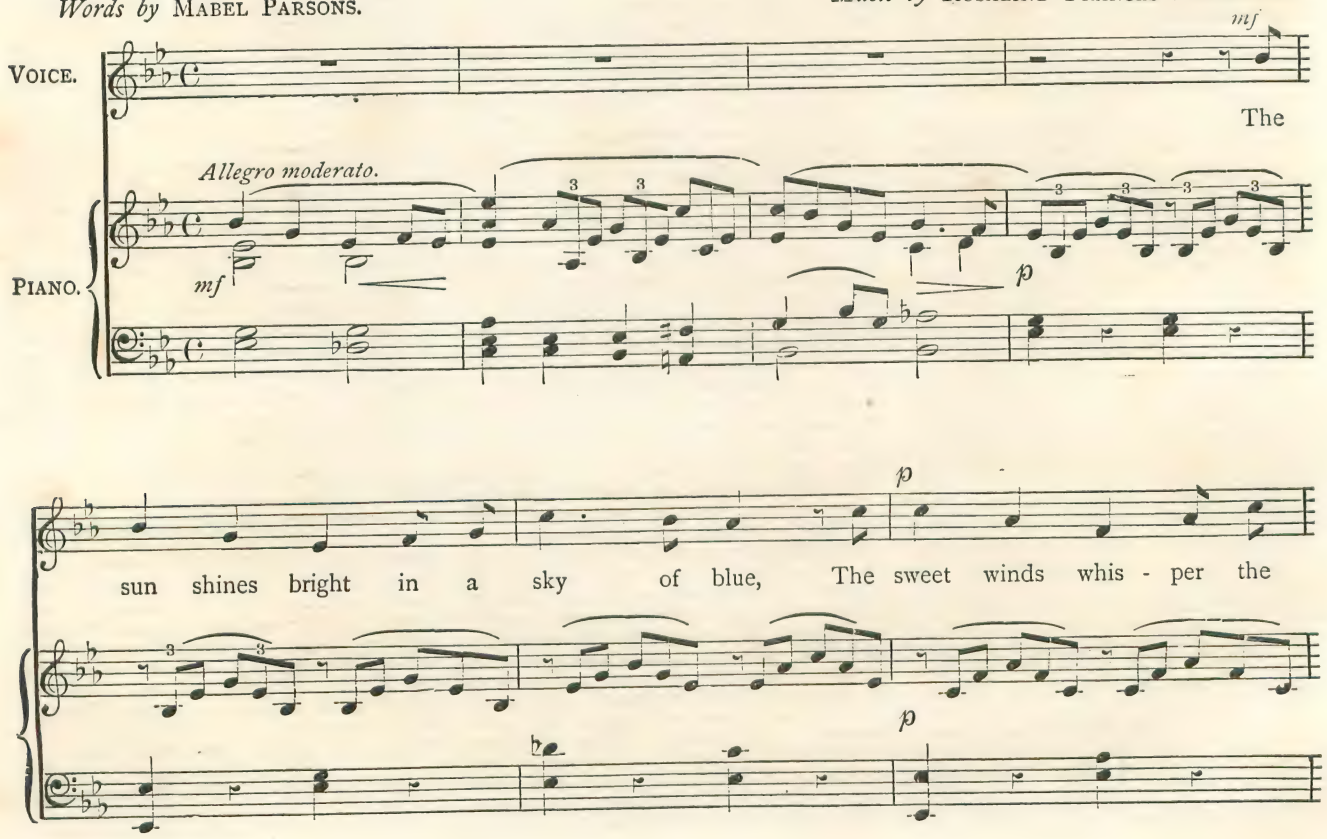
During my stay of four months in India I travelled some thousands of miles, and I made the acquaintance of many Indian gentlemen and ladies. I found that there is a great deal of interest about England among the educated classes. In the schools and colleges English is now much studied, and even the ladies are beginning to learn it in their homes. There is therefore less difficulty than formerly in communicating with the people. This is a very good change, as it will lead to more frequent intercourse. But thousands and thousands still keep entirely to their old customs, and object to education for girls. It will be a long, long time before we can expect these to care for cultivation of mind and wider views. But I think that what we English should do is to meet the desire for enlightenment and for friendly relations wherever it exists, and to try to understand and know the Indians better. Even the sending of Christmas cards and picture books is of use, for it shows on the part of the sender a kindly spirit, which I can assure you the people of India appreciate very much. My visit to India has made me desire to secure many more English sympathisers with the Indian school children, and with the Indian ladies who are seeking to improve themselves in the midst of many difficulties, and I trust that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER readers will respond to my hopes.

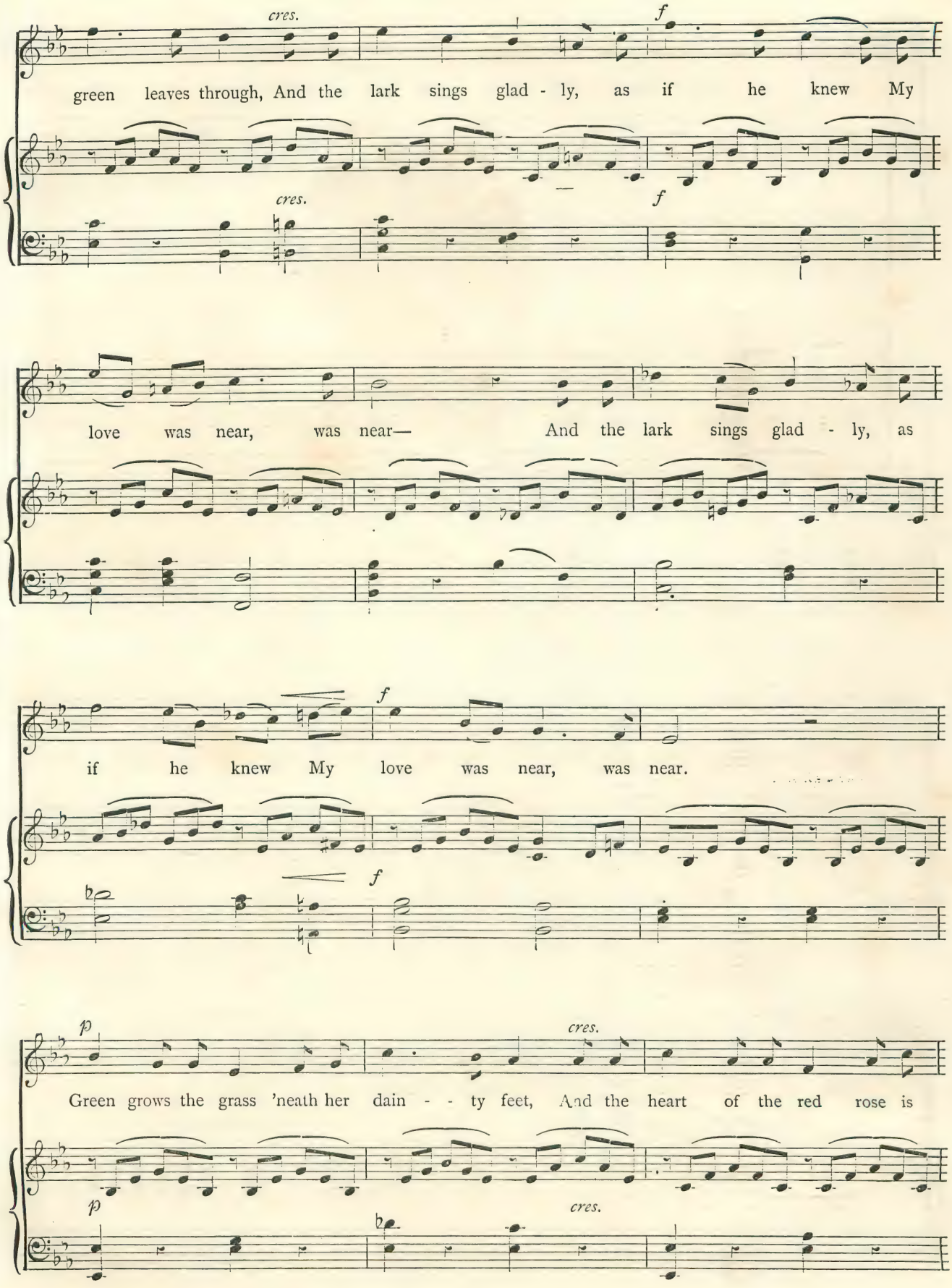
E. A. MANNING,
Hon. Sec. National Indian Association,
35, Bloomfield Road,
Maida Hill, London.

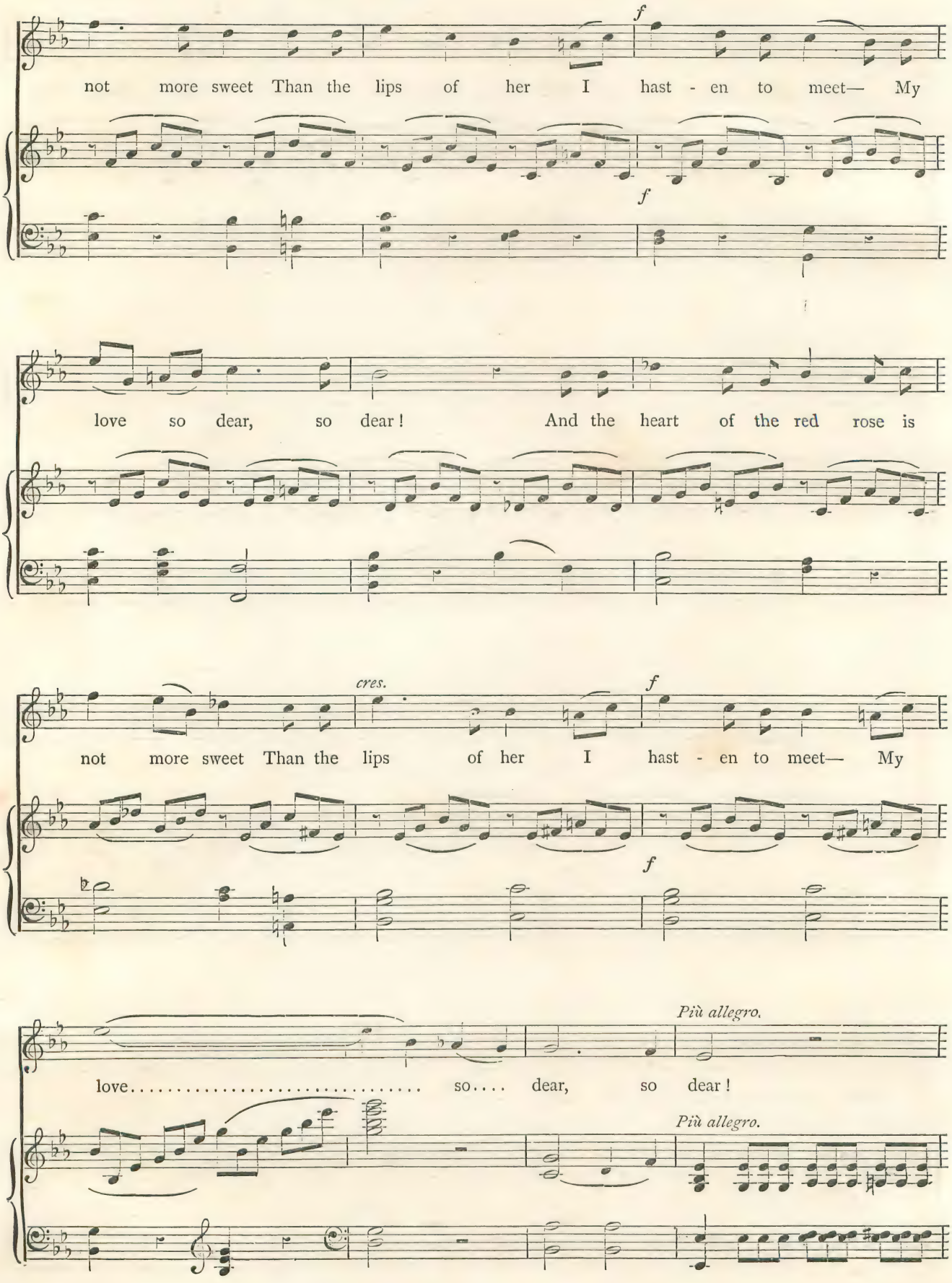


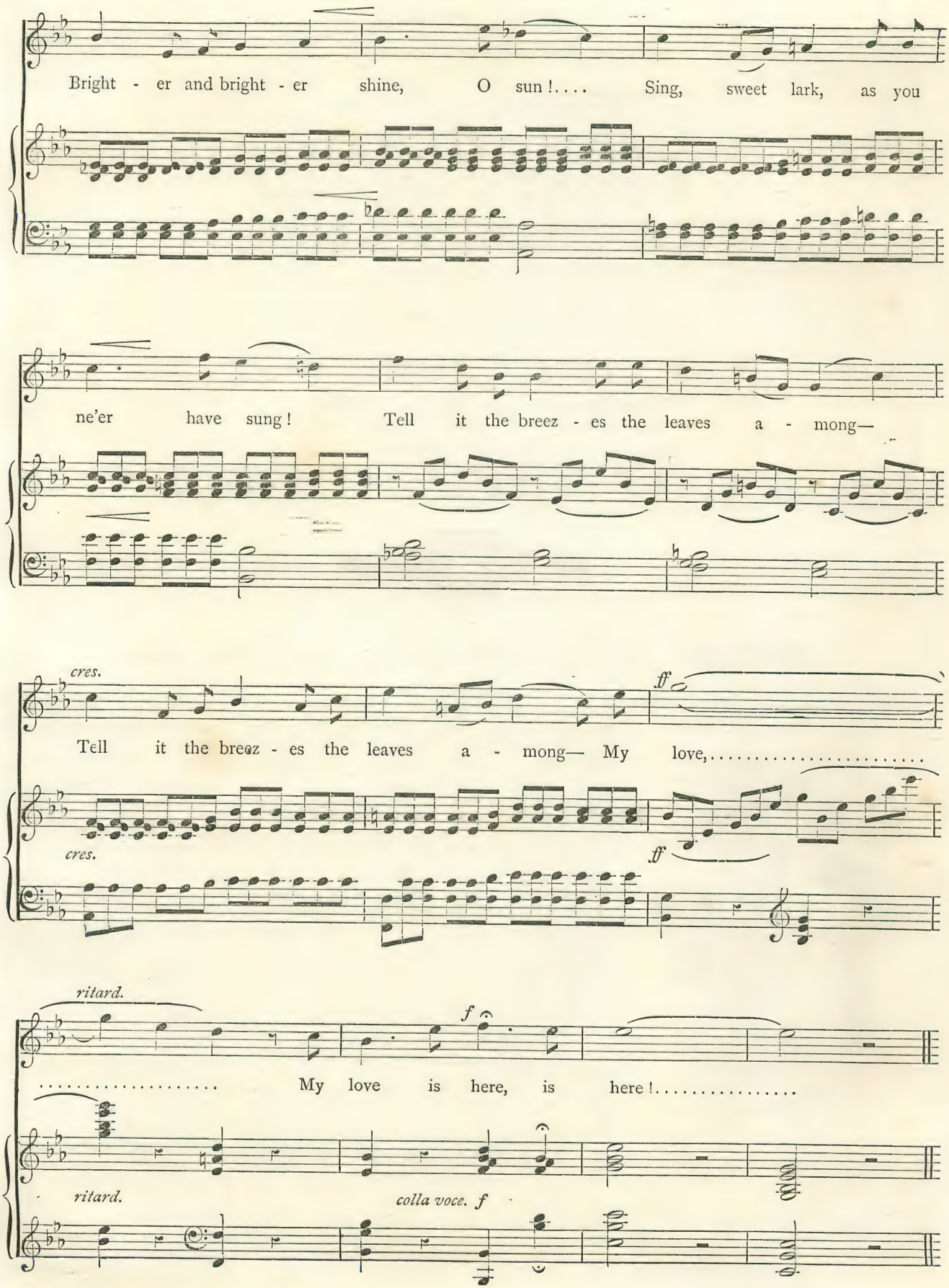
MY LOVE IS NEAR!

Words by MABEL PARSONS. *Music by* ROSALIND FRANCES ELLICOTT.




cres.
f
green leaves through, And the lark sings glad - ly, as if he knew My
cres.
f
love was near, was near— And the lark sings glad - ly, as
f
if he knew My love was near, was near.
f
p
cres.
Green grows the grass 'neath her dain - - ty feet, And the heart of the red rose is
p
cres.


f
not more sweet Than the lips of her I hast - en to meet— My
f
love so dear, so dear! And the heart of the red rose is
cres.
f
not more sweet Than the lips of her I hast - en to meet— My
f
Più allegro.
love..... so.... dear, so dear!
Più allegro.


Bright - er and bright - er shine, O sun!.... Sing, sweet lark, as you
ne'er have sung! Tell it the breez - es the leaves a - mong—
cres.
Tell it the breez - es the leaves a - mong— My love,.....
ff
cres.
ff
ritard.
f
..... My love is here, is here!.....
ritard.
colla voce. f

"GREAT SILENCES."

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

We can hear the thunder rattle and roar,
Can hear the tramp of the tide on the shore;

Hear the furious winds rush blustering by,
Or the pelting rain from a darkened sky.

We may hear the lark as he soaring sings,
Not the growth of the grass from whence he springs:

Nor hear we the soft snow-flakes as they fall,
And trooping shroud the dead earth with a pall;

Nor yet the rise or descent of the dew,
That gems and freshens the rose and the rue;

Nor hear we the moments that make up time,
Though we tick them off with metallic chime;

Nor hear we the growth of the human soul,
Though demon or seraph may be the whole.

For thoughts and feelings come like the snow,
And virtues or vices like grass will grow;

And no moment slips to the silent sea
That makes not its mark for eternity.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

HOME-SICK AND DESPONDING.

Many a schoolgirl would give a good deal for one of the magic carpets of the fairy tale books, on which she would have but to sit and wish, and so go flying through the air to home again. And we can hardly wonder at it. To be turned out of the parental nest at an early age to pick up education at a boarding-school, surrounded by strange faces and governed by unfamiliar and unwelcome rules, is a heavy trial to a sensitive nature. Happy are the girls whose people live in large educational centres, and who need never experience home-sickness, because they can find what is needed in the way of learning in the next street.

Annie is not one of that lucky number. After every holiday, when she returns to school, she weeps all the way in the train. Ethel, too, not only does the same, but lets her tears flow for days—last term it was a full fortnight—after her arrival. Winnie weeps when she gets a letter from home, and when she gets a letter that isn't from home, for no other reason than because it isn't, she weeps again. And when you speak about home, tears are in the eyes of all three, just as if they were grown-up people listening to the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

Some girls are more prone than others to home-sickness, much in the same way that some are more liable than their neighbours to attacks of measles and scarlet fever. A girl of resolute temper can hardly even realise what it means. When she leaves home there are tears in her eyes maybe, but she brushes them away and calls in philosophy to fight against what she looks on as a weakness. It is like Eve leaving Paradise, "Some natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon." Her grief never lasts beyond the first few miles, not that she does not love home, but because "what can't be cured must be endured," and it is her nature always to make the best of things. She is not without feeling, but she has learned early one of the most important lessons for our comfortable passage through the world, that "the art of life consists in not being overset by trifles."

Not a few girls, however, are naturally disposed to gloom, and when clouds come along they pay attention only to the dark side. One would think it was they whom the poet had in view when he wrote, "There's nought in this life sweet, if men were wise to see't, but only melancholy. Oh, sweetest melancholy!" They are sometimes so in love with depression that to cheer them up looks like robbing them of their joy.

If a girl of this sort goes to school she is sure to do so with a heart overflowing with grief, and it is hard to feel much sympathy with her. She looks so like crying to indulge a caprice and to illustrate the old proverb that "It's no more pity to see a woman weep than to see a goose go barefoot." If you say to her, "Mary"—or whatever her name is—"why are you looking so glum?" she can give no reasonable reply. Some tears would move a stone to pity, but hers are not of that sort.

A girl, however, one has deep feeling for is the timid and retiring character, afraid of strangers, and so shy perhaps as to be startled by the sound of her own voice, who goes to school like a girl driven into banishment. Her hankering after the home with which she is familiar, and the friends with whom she is intimate, mounts to the height of passion, and to be in exile and to have exchanged, it may be, perfect liberty for constant restraint are felt by her as great afflictions.

She has *not yet had* the experience which shows that, whether we like it or not, separation is an incident which we must all learn to put up with. As we make our progress through the world, we find that life is made up

"THE GROWTH OF THE HUMAN SOUL."

of partings, and that we must steel our hearts to face what is inevitable.

Fortunately, the tears of youth do not as a rule last long, and in the first stages of existence the heart has a great capacity for getting over depressing events. For a day or two a girl may resemble the character in the story whose heart was so heavy that the chair broke down under her, but she quickly becomes volatile enough for anything. And curiously enough she who has suffered from the greatest depressions of melancholy is often seen to rise afterwards to the greatest elevations of cheerfulness and mirth.

A good cry once in a while is not an entirely useless performance. It relieves the mind and only becomes foolish when indulged in to extravagance, and as if one were sent to school merely to conjugate the verb to weep.

There is an art of transforming all things—even trouble—into gold, and of making them the sources of no end of mental wealth and improvement. Home-sickness may be made a blessing if it teaches us to value aright the firesides we have left. We best see things as they really are by being removed from them, and a mother's tender care and the wise counsels of a father are never appreciated half so much as when we are no longer sheltered by the roof under which we were born.

The rule is not infallible, but you may gain a good deal of information about a girl's home from the way in which she takes absence from it. No one is home-sick whose coming to school is a welcome relief from the irrational and uncomfortable life that prevails in some houses, where everything is at sixes and sevens, children being in the way of their parents, and parents in that of their children. It is the happy homes that send out more or less home-sick daughters.

There is this, at least, in common between us and cats, that we are disinclined to change our locality, and grow attached to a thousand and one little things for no other reason than that we happen to live amongst them. To remain constantly in one place is not, however, good for us. There is health in change, both mental and physical. "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," is a saying with a good deal of truth in it.

It is wholesome discipline to be thrown on one's own resources, and many a schoolgirl when she says good-bye to her people at the railway station, may be thankful at being forced to shift for herself. She may be nervous and diffident at first; but that wears off after a little, and the result is sometimes surprising. We have seen girls go off to school, for the first time, mere ciphers and intellectual jelly-fish, and, after a year of two, there they were quite new creatures, with bright intellects and full of life and self-possession.

To go alone anywhere is not to be reckoned a hardship, loneliness being a condition of humanity of which our hermit spirits should try to make a wise and profitable use.

"Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die?
Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

A pleasant reflection is that we are enduring separation for the sake of learning, and with a view to becoming a credit to all who are dear to us. There is a saying that women in all ages have taken more pains to adorn the outside than the inside of their heads; but in these days this truth is going out of date. The pursuit of learning, when followed up with diligence, does a great deal to prevent the feeling of home-sickness. The sovereign cure for grief of any kind is occupation. Melancholy is a nightmare; be busy about something, and it is already ended, for we cannot be sad and interested at the same time. The reason why many girls are home-sick is simply because they do not keep their eyes about them, and their attention at the proper time fixed on those lessons to learn which they were sent to school.

A great consolation in home-sickness is the thought of meeting our loved ones again, when we are sure to find that absence has made the heart grow fonder, and that home is dearer to us than ever. Meetings are made all the brighter because of partings, and of all innocent pleasures give us that of recounting to a fireside circle the experiences we have gained when separated from them. Time hurries fast when one keeps busy, and whilst to the melancholy idler a term appears an age, the industrious girl sees it go by with such rapidity that is quite a surprise when the end comes, and she finds herself free to fly off to her father's house, like a bird escaped out of a cage.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HONEYMOON AT HAWTHORN HOUSE.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, Author of "Verdant Green."

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER EVENING AT HOME.

PANTER and son had brought with them a bag of tools so large that they might have been taking possession of the house for at least a month's speculative work. In addition to saws and hammers and files and a big crowbar, there was also old Panter's square brown-paper cap, without the wearing of which he seemed to be unable to accomplish the slightest stroke of work. Where was the smell the worst, he wished to know. Oh, by that old cabinet, was it? Then that old cabinet and all its crockery must first be taken away, as well as the furniture near it, to allow of the carpet being pulled up, before they could get at the flooring.

All this needful preparation, and the careful removal of the precious china—degraded by old Panter to the level of "crockery"—and the partial dismantling of the pretty room, fidgeted Isabella, whose swelling face and neuralgic pains made her feel disposed to be cross. So she left Percival to superintend arrangements, and retired to her bedroom. This change of scene, however, did not greatly improve matters, for as the bedroom was immediately over the drawing-room, she could distinctly hear all that went on beneath her—the removal of the furniture, the dragging up of the carpet, and the two Panters hard at work with crowbar and hammers, wrenching up the boards of the floor. But as those boards went beneath the skirting-board, it was needful to remove it first, and as the house had been built by contract, of course the skirting-board was rotten, and broke to pieces in such a way that old Panter pronounced it would have to be replaced by a new one.

Then at last the plank was wrenched up from the spot whence the smell was supposed to come, and lights were thrust down into the aperture; but nothing could be discovered, though there was no doubt about the existence of the powerful smell. Panter, junior, thought that it was a blocked drain, but old Panter repudiated the idea, because he had assisted at the building of the house, and knew that all the drains ran in the opposite direction. He suggested that Mr. Freer might have gone and put down poison for rats, which had eaten it, and then gone and died in their holes, out of mere spite. Mr. Freer repelled the idea. How could he have been laying down poison for rats, when he was away on his honeymoon tour, and had only returned home yesterday? Ridiculous! Old Panter, working at the crowbar, and aided by his son, prized up three or four more planks, but still nothing could be seen but the bare joists.

Isabella's curiosity overcame the pain of her swollen face, which was now becoming so distorted that she tied a handkerchief round her cheek and descended from her bedroom. The pretty drawing-room looked a ruin, undergoing the horrors of war. All the smells that ever haunted the Bank House might have been concentrated there.

Then old Panter, in the pauses of wrenching up another board, endeavoured to cheer up her spirits by narrating the veritable legend of a family as he had one'st known. They was seven in family, and they was all took bad simultaneous, and sickened and died in a fortnight, and it was all along of a bad smell, and he made their coffins.

"Did all the seven die?" asked Isabella.

"Well, ma'am," replied old Panter, "they all did, except one, and he went about like a shadder."

"A shadder and a wiser man," murmured Percival. But Isabella was astonished that he could make a joke at such a time, when the floor of their pretty drawing-room looked like a yawning sepulchre.

The cook was here seized with another brilliant idea. Put Minnie and Smug into the yawning sepulchre, and see if they could drag to light the offending *perfume*. The cook's suggestion was at once carried into effect, after a feeble resistance from the bride, who thought that the office was derogatory to her aristocratic Minnie, and was more fitted for the grosser habits of Smug. But the Angora was terrified, either by the unusual scene or the presence of the two carpenters, and she persistently refused to be placed in the open space.

Smug, however, being incited by his master to valiant deeds of derring do—whatever that might mean—became wild with excitement, and plunged, Curtius-like, into the aperture. Quickly disappearing from view, he was heard to groan and scratch beneath the boards. Presently, the groans changed into a whine. Had Smug met the enemy? and what was that enemy? and what was he doing with it? Could it be a fox? All stood round the aperture, holding candles, or sticks, or hammers, the weapons being prepared wherewith to smite anything that should emerge in a living shape. There were a few moments of intense anxiety while Smug was heard working his way back to candlelight; and he then appeared from under the boards, holding triumphantly in his mouth—a mouse. Actually, a mouse! a very small mouse, too; a ridiculously *ridiculus mus*; the tiny cause of all this great annoyance, disturbance, and expense.

There was no longer any doubt about the

origin of the smell—asafœtida itself could not be more overpowering than the shrivelled, withered carcase of the little mouse. It was quickly conveyed out of doors; Smug was covered with glory; the Panters were rewarded with hot gin and water, wherewith they drank to the healths of the bride and bridegroom, and, as it was nearly midnight, they were ordered to come the next morning, when they could relay the floor and put the drawing-room into something like order.

By the time that the newly-wedded pair had got to their bedroom, Isabella's face was much swollen, and Percival's cold was decidedly worse; but they had the satisfaction of thinking that the mystery of the smell had been solved. So terminated the second day of their residence at Hawthorn House, in the closing week of their honeymoon. On this night due precautions had been taken against burglars.

The next day Percival, as a matter of course, had to be at the bank by ten o'clock, cold or no cold; but Isabella, for the first time since their marriage, did not have breakfast with him, but kept her bed. This was partly on account of her swollen face, and partly to be a little out of the noise that necessarily was made in relaying the floor of the drawing-room. The Panters made the most of the business, for they had barely finished and left the house when Percival returned home at five o'clock. There had been no driving into Smokeborough on that day to bring him from the bank; the incessant hammering and noise had been a terrible infliction for his wife's nerves; but it was all over and quiet now, and she was ready, with her swollen cheek artistically draped, to join her husband at dinner.

The drawing-room windows had been kept open all day, and, though they were now closed, the smell seemed to have vanished. Unfortunately (Isabella explained), they would not be able to use the room for some time, and that, most vexatiously, when they were expecting their wedding callers, because old Panter had been obliged to put up an entirely new skirting-board, which would have to receive three coats of paint, with an interval of at least a day between each coat, and, as the smell of fresh paint always affected her, they would not be able to use their pretty drawing-room for several days to come, and they must be forced to receive their callers in the dining-room. This was a mortifying idea, when such a pretty room had been prepared for their reception, and garnished with wedding gifts; and that this climax of undeserved misfortune should arise from a ridiculous mouse was too dreadfully annoying!

As they sat at dinner, Percival explained that he had called at the police station, and that the inspector thought, from information he had received, that he was on the track of the thief, the impressions taken from his boots being very peculiar, and the bag also helping to identify him. So there was a prospect of the bride and bridegroom having to appear before the magistrates—and, probably, also at the assizes—to give evidence concerning the "robbery of valuable jewels," an account of which speedily appeared in the three Smokeborough newspapers.

"When the cook has given Minnie her dinner, please to bring her in," said Mrs. Freer, addressing Buttons, who understood that it was the cat, and not the cook, who was to be introduced.

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Minnie can't be found," said Buttons.

"Can't be found!" echoed his mistress.

"No, ma'am; we've looked for her everywhere, and called her, indoors and out."

"When did you see her last?" asked Percival of his wife.

"At one o'clock, in my bedroom. I had my lunch then, in quiet—for the carpenters had gone away for an hour to their dinner—and she then went downstairs, and I have not seen her since. Did she follow the Panters, Alfred, when they left soon after four?"

"No, ma'am, that she didn't; for I let them out of the gate myself, and no cat followed them."

"Please to let her be called again; she may have been shut in the pantry, or in some cupboard."

But though Minnie was called everywhere, she did not come forth to the call, or answer the summons; which was strange, for the cat knew the dinner-hour as well as her master and mistress did.

The evening passed somewhat uncomfortably. As the first coat of paint had been put on the skirting-board, the married pair remained in the dining-room. Percival felt heavy with his cold, and disposed to bury himself in the *Times*. Isabella was in pain, inclined to be fretful, and worrying herself with anxiety concerning her pet Angora. Search had again been made for her, but no Minnie was to be seen. Tea-time came. Perhaps the clink of cups and saucers might rouse her. Isabella called "Minnie! Minnie!" Listening for a response, she distinctly heard a "mew"—faint, indeed, but an unmistakable mew. Again she called; and again there was a feeble, responsive mew. The sound came from beneath her very feet. Was the dining-room, as well as the drawing-room, of Hawthorn House haunted by sounds, as well as smells, coming from under the floors?

"She is locked in the wine-cellar," said Isabella.

"Impossible!" responded Percival, "for I have had the key of it in my pocket all day."

"Any way she is there now," said his illogical wife. "Pray go and let her out. If it had been Smug, you would have jumped up at once." She was a little bit cross.

Percival laid down the *Times*, lighted a candle, and descended to the wine-cellar; but no cat could be seen or heard. Perhaps she had slipped out of the other cellar as he passed through it, and he should find her upstairs on Bell's lap. But no, there was no pet there for the bride to nurse, and once more the feeble mew was heard from under her very feet. Again Percival descended to the cellar, and made a careful but ineffectual search. The servants also were busying themselves in quest of Minnie. There was another feeble mew, and the cook was seized with another brilliant idea.

"She must be under the floor, between the boards and the cellar ceiling. She must have crept under the drawing-room boards, before old Panter and his son had finished laying 'em down, and while they were away at their dinners, and she must have then made her way from there under the dining-room floor."

The cook's idea was accepted. There was no doubt but what it represented the exact state of the case, and another piteous mew from beneath seemed to say, "Oh, please be quick and release me."

"You must go and fetch Panter at once!" said Mrs. Freer to Buttons.

"What, to-night, m'm?"

"Yes, of course, to-night! this minute!"

"She won't hurt for one night," pleaded Percival, who did not particularly wish to spend another exhilarating "evening at home," in company with Panter and son. "It is well-known that cats will exist for a great length of time in similar situations. Besides, she can amuse herself and keep herself in condition by catching mice. I daresay that the horrible mouse of the drawing-room was only one of a numerous family."

What with pain in her face, and indignation at what she could not but regard as a cruel, heartless speech, Isabella could only say, "Oh, Percival!" and then burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, of course, love, that your cat is a prisoner," said her husband, "but we will have her out as soon as old Panter can undo the flooring."

By the time that Panter and son had put in an appearance, Isabella had dried her tears—the first that she had shed since she quitted her old home on her bridal morn, when the leave-taking made "April of her tender eyes," and had consoled herself by talking through the floor to her cat, and assuring her that assistance was at hand. She wished the dining-room floor to be taken up, but was over-ruled in this, it being pointed out to her that it was easier to disturb the planks in the drawing-room, and that as Minnie had gone down from that room, and had made her way from there under the adjoining room, she could return by the same route.

Then a portion of the drawing-room furniture was once more removed, and the carpet was once more taken up, and the two Panters were once more at work with crowbar and hammer, repeating their performance of the previous evening. It was well that no neighbours lived sufficiently near to hear the sounds of hammering that would appear to proceed from Hawthorn House each evening of the honeymoon, as they might have come to the conclusion that Mr. and Mrs. Percival Freer were an eccentric couple, who preferred their carpentering done by candle-light.

At last the joists were exposed to view. A hole was opened in the floor, and the cat was entreated to put in an appearance. This she steadfastly refused to do, and half an hour was wearily spent in vain coaxing. Then the cook had another brilliant idea: "Minnie was frightened at the candles and the people, and, if all left the room, she would come out of her own accord." So all left the room, and Panter and son were regaled in the kitchen, as there was some probability of their services being required to take up the dining-room floor. For old Panter, calling to mind the construction of the house, had remembered the position of the beams, and had pronounced, as his decided opinion, that although the cat may have contrived to squeeze herself under some one of the joists that had not been firmly fixed in its place, yet that she may have missed her way, and been unable to return.

Perhaps this was really the case, for more than an hour passed, and it was evident from her mewing that Minnie was in the same position that she had occupied all the evening, and that she either could not, or would not, come to the opening that had been made for her in the drawing-room floor. Her mistress could bear the agonising suspense no longer, and forthwith gave the word for the sideboard to be removed, the carpet dragged away, and the dining-room flooring to be wrenched open. This was done, with considerable delay and with unusual precautions, lest the precious Angora should be struck on the head; and at length Minnie could be dimly seen, crouching under the boards, her eyes looking like green lamps in a tunnel. And even then she obstinately declined to come forth, until the cook's previous proposition had been carried into effect, and all had left the room, except Isabella, whose coaxing entreaty soon prevailed upon her pet to come out.

By that time it was midnight. The two Panters were once more treated with hot gin and water, and by the time that Mr. and Mrs. Percival Freer retired to rest on the third night of their abode in their new home, they left their dining and drawing-rooms in a wrecked condition.

And all this sequence of dire events sprang from a ridiculous little mouse! No wonder that they had reason to remember, all through their married life, the termination of their honeymoon at Hawthorn House.

(To be concluded.)

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HALL TO COTTAGE.

FOUR years at a great public school had taught me to think and plan for myself in many of the lesser matters of daily life, and encouraged in me a spirit of independence. I had been sent there almost immediately after my mother's death, my father having decided that Jack would be miserable at Lint Hall all by himself—that is with no one but him.

"I shall have no heart to entertain company, even were it fitting for gaiety to shoulder out sorrow, and if the lad had young companions here, the sound of their voices would make me miserable. If there had been more children they might have cheered each other, and roused me in time; as it is, I shall be better alone, and Jack far happier at school," was my father's decision.

It was the best for me, no doubt, and though I did not forget my mother, there was nothing around me as there would have been at home to keep the knowledge of my loss constantly before me. When the holidays came I was more frequently with the Burfords than at Lint Hall, and my father had become so absorbed in the speculations which led to his ruin that he did not miss or want me. I was too young to be made a confidant of, and, except for occasional hints of greater wealth in prospect, I was told nothing.

All these things combined to foster a self-reliant spirit, and before Mr. Burford asked what I should do in the meanwhile, I was prepared with an answer which surprised him not a little. It was a written calculation, and though not put down in a very methodical way, was eminently satisfactory to myself—

"Available capital to last twenty-six weeks, £12 10s. Owing at Rugby, 10s. Half-year's interest, cousin Dorothy, £1 2s. 6d. Deduct these, and I have £10 17s. 6d. left to call my own."

This sum I allotted as follows:—Lodgings, £3 5s.; food and all other expenses, £7 12s. 6d.

As Mr. Burford ran his eye over the paper I said—

"I shall be able to live, even if I get nothing to do, but I hope to earn something beside. I am resolved not to be idle, but will try to go on improving myself, or at least keep up what I have learned."

"My dear lad, what decent lodgings could you get for half-a-crown a week?" asked the lawyer.

"A clean little bedroom all to myself at Jabez Harwood's. Old Jabez made my first kite, and taught me how to fly it. I have gone in and out of his little place ever since I can remember. His wife Betsy told me when I was at home last holidays that she wanted another lodger to pay half-a-crown a week for her parlour. She had one for a year, a youth rather older than myself, who was booking clerk at the station. She was glad he was going to a better post, because he was steady and a good son, who did with less himself that he might help his widowed mother; but she was very sorry to lose him and the regular weekly half-crown, which was of great use to her. Jabez is only a labourer, and has never been equal to full work since his accident."

"I remember; the old man was driving Farmer Whitehead's trap home for him, and the horse bolted. He was thrown out, and badly shaken and bruised. But Betsy could get working men lodgers who would pay her half-a-crown a week. Her cottage is no fit place for you, Jack."

"Betsy says that, seeing she would have to do for whoever lives under her roof, she would prefer being servant to a gentleman, because she finds such-like the easiest to please. She will be very good to me, I am sure, and the terms and place are in accordance with my means. I shall be able to pay my way and live. Betsy told me how she used to contrive for her former lodger. He had vegetables from the cottage garden, and she marketed for him, and washed and mended his clothes. She kept account of all she spent; and a very funny way she had of doing it, but it was easy to understand; and I found that, beside the half-crown for lodgings, the clerk's other expenses averaged five and threepence per week. I shall have rather over sevenpence left for pocket-money."

Mr. Burford gave a groan as he listened, and was far more moved at the prospect before me than I was, outwardly at any rate. I purposely spoke in a business-like, matter-of-fact way, the better to conceal the heart-sinking of which I was profoundly conscious, in spite of my brave front.

"It will never do, Jack. I could not bear to think of your father's son reduced to such shifts, and living under a thatched roof."

"The roof is sound and weather-proof," I replied. "Besides I shall be on the ground-floor. The old folk sleep in the large chamber that runs over the house-place and the parlour. Jabez is a first-rate thatcher, and takes care to have a dry shelter."

"You will need clothes and more pocket-money. You must not be so proud, my boy, but let me be your banker until you have begun to climb the ladder of prosperity," said Mr. Burford.

"I have plenty of clothes to serve me for years," I answered, quite determined to make them do.

"You will grow out of them, Jack."

"Not for some time, Mr. Burford."

I gave a gulp before I could add, "If I do, there are some of my father's. You told me you had arranged for me to have them, and there are my mother's watch and a few ornaments that are really mine, you know, though I never mean to part with them if I can help it."

"What will you let me do for you, Jack?"

"If you could speak for me to someone who wants a——" Here I hesitated. What could I say? What was I fit for? The thought crossed my mind that there were scores of lads, brought up in cottage homes, whose qualifications for immediate employment were far superior to mine. My writing, for instance, though legible enough, was far from good, and had always an untidy look with it. I am by no means sure that I did not consider it almost vulgar to write a good hand. It was all very well for clerks and tradesmen, but not for the heir of Lint Hall.

"A what? Tell me, Jack. There is nothing I will not do for you, if I can," replied Mr. Burford.

"I mean, that I want work of some kind. Oh, Mr. Burford, am I fit for any place, do you think?"

"I would offer to take you into my office, but there are reasons why I am just now unable to do this."

"Mrs. Burford again," thought I. "The office is too near the house; and this time the lady has been consulted before the husband ventured to do what was in his heart."

"Thank you all the same," I said, "but I would rather be somewhere else if possible. I wonder if I could get such a place on the railway as the Harwoods' lodger had. It does not seem to want a very clever person to give out tickets."

"If you would take a post of the kind, I think I could get one for you; perhaps the very same which that youth filled. His successor has not turned out well, and is about to leave. It is singular that I heard this to-day. I will use my interest for you, Jack, and have little doubt of success."

Mr. Burford's face brightened, and my heart felt all the lighter, as I retired to prepare for my change of residence. That night saw me installed as Jabez Harwood's lodger and the occupant of the little parlour, which was to serve as sitting-room and bedroom, though I was to take my meals in the house-place. This was a good-sized cheerful apartment, opening into the garden, and kept in a state of spotless cleanliness by the neat hands of Betsy.

Clothes washing and dish washing were done in winter time beneath a lean-to shed at the end of the cottage; in summer, on a wide wooden bench by the hedge-side, as being cooler and more airy than the tiny shed.

There was an outer door to the parlour,

but it was always fastened and nearly hidden by the end of the bed which was placed against it. The rude staircase was between the two apartments, but all comers entered by the house-place, and passed through it to the parlour or the room above, as the case might be.

My room had a good-sized window looking into the garden, and a smaller, containing only four panes, at the end, overlooking a pretty lane. One pane swung on hinges and would open, so good ventilation was secured by its means.

The cottage was one of the oldest on the Lint Hall estate, and a favourite plan of mine was to persuade my father to pull it down and build Jabez a new house on the site of it. I had ventured to name the subject, and been told to wait a while, but in such a kindly way that I felt sure the new dwelling would be built some time, when those dreams of increased wealth became realities.

I told Jabez this, and was a little pained to find that he did not share my enthusiasm, but said, "The old place will serve my time, Master John. I've lived here so many years that I seem to know every straw in the thatch and every twig in the hedge. I hardly think I should sit down comfortable in any chimney corner but this, even if it were a better one."

In my secret heart I then resolved that whenever I became master of Lint Hall I should let the old man have the cottage rent free; just as though it were likely that the old man would be living after my father, a man barely forty, and with every prospect of long life, was gone.

And now here was I a lodger in this poor cottage, my father newly laid in the family vault, and Lint Hall the property of Lawyer Burford, on whose interest I was depending for a situation as ticket clerk at a country railway station.

I did wonder a little that there was such a scanty following at my father's funeral. Surely his old neighbours might have shown him this last mark of respect, despite his fallen fortunes! And they might have extended kind hands and said a word of sympathy to a lonely lad who had lost father, mother, and all.

Mr. Burford enlightened me as to the cause of their absence.

"Some of them have lost money through your father; not by lending, but he was so enthusiastic, so certain of gaining largely by his ventures, that they listened to his hopeful words and followed his example, though only in a small way. They cannot forgive him for having been mistaken and misled, though his ruin proves how entirely he was himself deceived."

"But I never did anything, and they used to be so kind to me," said I

Mr. Burford did not answer. He only shrugged his shoulders and looked meaningly. I think I understood for myself, when I remembered that the children must to a great extent reap what their fathers have sown. Besides, had not Mrs. Burford been worse than anyone else, because she had professed so much affection for me? I was the same Jack Simpson, but I was no longer heir to the Lint Hall estates. Truly, not only are the sins, but the misfortunes, of the fathers visited upon the children. I could not meet one of those whom I had been used to look upon as a friend, without having this truth brought painfully home.

Mr. Burford proved the single exception amongst the elders. He could not do all to serve me that his kind heart prompted, for his wife held him back on the one hand, and I refused his offers on the other. He did, however, obtain for me the post of booking clerk, with a salary of eight shillings a week to begin at. My joy on hearing of this appointment was in proportion to my previous anxiety about employment.

It had been such a long drop from Lint Hall to Jabez Harwood's cottage, that anything in the shape of an upward step cheered me beyond description.

The duties that I was expected to perform, though considered worth only a small salary, were not exactly light. The working hours were long, and began at ten minutes before six in the morning; the sliding panel in the booking office being finally closed at half-past eight at night. To be there in time, I must rise at five, summer and winter, and though there were intervals for meals, and I had exercise enough during the day, I had to be within reach, as it were, more than fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

"You must mind what you are about when you are taking money," said the station-master. "It seems a small matter to give out tickets, receive payment, and hand the change, but you need to have your wits about you, and to reckon quickly as well as correctly. If you take bad money you have to make it good out of your wages. If you give too much change, your pocket must supply the deficiency. Your cash must balance to a fraction, remember, so give your whole mind to what you are about, or you will pay forfeit for carelessness. I have gone through all this myself, aye, and gone short of a dinner when I was a lad, because the price of it must be put into the till to make up a deficiency that I could not explain to myself, much less to anyone else."

I thanked Mr. Edelston, the station-master, and felt the value of his advice. I was a fairly ready reckoner, but at first I had to find out the amount of each fare, as well as to calculate what change would be needed. With a moderate allowance of time this would have been easy enough; but when people were rushing in, several at once, as was the case on market days, dreading the being too late, too impatient to wait until the previous comer was served, and stretching across to shout various requests all at the same time, it was bewildering enough to confuse more experienced heads than mine

"Take time to be correct, and resolutely serve one at once," said Mr. Edelston. "If some are left, it will be their own fault, not yours, for they will pour in at the last moment."

This was true enough, but, boy as I was, I knew how hard many of the labouring people had to work, how precious were the minutes to them, and how difficult to set home in order, and arrange all for the family before the housemother could leave them with a mind at rest. I could not look at the hot, red faces, on which stood great beads of perspiration, which the bearers of heavy bundles or baskets had not time to wipe away, without feeling unwilling to cause needless trouble by any act of mine.

"I am only a booking clerk, but I will be the smartest on the line," I resolved; and I succeeded. I studied names of places, fares, distances, time-tables, everything, in short, that would enable me to give a prompt answer to every probable question. The travelling public reaped the first benefit of my painstaking, but in the long run my own work was lightened, and time saved by it.

I also overheard remarks which proved that my endeavour to do my duties in the best possible way was appreciated by the poorer travellers. Nearly all of these who lived within a few miles of Lint Hall knew me, and many amongst them looked the sympathy they did not venture to put into words. It gratified my family pride, too, when I heard a speech like this, addressed by one cottager's wife to another, who was perplexed about something:—

"Ax young Mr. Simpson. He'll tell you in a minute. He has it all at his tongue end, and it's a civil, kindly tongue, too. No fear of him 'saucing' you for axing a question that young men are put there to answer and won't trouble to do it in a general way; or if they do, are just fit to snap one's head off. No, no. He's a well-bred 'un is young Mr. Simpson, and the gentleman shows his true sort wherever you put him. We might all be ladies the way he speaks to us."

Such words, and others of a like kind, though not meant for my ear, lingered very pleasantly in my memory, and cheered me on from day to day. It was much to feel that my efforts were not in vain, and that to the poor folk, at any rate, Jack Simpson was as truly a gentleman as when they deemed him heir to Lint Hall and its broad acres.

I had more substantial marks of good will from the old tenants, both farmers and cottagers. Sometimes they came in the shape of a little basket of fruit, half-a-dozen fresh eggs, half a pound of butter between two cool cabbage leaves, or garden produce, often far more than I could consume unassisted, and always the best of its kind.

I have had a couple of big rosy apples pushed in at the booking office window, as the giver put in her hand to take the ticket. Then, towards Christmas-time, when pig-killing was going on, I had to ask my kind friends to stay their hands, for mince pies, sausages, and other seasonable dainties came from all quarters, and far beyond my power to dispose of, even when assisted by Jabez and his good wife. Moreover, I was always "young Mr. Simpson," whilst the station-master was "Edelston" to his neighbours, he having been one of themselves, and not the son of a gentleman.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR WILD CREATURES.—I. THE FOX.

By A NATURALIST.

FAMILIAR as the fox is by name to all of us, probably not one in fifty has seen him in a state of nature. Fox-hunting apart, he has attracted more notice from the moralist than the naturalist. A most classic animal we may consider him, for he has served to point the moral and adorn the tales of some of our greatest writers. Old Æsop, Goethe, and Froude have immortalised his distinguishing characteristics. Why should his manner of satisfying his natural appetites be more severely dealt with than that of any other beast of prey? In Japan the country folks believe him to be animated by the devil. How pathetically he says in the cat's pilgrimage, when charged with his old crime of stealing the crow's dinner, "Don't say stole, cat, it is not pretty. Obtained by superior ability."

As a rule he gives the haunts of men a wide berth, and there is good cause for his secluded habits, for every man's hand is against him. Not without reason; he takes heavy toll whenever he has the chance; he loves to feed on those domestic creatures which man has reared and fatted for his own eating; and he prowls round those confined close premises where the poor birds are so penned in that they have no chance of escape, such as have their wilder relatives of the woods and fields. If the fox-hunters' mantle of protection had not been thrown over him he would have been exterminated long ago. As it is, large sums of money are spent in keeping up the fine hunting establishments of the United Kingdom. After all, the chase is a first-class riding-school for those men and women who can afford it. A good stout dog fox will take them across a line of country that brings all their courage and coolness into exercise, if they would follow to be in at the death. A thick blackthorn hedge, called a "bullfinch," with a post and rail, is not an object to bungle at. Awkward and difficult though it is, and dangerous too, numbers of ladies follow our national sport. We hear the comment, "over like a bird," as some fair rider clears one of these formidable barriers; and many a gentleman thinks there is no pleasanter task than handing to his lady love her well-won trophy, the fox's brush, to hang at her saddle bow when she has been in at the death.

Give Reynard his due, he has courage, speed, and wit enough pretty often to baffle hunters and hounds, though he is a master of arts and of cunning.

On the crest of one of the Surrey hills a long stretch of common land runs for miles—broken ground, timbered with beech, oak and fir. The undergrowth consists of holly, hazel, furze and heath. The rabbits flourish here, and the fox lives in clover, for he feeds on them to his heart's content. If you can get there in the very early morning you may see him slipping home. Once I met him face to face, to his utter astonishment as well as my own; he slipped under a fence just as I got to it. I stood quite still; so did he, and for some seconds he looked at me with his ears cocked forward. Then he very leisurely moved off. I learned in the evening the reason of his slow movements; he had paid a visit to a small farm near, had killed one of the flock, and filled himself so full of lamb that he could hardly run.

A short distance from one of the lonely roads that run through this waste is a large hazel copse. Not nut-bushes, but trees are there, with stems straight enough for fishing-rods—ten, twelve, and fifteen feet in height. Here the finest nuts grow in profusion, ripen, and fall for the squirrels, dormice, and nuthatches to feast on. For no one goes a-nutting there, except by stealth, and under pains and penalties; because in the centre of that nut-tree copse Reynard has his home.

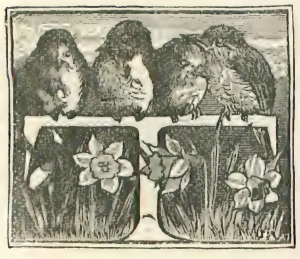
Once in my wanderings I came on the spot accidentally, but I took care not to linger, for on one of the chalk stones near the entrance lay some feathers from the breast of a cock pheasant. Another glance, a hasty one, showed me the mark of one of the fox's pads; then I moved quietly but quickly from the place. St. Reynard had his woodland cell there. The farmer hears his short yelping bark, and the wild scream of his vixen mate as she answers him. He mutters to himself, and looks longingly at the double barrel over the fireplace. Murderous thoughts are in his heart, but he dares not execute them; justifiable revenge he would take if he might, but his landlord is a staunch fox-hunter of the old school, and he must stay his hand.

The Italians have a proverb, "No fox so cunning but the furrier has him at last." A fine fox-skin, with mask, pads, and brush complete, makes a nice ornament to throw over a lady's chair or couch, or to use as a foot-rug. It is to the different foxes of North America and Asia that we are indebted for some of our most costly furs. The black and the silver fox trimmings are employed much in ladies' dress; the red skins are used in various manufactures, and are not so valuable. Reynard does not part with his fur coat easily anywhere, but in the cold northern regions both hunter and hunted frequently perish, owing to the rigour of the climate.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.



TO the children, at all events, the next morning was a delightful one, full of running about and importance, as they helped Kathleen to move their possessions from the rooms which they had hitherto occupied into two much smaller ones, and as the bedroom was at the top of the house and the parlour at the bottom, the journeys to be made were numerous.

It must be admitted that among Kathleen's excellences was not the talent of arranging rooms to advantage. They had still pretty things enough to set off the dingy little rooms to advantage, but, notwithstanding her quick Irish sensibility to outward impressions, she could not see how to do it. Many a time had she wondered at Mrs. O'Kelly's gift for giving a home air to whatever place they drifted into, and they had drifted a good deal during the three years following her second marriage—now in Ireland, now in England. After that Captain O'Kelly went to South America, in happy certainty that he should make a fortune, and soon send for his family, and meanwhile they lived in a cheap part of Cornwall, full of hope, at first as undoubting as his, for he had a knack of inspiring even those who knew him best with his own confidence in his schemes. It was only very slowly that this hope began to fail, costing who can tell what pangs, as it did, to the daughter who passionately loved him, and yet could neither esteem him nor believe him worthy of esteem from others; and to the wife, who was not only devoted to him, but who knew with tardy remorse that she had put the fortune of her children into his hands. "He loves them as if they were born his own," she had gladly told herself; and indeed Captain O'Kelly was exceedingly fond of his little stepdaughters, but as he had already spent every penny of Kathleen's which he could touch, there was small security in that. Letters came, brimful of hope, then more rarely; at last not at all. They did not

know if he were alive or dead. Suspense broke down his wife entirely, and Kathleen, much alarmed, persuaded her to leave the out-of-the-way place where they lived, and come within reach of nurses and medical care. All in vain! Kathleen was wearing mourning for her, and facing a new life, undaunted but very sad. She could not have believed how she should miss her stepmother. For the last three years it had been Kathleen who planned, decided, arranged everything. Mrs. O'Kelly was a gentle, tender, trustful woman, ready to lean on anyone whom she loved, apt to prefer the judgment of others to her own; and Kathleen's high spirit, blithe temper, and generous nature made her just the person whom others would naturally turn to. She had not abused her power, but she had enjoyed it, liking to feel that servants and children looked to her for direction. And yet, as she stood looking disconsolately round the dull little parlour, she felt keenly that she had not only lost one whom she dearly loved, but a protector and adviser. Her incapacity to deal with this matter was a trifle in itself, but it brought sharply home to her the difference between being vice-regent and that of being alone, with sole responsibility and no one to turn to.

"If mamma were here, how different she would make it look!" The words meant much more than they might seem to convey. "Phyllis!" she cried, as the little girl came in, with a dish in one hand and a stool in the other; "what is the matter with the room?"

Phyllis was the practical one of the family, and besides had a good deal of her mother's taste. She stood looking round thoughtfully.

"It's the curtains," she said; "they are too bright for the carpet, and the tablecloth is so ugly."

"I like the blue curtains," interposed Una. "You won't send them away, sister?"

"I see now what Phyllis means," said Kathleen. "It's dreadful! But what can we do? We can't ask for other curtains and a new table-cover, that's certain."

"I know," cried Phyllis, who had been meditating profoundly, without withdrawing her eyes from the offending curtains. "Turn them inside out; the wrong side is just as pretty, and it goes quite well with the carpet and the table-cover."

"The blessing of St. Patrick on yer head, me jewel!" cried Kathleen; "ask for a step-ladder, and I'll do it before you can say Jack Robinson!"

"I think our old red shawl would look lovely on the sofa," suggested Una, whose tastes inclined towards brilliant colours.

Kathleen burst out laughing.

"Too lovely by half, my dear; blue, green, red—that's too much even for me. What, Phyllis, you dragging the ladder? 'tis too heavy for you. Now, steady, boys, steady, while I go up and try changing sides. It's said to answer sometimes in other things than curtains. Una, dear," seeing the discomfited little face below, "get a lapfull of books and fill those shelves—that's more in your line. To-morrow we'll have to begin lessons again, children."

Phyllis looked resigned, Una glad. She loved her books; lessons were no burden to her, as to the elder child, and the irregular style of teaching in which Kathleen indulged, making excursions right and left as one subject suggested another, was strongly stimulating to an intelligent child, compensating in a measure for the looser foundations laid by inspiring a love of learning.

"Shall we have a piano?" Phyllis asked, as she steadied the ladder on which Kathleen stood.

"Ah, I wish we could, Phyllis, that I do. But I can't see my way to it."

Una echoed her sigh, for the child was musical to her finger tips.

"Are we too poor?" she asked.

"Yes, dear. We must have nothing that we can do without."

"Is James poor?"

"Why, what makes you ask?"

"I thought if he had a big house he might want us to live with him."

"His house is full of pupils, and he has his wife and children."

"You won't go to him and leave us, sister?" Una's voice trembled; she was evidently giving words to a great fear.

"You are a couple of babies! What put that in your head?"

The children looked at one another.

"We thought James would want you," said Phyllis.

"Not a bit; he has a wife, and I've got you. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Una, with a long breath of relief. "Sister, was it naughty? We could not help crying last night when we said our prayers, and we did ask so much that James should not take you away."

"Dears, there was no need," said Kathleen, tenderly. "I promised mamma we would always keep together; she gave you to me, you know."

"Yes, she told us you would be in her place, and we were to tell papa when he came back how good you had been to her."

Kathleen started so that the ladder shook perilously.

"Did she? When?"

"Two days before ——"

"When is papa coming back?" Una added.

"I do not know. I thought mamma believed him dead, dear."

"Do you, sister?"

Kathleen paused.

"Yes, dear, yes. I can't talk of it. Poor papa! he went away to get money for all of us, you know; and he wrote a good many times, and then we never had another letter. Do you recollect him at all?"

"He used to play with us," said Una, uncertainly.

"Wasn't he very handsome?' the elder child added. "We did like it when he came to the nursery. Nurse did laugh so when he used to toss us up and talk Irish. But I don't think I should know him now; it's such a long time, Kathleen."

"Ah, it is that!" Kathleen completed her task in silence. It touched her to the heart to find that the poor wife had silently hoped to the last, and had left that message.

"Good to her! Ah, who wouldn't have been? Why was I such a brute when she first came to us?" Kathleen thought, with that Irish vehemency of exaggeration which always annoyed James. She was silent for a while, then descended from her perch, saying—

"There, that looks better, does it not, Una?"

"What!" said Una, starting up, with a dazed look in her large, limpid eyes. She had not put a book in its place, but was standing absorbed in a volume, with the others lying in a heap. Kathleen burst out laughing.

"What a helpful *child!*" she cried, passing her hand over the thick, soft waves of hair of which she was secretly so proud.

"I meant to help, sister," said Una, abashed.

"Only you didn't," retorted Phyllis, severely. "Isn't that just like her, Kathleen?"

Una was hurrying the books into their places, the more ashamed because Kathleen did not scold.

"Never mind, dear," said Kathleen, who could not bear to see a shadow on the face of this petted darling. "Now, Phyllis, what are we to do with that tablecloth?"

Phyllis had it all planned in her mind. There was a shawl which they could not use, but which would look handsome as a cover; and then if Kathleen would let her have the bit of brocaded silk to cover that dreadful cushion, and the otter skin instead of that dreadful hearth-rug. Phyllis looked as anxious and eager as if her whole future depended on it.

"I hope Mrs. Palmer won't mind our changing things," said Kathleen, rather anxiously. "Run and call her, Una."

Letting lodgings would not seem, from its general effect on character, to be an elevating occupation, but happily for Kathleen, she had a landlady considerably above the common run. She had been a confidential maid-housekeeper before her marriage with the captain of a small trading vessel, and did not solely depend on letting her rooms and screwing all she could out of her lodgers. Kathleen had found her kind and thoughtful during Mrs. O'Kelly's illness, and respectfully sympathetic on learning what slender means the three young mourners must live on. It was through her that Kathleen heard of the invalid who wanted someone to read to her—"The one thing I can do!" Kathleen had exclaimed. She had not been well educated; but her father read aloud delightfully, and had taken great pains to make her do the same. Her voice was charming, sweet, and flexible, with coaxing intonations, and the faintest, only the faintest, suspicion of an Irish accent. Most people thought it an additional attraction. James was not one; he disliked it as he did the Irish form of his name, and everything that hinted at an Irish origin, and he considered that it would be "against" Kathleen.

The landlady returned with Una, and stood in the doorway, surveying the parlour, which certainly was very much improved by the arrangements suggested by Phyllis. She said nothing, and there was an embarrassed expression on her face. Kathleen feared that the alterations had grievously offended her.

"We like some of our own old things about us," she said, apologetically, in the sweet, coaxing tones that even a landlady could hardly have resisted.

"Yes, I daresay. Yes, no doubt. The rooms will seem small after what you have been used to, Miss O'Kelly."

"We are too glad to get them to mind that," said Kathleen, blithely; "and above all, still to have our own kind landlady. You have been so good to us."

"I'm sure it's my wish to be so, Miss O'Kelly; but I'm afraid I've misled you, and been the cause of a disappointment to you. I know I am disappointed and vexed too, for that matter."

"Why, what has happened?" Kathleen did not speak seriously; it was not her nature to forestall trouble or feel apprehension; she always supposed that the natural thing was to be happy, and this innate blitheness, which was allied to quick sympathy and tact, made her a very attractive creature.

"Well, it seems that Mrs. Webb—the invalid lady, you know, miss——"

"Yes, the lady who wants a reader; I know."

"I wish she did. That's just where it is; but the truth is, she had a tiff with her maid, who reads to her and writes her letters as well as waits on her, and she gave her warning, or the maid said she wouldn't stay, I don't know which. Anyhow, it seems they have made it up, so the woman stays on; so Mrs. Webb sends me word she is obliged to me, but finds she will not require a reader."

Kathleen stood dumb, so pale that the landlady was much distressed.

"Now, don't take on like that, my dear Miss O'Kelly; it's unfortunate, but we must look out for something else, you know, that's all."

But while she spoke, she knew how scarce was any kind of work which would suit Kathleen, and how many applicants there were for every sort of employment. Perhaps—being a landlady—she could not help thinking she might find herself in a scrape if these young tenants could not pay their rent. "There's the brother," she recollected, however; "if it comes to that, I should think he had some means by the look of him. Anyhow, we'll see—poor things. If I were you, Miss O'Kelly," she added aloud, "I would go to Eastley's, and put down my name on their register."

"I'll do that; maybe I could get some young children to teach; I could try," said Kathleen slowly, suddenly conscious of her imperfect arithmetic and faulty geography. "I suppose I could manage—with books."

"Oh, would you teach them with us, sister? that would be lovely," cried Una, who was a sociable child, and moreover tolerably assured that she could hold her own with any of her contemporaries, where learning was concerned.

"I'll do all I can; you may be sure of that, Miss O'Kelly. If ladies only knew what they do when they hold out hopes, and then take them back so thoughtless like, they would not do it so often. It is too bad, it really is," said the landlady, indignantly. She was honestly distressed by Kathleen's pale dismay. "Now, I'll send up your dinner, and after that you'll go to Eastley's, and maybe, if you were to put an advertisement in the local paper—not that it is of much use," she felt obliged to add. "And, if I might advise, you should speak to Dr. Netley; he might know of some one among his patients who wanted a young lady to teach or read. It's no good speaking to the Vicar, for though he's as kind a man as ever stepped, he's that absent, he'd forget he had seen you before you were gone five minutes. There's the first floor ringing for luncheon; I must go this minute."

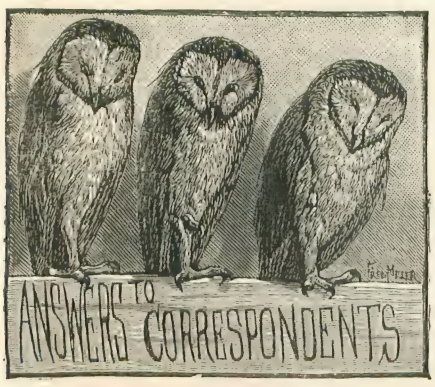
She was glad to escape. Kathleen had to rally her courage as best she might. The blow was heavy, and she was as easily depressed as cheered. She had felt so secure of this work; had so entirely calculated on the payment for it, and even with it how difficult it would be to meet even the most necessary expenses. The outlook was gloomy. Una's voice roused her. "You won't go to Eastley's, sister? You promised to go into the lanes to get ferns and grasses for the vases, and it so long since we have had a real walk."

"I like the town best, and Kathleen has to go to Eastley's," said Phyllis, who was old enough to understand a little more than her sister. "She has got to find some work to do."

"Not needlework?" Una hated her needle.

"Anything—if I only could!" sighed Kathleen. "I wonder how many more girls are thinking just the same this very minute."

(To be continued.)



MISCELLANEOUS.

S. W.—Your desire to learn French is a very commendable one; as to the possibility of learning such a language without the aid of a master, we can only say that as French is pre-eminently a conversational language, it is better to seek a master to help you in pronunciation. As you live in London, you should have no difficulty in securing the services of a competent instructor at a small cost. Very good classes are held at a cheap rate at the Polytechnic Institution. You might begin the declensions and conjugations of Latin without assistance.

Migraine.—The headaches of which you complain may be greatly alleviated by taking ten drops of ether in a drachm of aromatic spirits of ammonia. Yes, you might try the use of menthol; you will enhance its efficacy if you sponge the forehead with cold water.

Princess Ida.—The only degree in Arts open to women in the Scotch Universities is that of LL.A., which is conferred by the University of St. Andrew's. A list of the books to be read for each examination can be obtained from the Registrar of the University. No residence is necessary. A cap and gown are not worn by the graduates, a kind of scarf being substituted.

Edelweiss.—The gentians which your sister sent to you from Switzerland did not open out on their arrival because you put them into cold water. At first they should be put in lukewarm water, say 100° F., in a dark room; after remaining in this water for two or three minutes they should be suddenly brought out into the sunshine, when they will expand beautifully.

Scientia.—The name of the instrument to which you allude is the "phonograph." The remarks of a person who has spoken into it are faithfully reproduced as to tone, pitch, and time. The impressions received in the phonograph are conveyed to a cylinder of wax, and thus a permanent record may be kept of what has been said. When it is desired to reproduce the voice, the wax cylinder is placed in the phonograph, and made to revolve at a certain rate; the marks on the wax set a needle in motion, which conveys its movement to a membrane which in its vibration causes the vocal sounds. A similar but more portable, and easily adaptable instrument to the phonograph forms one of the features of interest in the present Exhibition in Paris; it is called the graphophone.

Matilda.—The Norman laws still survive in the Channel Islands, and in some parts of Westmoreland the curfew bell is still rung every night at eight o'clock. The formation of your letters is quite right, but the inclination of your writing is quite wrong. It is vulgar to give such a "back-handed" character to your writing.

Viola.—You cannot possibly hope to teach yourself sufficiently to be able to play second violin in a quartet in a year. Euclid said that there was no royal road to geometry; neither is there to quartet playing.

Gretchen.—Many German books are written in the characters you speak of, which are called the Gothic characters. You should begin to learn the language from a grammar written in ordinary Roman characters, until you know something about the various words, which you will then recognise the more easily in their Gothic dress.

A. Reade.—In the upper ranks of society it is usual to address a parent as "father" or "mother," but not to drop the pronoun "my" when speaking of them to a third party! It is a vulgarism to do so. You are right also as to the misuse of the word "like" in lieu of "as." Certainly you should not say, "he falls like I do," but "he falls as I do;" and the substitution of the word "expect" for "suppose," or "imagine," or "think." "I expect he thought I was ill" is a vulgar expression which has travelled across the Atlantic from half-bred persons on that side of the water. It is utterly ungrammatical, for you cannot "anticipate" as a coming event what has occurred in the past, "to expect" and "to anticipate" being synonymous.

Hope.—We think that to assist you in interesting a Sunday class of girls, aged from sixteen to twenty-five years, you could not have a more valuable book than Dr. Eadie's "Biblical Cyclopædia," published at our office. In writing for it, address Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. We advise you to look out any names or subjects which occur in the chapter you are reading in this book, read aloud any information or explanation, and question the scholars upon what they have heard the next Sunday.

Banjo.—The best treatment for herpes is a milk diet; it will quickly disappear under the effect of it.

Audrey Ashby.—The excessive use of soda has done the mischief; you had better leave off washing with it, and allow your hair to recover.

Scotia.—The poem is rhymed prose only, and is full of mistakes.

Mountain Daisy has our thanks for her kind letter, and the original riddle also.

Sympathy.—Morley Hall is at 316, Regent Street. The "Business Agency" is also there.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 513.] OCTOBER 26, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PRIZE COMPETITION IN STORY WRITING.

THE Editor is anxious to possess, for the purpose of printing, a short original story, in which the scene given in this illustration shall be faithfully introduced.

The story must not be longer than would occupy four columns of this magazine.

Prizes of Five Guineas and Three Guineas respectively will be awarded to the two most successful writers. The MS. must be written upon foolscap paper, and only on one side, and be fastened together at the left hand top corner, and the name and address of the writer must be clearly written upon the back page of the MS. There must also be added a certificate from a Clergyman, Teacher, or Parent, assuring the Editor that the work is that of the competitor only, and in her own handwriting.

No letter should accompany the story sent by each contributor.

The story should be sent by book post, with the words "Story Competition" written outside; and in no case will the work be returned to the competitor, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.

The Editor's adjudication of the Prizes will be final, and no appeal can be received against it.

The last day for receiving the stories is March 25th (Lady-day), 1890.

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A STORY WANTING WORDS.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

UNA got her walk in the lanes after all. When Kathleen had gone to the chief stationer's, and paid her fee for having her name put down on the register for governesses and others wanting employment which was kept there, nothing particular remained to do, and the afternoon was still before them. Of late Kathleen had had every moment so occupied that it seemed unnatural to find herself thus free, with no anxious watch by a sick bed, no faint voice calling her, nothing to hope or fear any more for the dear one on whom all her thoughts had been centred. A great sense of loneliness and longing came upon her as they walked on along the sea walk above the broad sands, on which a sea with all the delicate, nameless shades of a pigeon's breast was rippling, and so out into the country, beyond the region of villas in little gardens, into deep lanes, seeing now on one hand, as here and there they came to a gate, a glimpse of blue water, and on the other fields and red soil, rising in the distance into broken moorland, but otherwise shut in by high banks crowned by hedges, banks covered by a lush tangle of fern and leaf and trailing plants, a beautiful wilderness, fresh and green even now in autumn, with a few lingering blossoms among it. Una was very happy, gathering trails of ivy and waving ferns and tall grasses gone to seed, which she brought to Phyllis to carry, a characteristic division of labour which Phyllis accepted as quite natural.

"Isn't it lovely here, sister?" she cried, dancing about. "Don't you like it?"

Kathleen assented a little indifferently. She had the keen Celtic sensitiveness to nature, belonging to the heart rather than the mind; but somehow these red cliffs and smiling sea, these green banks did not just now give her pleasure. She was thinking of scenes familiar to her childhood, and which she loved better—a great headland, upon which the billows thundered and roared, and flung up their spray skyward; of deep glens running down to the coast like the fingers of a hand, their rocky walls sinking into reefs as they reached the water, and projecting so far out that each had its own little bay; of tawny golden moorland, where bog lay dark and patches of water shimmered silvery; where plovers circled and cried, and all the sweet elastic air was full of the scent of thyme and honey. It was true that nowhere in the scene around her could she have seen such wretched shanties, such untidy, tumble-down farmhouses as in the spot of which she was dreaming, but for all that it was dearer and fairer to her than anything else in the world, except the hearts that made home for her wherever they might be.

"You like Ireland better, don't you?" said Phyllis.

"Ah, that I do!—a thousand times better, dear. After all, Ireland is my own country, though of all the lands the O'Kelly's owned there once, there's nothing left to us but a ruined church and the ground round it. 'Tis there all our graves are—every O'Kelly among us; I'll be laid there myself one day."

To these young things death was a far-off, unreal thing, even though it had so lately crossed their doorstep. It did not in the least distress Phyllis to hear Kathleen talk of lying in the lonely graveyard; she only observed in a matter-of-fact way, "I wonder if James will?"

"Not he!" answered Kathleen sharply.

"I wonder why James does not like Ireland? He used to be so angry when we called him Shamus—for fun, you know—but it *is* his name."

"It is so; he was called Shamus to please our grandfather O'Kelly, but he was brought up in England with our mother's father, who left him all he had—not so very much after all, but it was lucky for James, that way."

Kathleen could not honestly say that she felt it lucky in every way. The English education and English surroundings had turned Shamus into James for good and all, even to making him ashamed of being by birth Irish.

"I don't think he likes us," observed Una, returning at this moment with a fresh handful of spoils. "He did not kiss us last night, and when he used to come home when we were quite little, a long time ago, he never played with us, and always was saying, 'Why are those children not in their nursery?' Don't you remember, Phyllis? And once he saw me making a face at him, and he said he did not think there was such an ill-brought-up child anywhere else. I think he is very unkind."

"Perhaps he does not like children," suggested Phyllis.

Kathleen had sat down upon the step of a stile; she was tired, and the more so that she felt downhearted. Her visit to Eastley's had not been a pleasant one. She had no foolish expectation of being regarded exactly in the same way by society if she were a worker as if she belonged to the well-to-do classes, who spent instead of earning, nor, on the other hand, was she at all ashamed of trying to gain bread for herself and others; but the change of tone which she encountered on its being perceived that, instead of coming to buy, she was only one of the many seeking employment, and still more, the careless impertinence of the clerks at the counter who asked particulars and put down her name, was a pregnant experience, for she was both proud and a lady, and a sensitive girl besides. Nor had she met with the least encouragement when she asked if there were a chance of her soon finding work. It would soon be the season ... Yes, but there were dozens of others on the look out, with good recommendations. Kathleen felt that she had very few, and no one to back her up. No, certainly it was not encouraging. Perhaps James had foreseen this; that might be the reason that he had acquiesced with so little opposition in her trying what she could do. She had thought him too indifferent to trouble himself much about it, having done his duty by offering her a shelter. Mary probably did not particularly want a stranger living with them—why should she?—but the offer had been made, and James could return to his home and his pupils with his conscience quite at rest. So Kathleen had settled the matter with herself on the preceding evening, but now she began to fear that he had merely left things to decide the question, sure that failure would in the end force her to give in. Give in! And the children? Even if their reluctant relatives in the end consented to support them, was that what Una and Phyllis were to come to?

Kathleen's unhappy thoughts were disturbed by a low question from Phyllis, who was leaning against her as she rested on the stile, and looking at her. "Sister, mamma's name was O'Kelly—why was she not buried there?"

Kathleen's mind had travelled so far from the graveyard of which Phyllis was still thinking that she had to recall her thoughts with an effort.

"Dear, it went to my heart to lay my father's wife anywhere else, but she bade me spend no money on that, and I had to obey her. We are poor, you know."

"Are we? Very poor? Quite poor, like poor people?"

"Very poor, dear."

"What shall we do if you don't get any work?"

"I don't know, dear."

Una was back again. "I've got enough things," she said. "Never mind about being poor, sister; I'll tell you what—Phyllis and I will ask for you to find work every time we say our prayers, and then you will be sure to get it. Won't we, Phyllis?"

Phyllis would not have said this, for she was a reserved child, especially as to religious matters, and her colour rose, but she made a murmur of assent.

Somehow the simple and unquestioning faith of these little ones touched Kathleen, and made her eyes glisten.

"Do, dears, and so will I," she said. "There! I've worried long enough; let us go on, and I'll tell you a story; one you never heard—about a farmer who caught a Leprechaun—that's a cute little old man of a fairy—and if you can grip him safe and keep him a year and a day, he'll buy his freedom with fairy gold and make you rich for ever after."

"Oh, Katie, don't you wish we could catch one?"

Somehow they had got back to the same story—poverty and wealth—though Kathleen had begun her fairy tale expressly to get away from it. Kathleen sighed and laughed. "Ah, dears, it's not everything to catch a Leprechaun; if you would be rich, you must have craft

and patience, and a good dose of hard-heartedness as well. Now, Dan Molloy had the craft and the patience, but he had not the hard heart, for when he had caught the creature——"

"Where did he find it?" interrupted Una, whose overflowing curiosity and interest seldom allowed her to listen patiently.

"And where should he then but under a tuft of white clover? There's nothing the Leprechauns love like the smell of white clover blossom. And he takes it home and puts it under a basket to wait till the year and a day was out. But the creature kept crying day and night for its wife and its children and its home, and at last Dan lost his temper, and says he, 'Begorra! all the gould in the wide world isn't worth the bother you are to me,' and he turns up the basket, and the Leprechaun was out and away before you could get your breath. And that's why Dan Molloy lived and died a poor man. But maybe he did not lose by his kind heart after all, for once when his wife lay sick to death, and Dan was sitting breaking his heart on the hill-side, he heard the Leprechaun calling him, and telling what herbs he should heal her with, and sure enough it's well and sound she was before two more suns had set. And 'tis Dan's grandson that told me that tale."

"Was he very poor?" asked Phyllis.

"You'd look far in England before you saw a cabin like his, dear. A little brown hut it was, by the road-side, and a block of wood for furniture, and an old sack to cover the children with at night. I'm not sure but it did duty by day too, for I've seen little Rory Molloy with one on for all the clothes he had, tied round his middle with a string."

"Tell us how your great-grandmother went and fetched the candle that the maid had stuck into the barrel of gunpowder."

Both the children knew the story as well as did Kathleen herself, but no one could have accused any tale of hers of being dull because twice told. Related by her, they always seemed fresh and new.

Kathleen kept the children out of doors all the afternoon. She was glad that they should be in the open air; they had been indoors too much lately; glad, too, to delay returning to the house, where that empty place made itself so cruelly felt, and cheered by seeing the little faces brightened by the fresh air and blue sky. Phyllis, however, seemed dwelling on what had passed, for when at length they turned homeward she asked, "What will being very poor mean?"

"We must spend as little as we can, and make everything last as long as possible, and I am afraid there will be no new books for Una and no wools and silks for Phyllis to embroider with."

"We have not had any for a long while."

"No, we wanted all our money for dear mamma."

"Yes," said both children together, and Una added, "We should not mind if we had got mamma still. Is it naughty to say that? Mrs. Palmer told me not to cry, because we ought to be glad she was released. What does release mean?"

What, indeed! Kathleen paused before she answered, thrilled with a sudden perception of something of all that it implied.

"It means that she is set free from pain and weariness and trouble, Una, and from temptation too; she is with our dear Lord, learning to understand His love, in the light of Paradise."

"I wish we knew what she was doing! Sister, do you think she is asking Him to take care of us? Does she know about us now?"

"Maybe, dear; I don't know. I think she has trusted us to Him, and has so many lovely things to see and learn that it will not seem long till we go to her."

"But we do miss her so, sister."

"Ah, we do, dear. But she is safe with Him, and He knows we want comforting."

They walked home silent, yet hardly sad. Kathleen was sorry to leave the quiet lanes for the road by the sea, where carriages rolled by and foot passengers jostled past; the sight of them seemed to bring back anxieties which she had somewhat forgotten in the green solitude of the country. Several heads were turned to look after her, for the little party were not exactly an ordinary group. Kathleen excited rather too much admiration to be quite convenient, and the children in their new mourning caught the eye too; but she did not find it out, luckily for her own comfort. In the hall of their lodgings they met their landlady. She stopped as the children thrust their ferns into Kathleen's hands before running upstairs to take off their hats.

"I am glad to see you looking better, Miss O'Kelly, and the young ladies too. You've been in the lanes, I see."

"Yes, there are so many people on the shore. But you—I am afraid you are not well." Kathleen was never too much engrossed to be sympathetic.

"I can't say as I am. I've been but poorly these last weeks."

"Perhaps it is lucky then that your first floor will be empty next month."

"But it won't, Miss O'Kelly. My old mistress, Lady Dacre, has written to say she is coming, and she is a very particular lady. I'm sure I don't know how I shall manage if my arm is as bad as it was last night."

"You must let me rub it as I did before. You know Dr. Netley said I was as good as a trained masseuse."

"I've not forgotten your kindness, Miss O'Kelly, and—but I'm afraid of offending you."

"That you won't; I've not forgotten how good you were to my dear mother," said Kathleen warmly. But the landlady still hesitated.

"If I were sure—well, I may as well speak out; I mean no offence. You see it's a serious thing for me to have my right arm crippled, for I want to use it from morning to night, but I can't afford a trained rubber. They charge five shillings an hour, and that's a deal more than I can give. Now, Miss O'Kelly, if you liked to do it, I'd set it against your rent, and let you the rooms for five instead of ten a week. I hope I'm not impertinent?" she added hastily, seeing Kathleen colour hotly.

Kathleen had a little battle within herself.

"Are you sure you don't propose it out of charity?"

"Certainly not, Miss O'Kelly; I should not venture on such a thing. It's I who am obliged, if you agree. I get for a trifle what's worth much more, for you might be a professional by the way you do it."

"Yes, I learned from a masseuse when dear mamma had rheumatism once, and I have had so much practice. It was the only thing that gave her ease. I'll accept your offer while you need me, and thank you too."

She had overcome her natural reluctance, and her spirits rose. A little help had already come. She went into the parlour singing.

(*To be continued.*)

A WEEK IN PARIS FOR SIX POUNDS.

By EVELYN UPTON, Author of "Christmas-Eve in a Crypt."

HOWEVER much people may differ as to the desirability of visiting other celebrated localities, I think all will be agreed that no man or woman should cross the English Channel without making a point of seeing Paris. Its historical associations alone would entitle it to a visit. And perhaps the reason that many more who could appreciate and enjoy its attractions do not participate in them, is either on account of an exaggerated fear of journeying difficulties, such as language, foreign coinage, etc., or else the very common complaint of a limited purse. With regard to the first set of obstacles, they usually vanish into thin air when resolutely confronted; and with regard to the second, when I have shown how a week may be spent in Paris profitably and pleasurably for the small sum of six pounds, including the return fare, some of my readers may be tempted to make the trial.

Although I only give the scale of expenses for one person, I do not for a moment propose that one lady—least of all a young lady—should spend a week in Paris by herself. It would, indeed, be the height of impropriety. In fact, every young woman, whether she be of gentle or humble birth, who visits Paris, cannot remember too often that more discreetness of behaviour is necessary there than in any other city in the world. This I can vouch for from my own observation.

It is obvious that to limit the expenses of a week in Paris to six pounds will involve a

certain amount of economy. I should arrange the various items thus—

	£	s.	d.
Return Fare, *via* Dieppe, 2nd Class	2	2	3
Saloon on Return Voyage	0	4	6
Registering Luggage	0	2	0
Board and Lodging for Six Days, at 8s. per day	2	8	0
Sightseeing and Conveyance for One Week	0	10	6
Extras	0	12	9
Total £	6	0	0

I leave a wide margin for extras, as this must include gratuities to hotel servants, railway porters, etc., which, however, will be lessened by being shared by your companions. Then it is impossible to gauge accurately another person's powers of walking or enduring fatigue, though as a rule I have allowed for no walking except to and from the omnibus office, and for convenience I am supposing your hotel will be within easy reach of the Place de la Concorde. Of course none but a tolerably strong young woman would attempt to crowd the following programme into one week. And if your hotel only provides breakfast and *table d'hôte*, you will require some refreshment in the middle of the day; but in the buoyant air of Paris a modest lunch, costing half a franc, will be found quite sufficiently sustaining.

Most people have friends who, from personal experience, are able to recommend moderate hotels in Paris; but failing this, the most direct plan is to apply for Cook's hotel coupons. For the sum of ten francs, or eight shillings per day, you secure bedroom, lights, and service, plain breakfast and *table d'hôte*. Some hotels even provide three meals a day for the same sum. In any case you must engage your room beforehand, and I think also it is best to change a sovereign into French money before starting; for one cannot depend on one's fitness for monetary transactions after a long and perhaps rough sea voyage, and the relief of finding yourself already provided with current coins is great. But mind you get small as well as large change, for one cannot afford to throw away even a sou recklessly.

As only 56 lbs. weight of luggage is allowed each passenger, a small tin box or valise holding one dress, one change of raiment, and the few other indispensables, will be found quite sufficient for such a short visit. There is the other alternative of taking your luggage with you under the carriage seat, but to my mind a shilling expended on registering it through from London to Paris is the far better plan, as when this is done your responsibility concerning it ceases altogether. Nothing can be nicer for the wear and tear of daily sight-seeing than a well-made travelling dress of light texture.

As to whether you choose the day or night service from London must depend partly on your qualifications as a sailor, and also on your powers of enduring fatigue; for there are not many women who, after travelling all night, would be able to spend the succeeding day in sight-seeing. We will suppose, therefore, that you decide on the day service, and that you leave London on a Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. On arriving at the Saint Lazare station in Paris, as soon as you have rescued your luggage from the tender mercies of the Douane—and most probably your small box will escape inspection entirely—hire a *voiture* and drive to your hotel. Paris cab fares are regulated on a different scale to the London ones. Of course you will start provided with a good Guide to Paris, in which cab and omnibus fares, as well as several other important pieces of information, are given. A very comprehensive Guide can be bought for one shilling, and as you will have at least one companion, the cab fare to and from the station on arrival and departure will be halved.

Wednesday.—Versailles, Trianons, S. Cloud.

If your first day in Paris appears likely to be fine, you cannot do better than spend it at the historical palace of Versailles. Leave by the ten o'clock tramcar for Versailles, or earlier if possible. It starts from the Quai du Louvre, and before taking your seat outside you must first enter the omnibus office and procure a *numéro* 01 ticket. Always go outside the omnibus or tramcar when the weather is fine; it is cheaper, and you will get a much better view of Paris. You will find it more convenient to join the tramcar at the Champs Elysées office. The drive is a very pretty one, running parallel with the Seine for a great part of the way, and then passing through S. Cloud and Sèvres, and ultimately landing you at the very door of the Palace of Versailles.

To see it thoroughly would take several days. One must therefore be content with a hurried survey of the miles of paintings, principally battle pieces, covering the walls of the great picture gallery on the ground floor. And in like manner must the Galerie de Sculptures be treated. The whole place so teems with historical memories that wherever you tread you are brought in contact with the great dead and gone monarchs of France. In the Kings' apartments are numerous relics of Louis XIV., and also a piece of sculpture—the death of Napoleon I., which, though modern, struck me very much indeed on account of its realistic power. The splendid hall of mirrors, with its 242 feet of polished floor, and its unique view over the lovely gardens, takes one back to that bleak January day, when, surrounded by his generals, the grand old King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. And lovers of Carlyle's "French Revolution" look with heightened interest at the celebrated Œil de Bœuf, in which so much public mischief, gigantic in its results, had its origin. But most interesting of all to my mind are the private apartments of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette—the furniture still retaining its coverings of pale blue brocaded damask—and the small secret stair down which she fled, when, on 6th October, 1789, the infuriated mob broke into these very rooms.

But when your time is so limited it is impossible to linger long in the palace or the grounds; so taking a bird's eye view of the gardens, it is best to walk on to the Trianons, Great and Little, situated half a mile distant, and easily reached by a direct road through the park. They both contain many objects of interest, but they do not take long to inspect, and the loiterings in the lovely gardens must be so curtailed as to allow of your reaching Versailles in time to catch a return tramcar to S. Cloud, where you should descend to view the shell of the ruined palace, and to stroll quickly through the magnificent avenues of the beautiful park. Then back by steamboat to Paris; for it is best to vary your routes as much as possible, and where it is practicable go and return two different ways. But if when you are planning out your day you find the steamboat would not bring you to your hotel in time for *table d'hôte*, you must either give up one of the above named sights, or else take S. Cloud on the way to Versailles, and return from Versailles by railway, which, however, makes the difference of a franc in the expense. If not too tired, walk down the Rue de Rivoli, and spend the evening in the arcades of the Palais Royal, as the shops are seen to best advantage when illuminated. I have carried out this programme in one day, so I know it can be done.

Expenses—Tram to Versailles, 85 c. Versailles to S. Cloud, 50 c. Steamboat, 30 c. Total, 1 fr. 65 c.

Thursday.—S. Denis, Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, Musée de Cluny, S. Sulpice, Palais de Luxembourg.

As the tramcar for S. Denis starts from the Rue Taitbout, by leaving your hotel a little earlier, you will be able on the way to inspect the Grand Opera, the largest theatre in the world, built at a cost of a million and a half pounds sterling. S. Denis is the Westminster Abbey of Paris, the burial-place of the French kings since the third century; and the Abbey has had a share in all the subsequent history of Paris. Here Joan of Arc hung up her banner, and here also was carefully laid up the oriflamme, the royal standard with the flames of gold always carried before the king when he led his troops in person to battle. Among the royal tombs are those of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. After life's fitful fever they sleep well in this grand old abbey.

S. Denis can easily be seen in a morning; so early in the afternoon take the tramcar to S. Michel, and visit the Palais de Justice, the site of a palace for a long time the residence of the Kings of France, but now principally used as Law Courts, very little of the original structure being left. But the whole place is historical. On the façade over looking the Quai de l'Horloge is the entrance to the Conciergerie, so notable in the history of the great Revolution. To view it an order must be procured from the Bureau de Police. Here Marie Antoinette found her last earthly shelter before she laid her head on the guillotine. By a sort of solemn mockery the cell was afterwards turned into a chapel, but burnt by the Communists in 1871. Here also the notorious Robespierre was imprisoned, and in an adjoining hall the famous Girondin conspirators supped together on the night before their execution. It is a relief to turn from these gloomy memories to the lovely little Sainte Chapelle, the palace chapel, so rich in Gothic carvings, and the most superb stained glass windows.

The Musée de Cluny must next be inspected. If time presses, a walk through the rooms will just give a general idea. The Roman altar in the gardens is said to be the oldest existing monument in Paris. The church of S. Sulpice being close at hand also claims a visit on account of its fine frescoes. Finally, a glance at the sculptures and the picture gallery in the Luxembourg, and a stroll in the gardens, listening to the military band, which plays on Thursdays only, from five to six o'clock, will complete the sight-seeing for the afternoon. By taking the tramway back along the Boulevard S. Germain, you will pass the Church of S. Germain des Prés, one of the oldest churches in Paris, and several large public buildings, the principal of which is the Palais Bourbon, where the legislative body hold their assemblies. In crossing the Place de la Concorde you see the very spot, now marked by the Luxor Obelisk, where, a century ago, the dreadful guillotine stood. Here Charlotte Corday met her death; here also Robespierre ended his bloody life, and Danton met the just reward of his crimes. Here, too, perished, during the Reign of Terror, the weak-minded Louis XVI., the stately Marie Antoinette, the gentle Madame Elizabeth, and a great number of others, more than 2,000, whose names have not been preserved on any earthly record—"Martyrs by the pang without the palm!" The evening may be spent on the Boulevards watching the Parisian outdoor life.

Expenses—Tram to S. Denis and back, 60 c.; admission to the Royal Tombs, 1 fr.; tram to S. Michel and back, 30 c. Total, 1 fr. 90 c.

Friday—Tuileries Gardens, Louvre, Place de la Bastille, Père la Chaise, Buttes Chaumont.

At least one whole morning should be devoted to the Louvre; and more time if you could spare it. For it is one of those museums which you may hurry through in an hour, or spend several days among its priceless

treasures without having exhausted them. You can approach it through the Tuileries gardens, and view the spot where for three centuries stood the historical Palace of the Tuileries, but which is now, alas! no more. Then crossing the Place du Carrousel, so named from its having been the scene of a tournament in the days of Louis XIV., you face the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, built by Napoleon I. to celebrate some of his victories. Originally the top was decorated by the famous chariot and four horses from S. Mark's, at Venice; but after the peace of 1814 it was taken back to Venice. The Palace of the Louvre dates from the time of Francis I., and most of the sovereigns since have had a share in its construction and embellishment. Were it only for the fact that from one of its windows on the western façade Charles IX., with his own hand, fired on the Huguenots during the massacre of S. Bartholomew, it would be invested with undying interest. As there is so much to see in the palace, it is best to read up an account of it beforehand, and then determine how you will spend your time. Speaking broadly, the works of art are divided into sculptures and paintings. Whatever else you do not see, do not fail to look at the Venus de Milo, one of the two perfect statues of the female figure the world possesses, the other being the Venus de Medici at Florence. In the picture galleries the most time must be devoted to the Salon Carré and the Grande Galerie, which contain matchless Murillos, glorious Titians, and priceless Raphaels. With many of them we have become familiar through photographs and engravings. And the French galleries, rich in masterpieces of Poussin and Claude Lorraine, must by no means be overlooked.

By quitting the palace through the entrance in the Place du Louvre, you will see in front of you the church of S. Germain l'Auxerrois. From this very church, more than three hundred years ago, in the solemn stillness of the summer night, the great bell sounded out the signal for the massacre of the unsuspecting Huguenots.

In the afternoon walk through the Place Vendôme and notice the column erected by Napoleon I. to celebrate his victories over the Austrians and Prussians. At the Madeleine take an omnibus which will pass along the great Boulevards des Italiens, Poissonnière, etc., through the Place de la République, and will land you at the Place de la Bastille. To-day the Colonne de Juillet is all that marks the site of the most famous prison in the annals of history. The number of state prisoners who pined away and died in its dungeons will never be accurately known. The story of the Man in the Iron Mask has invested the castle with a mysterious interest for all young readers of French history. In the Revolution the fortress was stormed, the brave governor and his companions beheaded, and the castle levelled with the ground, a fitting culmination to all the previous tragedies that had been enacted there.

Leading out of the Place de la Bastille is the Rue S. Antoine, once a fashionable quarter, but a century ago the hot-bed of revolutionary conspiracy. It is frequently mentioned in Dickens's attractive story, "The Tale of Two Cities." The Place de la Bastille is about a mile from the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which you can reach either by omnibus or on foot.

The guide will point out the most interesting tombs, among which are those of Abelard and Heloise, Bellini, Chopin, and Count Lavalette, who was rescued by his wife from prison and death. Then walk to the Parc des Buttes Chaumont, and view the spot where the murdered body of the brave Admiral Coligny was exposed on the gibbet. Return to Paris by the Ceinture Railway, and spend the evening at a café concert in the Champs Elysées.

Expenses—Omnibus to Père la Chaise, 30 c.; Guide in cemetery, 2 f.; Ceinture Railway, 2nd class, 55 c.; café concert, 1 f.; total, 3 f. 85 c.

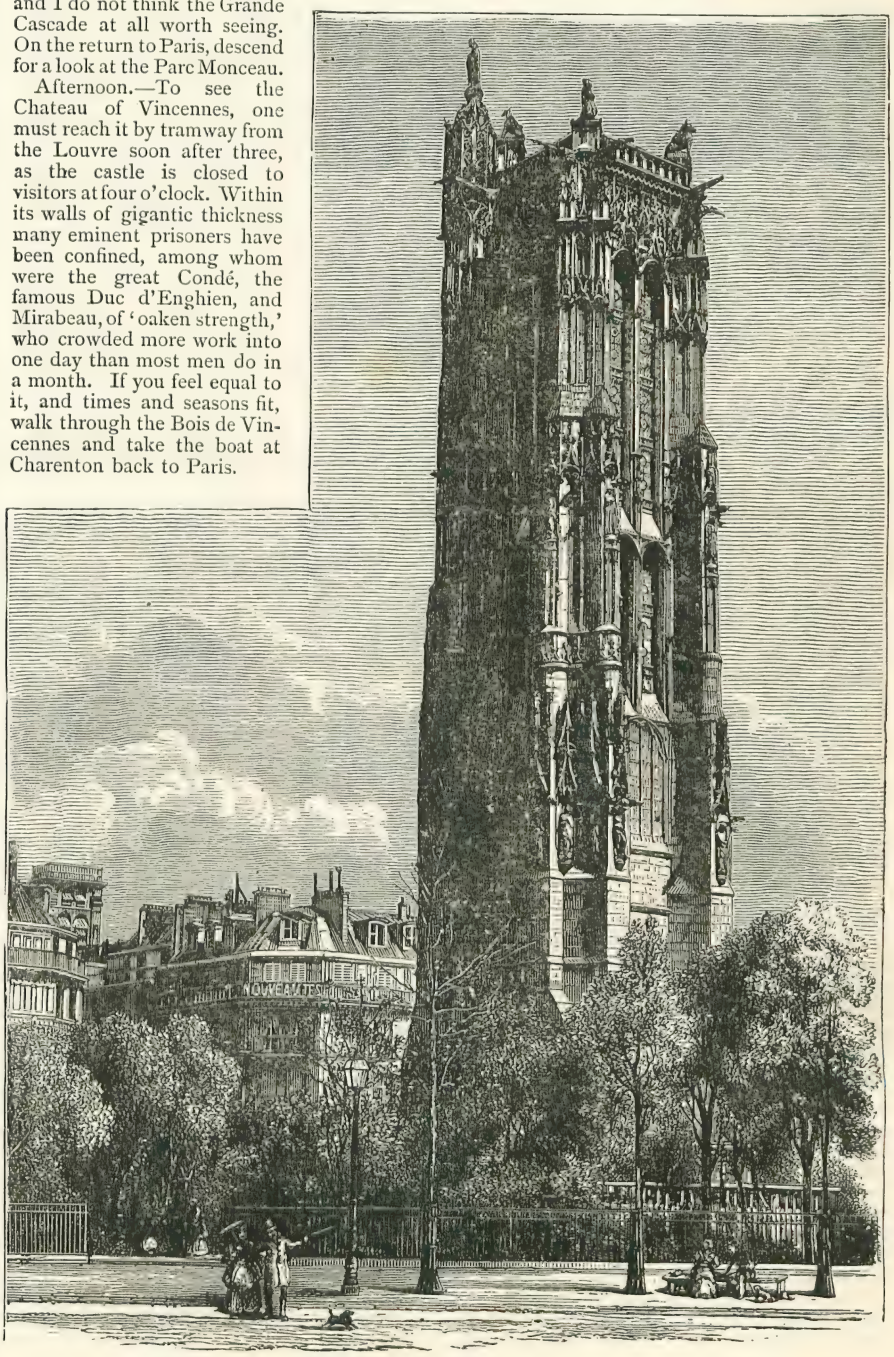
Saturday.—Arc de Triomphe, Jardin d'Acclimatation, Bois de Boulogne, Chateau and Park of Vincennes.

Any omnibus will take you up the avenue of the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. The extensive view from the top is well worth the somewhat fatiguing climb. Another omnibus will take you to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, the Parisian Zoological Gardens, after exploring which you can walk about the Bois in the vicinity of the lakes, which are situated near the entrance. If preferred you can hire a *voiture* and drive to the Grande Cascade and back by the lakes; but of course this is more expensive, and I do not think the Grande Cascade at all worth seeing. On the return to Paris, descend for a look at the Parc Monceau.

Afternoon.—To see the Chateau of Vincennes, one must reach it by tramway from the Louvre soon after three, as the castle is closed to visitors at four o'clock. Within its walls of gigantic thickness many eminent prisoners have been confined, among whom were the great Condé, the famous Duc d'Enghien, and Mirabeau, of 'oaken strength,' who crowded more work into one day than most men do in a month. If you feel equal to it, and times and seasons fit, walk through the Bois de Vincennes and take the boat at Charenton back to Paris.

Expenses — Trams to Bois and back, 60 c.; Jardin d'Acclimatation, 1 f.; tram to Vincennes, 20 c.; steamboat, 30 c.; total, 2 f. 10 c.

Sunday.—On all accounts it is best to make Sunday as much as possible a day of rest. Church of England services are held in the Church of the Embassy in the Rue d'Aguesseau and also at Christ Church, Boulevard Bineau. This latter is situated outside the fortifications, and is consequently some little distance from the central parts of Paris. Those who take an interest in mission work should visit Miss Leigh's Home for Governesses in the Avenue Wagram, or Miss de Broen's Belleville Mission at the Rue Clavel, near Buttes Chaumont. And those who are anxious to see for themselves what a French Catholic service is like can witness the celebration of Mass in the



TOWER OF ST. JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

beautiful church of La Madeleine. Before entering be sure to study carefully the exquisitely carved figures over the front entrance. As I gazed upon them I understood for the first time in my life how the sculptor's chisel could bring undreamed of beauty and life out of the solid marble block. Very fine musical services are held in the Catholic churches of S. Roche in the Rue S. Honoré, and S. Eustache, in the Rue Montmartre. This last is also architecturally interesting, as being a very fine example of the late Gothic and Renaissance periods. The richly decorated chapels, with their fine frescoes, claim more than a passing glance.

Monday.—Halles Centrales, Notre Dame, Morgue, Panthéon, S. Etienne, Church of the Invalides, Tomb of Napoleon. It is very necessary to bear in mind that Monday being the cleaning day, most of the galleries and museums are closed to the public. Consequently, I have reserved the principal churches in Paris for this last day. You can begin by taking the tram down to the Halles Centrales, and the earlier the better. It is the largest market in Paris, and is well worth seeing; but for intrinsic beauty I think most visitors would prefer the flower market held on the Boulevard de la Madeleine just behind the church. Then if you walk past the Tour S. Jacques, a comparatively modern erection, and the beautiful Hotel de Ville which has succeeded the one burnt down by the infuriated Communists, you will soon reach the Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the finest Gothic churches in Europe. It has several times narrowly escaped destruction. In the Revolution it was doomed, but the decree was not put into execution, and in 1871 the Communists actually attempted to burn this splendid cathedral, but most happily failed. The whole of the exterior should be carefully studied—the beautiful carvings, the statues of the twenty-eight French kings, each in his separate niche, which adorn the west front, and the flying buttresses at the east end. As soon as you enter, the *tout ensemble* of the nave and double aisles, and the glorious colouring of the stained glass, through which a subdued light shines, cannot fail to impress you most forcibly, even though you were the most impassive of mortals.

Although you may not believe in the authenticity of the relics, it is as well to see the treasury in which they are kept; and the same fee will also include admission to the chapter house, choir, and sacristy. Immediately behind Notre Dame stands the Morgue. As one of the sights of Paris, though a ghastly one, I mention it; but I do not recommend anyone with sensitive nerves to visit it.

It seems hardly fair to go straight from Notre Dame to the Panthéon, for naturally the two churches will not bear the least comparison. But the frescoes in the Panthéon are very interesting. Almost the only historical associations connected with the building were done away with when the bodies of Mirabeau, Marat, and Voltaire were removed from the vaults. The neighbour Church of S. Etienne du Mont has a far more beautiful interior. Its exquisite choir screen and spiral staircases are unique in their way. It stands on the site of an ancient abbey, founded by Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks.

A steamboat taken from the Pont de Neuf will land you at the Pont des Invalides, a very short distance from the church of the same name. Beneath its dome repose the ashes of the great conqueror—Napoleon I. After you have looked and wondered and reflected on the end of all human greatness, walk to the Champs de Mars, the site of the International Exhibition. Return on foot along the Quai d'Orsay, and fill up the remainder of the day with shopping in the Rue de Rivoli. The Louvre Magasin is also specially worthy of a visit. Then be ready to leave Paris by the evening tidal train, and cross by the night service, *viâ* Dieppe and Newhaven, arriving in London about 9 o'clock next morning. You will find it best to take a transfer ticket for the saloon on board.

Expenses—Tram to Halles Centrales, 15 c.; Notre Dame, 50 c.; steamboat, 15 c. Total, 80 c.

THE HONEYMOON AT HAWTHORN HOUSE.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, Author of "Verdant Green."

CHAPTER V.

SIXTEEN MONTHS AFTER.

SUPPOSE that the now familiar phrase "honeymoon" did not exist much before the time of Addison, and certainly not so far back as the days of Jeremy Taylor. Yet that good bishop had the idea of honey much in his mind when he wrote, "Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower." For there is no reason why the sweetness of the bridal should cloy and fail with the first moon of matrimony; rather should it increase through the successive months to an accumulative store of sweets ready for home use at any moment.

But whatever the result in the future, the Percival Freers' honeymoon was now an event of the long past; a memorable epoch in their lives that might be looked back upon with varied reminiscences. Sixteen months had passed and gone, with all their moving incidents, and a change had come o'er the spirit of their dream. It was more than the Byronic change, for it had affected their local habitation, which was no longer Hawthorn House, in the pleasant country suburb of Newtonville, but the Bank House in the very midst of the town of Smokeborough, with its oppressive brickiness and aggressive smells. It is the unexpected that always happens. Yes, they had removed to that once despised residence, and they had done so at Bell's special request; and thereby hangs a tale which is the conclusion of this short story.

Many things had conspired to bring about this change of scene. The newly-married couple had taken possession of their "bijou abode," as the auctioneer called it, solely out of deference to the wish of the lady, who could not (or thought that she could not) endure existence at that dreadful Bank House, where, instead of "the terebinthinate odours" of the "spacious pinewood," there were sundry smells, more especially those from a tallow-melting establishment, which were overpoweringly nauseous twice in the week, if the wind was in the east, and it always seemed to be in that point on the melting days. But although Bell had gained the day in acquiring the home to which she preferred that her husband should take her in the honeymoon of their wedded life, yet when she had achieved her feminine victory Nemesis pursued her. As we have seen from the previous chapters, no sooner had they taken possession of their pretty bijou suburban house, than the bad odours, concerning which Bell had expressed so strong an opinion in connection with the old-fashioned town residence, were overpassed by the terrible smells that had introduced Panter and son to their household, and had commenced, literally, the breaking up of their home and the loss of their money, goods, temper, rest, and various other things that tend to make married life loveable as well as liveable.

The destruction wrought by old Panter in the drawing and dining rooms, with the consequent displacement of carpets and furniture, and the smell of fresh paint on the new skirting-board, had troubled the bride very much, as regarded the reception of the troops of friends who called to congratulate her on her marriage. There was one dreadful young man, a Mr. Scriven, a clerk in the bank, and popular as a singer and reciter at local entertainments, who was an intimate friend of Percy's, and a frequent dropper-in at Hawthorn House. He was addicted to jokes, and thought it capital fun to solemnly ask Bell if she had found any more mummied mice, or had again entombed her favourite Angora. Bell thought him heartless and frivolous, forgetting that others could look on the humorous side of those events that had befallen the Percival Freers in the last week of their honeymoon, and could not view them altogether from that tragical standpoint from which she herself preferred to regard them. What with one drawback and another, Bell was truly thankful when the honeymoon requirements were things of the past.

But as the weeks chased each other, and when the flying autumn had been overtaken by winter, the newly-married couple found less reason to be enamoured of their suburban home. The "bijou abode" had been hastily run up by a jerry builder, who trusted to a smart-looking, showy house to conceal, with its outward prettiness, all inherent defects of construction. The first tenants had occupied it for the two first years, but Percy had never seen them or had any communication with them; if so, they might possibly have told him, in strict confidence, that Hawthorn House was not all that it seemed to be to the eye, and that they had discovered its many defects and shortcomings. But those tenants had vanished into space, and Percy could not benefit by their revelations.

When the storms of early winter had fairly set in, wet places appeared on the bedroom ceilings that spoke, trumpet-tongued, of leakages on the roof, and the very worst places were just over their own bedroom, and that "best spare room" which was reserved for Bell's father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Masham, who had promised to come and see them during the Christmas holidays. A heavy snow just before they arrived made matters worse, and one night, after Bell and Percy had retired to bed, they were aroused by the water dripping from the ceiling in such a persistent way, that in order to prevent it from soaking into the drawing-room below, it was necessary to put out baths to receive the downpour. They had a head to their bed, or Percy declared it would have been necessary for him to hold an open umbrella over Bell's nightcap while she slept. Not only was it needful to have the slates repaired, but the neat ceilings

were quite ruined in appearance, and would have to be whitewashed and prepared before they could be made presentable.

The adjacent plantation, or "pine wood," from which the auctioneer had extracted his "terebinthinate odours," and heralded it as so great an adjunct to the other charms of Hawthorn House, had proved to Bell, as the winter nights came on, a source of alarm as the possible home of a terrible gang of burglars. The bijou abode, after all, was somewhat lonely in its situation in the Newtowaville suburb; gas-lights were at a distance, and policemen seemed to be equally remote. The whole household might be robbed and murdered without their nearest neighbour being any the wiser; so, at least, Bell told herself.

"Why should we not have a big yard dog as a protection, like old Turk at Willowley?" she urged. And Percy said he would look out for a suitable beast. He did so, and bought a big mastiff and a bigger kennel, and installed them in the small back-yard, which was just beneath his dressing-room window. The mastiff was named Turk, in compliment to the canine defender of Willowley Vicarage, and Bell felt satisfied for a time; though the servants, Buttons included, were afraid to go into the yard for water or coals, lest they should become the mastiff's victims. Then Turk made himself generally obnoxious by baying the moon and keeping them all awake, which also roused up Smug, the Willoughby pug, who slept in the kitchen in one of two scarlet flannel-lined baskets, the other being occupied by Minnie, the Angora cat. And Smug whined and grunted and growled and yelped, until the women-servants, whose bedroom was over the kitchen, had to thump the floor to endeavour to frighten him into quietude. And one night, when Percy could no longer bear to listen to the canine duet, and had gone down to the kitchen and silenced Smug, and had unbarred and unbolted the back-door, and gone into the yard to do the same by Turk, that more or less intelligent brute, failing to recognise his master in the disguise of a dressing-gown, and mistaking him for a burglar, sprang furiously at him, and might have soon made Christmas mincemeat of him, had not Percy fortunately escaped beyond the length of the dog's chain. But Bell, who had crept to the dressing-room window, and had seen what was going on, was terribly frightened, and implored her darling husband not again to risk his valuable life, and to get rid of that horrid dog as soon as possible. Perhaps, she argued, if they had an alarm-bell, it would do as well as a mastiff, and it would not cost anything in food or taxes.

That honeymoon burglar had also been a terrible scare to Bell. He had soon been captured, having offered to a pawnbroker some of the smaller wedding gifts that he had carried away in his coat-pockets; while his bag and his shoe-prints had also helped to his identification. The magistrates had committed him to the Assizes, where Bell felt quite sure that she should have to appear, and give her testimony in open court—an ordeal that she had never yet been called upon to face. Of course this did not happen, and Percival's evidence was quite sufficient to secure the conviction of the thief and his dismissal, for some time to come, from public life.

In the early part of their wedded career it was Bell's delight to drive the little pony and carriage into Smokeborough, with Buttons on the back perch, to fetch her husband home from business. This was all very well on a fine day in autumn; but there was not much pleasure or romance in the proceeding when there was a tempest of rain, or a heavy fall of snow; and, as Percy did not like her to run any risk of taking cold, the days on which Bell drove into the town for him were few and far between.

Then a real difficulty sprang up over the Bank House. The cashier to whom Percy had been allowed, by the directors, to sub-let the manager's portion of the building, had been offered a similar post, but with higher pay, in one of the largest banking firms in London; and, as a matter of course, he had accepted the offer. His successor was a bachelor, and so there was a vacancy in the tenancy of the Bank House; and as the directors insisted on some responsible person connected with the bank sleeping in that bedroom, into which the large strong safe was nightly wound up, and as Percy could not do this, he had to get one of the clerks to act for him. This was the facetious Mr. Scriven, who had made feeble yet irritating jokes to Bell concerning the mummied mice and entombed Angora, and who now protested that he merely acted as a warming-pan until Mr. Freer took possession of the room. Meanwhile his nightly occupation was not only a favour, but a gratis favour, and Percy lost the money that the cashier would have paid him. Thus he rented a suburban villa, while the Bank House, to which he had a right, remained as good as unoccupied.

Then there came a baby boy into Hawthorn House, a great joy, but practically also a great expense, involving the engagement of a nurse, and those manifold matters that verwhelm paterfamilias on the arrival of a little stranger. And it was not long after this great domestic event that, in the very hottest dog-day weather, before Bell was quite strong, the most terrible smells beset Hawthorn House—odours that far surpassed in unsavoury malignity all those for which the Bank House had formerly been pronounced to be so dreadful. Something very wrong indeed had happened with the drains, that was self-evident; but where were the drains to be got at, and in what directions did they run out of doors? The cook said that old Panter would be sure to know, because he had helped to build the house. So he was sent for, and professed to know all about it, and forthwith set to work in his brown paper cap. But when he and his son had dug down through the chief gravel walk to the depth of three feet, without coming upon any trace of a drain, then old Panter declared that they were not far out of it, but that the drain was just a trifle to the west. That being tried without effect, he averred that it was a trifle to the east; but on excavations proving that theory to be groundless, he at once staked his reputation to the assertion that it was there or thereabouts. As it was evidently not there, it followed that it might, possibly, be thereabouts; so fresh openings were made, until gravel walks, flower-beds, and trim lawns had to be ruthlessly destroyed before the true course of the several drains could be brought to light, and not only to light, but to smell also. Indoors, too, it was found needful to tear off wall-papers and to break into plastered walls, in order to look at suspected pipes. Then the plumbers and bricklayers had to come, with many more in their train; so that Hawthorn House was made thoroughly unpleasant as well as unwholesome. The Bank House would have been a veritable sanatorium in comparison, more especially as the tallow-melting was now a thing of the past, the proprietors having failed, and the town authorities—in deference to much remonstrance—having forbidden the business to be resumed.

It was clear that under the circumstances, and until the drains were repaired and covered in, Hawthorn House was not the proper place for Bell or her baby boy; so, after due consultation with her parents, Bell and her boy and nurse were personally conducted by Percy to Willowley Vicarage, there to remain until the mother's health was quite restored, and Hawthorn House was purified and sweetened for her reception. But as it happened she never returned there.

Did she die then?

No, nothing of the kind. But after she had been a week or two in the old home of her maiden life, she wrote to her husband a long letter, of which the following is a brief extract:—"At that time I thought that if you truly loved me, you ought to make a sacrifice for my sake, and leave the Bank House, where you had lived so comfortably for so many years, without minding its situation, or its occasional bad odours. I now see my error. It was I that ought to have made a sacrifice for you, if it could be called a sacrifice to be made the mistress of so excellent a home. But all my life I had been used to country sights and rural scents; and I was very foolish in making my determination not to marry you unless I could live in a home that was not in the midst of a town. I now see the serious mistake that I thoughtlessly made, and you must try to forgive me for it. Let us give up Hawthorn House, which is only a useless expense; and let us go and live at the Bank House, where you will be on the spot for your daily work, and where, I am quite sure, we can be very happy and comfortable. We shall live there rent free, and we can also put down the pony and carriage, and Buttons, and the gardener, and save much expense. When we want to drive out, we could hire; and there is a certain important little gentleman to be considered, who has added one servant to our establishment, besides making slaves of everyone in the house, including his grandpapa, who seems to be devoted to him, and thinks that he is the finest baby that," etc., etc. This extract is quite sufficient, for, if the truth be told, the fond mother became slightly incoherent and diffusive when she touched upon the countless charms of her wondrous boy.

One or two more letters passed between husband and wife before Percy yielded to Bell's entreaties; and then he at once took the necessary steps to remove to the Bank House. He was able to make satisfactory terms with his landlord, to sell the pony and carriage, and to get rid of Buttons and the gardener; and in a few more weeks he, with the cook and housemaid, took possession of the Bank House, whither all the furniture had been safely removed. Meanwhile paperers, painters, and decorators had been working there with all convenient speed, and the old and substantial house had been wonderfully smartened, and looked far brighter and more liveable than it did when Bell first beheld it in Percy's bachelor days.

He spent his Sundays at Willowley, his friend Scriven acting as warming-pan in his brief absences from the bank; and he consulted his wife in all particulars, so that her slightest wish might be carried into effect. Both she and the boy were getting on famously, and her parents were not desirous to part with them, and they only did so late in the autumn, on the promise that they would come and keep Christmas with her at the Bank House. And this they did; and a happier and more contented Christmas party could not have been found in all Smokeborough, or in any of its suburbs, including Newtownville.

Said Bell to her husband, as they listened from their bedroom window to the bells that were ringing in the New Year, while their boy slept peacefully in his cot beside their bed, "I shall never forget the end of our honeymoon at Hawthorn House; but I am truly thankful that we are so comfortably settled in the Bank House, where, God grant, we may be spared to each other through many happy years."

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is perhaps a little difficult to know where to begin in the early autumn months to describe the dress of the moment, for we are still, and unavoidably, in doubt as to the final selection. Fortunately, of late years we have become more free to choose, and a dozen fashions are worn at once, instead of one only, as was the case some fifty years ago.

The large wrappings of last year are in more favour, if possible, this year, and the materials are woven in larger patterns. The shapes remain much the same, showing tight and tied-in backs and loose fronts. Long cords and tassels are used to tie them at the neck in France; but in England, as yet, we see ribbons, or merely a silver clasp or hook and eye.

We have many new cloth costumes for autumn wear; and green cloth of various hues seems still in favour. Amongst these watercress, walnut, and fir greens seem the prettiest. The long redingote, and the Empire skirt and jacket bodice, seem both equally popular, and the "accordion" pleated skirt, with a vest and plain bodice, will probably be one of the features of the winter dresses. One of these skirts, made in a dark green woollen material, was shown to me lately, having eight rows of black satin ribbon round the skirt, about an inch in width, and placed respectively half an inch apart. This was the sole trimming of the skirt. The bodice had a vest and *revers*, which were of black satin, and the smaller buttons were also black. It will be seen that we illustrate this method of trimming the skirt in our sketches; and also the extreme plainness of the skirt, which shows a return to an almost Puritan style, excepting where "accordion pleats" are worn, either in front of the skirt or else all round it.

Usually with long cloaks, short jackets are worn simultaneously, as there must be a choice between two such different styles. For those who walk and those who work, and are out during all weathers, the long cloak is unsuitable, for it trammels both feet and hands, and it is extremely tiring to walk in it. In the *trousseau* of our recently-married princess there were such a number of jackets as to make the circumstance quite remarkable, and as she is a very active young lady, it shows us the style that she finds the most suitable. In this case, they were characterised by extreme plainness in form and making, being of all kinds of cloth, melton, pilot, cheviot, beaver, and serge, the shape being generally tightly-fitting at the back, with plain fronts hanging straight from the neck, in a long line, and with no defining pleats at all, even when the jacket is double-breasted. The military and tinsel-thread embroidery now used so much on the jackets seen in the shop windows was not to be seen on the jackets of H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales, and the quieter-looking the jacket is, and the more simple in every way, the less it will show its age and date—a matter of considerable economy.

Dresses, jackets, and redingotes, trimmed with bands of fur, will be one of the characteristic features of the season of 1889 and 1890. Black

PARIS MADE WALKING DRESS (FAWN-COLOURED FLANNEL WITH NEW FRENCH BORDER). CASHMERE AND VELVET GOWN.

DIRECTOIRE AND STRIPED SERGE GOWNS.

astrachan seems likely to be amongst the most popular of the common furs; and it will be much used on black cloth, vigogne and tweed. Fur-edged jackets will have either waistcoats of fur, or fancy waistcoats, with a *revers* of fur at the edges of the jacket. Sealskin jackets will be quite short—a great consideration—and some fitted with, perhaps, double breasts, and curved under the arms in the same manner that the pilot-cloth jackets for yachting wear have been this summer. In fur, however, they have a much more jaunty effect than in the pilot cloth, which looks so completely "undress." There are several kinds of imitation furs, which can hardly be told from the real. The newest kind of astrachan lambskin is not curly, but wavy, and is a very pretty change from the usual astrachan, which has tight curls, like the Persian fur of that description.

Bonnets are extremely small, and for the winter and autumn will be made of the cloth of the dress mixed with velvet bows and velvet strings. The newest strings are of narrow velvet ribbon, satin faced, and about three-quarters of an inch in width. They are long, and are tied under the chin in a simple bow and ends. Much of the hair is shown, and it is a good deal dressed and crêped. The bonnet trimmings are put on in front, and the bonnets are worn further back on the head. Black straw bonnets with brightly-hued flowers and velvet strings of the colour of the flowers have been very generally worn this autumn. They are very easily trimmed and got up at home. When those black straw bonnets and hats get discoloured and old-looking, nothing is easier than to restore them. It only needs a sixpenny bottle of one of the many glosses used for the blacking of boots, which is carefully applied with a sponge to the surface of the hat or bonnet. They also stiffen the hat, so that if neatly performed, this operation will forthwith supply you with a new head covering. The floral "toques" and bonnets have, I think, become a little vulgar during the summer, and we shall be well rid of them this winter, I hope.

The newest hats are low and shallow in the crown, and the brims are wide and bent about in a variety of ways, the backs being turned up close to the head, while the brim extends over the face. Ostrich feathers seem to be used in the greatest profusion in these large hats, and are most gracefully put on, thus proving most becoming to all the faces seen beneath them, and giving an effect of youthfulness and great refinement also to the features. I notice few of the "whole bird" and "head and wings" horrors, so I pray that we may see no more of them. The stories of cruelty, and of the probable extinction of whole species of birds, which continually reach me, are too frightful to think of, especially when one knows they arise from the vanity and thoughtlessness of women.

Much felt will be worn, both in hats and bonnets, and the felt used is fine and supple, the favourite colours being black and navy blue.

As will be seen by our illustrations, the yoke-shaped bodice is worn as much as ever, especially for serges and cashmeres, when the yoke is generally made of velvet, with long cuffs reaching nearly to the elbows of the same material. The velvet used is generally of a darker shade than the gown. Several rows of velvet are also used on the skirt, and a long velvet sash hangs at the left side of the band of the dress in front. Velvet bands, and those of ribbon, silk, and leather, are quite as popular as they have been during the summer, and I think that blouses are quite as much worn. The last idea of the autumn seems to have been a black Surah or silk blouse, and a white flannel or cashmere shirt, the mixture of black and white being very popular in everything worn, including bonnets and hats.

I must not forget to mention that the Woman's Silk Culture Association, U.S.A. (1,222, Arch Street, Philadelphia), has kindly forwarded to us patterns of their native-grown silks, made from silk raised in seventeen different states of the American Union, reeled by the association, and manufactured in Philadelphia. In the series of articles on "Silk Worm Culture," given in this magazine, mention was made repeatedly of this patriotic movement inaugurated by women, and for women, and we are delighted to see the proofs of their success. The quality, colour, and weaving seem all that could be wished, and we wish our American sisters "God speed" again and again, and hope that some day we may be as fortunate in our own efforts. Seeing that the mulberry will thrive, and that our women and girls are equally energetic and clever, surely some day they will be able to point with pride to a home-grown silk gown of their own raising? No more pleasant work could be found for women and girls, and apparently it will be made to pay in America; so why not here?

Perhaps a few lines on the subject of our brothers' dress may not be unacceptable for once. Although the stiff, tall, silk hat is, *par excellence*, the headgear of the City, there seems this year a very general revival of the "wideawake"; and it has been worn by many Englishmen of high rank, at the fashionable watering-places and baths on the Continent, the shapes being very pretty, and more elegant-

BACK OF CASHMERE GOWN

THREE VIEWS OF NEW DRIVING CAPE.

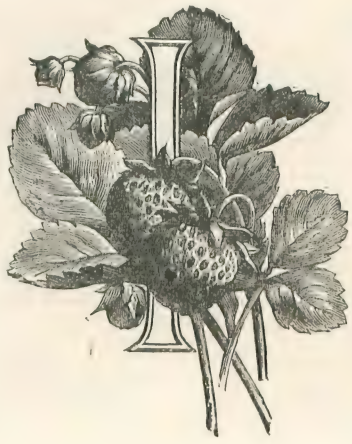
looking than the ordinary run of "wide-awakes." Grey and brown were the favourite colours, and we shall probably see them more constantly worn out of town than usual. Irish friezes have attracted much notice, as they are becoming each year more perfect in their mode of manufacture. They are to be found in every mixture possible, of grey and brown, and of fine texture and weaving. Scotch tweeds and "heather" mixtures (the latter of the beautiful tones of colour shown by the purple heather when in full bloom) are always very much worn, and the same may be said of the West of England tweeds. A well-made suit of blue serge, and a well-chosen suit of tweed, are the two things in which an Englishman looks his best. This year they are made with double-breasted jackets, and all such coats, whether with single or double breasts, are far looser in make and cut than they were in the early part of the year. Trousers are also worn much looser; and so are all coats and overcoats. The latter seem to have grown particularly baggy. Tan shoes have been more worn than anything else by the sea and in the country. They have been generally made of good russia leather, which retains its shape and new appearance to the last. The reddish, russet tinge which has been "the thing," is produced, I believe, by the application of claret to the leather as a cleansing liquid. Of course it must not be used too bountifully, nor the leather made too wet, for a very small amount of wine suffices. The same may be said of ladies' russia leather shoes, so the hint will answer for both sexes, as our girls have worn them quite as much as their brothers. The latter certainly have shown anything but good taste this year in their selection of flannels for boating; for their "blazers" or covert-coats were indeed of a blazing nature, from their extreme vividness of colour and the great size of their stripes. The jackets for the same purpose affected by our girls have been, *au contraire*, very neat and ladylike, being of white cloth, flannel, or stout white serge. The only change to this rule was when several threads of different colours were woven into the white, which was equally neat and pretty; as were also the dainty blue navy serge jackets, with white cord run along the edges.

Nothing appears to have been more of a success than the recently introduced "Four-in-Hand" or driving cape. It is used as an extra covering when sitting out of doors, driving, or walking, and it has become deservedly popular. Several small alterations have been made in it, and it is now long enough to be tied in at the waist. This makes it warmer and more useful in chilly weather, when it will be an admirable addition to our jackets. One of the newest departures is made of homespun, with a wide braid laid round the three capes, and stitched flatly down. The back has a seam which makes it set well, and it is longer than the first ones, made to come well below the elbow. The wide cloth, double width, should be chosen for these capes, as the straight part must be at the back. About a yard and a half to two yards are needed for the three capes and the collar, which latter may be either a turn-over or a band only, either of velvet or of the cloth. Our paper pattern is in five pieces, *i.e.*, three capes and two collar pieces. The edges may be left raw, and in order to make a perfectly clean cut, a large pair of tailor's scissors should be used to cut them out.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, and a plain gored princess chemise.

"THERE WAS A MILLER LOVED A MAID."

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.



IN olden times, the story goes,
There was a miller loved a maid,
And by his door, at daylight's close,
Posy in hand he lingering stayed
Until across the bridge she strayed;
And then he'd sigh, blush like a rose,
And hand his gift with bashful pose:
In such a way were fond hearts made
In olden times.

And still to-day, the whole world knows,
There's many a miller loves a maid,
And watches her adown the glade,
As she shy glances at him throws:
Ah! courtships still are just like those
In olden times.

IN THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY.

"IT is exceedingly tiresome and inconsiderate of you to have asked her; and especially when you know that to-day is my large At Home,'' pouted Adèle Forester, as she and her husband sat sipping their morning cups of chocolate in her elegantly furnished boudoir.

"My dear Adèle, what does it matter when she comes?" replied her husband, with provoking urbanity. "Your drawing-room is filled every day with such fashionable guests that it can make little difference to you if she comes to-day, to-morrow, or the day after."

"It may not matter to you, I can quite believe that," retorted Mrs. Forester, angrily; "I believe you would be rather pleased than otherwise to 'play the agreeable' to that odd old specimen——"

"Ann Holt is my cousin," interrupted the master of the house, "and as such, I desire that you should at least speak of her with respect. She was very kind to me when I was a boy—very, and I am glad if I can in any way show kindness to her in her old age."

"'Old age!'" laughed Adèle, but it was not a pleasant laugh: "Ann Holt would not thank you for calling her 'old,' especially when she is just going out as a paid agent of the African Mission." Mrs. Forester laid emphasis on the word *paid* for reasons of her own.

"It is very creditable of her," said Reginald Forester, nettled by the slighting tone of his wife. "Few women would have made such an effort at her age not to be a burden on her family, and I respect her for it, though of course I should only have been too pleased if she had chosen to make my house her home."

This was said by way of retort to Adèle's sarcastic remark, for Adèle would have disliked few things more than having her elderly cousin admitted into her house as a member of her family.

"Well, all I can say is, that I hope she won't come looking like a faded nun this afternoon," observed Mrs. Forester, reverting to the former topic, "for it would be simply impossible for me to introduce such a shabby-looking old thing to my friends."

"Oh," replied her husband, "you need not trouble yourself about that. I'll entertain her myself, so you need not fear her hurting the susceptibilities of your grandees! All I can say is, that most of them would be a good deal improved if they could have half her common sense and unselfishness added to their airs and graces."

"Don't be ridiculous, Reginald," cried his wife, pettishly. "Of course it's easy enough to say that you'll entertain her, but I should like to see how you'll look when you are chatting with Lady Amelia Mushope, and *she* is ushered in! You might have written to put her off till to-morrow."

"Well, it is too late to do so now," answered her husband, quietly; "for she must already be on her way here. Besides, if she did not come to-day she could not come at all; for you know to-morrow is Sunday, and she would never travel on that day, and on Monday her ship starts from the docks."

CHAPTER II.

THAT afternoon found Mrs. Forester entertaining a large circle of guests as well dressed, fashionable, and genteel as herself, in her luxurious drawing-room.

Very handsome she looked in her satin robe, her fair hair curled up in a shapely mass on the top of her head, and diamonds glittering in her ears and on her plump white fingers.

Her only child, Cozy, a little girl of about eight years old, was helping her to entertain, passing from group to group to be petted by the ladies, and teased by the gentlemen, with whom she was a general favourite on account of her lovely little face and engaging manners.

Reginald too was fully occupied in doing his share towards making their guests at their ease, and was abundantly successful to judge by the gay conversation and peals of light laughter that followed him wherever he went, and circled him round. Mr. Forester could generally keep any company he was in happy and amused if he chose, and he did choose.

In the midst of the entertainment the wide folding-doors were once more flung open by the tall, stately man-servant, who pompously announced "Miss Holt," in a tone distinctly audible at the furthest corner of the room, and a sudden silence fell on the company as the newcomer entered, and, after a slightly disconcerted glance round in quest of the hostess, advanced up the room to where Adèle was having an apparently very confidential *tête-à-tête* with Lady Amelia. Mrs. Forester had heard Miss Holt announced, but did not choose to pay any attention, till she was aware that a small, dark figure was coming across the room quickly towards her.

Then she glanced round, and after deliberately finishing her last remark to Lady Amelia, rose with the utmost *sang froid* to receive her husband's cousin.

"Ah, Miss Holt! You have come early. How very kind. I'm afraid that there is not a seat vacant just now; but there is sure to be one in a minute." She glanced round carelessly at the well-dressed circle of her guests, and the colour deepened in her cheeks as she noticed several eyes bent curiously on her new visitor.

Yes, Miss Holt had just come as she had expected, dressed in the usual plain-shaped, slate-grey dress, with bonnet to match, and her shawl folded in a peak behind; her thin, brown hair parted on her forehead, without curl or fringe over her broad, sensible brow.

The little lady saw at once that she was not wanted; and she could not but notice that the smartly-attired girls and ladies round her were eyeing her with curiosity, while one or two pert young people, fresh from school, made low-toned remarks between themselves with scarcely a pretence at hiding their ridicule.

One more feeling than the rest rose from her seat and, half-offered it to Miss Holt; but that lady had had enough of the gay scene, and had no intention of remaining there.

A faint pink colour rose to her cheek, and her voice was a little tremulous perhaps; but she never lost that innate dignity of manner which was peculiar to her, as she replied with marked emphasis (for she was not above feeling insulted by the way in which she had been treated)—

"No, thank you, I do not require a seat; I am quite accustomed to stand in the presence of Royalty."

Her words were not without effect, and a slight movement of surprise ran through the party. Could this funny-looking, little elderly lady really be accustomed to stand in the presence of Royalty? More than one of her hearers wished *then* that they had treated her more courteously. But it was too late; Miss Holt did not wait for them to make tardy reparation for past discourtesy, but turned quietly away.

At that moment Mrs. Forester's little daughter came hastily forward. She had been standing listening with wide open, wondering eyes to all that had passed, and her heart went out in childlike pity for the poor visitor whom her mamma evidently did not want.

"You will like some afternoon tea," she said, coming forward and taking Miss Holt's hand. "Come and have it in the nursery with me; it is so much more comfortable there."

"So she's one of the royal nursery governesses!" remarked one of the company, as they watched Cozy leading off her guest in triumph. "I wish I had known, for I love Court gossip! But who could have guessed that such a dowdy, insignificant thing had anything to do with *Royalty?*"

"Depend upon it she comes as a governess to Mrs. Forester's little girl; so I daresay we shall see her often enough," added another.

And thus they went on chatting and making the most of Miss Holt's unexpected appearance and hasty retreat.

Meanwhile the object of their remarks was being led away in triumph by Cozy, who was much impressed by the idea that she was accustomed to stand in the presence of Royalty.

"Nurse will be delighted," thought the child. "And now we shall hear all about the Queen and her children, and everyone at Court."

So she led Miss Holt upstairs most graciously, talking to her all the time, and wondering how the Royal children talked, and if they chatted like other people, or only spoke in far-off grandeur when they wanted anything. Miss Holt had no idea the effect her words had had on the child as she quietly followed her upstairs.

First Cozy took her to the room she was to occupy (which was next her own nursery), to take off her things, while Cozy went to tell nurse to get the tea ready as soon as possible.

"And please, nurse, boil one of my new-laid eggs from the duchess's farm, and put out my best china plate and cup, for she is accustomed to have everything nice in the presence of Royalty."

Nurse pricked up her ears (metaphorically) at this piece of news. She loved nothing better than having very genteel acquaintances, and made a point of knowing all the nurses in the houses where Cozy visited. Indeed, quite a conclave of them used to meet when they walked in Hyde Park or Rotten Row; and the children were generally left pretty much to themselves while their attendants gossiped *ad. lib.*

So that when Miss Holt appeared in the nursery she found a ready welcome awaiting her, and afternoon tea laid out in most tempting style, while nurse bustled about to make everything as nice as possible.

"And you'll be glad of a cup of tea, ma'am," she said, with her most affable smile. "Maybe you've come a long way, and are tired."

Miss Holt was soon made quite at home in

the nursery, and a very welcome guest she was; for though she made no more mention of Royalty, she had a fund of anecdote and pleasant small talk which always made her a good companion. And even nurse, who was wont to be critical, was quite won by her kindly manner.

"She's a lady, every inch of her, and no mistake," was the opinion she passed on to Samuels, the butler; but that worthy shook his head credulously, having learnt from Jessie, the housemaid, that Miss Holt had actually unstrapped her own roll of cloaks and wraps, and uncorded her box, without assistance from anyone.

"Why, mistress won't even button her boots, or fasten her gloves and veil," said the girl.

But nurse was quite positive about the matter.

"I know who's who, and what's what," she affirmed, with more warmth than the matter deserved, and so it remained undecided.

Presently the dinner gong sounded, and then Miss Holt went downstairs, leaving Cozy to regret her absence, and think over all she had been saying.

"She does tell stories lovesomely," said the child, as she watched through the banisters Miss Holt descending to the dining-room.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning was Sunday; but it was not a day taken much count of in the Forester's home. No one appeared to breakfast but Mr. Forester and Miss Holt, Mrs. Forester remaining in bed to fortify herself for the dinner party she was giving that evening, and Cozy was, of course, in the nursery.

"Adèle finds the morning service so long that she is glad of an excuse for staying away," explained her husband to his guest.

"There is no need to make excuses," said Miss Holt, drily. "People can see through them well enough."

"Oh, but Adèle is so dreadfully afraid of catching infection in church."

"Yet she goes to the theatre, and the concert, or the picture gallery. I am sure there are quite as many infected people there; and you told me yourself that Cozy caught measles last year through going to a children's ball at a house where one of the servants had nearly died of the complaint. Take my advice, Reginald, and when you want to do wrong, don't add to your sin by making excuses for the doing of it; for though you may deceive *yourself*, you won't find other people taken in."

"Oh, I know you would like to remind me of the foolish men in the parable, who gave such flimsy and senseless reasons for not accepting the rich man's invitation to his feast," laughed Reginald, with an affectation of careless indifference, though there was an uncomfortable ring in his tone. "Just as if the man had not seen the ground before he purchased it; and the other proved the oxen before buying them."

"If you see their folly, why do the same thing yourself?" asked Miss Holt.

"I am not making excuses," said Reginald. "I was merely telling you the simple fact."

"I am sorry, very sorry to hear you say so, Reginald. I had hoped——"

Mr. Forester shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear coz," he said, "I go as regularly to church as maybe myself; I can't make Adèle do so against her will."

The appearance of Cozy put an end to the discussion.

"Why, Cozy, are you not dressed? You must make haste or we shall be late for church," said Miss Holt, in surprise.

"I don't go in the morning," answered Cozy. "Mamma likes me to sit with her while father is away."

"And so poor father has to go alone," said Mr. Forester, with mock sentiment.

Cozy looked up earnestly into his face, half-puzzled, half-sorry, not taking his remark in jest at all.

"You never asked me to go with you, father," she said. "I should like to very much."

He stooped and kissed her pretty upturned face.

"You shall go with me next time; I cannot wait for you now."

But Cozy was not satisfied with this arrangement.

"Cousin Ann Holt won't be here next Sunday, and I should like to go to church with her."

"Perhaps you could come with me this afternoon," suggested the lady, kindly.

"Oh, it's only a children's service that nurse takes her to," said Reginald. "You would not care for that."

"Indeed, I should. I specially love children's services," answered Miss Holt. "So if Cozy likes I will go with her to-day."

Cozy was delighted. She had been longing for an opportunity of having Miss Holt all to herself, as she had so much to ask her about what she did in the presence of Royalty, and the walk to church would give her plenty of time.

"I would like you to come with me very much," she said, adding in a low voice, "perhaps you will then tell me what you do in the presence of Royalty."

This then was the reason why the child had kept lingering near her all the previous evening, and during the morning, whenever she had an opportunity. Miss Holt had had no idea the effect her words in the drawing-room had had on the child's mind till now, and she began to regret that she had used them. For how could she make Cozy understand what she had meant?

But Cozy was waiting for her answer, and she must give it.

"I fear you will be disappointed if I tell you," she said, kindly.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," cried the child, earnestly. "I should love to know everything about it."

And away she went to the nursery to wait with what patience she might till the time for the afternoon service. Then she surprised nurse by the expedition with which she dressed herself, buttoning her own boots and gloves, and pulling on her jacket for herself, a thing she never did; having learnt from her mother to avoid doing anything for herself which she could get anyone else to do for her.

She was so fearful lest nurse should ask any questions, and prevent her going with Miss Holt. As it was, she was ready long before the usual hour, and induced her new friend to start off at once for a walk with her before church time, in case they might be prevented going together.

Soon she and Miss Holt were walking down the street side by side, very happy and contented with each other's company, to judge by their looks.

For a while they walked in silence. Cozy did not know where to begin with all the questions that were thronging through her mind; and Miss Holt was meditating what to say. She was so afraid Cozy would be disappointed if she entered into any explanation about that unfortunate sentence.

Presently Cozy pressed closer up to her, saying persuasively—

"You said you would tell me."

"And so I will," answered Miss Holt; "only I fear you will not understand; so I will tell you a little story to help you to understand it better."

"I should like that," said Cozy. "I do love hearing stories."

"Well, once upon a time," began Miss Holt, and paused. "Once upon a time, a great Eastern king, who had a number of attendants at his court, and many servants to do his bidding, wished to find out which of them really loved him. 'For I want,' said he, 'to have the one who loves me best to stand always in my presence.'

"So he went out into his courtyard, where many soldiers of his bodyguard were standing about. The king went up to the finest of them all, who happened to be somewhat apart from the rest, burnishing up a bit of his armour. 'Leave that work for other hands,' said the king to him, 'for I want you to come and wait on me in my palace.'

"Now this soldier was brave and strong; he had already fought many a battle for his king and country, and got bronzed with exposure and active service, so that the idea of standing about in the palace waiting on the king was hateful to him. Besides, he was just on the point of starting with his comrades for a fresh campaign, and to be left behind for such a trivial cause would be simply unbearable. 'I am starting to fight your Majesty's foes on the frontier,' he said. 'I cannot wait on you till your enemies are conquered.'

"So the king turned to another courtier, who was hurrying past with a folio volume under his arm, and an ink-horn and pen in his hand. 'Lay aside your books and writing,' said the king to him, 'and come and wait on me.'

"'What!' exclaimed the man of letters, 'am I to leave my studies, and wait like a lacky in a lobby! Why I am compiling a book of your laws for the benefit of your people; and it is most important that it should be published as soon as possible. I cannot possibly wait on you to-day.'

"Then the king went to his garden, where he met one of his chief musicians strolling up and down, humming a tune. 'Come,' said the king; 'come and wait on me.'

"Something very like a frown darkened the musician's brow, though he tried to hide it. 'Your Majesty cannot be aware that I am in the very midst of composing a splendid piece of music in your honour. To leave it now would ruin the whole; but I will be ready to wait on you as soon as it is finished.' Did he really think the king would wait till his servant was at leisure to do his bidding?

"With a sigh the king turned away. Was there not a man among all the servants who thronged his courts ready to come and wait on him? Just at that moment his eye fell on a little lad standing near, who was looking at him eagerly. 'Oh, my king!' cried the child, kneeling before him. 'I have no strength to fight your battles, or wisdom to compile your laws, or genius to compose sweet melodies, but I am ready to wait on you if you will only let me be near your Royal Person.'

"Then the king smiled most graciously. 'This is the kind of servant I want,' said he. And so he promoted the child to wait on him; and the little lad was henceforth always standing in the presence of Royalty. Indeed, so near did he keep to his royal master, that the people called him 'the Shadow of the King.'

"Oh, how happy he was then! Standing in the place of honour, called by a new name, rejoicing in the royal favour."

"How the others must have envied him," said Cozy, who had been drinking in every word of the story.

"Yes; I daresay they did," answered Miss Holt. Then after a pause she added, "Cozy, the story is a parable. Do you understand it?"

Cozy did not answer at once. She knew what a parable was, but she did not know what Miss Holt meant, and could not think what a parable could have to do with Miss

Holt standing in the presence of Royalty. "You were never away in that court where the Shadow of the King was," she said at last, half-wonderingly, half-questioningly.

"No, dear," answered the little lady, gently. "When I stand in the presence of Royalty it is much better than that, for my King is so much greater, and more good and wise than the one in the story."

A great desire suddenly rose in Cozy's heart. Oh that she might stand in the presence of Royalty too, and see everything grand and lovely! and perhaps be spoken to just like the child in the parable was! "Will you take me with you the next time you go to the Court?" she asked.

Miss Holt hesitated. "Yes," she said; "I will take you; but it can only be to the outer court of the palace, and waiting there is not always pleasant work, or easy either."

"But mother says I am so often in the way; perhaps I shall not be wanted there," suggested Cozy, with a shadow on her brow.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Holt, earnestly. "My King welcomes all who want to serve Him. I know He will welcome you."

Cozy's little hand gave her companion's a squeeze of excited joy. Her wishes to stand in the presence of Royalty seemed so nearly being realised that moment. Miss Holt looked down on her pretty upturned face, and thought how lovely a messenger of the great King she would make.

"Cozy," she said, "you may to-day become a servant of the King, and stand in His outer court: for He likes His messengers to serve in the outer courts first, till He calls them into His palace and presence chamber of glory." Then she added gently—

"'The King of Love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never.
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.'

Do you know who my King is, Cozy?"

"I think you mean God," said Cozy, gravely.

"Yes," said Miss Holt. "And as He is everywhere, I am always in His presence, and He sees everything I do, and knows when I try to serve and please Him. Sometimes He sends me with messages. Sometimes He keeps me standing in His presence. I have to do so every Sunday, to learn His will; I am going to do so now in church, and you can do so too. So we shall both be standing in the presence of Royalty."

There was no time to say more, for they had reached the church, and the bells ceased as they entered the sacred precincts. Miss Holt glanced at her grave little companion, and wondered how much she had understood of all that she had said to her. She was so anxious to make some impression for good on her during that one brief hour she had her all to herself; it might be her only opportunity of speaking to that little child (brought up in a worldly home in the very vortex of fashion) of the more enduring things that lie beyond earth's changing scenes. But Cozy gave no sign of understanding as she passed quietly down the aisle with her usual gravity of demeanour, her costly dress arousing many a mental comment from other worshippers as she did so.

Yet Cozy's child-heart had been stirred to its soul-depths. To her it was a moment sweet and solemn, and never to be forgotten. How often had she carelessly walked up that same aisle and knelt in that same pew, and stood to join in the same children's hymn of praise; but never before had she thought of Whose presence she was in when she went carelessly through the service, or rather let it go on while she sat fidgeting, or looking about at the children or grown-up people in neighbouring pews.

To-day she was very still, and looked at the book during the hymns, and bent her head reverently on both her small hands during the prayers. A strange solemnity filled her whole soul, an atmosphere of Royalty pervaded the place, and though she understood but little of the prayers, and still less of the sermon that followed, a mysterious *something* made the service quite different to her from what it had ever been before.

There was no more fidgeting or indifference; no need of nurse's constant reproofs and admonitions, and those who sat near her noted the change. Miss Holt glanced at her once or twice, and was struck by her absorbed appearance.

When they left church it was just the same. Cozy took her companion's hand, but did not speak; and Miss Holt made no attempt to break the silence; and it was the wisest thing she could have done, for Cozy was in no mood for speech; indeed, she could not have explained her thoughts just then, they were so new and strange and wonderful; and she was extremely happy, for had she not that very afternoon begun to stand in the presence of Royalty?

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning a shabby four-wheeler cab stood at the door of the Foresters' fashionable London residence, for their guest had to start early to catch the first mail train.

Mr. Forester, in a state of morning *deshabille*, was up to see his visitor off, and made apologies for his wife not appearing, as that lady would not leave her bed for many hours to come. Perhaps no one wanted her at that moment. Certainly Reginald enjoyed his cousin's society much more when Adèle was not at hand with her sarcastic remarks.

Punctually to the moment Miss Holt came downstairs, her small bag and a bundle of wraps in one hand and an umbrella in the other. Whatever the numerous servants were to richer guests, they evidently had not thought it worth their while to stir themselves up to any extra exertion for the departing visitor.

Miss Holt had stolen softly into the nursery before descending, to give dear little Cozy one parting look before starting, and was surprised to find her wide awake. Happily nurse was out of the room at the moment, so she could speak without restraint.

"I have dreamt about all that you told me," whispered Cozy; "the King wanting us to wait on Him, and presently taking us to His palace, and it is lovely!"

"I am so glad, pet," answered the little lady, putting her arm round the small figure sitting upright in bed.

Cozy returned the clasp with a tight hug. "And we will always stand in the presence of Royalty," she said earnestly, "even when you have gone all the way to Africa, and I am still in London."

"Yes, dear, and our King will be always watching us all the time, noticing every little thing we do for Him, till he takes us to His palace above, by-and-by."

There was no time for more, and Miss Holt had to tear herself away from those circling arms and hasten downstairs. Just as she reached the hall a small white-robed figure, with bare feet and streaming curls, came running after her, and all panting and breathless with the haste she had made, Cozy pressed into her parting friend's hand her own favourite bonbon box.

"It is for the journey," she said, panting.

Miss Holt took the offered gift with feelings not easy to describe. No one else in that large luxurious mansion had thought of providing refreshment for the poor little lady, so that, with her very limited means, provision for the way was no small boon.

Not till afterwards did she find that the box contained, besides the sweets still remaining in it, Cozy's early morning biscuit and her favourite Italian glass scent bottle, given her by Lady Amelia. Now she had only time to put her arm lovingly round the child once more and give her a parting kiss as she hurried away; while Cozy reascended the stairs to the nursery, where she peeped through the blinds for a last view of the cab as it slowly disappeared down the street. Then she crept back to bed with a very heavy little heart. It would be so long before she could possibly see Miss Holt again; for even if she went out to the mission herself, as she hoped to do, it would be years and years before she was old enough to do so.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW mornings afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Forester were sitting in the lady's boudoir engaged in conversation, which, to judge from appearances, was not a very agreeable one.

"I told you that you would be ashamed of having her in your drawing-room," Adèle was saying with a sarcastic curl on her lip, as she paused in her occupation of cutting open the latest novel of the season.

"I was not ashamed," began her husband, with unusual display of annoyance.

"You were, though!" repeated his wife; "I particularly noticed, so I know; and you never spoke a word to her all the time."

"Because I never saw her," explained Mr. Forester.

"It is very unlike you to be so blind," retorted his wife with an evil smile, which she generally assumed when teasing her husband. "'None so blind as those who won't see!' I should like to have seen Lady Constance or the Honourable Emily Hopeworth come into your drawing-room and you not see them, or know they were there, when you were in the room the whole time."

"I have told you twenty times that Cozy carried her off upstairs before I knew she had come," persisted Mr. Forester.

"You won't make me believe that," replied his wife, with the same irritating smile.

"Your believing or not makes no difference whatever as to facts," said the exasperated master of the house.

How long the altercation might have gone on between husband and wife it is impossible to say, had not the servant entered at that moment with some letters and the daily papers.

Mr. Forester possessed himself of all that was meant for him, while his wife snatched up the envelopes directed to herself, and for a few moments silence reigned in the room. Mr. Forester's correspondence did not, however, appear to interest him much, for he threw the letters aside, and tore up the envelopes, and then took up the *Times*, glancing his eye carelessly over the leading topics of the day.

Presently something arrested his attention; it was but a brief paragraph, but he read it again and yet again, as if he could not take in the meaning of the words, though they would have been plain enough to him at any other time. Then he turned very pale, and put out his hand to steady himself against the table.

His wife glanced up at the moment, and noticed the sudden change in his appearance. "What is the matter, Reginald?" she asked, sharply; "are you ill?"

"No," he stammered, "but—look at that," and he pushed the newspaper towards her, adding, "I hope it is not true."

She took it, half frightened at his altered looks, and read aloud—"Collision in the Channel. Loss of the *Hopegood*, bound for Africa, with every soul on board."

"Very likely Ann Holt missed her train, and consequently the ship also. You said she was late of starting," said Adèle, quietly enough; but her lips were white, and her fingers trembled violently. The very thought

that anyone she had seen and conversed with so lately having met with such a dreadful fate might well have affected a far less sensitive person than Adèle Forester.

"She was on board, as you will see, if you read further on," said her husband, as she paused.

Adèle took up the paper again, and read what she had not noticed before—the list of passengers on board the ill-fated vessel at the time of the accident. She was very much shocked. To think that she had grudged hospitality, and been, to say the least of it, not very polite to one so lonely as Miss Holt, struck her with keen remorse. At that moment she would have given almost anything she possessed to undo that wretched past. But it was too late now, and she could only dwell on vain regrets, which would haunt her evermore till death shadowed all things.

"I wish I had been kinder," thought the lady.

Alas, that so many omit to do like acts while they have time, and thus let pass golden opportunities of doing good and making others happier.

Reader, every such opportunity comes but once in your life, therefore use it as you will wish to have done when the Great Retrospection Day recalls every neglected opportunity to your mind.

Engrossed by the shock the sudden and unexpected news had given them, Mr. and Mrs. Forester had quite forgotten that they had a listener beside them, the very last they would have wished at such a time.

Cozy had been sitting in the window with a book in her hand, as usual, absorbed in what she was reading, till the mention of Miss Holt's name arrested her attention, and she heard all that followed. With parted lips and dilated eyes she listened to every word, and thus learnt that the kind friend she had so quickly learnt to love had already gone beyond her reach, that she would never see her again, never more on earth. Yet in that first moment of extreme emotion, sweet soothing thoughts came thronging through her mind; all the wonderful things Miss Holt had said about the King and His faithful serving ones.

In child-fashion she took all the story quite literally. "Only to think of her being in the presence of the King of Glory, with a harp to play, and a crown of gold to wear, and the happy angels singing round!" thought Cozy, as she gazed abstractedly out into the bustle in the street below, though she noticed nothing that was passing there.

Presently nurse knocked at the door to summon her for her usual morning walk, and receiving no answer came in to fetch her little charge. Cozy made no resistance. She suffered herself to be led upstairs, and dressed in her plush cloak and bonnet to match, and tiny kid gloves and dainty boots, but with none of the accompanying chatter that was usual to her.

"Dear me!" exclaimed nurse, not knowing the cause of her silence, and rather resenting it. "One would never think you were going to have a walk in the Park with your nice hoop and skipping-rope and retriever, to see you look so solemn as that."

"It is a solemn day, nurse," answered the child, looking up with her great brown, earnest eyes, "for we shall never see Miss Holt again on earth—never."

"Oh, my dear, you must not take such a gloomy, foreboding view of things," said nurse, not a bit understanding (as of course she did not know the facts of the case), but wishing to cheer up Cozy. "Why, Miss Holt will be back again before you think. Very likely the climate out there won't agree with her."

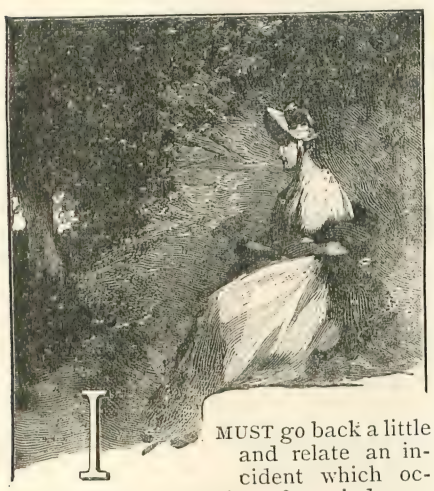
"No, nurse, it is not that," said Cozy, very gravely. "Miss Holt has not gone to Africa to teach the heathen, or help to rescue the slaves, but somewhere much better and happier; for what she was telling us on Sunday has come true to her, and God has called her, and she has gone to stand in the presence of His Royalty."

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER III.

MISS NELLY BURFORD GIVES HER OPINION, AND MISS FLINT ENDORSES IT.



I MUST go back a little and relate an incident which occurred at th beginning of my independent career as a railway clerk at Oakhill Station, and whilst Miss Dorothy Flint was the guest of Mrs. Burford.

I had duly paid the six months' interest owing to my relative; that is, I had left the amount in Mr. Burford's hands for Miss Flint, and had subsequently received a formal acknowledgment thereof, signed by herself. But she had not stepped out of her way to see or speak to the orphan lad who was her own near relation, and I resolved to make no attempt to attract her notice. I heard of her, however, from Nelly Burford.

My little wife of old resembled her father more than her mother in disposition. When Mrs. Burford's fiat went forth that I was no more to be received as a guest under her roof, the girl raised her voice in angry protest.

"Jack has done nothing wrong. Dear old Jack, who has been like a brother to Rose and me, always! It would be a shame to turn our backs on him, and only because he is poor. It is a great deal harder for him too, as he always expected to be rich, and for us to make it worse still by being unkind. It would be a horribly mean thing to do. Everybody would talk about it, for they know how you, mamma, were never right without Jack, and seemed jealous if he went anywhere else. But you cannot mean it. Say you were only joking—do, mamma, dear," added the girl at the close of her vehement appeal, which Mrs. Burford vainly tried to check.

"I am quite in earnest, Ellen," she replied, severely. "You are not qualified to judge in such matters. I must and will keep my children from objectionable society."

"But you always praised Jack, and said he was so truthful and upright and gentlemanly, and that he would be so rich," persisted the girl.

Mrs. Burford's face was aflame at these last words, for Miss Flint was present, and there was a wicked look of enjoyment on her countenance as she calmly took in all that passed.

"Well, there is no question of John Simpson's being rich now," she said. "His reckless gambling father has taken care of that. I have always spoken against gambling, and I consider reckless speculation to be gambling in one of its worst forms. 'Like father, like son,' is a proverb of which every day proves the wisdom. What can be expected from a lad who has had such an example?"

"Why, poor Jack knew nothing of his father's affairs; papa says so. One day he believed that he was heir of Lint Hall, and a great deal of money besides; the next he knew that he could not even go back to school, because his father was dead, and there was nothing left for him."

"We know all that, Ellen. Do be quiet. It cannot be very agreeable to Miss Flint to hear you speak of these things," said Mrs. Burford.

"But I daresay she will like to hear what papa says about Jack. He is your cousin, you know, Miss Flint, though he is so poor. My father says he never saw anyone meet a great reverse so bravely, and that many a grown-up man might learn a lesson from his example. He is willing to work in any way, and he is honest, self-denying, and true. Father says he hopes Jack will live to buy Lint Hall back again."

"He buy Lint Hall back! A likely story!" And Mrs. Burford gave a mocking laugh. "I think if John Simpson had possessed one grain of proper pride, instead of staying in a neighbourhood where his father's doings and his own changed position were matters of common talk, he would have hid himself anywhere, or gone to America or Australia. His presence can only be a source of annoyance to you, dear Miss Flint. It must be a trial to you to think that your cousin is giving out tickets at Oakhill Station."

Mrs. Burford had gone a little too far.

Miss Flint's spirit of contradiction was roused by these remarks, and she answered, in a severe tone—

"Mr. Simpson may have lost his money, but I am not aware that there was anything disgraceful in that. If he had been a speculative rogue, it is probable he would have been a buyer of estates in place of losing his own. It is a great pity that Lint Hall should have gone out of the family, and that my cousin's son should be a railway clerk. But, at any rate, his father risked what belonged to himself, not other people's money, and the lad may turn out all the better man for knowing the value of what he gets, by the work it has cost him. As to proper pride, there is no such thing; pride is detestable always, and if my young cousin Jack had any, he has done a wise thing in pocketing or burying it. Do not suppose that I shall faint, if I see my relative on the inner side of the aperture through which my ticket is handed. Not I. Dorothy Flint has not lived to be sixty without having got over nonsense of that kind."

Mrs. Burford could not afford to quarrel with Miss Flint. She was an important client, a ready payer, for she was satisfied with her lawyer; and who knew but what some of her wealth might flow into the pockets of his children? She could leave it to whom she chose, and why not to the youthful Burfords?

"Still, my dear Miss Flint, it can hardly be a pleasant thing for you to see John Simpson in such a position. Poor relations are not desirable things, as I know by experience, for we have quite a number on my husband's mother's side, and they are always wanting help in some way or other." And Mrs. Burford sighed audibly.

"Ah! they often want a good deal more than they get, no doubt," responded Miss Flint, calmly. "I will tell you a little story for your comfort, my dear. A friend of mine was, like yourself, plagued with applications for help from a crowd of poor relations. He groaned and grumbled every time his letter-bag was opened, and said hard things about his impecunious kindred, whom, however, he did not help. He had been holding forth at greater length and with more than usual bitterness one morning, in the presence of a jovial guest, who was similarly placed to himself. 'I have a remedy for such troubles,' said the latter. 'What is it?' asked the grumbler, eagerly. 'I just say to myself, there are tops and bottoms in every family, and it is better to be at the top than the bottom.' Now this," continued Miss Flint, "is what I say to myself, and I tell the tale for your benefit, seeing it will be more consoling to you than to me. I have but one poor relation, and that is Jack Simpson, and he certainly does not seem inclined to trouble me or anybody else, so long as he has head and hands to work for himself. Instead of coming to me for money, he paid me one pound two and six a short time since, when he had no occasion to do so; reckless youngster that he is! He will know better in time."

"Ah! no doubt he had a motive in paying you that money," rejoined Mrs. Burford.

"I am sure of it," said Miss Flint, with emphasis. "There is great comfort, however, in knowing that I can see through Jack Simpson's designs, and that I can at any time get rid of my only poor relation."

"How?" asked Mrs. Burford. "Do, dear Miss Flint, give me your recipe."

"By giving him as much of my property as would make it impossible to call him poor," was the prompt reply; and having made it, Miss Flint marched off triumphantly to her own room, to write letters.

It was Nelly Burford who told me all this, when we met quite accidentally, one day. She added, "Mamma was vexed at Miss Flint, but she durst not say anything. She never knows whether your cousin is in jest or earnest, and she is terrified of offending her. I know she went on so about you, Jack, because she thought it would please Miss Flint, and then she fancied she had gone too far, and was quite uncomfortable for ever so long after. I was naughty enough to be glad, though it was my own mamma who got the worst of it, as she always does with that clever old lady. It cannot be so very wicked though, Jack, because my father is very fond of you, and never loses a chance of saying kind things about you. He would like you to come the same as you used to do. It is all mamma's fault that you are driven away."

I knew that already, but I did not tell Nelly how much I had felt her mother's conduct. I only said, "It is better so. If I were coming in and out in the old way, I might indulge in useless regrets. The dead past must bury its dead, and Jack Simpson, the clerk, must forget that he ever had any prospects, and try to carve out a future for himself. Tell me one thing. Are you going to live at Lint Hall?"

"No, and I am glad of it," said Nelly. "Mamma wants to go there, but papa is firm as a rock about that. He says our house is large enough and good enough for a country lawyer, and when mamma said, 'Why did you buy the place then? Not to look at, I suppose,' he said, 'To let, until Jack Simpson can buy it back again.' I think he enjoyed the joke, though mamma got quite angry. And now, Jack, I want you to take something from me. My grandfather always gives me a five-pound note on my birthday. I was fifteen last week, and I did think you would have sent me a card."

I interrupted the dear girl to say, "You were not forgotten, Nelly. On your birthday morning I awoke very early, and my first words were, 'I wish Nelly Burford many happy returns of this day. May God bless her, and give her everything to make this new year of life a very happy one."

"I am glad of that, Jack, dear. Thank you. Now, see, I have changed the note, and I have carried the five sovereigns about with me ever since, on purpose for you. I thought I should never meet you, but here you are at last, and you must take the money and pop it into your pocket quick."

I was touched to the very heart as Nelly tried to put the gold into my hand, her bright young face all aglow with pleasure that she had it to offer, and without a shade of regret in thinking of the pretty things it would have bought for her own use.

"Really, Nelly, you are too kind and generous," I said. "Such true warm hearts as yours make poverty delightful, for they show that riches and friendship do not always take flight in company. I cannot thank you as I ought."

"I do not want any thanks, Jack. You will please me best by pocketing the money, and letting me run away as quickly as I can, for fear of getting scolded. I have already been out too long, for I dawdled on the road in the hope of seeing you."

"But, Nelly, dear, I cannot take your money, though the offer of it and this talk with you has made me feel richer than I should be if my pockets were overflowing with gold."

"Oh, Jack!" interrupted Nelly. "I did not think it of you. If it were mamma or Miss Flint who offered it I would not blame you for being too proud to take it. But we have been playfellows ever since we can remember, and since this trouble came I have said to myself, 'Whatever other people may do, I will never change to Jack. I will be a sister to him, and every sixpence I can save he shall have.' And now you say you cannot take the five pounds. Perhaps you think someone will know I have given it you; but they will not. Grandfather Burford bargains that after we are fourteen we shall do just what we like with his birthday presents. He has plenty of money, too, so of course mamma does not contradict him."

"It is not because I am proud, Nelly, but because I am not so poor as you think, that I decline to rob you, dear. Listen."

Then I went into a calculation of ways and means, and proved that I was quite able to pay my way, and expected to save something out of my income.

"Old Betsy contrives wonderfully for me," I said, "and in a few months I mean to astonish Miss Flint by paying five pounds towards the fifty on which I am giving her interest. When the principal is paid, I must begin to save towards buying back Lint Hall," I added, with a cheery laugh.

There was an equal mixture of earnest and jest in this reply of mine. I meant to pay Miss Dorothy in full, and I also intended to save every penny I could, but as to buying Lint Hall back, I never dreamed of that coming to pass.

"I am sorry you will not have this money," said Nelly. "It will do me no good; money never does. It just burns my pocket, and I have seldom anything to show for it, or can tell where it has gone. If you had only taken this I should have felt so happy, and gone on taking care of the pence in future. You would have helped me to be careful, and made saving a pleasure."

"Save part of your money in case I should want to borrow; and be sure you will be the only friend I will ask if I want a loan. Have you kept that sixpence

with a hole in it, and the motto in tiny letters on Her Majesty's cheek?"

Nelly immediately fished it up from the bottom of her pocket, and with it a collection of small articles, very like those which schoolboys delight to collect, and handed it to me.

"I am going to keep it, if you will give it to me," I said; "so never complain that I will not take any money from you."

The girl's face brightened as I attached it to my watch-chain, which, as well as the watch, had been my mother's. Then I said, "Good-bye, Nellie. I cannot tell you how happy this talk has made me; and it will have to last for a long time, but I shall never forget it or you. I should like you to tell Mr. Burford that we have had it. He will say whether you must also name it to your mother."

She promised, and sped away like a young fawn, whilst I went homeward with a slower step and a lighter heart than I had known since I heard of my father's death.

I was quite determined not to meet this dear girl friend again, so long as Mrs. Burford maintained the same attitude towards me, but there was no need for me to pain her kind heart by saying so. I knew she would keep her word, and tell her father of our meeting, so I felt satisfied on her account. She had been less than just to herself in speaking of her spendthrift habits; probably she kept no account of the way in which most of her money went. I fully believe that. But there were poor folk that could have answered for her, and who prayed for a blessing on that young head. Nelly Burford was both tender-hearted and generous, and could never close her ears to a tale of want, or her pocket, if she had anything left to give.

The sixpence she had so cheerfully handed over had a history, and bore an inscription beside the impress given to it at the Mint. Some former owner had taken pains to engrave the words, "Work, Wait, Win," on the smooth cheek of the Queen's likeness. The letters were small, but beautifully clear and legible to anyone with fairly good sight. Who had shaped them we knew not, for Nelly picked up the coin on a field path, when she, Rose, and I were out walking together, a couple of years before. We did not find an owner for it, but judged that it had dropped from a worn link in the chain to which it had been attached. Apart from the inscription, there was nothing remarkable about the coin.

We young people used to call it the "three W's" sixpence, because the tiny capital letters stood out conspicuously, but it was only since the date of my own altered fortunes that I had begun to think about the motto.

"'Work, Wait, Win,'" I repeated to myself. "Those are just the words for me, and I will ask my Heavenly Father to give me strength and will to work, patience to persevere and to wait until, in His good time, He sees fit to reward my efforts."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

AGAIN we have to thank our generous friend C. R. S. for the kind gift of £100, which has been sent direct to the Home. She wishes it to be applied to the training of two girls in the Home at Wanstead for three years, and we earnestly echo the prayer she adds to her request "That, with the blessing of our Heavenly Father, the dear girls may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

From some misadvertence two kind donations were omitted in the last list of subscriptions, printed in the August number. They are "A. E. B.," 5s., and "Mollie," 5s. Should there be any other mistake the Secretary will gladly rectify it. We have also to acknowledge £1 from Gwendoline Howell, Lizzie Judge, and Maud Bass, the proceeds of a small sale of work held by them. They and a few young friends manufactured the articles sold, and their juvenile companions came to buy. They held their miniature bazaar in a garden, and it is easy to picture the pleasure of buyers and sellers, as well as the amount of threepenny-bits expended by the children. The three principals brought their treasure to the Home, and asked to see it. They went over it, were introduced to the Busy Bees of the Hive, were regaled with tea, and must have been well satisfied, since they promised to come again, and do more work in aid of the Institution. They were readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We thank them heartily for their help, as well as the numerous other friends who have sent contributions, either to the Editor of that magazine, or to the Secretary of the Home, at 32, Sackville Street, W. All future contributions should be sent direct to the Secretary, who will in every case acknowledge their receipt.

ANNE BEALE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RICA.—There is the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton, E. In this a home is provided for those who are incapacitated by age or infirmity to earn a living, and industrial training is given to those who might earn it. Some of the inmates are admitted on payment of a small sum for instruction and maintenance, and some free of cost. Address the secretary, 27, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. The Cambridge Higher Local Exams. are held in December and June; fees £1 and £2; Professor G. F. Browne, Esq., Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. Write to him for the prospectus and all other information you require.

ONE ANXIOUS FOR EDUCATION.—We are glad that our paper has stimulated you to improve your education. The cheapest colleges that confer degrees are St. Hugh's College, 25, Norham Road, Oxford—£60 per annum; and Somerville Hall, St. Giles' Road, W., of which the principal is Miss M. Shaw Lefevre—annual expense 60 guineas. You had better write direct to the principals of these colleges for their several prospectuses, and we hope that one of them may supply what you require; and you must judge for yourself as to your preparedness to enter on the course required.

MYSTERY.—The nationality of your father is yours. To leave your present vocation in which through an over-ruling Providence you have been placed, to go to the expense of a training in a new business or profession, would be a risky venture, and unless you had independent means you should beware of so doing.

A. M. C.—Perhaps the Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club would suit you. The hon. sec. is Miss Thoyts, Sulhamstead, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELLA J.—You need never have any difficulty in spelling words like "believe" and "conceive" if you remember this simple rule: "i" before "e," except after "c"; except "seize."

REREDOS.—The ornaments in architecture of which you speak are called "guttæ," from their fancied resemblance to drops, for which "guttæ" is the Latin expression.

ADA.—You ought to be able to ride a tricycle (not "trycicle," as you spell it) with your brother, if you have the ordinary strength of a girl of your age. Those machines on which one rider sits behind the other are called "tandems"; those on which the riders sit side by side are called "sociables."

OLD AGE.—You do not say whether you be a daughter or widow of a clergyman; these may obtain a pension of about £30 or £50 per annum after they have attained the age of fifty, from the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," at 2, Bloomsbury Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. Then there is a Permanent Home for Gentlewomen at 52, Netherwood Road, West Kensington; apply to Miss B. Robertson, 11, Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill, W.; also Belmont Home, for Gentlewomen of Reduced Means—hon. sec. Miss J. A. Keene, 6, Camden Road, Lewisham Hill. Perhaps the United Sisters' Friendly Society would suit you, the object of which is summed up thus:—1. A weekly allowance in sickness. 2. An annuity from the age of sixty-five. 3. A sum of money (£6 or upwards) at death. Address — secretary, Miss Edith M. Maskell, Emmanuel Hospital, S.W.

P. O. A. M. (Canada).—The story you relate has been exaggerated. There are plants, not "trees," that feed on living organisms of the insect world. There are those of the genus *Saacenia*, and those of the genus *Drosera rotundifolia*, which latter may be called the "beef-eater." This extraordinary plant was carefully studied and experimented upon by Mr. Canby (American botanist), and Dr. Hooker relates that when feeding it with small pieces of beef it completely dissolved and absorbed them, and the leaf reopened with a dry surface ready to eat again. Moreover, cheese disagreed with it, turned it black, and finally killed it. It feeds on beetles (the *curculis*); and the fact is established that the fluid is secreted (that destroys and digests the insect), and not the result of the decomposition of the substance which the leaf has seized. Speaking of the *Drosera rotundifolia*, Darwin says that if inorganic substances be placed upon these carnivorous plants, they take no notice of them. Two botanists, Mr. Whately and Mr. Roth, observed that there are hairs exuding a clammy juice on the leaf, which folds over the insect and bends inwards, so that the end of the leaf touched the base. Insects decoyed within the pitcher-shaped leaf of the *Saacenia*, to steal its honey, never come out again, for "the biter is bitten!" The bees, however, are never thus "taken in and done for!" Some of the carnivorous plants are to be found in this country.

LAURA.—The original meaning of the word "shall" was "I have committed a murder;" hence it came to signify "I owe the penalty." Chaucer uses the word "shall" in the sense of "owe" ("By the faith I shall to God," *i.e.*, "By the faith I owe to God"). From this it became significant of simple futurity. The word "can" originally meant "know," and is connected with the word "ken."

OUT OF SORTS.—You should, as far as we can judge of your case from your account, always wear flannel next to your skin. A pill of aloes and iron might help you, or you might take Squire's Chemical Food and cod-liver oil.

A SURREY WATER-MILL.

(*From the Original Painting by* BIRKET FOSTER.)

VOL. XI.—NO. 514.] NOVEMBER 2, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

KATHLEEN AND HER CHARGES.

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CHAPTER V.

AT the moment when Phyllis, wandering in the lanes near St. Petrox, spoke of James O'Kelly, or Kelly, as he wished to be called, he was established in the corner of a railway carriage, half way on the road home to his family and pupils.

He had started that morning from his hotel in what was, everything considered, a well satisfied and serene frame of mind. On the whole, his interview with Kathleen the evening before had not displeased him. It had turned out much as he had anticipated, and he had put matters into train for the future. Knowing something both of Kathleen's character and of her affection for the children, he had not at all expected either to carry his point with regard to them, or that she would accept his offer of a home for herself, until a little experience had taught her wisdom; he therefore was not hurt or offended by her opposition, and in fact was rather pleased with her generous spirit, though it was leading her into absurd difficulties. What would have been quixotic in a sensible man of the world like himself, had something rather attractive, he admitted, in a woman. He liked Kathleen the better for it, although he smiled at the folly of it. There was no fear but that she would see reason by-and-by.

He reflected with satisfaction on the letter which he had written at his hotel the evening before, and posted before he slept—a plain, decided statement for the benefit of old Miss Penelope Leigh, the rich great-aunt, whose clear duty it was to do something for Phyllis and Una, her nearest living relations. It was true that Kathleen had written already, but he could easily imagine the kind of letter that Kathleen would write. Miss Leigh had sent just the sort of reply which might be expected; when she answered his, she would naturally take a different tone. James had a profound conviction that women made a mess of everything, unless they had a man to act as their guide, philosopher, and friend.

He reviewed the state of affairs with regard to the Leighs dispassionately. Everyone had expected Mrs. O'Kelly when she was not an O'Kelly, but a Leigh—her first husband had been a cousin of the same name—to inherit her aunt's wealth. She was her favourite niece and godchild; her first marriage had been entirely satisfactory to the old lady, who, indeed, had forwarded it by every means in her power, and never would listen later to any hint that it had not been a very happy one. There were people, however, who said that in passing from the dominion of Aunt Penelope to that of Philip Leigh, "poor Anne," as a good many got into the way of calling her, had only exchanged one tyrant for another. The second tyranny only lasted a few years; Philip Leigh fell into bad health, and died at some German baths, where his doctor had sent him, rather to satisfy his patient than with much expectation of recovery. The young widow was very sad and lonely and helpless, and the cordial and untiring kindness shown her by Captain O'Kelly, who chanced to be there at the time, was a godsend to her. He had been good-naturedly ready to cheer the invalid, and take him off his weary wife's hands when he could, and Philip Leigh had liked him as much as he ever liked anyone. Now he did all that a friend could in time of trouble; stood between the young widow and many difficulties and perplexities in that foreign land, and finally escorted her and her babies back to England. A year later she married him; sure this time that she had found the kindest of husbands, and one who loved her for herself, not her money. This was true; but he spent it all.

In a moment of penitence for past unkindness, which it was too late to atone for, Philip Leigh willed his fortune unconditionally to his widow. He had never cared much about his little girls; had he had a boy, he would have probably secured his fortune to him. As it was, he left it entirely to the disposal of his wife. And she, blindly trusting in her second husband, let him use it as he chose.

Miss Leigh had never forgiven the second marriage, and the loss of fortune did not render her more placable. James was far from blaming her; he should have felt the same in her place. He thought her perfectly justified in announcing that her niece would never see a penny of her money if she chose to marry the seductive Irishman with nothing but his old name, beggared estate, and two children, but he considered that for the credit of her family, and as the children's great-aunt, she was bound to allow them a maintenance. James would have been much more angry had he known that at the time of the marriage she had gone so far as to offer to adopt Phyllis and Una, on condition that they should be entirely given up to her, but that the offer had been rejected no less decidedly by Captain O'Kelly than by their mother. "I'd as soon sell them for slaves as make them over to that old harridan!" he had exclaimed, and so it ended. The letter declining her offer was the last which passed between Penelope Leigh and her niece. "She will live to repent," Miss Leigh had remarked on receiving it, and then she will find as she has made her bed, so must she lie on it."

In the years which had slipped away since then, Miss Leigh's displeasure had only accumulated and grown hotter. She took the opportunity of speaking her mind when Kathleen unwillingly wrote to her at the anxious desire of Mrs. O'Kelly. Speaking one's mind generally implies saying a good deal which is unpleasant to the hearer, and mostly better left unsaid. It certainly proved so in this instance. If a pang went through her heart a few days later when she read the announcement of the death of her once well-loved niece in the papers, it did not move her enough to suggest any kindness to that niece's penniless children.

"The O'Kellys took them, and the O'Kellys may keep them," she said to herself viciously, and ordered her mourning, for she was not one who chose to set the world talking by any breach of conventionalities, without troubling herself any more about her niece. Even if she could have got over the offence that Mrs. O'Kelly had married again in defiance of her wishes, the poverty and misfortunes which had fallen upon her would have been enough to alienate Miss Leigh. She did not like unprosperous people.

James did not know all this, and he had no personal acquaintance with Miss Leigh, so he was sanguine as to the effect of the letter which he had written so temperately and carefully. As to what would befall Phyllis and Una if they came into the hands of their great aunt, he did not speculate. That lay quite outside the region of his responsibilities. If she chose to make a proper allowance for them, he supposed that Kathleen must keep them, and he must look out for some family where they could all board under proper chaperonage; but on the whole, he hoped Miss Leigh would herself find them some school or home to live in, as it would be more fitting, even if less personally welcome to himself, that Kathleen should live under his roof. It did not occur to him that the children had any special interest in these plans. As Phyllis had said, he was not fond of children, and probably supposed that they could be handed from the keeping of one person to that of another much as if they had been articles of furniture, which could be placed wherever it was most convenient to their owner, with no will or feeling in the matter. Had he thought about it at all, it would have been to reflect that they would be much the better for stricter discipline than Kathleen was likely to give them.

"The pity is, she never had any herself," thought James, recollecting his visits in boyhood to his Irish home, and how the whole household lived in a happy-go-lucky way equally repugnant to him and to his English mother, amid a mixture of extravagance, hospitality, and neediness that he shuddered to recall. "My poor mother's attempts to train her all baffled by my father, and then his second wife being the kind of woman she was."

James would have been exceedingly surprised had anyone told him that Kathleen's stepmother had been the making of her, not indeed by any attempt to govern the high-spirited girl, but by love and patience and an example which the warm-hearted Kathleen was quick to appreciate.

He had got so far in his meditations, and was just rousing himself, and unfolding the newspaper which he had bought on leaving St. Petrox, when he

was addressed by his only fellow traveller. James had only given him a hasty glance when he got into the carriage, a glance which had assured him his companion was a gentleman—he greatly objected to a "cad," as he would have said, as a fellow-traveller — and then forgot all about him. Probably, on his side, the other traveller thought as little about James, until he chanced to notice his name on a Gladstone bag; then he looked quickly from the bag to its owner, and back again, puzzled by the absence of the distinguishing O. There was that odd, unmistakable likeness between James and Kathleen which often stamps the air of kindred upon features the most dissimilar, and on the strength of it he said—

"Mr. O'Kelly, I believe?"

"My name is Kelly," answered James, stiffly.

"The brother of Miss O'Kelly, whom I have the pleasure of knowing?"

"I am Miss O'Kelly's brother," answered James, more stiffly than before, ready to take alarm at Kathleen's knowing anyone of the masculine sex, especially as she had made no allusion to any such acquaintance; but he relaxed when his companion said—

"I daresay you know my name: I am Dr. Netley."

"My sister mentioned that you were attending Mrs. O'Kelly."

James had dropped a little of his stand-off air, but he spoke formally. Dr. Netley glanced sharply at him.

"A schoolmaster," he said to himself.

James was not exactly this, but he had an unmistakable brisk and magisterial air which gave him a professional *cachet*.

"Half brother, I should fancy," as again he noted the likeness and unlikeness to Kathleen, really caused by the one having taken strongly after the English and the other after the Irish side of the house.

"I am afraid your sister will feel the long strain she has been undergoing a good deal now that it is over," he said; "she has had too much to do—the children and all."

"Quite so. The illness seems to have been a very suffering one."

"It was, and much more lingering than I could have thought possible."

"My sister must have had a great deal of responsibility, and invalids are apt to be exacting."

Dr. Netley gave him a look of inquiry and surprise.

"I never saw pain more gently and bravely borne," he said, with some warmth; "I learned many lessons by your mother's sick bed."

"My stepmother," said James. "I suppose nothing more could have been done? I mean that baths or a foreign climate would have made no difference, even if it could have been managed?"

"None at all since I have known her. At an earlier stage, and with entire freedom from anxiety—but even then it would probably have done no more than delay the end."

"I suppose the fellow knows all our family concerns; Mrs. O'Kelly was just the woman to make her medical man her confessor," James muttered to himself.

As it happened, Dr. Netley knew nothing. He vaguely surmised that his patient had been broken down by trouble rather than actual illness, or rather that the one had caused the other.

As he said no more, James found that if he wanted further information he must ask for it, and if his evident ignorance of the details of Mrs. O'Kelly's illness surprised her doctor, James was considerably surprised in his turn to see what a very different idea his companion had got of Mrs. O'Kelly to his own. Dr. Netley seemed actually to admire her, to have been deeply impressed by her fortitude and unselfishness. In the few times that James had seen her, she had always appeared to him a gentle, timid woman, with no particular character, a great deal too much ruled by Kathleen, and foolishly devoted to her husband. He was not in the least shaken in his opinion, but it puzzled him that a man who must have seen her constantly and closely in trying times should have got one so different. On the whole he was glad to have met him, and to have had this conversation. Some perception of how differently he and Kathleen felt on the matter had prevented him from questioning her, rather than the indifference which she had imagined to be the cause, and secretly resented. He was favourably impressed by Dr. Netley, whose name he knew as that of the leading physician in St. Petrox; he thought him well-bred and intelligent. It crossed his mind to wonder if he were married, and whether he admired Kathleen at all. He spoke of her with kind approval, but entire ease, and did not seem at all eager to conciliate her brother. It was not promising, and on the other hand James recollected that in a letter written soon after going to St. Petrox, Kathleen had laughed a little at the doctor whom they had called in, and described him as a "finikin little man."

He was not that, James decided, but certainly he would not be more than half an inch taller than Kathleen. James felt "it would be just like Kathleen" only to think of that. Later, certainly, she had mentioned him with gratitude, but she wrote too rarely and too briefly, too much as a mere matter of business, knowing that this was the light in which James regarded all correspondence, for him to know if she had altered her mind.

Evidently Dr. Netley was surprised to find that Kathleen and the children were remaining at St. Petrox.

"It is only a temporary arrangement," James said.

"Of course," the other had answered, and there was silence until the train ran into a junction. Dr. Netley prepared to get out.

"Good morning! I shall probably soon see your sister. I will tell her I met you." He was in a hurry to catch a branch train.

James looked out across the station. Another train was standing there, and he saw a shabby figure, yet with something of the gentleman, get out. The figure looked familiar—the next instant he knew it, with a start of consternation. Their eyes met; eager surprise and recognition flashed over the stranger's face; he moved hastily to cross the line; a porter stopped him, and sent him back to the bridge at the other end of the platform.

James threw himself into the corner of the railway carriage, very pale. He started again even more than before as a breathless voice at the window exclaimed—

"Have I left my stick here? Thank you—just in time."

It was only Dr. Netley. The train was already in motion: there was barely time to hand out the stick. Before the other traveller had hurried down the bridge, James' carriage had passed beyond the platform. The shabby man stood looking wistfully after it.

James drew a deep breath, and passed his hand over his face.

"I thought he was in Brazil, or —dead."

He did not quite own to himself how much better this would have been. He was not without affection for his father, but all his life he had seen him with critical eyes.

"It will be the old story. What am I to do if he comes to Clevedon? What will my pupils say?" And he winced, quite unaware that every lad under his care would have been delighted with Terence O'Kelly. There never was a boy who did not find him irresistible except his own son.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PURCHASE OF OUTFITS FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

CHAPTER I.

WHETHER our journeys be to the far East, or to the East Coast of England only, the subject of wearing apparel is the first to be considered, for the whole family, beginning even with the master of the house, will certainly require the needful changes of raiment to make their stay enjoyable, and the body comfortable under all the circumstances which may befall them. Whether the journey be long or short, suitable clothes for each member, little or big, must be thought of, and this is, perhaps, one of the really difficult things which fall on the shoulders of the much-tried mother and wife. Of course, if she be well off, she has only to take the money, and order so many of everything and anything, and she runs through her long list of wants with a light heart. The shopkeepers will generally assist her—if she be not a woman of practical knowledge and determination—to a great number of things she does not need, and she will perhaps leave out many things she really cannot manage without, and which have to be supplied in the near future at great expense, and in that hurry of departure which makes even the most careful reckless and extravagant.

But be the outfit Indian, Eastern, Colonial, or only for the English seaside, or a Continental journey, it is well to begin the campaign with a chat with some friend who knows the locality, if possible; then with your father or husband, or whoever manages the financial family matters, so as to find out whether the family wants can be fully supplied, or only partially so, and how much money can be allowed to provide for everything.

It is not easy for men to realise the wants of women and children, so it is well if the wife, mother, or daughter have a dress allowance, and in that case she can go to the fountain-head with quiet confidence, and say, "I can manage with £30, £40, or £100," as the case may be. But this can only be done after a careful inspection of the family wardrobe, and much thought and careful management, so that she can make every shilling go as far as possible. The only practical way to arrive at the real state of things, is to make a list of the existing wardrobe, and another of what is needed to bring the stock for everyone up to the mark of efficiency. A separate list should be made for each member of the family, and a careful account given of the condition of the articles in hand, and of what she thinks will be needed to add to that stock. In case of very long voyages, such as that to New Zealand or to Queensland, the Cape or India, all the old and half-worn things will have to be used for the voyage; and, in most instances, this provision will pretty well exhaust the ordinary clothes in stock, for we no longer have the amount of clothes which our grandmothers thought needful. Many ladies content themselves with half a dozen of everything, and prefer to purchase underclothing as it is needed; never thinking of laying in garments which must be stored up unused in drawers and cupboards, until the very patterns in which they are made become old-fashioned, and the calico yellow and musty, before it comes into daily wear. I have often seen people with underlinen twenty years old, made up at the time of their marriage, and stored up to be carried about as useless lumber ever after. Perhaps if they be methodical people they make a struggle to wear things in turn, which mends matters a little.

The good old days of Indian outfits, of dozens and dozens of underlinen, and hundreds of dresses, seem to have passed away, to return no more. Locomotion and the parcel post, and also improved methods of manufacturing materials, combined with new ways of looking at the sanitary and hygienic questions of dress, are amongst the reasons for this change. The adoption of woollen underclothing for hot as well as cold climates, the use of spun silk for underclothing for men as well as women, and the introduction of the different forms of combination underlinen, have all of them done wonders towards increasing our comfort, and decreasing our thousand cares and worries.

The new rule as regards underwear, which we endeavour to follow to-day, is that of wearing the least amount of clothing possible, combined with the greatest degree of warmth; and where this rule is understood and adopted, and successfully applied to daily life, it will be found the greatest help in all matters connected with outfits. The use of the "combination garment" does away with one garment completely—the chemise—and thus our outfit is simplified at once. So what we have to consider are combinations, corsets, stockings, and petticoats, which would constitute the smallest amount of underclothing we could have. The addition of other articles would be a question of individual preference. For very hot climates, woollen underwear seems to be the safest in every way, and nothing can exceed the beauty of our English manufactures of thin woollen, thin merino, and Indian gauze, which range in price from eight shillings and sixpence to twelve shillings and sixpence each, and which, with care in the mending and in the washing, will wear extremely well.

They should be selected to fit well, but not tightly; as if tight, no allowance is left for shrinking, and consequently they will not wear well, but will fall into holes wherever there is a strain upon them. Fine wool or silk is supplied at most shops for darning them, and also printed directions for washing them. I have found that the ironing is about the most important part to attend to, for they must be ironed while damp, with a cool iron, so as to preserve their elasticity. There are several ways of washing them—the paraffin method answers well; also with borax, or with a little lump of ammonia in the water. A simple method is to make a lather first, by dissolving the soap in hot water, and boiling till quite dissolved and in a lather, using a pound of soap to four gallons of water, or in that proportion at least. (Add two teaspoonfuls of borax if the articles be coloured.) Do not rub the things at all, but simply draw them through the hands, over and over again. Soap should never be rubbed upon them, as it makes all woollen or knitted things hard. Wring lightly at first, then rinse through two, or even three waters, which should be warm; in fact, quite as warm as the original lather, about 90° to 96° Fahrenheit. There seem to be only two or three rules for observance in washing flannels or woollen woven undergarments: Never to wash nor rinse in either hot or cold water, as both of them cause the flannel or woollen to shrink very suddenly, whereby it retains the soap in its texture, and is discoloured, drying like a piece of parchment. Neither should woollens be submitted to great heat when drying, and when possible should be dried in a shady place in the open air. No soap should ever be rubbed on anything woollen, but a hot lather should be employed, and when just warm throw in your woollens, drawing them through the water with your hands, but not rubbing them. The best heat will be what is called "tepid" or "loo-warm."

I have been thus particular in describing the washing of flannels and all other woollens, as it is equally important to a gentleman's clothing as to a lady's; for this is emphatically the day of woollens in every part of dress, and nothing is so annoying as to have a nice suit of tennis flannels spoilt, or some possibly expensive underclothing.

Amongst the valuable suggestions recently made, is the use of fine "Nun's veiling" for either ladies' or gentlemen's underwear. Either in white or cream, it makes beautiful combinations and nightgowns. It is both light and warm, and less heavy than flannel. There is another material called "woollen gauze," also elastic woollen fabrics in various qualities.

All of these make useful garments for the outfit, and good paper patterns for combinations are now very easily procured. In India, needlework is done in each household by the tailor attached to it; but he will always require a pattern to work by, and in most Eastern countries cotton muslins may be found, which have been too little thought of hitherto by Europeans. Some of these, notably those made in Syria and Arabia, and in Turkey, make very pretty and well-wearing frocks. In fact, we are manufacturing the same muslins in England, and many people are wearing them under various names, generally claiming the East as their origin.

It seems best to be guided by common sense in all matters relating to your outfit. In the present day, too large and varied a one is a source of worry only, for there are now few countries where shopping for necessaries cannot be performed quite as cheaply as at home. Illustrated fashion magazines give an idea of what other people look like, so far as the outer woman is concerned; and good paper patterns, as I have said before, are not difficult to obtain.

Some practical suggestions on the outfits now thought needful by the principal firms of tradesmen in the metropolis, may be obtained by writing for their price lists, which may be consulted with profit as to the best things to take, and all the new improvements. As a rule the quantities are far too large, and this may always be provided against. The woman who has habituated herself to wear combination under-garments is, of course, better off than her sister who wears the old-fashioned chemise and drawers, for she has only one garment to think about, and for travel and residence in foreign countries that means not a little additional rest and comfort. There is also a very good nightgown combination, which is most comfortable for hot countries; and, indeed, some ladies in the East have followed the example of their husbands, and adopted a night garment not unlike a bathing-gown, with loose drawers and a jacket, so as to have the advantages of a pyjama. These may be made in some pretty-coloured material, such as batiste, or printed and coloured linens or cottons; and if the trousers be made on the model of the divided skirt—even though in your nightgown—you may be decently visible

when passing from room to room in your needful journeys to the children and their apartments.

With regard to the amount of clothing to be taken, it is naturally difficult to advise where personal circumstances respectively must differ so widely, where climate demands consideration, and where habits of life are quite altered. The social aspects of life also demand consideration, for if you intend to enter into society, you must provide yourself with suitable dress. Tennis also demands a suit of flannels, and so does boating. In this respect a gentleman is much better off than a lady, for his suit of dress clothes is unchangeable, and if made by a good tailor, in a modern fashion, he will be presentable anywhere; and on no journey should he be without it, for it is impossible to foresee the treats he may miss, or the discomforts he may be put to, for lack of it. And it seems to me that an Englishman never looks so thoroughly a well-bred gentleman as in that dress suit which has been so much abused. But for travelling, the Englishwoman is also fortunate, for since the introduction of black lace dresses for both day and evening wear, she can supply herself with a well-arranged skirt, and have two bodices made to it; one for the daytime, and one for evening, and this will take the place of two dresses. This gown, with a well-made black silk, a tailor-made travelling gown, and two or three blouses of foulard and sateen, will, I think, supply all the dress you need, even for a prolonged journey, either on the Continent or elsewhere. For a sea voyage, you would have to add something looser in the way of a dress; perhaps one that will put on and off easily, and yet look pretty and suitable. In my next article I shall enter into the question of "travelling outfits," which usually present a very mountain of difficulties to everybody.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPRESSIONS OF CELEBRATED PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

"THE RIVULET" (ANDANTE OP. 16, NO. 3).

By FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

THIS charming movement has by universal consent been entitled "The Rivulet," and in this case no exception could be taken, even by the most fastidious critic, to a name which is thoroughly appropriate to the character of the music. During Mendelssohn's first visit to England he stayed in Wales, in the house of Mr. Taylor, to whose three daughters he presented these pieces, which are numbered as Op. 16. Their title is "Trois Fantaisies ou Caprices." This one is the last of the set, and is highly expressive of that quaint charm Mendelssohn's first compositions possess. A most harmonious figure winds its way along like a streamlet flowing through a quiet, peaceful wood. We seem to hear the sweet and pure voice of a girl carolling beside the streamlet; presently the voice stops, a mysterious whispering seems to ensue, the girl might sing with the poet—

"Thou hast with thy soft murmur
My senses charm'd away.
What do I call a murmur,
That cannot murmur be?
The water-nymphs are singing
Their roundelays for me."

The strain of the water-nymphs is dying away, and the maiden takes up the former song. At last we lose even the sounds of her sweet voice, and listen only to the harmonious rippling and bubbling of the rivulet. The whole piece is surrounded with an undisturbed serenity and purity, seldom to be met with in such productions. Although small in form, it is great in artistic beauty. It is a musical picture of still life, executed with perfect harmony, elegance, and finish, and therefore not only pleasing, but also highly instructive as a model of composition and a study for performance.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S "INVITATION TO THE DANCE"

is a perfect little musical novel, in which a youth and a maiden may be imagined as playing the principal part. First, the young man approaches humbly and modestly, with his reverential salutation. The young lady returns his greeting with graceful courtesy and a certain maidenly reserve. A quiet and, it may be supposed, a slightly sentimental conversation begins. Soon the young people become better acquainted, and he asks her to dance; she gracefully consents. And now the whole orchestra strikes up the brilliant and splendid valse tune; we hear the bustle and the animation of the whole company, and for awhile our young folks are forgotten. But now we perceive how gracefully and how swiftly she moves along, whilst the partner accompanies her, but with a heavier step. After they have danced the first round there follows a little rest, and then comes that delicious dialogue which so agreeably fills the pauses in the dance, emblematic of those quiet moments in which we snatch a little rest in the bustle and excitement of life. But, who comes here? Alas! is it not the grumbling papa, unpleasantly and perseveringly vigilant, and impatient and dissatisfied at all these whispered words! But good-natured mamma, sympathising with her darling daughter's enjoyment, intervenes with petitions for another round; but the papa is obstinate, and the parents almost begin to quarrel with each other on the occasion, whilst the young people seem quite unconcerned about it, for they are hard at work, dancing again. With full enjoyment the whole company throws itself once more into the dance, and with a grand crash of sound the superb valse reaches its conclusion. The orchestra stops, the young gentleman leads his fair and amiable partner back to her seat, and she, with a graceful courtesy and a much more tender expression than at the beginning, takes leave of him, whilst he walks off with a heavy heart. Two chords sound like two sighs of regret, and the pretty little novel is closed.

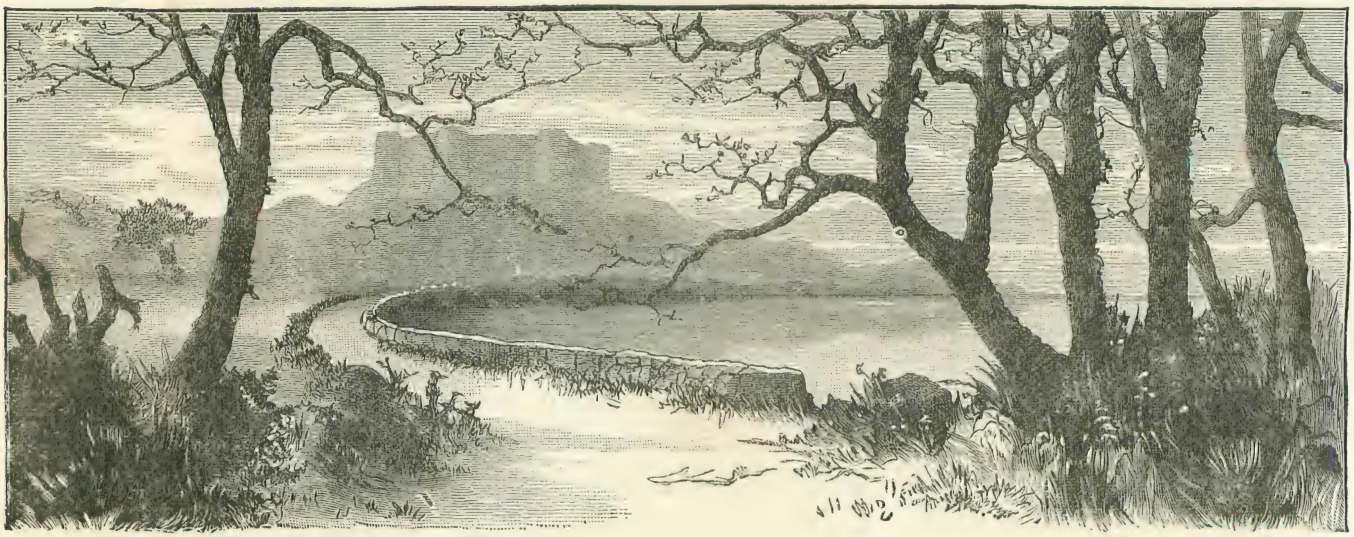
BERCEUSE, BY F. CHOPIN.

In the whole wide range of our pianoforte literature there is scarcely a piece to be found so delicate, so transparent—one might almost say so much like filigree work—as this Berceuse. The melody is simple and short, the bass remains always the same, and yet the piece, actually built on two or, at most, on four bars, does not become monotonous. Chopin appears to have pictured in his imagination a young mother sitting beside the cradle, and gently rocking the couch with its beloved occupant. She herself reclines on her chair, at first humming to her darling a sweet tune. By-and-by the mother dozes, and all kinds of ethereal, lofty and fantastical figures appear to her like a vision. Softer and softer become the movements of the cradle, simpler are the figures which pass in turn before the mother's fancy in her dreaming state; quiet reigns more and more, and at last the cradle stands still: mother and child are alike wrapped in quiet, peaceful sleep.

"LA TRUITE" (THE TROUT) AND "SALTARELLO."

By STEPHEN HELLER.

Stephen Heller has provided amateurs of the piano with a large number of fine, interesting, and romantic compositions; his name must be esteemed by anyone who has to teach that instrument for his beautiful, ever-fresh studies, Op. 16, 45 and 46, which shorten many an otherwise tedious hour, and contribute to make teaching not a work of drudgery, but comparatively an agreeable task. Mendelssohn once wrote to his father, that the room in which Bach's sacred music may happen to be sung is at once transformed into a chapel. It may also be said that the room in which studies of Heller, Cramer, Moscheles, and Chopin are well played and with due expression, we find a pleasant and agreeable abode. Heller has really introduced a philanthropic principle into the work of teaching. As already said, his original pieces, influenced though they may be by Chopin, are treasures, and many precious gems will be found among them. But not only his original pieces have made his name famous: his transcriptions, fantasias, paraphrases, or how they may be called, have become so-called stock pieces, and of these his charming "Truite" and his spirited "Saltarello" claim our earnest attention. The process he has brought to bear upon the construction of these pieces is one well known to those acquainted with the training of trees; it is the system of "inoculation." The branches taken from the gardens of Schubert and Mendelssohn have been grafted upon the tree of Heller; they thrive and bear new blossoms and new fruit. The ingenuity with which Heller set to work is highly interesting and admirable. He takes a little phrase of Schubert in the "Truite," and spins it out into a delightful melody; minor phrases are converted into major, and everywhere with happy effect. The delightful bubbling of Schubert's brook is transformed by Heller into a mountain stream, and new episodes are invented in strict keeping with Schubert's song. By all this Heller has succeeded in transforming an unpretending little song of Schubert's, replete with an indescribable charm of *naïveté*, into a rondo of goodly proportions. With the "Saltarello" he has merely taken the first subject of the last movement of Mendelssohn's so-called Italian Symphony. He is incited to such speed by the facile key of A minor, that we can imagine we almost see the sunburnt Romans and their wild and frenzied dance. The soothing major, invented by Heller, is like oil on troubled waters, but the repose is not for long; the noise begins again, the bustle increases, but this time soon to terminate. We get another glimpse of Mendelssohn: the beautiful clarinet passage from the last movement of the Scotch Symphony is introduced with its quiet melancholy, the triple movement of the Saltarello surrounding it. Heller, as a true musician and clever tactician, profits by this new accession, to bind it to what precedes, and thus to build up an effective Finale, one worthy of a composition full of intellect, and at once stimulating and pleasing.



WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

LINT HALL HAS A TENANT.

As I walked homewards after my talk with Nelly Burford, I half wished that she had not repeated the conversation between her mother and Miss Flint. It never does any good to tell ill-natured remarks to the subject of them, but it vastly increases that individual's discomfort if in the future he is brought in contact with those who have uttered them.

I could not help thinking of Mrs. Burford's wish that I had betaken myself to America or Australia—anywhere, in fact, to be out of sight and reach.

"Would she have furnished the means for such a voyage?" I asked myself. It did not seem to strike her that I might have no choice in the matter, no means to convey me to a far-off land.

The staying on close to Lint Hall, and under such different circumstances, had been one of my greatest trials at first. My earnest desire was then to turn my back upon all that I had known, and to forget, if possible, both place and people.

It was not in my own strength that I battled with my pride, and eventually overcame it, and settled resolutely to my work.

Until I was twelve years old I had been blessed with a praying mother, who, above all else, desired for me that I should be a disciple of the Master she loved and served. From my earliest childhood she had striven to impress on my mind the most precious of truths—God's great love for sinners, manifested in giving His dear Son to show them how to live, and then to pay their debt by dying on Calvary's Cross, to save them from eternal death.

She taught me to think of my own needs, and to bring them to God in prayer. She told me sweet stories of her own young days, and opened her heart to me, as few mothers do to their children.

She was especially particular to tell me about her faults and failures, the good resolutions she had made and broken, the self-dependence which had shown her how weak she was, and sent her to God in penitence and prayer for pardon.

She told me that she had often been unthankful, and murmured when she ought to have been praising God for His goodness. She related little stories of her own young life, with its joys and sorrrows, and showed me how these last had affected her when they happened, seeming hard at first, and tokens of God's displeasure. Then afterwards, by the clearer light of God's Holy Spirit in her heart, she had been led to see that these trials had been marks of love, not of anger, and she learned to trust Him more, and grieve over her own want of faith.

As a child, I thought my mother better than anyone in the world, and yet she was so unlike most parents. These generally told their children how good they had been when they were young, and held themselves up as patterns of perfection. My mother spoke of her faults, and of God's great goodness in showing her how sinful she was, and her need of the Saviour He had provided for her.

She bade me listen whilst she told how Jesus spoke and acted, how meek and loving He was, how obedient to His Father's will; and said the more I strove to be like Him, and prayed for the Holy Spirit's help to follow Christ's example, the happier I should be.

On the last day of her life she said, "Jack, my one darling child, I want you to know that, even in this time of trial, I rest on God's love in Christ Jesus. Only He knows how hard it is for me to leave your dear father and you, but He will show me yet that all He does is well done. Trust in Him. We shall meet again."

How often my dear mother's words and teachings came to my mind at this time would not be easy to tell. It was especially when I went to my own little room, and lay wakeful on my bed, that I almost felt as if she were present with me.

The feeling was a natural one, because from the time that I had a room to myself, adjoining hers, she never missed a night, when at home, in coming to sit by me and talk with me. Lying in the darkness, I holding her dear hand between my little palms, what talks we had, what confidences!

I was not only her boy, I was her small friend, whom she trusted with everything suited to my comprehension, and likely to teach or interest me. Up to the time of her death she used to say, "My Jack never betrayed a trust, never broke a promise, never told his mother an untruth; and I believe he has no secrets from me."

Secrets! No. It was my happiness that my mother was always ready to listen; that nothing concerning her boy was too trivial for her attention. I gloried in being her little confidant; I

bared my inmost thoughts for her to read; I loved her with a depth of affection which made me dread the thought of giving her pain; and I shall ever say, that if all mothers were like mine, sons would find it difficult indeed to be deceitful or disobedient.

Thinking of my mother, I was naturally led to think also how it was that she differed from others, and to cherish and act upon her advice.

The account of her experience was of great value to me, because she had told me about her troubles at different periods of her life. Also how, in later days, she had seen that they were blessings, though disguised, and that God's goodness was often shown in denying rather than in granting the prayers of His children.

In my solitude, after my father's funeral, I had prayed, with passionate pleading, and without one thought of submission to God's will or faith in His wisdom and goodness, that I might find work at a distance from my old home; that my lot might be cast where my story was quite unknown, so that none might look on me, either with pity or contempt, as the penniless lad who had been but the other day spoken of as heir to a fine estate.

The answer to my cry was this railway clerkship, close to my old home, and amongst those to whom my life's story was fully known. Yet before six months had passed I was acknowledging, with a thankful heart, that God knew best, and had in very kindness given me the opposite of that for which I craved.

The work was such as I could do well, and, thanks to my painstaking study at the outset, I already had it at my finger ends. At the twelvemonths' end I should have a rise of five pounds, or "perhaps," said Mr. Edelston, "a removal to a more important station."

He thought this latter prospect would be delightful, but he was mistaken. There was nothing I now dreaded so much as being removed from Oakhill. I had met with such unexpected kindnesses, I knew that I had faithful friends in Mr. Burford and Nelly, though I avoided the latter and never sought the lawyer's presence unnecessarily, and I felt very happy beneath Jabez Harwood's roof.

Old Betsy's economy was truly wonderful, and her devoted kindness knew no bounds. She had been cook in a good family as a girl, and I can well imagine that she was an artiste in her line, for my humble meals were served in such an appetising way, that I never found myself hankering after daintier dishes.

When the 26th of January came round, I looked into my accounts with great satisfaction. I made a practice of putting down every penny I spent, and found with no small amount of boyish triumph that I had not touched my salary. I had lived on the sum set aside for the purpose out of my interest, and had never been in better health in my life. I was, moreover, in a position to pay Miss Dorothy's six months' interest, and if she would accept it, ten pounds as an instalment towards the principal sum of fifty.

It gave me special pleasure to think that I should make this payment out of my actual earnings, and that I could prudently part with the money, because I had just received the half-year's interest on my own little capital, and I had saved my wages week by week.

I was very boyish about my money, and very foolish too, for I kept it in the cottage, and took a great delight in seeing it grow. Not an avaricious pleasure, because I looked forward to paying it away, and for no return, except the happiness of knowing that in time Miss Flint would be unable to say that she had lost fifty pounds through lending it to her cousin.

It relieved me to find that she was willing to take this first instalment, though Mr. Burford growled over the writing of a receipt for it, and censured her for taking and me for paying it. "She has no claim whatever upon you, Jack," he said. "If she were a poor woman, I could understand her willingness to pocket this ten pounds. Under present circumstances, it is simply monstrous for you to offer, or her to receive it."

Words which sounded very much like "Old cat" issued from the professional lips of Mr. Burford, who had quite a vicious look on his usually sedate countenance, as he handed me the receipt.

"It is so much waste paper, Jack," he remarked, "and for a sensible lad, I am bound to tell you that you are an arrant simpleton in this matter, and I have no doubt Miss Flint thinks so too. If you have any idea of advancing your interests with her, by denying yourself common necessaries to pay what you do not owe, you will find yourself mistaken. She is too good a woman of business to think the better of you for it."

I felt my face flush at these words, and was very nearly answering sharply. But I conquered my rising temper, and said quietly, "The receipt is not waste paper to me, though in regard to law it may be. As to Miss Flint, whether she ever bestows a thought on me or no, I care not. I shall never throw myself in her way, or ask anything at her hand. I am sorry that you, Mr. Burford, should misunderstand my motives in paying Miss Flint."

"Do not look so hurt, Jack. I was only teasing you a little. I could not imagine you capable of doing right from a selfish motive. All the same, I grudge the money, call you a simpleton, and am angry at Miss Flint. Let us turn to something else. You have not asked after Rose and Nelly. Have you forgotten your old playfellows?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Burford, though I suppose I ought to try, as I am sure their mother would like them to forget me. I hope they are well."

"Quite well. Nelly told me about seeing you and wanting to give you her five pounds. Also that you will no more be beholden to the daughter than to the father."

"I am glad she told you. Dear, kind Nelly, she promised me she would. I am very grateful both to her and you, and if I needed help I would ask it from no one else. But you see for yourself that my means are enough for my wants, and bread earned by one's own labour tastes sweeter than the loaf given by charity, however kind the hand that offers it. You were my true friend when you obtained me the post I hold, and became my security to the company."

"Pooh! that was nothing. I ran no risk in guaranteeing Jack Simpson. You have to go. Well, what message shall I take to Rose and Nelly?"

"None, thank you, Mr. Burford."

"None! then if I give you an invitation to pay us a visit you will not accept it."

"I will when I am ready to buy back Lint Hall."

"You are incorrigibly proud, Jack," said Mr. Burford. "I cannot blame you, though. I never relished the cold shoulder business, and that it should have been offered to you has been a source of pain to myself. I have something to tell you about your old home. It is let, furnished."

I knew from Nelly that Mr. Burford had resisted all his wife's entreaties to remove thither, and that the house, furnished as in my father's time, had remained in the hands of caretakers, put in by the lawyer to whom its contents belonged; also, I was naturally curious to know who was going to occupy it, and in answer to my inquiry, was told "Miss Flint." "Yes, Jack, your venerable cousin has taken the hall as it stands, for three years certain, as I judged you would not be prepared to repurchase before the end of that time. Miss Flint wanted to buy the estate, out and out, but I told her I had promised to keep it for you, and would never sell it to anyone else until a reasonable time had elapsed; so she took the house instead. Just a word more, my boy. Tell me if there is any article of furniture you would like to have, and I will send it to you. Do not answer now. Think it over and write to-morrow. Be off. No thanks," and with a hearty shake of the hand I was dismissed.

There was one article I longed to possess, but as I looked around my little parlour and the larger house-place at the cottage, I decided that it would take too much room, otherwise I should have asked for it. It was my mother's piano, but being a grand, it was out of the question. I sighed as I said to myself, "If it had only been a cottage we could have found a place for it, and on glass supports it would have taken no harm on the red-tiled floor."

My mother was a true musician, and I shared her gifts in this respect. Until my father's death, my taste for music had been indulged to the utmost, and by dint of careful teaching, and painstaking on my own side, I had become a fairly good player both on the piano and organ. The greatest privation entailed on me by my poverty was the inability either to continue my lessons or to keep up my practice, and Mr. Burford's kind offer gave me an additional pang, because, while longing to accept it, I was obliged to refuse.

I did not, however, tell him what I should have liked to ask for when I thanked him for his kindness, or I might have better understood what followed.

(*To be continued.*)

"I BEGAN TO WRITE A NOVEL."

DOING GOOD.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

THE sun looked down on the night's dark frown;
"I must do good," said he;
So he scattered the gloom with a beautiful smile,
And woke up the birds with a song;
And gilded the waves round our snug little isle,
And called forth earth's labouring throng;
And did it so merrily, brightly, and gaily,
That all fairly loved him, and bade him work daily.

The earth awoke as the morning broke;
"I must do good," said she;
So she yielded the wealth of her deepest mines,
And her gushing crystal springs;
And creeping mosses, and lofty pines,
The corn, and all useful things;
Doing good as she travelled in her wide orbit over,
Doing good unto all, a benevolent rover.

The wind came out on a merry rout;
"I must do good," said he;
So he stripped the dead branches that hung in the trees,
And hurried the ships from the Downs;
And breathed on the sick ones a health-giving breeze,
And scattered the smoke from our towns;
And did it with never a groan or a grumble,
A spirit highflying, yet lowly and humble.

The clouds came forth with a frown of wrath;
But "We must do good," said they;
So they fell on the wounded and new-cut grass,
And sprinkled the wayside flowers;
And no tiny weed in the ditch would they pass,
Giving freely their bountiful showers;
And the gloom in the giving was changed into gladness,
While sunshine succeeded the shadows of sadness.

My heart looked up from its pleasure-cup,
"I must do good," said I;
I can scatter some gloom with a generous smile
Some harvest my soil will bear;
I can bathe the flowers, rough feet defile,
To some bark be a fleet-wind fair;
Doing good for His sake, who is saving and blessing,
Doing good through His goodness, His favour possessing.

CORRESPONDENCE: A DISAPPOINTING STORY.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS staying in the country with my maiden aunt, Miss Rebecca Carton, when the romantic experience began of which I am going to write.

I was then about seventeen, and very inexperienced in the ways of the world, having gone from boarding-school to the little village where Aunt Rebecca lived, in the hope that before "coming out" I might gain a little strength and colour from country air and a quiet life. Not that there was very much the matter with me; but I was constitutionally delicate and too excitable, and my father thought a change and the society of Aunt Rebecca would be good for me in more ways than one.

Aunt Rebecca I can describe briefly as a practical, most worthy, strong-minded lady, prim, and very old-fashioned in her notions, with the perfect digestion and equable temper so fast vanishing from our midst, and with that fine contempt of anything in the way of sentiment and poetry which is always found in people devoid thereof.

Of course Aunt Rebecca and I had not an idea in common (although, in her opinion, a girl of my age had no right to ideas at all, in which, of course, I did not agree with her), for I was everything that Aunt Rebecca was not, and in my own eyes immeasurably superior to that lady, whom I considered, with the calm conceit of green youth, quite incapable of understanding me. Indeed, when shortly after my arrival I proceeded to enlighten her with some of my opinions, she regarded me through her eye-glasses with a smile of contempt, and bade me not to be a fool.

It was the end of autumn, and as I could not be out all day, and my aunt and I had so little to say to each other, I began to feel unutterably dull and depressed. There were hardly any books to be had, and those of the dryest imaginable sort—novels, and indeed all descriptions of light literature, being regarded by my relative with the liveliest horror. Not that she ever read them. She would not have condescended to feed her brain on such "trash," being like a good many other people, in that she had a superstition against the unknown, which was therefore the undesirable. She had been brought up to abjure fiction, and hence there was no doubt in her mind that fiction ought to be abjured.

Consequently after reading and re-reading my own few books, after looking at the covers of the volumes with the musty smell, bequeathed to Aunt Rebecca by her father, I began to pine for something fresh.

The society around us was scarce and slow, consisting of a few gossiping people who might have been interesting, but whom I pronounced at once as all, more or less, dull, dingy, and disagreeable.

If my dear father wished me to become a little less imaginative and more practical, he was certainly setting the wrong way to work.

Thrown in upon myself amid these uncongenial surroundings, with not enough to do and nothing to occupy my mind, I became morbidly introspective and self-conscious; and since the world around me did not satisfy me in the least, began to create a world of my own, peopled with beings gifted with what then appeared ideal qualifications, among whom, of course, I played a prominent part. What a world that would have been could it have been realised; the inhabitants of which were all so lofty, sad, brilliant and unpractical, that while they poetised and lamented and built castles in the air, there would have been no one to get them bread and butter had they condescended to be hungry! Poor wretches of my imagination, what a good thing you never existed!

I began to write a novel. The heroine of this (myself, of course) was misunderstood, her motives misinterpreted, her beautiful and grand nature thrown away upon common surroundings. This heroine told the story herself, and many were the wailings she made to sea and sky concerning humanity and the lot of noble souls; generally, by the bye, attired the while in floating draperies, and with her unbound hair blown about her by the wind. (What an uncomfortable position!) She fell in love, equally, of course, with my (then) ideal, a wonderful but poetical prig, and many and long were the discussions, chiefly metaphysical, in which these kindred souls indulged. A cruel fate separated them, but in the end, after various troubles, they were to be united.

But long before I had reached this point, for I could only write at odd times in my room, a new interest came into my life.

One day I went into the village to buy some paper on which to continue my story. The place where I bought this—and very dear it was—I shall always remember, because it was so thoroughly peculiar. It was, in fact, a general shop, small in dimensions, but containing a great deal of matter, and with that general-shop smell with which we are all familiar—*mille-fleurs* shall we call it? A thousand conflicting scents strove for mastery, but wood and ham prevailed. In this little shop friendly relations were established between bacon and treacle, candles and toffee; on the counter, soap and sugar nestled close together, and butter and writing materials, combs and lard met on terms of equality. The golden age was here reigning, and things of the most

diverse nature lay down together, too close for the peace of mind of the future purchaser.

When I went in this emporium was empty. My mind was full of my next chapter, wherein the hero, under the spell of moonlight and accompanied by the song of the sad sea waves, confesses his love for the beautiful heroine, so that I did not mind waiting a minute or two before knocking on the floor or coughing aggressively, which was invariably needful before one could be attended to, as the owner of the shop generally sat in the back parlour and slumbered, and his wife was afflicted with deafness. But having satisfactorily finished the chapter in my own mind, I banged my umbrella forcibly on the floor, and while waiting for someone to come in answer, began to look about me.

There was nothing of great interest among the heterogeneous contents of the shop, and I had coughed and knocked at intervals a little wrathfully, and was at last on my way to tap at the parlour door, when my eye was attracted by a book lying on an inverted barrel at the back of the shop. I noticed it more particularly because it seemed out of place there, and looked, unlike anything else, new. It had a pretty blue cover, and on it was written in silver letters—

A FIRST ILLUSION.

A Novel.

By Harvey Grey.

Of course I snatched it up immediately and opened it at the end. I read the last page. It was evidently a sad story. Then I turned over the leaves and read little pieces at random. It seemed most interesting. Finally, perching myself on the barrel, I began to read in good earnest.

It was very exciting, and there were passages descriptive of character and feeling, which seemed to me wonderfully true. The hero was somewhat like my own. Carried away by the unwonted enjoyment of this luxury, a novel, I read on oblivious of time and place, and it is probable that darkness alone would have stopped me, had I not been disturbed at last by the opening of the door, and the entrance of the old woman of the shop, followed by a middle-aged and, for that part of the world, fashionably-dressed woman.

I started, and dropped the book on the floor.

"Dear!" exclaimed the old woman, surveying me as I sat ashamed on the barrel, red with excitement. "Dear! if it ain't the young lady as lives with Miss Carton!"

"I beg your pardon," I gasped out, forgetting to shout, "but I came to buy something, and there was no one in the shop, and I saw this, and I began to read it." And I stooped to pick up the book.

"Oh!" said the younger woman; "did I leave that in here? I knew I had laid it down somewhere."

"Is it yours?" I asked, grudgingly holding it out to her.

She took it silently, while I, feeling small in the extreme, went up to the old woman and called out, "I want some paper."

"That's my daughter," said she, with a glance of pride at the stranger, and evidently labouring under the idea that I was inquiring who she was. "My only daughter, as is maid in a fine Lunnon family, and she's come down to see her poor old mother afore I go."

"Oh," I said, and, not knowing what else to do, smiled at the daughter.

"I've come down to stay a day or two with the poor old woman," she said, "and I brought this with me to read in the train, and if you wouldn't be above taking it, miss, you are welcome to go on with it."

"Oh, I should be glad," said I, eagerly. "Thank you so much. I will bring it back to-morrow, or the next day at the latest."

"It is not a bad book," she said, as she gave it me.

"I think I'll leave the paper till I bring it back," I said, knowing how long it took to find anything in the shop, and mindful of my long absence. I ran home quickly, afraid of questions as to what had detained me so long, and slipping upstairs into my own room, put away the book, and managed to be in the dining-room in time for tea.

CHAPTER II.

Immediately after tea I intended to slip off, but Aunt Rebecca produced her knitting and bade me do likewise, and we sat working more or less silently for an hour, I inwardly fuming, until fortune favoured me, and Aunt Rebecca began to nod, at first occasionally, bringing herself back to consciousness by an energetic jerk, and a glance in my direction to see if I were noticing; then more regularly, until at last I saw her knitting fall in her lap, and she began a series of gentle snores. Never was sweeter music to my ears. It meant release, for the dear old lady would probably sleep till prayer time.

I laid down my work and crept away.

I lit a candle, and, laying the volume on the table by its side, I knelt down and gave myself up to the stolen delight of reading, till the striking of a clock warned me of the flight of time, and I reluctantly closed my book, put it under my pillow, and went back to the dining-room, where I found my aunt still asleep. I resumed my knitting—my thoughts were with the unfinished novel, to which I was longing to return.

People who can get any number of books, and to whom novels and magazines have become as necessary and as natural as daily bread, can have no idea of what this forbidden pleasure was to me all those years ago when I was not initiated into the mysteries of love stories. This was not at all a bad story, and certainly not immoral, but with just a spice of some kind in it which made it piquant to my uneducated palate. It dealt with the fortunes of a young man, Byronic, gloomy, and fascinating, and married to a woman who could not, would not, or at any rate did not, sympathise with him and his notions (poor thing! and no wonder); and there was, of course, a beautiful, fortunate, and virtuous maiden who could so sympathise, and who loved him, and whom he loved in vain.

It was this girl who appealed to me most; for, with the exception perhaps of the beauty, it seemed to me that in her I could recognise myself. Her nature, her aspirations, her regrets, her indefinable longings, were they not all my own? And should not I, too, have attempted a Platonic friendship with, and have ended by loving the gloomy hero? I dropped a tear on my stocking at the thought.

I was roused from my meditations by Aunt Rebecca's voice.

"I suppose you think I have been to sleep," she said.

"I don't know," I faltered.

"Well, I have not. I only closed my eyes. I knew you were sitting there all the time."

And I really believe she thought she was telling the truth. At any rate, I did not think it worth while to undeceive her.

"It is a great pity you are so dull, Minnie," she said then. "I never knew a girl of your age with so little to say for herself. It really would not be surprising if I had gone to sleep."

"I am generally supposed to have plenty to say," I said, indignantly.

"Plenty? Quantity, but not quality. A lot of nonsense. I'd rather you didn't speak at all. Ring the bell, and we will have prayers."

I went up to bed with a joyful heart, shut my door, and once more sat down to the feast. I read on till my candle burnt itself out. There were only about four chapters to finish. I undressed in the dark, and got into bed as the clock struck twelve.

The next morning as a consequence of this I overslept myself, and got down late for breakfast. When one oversleeps oneself the whole day always seems to go wrong, and I had a miserable foreboding that such would be the case with me as I sneaked down to breakfast, pecked Aunt Rebecca's cool cheek, and sat down opposite her to my plate of lukewarm porridge.

"Why are you late?" asked my aunt; and when I answered, "I overslept myself," nothing more was said; for there were two wise unwritten laws in that house: No discussion of disagreeable subjects should take place at meal times, and when a thing was inevitable it should not be alluded to again. In some households the ghosts of trivial troubles are never laid to rest, but are reserved to be trotted out at inopportune times, and generally make their appearance at meals—the worst time, because there is no getting up and running away from them.

Being late was a heinous crime in the sight of my punctual relation, but since I had pleaded guilty, and no amount of lecturing would do any good, to my relief she dropped the subject.

But, alas! the questions I had dreaded I was doomed to hear. On her way upstairs something induced Aunt Rebecca to go into my room, and there, by an evil chance, her eye fell upon my empty candlestick. She remembered—what did she not remember?—that yesterday I had a fresh candle, and the circumstance struck her as suspicious. She called me up to her.

"Minnie," she said, regarding me with the keenest, brightest, not-to-be-escaped-from eye, "what have you been doing with your candle?"

"Burning it, Aunt Rebecca."

"Don't be flippant."

I had not the least intention of being so. Are we so unaccustomed to truth that the mere accurate statement of a fact is so often construed thus?

"Why did you use a whole candle? It is impossible you can have burnt it while preparing for bed."

"I came up in the evening, too."

"Why, you were with me."

I was silent. I dared not accuse her of having slumbered.

She, too, perhaps wished to avoid that subject, for she continued hastily, "You cannot have gone straight to bed."

"No, I didn't."

"My dear child, how often am I to impress upon you the evils of late hours? Surely you have time enough to yourself without sitting up. What were you doing?"

"Reading."

"Exceedingly dangerous. You might set the house on fire if you fell asleep and left the candle burning. May I ask what you were reading?"

"A book."

"Of course. Don't attempt to be funny. I imagine that you were reading it up here, because you knew I should not approve of it if you brought it downstairs. Let me see it."

I trembled. Ths book was harmless enough in my eyes, but would it be in those of Aunt Rebecca, suspicious as she was by the fact of my having concealed it?

"Let me see it," she repeated.

I opened a drawer and produced it.

Aunt Rebecca looked at it, sniffed, read a line or two here and there, muttered "rubbish," and stalked out of the room with it.

"What are you going to do with it?" I gasped.

"Destroy it," said she.

"But, Aunt Rebecca, it isn't mine."

"Whose is it?"

I related where I had found it.

"Borrowing trash from servants. Worse and worse. I shall send it back to-day."

"Let me take it."

"Certainly not. You will be reading it on the way."

Such was my design.

"But, Aunt Rebecca, I have nearly finished it. There are only four chapters left. I may just as well see how it ends."

"Because you have eaten something injurious, and there is a bit left on your plate, is that any reason why you should finish it, when you have been told it is bad for you? Body and mind are analogous."

I could not stay to argue this. I was much too intent on getting back my book.

"But I shall think much more of it if I don't see how it ends," I said, "and really there is no harm in it."

Aunt Rebecca answered not, but she went into her bedroom and shut the door, and I knew appeal was useless.

Ten minutes afterwards she marched out of the house with the book under her arm.

All hope was gone.

I am not ashamed to say I wept.

(*To be continued.*)

CONSIDER YOUR BLESSINGS.

SAID a kindly disposed person to an unlucky young fellow, who was bitterly bewailing his fate in having lost his foot in a railway accident—

"Come now, Brown, things might be worse. Young Smith, who was in the compartment next to yours, not only lost his foot but the leg to it as well, and the doctors say his sight is so injured that it's more than doubtful if he will ever see again."

The well-intentioned consoler probably thought his suffering friend rather perverse, because he did not derive all the comfort from the enumeration of Smith's more serious injuries which might have been expected. And yet, anyone who knows anything at all about the art of consoling, would agree that the great thing is not so much to dwell upon other people's greater misfortunes as to draw attention to one's own remaining blessings.

"That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

In times of tribulation, indeed, there is no better course than to sit down calmly and give oneself up to the consideration of one's blessings. That other people are worse off than oneself is not a matter for satisfaction—it simply intensifies the general sense of gloom which has gathered like a pall round the sufferer, making him feel that pain and sorrow are so much the rule, that it is unlikely life will ever hold any more joy for him. Whereas, to point to something in his own case which he really knows to be a good, and knows, too, is accepted as such by others, is to give his mental vision the necessary focus, and to make him see the good as well as the evil in his lot.

And that philosopher of Nature, who thanked Allah with unfeigned devotion when the fine figs he had presented to an Eastern monarch were flung by that playful despot at his unoffending head, did not salve his mortified feelings with the reflection that a peasant from his village had lately been flayed alive. Rather did he congratulate himself on the lucky chance which had made him bring figs and not cocoa-nuts.

Sweet it may be, as the ancient poet puts it, to sit in the harbour and watch from afar the shipwreck of others; but when one is shipwrecked oneself, the sight of some twenty other persons clinging to spars will not afford half as much consolation as the consciousness of a cork jacket round one's own body. This, at least, was the feeling of the sailor, whose history is given by Goldsmith in one of those charming essays of his contained in the "Citizen of the World." With a wooden leg, four fingers missing from his left hand, and a wound through his breast which troubled him constantly, he was yet able to find satisfaction in the thought that he enjoyed good health, and that he knew of no enemy but the French and the Justice of the Peace.

The author of "Earth's Many Voices" had a keen appreciation of the sunny effect upon character of considering our blessings, when in one of her tales ("The Little Londoner"), she tells us how a poor crippled child was brought to cheerfulness by this very means. He was sad and downhearted because a few weeks' delirious happiness in the country had drawn to a close, and it was the day of his return to his poverty-stricken town home. "There are many worse off than you, Tim," said his hostess, "though you may scarcely think it. But that is hardly what I wanted to say," she added, presently. "What I should like you to see, is how much you still have, however badly off you may be." Then she told him how once, soon after the death of her husband, when she was entering upon some of her foolish, nay, her wicked and thankless regrets, her boy had taken a piece of paper and had said he would write out a list which would show how rich they still were. She showed Tim the list. There were two columns, the first headed, "What good things mother has;" the second, "What good things I have," and at the top of the mother's list stood "Me!" and at the top of the son's list stood "Mother!"

"The boy's own list was an exceedingly quaint one, and touching in its quaintness. Not merely the general comforts of home and food and clothing; but also his especial little treasures and pleasures, even to a favourite flower in the garden. One very touching entry was, 'The use of my hands,' not a word of complaint about the lost use of his feet. Tim read down the list silently and carefully; he found that it extended over the leaf and nearly down to the end of the next page; and then he saw last of all, and right across the bottom of the page was written, 'And if we lose all these, we still have God and heaven.'"

One can quite understand how the little Londoner took the gentle lesson to heart, till he lost much of that fretfulness which both to the sufferer and those around him makes suffering so much worse than it need be. The true method of consolation had been inculcated during that brief holiday period by the wise, tender-hearted woman who had harboured him, and it was, thanks to her, that the child's mother could say later on of him, "There is never so much as a gleam of sunshine comes into the house, but down it goes into a list he keeps of not how little we have, but how much."

Depend upon it, the "how much" is infinitely better to keep before us than the "how little." The endeavour to make light of trials, which at the moment we can not but feel heavily, is worse than futile. The attempt to extract comfort from other people's greater sufferings is also of very little practical value. The proper plan is to let one nail drive out another—in other words, to make a fresh set of feelings neutralise the morbid brooding discontent which continued thought about our troubles is apt to engender. And this is done by directing our attention specially to some fact which brings in its train a whole host of pleasurable emotions, and so pushes into the background those other less desirable ones.

For feelings are very much like actors on the stage; a great many of them may be on at once, but they can't all be listened to and scrutinised at the same moment. Now one couple or trio comes forward and takes the stage, and now another, and while these are attracting our eyes and ears, the others are comparatively neglected.

Let the cue then be given for our blessings to be marshalled before us, and our misfortunes will no longer be able to engross our attention.

A young girl, for instance, feeling keenly the absence of pretty things at an age perhaps when it is most natural that personal adornment should seem desirable, does well to remember that she has a slight lissome figure, which even ugly garments unfashionably cut cannot make ungraceful. She should take pleasure in the freshness of her complexion, and then by a gradual transition she may rise to higher levels of consolation, may think of the proud, admiring father who glories in his pretty daughter, shabby frocks notwithstanding, and of the tender, hard-worked mother, who turns her old silks and wears mended gloves, in order that her daughter may have a becoming summer hat and dainty gloves to wear at the garden party to which she has been asked.

The millionaire's wife again, who, reduced to poverty by sudden reverses of fortune, finds that she is no longer included in her warm-weather friends' dinner invitations, but is asked only to their more ordinary and less coveted social functions—she, I say, will do well to console herself with the thought, that some staunch friends have rallied round her, to whose kindness there is no end. She will even be wise to cultivate cynicism to the extent, at least, of saying that misfortunes do indeed rob us of friends, but that she, more lucky than many, has still some leal and loyal ones left, to keep alive her faith in the goodness of human nature.

When Mrs. Midas forgets to ask her to that charming annual expedition to Taplow, always got up in honour of the plutocrat's birthday, she should resolutely refuse to dwell on the incident, but should by preference recall the delicate tact and genuine kindness of Mrs. Littlemouse, who had on several occasions during the season placed her carriage at the disposal of her friend, urging her to go a good round of visits in it, because the horses needed exercising, and she herself was unable that afternoon to go out.

Re-illuming the glow of gratified feeling with which this graceful offer had been accepted and appreciated, the ex-millionaire's wife can bear with cheerful indifference the lame and lumbering excuses of Mrs. Midas for not asking her this year as usual; and can present such an equable front to the world, that people will be heard wondering how it is that she bears her losses so well, and why these have not made a soured, embittered woman of her, as they do of so many. And when it dawns upon them that the pleasing fact is due to her carrying out the maxim, "Consider your blessings," it may occur to them that they also may, with advantage to themselves and to others, act upon the precept, and so increase the stock of cheerfulness in the world.

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THERE are few women and girls now living who have not felt their hearts burn within them as they have read of the heroic deeds of Sister Dora Pattison, the noble-hearted, self-sacrificing hospital nurse. The memory of this lady is warmly cherished by her countrymen, one of whom has said of her that she was the equal of any of the saints of old, and that if she had lived and worked as the saints did in the ages of Faith, her tomb would already have become a sacred shrine to which troops of pious pilgrims would have crowded to kneel and pray. This is high praise, but it is deserved.

The great American War, that war which virtually put an end to slavery, produced a nurse who was very much like Sister Dora, not only in her ability, her bravery, and her strength of will, but also in her wit, her determination, her tenderness, and her devotion to duty. The name of this remarkable woman was Mrs. Mary Bickerdyke—Mother Bickerdyke as she was usually called among the soldiers. Mrs. Bickerdyke is not celebrated in England as she is in America. The story of her work has, however, been recently given to her countrymen and countrywomen by one of her friends and comrades, Mrs. Mary Livermore, in a book called "My Story of the War," a most interesting one, not published in England. It is a woman's narrative of four years' personal experience as nurse in the Union Army, in hospitals, in camp, and at the front. As might have been expected, one who had this experience made the acquaintance of many nurses of strong and original character, and Mrs. Livermore, the authoress, makes mention in her narrative of notable women not a few. But amongst them all Mother Bickerdyke stands pre-eminent, and it is from Mrs. Livermore's narrative that the following details have been compiled.

Before, however, we can understand Mrs. Bickerdyke's work we have to remember that when war was first declared between the Northern and Southern States, neither the American people nor the American Government fully realised what civil war was. The Northerners were full of enthusiasm and public spirit, and they expected to carry everything before them; but they did not in the least understand the horror and suffering, to say nothing of the actual work, which would have to be gone through before the painful business was finished. The consequence was that the sanitary arrangements of the Government were not equal to the demands made upon them, and they soon broke down. The wounded soldiers did not receive the attention and the care which they required, and thus their misery and pain were greatly increased.

The same thing happened in the British Army at the beginning of the Crimean War. Out of 24,000 troops sent to the Crimea, 18,000 died in less than nine months; a mortality, it has been said, never equalled since the hosts of Sennacherib fell in a single night. The soldiers thus lost were not killed by the enemy; they died from lack of care, proper sanitary regulations, and the diet necessary for the sick. It was not until Florence Nightingale and her band of ninety-two nurses arrived at the seat of war, that order took the place of confusion, and that the high rate of mortality was reduced.

Things were never as bad with the American army as they had been with the British army; but there was a threatening of similar evils, and in the one case as in the other, a number of women stepped to the rescue. Organizations of women for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers were speedily formed throughout the Northern States, and they raised money, sent hospital supplies to the army, and put nurses into the hospitals who had been trained for the work, and who, besides having an aptitude for the care of the sick, were attracted to it by large humanity and patriotic zeal. There were hundreds of women who thus devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded during a part or the whole of the years of the war, and some of them did extraordinary service. Mrs. Livermore, in her book, has made special mention of several of them. Amongst them all, however, none was more remarkable than "Mother Bickerdyke," and English girls are sure to be interested in the representation of this wonderful woman, though here her story must be told much less elaborately than Mrs. Livermore tells it in her book.

Mrs. Mary Bickerdyke was born in Ohio, July 19th, 1817. She came of Revolutionary ancestors, and was never happier than when recounting fragments of her grandfather's history, when he served under Washington. When about twenty-five years old, Mary married a widower with five children, by whom she was beloved as if she was their own mother, and between whom and her own two sons she never made any difference. The marriage was a happy one, although it used to be thought that the immense energy and tireless industry of the busy wife proved sometimes annoying to the easy-going husband. Mr. Bickerdyke's death occurred about two years before the breaking out of the war, and his widow was more than once heard to tell married men, in a sort of warning way and very seriously, that she really believed her husband might have lived twenty years longer if he had not worn himself into the grave trying to "boss" her. "He wanted me to do everything in his way," she would say, "and just as he did; but his way was too slow; I couldn't stand it."

When the war broke out, Mrs. Bickerdyke was living in Galesburg, Illinois, and at the suggestion of the ladies of the town, who had banded themselves together to do something for their country, she was sent to the camp and regimental hospital in Cairo, to look after the sick soldiers. At the time of her arrival there was little order, system, or discipline anywhere, but she immediately set vigorously to work to do what ought to be done, and in a very short time she succeeded in bringing about a great change for the better in the condition of the sick. The influence of her energetic, resolute, and systematic spirit was felt everywhere, and the people of Cairo gladly aided her in her voluntary and unpaid labours. A room was hired for her, and a cooking stove put up for her especial use. She improvised a sick-diet kitchen, and carried thence to the sick in the hospitals the food she had prepared for them. In a very short time she was made matron of the hospitals, and proved herself so trustworthy and capable, that almost all the hospital supplies sent from the local aid societies were given into her care, and she became quite famous for her economical use of them. The hospital boats at that time were but poorly equipped for the sad work of transporting the wounded from the field of battle to the hospital, but Mrs. Bickerdyke always used to put on board the boat with which she was connected, articles likely to be wanted, and it used to be said that there was hardly a want expressed for which she could not furnish the means of relief.

On the way to the battlefield, also, she systematised matters perfectly. The beds were ready for the occupants; tea, coffee, soup, gruel, milk punch, and ice water were prepared in large quantities under her supervision, and sometimes by her own hand. When the wounded were brought on board mangled almost out of human shape, chilled with the intense cold in which some had lain for hours, faint with loss of blood, physical agony, and lack of nourishment, the boat was all in readiness for them. "I never saw anybody like her," said a volunteer surgeon, who came on the boat with her. "There was really nothing for us surgeons to do but dress wounds and administer medicines. She drew out clean shirts or drawers from some corner, whenever they were needed. Incessant cries of 'Mother! mother!' rang through the boat in every note of beseeching and anguish. And to every man she turned with tenderness as if he were indeed her son. To every surgeon who was superior she held herself subordinate, and was as good at obeying as at commanding." And yet at that time she held no position whatever, and was receiving no compensation for her services.

After a battle, when the wounded had all been removed to the hospital, the battlefield was of course abandoned. On one occasion the relief parties did not discontinue their work until midnight, and after they had left, an officer looking from his tent observed a faint light flitting hither and thither over the field. He puzzled over it for some time, and then sent his servant to see what it was. It was Mother Bickerdyke with a lantern still groping among the dead. Stooping down and turning their cold faces towards her, she scrutinised them searchingly, uneasy least some might be left to die uncared for. She could not rest while she thought any were overlooked who were yet living.

After the wounded of this particular battle were cared for, Mrs. Bickerdyke left the hospitals, and went back into the army, where great sickness prevailed among the troops. While busy here another battle occurred nine miles distant. There had been little provision made for the terrible needs of the soldiers in advance of the conflict, and utter destitution and incredible suffering prevailed. Three

days after the fight, however, and some days in advance of the Government boats, boats arrived laden with every species of relief, condensed food, stimulants, clothing, bedding, medicine, chloroform, surgical instruments, and carefully selected volunteer nurses and surgeons. With them was Mother Bickerdyke, who set to work instantly to do what was necessary, and who carried system, order, and relief wherever she went. One of the surgeons went to the rear with a wounded man, and found her busy, wrapped in the grey overcoat of a rebel officer, for she had given her blanket-shawl to some poor fellow who needed it. She was wearing, also, a soft slouch hat, having lost her usual "Shaker" bonnet. Her kettles had been set up, the fire kindled underneath, and she was dispensing hot soup, tea, and other refreshments to the shivering, fainting, wounded men.

"Where did you get those articles?" inquired the surgeon, "and under whose authority are you at work?"

Mother Bickerdyke was so completely absorbed in her work of compassion that she paid no heed to these questions, indeed, she did not hear them. Watching her with admiration for her skill, administrative ability, and intelligence, for she not only fed the wounded men, but temporarily dressed their wounds in some cases, the surgeon approached her again.

"Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff. May I inquire under whose authority you are working?"

Without pausing in her work, she answered him—

"I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?"

Notwithstanding her desire to bow before lawful authorities, Mother Bickerdyke was for a time at variance with one of the medical staff of the hospital. One of the medical directors with whom she came in contact was a young man belonging to the regular army, able, industrious, skilful, and punctilious, who wished Mrs. Bickerdyke never to go beyond him or outside him for assistance or authority. Moreover, he was a Catholic, and inclined to give the preference to "Sisters of Mercy" as nurses, and he was not backward in publicly expressing his preference. He did not approve of Mrs. Bickerdyke's possessing so much power, nor, if the truth must be told, of Mrs. Bickerdyke herself. He could not see any excellence in a woman who worked with her own hands, who held no social position, who was as indifferent to the Queen's English as to his red tape, and who did what she wished, when and as she wished, without consulting him.

Mrs. Bickerdyke cared little what he said or thought if he did not meddle with her. But one day there was a disagreement between the two which threatened to become very serious. The doctor was very angry and threatened all sorts of dreadful things, winding up by saying that he would not have Mrs. Bickerdyke in the hospital, but would send her home before she was a week older.

"But I shan't go, doctor!" she answered. "I've come down here to stay, and I mean to stay until this thing is played out. I've enlisted for the war as the boys have, and they want me and need me, and can't get on without me, and so I shall stay, doctor, and you'll have to make up your mind to get along with me the best way you can. It's of no use for you to try to tie me up with your red tape. There's too much to be done down here to stop for that. Nor is there any sense in your getting mad because I don't play second fiddle to you, for I tell you I haven't got time for it. And, doctor, I guess you hadn't better get into a row with me, for whenever anybody does, one of us two always goes to the wall, and 'tain't never me."

The doctor had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and Mother Bickerdyke's novel method of pacification amused him. He was really a very superior officer, and had the good sense to appreciate blunt Mother Bickerdyke's excellences. When mutual friends entered on the work of pacification they were successful, and from being at disagreement, the two finally came to a perfect understanding, and by-and-by became the best of friends.

During the war it was more difficult to supply the hospitals with milk and eggs than with any other necessaries. With the supplies furnished by Government, the tea, coffee, sugar, flour, meat, and other articles, which were usually of good quality, this clever woman could work wonders in the culinary line, even when there was a lack of sanitary stores, if she could only have an abundant supply of milk and eggs. (She would sometimes say to the soldiers, "When the war is over, I shall publish a starvation cooking book, containing recipes for making delicious dishes out of nothing," and, indeed, if anyone could prepare such a manual Mother Bickerdyke was the person.) But supplies of milk and eggs were not easy to get. They could not be sent from the North, and they could not be purchased in sufficiently large quantities to supply the enormous demand. During one period, the hospital to which Mrs. Bickerdyke was attached was located at Memphis, in the enemy's country, and there the prices were exorbitant beyond belief. Mother Bickerdyke bore them for a time, and then she hit upon a plan to remedy these difficulties. When the medical director came into her hospital one morning on a tour of inspection, she accosted him thus—

"Dr. —— do you know we are paying fifty cents for every quart of milk we use? And do you know it's such poor stuff—two-thirds chalk and water—that if you should pour it into the trough of a respectable pig at home, he would turn up his nose and run off squealing in disgust?"

"Well, what can we do about it?" asked the doctor.

"If you'll give me thirty days' furlough, I'll go home and get all the milk and eggs that these hospitals can use."

"Get milk and eggs! Why you could not bring them down here, if the north would give up all it has. A barrel of eggs would spoil this warm weather before it could reach us; and how on earth could you bring milk?"

"But I'll bring you down the milk and egg producers. I'll get cows and hens, and we'll have milk and eggs of our own. The folks at home, doctor, will give us all the hens and cows we need for these hospitals, and jump at the chance to do it."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" said the doctor, "you would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other if you should go on so wild an errand."

"Who cares for that?" said the adventurous nurse. "Give me thirty days' furlough, and let me try."

Before her thirty days' leave of absence was ended, Mother Bickerdyke was on the return route to her hospital, forming a part of a *bizarre* procession of over one hundred cows and one thousand hens, strung all along the road. She entered the city of her destination in triumph, amid immense lowing, and crowing, and cackling; and she informed the astonished spectators that "these were loyal cows and hens, none of your miserable trash that give chalk and water for milk, and lay loud-smelling eggs."

Her exploits in supplying the hospital with milk and eggs, as well as the grand accounts of her famous nursing, which had been brought home by furloughed soldiers, gave Mrs. Bickerdyke an enviable notoriety. Everybody wanted to see the good woman, and to aid her personally, or assist her in her work. On one occasion she went to Chicago on a brief visit, and her arrival was announced in the papers, and she was overwhelmed with attentions, which she put aside with the utmost indifference. Invitations to visit towns, cities, and societies poured in upon her like a flood. Receptions were tendered her; ladies offered to make parties for her, and invitations to lunch came by dozens. But she declined all with the stereotyped rebuke that, "The country had a big war on its hands, and that this was no time for visiting or frolicking." On a second visit which she made to the north, similar efforts were made to honour her; but she refused to go anywhere to be lionised unless someone was with her, "to bear the brunt of the nonsense," as she termed it. When she was in Milwaukee the Chamber of Commerce had made an appropriation for the hospitals, and an address was made to her by the President of the Board of Trade, who thanked her for her patriotic labours. In reply she said:—

"I am much obliged to you, gentlemen, for the kind things you have said. I haven't done much, no more than I ought, neither have you. I am glad you are going to give this money to the poor fellows in the hospitals, for it's no more than you ought to do, and it isn't half as much as the soldiers in the hospitals have given for you. Suppose, gentlemen, you had got to give to-night one thousand dollars or your right leg, would it take long to decide which to surrender? Two thousand dollars or your right arm; five thousand dollars or both your eyes; all that you are worth or your life? But I have eighteen hundred soldiers in the hospital who have given one arm and one leg, and some have both; and yet they don't seem to think they have done a great deal for their country. And the graveyard behind the hospital, and the battlefield a little further off, contains the bodies of thousands who have freely given their lives. Oh, gentlemen, don't let us be telling of what we have given, and what we have done! We have done nothing and given nothing in comparison with them." It would not be easy to match the pathos of eloquence of this untutored speech.

Mother Bickerdyke was still living when we last heard of her. She is a woman of medium height, with brown hair, now well sprinkled with white, blue eyes, and a mouth of great sweetness and firmness. When young, she must have possessed considerable beauty, for after sixty years' incredible wear and tear, she was still very comely. Always cheerful, never discouraged, brave, indomitable, witty, shrewd, versatile, clear-headed, unique, she only needed early advantages to make her the equal of Sister Dora. During the war she was the darling of the soldiers, and for them she had unbounded tenderness, and developed almost limitless resources of help and comfort. To the soldiers she was strength and sweetness, and for them she exercised sound, practical sense, a rare intelligence that made her a power in the hospital or on the field. When she appeared, every soldier used to salute her, and to the entire army of the west she was emphatically Mother Bickerdyke. An officer said one day, pointing to her, "That homely figure, clad in calico, wrapped in a shawl, and surrounded with a 'Shaker' bonnet, is more to this army than the Madonna is to the Catholic." Thousands of soldiers are indebted to her for care, nursing, tenderness, and help, in the direst hours of their lives. If she were a queen she could not be more royally welcomed than she is when she appears amongst them. Mrs. Livermore gives an account of a Convention which was held in Kansas, which Mother Bickerdyke attended as an invited guest. No

sooner did she enter the hall than the veterans all pressed towards her; grey-haired and grey-bearded men took her in their arms and kissed her. Others wept over her; while men on crutches, and men with empty coat-sleeves stood outside the crowd with shiny eyes, waiting their turn to greet their benefactress. "Oh, mother! your brown hair has grown white, but I should know ye by your speech if I met ye in Africa," said one.

"I should know her by the tender eyes and the kind mouth," said another.

They noted her increasing feebleness, her crippled hands, her dimming eyes, and said to each other, "It isn't the result of old age; it is what she did for us during the war."

Only that Mother Bickerdyke resolutely forbids it, the men would surround her with luxury. But she declares "they have enough to do to provide for themselves and their families, and they shall not be weighted with the care of me." Congress has, however, given her a small pension, and she has a position in the U.S. Mint. She is very happy, for she looks back on a life well spent. Although she is a member of a Congregational church, yet in church matters, as in war times, she breaks through regulations, and goes where she pleases, communing now with one sect, now with another, "just as she happens to light on 'em," to quote her own language. She gave her life to the rank and file of the United States Army, and her heroic deeds are chronicled in the hearts of the men.

One more characteristic anecdote of her may be told in conclusion. Not many months ago Mother Bickerdyke arrived at Mrs. Livermore's house in Massachusetts at the close of a dismally rainy day. She was wet and exhausted, and it was found that she had spent the day in Boston, searching for an old soldier from Illinois, who had served out three terms in the house of correction for drunkenness during the last ten years. Mrs. Livermore remonstrated with her.

"My dear friend," said she, "why do you, at the age of seventy-two, waste yourself on such a worthless creature?"

Turning, with a flash of her blue eyes, she answered—

"Mary Livermore, I have a commission from the Lord God Almighty to do all I can for every miserable creature who comes in my way."

In the course of her life thousands of miserable creatures have had reason to be thankful that Mary Bickerdyke recognised this commission.

The Deaf Old Lady.

When the aunt of Constable, the famous landscape painter, was dying, the deaf old lady said—

"Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing."

The Fair Student.

When Madame de Dumas was learning English, Walpole addressed to her the following stanza of courtly compliment:—

"Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb,
'I love.'"

Counting the Stitches.

In the olden time, when sewing machines were not even dreamt of, to make even a single shirt was a laborious undertaking. What man in those days ever thought of the number of stitches in a shirt without trembling lest a general mutiny amongst women might leave him "without a shirt to his back."

In 1825, a lady sent to Hone's "Every Day Book" a calculation, "furnished me," she says, "by a maiden aunt, of the number of stitches in a plain shirt she made for her grandfather." Here it is:—

Stitching the collar, four rows ..	3,000
Sewing the ends	500
Button-holes and sewing on buttons	150
Sewing on the collar and gathering the neck	1,204
Stitching the wristbands	1,228
Sewing the ends	68
Button-holes	148
Hemming the slits	264
Gathering the sleeves	840
Setting on wristbands	1,468
Stitching shoulder-straps, three rows each	1,880
Hemming the neck	390
Sewing the sleeves	2,554
Setting in sleeves and gussets ..	3,050
Taping the sleeves	1,526
Sewing the seams	841
Setting side gussets	424
Hemming the bottom	1,104
Total number of stitches ..	20,646

Meeting the Ladies.

A Frenchman who was paying a visit in this country, and was about to be introduced to the family, said—

"Ah, ze ladies! zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine hair."

Not Exactly.

"Have you been much at sea?"

"Why, no, *not exactly;* but my brother married an admiral's daughter."

"Were you ever abroad?"

"No, *not exactly;* but my mother's maiden name was 'French.'"

Gentleness in Argument.

Mild, light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind.

—*Hood.*

Lace for the King.

William III., in spite of his grim, phlegmatic character, had a genuine Dutch taste for lace. His bills for that article in 1695 reached the large sum of £2,459 19s.

Among the more astonishing items we have:—

117 yards of scissæ teniæ cutwork, for trimming twelve pocket handkerchiefs, £485 14s. 3d., and

78 yards for twenty-four cravats at £8 10s., £663.

Lace expended for six new razor cloths amounted to £270, and £499 10s. worth of lace was bestowed on twenty-four new night shirts.

The Queen Mary approached, but did not reach the King in lace expenditure; her lace bill for 1694 amounted to £1,918.

The History of Velvet.—In all probability the art of velvet-weaving originated in the far East; and it was not till about the beginning of the 14th century that we find any mention of the fabric. Fustian, however, which differs from velvet only in material, is spoken of in English ecclesiastical inventories as early as the beginning of the 13th century.

The Last Word.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Rambo, testily, when the conversation had begun to wax warm, "why it is that a woman always wants to have the last word."

"She doesn't," replied Mrs. Rambo; "it's a slander."

"My dear, it is certainly the truth. You know you always——"

"Absolom, you know better. I don't."

"I am sure——"

"No you're not. It isn't so."

"Why, my dear, can't you see——"

"No, I can't! And I think—boo—hoo—you are—are just as—as mean as you can be."

"Well, dear, I'll take it back. You don't always want the last word."

"Of course I don't. I don't see what you wanted to say so for."

"Well, I won't say it any more."

"Because you know it isn't true——"

"I——"

"As well as I do."

"I——"

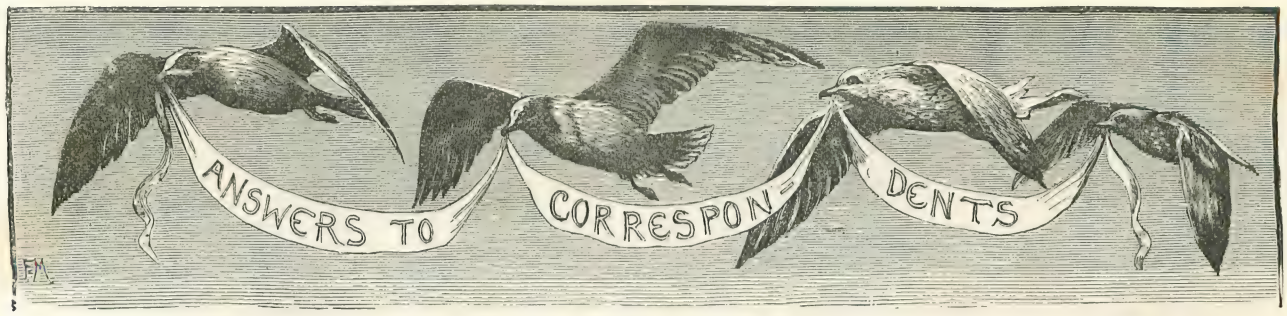
"You want it yourself."

"I——"

"And you know it."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Rambo, putting on his hat and going out.

"I know I'm right," rejoined Mrs. Rambo, calling after him.



EDUCATIONAL.

"Ignoramus" (Newport), Ada Edwards.—We thank you both for your kind appreciation of our work for girls. We refer you to our previous answers recommending an instructive series of articles contained in vol. ix. of the "G.O.P.," called "The Girl's Year." As you have so little time at your disposal, you had better take one subject for study daily, viz., history one day, geography another, biography a third, one of the standard poets a fourth, and some religious book a fifth (such as that which we have previously named), and travels a sixth. But read some portion of the Holy Scriptures every day, praying to God for a blessing upon your study, and for faith and grace through His Divine Son. We think "Ignoramus" (Newport) might join some of the Educational Girls' Clubs, of which there is a small manual published by Griffith and Farran (St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.). Some of them have been discontinued since the publication of the manual, but an extra penny for postage will procure you an answer from another, if the first be a failure.

Alathœa.—We have pleasure in giving you the address of the Haute Vue Reading Club; secretary and treasurer, Miss Johnson, Primside, Kelso, N.B. We are very glad to hear that you appreciate our paper so much.

Nursey.—You are too young to go into any hospital. We have given every information to our girls on the subject of nurses, but multitudes never read our answers under the above heading. There are lady-pupils who pay for their training, and are qualified for higher positions and more valuable appointments than the persons of lower social rank who receive their training free, and are paid for such services as they are capable of rendering.

Paddy from America.—You do not explain whether the "affections of the powers of speech" mean that the subject suffers from partial paralysis or from ordinary stammering. There are hospitals for the former and there are teachers for the latter. You should write to Mr. Seltman (whom you name), of 21, Westbourne Park, Bayswater, W., and inquire direct as to whether he gives instruction gratis in special cases, or whether he reduces his charge.

ART.

Lizzie E. S.—You should go to an artist's colourman's shop, and there ask for any handbook you require, whether for painting or modelling. There you may find a choice, and be advised for the best.

Cinnamon.—We thank you for your suggestions as to pasting coloured scraps over common jars, varnishing them, and gilding the rims. We have given special directions of this kind already. We have also given them for making *pot pourri* of rose-leaves.

Twilight.—If your picture frames be of oil-gold, you can obtain a bottle of the liquid gold wash, and brush it over them. If they be of gold leaf, you had better send them to a carver and gilder, unless you study our article on "Carving and Gilding," and procure the tool and gold leaf and so regild for yourself. Take out any furs, and shake and brush them frequently during the summer and autumn, and sprinkle a thick piece of brown paper well with turpentine, and cover the boxes in which you keep them with it.

Paint-brush.—There is no objection to your copying anything, picture or text, in the "G.O.P.," provided that it be not for publication or sale.

MUSIC.

K. Pilkington.—The verses you send are fairly correct in metre, but they lack original ideas, and they have no apt and fine similes. The word "flower," like "fire," counts only as one syllable.

Mona and M. D.—We think that tea alone taken before breakfast is not likely to strengthen your voice for your early morning practising. We should recommend you to defer this exercise until half an hour at least after breakfast. But this we only give as a private opinion. Tea in itself is not good for the voice; at the same time, taken with a meal, it would do no harm. See our indexes for references to the method of cleaning ivory.

Mary.—You had better take your violin to a maker of such instruments, and consult him about the worms in the wood, as you might injure the tone if you employed the ordinary methods for destroying them.

Musicus.—The hands should not have grown stiff at the age of thirty, certainly not a woman's. Some clever musicians have commenced their study and practising on various instruments when quite advanced in life. Your other query should be sent to a music publisher such as Novello.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bradford.—For quotations of "Filthy Lucre," see 1 Timothy iii. 3, 8; Titus i. 7, 11; 1 Peter v. 2; 2 Peter ii. 7. Pope has a line: "The lust of lucre and the dread of death." We cannot find any others.

Troubled One.—"Zara; or, My Grandmother's Money," appeared in the first volume of the "G.O.P.," and began January 3rd, 1880. We know of nothing but an industrial or training home. Try the Mildmay Deaconesses' Home at 2, Newington Green, N.

Querist.—"Arbor Day" is a day in May, appointed by the different States in America as a holiday to be employed in the planting of trees. This sensible holiday was begun seventeen years ago in the State of Nebraska, and the example has been followed by thirty-four States. Each village community and school joins in the planting of trees along the roads, round buildings and school-houses, so that the country may be covered again with the trees which the folly and ignorance of the earlier settlers had nearly exterminated.

Touch and Go.—All flowers will expand in a warm room, or when left at night in a room that has been occupied during the day. Therefore, it is best to remove them to a cooler room when the lamps or the gas are lit—that is, if you particularly wish to preserve them.

Lover of "G.O.P."—Perhaps if you took a chocolate drop when beginning to yawn in church you might stop it. Perhaps you breakfast very early, eat little, and have a long walk to church; and both emptiness and muscular fatigue may induce the gaping. Your plan of reading while knitting is excellent. If you want to make still more of your time, learn to knit in the foreign way, as it is far quicker, as there is one movement less, *i.e.*, the thread is not passed over the needle.

Mira.—A certain department in a girl's education, to be of a practical nature, begins after leaving school. She learns to "guide the house," the duties of servants, so that she can divide their work respectively between them, and instruct them in what they do not know. She learns something of cookery, of superintending, or assisting in the care of the house linen. She learns to write and answer notes of invitation, the ordering of the dinner table, the reception of visitors; in fact, every department of household economy must be studied, as well as some work on nursing the sick and the management of children. Alas! most girls seem to think that when school studies are over the chief object in life is amusement, whereas the business of life only then begins, always remembering that at all ages to "seek first the Kingdom of God" comes first, and is above all.

Gwendoline Anderson.—You must have fine "India gauze" under vests (or combinations) for the hot weather, and under-linen of cambric or "zephyr." Simple dresses in washing silks, prints, and zephyrs, with loose Garibaldi bodices and thread stockings. For cold weather: cashmere (home-spun), and nun's veiling. You give us no idea of the sum you can expend on your Indian outfit, which prevents our entering into particulars. Some articles on this subject are now appearing in the "G.O.P." You had better go to an outfitter for India and the Colonies, and see what could be supplied for several different sums of money, and choose what your means may allow

Bonnie Lassie.—"Auld Reekie" is a name given to the city of Edinburgh, and it signifies "Old Smokey." The German word *rauchen* seems to supply a key to this.

The "Black Kitten, named Smut," who "wishes to know what cutting answer to give to a French governess, who is continually asking who her letters are from," is a very naughty girl. The principal of the school may depute her governesses to keep a watch over the correspondence of the girls, and it would be only right so to do. When letters from home, it is not usual to interfere with them, but judging from Miss "Smut's" remark, we should think her to be one of those young folks who need very close supervision.

E. M. C.—There are many cameras for instantaneous photography which are capable of concealment about one's person. One of the latest is the "Geheim Camera," made by C. P. Stein, of Berlin, and sold by the London Stereoscopic Company. Each plate will take six photographs, which are developed and printed in the ordinary way. The "Argentotype" papers give very good results; as a rule they are developed with a Ferrous Oxalate developer. The exposure to the light of the candle should be about ten seconds.

Query.—Cocaine is an alkaloid extracted from the coca leaves. It has the power of paralysing the ends of sensory nerves, especially in mucous membranes (as the inside of the mouth). All sensation is thus destroyed. It does not act so well in inflamed mucous membranes or on the skin. What the dentist used was a hypodermic syringe, by which the cocaine was introduced between the gum and the tooth.

M. E. G.—To "get employment on a paper" is not easy of attainment. You should write some clever article in good Saxon English, and send it to the editor of some paper. There are students' homes in many parts of London, as, for example, Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C.; principal, Miss Grove.

Wallflower.—The quotation,

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,"

is from a poem by Lord Byron.

Ellen Huff.—We regret that we cannot oblige you with a little orphan girl for adoption. You had better go to some orphanage, taking satisfactory references; and if the authorities be satisfied with them, you might then make your own choice.

79th Highlanders.—Our young correspondent may certainly write to us again, but we hope she will have learnt to write and spell better; and that on receiving our answer she will spare her friends the painful exhibition of "jumping clean out of her 'cloths' and skin!" Owls eat mice, beetles, and all such-like small game. You might supplement these with wee scraps of meat. We thank you for the flowers and sketches.

Pazienza.—"God save the mark!" was a phrase employed in archery when a man made a specially good hit. It signified the hope that no one should displace the arrow, nor make a better one.

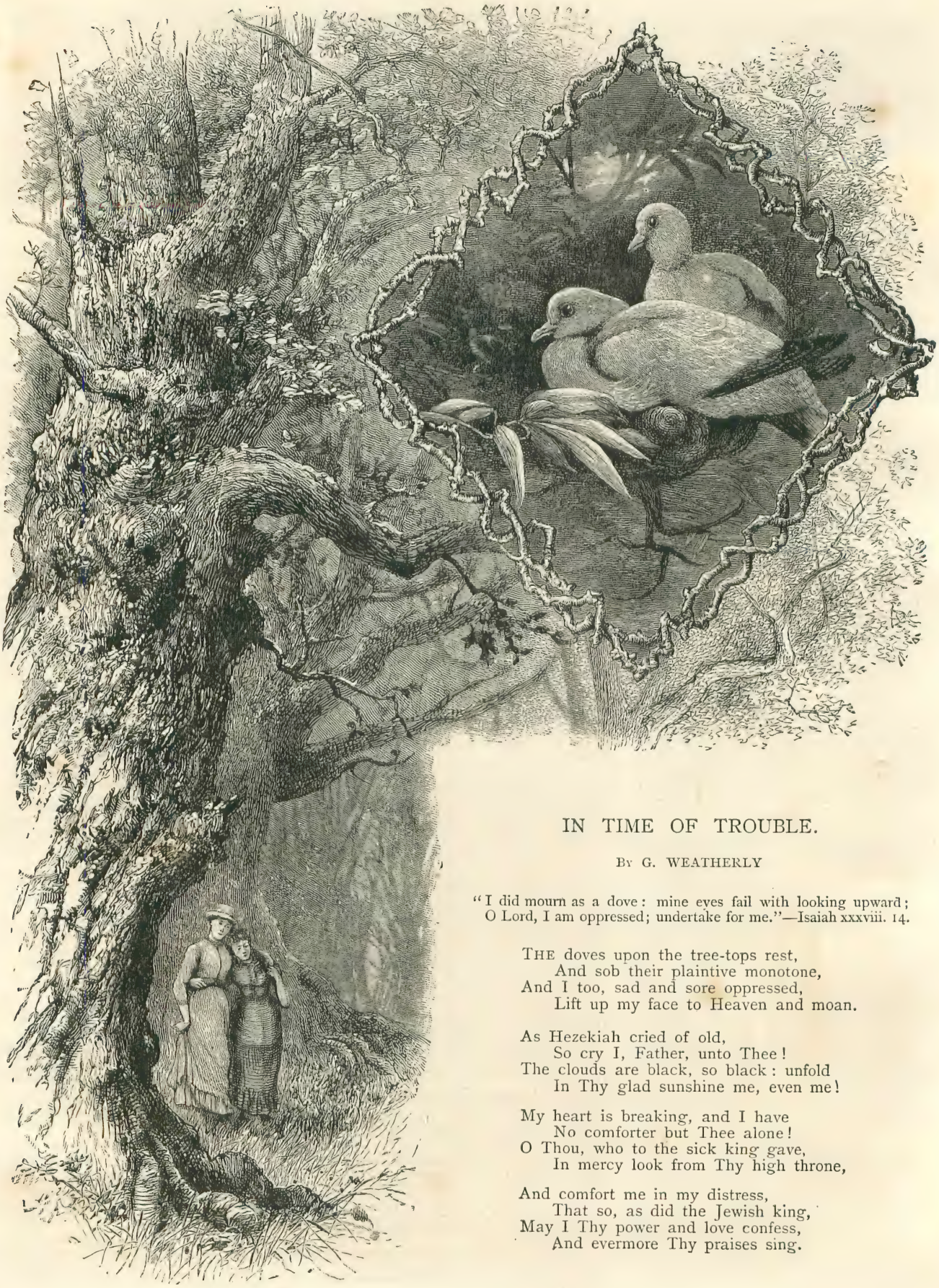
Fatherless.—You should consult your mother or guardians, and he his own on such a matter. We do not give legal opinions on such questions. It seems a very grave and grievous case. You, at least, are of age; and having become the wife of a minor, you should not wish to "annul" the tie, but obtain, if desirable, a legal separation only, not a "disannulling" of the marriage, which would place you in a very humiliating position, and necessitate your going into retirement; for you could not expect to marry again. Your guardians should take legal advice.

Vituta.—If the rose tree be a strong and healthy one, we see no reason why two varieties of roses should not be grafted upon it, or, rather, "budded" upon it.

Meg.—You are troubled with self-consciousness. You should centre your thoughts on the observation you wish to make, the question or the story to be told, and forget self altogether and all arrangement of words. Make your sentences very short.

A. T. F.—The best thing for removing grease stains from your dress is ether.

Destitute One.—It might be well for you to show your feet at an orthopædic hospital. They will tell you what you should do for them. The shoes you wear should be broad and square at the toe, and the heels low and broad.



IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

By G. WEATHERLY

"I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward; O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—Isaiah xxxviii. 14.

THE doves upon the tree-tops rest,
And sob their plaintive monotone,
And I too, sad and sore oppressed,
Lift up my face to Heaven and moan.

As Hezekiah cried of old,
So cry I, Father, unto Thee!
The clouds are black, so black: unfold
In Thy glad sunshine me, even me!

My heart is breaking, and I have
No comforter but Thee alone!
O Thou, who to the sick king gave,
In mercy look from Thy high throne,

And comfort me in my distress,
That so, as did the Jewish king,
May I Thy power and love confess,
And evermore Thy praises sing.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—No. 515.] NOVEMBER 9, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

"THAT THEIR COTTAGE ROOF SHOULD SHELTER A PIANO WAS A SOMETHING TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."

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CHAPTER V.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

HAD nothing to do with the goods department at Oakhill Station. The traffic was considerable, and the book-keeper there was a man of thirty, named Rushton.

About a week after my interview with Mr. Burford, Rushton entered the office, and said to me, "I have sent your goods to the cottage."

"Goods!" I exclaimed; "I am expecting none. You must have made a mistake."

"Then you will have a pleasant surprise if you are looking for nothing. There is a heavy case, at the contents of which I could guess if I liked, waiting for you at Jabez Harwood's. You will doubtless find it outside the door. Go and look for yourself."

It was just dinner-time, and I hurried home to find that Rushton had told me the truth. Before me was a huge case, the shape of which suggested that it contained a piano. My address was plainly written on a large card, on which were also the printed words, "From Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons—carriage paid."

The address was plain enough. The case could be meant for no one but me, so I was fain to seek the aid of the nearest carpenter, who set about unpacking it under the admiring eyes of a group of children.

It was a piano, or rather a pianette; the smallest instrument obtainable, and one of the best of its kind, evidently purchased with a full knowledge of the scanty space at my disposal. No letter, no message, apparently. Who could have sent it?

Stay. On opening it I discovered a slip of paper lying on the keys, and read the words, "To John Simpson: from a friend. *With* hearty good wishes."

That was all. No use trying to find out the sender by the handwriting, for the message was in printing characters.

There was a receipted invoice, but that was made out to Mr. John Simpson, so the instrument had been bought in my name. There were the glass supports too, all ready, so that I could only with wondering thankfulness help to place the piano in the best position, run my fingers once lovingly over the keys, and prepare to resume my duties at the office.

I subsequently saw Mr. Burford, whose genuine surprise proved the truth of his assurance that he knew absolutely nothing of the matter.

I wrote to the makers, who sent me the original order for the instrument. It was written in the same style as the message I found on the keys, and merely instructed them to forward a pianette of the best quality to my address, and to place the slip of paper and receipted account where I found them. Bank-notes in payment accompanied the order. They could tell me no more, and I could discover nothing, so I came to the conclusion that some old friend of my mother's had thus shown kindness to me for her sake, and I wished he could know how much happiness he had given.

The delight in this precious acquisition was not confined to myself. Words cannot describe with what pride and exultation old Jabez Harwood and Betsy regarded the instrument. That their cottage roof should shelter a piano was a something too good to be true. That in their living room it should be made to give forth sweet sounds, was so entirely out of the ordinary way, and so suggestive of gentility, that the old couple felt as if they had been lifted into a higher social position by the very fact of its presence.

When I played my more brilliant pieces, Jabez and Betsy would express their surprise that mortal fingers could travel so fast, and know where they were going to land all the time. This was the only way in which they were affected by music which required a fair amount of execution. It was when I played simple, old-fashioned tunes on week-nights, or well-known sacred ones on Sunday evenings, that the old folk declared they had a real treat.

Jabez was very proud of the fact that he "had used to sing in the choir" when he was a lad. "Not," said he, "that we had an organ or even a 'harmonial' in those days, Mr. John. But it was quite as hard singing along with two fiddles, a clarinet, and a bassoon that disagreed among themselves as ours did, leastways those that played them, and had ought to have kept in tune with one another in more ways than one."

I quite agreed with Jabez, and it was a true pleasure to me to revive such memories, and induce the old man to lift up a quavering voice to a hymn tune rarely heard nowadays, but precious in his ears, and never to be forgotten by a former choir-boy. I might prefer the music of the present, but I would not have said so to Jabez, who gloried in tunes with many flourishes and repeats, and considered the modern style a sad falling off in every way.

"Not that I can sing 'em now, Mr. John," he would say, as he shook his grey head, after a vain attempt to get up high enough or go down low enough to meet the requirements of the tune; "but there was a time when my voice rung through the old church, and above everything else, though James Grayson, that played the bassoon, used to try and bray me down, because his lad had a poor, weak, penny whistle of a voice that could hardly be heard a yard off. Many's the sixpence your grandfather has given me for singing up so well, and keeping the other lads going."

The old man's face would light up at the memory of past musical achievements, and Betsy's would reflect its sunshine as she listened.

"I can remember as well as if it were yesterday," she would say by way of confirmation. "There's not much between Jabez and me in age, only a year or so, and I mind hearing him where I sat, and thinking he was worth all the rest of the lot put together."

Then perhaps old Jabez would give a knowing look, and remark—

"You see how it was, Mr. John, she had her eye on me, even when I was only a youngster. But, dear heart! it was likely she would look my way, for we lived side and by side from the time we were born and were playmates—all the brothers and sisters of both families—from the days we could toddle."

I liked to hear this well-matched couple talk of their early days, and I wished from my heart that all husbands and wives were as tender and true towards each other as this humble pair were.

If it sometimes cost me a little self-denial to play the tunes which Jabez loved, and to hear his vocal efforts, I was more than repaid by feeling that I could in this way give a little pleasure to those who grudged no trouble to promote my comfort.

Old Jabez's voice might be cracked and tremulous, and Betsy's resemble the least tuneful notes of which bagpipes are capable; but I was sure that their hymns of praise went up from thankful hearts.

"What matters it how your voices may sound in my ears?" I asked myself. "You are singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, and your notes will join with those of angels, and cause no discord."

I even went so far as to teach old Jabez to play the "Old Hundredth" on the piano. He only used one finger, which looked about as flexible as a stumpy carrot, and his time was *ad libitum*. But he got through it somehow, and at the close looked up from the piano with as much pride as if he had played a fugue of Bach's or a sonata of Beethoven's.

Betsy was quite lost in admiration the first time he went through his tune without a mistake, and remarked—

"If you'd ha' learned young you'd ha' made a grand player, Jabez."

My old landlord only performed in private; but I could name a country village in which some twenty years ago a schoolroom was used for service, because there was no regular place of worship within reach of a large portion of its population.

The people subscribed for and bought a harmonium, and then found they had no one on whose attendance they could depend to play it for them. So for a time a lad with a correct musical ear acted as stop-gap, and led the singing

by playing the hymn tunes on the harmonium with one finger only.

My piano did not suffer from being in a cottage house-place. Betsy was most careful to preserve its polished case from speck or spot. She turned a wonderful piece of patchwork, a triumph of her girlish days, into a cover for it, and whenever sweeping or dusting had to be done, it was put on to keep the piano from the chance of a scratch.

One evening we were talking about voices and singers, when Betsy remarked, "What a sweet voice George had, and stronger than yours!"

She spoke to Jabez, but I asked, "Who was George?"

She seemed strangely confused at the question, and turning to Jabez, I noticed that his face had lost its ruddy colour, as he replied in a low, unsteady voice, "He was our only son, Mr. John."

I was greatly surprised, for I had always thought there had been no children born to Jabez and Betsy.

"I never knew you had a son. Is he——"

I began the sentence, but Jabez interrupted me by saying—

"We—we lost him a many years ago, when he was only twenty, and before you were born. It was a great trouble, the worst we ever had, and although it happened so long ago, it upsets me to talk about him."

"We don't talk," said Betsy; "only I forgot myself at the minute, for I seemed to hear his voice, that was like what his father's was when he was young, only stronger."

Then Betsy turned away, and I saw her dash the gathering tears from her eyes; whilst Jabez sat still where he was, but silent, and there was no more music or talk about it that night. The unfortunate allusion to their lost son had brought sad memories, and I too felt that the brightness had left the fireside for that night at any rate.

I went early to my room, and I heard Jabez go upstairs directly afterwards. Then came a light tap at my door, and on opening it I saw Betsy.

"Excuse me, Mr. John," she whispered, "but I want to ask a favour. Please do not let on to anybody, either in the house or out of it, that you know about our lad. I forgot myself to-night, for we never mention his name even to one another. Jabez cannot bear to hear it, for it seems as if a word is enough to bring back all the old trouble again. People are very kind; they know how my poor old man feels about this, and they say nothing. You could see for yourself that the loss of the lad is one of those things that can never be got over. I was so vexed with myself for naming him to-night, that I could almost have bitten off the end of my tongue when I had done it."

I readily promised that I would not mention the lost son, "either in the house or out of it," as Betsy requested; and she left me with a look of infinite relief on her face, and a cordial "good-night, and may God ever bless and keep you, Mr. John!"

I could not quite shut out the memory of what had passed, as easily as Betsy closed the door behind her, and the thought would come into my mind, again and again, "How strange it is that even this little cottage has its closet, with the proverbial hidden skeleton, and that I never dreamed of its presence until to-night!"

I could not rid myself of the feeling that there was some mystery connected with the lost son, or else his death must have occurred under peculiarly painful circumstances. Only such a supposition could account for the ashy paleness which spread itself over the face of Jabez at the mere mention of his name, and Betsy's regret for having caused him pain, and fear lest I should again allude to what had passed.

I began to calculate dates and ages. Jabez was sixty-six, his wife a year younger, so they must have lost their son when they were both under forty years of age; and George, were he living, would now be seven or eight and thirty, at least. But no doubt, in the minds of his parents, he would be endowed with lasting youth, for he died in all the freshness and glory of budding manhood, at twenty years of age. And he was all they had. Still, in such cases time generally exercises a healing influence, and as the years pass the parents wipe away their tears, and love to dwell upon all the qualities which made their lost ones so dear to their hearts. It was strange that Jabez and Betsy could not bear to speak of their boy to each other, and that in all my life I could not remember that I had ever before heard his existence mentioned.

There was certainly no stone in Oakhill churchyard which bore George Harwood's name, and I well knew the spot where lay his kindred on both sides the house. I also knew every monument in our country "God's acre," and could have repeated all the quaint rhymes which told more in favour of the virtues of those who lay beneath, than of the poetical taste of the survivors who composed or selected the inscriptions.

"Perhaps," thought I, "the young man was drowned, and his body never recovered, or he was the victim of some fearful accident, or——"

But before I had come to the end of my guesses, sleep happily cut them short, or I fear I should have been ill-fitted to begin my work in the morning.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Reason for Early Rising.

Did you but know, when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew
Amidst the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the ambient air
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favourite tints recall,
If once you let them go.

—*Herrick.*

High Attainments.—Those who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Be Humble.—Put away presumption and pride. If they assail thy heart, think of the beginning and end of life. Narrow, indeed, are the cradle and the coffin; in both we slumber alike helpless, to-day a germinating dust, to-morrow a crumbling germ.

—*Wesselmann.*

A Whimsical Singer.—John Abell, the celebrated alto singer, who lived in the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, was always whimsical, and sometimes would sing and sometimes would not, just as he took it into his head. When he was at Warsaw he refused to sing before the Court, "but his objections were overcome by the somewhat summary method of suspending him in a chair in the middle of a large hall, while some bears were admitted below him. He was asked whether he preferred singing to the king and the court who were in a gallery opposite to him, or of being lowered to the bears; he not unnaturally chose the former alternative."

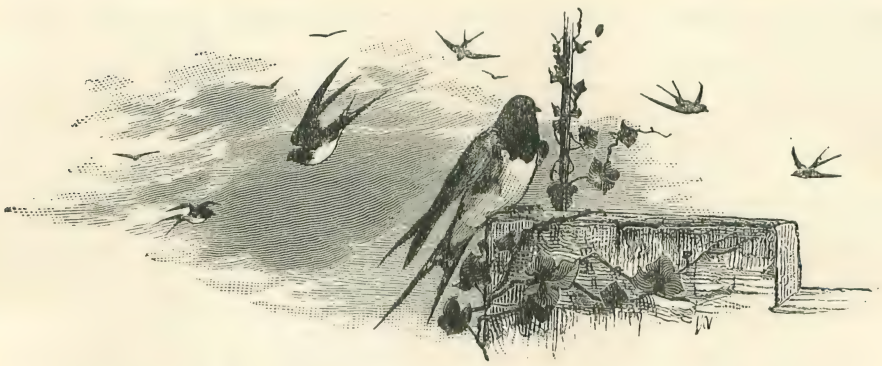
A Hint for the Long-Winded.—The art of wearying is that of telling everything.

Cheap Prices.—Prices of food in Scotland were in the close of the eighteenth century very different from what they are now. In 1770 beef cost 2d. or 2½d., never exceeding 4d. per pound, lamb 1½d., veal 4d. and 5d., and mutton in like proportion; butter 4d., and cheese 3d. per pound. The pound by which the beef was sold contained 17½ oz., the pound of butter 24 oz., and cheese the same.

The Title of Queen.—In English there is no feminine form of king like *Königin*, the feminine form of *König* in German. As the feminine equivalent of king, queen is used, which Professor Max Müller says is "the old word for mother." He also cites a translation of the Bible made in the 4th century to prove its meaning at that early date as wife or woman. The queen was, in fact, in a special sense "the woman" or "the wife," the highest of women and the highest of wives in the kingdom.

Wolves in Great Britain.—Wolves were at one time very common in this country, and the hunting of them was a favourite pursuit for many a day. It was not until the reign of Henry VII. (1485-1509) that they appear to have become finally extinct in England. Their last retreat was, probably, in the desolate wolds of Yorkshire. In Scotland the wolf maintained its hold for a much longer period. There is evidence of wolves having survived in Sutherlandshire and other parts far into the eighteenth century.

Poor Gain.—When Aristotle was asked "what a man could gain by telling a falsehood?" he answered, "Not to be believed when he speaks the truth."



SEE! THE SWALLOWS CIRCLE O'ER US.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andantino.

mf *pp* *molto legato.*

See! the swal-lows cir-cle
2. Hark! a soft good-bye they

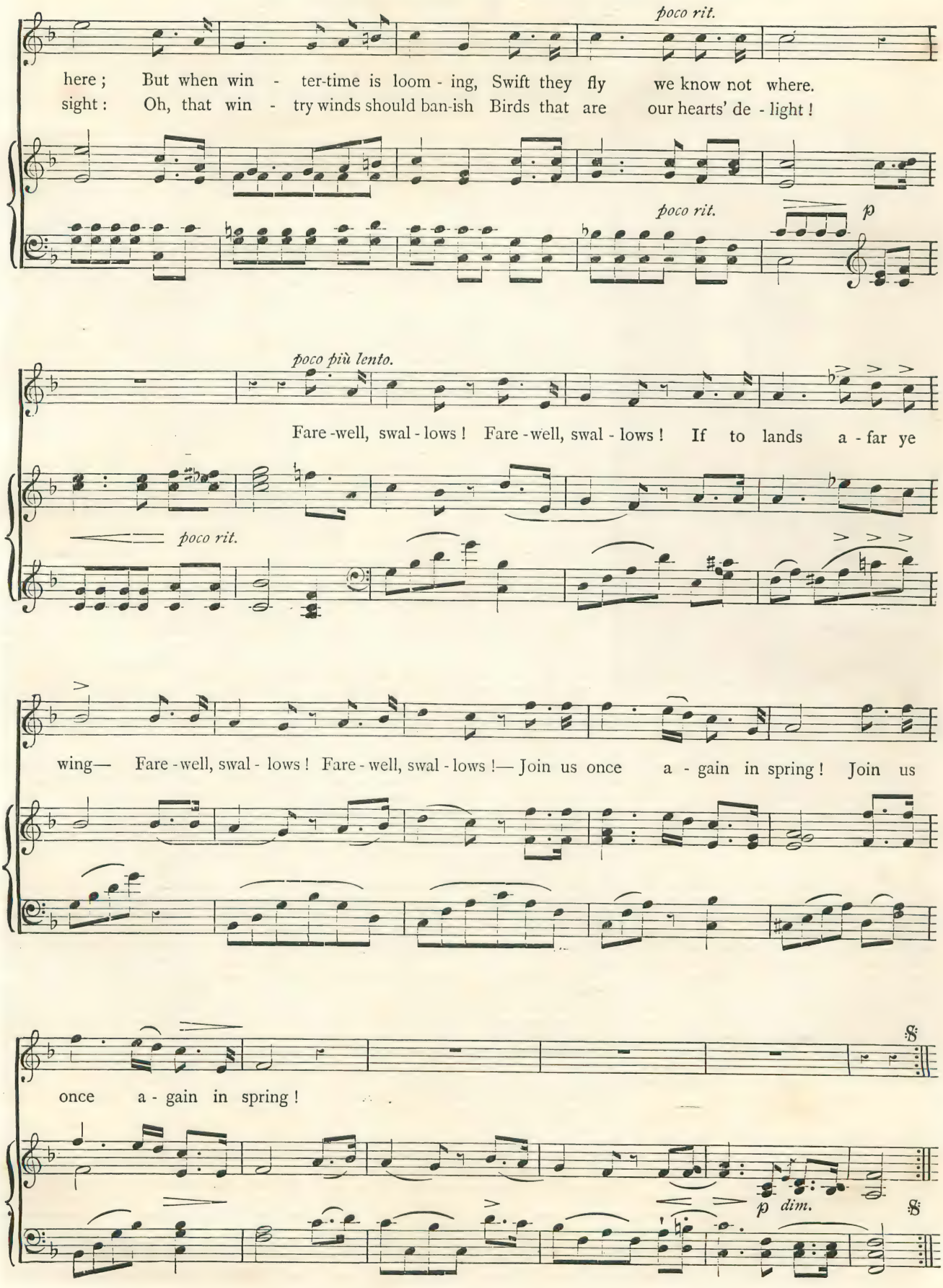
o'er us, Ere to lands a-far they fly; Win-ter soon will be be-fore us, Bit-ter
mur-mur, As they cleave the ev-'ning air— 'Tis the last a-dieu to sum-mer, Ere they

f

p *poco a poco cres.*

winds are hast-'ning nigh. Whilst the sum-mer flow'rs are bloom-ing, Yon-der birds are hap-py
start for lands more fair! One by one they swift-ly van-ish, Fly be-yond the pow'r of

p *poco a poco cres.*


poco rit.
here ; But when win - ter-time is loom - ing, Swift they fly we know not where.
sight : Oh, that win - try winds should ban-ish Birds that are our hearts' de - light !
poco rit.
p
poco più lento.
Fare-well, swal - lows ! Fare-well, swal - lows ! If to lands a - far ye
poco rit.
wing— Fare-well, swal - lows ! Fare-well, swal - lows !— Join us once a - gain in spring ! Join us
once a - gain in spring !
p dim.

CORRESPONDENCE: A DISAPPOINTING STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE book took strong hold of me. It really was well written, and the fact that so many of my own thoughts and feelings were therein expressed had given it a peculiar interest in my eyes. I thought about it a great deal, more especially as I had nothing else to read for some days, and I was most anxious to know how it ended, for although I had glanced at the last page, it contained no clue to the plot.

At last one night in bed a grand idea occurred to me. I could not wait till I went back to London to procure and finish the book, so I would write to the author and tell him the facts, and ask how it ended. I knew people did often write to authors and other eminent men, though they were strangers to them, because my own father collected autographs, and had done so to my knowledge.

I remembered the name of the publisher, and I determined to send the letter to him to forward. I lay awake some time composing it, but it was long before I could do so to my satisfaction. But in the morning I produced the following epistle, which I addressed to—

Harvey Grey, Esq.,
c/o Dashitt & Co., Publishers,
Piccadilly, London.

"DEAR SIR,—You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger, but you will perhaps excuse my writing to you when I tell you the reason.

"I am staying in the country, and was reading your book, 'A First Illusion,' when it was sent back to its owner, and I was unable to finish it." (I thought it would sound undignified to give further details.)

"I am not going back to London for some time, and I am so interested that I cannot wait till then to find out how it ends. Will you tell me, please, if Sir Noel is able to marry Lenore in the end, or does his wife live? I like your book so much. It was delightful to find how you understood the feelings of those who try to be different from the rest of the world. I am writing a book myself on a somewhat similar subject, but I cannot hope it will be in the least like yours.

"Hoping to hear from you soon,
I remain
Yours faithfully,
MINNIE CARTON."

I went out and posted this, with a delicious feeling of having done something exciting.

At first I thought I would have enclosed an envelope directed to the general shop, but abandoned the idea as savouring of deceit. I knew, indeed, that Aunt Rebecca would not approve of what I had done. Still, she never interfered with my correspondence. Papa's letters I generally showed her, and the others were only from schoolgirls, so she seldom troubled to ask questions. Perhaps that made it meaner for me to deceive her; it seems so to me now; but in those days I chose to look at things as I liked them to be, and not as they were.

For the next few days I felt like a person with a pleasurable secret, and lived in a state of mingled hope and dread when it drew near post time. In the exceeding dulness of my life this secret assumed quite important dimensions.

I lay in wait for the postman, usually contriving to be out of the room when he came, lest the letter should be brought into the room and I should exhibit any confusion, or any innocent question of Aunt Rebecca's should force me into a lie.

But a fortnight passed and I received no answer. I had calculated exactly how long it would take for my letter to reach the publishers, the publishers to forward it, and an answer to arrive, and when the allotted time was well over I began to fear that if he did not answer my letter at once he would perhaps not take any notice of it.

After all, most likely he was a busy man, and could not afford time to answer letters from unknown correspondents. Perhaps mine had seemed childish to him. I began to wish I had worded it differently, as he might have thought it more worth attention had I been older. But then I told him I was writing a book, so he could not have thought me so very young.

When, however, I had abandoned all but the merest shred of hope, as often happens, my wishes were fulfilled beyond expectations.

One morning after breakfast Aunt Rebecca had gone into the kitchen to give some order, and I was looking disconsolately out of the window, for it was raining and dull, and life seemed a very dreary thing indeed.

I thought I would go upstairs and write a poem on the vanity of human wishes.

Just then I saw the postman come in at the gate. From force of habit, but without any hope, I went to open the door for him.

He came along slowly, but I did not care, because I felt there was nothing for me, and when he reached the door and said, "A wet mornin', miss," and very deliberately began to untie the string which bound his letters, I even had patience to answer this very uninteresting and needless remark, and did not even trouble to ask if there were anything for me.

"Miss Carton," said he, handing me a letter in father's handwriting, "and here's one for you, miss," and he gave me one too. I prepared to depart, but he said, "Wait a bit," and, diving into his bag, produced a brown paper parcel addressed to me.

"Oh, thank you," I said, wondering who had sent me a present, and in the fulness of my heart I gave him threepence to buy something warming to drink, for he was an old man. I would have given twice as much had I known what was in that parcel.

As I shut the door the housemaid came downstairs, and I gave her Aunt Rebecca's letter, while I tore upstairs with my own.

I tossed my dear father's letter aside while with trembling fingers I untied the string, and pulling off the paper beheld a blue cover. With a cry of joy I realised the truth. I had received a copy of "A First Illusion" from the author. Inside the leaves was a little note in a bold and masculine hand. It ran as follows:—

"Regent's Park, N.W.

"DEAR MADAM,—My publishers forwarded me your kind letter, and I have great pleasure in sending you a copy of 'A First Illusion,' that you may finish it at your leisure. I ask your acceptance of it. I am glad that it has interested you, especially as I learn from your letter that you also are engaged in literary pursuits, and are therefore no inexperienced critic, and remain,

"Yours faithfully,
"HARVEY GREY.

"Miss Minnie Carton."

I could not help laughing over this letter and at my being called "no inexperienced critic," and I felt very proud of the whole affair. No doubt Mr. Grey laboured under some delusion as to my years, but still I was engaged in literary pursuits, although I had not yet published anything.

And then to receive a copy of his work from a real living author! I only wished there had been someone to whom to confide my triumph.

Now I had got the book I did not even hurry to read the end, but with more strength of mind than I had thought I possessed, locked it up in my box while I read my father's letter.

Not even the news I found therein, that I must remain with Aunt Rebecca a month longer than I had expected, as a business engagement would take him abroad, could quite destroy my cheerful frame of mind as I went downstairs in obedience to a call from my aunt, whom papa had asked to keep me. I think she wondered at the manner in which I received her information, for she must have known how much I longed to go home. But I felt it would be base ingratitude to be unhappy about anything that day.

I did not write my poem either. I sat in my own room during the wet afternoon, and finished "A First Illusion," shedding a good many tears over the last pages, but enjoying myself exceedingly.

When I had regretfully closed the book, and laid it by for reperusal at a future date, it occurred to me that I ought to write and thank the sender.

The idea of entering into a correspondence with the author was very fascinating, and I thought I would say more than the few necessary words of thanks. I was excited by the book, and I was always very impulsive.

It seemed to me there was a great deal in me which I must tell someone, someone who would understand and sympathise; and surely the man who could write that book, who could so truthfully describe the emotions of a young and ambitious girl, would not laugh at me if I

laid bare my heart to him! I did not think of him as a man, but simply as an author, and as such I felt I knew him.

These vague yearnings of young and emotional people are not without their meaning; but what follies they lead them into! How many bad friendships, how many rash marriages arise from this need of sympathy! What volumes of wretched verse it has inspired, what laughter of a colder public, what sneers of cynical critics! But I am not sure but that it is akin to that which inspires the real poet, the cross without the crown of the poetic nature, the want without the power of expression. Anyhow, looking back on this sentimental little girl writing by her bedroom window, in the gathering dusk, to the stranger whose words had struck a sympathetic chord in her heart, I cannot wholly disapprove, nor only laugh. To me the picture is pathetic.

I did not write a very long letter, but I thanked him for the book, and told him I should always keep and value it, and that it would be something more to me than a mere bit of fiction.

"In your book," I wrote, "I have found, as it were, a piece of myself. I am very lonely, and sometimes very sad, and it is like finding a friend at last to see that someone else feels as I feel, for I am quite sure you could not have written like that without experiencing something similar. Of course the thoughts of a man must always be different from those of a woman, but I think we both have really the same wants and the same hopes."

I felt much comforted when at last I closed the envelope and addressed it to his private house. Then I went down to Aunt Rebecca, determined to make myself agreeable. We had an animated discussion on poultry feeding, and succeeded in spending quite a pleasant evening together. I believe she actually thought me a sensible girl when we parted after it.

I posted my letter the next morning, and received an answer in a day or two—a kind, sympathetic, serious letter. He told me that I must not expect to go through life without meeting unsympathetic people; that the literary character, though it brought additional joy, made its owner perhaps more susceptible to suffering; but there was danger of over-cultivating the emotions, and so unfitting oneself for work.

"Your letter," he wrote, "charmed me very much by its simple confidence. What more can an author ask than to touch the hearts of his readers, so that they seem not to be strangers any longer? I shall be very pleased to hear from you again if I can be of use to you, and remain, dear madam, etc."

"What a good man this must be!" thought I, "who in the midst of his work can find time to write to a stranger, and can take such a real interest in her affairs!"

At the same time I resolved to avail myself of his permission to write again. So it was that gradually, and it seemed quite naturally, we dropped into a regular correspondence.

I wrote nearly every week, and he always answered my letters, so that I began soon to feel he was no longer a stranger. Indeed, my unknown correspondent became to me my greatest and certainly most interesting friend, for he alone seemed to fully understand me, and to him alone could I show my true self. I told him I was young, but I do not think he suspected how young, for his letters were never in the least patronising, and he often asked me how my book was getting on, and gave me advice about writing and education.

I used to wonder if he thought about me, and was as anxious to know what I was like, and as interested in me as I naturally was in him.

That he could be an old man I never for an instant admitted as a possibility. His whole tone was that of one whose life lay before him rather than behind, and he seemed to me too enthusiastic to be old, my experience of old people being that they were eminently cold-blooded and chilling. I may here say, however, in passing, that as I have grown older I have come to the conclusion that in these days the enthusiasm, brightness, and enjoyment of life are found rather among the past than the present generation, and that many a good and energetic old gentleman who believes in the worth of humanity, and loves God and his neighbour, is a more desirable and more youthful person than the cynical and *blasé* young man, who doubts both, and finds life not worth living.

I did not even think my correspondent was middle-aged, but I could not be quite certain as to that; men are so different from women. They consider themselves young when we have come to look upon ourselves as quite elderly, especially if they are unmarried. Of course I could not ask him any questions on the subject, because our letters never dealt with any personal details.

Still I, being a girl, could not think of his ideas without thinking of him. I needed an object to connect them with; a man has an ideal in his mind, a woman an ideal man.

Accordingly I wanted to have some image of him to contemplate mentally.

I usually pictured him as a dark, earnest-looking man, clean shaven, with rugged features and an expression of great determination, his hair long as befits one's idea of an author (why?), and very unconventional in his dress, of which a velvet coat formed an indispensable part.

Then again I would think he might be tall and fair, with a drooping moustache, with charming manners, and the appearance of a gentleman fashion plate.

Sometimes, very occasionally, I admitted that he might be ugly and untidy, but I could never satisfactorily picture him thus in my mind.

Finally I grew to regard my first idea of him as the right one, and by constant thought of him thus I had a lifelike image in my mind, and I became convinced that if I met him I should know him.

I used to draw portraits of him on spare half-sheets of paper, and as I sat at work with Aunt Rebecca, would hold imaginary conversations with him. I used to picture us together in various scenes; but always in the greatest harmony with one another, for surely the correspondence in our natures would render us mutually attractive to each other, and draw us together.

I actually believe I was in love with the author of "A First Illusion," or rather with a creation of my own mind; much in the same way as most girls at some time in their lives madly worship some author or musician or actor, whose private life and character they invest with the glamour thrown over them by their professional triumphs. I knew a girl who was madly in love with a man of fifty, and a father of a family, and who tenderly cherished his photographs, he being quite unconscious, poor man, of the effect his singing had had.

It may all seem very absurd, but it came about so naturally and gradually as the result of an unbridled imagination, that I was myself almost unconscious of the state of my feelings. Only I knew I was very happy.

At the end of six weeks from the beginning of our correspondence, when the winter was well on, I went home to my father.

I bade good-bye to Aunt Rebecca with little regard. My life was going to begin. I was to come out, to see the world, above all to be in London, not far from the home of Harvey. I was determined to go and see it. Perhaps one day I should know him personally.

I tried to imagine the meeting, the introduction, and the mutual recognition. I wondered if he would be glad to find his correspondent not only young, but—may I say?—pretty. I pulled a piece of hair forward and looked at its gold. Yes, I thought he would be pleased.

It was really wonderfully foolish.

I had even reached the point of wondering how "Minnie Grey" looked and sounded.

(*To be concluded.*)

GENIUS.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

YOU cannot fetter Genius. Like a palm
In tropic house of glass, that loves to roam,
And ever higher towards the crystal dome
Uprears its head in grand majestic calm,
Until it meets the very roof, and then
Forces the builders to enlarge its sphere,
Giving new kingdoms to it year by year:
E'en so is Genius unrestrained by men.

It knows no bounds, acknowledges no bond;
And if men try to roof it in with glass
Of prejudice and custom, dares to pass
Through all their flimsy structures; far beyond
It sees the golden sunshine, and, God-given,
Aspires e'en to the very height of heaven.

HER FIRST SEASON.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

CLOUD-LIKE laces softly float
Round a dainty snow-white throat—
Fasten'd here and flutt'ring there
With a careless cunning care;
Blue-bells, blue as summer skies are,
Or her own sweet sunny eyes are,
Cluster close beneath her chin,
As if love—and not a pin—
Kept them firmly nestling in!

Gown of some diaphanous thing,
Gauzy as a gadfly's wing;
Full of whispers vague and sweet,
Falls in white folds to her feet.
Light as moss veils drape their roses,
Round her flow'r-like form it closes—
Ev'ry graceful curve it shows us.

Silken mittens soft and quaint,
Of a shade, æsthetic, faint,
Weave a jealous network o'er
Two pink palms that I adore;
And a musical mix'd jangle
Comes from bracelet and from bangle
As it fetters each slim wrist
(Made but to be clasp'd and kiss'd),
With fantastic coil and twist.

Hair a-ripple like ripe corn
Wind-kissed on a summer morn.
What, you say you see the glint
Of a reaper's blue scythe in't?
Nay, 'tis but a silver arrow
Wand'ring through a golden furrow,
Where the sun-shafts bore and burrow.

* * * *

Like a bright plumed bird is she,
From the home-nest just set free;
Knowing neither grief nor wrong,
In her heart and lips a song.
'Tis not I would wish to make her
Prim and drab-gown'd like a Quaker!
As God's hand doth paint the flower,
So fair things are beauty's dower—
(Youth is but a fleeting hour!)

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

PART II.

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

AMONG the many great families of the West country few have been more distinguished in the past than the Carews (or Careys, as they like to call themselves), of Carew Castle in Pembrokeshire, and of Haccombe and Bickleigh in Devonshire, as well as of Tiverton Castle and of Crowcombe Court; nor has their fame been limited by the bounds of England and Wales, for one branch of the Carews, long settled in Ireland, has attained the honours of both an Irish and a British peerage.

Some two centuries ago a member of this house, the Rev. Theodore Carew, probably a younger son or brother of Sir Thomas, the first baronet, of Haccombe, was the Rector of Bickleigh. He was related to the Cliffords and other great neighbouring families, and when a son was born to him in 1693, a Major Moore and Hugh Bampfylde, an ancestor of Lord Poltimore, stood as his sponsors at the font, and gave him his two Christian names. In due course of time he was sent to Blundell's Grammar School at Tiverton, in his native county, where, being fonder of field sports than of his books, he got into a scrape, along with one of his schoolfellows, for having followed a deer into the standing corn of a neighbouring farmer, who made a complaint of that act of trespass. Not caring to be flogged for playing truant and doing mischief, the two lads eloped from the school and joined a band of gipsies who were travelling about the hills of Exmoor. The gipsies, in spite of their clannish habits, were not sorry to welcome two young men of gentle birth as proselytes, and so admitted them to membership with all the due rite and ceremony of the fraternity, and not many weeks passed away before young Carew showed himself an apt disciple of his Zingari masters by defrauding a lady near Taunton of twenty pounds, under the pretext of being able to discover to her a treasure hid in her garden by his skill in astrology.

Meantime his parents lamented him as dead, for though they advertised his loss, they could get no tidings about him. At length, after a year and a half of wandering with his adopted brethren and sisters, he appears to have grown homesick, and so one day came back to Bickleigh, though so altered in appearance that neither his father nor the watch-dog in the stable-yard knew him. But the old love of adventure was too strong to allow him to stay long in a dull country rectory, so he ran away again and rejoined his gipsy friends.

He now began to think in earnest how best to employ himself in order to get an honest (?) living in his new vocation, and accordingly he resolved to follow the example of Proteus, the fabled king of the sea-calves in their ocean caves, and to study the art of changing his outward form and appearance by all sorts of disguises and crafty contrivances. The first *rôle* that he took up was the common and easy character of a shipwrecked mariner, and in this he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer in the Isle of Sheppey whose cattle and sheep had been drowned in a flood. This also "paid well," and every character that he took up was sustained by him with so much art and skill that he soon found large sums of money in

"LIKE A BRIGHT PLUMED BIRD IS SHE."

his pocket. Indeed, so artful were his disguises of face, voice, and dress that persons who knew him well were taken in, and once he went on the same day under three different characters to the house of a kind and charitable baronet, and was successful on each of his three visits.

We next hear of him as serving before the mast in a sailing vessel bound for Newfoundland, out of motives of curiosity; and during his stay on that island he gained a variety of knowledge which served him in good stead whenever he cared to take up his favourite character of a shipwrecked seaman or fisherman. He returned in this same ship to Dartmouth, bringing back with him a fierce Newfoundland dog, which he had enticed away from his owner and had tamed by a process of his own.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, pretending to be the mate of a collier, he eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an apothecary of that town, and bringing her into his favourite haunts—the south-western counties—he revealed to her his real name, and married her at Bath. His friends and relations thought that now, if ever, was the time to reclaim him from his wandering life; but neither he nor his wife was willing to abandon the tents of the Zingari, and so he donned his Protean disguises once more. At one time he claimed respect as a clergyman, put on bands, a large white wig and a broad-brimmed hat, and black clothes, declaring, though with a modest reserve which was most effective, that he had given up the charge of a parish in South Wales from motives of conscience, being forced to take an oath which ran contrary to his principles. Giving vent to deep sighs, and to a firm trust in Providence, he found that godliness was gain in a new sense of the word. Next, on hearing that a vessel was bound for Philadelphia, having many members of the Quaker sect on board, he laid aside his gown and bands, and assuming a lay appearance and a quiet, modest demeanour, he so ingratiated himself with the "Friends" at Thorncombe, that they made a collection for his relief.

But when it suited his purpose, he had other disguises in reserve. For instance, one day he went to the house of Squire Portman, at Bryanstone, near Blandford, in the garb of a rat-catcher, and was allowed, after he had eaten a good dinner in his host's kitchen, to show off his skill before a number of Mr. Portman's neighbours and friends. Here he was recognised by a Mr. Pleydell as the veritable Bampfylde Moore Carew, of whom he and most others in that part of the country had heard, but whom he had never yet seen. "Oh! but you have seen me; and you gave me a suit of clothes, too," was his ready reply; "and the poor unfortunate fellow without shoes or stockings who told you that he had been wrecked off the Canary Isles, and whom you relieved at your door only a month ago, is the very same person as the rat-catcher now before your eyes!" At this all the company laughed heartily, and made him a bet of a sovereign that he could not take Mr. Pleydell in again. But the gipsy was equal to the occasion. Not long after he got himself shaved, and dressed himself as a poor old woman, put a high-crowned hat on his head, and, borrowing a hump-backed infant from a tinker, and two other children from a beggar, he walked up to Mr. Pleydell's door, then, pinching the children, set the house dogs in a roar. The servants then came out, and told the pretended woman to go off on her business, for else she would disturb the lady, who was ill. "Then God bless her ladyship," was the reply. "I am the grandmother of these three helpless children, whose mother and all their goods were burnt last Christmas." The pitiful tale, accompanied by plenteous tears, drew compassion from the servants, one of whom, running indoors to the squire, brought out half-a-crown and a basin of broth, which the old woman and the children soon eat up at the kitchen door. On the squire coming out soon afterwards he recognised his old acquaintance, paid him the amount of his bet, and sent him on his way rejoicing, amid the laughter of the domestics.

By this crafty power of adapting himself to every form and shape, Carew grew into great favour with the king of the gipsies, who was now old and infirm. This flattered his ambition, and prompted him to new efforts in the same direction. By a clever ruse he gained admission in the house of the Duke of Bolton, near Basingstoke, and placed in his Grace's hand a petition setting forth that he was none other than Bampfylde Moore Carew, the supercargo of a vessel cast away at sea on the voyage from Sweden, in which he had lost his clothes and all his effects. The Duke, recognising his parentage through the high-sounding names which he bore, took him into an inner room, and ordered one of his servants to shave and wash him, and to give him a new holland shirt, and a suit of clothes, and then made him sit down with him at table. He made a hearty meal, and the Duke's guests were so amused at his adventures that they made up for him without delay a purse of ten pounds. The Duke ordered him to have also a bedroom got ready for him; but in the course of the evening the ungrateful fellow gave his kind host the slip, climbed over the park gates, and made off to a neighbouring village, where he rejoined his gipsy associates. In a like manner he imposed on Colonel Strangeways, of Melbury, who went out hunting after breakfast with him, and telling him that he knew Carew's face so well that there was no chance of his being taken in! But before the afternoon was over Carew had put on a ragged dress and a pair of crutches, and made a counterfeit wound in his leg, by which he so worked on the Colonel's feelings that he extracted from his pocket a half-crown. In the evening, on the Colonel's return, they sat down together to supper, when the gallant officer told him that he had seen and had relieved a poor lame beggar an hour or two ago. "That poor lame beggar," replied Carew, "is now before you!" This frank avowal caused great mirth; but the Colonel would not believe his guest's words, till he saw him, on leaving the house, hop away on his crutch.

About this time Patch, the king of the gipsies, died of old age, and Bampfylde Moore Carew was elected in his stead on account of his acknowledged merit. As king, he was supported, when necessary, by the joint contributions of the entire community, so that there was henceforth no need of his engaging in any active enterprises. But "what is in the bone will come out in the flesh," and Carew was as busy in his stratagems as ever; but he had not long enjoyed his sceptre and crown when, as ill-luck would have it, he was arrested as an idle vagrant, and tried at the Exeter Quarter Sessions, where he was sentenced to transportation. His destination was Maryland; and as soon as he had landed in that colony, he gave the slip to his keepers, while they were drinking brandy or rum, and hid himself in the woods. Retaken, he was all but sold for a slave; but by the aid of some friendly Indians, who probably had a secret sympathy with a gipsy, he seized on a canoe, and paddled his way to Newcastle, in Pennsylvania, where he at once transformed himself into a Quaker. In this guise, not new to him, as we have already seen, he made his way to Philadelphia, and finally to New York, from which port he had no difficulty in making his way back to England, though he narrowly escaped being "pressed" on board a man-of-war. Here, too, his ready artifices stood him in good stead, for he pricked his hands and face, and rubbed them with salt and gunpowder, which gave him the appearance of being ill with the small-pox.

He landed at Bristol, and that is the last known fact in the life and career of this strange member of a titled family. What became of him afterwards is unknown, even to members of his own family, or of the gipsy fraternity; but it is supposed that he died about the tenth year of the reign of George III., when he would himself have been not far short of eighty. When the caverns of the sea and the graves of our churchyards shall give up their dead again at the last day, then, and not till then, shall we learn where is the last resting-place of the wild and eccentric Bampfylde Moore Carew.

(*To be continued.*)

SPANISH COOKERY.

It must be borne in mind that oil enters into the composition of a large number of Spanish dishes. Travel and education have done much to overcome the almost universal English prejudice against its use, and, in Spanish cookery, to substitute lard or butter would be to destroy one of its chief characteristics. All offensive flavour and smell can be entirely got rid of by throwing into the oil, when hot, a small piece of bread, which must remain until—not brown—but black. For frying fish the oil is then at its proper temperature; but for many other dishes—for instance, where onion has to be fried—the oil should be allowed to cool a little, so as to fry the onions tender, but not brown. Again, where garlic is specified, the entire flavour of the dish is altered if this is left out, and in all the recipes given in this paper the smallest quantity is named.

Red Pepper (Pimienta Molida).—Such a common ingredient of Spanish dishes, which, contrary to its name, is neither hot nor pungent, is the capsicum dried and ground. It can be bought at Morrell's, in Piccadilly, and other large establishments. The green peppers, which are capsicums in a green state, are now to be had of most superior greengrocers; they have a peculiar flavour, slightly bitter, but very agreeable when once the taste is acquired. They vary in shape and size—for winter use they should be hung on a string in a warm, dry room, and they will turn red. They are useful for flavouring and colouring stews, etc., but require to be bruised in a mortar. Red pepper is best bought in small quantities, and must be kept air-tight in a warm dry cupboard, as it is apt to get musty and mouldy otherwise.

Berza (pronounced ver-sir) is the general name for all vegetables, but is applied in particular to the national dish—the olla—which is eaten daily in nearly every Spanish home, for which several recipes will be given, as it is varied according to the season. The

berza is a dinner in itself, comprising meat, pork sausage, and vegetables, and it is for a change a most wholesome and delicious meal for people in health, though not perhaps well suited to bilious people or invalids. It ought to be cooked at least six hours—boiled pretty quickly without stopping (in Spain a round earthenware pot is used over a charcoal fire). If an iron pot is used, it should be enamelled, and care taken not to burn the contents.

Winter Berza.—Into a quart of water put one pound of lean gravy beef, in one piece, half-a-pound of fat salt pork, with about half a tumblerful of haricot beans. Let these cook slowly for a couple of hours, then add vegetables, such as are in season, taking care to put in first those that require the longest cooking, such as celery, turnips, carrots, etc. Onions are not admissible. If potatoes are used, put them in last, when the other vegetables are tender, cut into quarters; they ought not to become mashed. When the vegetables have been boiling for some time, sausage should be added; in Spain these are small, made of lean ham, and very highly flavoured with garlic and spice. Another sort is also used, exactly like our black-puddings, but containing garlic. I have no doubt that the real thing, the Spanish *choriso*, is to be had in London, but if not, a quarter of a pound of lean high-flavoured ham would be a very good substitute. When the berza has been boiling for quite four hours (from first putting in the vegetables), put into a mortar two or three cloves of garlic, a dozen round peppers, a couple of cloves, and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Bruise these well, and then add a dessert-spoonful of red pepper; moisten all with a little of the liquor from the berza and put it into the pot, and shake it well in; on no account stir an olla while cooking, but from time to time give it a good shaking. Let it boil now more gently for an hour or two, when it will be done. Many good Spanish cooks say that it is impossible to boil a berza too much, but I think the great secret is to add the various ingredients at the right time, to keep boiling, and to flavour judiciously. Of course a little more or less salt can be used to taste, and should it require a little more water this also may be added, hot, from time to time. When finished a well-made berza should be quite moist, but by no means sloppy. In Spain the meat and pork are put on a separate dish, and eaten as another course, but by far the better plan is to serve a small portion of each with the vegetables. Cabbage makes a nice berza without other vegetables, and with this the black-pudding sausage is to be used, flavouring as above.

Spring Berza.—For this, fresh fat pork must be substituted for salt, and in place of winter vegetables, green peas, French beans, lettuces, young broad beans, and new potatoes. A portion of fowl and a little lean ham are generally added, and greatly improve the flavour of this berza. Omit the cloves in the flavouring, and recollect that these tender spring vegetables do not require quite so much cooking as the winter ones.

Potage.—According to the quantity required, take haricot beans (if old ones, previously soaked), and put to them about a pint of cold water, and a tablespoonful or two of sweet salad oil—the Spaniards always use olive oil—and a whole head of garlic. Boil gently until nearly tender, and then add a large teaspoonful of red pepper, sufficient salt, and a tomato broken. Add more water if required, and continue to boil until the beans are perfectly tender, but not broken. This dish ought not to be too sloppy, but still moist. Lentils cooked in exactly the same way, but with the addition of a clove or two pounded in a mortar, are very delicious. The tomato can be omitted without much injury to the flavour; the garlic ought to be removed before serving.

Rice with Tomatoes.—Fry in half a teacupful of oil—which may previously be purified by frying in it a small bit of bread—one or two green peppers whole. When done, take them out and remove the thin outer skin, and place them on one side. Cut up one or two green peppers and fry them, and a small onion cut up. When the onion is tender, but not brown, put in five or six tomatoes, skinned and broken. Let these fry until quite pulpy, stirring frequently, that they may not burn nor stick to the pan, then throw in a breakfast cupful of rice, stir it well in, and then add plenty of hot water and sufficient salt, and let it boil gently, until the rice is nicely done and the water all absorbed, taking care to stir frequently, that it may neither stick nor burn. Serve with the whole green peppers for a garnish. This dish is extremely good without the peppers, when these are not to be had.

Sopa.—Fry precisely as above a moderate-sized onion and a couple of green peppers, and two or three tomatoes in a little oil. When tender, add a pint of cold water and some salt, and when boiling throw in stale bread cut very thin, and serve at once.

Gaspacho.—This is as completely a national Spanish dish as the berza, and is partaken of daily in the hot weather, either for lunch or before going to bed. Bruise in a mortar one or two cloves of garlic with a little salt and some oil, say a tablespoonful, and a piece of stale breadcrumb previously soaked in water. Mash these till perfectly smooth, then add a little water and work again, until the mass blends with the water, then add more water gradually until the mortar is quite full. Turn it into a bowl or tureen and add the full quantity of water required, also a sliced tomato, a green pepper shred thin, or a few thin slices of cucumber. Leave this in a cool draught, covered, and break up a sufficient quantity of bread (not new). Add this to the soup five minutes before serving, and at the last add a dessert-spoonful of good vinegar, or more if required.

Stewed Fish.—Fry in a little oil two cloves of garlic cut up, and a couple of bay-leaves; add presently a small handful of flour, and keep stirring it until it acquires colour, then add gradually enough hot water and sufficient salt. Put in then the pieces of fish, and stew gently until done. Plaice, hake, cod, river fish, and all the cheaper kinds of fish are very nice cooked in this way. If the flavouring is not quite pronounced enough, add more garlic and bay-leaves.

Fish with Saffron.—Pound in a mortar a clove, a little cinnamon, and a pinch of saffron, with a piece of soaked crumb of bread. Fry in oil a green pepper cup up, a clove or two of garlic bruised, and some finely-chopped parsley; add the spice and bread, and enough water and salt; let all boil until the bread has thickened the water, and then put in the pieces of fish—of the same kind as in the preceding recipe.

Fish en Blanco.—Put into a stewpan some water (enough to cover the fish), half a small cup of salad oil, two cloves of garlic; or if preferred an onion sliced—and some chopped parsley. When boiling throw in the fish, draw to the side of fire, and simmer till done. Serve with the liquor; and at table squeeze lemon over it. Do not omit salt. Whiting are particularly delicious done in this way; as also soles and other similar fish.

Red Mullets Baked.—Arrange the fish flat in a tin, and cover with fine breadcrumbs, salted red pepper, parsley and onion chopped, and a good sprinkle of lemon juice. Pour over plenty of oil to cook and keep them moist, and bake gently till done. Larger fish, such as jack and fresh haddocks, are nice in this way.

Cockles (delicious).—Make some oil hot, and throw in three cloves of garlic cut up, a large tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and lastly a teaspoonful of red pepper, which must not be allowed to stand a minute or its gets bitter. Have ready cleaned a hundred cockles in their shells, throw them into the boiling oil, and they will make plenty of liquor. When they are open and just upon done, add a large wineglassful of good strong brown sherry, and serve very hot. In Spain all the fish cooked as above are done in earthenware shallow pans over a charcoal fire; but failing this a lined pan would be the best.

Cockles are also very nice cooked with rice, prepared as for "rice with tomatoes," only without the tomatoes and green pepper. In this case add the cockles in their shells when the rice is done; and when these are well opened it is ready for serving.

Eggs and Tomatoes.—Fry a pound of ripe tomatoes either in oil or lard, with a small quantity of onion, and sufficient salt, until all the moisture is evaporated and the tomato like apple sauce (remove the skins before cooking). Have ready half a dozen eggs well beaten, and when the tomatoes are ready add the eggs, stirring quickly for a minute or two until well mixed and the eggs set, when serve at once.

Savoury Potatoes.—Fry an onion in a little oil, add two or three cloves, a few round peppers, and a pinch of red pepper, a pint and a half of cold water—a glass of sherry is an improvement. Throw in about two pounds of potatoes cut up into bits, and boil gently till quite tender. This is very good also with meat added, either cooked or uncooked, cut into small pieces.

Bloaters, Red Herrings, etc. (Spanish fashion).—Grill the fish and allow it to get quite cold; then split down the back, and smother well with onion cut very fine, green peppers (if obtainable), and plenty of pepper, oil and vinegar. Allow it to lie in the salad mixture a little while before serving.

Artichokes.—Take off a few of the outer leaves and cut off the top quite flat. Cut up the stalks into inch lengths. Make a stuffing of fine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, a clove of garlic very finely minced, and a small quantity of sweet herbs. Take some oil and fry one or two cloves of garlic; when brown remove them, and arrange all the artichokes (and a large handful of green peas if they can be obtained) in the pan. Cover with equal quantities of oil and water, and boil gently till tender; serve with all the sauce. This is considered one of the most delicious dinners, equally by Spaniards and foreigners. Always put salt to taste.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE shabby passenger took the first train with third-class carriages to St. Petrox. Passengers were usually a good deal delayed when they got there, by having to find their luggage and get it transferred to cab or omnibus by an insufficient staff of porters, but this traveller avoided all such difficulty by carrying all his baggage in his hand.

Apparently he was a stranger in St. Petrox, for he looked at a slip of paper, evidently cut out of a newspaper, which he took out of his pocket, as if seeking for a name before he asked a porter the way to Falkland Crescent.

Hearing that it was nearly two miles off, on the other side of the town, he hesitated, then, with a gay and reckless smile on a face still very attractive, he tossed his light purse on the palm of his hand, hailed a fly, and drove off in it.

"One wouldn't have said half-crowns were plentiful with that chap," one porter remarked to another, stopping for a moment to look after the fly; to which his companion returned, drily—

"It's them as hasn't got 'em as spends 'em most freely, Bill," a cynical observation true enough in the case of Terence O'Kelly.

He jumped out at the house to which he had directed his driver, and tossed him a coin, saying—

"You have a good horse there, and he has a good driver."

"Thank 'ee, sir," answered the flyman, gratified; and conscious that his fare was a gentleman, and a pleasant one, he touched his hat respectfully, though to a much shabbier one than his own. O'Kelly was about to ring at the door, but before he had pulled the bell, a short, stout, good-natured man came out, by his dress a clergyman. O'Kelly seized the opportunity.

"Excuse me, but can you tell me if Miss O'Kelly is living here?"

"Miss O'Kelly? No, I think not," answered the clergyman, more taken up by wondering who the man before him could be than by what he had asked. "No, she—I haven't met you before, have I?"

It was the absent Vicar of whom Mrs. Palmer had spoken, and his wits were astray just then.

"I believe—yes, it was her mother who died a week ago."

"I know that. Has Miss O'Kelly left the place then?"

"I believe so—yes; in fact, I know she did not intend to remain here; she said so. There were two little children. Poor girl, she seemed very solitary!"

He did not know that he was speaking aloud.

"Left here!" repeated the other, in consternation. "This morning! With a brother!"

"I fancy the landlady, Mrs. Palmer, did say something about a brother. No doubt she will tell you anything you wish to know, though I can't imagine what business it is of yours," said the Vicar, again soliloquising aloud, and much at a loss why this stranger should be questioning him about Kathleen O'Kelly. He forgot all about it on his way home, but a question from his wife, who was well aware of the need of keeping an eye on his proceedings, reminded him of it.

"Miss O'Kelly! ah, yes, to be sure. A dilapidated sort of man stopped me at Falkland Crescent to ask after her; I recollect now."

"Not for her mother?" asked his wife.

"No; he seemed to know that she was dead."

"A gentleman?"

"Certainly, certainly; no question of that; a delightful voice, I recollect, but the sort of man that has degenerated; he was dilapidated, as I said. I should say he had known much better days, and had gone down hill."

"I always thought there was something odd about those O'Kellys. Did you tell him anything about them?"

"I said she had left St. Petrox."

"You said she had left St. Petrox!" repeated his wife, in a kind of hopeless tone, as she looked up from the parish accounts which, fortunately for all parties, she kept in her own hands. "Why, you went to Falkland Crescent on purpose to call upon her."

"Dear me! so I did!" laughed the Vicar, who was always the first to enjoy his own lapses of memory, which indeed his wife did not find amusing at all. "So I did. I quite forgot it. Burrell met me on the way, and walked along with me; he wants to get up a parish reading-room and club for the men, and it put everything else out of my head. But I am convinced the maid said Miss O'Kelly had gone away."

"I daresay she said not at home. What have you been doing all this time, if you did not call on Miss O'Kelly?"

"I believe I called on the people on the first floor. Yes, I did."

"Why, we do not know them. They do not come to our church."

"Well, I thought they seemed puzzled," said the Vicar.

Meanwhile, not altogether satisfied with the information he had received, O'Kelly rang at the door. A sulky maid, out of humour because she had had notice to quit, and therefore doubly indisposed to give herself any trouble, answered it.

"Is the landlady, Mrs. Palmer, at home?" O'Kelly had picked up the name instantly. The girl measured him with her eye; she was not quick enough to see beyond the shabby exterior.

"No, she isn't," she answered shortly.

"Is Miss O'Kelly here?"

"No." And she added to herself, "I'm not going to have you come and ring me up again from the kitchen, to answer your questions, so you'll get nothing out of me!"

"When did she go away?"

"She's not here, and that's all I have to say. What do you want to know for? I can't stop here all day; I've all my work to do."

"Was it this morning she went?"

For all reply the girl shut the door in his face. O'Kelly stood cruelly disappointed and cast down.

"She must have been in the same carriage with James," he thought. "If that blackguard porter had not stopped me, I should have been in time. My poor Kathie! She'd be glad to see her father, if no one else is. Well, I must write to Clevedon."

He walked slowly away to seek a lodging, and consider what to do. The same problem presented itself to him as to Kathleen; but as yet he had never failed to find temporary employment, or a friend to help him out of a strait. His good address and agreeable ways had stood him in excellent stead, and had found him friends time after time, though he had worn out their patience successively. If he were downcast, it was not because his purse was empty, and his fortunes at a low ebb, but because he had counted on finding the one creature in the world whom he loved with anything of unselfishness, and found her gone.

Kathleen had another visitor that evening. Dr. Netley had been called away from St. Petrox to an anxious consultation, and thought nothing more about her until he returned late in the evening. Finding he had a spare half-hour, he determined to call upon her. As he walked up from the station—he never drove if he could help it—he recalled what her brother had said, piecing it with what he already knew, and finding himself rather puzzled than enlightened. He had already been rather perplexed by various little circumstances during Mrs. O'Kelly's illness. It seemed strange that no relations should have come to lighten Kathleen's responsi-

bilities, and share the long and fatiguing nursing. Stranger still that only the three young girls should follow the dead to her grave, and that *all* the painful, necessary arrangements should be left to Kathleen. He had given her as much help as he could; but it could be no ordinary circumstances which threw a girl of Kathleen's rank on the chance kindness of a comparative stranger. The landlady opened the door to him.

"Is it you, sir? You never come to see Miss O'Kelly; she has taken my little parlour, This way, sir. I suppose you know," she added, stopping in the hall, "that my former mistress, Lady Dacre, is coming on the twentieth?"

"Indeed! No; I had not heard of it."

"It's likely she meant to surprise you then, sir. You'll please not to name it that I told you."

"I understand," he said, laughing. "Is she going to stay long?"

"Six weeks or two months, sir. I hope she will not object to the children—they are sweet little ladies; but you know she is a little hard to please. She very nearly left me because a gentleman played the banjo next door; and before that she was sadly put out because my other lodgers had brought a dog with them."

"I don't think anyone would object to such children as these, Mrs. Palmer; not even my godmother. Do you say that Miss O'Kelly has left her old rooms?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it is because she found them too expensive."

"Really! I am sorry she has to consider that."

"She has to think of such things a deal too much, poor young thing! But I daresay she will tell you herself. I was in hopes that her brother, who came here last night, would make things easier for her; but I can't find that he did. I'd no idea till two days ago how bad things were with her. This way, Dr. Netley."

Kathleen was reading aloud to the children by the light of a small lamp; she stopped as Dr. Netley was announced, and rose. He was sensitive to his surroundings, and the change from the large, well-furnished rooms in which he had hitherto seen her, to this small, dim parlour, struck him immediately.

"How kind of you to come! I wanted very much to see you," Kathleen said, and then she sat down, signing for him to do the same; and the children came on either side of her, looking seriously at him. They were on very friendly terms with him; but the last time they had seen him was when he attended their mother's funeral, and a curious shyness seemed to have come over them.

"I am glad I came to-night, then," he answered very kindly, looking at her with a new interest. "I was called away this morning, or I'd have come earlier. By the way, I travelled for the first hour with your brother."

"Did you? Yes, he came yesterday; but he could only stay a few hours. I *did not* think he would be able to come at all; it is difficult to leave his pupils."

"You are looking better, I am glad to see."

"Thank you, yes. I am quite well. We spent half the day in the lanes.'

"That is right; it was the best thing for all of you. I hope you will take a thorough rest."

"On the contrary, I must work. I only wish I had something to do at once."

"Work! What kind of work?"

"Anything I can find to do. You see, we are very poor. We have hardly anything to live on; and I very, very much want to earn money."

Dr. Netley looked at her in dismay. He knew already so many people in the same predicament, that his heart sank at finding another on his hands. It smote him too as he remembered how many fees he had received from this girl who was "very poor." It would have given him the greatest pleasure to return them; but there are kind things that a man cannot do, however much he may wish it. This was one.

"Is it really necessary?" he asked, with embarrassment.

Kathleen was not at all embarrassed.

"Quite," she said decidedly. "I have been considering what I could do. I can read aloud well, teach badly; and there is one other thing I could do well."

"What is that?"

"You will think it a strange plan, perhaps, but I have considered it. I know I should make a good masseuse. That is what I want to be."

"Good heavens! The thing is out of the question!"

"But why? You said I knew all about it. You know I was really properly taught."

"My dear Miss O'Kelly, it is utterly impossible!" he repeated, looking at Kathleen, and feeling the incongruity of the proposal more than he ventured to say. "You—you are a lady, very young, much too—delicately brought up;" he had very nearly said "much too pretty," but stopped in time. "Upon my word, I don't know how to discuss it with you; but believe me, it is absolutely out of the question."

"Is it?" said Kathleen, in a voice of deep dejection. "If you say so, I suppose it is, but I don't know what will become of us."

Her hands dropped in her lap; she looked straight before her, not seeing him, but some dreary prospect which took all the light from her eyes and the colour from her cheeks. He was much distressed.

"Nay, nay, we must find something fitter than this for you. You do not know what you would have to go through—out early and late, hard, fatiguing work, trying patients, uncertain employment. I feel sure your brother would not allow it."

"I should not ask him. We have got to live—if we can."

"Is it really so bad as that?" said Dr. Netley, involuntarily lowering his voice. He looked at the children, wishing them away, so that he could speak more freely than it was easy to do while they sat looking now at him, now at Kathleen, with wistful, inquiring eyes. But Kathleen had no intention of banishing them, though she read his thought.

"You can say anything *you like*," she said. "I want the children to understand how things really are, as far as they can; we are going all to work, and have no secrets from one another—are we not, children?"

"Yes," both answered, clinging closer to her.

There was something so quaint and touching in the sight of the elder girl, thus the stay of the two little ones, and of the innocent league which they had made, that Dr. Netley smiled with glistening eyes.

"Quite right. But, if I may speak plainly, do you mean that you will have to depend on your earnings?"

"Not quite; we could manage if I could earn ninety pounds a year. But that is a great deal. I could never get it as a governess, even if I could honestly say I can teach; nor as a reader. But I might if I had plenty to do as a masseuse. It is what you would call menial work, I suppose; but I must not mind that."

"You would not earn anything like that, I fear."

"I might, easily, if you would be so good as to recommend me. Just think, five shillings an hour, a few hours a week, would make two pounds."

"Even if I could countenance such a plan, I have my own rubber, Mrs. Bell, whom I always send to my patients."

"You said one day she had more than she could do."

Dr. Netley could not deny this, but all sorts of objections crowded into his mind. He could not explain to himself why the notion of Kathleen O'Kelly undertaking such work was so repugnant to him, but the idea made him quite savage.

"I hate to see women working for bread," he said.

"I daresay most of them would rather not, but they must, you see."

"You don't understand what it means to lose caste; you can't be a masseuse and a young lady."

"Of course not. I shan't like that part," said Kathleen, thinking of her experience in the morning. "It is very, very important to us," she added, as he sat silent. "Is there no one who would try me? Have you no girl among your patients who would care to help me to begin? Indeed, I would do you no discredit."

"It is not that. Forgive me, but surely you have relatives, who, if they knew—I beg your pardon," for Kathleen had flushed red, and made an impetuous gesture of denial. "Believe me, I did not mean to offend you."

"I am not offended, but there is no one at all to whom I could apply, even if I would. Our relations have been very generous in time past; I could not ask anything. I would do any honest work, even needlework," he could not help smiling at the profound distaste which her voice expressed, "but I really can't. It is Phyllis who mends our things, or I really don't know what we should do. Ah, do think better of it, and don't starve us out of kindness. I've thought and

thought till my heart is grey with it, and there's no plan that I can find but this. Won't you help us?"

Kathleen's coaxing tones might have persuaded a stone image; Dr. Netley felt himself yielding against his will. She saw it directly, and clapped her hands.

"Oh, then, it's kind you are! I knew you'd hear reason. What sense is there in killing us to save our gentility? and that's what you'd do if you said no to me. Let me try, doctor, that's all I ask, and I'll never forget your goodness!"

The colour had come back to her cheeks and lips, her lovely Irish eyes were full of fun and gladness and gratitude. Dr. Netley found his consent taken for granted before he had spoken a word. He had always until now seen her anxious and sad, and this new and charming aspect took him so much by surprise that he was disarmed unawares.

"I have not promised," was all the protest he could make as he rose to go.

"There's no need; it's not you that will disappoint us," Kathleen answered. "Good-night. I'm not afraid now."

"Good-night," he said, feeling every objection to her scheme more than ever, yet unable to spoil her gladness. "I must think it over. Good-night, little ones."

"I hope you will have a very, very, very good-night," whispered Una, "because you have made Kathleen so happy. You'll find somebody for her directly, won't you, doctor dear?"

Her tones were almost as coaxing as Kathleen's.

"I'll see; but I really cannot promise, Una."

(*To be continued.*)

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

PART II.

LETTING OR RENTING FURNISHED HOUSES—HOW TO MAKE AN INVENTORY.

WERE I wishing to let my own house, or to rent someone else's furnished, I should call on all the local agents, and give them full particulars as to accommodation, etc., with the time for which I wanted a tenant, and the rent I thought I ought to get; or if I wanted a house, I should state size, situation, time for which I would take it, and rent I would give. When a tenant is introduced by an agent there is never any charge made to him, but a commission, usually five per cent. on the rent, is paid by the householder; this commission (if the negotiation is carried through) is paid for the introduction, though the arrangements may be completed between the landlord and tenant entirely without assistance from the agent.

Where orders are received from several agents, should number one give an order to view a particular house, it is best not to take an order for the same house from agent number two, should it be offered; it frequently causes questions as to who let the house, when several agents have it on their books and give orders to view to the same person.

Householders should be very careful to give the same particulars to the different house agents. It is not at all an uncommon thing to find a house on one agent's books at a higher rent than on another's, from want of care. Much unnecessary trouble is also saved by people giving accurate descriptions; it is often marvellous the way in which gardens grow and furniture becomes handsome on paper. A short time ago I went to look at a house a little way out of town; I was told it was five minutes' walk from the station (that being of importance to me), and that there were six good bedrooms. The house was in a line with the station; I walked at a good pace, and it took me exactly eighteen minutes to reach it. It contained too good bedrooms, two small dressing-rooms with a two feet six inch bedstead in each, and two attics. A little more exactness in the description would have saved me a useless journey, and I am sure many people have had similar experiences.

These things are mistakes, for proposed tenants only feel vexed when a place is not as good as they expected, and are much less likely to regard it favourably when they are undeceived. When putting a house on agents' books, keep a list of names and addresses of those who enter it on their books, and as soon as an agreement is signed for letting, send notices to that effect to them, stating through whose introduction it is let. Good country houses are generally on the books of one or two London agents and upholsterers. Another way of obtaining or disposing of a house is to advertise in the local or London newspapers; those selected must depend on the class of property that is to be disposed of or is required. A glance at the advertising columns of the various papers will show anyone which has most advertisements of or for the description of house they have to let or they require. I think that for those who do not mind the trouble it is better for them to advertise for themselves than allow an agent to do so; if permission is given for the agent to do it, the expenses have to be paid in addition to the commission for letting. Yet another way is to answer other people's advertisements; this way is of more use if you require a house than if you want to dispose of your own.

In writing, be careful to state what you require or have to offer concisely and clearly. If you are offering your house, try to see it with other people's eyes; there is generally with us all a great tendency to see our own belongings through rose-coloured glasses, and to take a proportionately disparaging view of other people's.

I have often been struck by the wretched look of furnished houses, arising simply from the fact of their being unoccupied, and to having none of the small things about that make a place look homelike; this is particularly the case with houses that are simply furnished for the purpose of letting.

When a house is let furnished the owner pays all rates and taxes, excepting only the water rate, which, if the tenancy is for any length of time, is sometimes agreed to be paid by the tenant, but, unless so stated in the agreement, must be paid by landlord. In determining the rent to be asked for a house—that is to say, the rent which it will pay one to let one's house—there are several things to be considered; an ordinary house let for a short time should, nicely furnished and in good decorative repair, fetch about double the original rent and taxes; though then one has to consider the family of the proposed tenant, if there are children, or if they will have dogs in the house; in fact, what the wear and tear of the furniture is likely to be.

I have often known houses let without the least damage being done, where careful people had had them, while with others it has seemed impossible that so much harm could have been done in the time. If a house is to be let for any length of time, the best plan is to add up the rent and taxes, and the annual interest of money value of furniture, and add to this a fair amount for depreciation, with or without a profit, and name the total as a yearly rental.

I calculate depreciation in this way: suppose that I am going to let my house to a small family for twelve months; I say to myself, if they use my furniture for a year, and I have a new drawing-room carpet it may be, or it may be curtains, or dining-room furniture re-leathered, at the expiration of the time, the furniture will with that addition be worth as much as it is now; I add the price of proposed new article as "depreciation," and make my rent up thus—

Rent, taxes, and house repairs	£130
Interest on present value of furniture, at five per cent.	45
Depreciation	15
	£190

Which shows me that if I get 190 guineas a year for my house I shall not be out of pocket by letting it furnished; the difference between pounds and guineas pays the agents' commission. Having my house on lease, I am bound to add something to the yearly rental to cover repairs. Of course there is no profit this way, but it is what may be done if a house is let simply as a matter of convenience. There may be the expense of making an inventory, drawing an agreement, going through inventory, to add (for a house where the inventory was not long the whole would

be about £3 5s. 6d. for landlord, £2 4s. 6d. for tenant). If the house is let for profit, that must be added to the calculation. These figures will not of course apply to places affected by the seasons.

Then the rent must be arrived at differently, as a house is worth various sums, according to the time of year. When a house is let furnished, it is necessary to be extremely careful about references, for as the tenant brings very little with him, there is not the same security as in an unfurnished place. There should be a properly drawn up and stamped agreement; if let through an agent, he is generally allowed to draw it; the usual charge for this is a guinea to the landlord and the same to the tenant, to whom a duplicate is supplied; both agreements are stamped, the stamps are paid for in addition. The stamp for an ordinary house for less than twelve months is two shillings and sixpence. If the agent receives the rent, he usually deducts his commission for the whole of the tenancy from the first payment. Rent is paid in advance for furnished houses; sometimes for the whole time, sometimes quarterly, sometimes monthly, according to arrangement. An agreement should specify length of tenancy, if with option to continue for a longer time, what notice to be given, when rent is to be paid, a promise on tenant's part not to underlet or use the house otherwise than as a private house, to make good any damage, ordinary wear and tear and damage by fire excepted, to leave furniture, etc., in rooms as in inventory, and to leave blankets, counterpanes, and other specified things clean.

For the letting of furnished houses the law is different to that for unfurnished. The contract in the first is for goods and chattels as well as house, so there is an implied condition that the house is reasonably fit for comfortable habitation from the day on which the tenancy begins, to the day on which it ends. If the house is unfit to live in on account of any defect in itself, such as bad drainage; if the furniture is unfit for use, or the place uninhabitable from dirt or vermin, the tenant is entitled to throw up the house as soon as the defect is discovered, and to take proceedings for breach of contract. It will be seen from this that it behoves anyone letting their house to see that it is in a proper sanitary condition, and also thoroughly clean, and he has the right to receive it back in equally good order. Plate and linen are not included in the furniture of a house, and are only left by special agreement; extra rent is usually charged when they are left for use, but it is usual to leave a cruet stand, toast rack, plated or other coffee and tea pot, fit for dining-room use; I think too that it is well to leave dust sheets and hearth cloths for use, as a protection for one's furniture. Brooms and brushes are not necessarily left out, but as it is better to have one's brooms worn out than the carpets unswept, I should advise their being left for a tenant's use; they certainly are not convenient things for people to take about with their luggage, so when I let my house I had them mentioned in the inventory, and on my return home, though my brooms had been worn out, I found others in their place.

When a house is shown, any cupboard or small room that the landlord intends to lock up for his own use should be pointed out. An inventory must be made of the contents of a furnished house, but before it is commenced it is advisable to put away in some place that has been reserved for locking up all cracked or damaged crockery that can be conveniently spared, and to make up any sets of glass, china, etc., that may be required, also to look through kitchen crockery, that being a thing that is constantly wanting to be renewed.

If an agent makes an inventory, the usual charge is a guinea a-day for doing it, but it can be made by any person who is careful, and will remember that everything must be mentioned.

The contents of a house are described and named as though perfect. It is best to take a good-sized book for the purpose, so that a wide margin can be left; then the articles are all written down in black ink, and when the inventory is gone through the imperfections are noted in the margin. It is a good plan to write them in red ink; they are more easily remarked in going through at the termination of the tenancy.

In making an inventory, begin at the top of the house, and whether you commence with the back or the front room, keep the same order all through the house. Stoves, chimney-pieces, bells, sash fasteners, locks, keys, gas fittings, door hooks, etc., are all usually named first in the room, then windows, walls, ceilings, and paint, with space left after each (never cramp an inventory into a small space), then floor coverings, fireplace and window furniture, then the fiurniture, after that the ornaments, and last the pictures; the same in every room. As you go downstairs you do the staircase down to the next landing. In the basement a plan must also be adopted; things must be classed; the confusion in going through on taking possession would otherwise be very great. In the kitchen, all tin things should be named together, all stewpans, saucepans, kettles, etc. The dinner services should have a general description, as for instance:—Pink-and-gold Greek pattern dinner service, by Minton, comprising soup tureen, stand, and cover, etc., etc. Last in the kitchen comes the odd crockery, as 7 dishes, odd; 12 plates, odd, etc. The pantry lists are made in the same way.

On the day that the inventory is to be gone through, and that should be before the tenants come in, as it rarely gets properly done when the house is full of strangers, all plates, jugs, etc., must be taken down from dressers and out of cupboards, and arranged conveniently, as whoever goes through the inventory on behalf of the tenant, sounds each piece of crockery to ascertain whether any of the things are cracked. On the termination of the tenancy the same thing is done by the person acting for the landlord, and on each occasion it saves much trouble and time to have everything ready. A tenant is required to leave all furniture and everything in the house in the place he finds it, so that if it is convenient during occupation to move things they must be replaced.

If agents are employed to go through the inventory, they charge a guinea a-day. Each party pays his own agent; unless a large house or one very crowded with furniture, it can usually be done in one day. Sometimes people do it themselves or by their servants; in any case both landlord and tenant must be represented, and it is more satisfactory to employ someone who understands it, unless it is really a plainly furnished house with very ordinary appurtenances, in fact, a house furnished for letting. If there are two copies of the inventory, each party to the agreement signs one to attest that things are according to it, and the landlord takes the one signed by the tenant, who takes that signed by the landlord. If there is only one inventory, both parties sign it, and the agent takes charge of it until the termination of the tenancy, when it is returned to the landlord, as it can be used over and over again for other tenants.

If there are books, it is advisable to have a catalogue made of them in the order they are in the book-cases: they are then only mentioned in inventory as books according to catalogue.

Rare books or ornaments that cannot be replaced it is advisable and more satisfactory to lock up. Cupboards that are locked up are generally sealed; some people put a tape across the opening and seal the two ends: this is an unsightly way of doing it, and the seals are worrying, as they are apt to get injured in dusting. It is better to take two pieces of tape about three inches long, nail one piece inside the door, the other inside the cupboard or room itself, bring the two ends outside as you lock the door, seal the ends of the tape together with a crest or monogram seal, and it will be quite secure.

The gas company (if the house is supplied) should be written to and asked to take the state of the meter on the day on which a tenant enters, and again on the day he gives up possession. They will then send an account to him for the quantity of gas he has consumed during his tenancy.

If servants are left in a house, whether landlord or tenant pays their wages, it is quite as necessary to have a proper inventory, for as they are for the time tenant's servants, he has to pay for breakages or damage done by them.

Particular care should be taken that all bedding is clean. It is a good plan for letting to cover pillows, bolsters and mattresses with extra holland covers; glazed holland lasts clean longer than anything else, but if thought too expensive, unbleached calico, at about threepence a yard, answers the purpose very well, as it looks clean and keeps the ticks clean. One under and three over blankets are considered a proper allowance for each bed; they must be left clean by householder, and also by tenant at conclusion of tenancy; as, also must white curtains, short blinds, dimity furniture, counterpanes, toilet covers, etc. If the tenancy is for any length of time, extra counterpanes and toilet covers, with a double set of short blinds (if used) and white curtains to change are necessary.

Special attention should be given to kitchen utensils that they are left scrupulously clean. When a tenant's family remains in the house to the last minute, it is almost impossible for the servants to leave things as they ought to, and an arrangement is made for the house to be put straight afterwards at the tenant's expense. Damages are assessed by agents if they go through the inventory. Cracked or chipped things, if broken, are charged half-price.

Many ladies with small incomes consider it a good thing to take houses and furnish them as speculations. As a rule, they lose money by them, from the expense they are at when they are unlet. Those who want a house to live in, and take one in a good neighbourhood, or at a place that has a season, often find it very profitable to let their house from time to time; but it is necessary if they want it to pay them that they should be able to live in it when it is unlet, and look after it themselves. Unless the rent is very good, it scarcely answers to let a house for a very short time, for there is generally something to do to it; for though a house has to be kept clean and in order, a tenant is not expected to have carpets beaten, or to take up nailed-down or large carpets, or to take bedsteads to pieces, or have what we call a "spring cleaning"; and these things, with some whitewashing, often have to be done after the best of tenants. Another reason why furnished houses are more speculative than they were, is that owing to the largely extended hotel accommodation everywhere, there is less demand for them, for there is much less trouble in going to an hotel for a short stay than in taking a house.

In conclusion, one word to those that take houses furnished. Do not mind looking closely at things when you are going over a house. Look at the bedding, the supply of china and glass; see that there are proper things for use in the kitchen, etc. Those whose houses are in such condition as they ought to be will not object to the scrutiny, and it saves trouble in the end.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRIED AFRICAN FLOWERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONLY A SERVANT.—We do not see why you should prefix your business name with the word "only." We are much obliged to you for your kind letter, and are glad to hear that our "answers have been a great blessing" to you. We are not acquainted with the poem you name. You write a very legible hand, and express yourself very well.

A. C.—Could you not arrange with your clergyman or minister to come and have an interview with the wild, unmanageable girl—unexpectedly to her—and let him tell her of the injury to her character and her future prospects in life this conduct of hers must be. You could not send her to a reformatory, unless she were guilty of some criminal offence. If the clergyman's representations have no effect in shaming her, you had better consult him as to any school at which she could be placed, or she might perhaps be sent to some quiet distant place—put to service in a farmhouse, where there would be a strict hand over her.

MISS MONK inquires "how she may reduce" her natural waist from the size which her Creator was pleased to make it, viz., "twenty inches round, to sixteen inches." We recommend her to apply at some hospital, and see whether she can induce them to cut it open, and remove either some part of the liver or lungs (as she could not very well dispense with her heart), and then she can have her dresses reduced in the waist without stopping the action of the wonderful God-created machinery inside. At the same time, we must frankly tell her that we could not form any idea of how long she would live with half a liver or half a lung. Apart from this question, we cannot imagine how anyone could wish to produce deformity.

JEANIE DEANS.—We cannot make promises of any kind, but it may be that some chess problems may be given. We sympathise with you in your inability to walk.

USELESS appears anxious to be useful. If she will send the painted cards to any of the children's hospitals or cripples' homes, they will be much appreciated.

MISS HARTLAND, as secretary of an Early Rising Society, and wishing to serve her sister girl-readers of the G.O.P., requests us to remind them of her useful undertaking. Subscription one shilling annually; prizes given, and rules supplied on receipt of stamped envelope. Address at Church Street, Newent, Gloucester.

L. A. P.—We read your husband's poem with interest and sympathy, as there is poetical feeling in it. Yet it needs a good deal of correction to render it correct according to the rules of grammar and composition. He should obtain some books of some of our best poets, and study them carefully as a guide to future verse-making, as he sits in the solitary lighthouse looking out on the "beautiful sea" that he loves so much. We wish him all success.

OSTRICH is referred to our indexes with regard to the curling of ostrich feathers. If she wants to have them cleaned and dyed, we advise her to send them to a professional dyer's, as it will save her from disappointment, and cost little.

CECIL.—What are called "honeycomb teeth," which lack enamel, and are indented as with little small-pox marks, cannot be artificially enamelled by any special treatment or dieting. It is a natural defect, owing to something wrong in the constitution, or the state of health in infancy when the second teeth are growing in the gums.

NANCY writes fairly well, but spells badly; as, for instance, "dispare" instead of "despair." The word "has" is a part of the verb "to have," whereas the word "as" is a preposition.

A. H.—The covers and coloured pictures, together with the indexes, are all extras, and can be had on early application to our publisher.

WHITE LILAC.—Never say "shillin'," "singin'," "learnin'," etc., because the "g" is not mute, and it is a vulgarism to drop it.

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NATURE'S JEWELLERY.

BY A. H. FINN.

NATURE decks herself with jewels
Glorious and bright,
Not as men with stones, but rather
Living light.

None there are whose gems can equal
Hers so rich and rare;
None can give them place or order,
None so fair.

She for diamonds hath dew-drops;
Stars, a golden crown;
And the moon her rays of silver
Poureth down.

Rubies in the glow of sunset,
Emerald on earth,
Chrysopasus in the ocean
Take their birth.

With forget-me-nots for turquoise,
Topaz in the rose,
While an amethystine purple
The grape bunch shows.

On her head like changeful opal
Hangs the rainbow's hue,
Girdled with a zone celestial
Sapphire blue.

Diadems of pearly cloudlets
Hath she round her brow,
And, than alabaster purer,
Spotless snow.

These she hath, and many hath she
Beautiful as these,
On the earth or in the heavens
Or the seas.

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KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

R. NETLEY went home ruffled, and wondering why he felt so. After all, this girl with her plans and her obstinacy and her sweet voice was nothing to him. He had noticed with admiration her unfailing tenderness to his late patient, and her good sense, and he was aware that she was unusually pretty, but it had made no especial impression upon him. He had other cases which occupied him quite as much or more than that of Mrs. O'Kelly; cases where there was the stimulus of possible cure, whereas with her there was nothing to be done but alleviate pain, if possible, and delay the end a little; and he had seen nothing of Kathleen except during his professional visits, until after the death of her stepmother, when he felt bound to do whatever he could to help her, since apparently there was no one else to do so. He had felt very sorry for the three young mourners as they stood holding each other's hands, looking down into the grave where the coffin had just been lowered, and he wondered more than ever at their being thus solitary in such a time of bereavement; but as soon as he got home he had a great deal too much to think of and to do—too many other homes to visit where there was trouble and anxiety, to have room for them, except for a moment now and then, in his mind. He was a very busy man even at this season, when the invalid winter visitants had not yet begun to flock into St. Petrox. No one knew how he got through all he did; certainly he could not have explained it had he been questioned. He was more than this, however; he contrived to read a great deal; he was a good linguist, having studied in both France and Germany, and he had artistic tastes, as his house showed. People laughed at him for its dainty appointments, its elegantly bound books, its rare china, and its fine piano—Dr. Netley was an excellent musician, though he never performed to an audience, saying that he had no time to practise enough to make himself worth hearing—and told him that all the house lacked was a mistress, and that a doctor of all men ought to have a wife. He was a fastidious man, especially where women were concerned, and had not yet found one charming enough, seemingly, to be worthy of his beautiful house, and now he was nearly forty, and critical of young ladies, especially if they stepped at all out of what he considered their proper sphere. Perhaps that was why he felt so strongly about Kathleen O'Kelly's taking up an occupation which, however unobjectionable in itself, did not seem by any means the right one for her. He could not get it out of his head.

"The brother can't know," he said to himself. "It is impossible he should permit it. What is he about to leave those girls here alone? By the way," as a sudden recollection occurred to him, "I wonder what on earth had happened to him in the two minutes after I had left the carriage and returned? He looked as if he had seen a ghost. I wish I had known of this wild plan before I met him. Well, it is clear I cannot forward it. There must be things a girl can do. Has she no relations who would make her working unnecessary?"

And then he found that he knew absolutely nothing of Kathleen's affairs, and it struck him as odd that it should be so, after attending Mrs. O'Kelly for nearly a year, and Kathleen so frank a girl.

Kathleen was frank, but she was also reserved, and there had seemed no necessity to her to speak of private matters to Dr. Netley. On reflection, he could not see that any mystery had been made by either mother or daughter; it was only that they had told him nothing. "Why should they?" he asked himself, truly enough. But he began to wish that they had.

He let himself into his house with his latchkey, called to his servant to say he had come back and would have a cup of coffee, and took up the letters, telegrams, and papers lying in a pile on his hall table. There was work enough to occupy him till very late, late even for him, which meant a good deal, and he plunged into it as soon as he could; but now and then he found his thoughts reverting to Kathleen and the children in the small, dim parlour, and he looked round his own room, with its luxurious fittings-up, impatiently.

Kathleen was not, however, to be pitied just then, for she was full of hope, and putting more trust in Dr. Netley than was likely to be justified; not indeed in his willingness to help her, but in his doing so in the manner in which she was bent. She had looked at it herself in every way she could, and it seemed to her that far from finding any degradation in such an occupation, it would be far from a small or despicable thing to relieve pain and earn money honestly. She was not at all a girl who would wait with folded hands to see what others would do for her; and while Dr. Netley was deliberating what else to suggest, and finding it a hard problem to solve, she had laid her project before Mrs. Palmer, silencing the worthy woman's protestations by assuring her that Dr. Netley had promised to recommend her. Kathleen was perfectly honest in all she said and did; perhaps the grief, only half acknowledged, of seeing one whom she warmly loved perfectly indifferent on the matter, had made her the more strenuously observe absolute truth; but her hopeful spirit sometimes misled her into believing what she wished more than she had any ground to do.

"Well, Miss O'Kelly, if that's so, I suppose there is nothing to say," replied the landlady, in the tone which people use when they feel that in reality there is a great deal more to be brought forward. "But for a young lady, and one like you—indeed, I can't see that it is fitting."

"I ought to be glad of any work, and you know I love nursing. Do help me, Mrs. Palmer, dear!"

When Kathleen said "Mrs. Palmer, dear," the landlady always melted.

"I believe you are a witch, Miss O'Kelly," she answered, half laughing, half angry. "You'd wile a bird out of the air, I do believe, into a cage, and that's what you've done, I make no doubt, with Dr. Netley."

She stopped and coloured, perceiving that her words contained a meaning which she did not intend, and much afraid of having given offence; but Kathleen was too innocent of such thoughts to notice it.

"Anyhow, if he will cage a few patients for me, that's all I ask," she said. "And won't you try too? You know so many people who have lodgers, or could recommend me. Ah, now, do!"

"Well, well, I suppose I shall have to do whatever you wish; I'll see about it," said Mrs. Palmer, the more readily that she was glad to have done no harm by her incautious speech. "But this is not the time of year when this place is full; invalids come a good bit later. Still, I daresay there might be some. But Mrs. Bell is Dr. Netley's rubber—masseuse, they call it now, don't they? What will she say about it, Miss O'Kelly?"

"She can't mind; she has more than she can do."

"I'm afraid that is no reason why she should not be greatly put out at someone else setting up here, especially if Dr. Netley recommends her. There are two or three more in the place, but they are old-fashioned and not much thought of, I believe, so she has it all her own way. All the doctors recommend her first, and people put up with her, though some complain of her manners—she gets out of temper, they say, and frightens nervous people."

"I'll promise to try not to do that, Mrs. Palmer."

"Well, I can't say I see much danger, Miss O'Kelly; indeed, for that matter——" she stopped again, but Kathleen laughed and blushed, reading the compliment in her eyes plainly enough.

"Yes, yes, but it's no advantage to those who have to work and go about alone to be too pretty," said the landlady, shaking her head at her. "But that's not what I was going to say. If I were you, I would just go and have a talk with her; she is an odd woman, and she may give you a lick with the rough side of her tongue, but if you take her

the right way, she can be as nice as anybody I know. If she chooses she can help you better than anyone, even than Dr. Netley, I fancy, for she often has to refuse work; I know that because I talked to her once about this arm of mine which you are rubbing now. You have a pleasanter way than she has, I should say; some find her heavy-handed, and then you never seem tired when you have done, as most rubbers do, and that is a great thing."

Kathleen sent the children to the shore while she took the landlady's advice, and went to seek the formidable Mrs. Bell. It was with some trepidation that Mrs. Palmer saw her depart on her errand, but she set out undaunted, and returned radiant.

"I am going to fetch Una and Phyllis, Mrs. Palmer," she cried, running into the landlady's sitting-room; "but I came back first to tell you how kind Mrs. Bell was. She's a dear woman, though she has got a bass voice and a beard. After the first she was quite ready to consider what I had to say, and then she talked so kindly; she said she had been left an orphan too, with brothers to bring up, and someone helped her, just when she did not know which way to turn; she could never forget how thankful she was for it, and she had always said if ever she could give a hand to anyone in like trouble, she would. And she knows of someone to send me to—they can't pay much, for they are rather poor, so it is not worth her while to take it, but it is a beginning for me. And, just think, she has offered to give me a little training; she says I do very well, but that I want a bit more. And it's you I have to thank, Mrs. Palmer, dear."

"Well, Miss O'Kelly, I am more glad than I can say, since you have decided on the plan," said Mrs. Palmer, looking at Kathleen as she stood before her, radiant with gladness and gratitude. "I'll own now that my heart misgave me when I saw you go, and I wished I had held my tongue, but there, I might have known how it would be; there's no resisting you, and that's the truth; you always get your way somehow."

She shook her head at Kathleen, but she was in reality very much pleased, the more so that Kathleen's last words had given her the agreeable feeling of being the author of this favourable turn of fortune. The first step was made, and thus when on her way to the shore Kathleen chanced to meet Dr. Netley, she could exclaim, "Doctor, I have got my second patient," thus not only rendering his design of explaining all over again all the obstacles and objections to her plan useless, but astounding him by showing it already in execution.

"How on earth have you managed that?" he asked, stopping short.

"Mrs. Palmer was my first—that was all settled before I spoke to you. Mrs. Bell has found me my second."

Kathleen laughed gleefully at the expression of blank astonishment on his face when he received this piece of intelligence.

"Mrs. Bell!" he repeated.

"Mrs. Bell. And she will give me some more training. She's the most delightful woman in St. Petrox."

"I am glad you find her so. It is not everyone's experience. How came you to go to her?"

"Mrs. Palmer told me I had better go and talk it over with her. Dr. Netley, aren't you glad you have not got to tell her you are going to recommend a rival?"

Dr. Netley actually coloured. It was the very thought in his mind.

"So you need not be afraid of her next time you meet," pursued the laughing girl, her eyes dancing with arch mischief. "Good-bye; I am going to fetch the children. You won't be less kind than Mrs. Bell to me, will you now?"

She walked away with her spirited step to find Una and Phyllis, and tell them her good news. This gay and saucy creature was quite a new Kathleen to Dr. Netley; he had never seen her in this mood before. He went on his round, discomfited, amused, provoked. The girl had got the better of him, he saw. He knew well that when his "rubber" took a fancy to anyone, which she rarely did, she was as good a friend as she could be a formidable enemy. In her way, Mrs. Bell was a power in St. Petrox; and she had ranged herself on Kathleen's side.

"Vexatious!" he thought. "It will have to be whether I like it or not. There will be just enough work to make it worth while to try it, as they have something already to live on. Poor girl! Well, it is no affair of mine—none whatever."

But he somehow felt as much annoyed as if it were.

Of course, the children received the news with unquestioning delight. To them it was the most interesting, important event possible, and their eager sympathy was sweet to Kathleen. They wanted to know who her patient was, how often she would visit her, how much she would earn, all that Mrs. Bell had said.

"I calculate that now, with Mrs. Palmer and this second patient to help us out, we can pay for our rent and food; but I must earn more than that if we are to have new clothes for winter," said Kathleen, meditatively, as she looked at the children, and measured with her eye the shortness of Una's skirt—Una grew terribly fast. "And as for making them, unless Phyllis learns somehow to cut out and fit, I can't see how it is to be done. I shall have to dress myself in a blanket, with a hole for my head, and you like little Molloy, who couldn't go to school to the nuns, because all the creature had to put on him was a sack and a string!"

"I could cut out if anyone would teach me a little," said Phyllis, who had a modest and well-founded confidence in her powers of needlework, though otherwise quite ready to yield the palm to her far cleverer younger sister.

"And I'll help you," cried Una, an offer which made Kathleen and Phyllis laugh and look at one another, but Kathleen answered seriously—

"And indeed you really must try to learn, Una dear, for you don't know so much as the right way to hold a needle, and it truly is not fair to leave it all to Phyllis; she has not a minute for her lessons, with a piece of work for ever in her hand."

"I like it," said Phyllis, prompt to defend the petted little one even from Kathleen.

"I know, but if you never furnish your head, 'tis not much good you'll get out of it by-and-by. 'Tis a gossip you'll turn into, Phyllis, my child, for want of something to think about. An empty head is next worst to an empty heart."

"Sister, shall you be able to buy any new book soon?" asked Una. "I've read all we have over and over again, and I do want a new one. I saw such a nice one at Eastley's, and I read a good deal while you were talking to the clerk."

"Dear, I wish I could!" Kathleen answered, very regretfully. "But we have got to pay our way first of all."

"It costs half-a-crown a year to subscribe to a parish library, Mrs. Palmer says," persisted Una. "Is that a great deal?"

Una had an unlimited appetite for reading; hardly anything came amiss—history, biography, stories, all were welcome to her; while Phyllis rarely opened a book of her own free will. Phyllis had her own valuable qualities, and was likely to stand by Kathleen considerably more effectually than little Una, but she was by no means so amusing and attractive, and accepted the fact humbly. Una was the show child, and aware of it.

"Is it a great deal?"

"Too much for us now, dear," answered Kathleen. It came very hard to deny Una anything. Here was one of the sharp little stings of poverty, not indeed the harsh suffering of want, but the very real pain of finding it impossible to have or to give those little pleasures and superfluities which are almost necessities, and would prevent life from being all drab-coloured.

"I wish someone would lose a dog or a purse, and then we would find it, and get the reward and divide it; we could have a subscription then," said Una, getting through the long word with difficulty. Kathleen used to say that she knew all the words in the English language, but could not pronounce half of them.

"Make a story about it, Kathleen, mavourneen," said Phyllis; and Kathleen at once took up the theme, and amused them with it all the way home.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTERNOON TEA.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Noah's Ark," etc.

DURING the last fifteen years such enormous and at the same time such rapid advance has been made in the state of civilisation in Japan, and still continues to be made, that even as we write many of the habits and customs mentioned in this paper are dying out, to be replaced by European fashions and uses. In the year 1873 some very important reforms were introduced by the Mikado, several of which greatly affected the daughters of "the land of the rising sun," as the Japanese poetically name their beautiful islands. One reform was an imperial decree giving permission to Japanese wives and daughters to travel to foreign countries, a permission the fathers and husbands were at first very slow to avail themselves of, not caring for the expense, although it was known to be the Emperor's wish for the fairer half of his subjects to be brought into contact with civilised nations, especially the English and American. In that year five Japanese girls of the highest position, all of different families, and varying in age from eight to fifteen, were sent by the Government to America to be educated under the care of the Japanese Minister at Washington.

Another decree was issued altering toilets and coiffures, recommending all who could afford it to adopt European costumes, and ordering the ladies to dress their hair themselves, and dispense with the services of female hairdressers. This last edict must have caused some heart-burnings among the gentle daughters of Japan, for their fashion of dressing their hair, which is generally very long, dark, and luxuriant, is very elaborate. It is raised very high in front and spread out in bows, not unlike the way in which we dressed our hair in the days of powder and patches; long stiff loops droop on the nape of the neck; they then run large pins or arrows of gold, silver, or tortoiseshell through it, using a great deal of pomade to stiffen and keep the puffs of hair well spread out. On festivals they wear flowers and ribbons in addition to these ornamental pins.

In this same year the European calendar was introduced instead of the Japanese one, though the date of the year is still reckoned from the accession of the first Mikado, so that a Japanese girl, writing a letter on the 1st of May, A.D. 1885, would date it the 1st of May, 2345. Another peculiarity of her letter would be, that instead of writing in horizontal lines from left to right as we do, she would write in perpendicular lines, of irregular characters, many of which represent entire words. All her books are printed on this same system. Her watch would, like ours, be divided into twelve portions, but each portion would represent two hours instead of one, and the hours are not numbered, but each is represented by the sign of some animal; the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, snake, horse, ram, ape, cock, hog, and the fox are the twelve Japanese hours. The names of Japanese girls are very fanciful and sometimes really poetical; for instance, Wave of the Sea, Chrysanthemum, Twilight, Snow, Waterfall, Little Butterfly, though inconveniently long, are not unmeaning.

As soon as a Japanese baby girl or boy is born its head is shaved, and the hair is not allowed to grow at all until it is three years old, and then only in three patches. If the parents are rich a little daughter is by no means a welcome addition to the family, and very often they will adopt an heir to inherit their property; for adoption is very common in Japan, and heiresses in consequence very rare; but the position of women—always much better than that of their Chinese sisters—is daily improving, so that this unjust custom will probably soon die a natural death. Women are now allowed to appear unveiled in the streets, though if married they may not speak to men except in the presence of their husbands. But among the higher classes, especially at Court, the Japanese women and girls have always been treated with proper respect and courtesy; and out of a hundred and twenty-four sovereigns, eight have been empresses. Although many Japanese girls of the higher classes now adopt the European style of dress, the national costume is still very common. The dress itself consists of a long, loose kind of dressing-gown, confined at the waist by a wide sash, called an *olei*, with broad ends, which hang down behind; the sleeves are very wide, and sewed up inside to make pockets. These garments may be made of cotton, silk, or more costly material, such as rich brocade, according to the rank of the wearer. They are sometimes wadded, and the girls wear five or six at a time, one on top of the other; sometimes they will wear as many as twenty, from vanity, when they look like a moving bale of silk and brocaded goods. In paying a visit, if they feel warm they take off one or two of their dresses.

Stockings are only worn while travelling, and are made with a place for the great toe. Their shoes are more like clogs, and are little more than soles of straw, wood, or leather with two straps; one across the instep, and the other attached to it, goes between the great toe, and is fastened to the sole. Outer high wooden clogs are worn for walking, particularly among the lower classes, but are removed directly the wearer enters the house, a point of etiquette on which the Japanese are very strict, and our European fashion of entering hotels, buildings, and houses in our outdoor boots annoys them exceedingly. There is no bandaging of the feet among the Japanese women as with the Chinese; they wear no gloves, but they always carry one or two fans, and the fan is considered one of the most important parts of the dress; the girls carry fans from five years of age. There is a favourite Japanese proverb, which says that "a fog cannot be dispelled with a fan," which is often quoted.

Their pocket handkerchiefs are of paper; they carry a little packet of them in their sleeve pockets, and throw them away after using them. Their umbrellas are not at all like the paper ones sold in England as Japanese parasols. They are made of oiled paper, very large and very heavy, and generally have the owner's name printed on the inside in Chinese characters. A good one costs about a franc or thirty sen; they are used indiscriminately as sunshades or umbrellas. Lastly, a Japanese girl always carries a miniature pipe; for every woman and child smokes. She puts in a pinch of native tobacco, lights her pipe at a charcoal brazier, gives about half a dozen puffs, and raps out the ashes; but she will repeat this ceremony at every spare moment during the day, apparently thoroughly enjoying it.

Japanese girls are often pretty, but they disfigure themselves terribly by painting their faces, an art in which they utterly fail, for they use coarse paints, and put the colours on very inartistically; they cover their faces with a dead white, rouge their cheeks, and colour their lips a brilliant red or violet. When they marry they shave off their eyebrows, and blacken their teeth, but as the Empress has wisely discarded this hideous custom it will probably soon die out. It originated in the jealousy of the husbands in the upper classes; where the custom still prevails, the girls blacken their teeth before the marriage ceremony, and shave off their eyebrows immediately after.

The marriage ceremonies are very numerous and various; in the first place, there is a "middle man," who arranges the preliminaries, and carries presents from the bridegroom to the bride, which vary according to the position of the parties; if the lady accepts the presents she must go on with the marriage. For a bride in good circumstances the presents would be a white silk robe, and some gold-embroidered brocade for the sash, which, by the way, is the prettiest part of the dress; another piece of white silk with a lozenge pattern worked on it, some barrels of wine, and some condiments. On the wedding night the bride is fetched on a litter to her husband's house, dressed in the presented robes and a veil of white silk; the relations are all assembled in a room, and here is held the wedding feast, which is inaugurated with a repast consisting of dried fish and seaweed, dried chestnuts, a soup made of fishes' fins, wine and condiments, and the inevitable rice, which is a standing dish at every meal. Then follow tea and sweetmeats, of which, by the way, Japanese girls are very fond, though they are remarkably small eaters as a rule. After all these preliminaries follows a dinner of three courses, after which the guests retire and the bride remains in her new home.

During her marriage feast, as at all other meals, the Japanese bride has to feed herself with chopsticks; and it is considered a great breach of etiquette to eat fast at first; but a Japanese girl is not likely to be guilty of this breach of etiquette, partly because, as we said above, she eats very little – a little chicken, rice, fungi, herbs, shell-fish, roots, condiments, and sweetmeats being the staple of her food; and also because she has been schooled and drilled in all points of etiquette from her youth up, for though an exceedingly polite people, the Japanese are also most punctilious on all such little matters.

The girls marry early, generally at fifteen, though they are considered marriageable some years earlier; they are allowed by the laws and religion of their country to marry anyone except their brother or father.

They do not appear to have very many amusements, though as children they are supplied with very sensible toys, which are instructive as well as amusing, and can be used to teach them the rudiments of science. When they are older they play cards and draughts; they are very fond of music, singing, and dancing. They play the guitar, and a peculiar sort of violin, but their favourite musical instrument is a kind of recumbent harp, not unlike a zither in appearance, though the sounds emitted by it, to our ears, at least, are far from musical. When they read, and they are fond of reading, their favourite topic seems to be their own country, though education in Japan is now advancing so rapidly that this will soon cease to be true. A favourite amusement of little girls is fancy papers; these papers they cut and fold into figures representing dogs or any common animals, flowers, plants, or household objects.

Although some of the girls belonging to noble families are now often sent to Europe or America to be educated, there are some first-rate girls' schools in Japan, particularly at Tokio, where there are industrial schools, art schools, elementary schools, and higher schools for girls. In all these schools, desks and chairs have now been introduced, for formerly

the girls all sat on their heels on mats at low tables; changes have also taken place in the matter as well in the manner of teaching; formerly morals, which include etiquette and writing, were all that was taught in elementary schools, but now they learn in addition to these arithmetic, reading, geography, natural history, and elementary science.

Writing is a far more difficult accomplishment to a Japanese girl than it is to an English child, for besides the forty-eight Japanese letters, she has to learn difficult Chinese characters as well, consequently far more time is spent on writing than with us; their copy books require no ink, water only is used; but this is a very modern invention.

Great attention is paid to domestic economy in the education of girls in all the higher schools; sewing, embroidery, dressmaking, painting, weaving, and rearing of silkworms are taught, for an ordinary housewife in Japan has to make almost all the clothes required by her family, as there are very few tailors or dressmakers, but until quite lately these domestic arts were taught at home, as they are still among the better classes. In boarding schools the girls are taught cookery and housekeeping in addition to their other studies.

The sewing is all done by hand, machines are not used, and for this and for etiquette the girls have to sit on mats on the floor, in true Japanese fashion. That beautiful gold embroidery we see on Japanese articles is taught in the female schools at Kujoto-Fu, where the girls have quite a course of study on the art of embroidery to go through, but these girls would be able to make their living by it afterwards; ladies would not consider it a necessary part of their education, though there is a special kind of embroidery or preparation for the more elaborate art, which all girls, rich and poor alike, learn. Patchwork is another art which every Japanese girl is taught, for it is very useful in mending tears or holes in rich brocaded dresses; in this art, and really it is an art, figures of animals or flowers are first of all cut out in thick paper, then, to fit these various silks or stuffs are cut and sewn together so neatly that they look as if woven, for not a stitch must show. Another kind of patchwork is made by pasting the designs together, or rather the pieces of silk which form the design, so that they look absolutely like one piece; this is taught to those who wish to learn it in the schools, but the other patchwork is an indispensable feature of a Japanese girl's education.

Painting in water colours and drawing in Indian ink from nature are taught in all higher and private schools, and, indeed, a certain knowledge of drawing is necessary for the embroiderers, as all the designs have first of all to be drawn on the cloth. Japanese girls are very fond of painting on silk and muslin, and in the art schools they learn to paint on lacquer-ware and porcelain, or earthenware.

In the education of a Japanese girl, either at home or at school, a great deal of time is taken up in learning etiquette, which is not only recognised as a branch of study, but is considered by far the most important element in her education; and in a country where such an elaborate system of etiquette prevails, breaches of which are looked upon almost, and in some cases quite, as crimes, initiation into some of its mysteries is certainly necessary. Etiquette includes morals, and particularly the virtues of patience and modesty, as well as mere politeness; in this last grace the Japanese certainly exceed all European nations.

The girls are taught to show great respect to their elders, particularly to the aged; their ordinary form of salutation in the streets is to curtsey, bending the knees; but indoors, in saluting their superiors or elders, they bow down to the ground, and if to a person of high rank, they bow till they can touch the ground with their fingers.

In character Japanese girls are remarkable for their gentleness and modesty; they are very timid, exceedingly patient, good-humoured, and cheerful, fond of a joke, easily moved either to tears or laughter, very neat in all their ways, fond of order and cleanliness, and, of course, very polite. They are not beautiful, though some of them are pretty; but their great charm lies in their manner, which is soft and fascinating. Their greatest vice is their intense curiosity, a vice which in Japan is not peculiar to the feminine portion of the nation, for the men there are as curious as the women.

They are passionately fond of the theatre, though girls of noble birth are only allowed to go to wrestling matches. Those of the lower and middle classes get up in the middle of the night to adorn themselves for a theatre. The plays begin at six o'clock in the morning and last till the evening. The actors are all men, but the scenery is very good; every play contains a sermon, and the audience, chiefly women and children, weep and laugh immoderately.

They spend a great deal of time on their toilet, for their hair takes a very long while to dress, and they dawdle over their bath, boiling themselves in water never less than 120° of Fahrenheit; they use no soap, but sit and steep themselves in this hot water, which is kept at the same temperature by means of a stove at the bottom of the bath. Another peculiarity of a Japanese bath is, they don't consider it necessary to change the water for each person, so in a large family perhaps a dozen people all go into the same water, and the bath-room is near the entrance hall, privacy not being thought essential to the occasion.

A Japanese girl gives her tea-parties to her friends like an English girl, except no gentlemen would be admitted, and sweetmeats would form a conspicuous part of the feast and the tea would be very weak, of a pale straw colour, poured out a minute after the boiling water is put into the teapot, and drank in little cups without handles, and of course without sugar or cream; the teapot is filled up again and again until every particle of flavour has been extracted from the leaves.

This same tea has previously been prepared by girls of the poorer classes, who have to stand bare to the waist at coppers stirring the tea-leaves until they are curled up by the heat. In the busy season these poor girls work for twelve or fifteen hours a day, and as the copper boilers are all heated by charcoal, the air is very unhealthy, nor does the smell of the burning tea improve it, and after their long tiring day's work is over many of these girls have a long walk of five or six miles to their home.

If a Japanese girl loses a parent, her mourning consists of a *kirinion* of coarse hempen cloth, as white as the coarseness of the fabric admits, for white is the ordinary colour for mourning; black is worn for joy. This coarse garment is worn day and night while the mourning lasts.

But the sad side of the life of a Japanese girl is her religion. Shintoism is the established religion of the country, but Buddhism prevails very largely also; in one of these creeds the Japanese girl is sure to be educated. When she goes to the service in a Buddhist or Shinto temple, she kneels with her head bowed down and her hands folded while the priest is performing his part of the ceremony; when she prays she presses her hands together, raises them to her forehead, and inclines her body several times. She will then offer paper flowers or strips of ribbon to Buddha or some of their heathen gods, and throw some money into the bowl which stands by the priest before she leaves the temple. If she was walking she will have left her outer clogs outside the temple; if not, she will return home in a *jinricksha*, a kind of perambulator with a hood and shafts, drawn by a coolie, unless she belong to the nobility, when she probably would return in a carriage drawn by horses, but horses are scarce in Japanese streets.

With this one great exception, Japanese girls are brought up in a very wise and sensible manner, and being by nature soft and gentle, and possessed of many excellent feminine qualities mentioned above, they make good, faithful wives and excellent mothers, and, heathen though they unfortunately are, these daughters of the land of the setting sun set an excellent example to Christian girls by their industry, their usefulness, and, above all, by their patience and gentleness.

CORRESPONDENCE: A DISAPPOINTING STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD been home three months and was "out."

The new life and the multitude of fresh interests were delightful to me, after the monotony of the past few months. I had lessons in music and painting, went about with my father, who did his best to spoil me, and altogether had my time and mind so fully occupied that I did not think nearly so much as formerly of my shadowy friend. Our intercourse gradually assumed, in my eyes, a less exaggerated importance, and I had only written to him once since my return.

I had plenty of books at my disposal too, but I never enjoyed any mere novel so much as the one I had read under such difficulties. Neither had I, by any means, forgotten its author. In crowds at concerts and elsewhere I never failed to look for the form which I always associated with him, and I had been to see the house in Regent's Park. But none of this was very satisfactory.

I told my father the outline of the story. He laughed a good deal at my account of Aunt Rebecca's confiscation of the book. I gave him the story to read, and he liked it very well, but not nearly so much as I had expected and hoped. He thought it bore the touch of the amateur.

"It is the man's first book, evidently," said he, looking at the title-page, "and not at all a bad one, considering; but when you've read a few better ones, you won't think so much of it. It is enthusiastic, sad, and emotional, which is what you young things like because you are happy." And he pinched my cheek, adding: "When you've seen the world a bit, and known what suffering is, you'll like something more cheerful."

"You think he's a young man, then," said I, with undisguised interest.

"Not a doubt of it," said papa; and I was glad to hear it.

I thought he would consider it silly, so I

did not ask him to take me to Regent's Park, but when I went for walks with the young German woman, whom my father had engaged for that purpose, I nearly always went in that direction, and would sometimes walk about there in full view of the house, while Fräulein talked volubly to me in her native tongue: She was a very phlegmatic person, and I do not think it occurred to her the proceeding was unusual.

One day my perseverance was rewarded. We were close to his house, when I saw a man coming along, whose appearance was so like my idea of Harvey Grey, that seeing him there my heart beat high with expectation. He was a man of about thirty, dark, tall, clean-shaven, and dressed in a rather unconventional manner, and he wore a large soft hat.

He was walking slowly, evidently lost in thought. As he passed me, attracted, I suppose, by my gaze, for I had quite lost sight of the fact that it was unladylike to stare, he looked up and his eyes met mine—large grey, earnest eyes.

For a moment only, for I lowered my own. Then he went up the steps to the house—his house—and let himself in with a latchkey.

At last I had seen him! Yes, he was quite up to my expectations, so much so that it was as if I had known him in another life, and we were kindred souls.

Did he feel that, too, in the instant when our eyes met? How strange, almost uncanny it was, too, that my conception of him should be so very near the reality.

One heard of cases in which people knew intuitively what they were to be to each other; perhaps this was one of those mysterious affinities of which we talk so much nowadays. Oh, did he perhaps recognise in me his ideal of the Minnie Carton who had laid bare her heart to him? Did he think, "If I met her, I should want her to be like that"?

So wrapt was I in my own thoughts that Fräulein, despairing of receiving answers to her numerous commonplaces, took refuge in silence, except once when she asked me if I were in love that I seemed so quiet, at which I grew very red and very angry.

A month passed by, and now a sort of shyness led me to avoid instead of seeking the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. But we were destined to meet again.

We were invited one evening to an "at home" at South Kensington, given by the wife of a scientific man whom my father had known all his life. I had been out nearly every night the past week, and felt more inclined for bed than for this mild dissipation, for I did not expect to enjoy myself. But as my father wished me to go, I gave in, and to make amends for having been rather disagreeable about it, put on my prettiest white dress, as he always liked me to look nice. By the time we had arrived at South Kensington my sleepiness had vanished.

The rooms were rather crowded, and there were a great many well-known people whom papa pointed out to me—several scientific men with calm, wise, clever faces, as if looking into the great mysteries of the universe, set them above the petty worries of smaller-minded people (which, however, subsequent experience has proved not to be always the case), a rather uninteresting set of women, who might have been clever, but were certainly not attractive, and a sprinkling of ordinary beings like ourselves.

I was walking through the rooms on papa's arm when I suddenly stopped short, for there, standing talking to Miss Grayson, our host's daughter, was no less a person than—Harvey Grey!

He looked very handsome and distinguished in evening dress; but he wore a somewhat fatigued expression, as if he did not find his companion very interesting.

"Papa," I said, desperately, "we must go and shake hands with Miss Grayson."

We went across the room.

Papa did not care for Miss Grayson, who was a heavy girl, and he liked bright women; but he was fond of her father, so he said with great cordiality, as he held out his hand—

"How do you do, Martha? I was wondering where you were."

I shook hands too, rejoicing that I had put on my best dress, for I knew Mr. Grey was looking at me, although I carefully avoided meeting his eye.

We stayed a minute or two talking, and I heard him whisper to Miss Grayson—

"Will you introduce me?"

The next instant the scene so often imagined had taken place. I heard the words—

"Miss Carton, Mr. Grey wishes to be introduced to you."

A mutual bow, and it was over.

I waited for him to speak.

"Your face is familiar to me," he said. "Can I have met you before?"

"I do not know," said I mendaciously.

After a moment's thought, he said—

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I have seen you in the street for a minute only; but there are some faces one does not forget."

I blushed. How natural it seemed that he should talk like that.

"Will you allow me to take you to have an ice?"

I agreed, and he left Miss Grayson to papa.

"Is it treason to speak against one's host's daughter?" he asked, laughing. "You rescued me from the anguish of a lecture on protoplasm by a lady who knew all about it, while I was lamentably ignorant."

"You should have profited by it then."

"I hailed your advent with relief."

"Merely as a means of escape. Thank you."

"By no means," he replied with emphasis.

We went into the refreshment-room together, I feeling as if I were in a dream, and longing to bring the conversation round to the subject of my identity; but yet feeling it would be more fun to postpone it for a little while.

Of course he was not even aware that I knew who he was, since he had only been introduced to me as Mr. Grey.

We talked for a little while on different subjects; and when I had finished my ice he found two very comfortable seats in the conservatory, away from all the heat and noise and cackle of many voices.

"Now," thought I, "is my time," for of course I did not know if I should see him again after that night, although I determined to introduce him to papa presently.

At last we got on to the subject of various pursuits, and he asked me what was my favourite occupation. I told him writing, and that I hoped one day to be an authoress.

He glanced at me critically.

"You don't look in the least fitted for it," he said.

"Why?" asked I, a little offended.

"Oh, I don't mean to imply you are not intellectually capable of it," he answered; "although, of course, I am not in a position to judge, but I was thinking you looked too fragile for the inevitable worry and drudgery and wear and tear of it."

"You speak from experience?"

"In a great measure. Writing itself is not all a delight. Then you must be prepared to make sacrifices, to hear unpleasant criticisms, and, if you are worth anything, be dissatisfied with yourself in the end."

"But one is willing to bear that."

"Oh, of course. Still, for a woman——" He hesitated.

"You object to women writing?"

"Not necessarily. I should be sorry to relinquish the treasures of Mrs. Browning and George Eliot; still, I think generally women are content to write greater trash than men, and women writers are nearly always unhappy."

"So are some men, especially in their married life."

"Certainly. That sort of work tends to make the nervous system overwrought. I always think a literary man ought not to marry unless his wife is most womanly, and prepared for unlimited sacrifices, but that is making her more beautifully fulfil her mission; but a literary woman ought never to marry, because it unfits her for her duties."

"Oh," I said indignantly, "I hate these sweeping assertions! If they contain a partial truth, they also may be met by exceptions enough to destroy it."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," he said, amused at my anger. "When I hear of you as a distinguished authoress, I'll write and ask your opinion on the subject."

"If it is unfavourable I don't think I shall confess," I acknowledged.

"Then I shall interpret silence my own way, except that probably you would in any case leave a vast deal of your correspondence unanswered."

"Why? I am a very regular correspondent," I said, and I could not help smiling.

"Oh, no doubt. But when you receive numberless ridiculous letters from all sorts of unknown correspondents on various uninteresting subjects, you will find it advisable to leave some of them unanswered."

"Shall I?"

"Moreover, it is wiser, for if you do answer, your good-nature will be imposed on to such an extent that you will not be able to call your time your own."

"Oh," I said, in a small voice.

"People will write for your autograph, write and ask you to read their manuscripts, write and make inquiries about all sorts of things, till stamps will be an extensive item in your expenses, and you will spend all your time in writing to strangers, and not be able to do any work at all."

"Do authors always object when strangers write to them?" I asked, shakily, regarding the feathers of my fan.

"Generally, I should think. Of course there are exceptions. I suppose when they are kind-hearted, and can be of any use to their correspondents, they are glad to write."

I wondered if he were thinking of me.

"I suppose, too," he went on, "that when authors are young and only receive a few such letters, they are rather proud of them; at least, I know that was the case when the only novel of the production of which I know much was written."

"And that was?"

"'A First Illusion.'"

I grew crimson. The subject was approached.

"How long ago was it written?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Oh, it was written about three years ago, but it hasn't been published more than a year; it was a long time before it was accepted. Have you read it?"

"Yes," I said slowly, and I began to pull my feathers nervously.

"Did you like it?"

"Very much, oh, very much!"

Then, almost against my will, I exclaimed, desperately, with a seeming want of relevancy, "I am Minnie Carton!" and subsided into silence.

Strange to say, he received the news with perfect calmness.

"Indeed?" he said, interrogatively, and then waited for me to speak again.

"Don't you remember?" I asked.

"Remember? Until my introduction to you I never heard your name, and then I did not catch it."

"Ah, you have forgotten," I said, disappointed. "Naturally it wouldn't make the same impression on you as on me."

"To what are you alluding?" he asked, apparently beginning to doubt my sanity.

"When I read 'A First Illusion,'" I said, thinking to give him another chance, "it seemed to me the most beautiful book I had ever known—so natural, so full of thought, that I felt towards the author as to a personal friend."

"Happy author!"

"Under the impulse of the moment I wrote to him——"

I paused. Surely now he would understand.

"Wrote to him?" he repeated after me, adding, "Oh, of course, I had forgotten. And the result?" he continued.

"A correspondence ensued, disclosing a similarity of taste and thought, that to me at least was a great pleasure."

"The similarity is not altogether unnatural, considering the circumstances." He looked at me and smiled. Then he said, "Would you like to know the author personally?"

"I don't know," I stammered foolishly.

"These sort of things generally end in disappointment."

"It's no good pretending," I said, "because when you were introduced, I knew you were the author."

"I!"

"Yes, Mr. Grey."

"But——I am not Harvey Grey."

"Not Harvey Grey? But——you spoke of 'A First Illusion,' and——" I paused, dumbfounded.

"Certainly. Because I know the author most intimately. Let me introduce you."

My feelings were indescribable, as, rising, I laid my hand on his arm and went out of the conservatory.

Speechless, utterly astonished, disappointed, and a little dismayed, I stood by his side in the drawing-room while he looked round in search of the author. Presently he evidently saw him, for he made his way through the crowd.

We stopped near the piano, where on a sofa were seated side by side an old man and a girl of about five-and-twenty.

"Molly," he said to the latter, "Miss Carton is a great admirer of 'A First Illusion,' so I thought you would like to know each other."

The girl looked up. She was not pretty, but very interesting in appearance.

"This," he said to me, "is my sister, Harvey Grey."

What happened after that I have not the least remembrance, save that I subsided on to the sofa, where they made room for me between her and her father.

She remembered my name, and seemed very pleased to see me.

"I had always thought of you as a man," I said presently, when I had collected my thoughts a little.

"I am supposed to be a man in the literary world," she said laughing, "because of my name. It is really Mary Harvey Grey, but I drop the Mary when I write. I wonder I never undeceived you. The critics were wiser than you. They thought I was a woman."

I did not confess to her the extent of my foolishness, but expressed a hope that we might be friends.

And after all, the author of "A First Illusion" is my most intimate friend, and I do sign myself Minnie Grey. I think and hope my husband finds a literary woman can yet fulfil her duties as wife and mother.

IDA J. LEMON.

DOVES' DOWN;

OR,

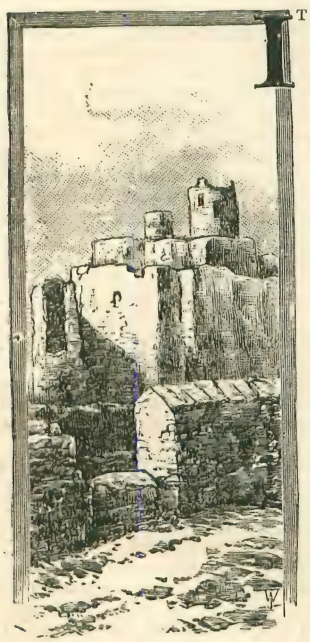
PIGEON LIFE.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGIOUS AND POETIC.

"As innocent of offence as turtle doves."
—*Proverb.*



IT has already been noticed that doves in many of their characteristics remind us of girl-life. For example, they have the strongest affection for home, of which they are the ornaments; they are gentle, pretty, and graceful; the female doves are fond of attention from the other sex; they give animation and interest to places extremely desolate and rugged; they bring luck to the house and the ship; they are emblems of innocence, tenderness, and affection; they are bright messengers of good news; they are shy and retiring, and yet they love society, and—

"Whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize
The gentle mind, they rule it, and they please." *

It will be seen therefore that the subject allotted to me is one full of grace and interest, and suggestive of bright fancies and pure thoughts.

One never thinks of a dove in connection with anything vicious or soiled or debasing; on the contrary, it suggests peace, comfort, purity, and constancy.

Doves have been familiar to our eyes in sacred history from the time when Noah sent one out of the ark for news of the deluged earth, until the "day of the baptism of our Saviour, when, as He went up straightway out of the water, the Spirit of God descended like a dove and lighted upon Him."

Not only David and Solomon, but poets in all ages have made the dove the subject of their song. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest," is scarcely more familiar to us than Francis Henry Lyte's lines—

"Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there."

Or Herbert's—

"Listen, sweet dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing and fly away with thee."

Perhaps it has been selected as the image of the Holy Spirit because of its gentle, loving nature, and the purity of its plumage.

To the Assyrians and Syrians the dove has been the special emblem of the Godhead ever since the Ninevite sculptor typified the Supreme Being by an orb with the tail and wings of a dove hovering above the head of his Master. In fact, the worship of the dove and the various circumstances of the Deluge have always entered very largely into the religious rites and ceremonies of the Eastern world.

In very many countries the dove is intimately connected, not only with the religion, but with the superstitions of the various peoples; and the number of legends about the dove is very large, and not a few extremely interesting.

To return to the Deluge. There is a curious Arabic legend related by Wilkinson respecting the dove, which states that the first time it returned to the ark it was with the olive branch, but without any indication of the state of the earth itself, but that on its return from the second visit, the red appearance of its feet proved that the mud on which it had walked was already freed from the waters, and to record that event Noah prayed that the feet of these birds might for ever remain of that colour.*

Among the many testimonies of the truth of the Deluge to be found among the Western nations is an ancient coin known by the name of the Apamean medal from having been struck in Apamea, a city of Bythinia. It has on its reverse side an epitome of the Deluge. It represents the ark as a kind of square machine floating upon water on which a man and woman are just visible through an opening, and over the ark a triangular pediment. Upon this sits a dove, and below it another, which

* Crabbe.

* Jean Ingelow notices the colour in the passage, "They walked daintily up the steep roof with their small red feet."

DOVES.

seems to flutter its wings, and holds in its mouth a small branch of a tree.

The account of this coin is given in "Bryant's Deluge." The writer, who lived a hundred and fifty years ago, saw the medal, which he says was of brass, of medallion size, and that it was one of three existing at that time.

It is said that the Holy Spirit, under the form of a dove, designated Joseph as the spouse of the Virgin Mary by lighting on his head, and that in the same manner Fabian was indicated as the Divinely-appointed Bishop of Rome.

A dove or pigeon is considered by the Russians to be a living picture of the Holy Spirit, and therefore no Russian peasant will eat one.

There is a curious story told of Mahomet. It seems that he possessed a tame dove, which he trained to come to his ear for seed; this the bird did at length quite naturally, as it never failed to find some there.

Mahomet's object was to convince his followers that the dove was the representative of the angel Gabriel, and that Divine messages were thus communicated to him.

A still stranger thing is related of him. It appears that in his flight he entered a cave with his companions to hide from his pursuers, and no sooner had he taken refuge than two pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance, and a spider covered up the opening with her web so effectually as to baffle those who were seeking him.

All who have been in St. Gregory's Church in Rome will have observed a picture by Badelocke, in which he represents St. Gregory with a dove perched on his shoulder, and whispering in his ear, intended no doubt to impress the people with the belief that every word and action of his was inspired by the Holy Spirit.

In the old woodcuts of the "Golden Legend,"* the Popes are always distinguished by a dove whispering in their ears.

Many, too, may be familiar with the painted window in Lincoln College, Oxford, in which the prophet Elisha is represented with a double-headed dove seated on his shoulder.

"This," says the author of "Credulities," etc., "is the peculiar attribute of Elisha, and it becomes intelligible on referring to his petition to Elijah when he entreated that a double portion of his spirit might rest upon him."

In many of the paintings of the Madonna the dove is introduced as the emblem of the Holy Spirit; in others, doves are placed near her while reading or working, expressive of tenderness and gentleness.

A very strong belief exists among many peoples of the earth that the soul quits the body in the form of a bird, and this has been the subject of superstitious fancies from earliest times.

A bird always signifies the soul in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the dove carrying in its beak a branch of palm or olive is a common emblem upon ancient tombs.

Therefore, taking these facts into consideration, it is not surprising that numerous stories exist in which disembodied spirits appear as doves.

In the life of St. Elizabeth by Count Montalembert, we find reference made to the belief that doves hover about a dying person, awaiting the departure of the soul from the body.

The story is that Duke Louis of Thuringia, the husband of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, being at the point of death, said to those around him—

"Do you see those doves more white than snow?" His attendants, considering him half unconscious, took no notice of the question, but in a few minutes he said again, "I must fly away with those brilliant doves," and fell asleep in peace.

His almoner, Berthold, on looking up, perceived doves flying away to the east, and followed them for a long time with his eyes.

Again, in the legend of St. Polycarp, who was burned alive, it is said that his blood extinguished the flames, and that from his ashes a white dove arose and flew towards heaven. From the funeral pyre of Joan of Arc a dove was seen issuing.

In a very interesting Swedish legend, translated by the Rev. Dr. L. B. White for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, two years ago, the following verse occurs—

"Then two white doves from heaven
Came down so peacefully;
They took up little Karin,
And then the doves were three."

There is a wild kind of song sung by the gondoliers of Venice, which declares that the spirit of a grand patriot, Daniel Manin by name, is flying about the Lagunes to this day in the shape of a beautiful white dove.

To bring these stories down to the present time, there appeared in a Paris journal, "Le Pays," of June 27, 1879, the following incident, which is said by Monsieur Paul de Cassagnac to have occurred at the funeral service for the late Prince Imperial at St. Augustine's.

The enormous crowd which had been unable to find room in the church suddenly became aware that just as benediction was pronounced a white pigeon was fluttering undismayed overhead, and perched on the stone eagle that surmounts the building; and the narrator, after describing the emotion of the superstitious crowd who beheld it, goes on to say: "May not the Almighty, to whom all things are possible, have, as a last reward, permitted him who is no more, to behold under that graceful form what was going on, and to see how much he was loved?"

In an old Breton ballad there is a quaint and touching reference to the spirit-bearing doves:—

"It was a marvel to see, men say,
The night that followed the day
The lady in earth by her lord lay.

To see two oak-trees themselves rear
From the new-made grave into the air;

And on their branches two doves white,
Who there were hopping gay and light;

Which sang, when rose the morning ray,
And then towards heaven sped away."

The Russians have a belief that the departed haunt their old homes for the space of six weeks, during which time they eat and drink, and watch the sorrowing of the mourners, and then fly away to be at rest. Therefore, it is a common practice in some districts to place breadcrumbs on a piece of white linen at the window during these weeks, and the soul is believed to come and feed upon them in the shape of pigeons.

Then, also, the dove is regarded as a lucky bird, bringing good fortune to the house, the city, the person, and the ship. As an example of this, the credulous firmly believe that the pigeons in Venice are in some way connected with its prosperity, and that their being domesticated in the midst of the city is a sign that it will not be swallowed up by the water. It is unnecessary to say that they are protected by the almost superstitious care and affection of the people of Venice.

Again, take the voyage of Cortis, when, with his companions, he sailed away to the New World:—

"Their victuals waxed scant, and their fresh water wanted so that they prepared themselves to die. In this time of tribulation came a dove flying to the shippe, being on Good Friday at sunset, and sat him on the shippe top; whereat they were all comforted, and took it for a miracle and good token, and some wept with joy, some said that God had sent the dove to comfort them, others said the land was neare, and all gave hartie thanks to God, directing their course the way that the dove flew."

I knew a girl who, owing to the loss of her father, had to leave her happy home and surroundings. She was sitting in her bedroom a night or two before taking her departure, almost too tired to undress, when she was startled by a fluttering and movement on the top of her white curtained bed. Standing on a chair, she saw a white dove, which came towards her when she held out her hands, and nestled up to her as though she and it were the greatest of friends. Thinking it had mistaken its home, she opened the window to permit of its flying away, but it remained in her room all night, and would not be separated from her even when she went down to breakfast next morning. The girl did her best to find out if any person had lost the beautiful bird, but in vain. Everyone called her a lucky girl, and wondered what good fortune could be in store for her. The dove remained in her room till the morning she left home, when it also took its departure no one knew whither.

The dove is the type of love, probably from its clinging to the partner of its nest with such uniform constancy.

"Venus and her doves" is a phrase known to us all; not less so is the famous representation of Venus with her son Cupid riding on a chariot drawn by doves.

"The tender turtles draw the car of Venus
and of Love." *

The story goes that the Uranian or heavenly Venus was not born from the sea foam, as was believed, but from an egg which two fishes conveyed to the seashore, and that this egg was hatched by two pigeons, whiter than snow, and gave birth to the Assyrian Venus, who instructed mankind in religion, virtue, and equity.

Those who have been fortunate enough to go to Rome have probably seen the celebrated doves of Pliny in the museum of the Capitol. It is one of the finest specimens of ancient mosaics in existence. It represents four doves drinking. The mosaic is formed of natural stones, so small that a hundred and sixty pieces cover only a square inch. Pliny thus describes it:—

"At Pergamos is a wonderful specimen of a dove drinking, and darkening the water with the shadow of her head; on the lip of the vessel are other doves pluming themselves."

And lastly, stories are told of the benevolence of doves.

It is related of Semiramis, the celebrated Queen of Assyria, that as a baby she was exposed in a desert to die, but her life was preserved by doves for one whole year, till found by a shepherd, and brought up as his own child.

Again, of a child in Brittany, who, dumb from his birth, besought God earnestly to grant him speech. One day, when in the field keeping the cattle of his masters, he was overpowered with sleep. Suddenly he was enveloped in a mysterious light coming from the east, and in the midst of this light there appeared a dove of snowy whiteness; it touched his lips and caressed his face, and the child arose healed, and related what had occurred with his own lips.

One could give many more such stories, but enough has been said to show the character of this bird for gentleness, purity, kindness, and the appreciation of these qualities by all peoples of the earth.

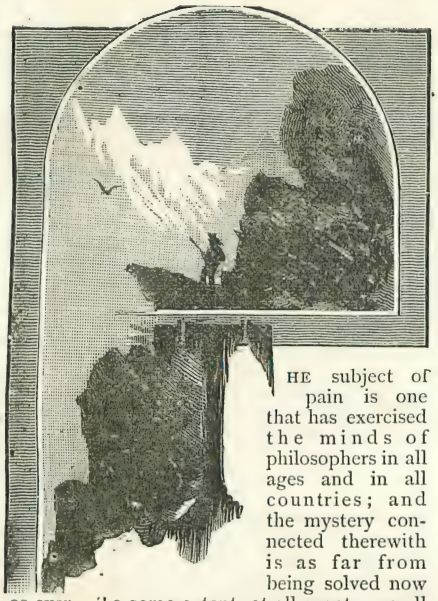
(*To be continued.*)

* A collection of lives of saints made in the thirteenth century, so valuable for the picture they give of mediæval manners, customs, and thoughts, that they were called legends worth their weight in gold.

* Logan.

WHAT TO DO FOR NERVOUS PAINS.

By MEDICUS.



THE subject of pain is one that has exercised the minds of philosophers in all ages and in all countries; and the mystery connected therewith is as far from being solved now as ever. To some extent, at all events, we all know what pain is, though none of us could define it in words; and had we never felt it, we could have no more notion or idea of the feeling than a man who has been born blind can entertain regarding the colours of a rainbow.

Pain is a terrible thing, and we should, most of us, gladly like to have it banished out of the world entirely; but nevertheless it really has a mission to fulfil in the economy of nature. If there were no pain, or if pain were an impossibility, there would be in my opinion no pleasure either, for it is after all but an exaggeration of the sensation of touch, and this sense has been given to animals—mankind among the rest—for their self-preservation.

Pain, whether physical or mental, performs one duty which is very easily understood—it strikes a warning note to show us that danger to health is close at hand. It is like the bell on the rock at sea, which, when the waves beat against it, sounds over the waters to warn mariners to steer away to safer quarters. Pain may often save the human barque from being prematurely wrecked on the rocks of an unknown shore.

But, nevertheless, this same warning seems at times to be given in needlessly loud tones, and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the danger; as in the case of toothache, for example, and many other aches of a like nature. In such ailments pain itself often becomes the most dangerous symptom, doing far more harm than the trouble it desires to indicate. We then need remedies to soothe the pain even more than to cure the actual trouble, for long-continued nerve-suffering has an utterly prostrating effect both on body and mind.

The worst feature in the case lies in the fact that those very drugs which are applied or administered for the relief of pain are nearly always of themselves debilitating; they may have no actual effect on the ailment that produces the suffering, and when their power over it has passed away, the last state of the patient may be worse than the first. I do not tell you this to frighten you, but to warn you, for of all sorts of self-doctoring, that of using medicines for the relief of pain is probably fraught with the most danger.

Girls who suffer much with neuralgic pains are usually at a low ebb, or below par as regards their health. Now that single sentence ought to be a comfort to many, for if they take it to heart, then instead of feeling round after pain-curers and pain-killers, they will endeavour to go straight to the root of the evil itself, and in regenerating their health, find happiness and surcease of all aches and wearinesses whatever. Pain in such instances would have been a positive benefactor.

I have not to go far to seek for an illustration that pain does really give timely warning of one's health being low. After an unusually hard spell of literary work I myself two weeks ago had what is airily termed—by those who do not have to suffer it—"a touch of neuralgia." I should have called it five hundred and fifty touches all rolled into one. It seemed to have its headquarters in an upper molar tooth, and to send forth therefrom every ten minutes select detachments of sharpshooters, to skirmish all along my jaws, over my face, and one-half of my head.

"Physician, heal thyself," was the remark made to me by one friend.

"Have it out, doctor," said another.

Have it out, indeed! Why, I questioned the ability of any dentist in England to pull that tooth without pulling off my head. It seemed to me to be as big as a five-inch flower-pot, and to be possessed of fourteen fangs at the very least. No, I dared not have it out. I am probably no greater coward than most men, yet I could not make up my mind to form one in a song-valse, and be swung round the room—I at one end of a forceps, a dentist at the other. Instead of that interesting performance, I took a hot bath at night and two pills, and a large dose of Friedrichshall water in the morning. This reduced the inflammatory action, and the pain left as if by magic. A course of quinine and iron followed, with my never-failing nerve tonic, Kepler's Malt Extract, and now at this moment I am at Yarmouth rejuvenating, breathing sea air, engulping nor'-east winds; and if it were not for the two girls next door who are learning to play the violin—oh! the sound—I could be perfectly happy.

Neuralgia and toothache, however, are not always so easily scared away, and I know many delicate girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty who may be said to be martyrs to some form or other of these complaints.

Neuralgia often comes and goes in a most mysterious manner. It is one of those complaints that is not sufficiently understood by medical men. If a cause can be ascribed for it, such as a decayed tooth, it is assuredly good policy to have it removed; but the complaint, on the other hand, often indicates bad nutrition of the nerves and system generally; therefore everything calculated to raise the tone of the system must be tried. If a proper régime is persisted in for a time, good results are certain to follow, and a permanent cure may be reasonably expected.

A well-chosen diet is first on the list of cures. It must be most nutritious, and the meals taken with great regularity; good red meat, eggs, milk, cream, and puddings *ad libitum*, with a due proportion of wholesome vegetables. But enough food to do real good can hardly be taken unless the sufferer rises betimes in the morning, and has a cold, or, at all events, tepid bath before breakfast, and probably a turn in the open air before sitting down to that meal. Tea and coffee also, and all kinds of stimulating condiments, must be abjured. If possible, nearly the whole day should be spent in the fresh air, and plenty of wholesome exercise taken. I feel I am prescribing now what many of my town readers cannot get; for this I am sorry, but a change to the country or seaside might be managed probably. Anyhow, there is one good remedy within reach of all. I refer to cod-liver oil, which ought to be taken after every meal; or better still the Kepler solution of cod-liver oil and malt.

The more sleep you have the better; so although early rising is to be recommended, early retiring is equally important. Exercise in the fresh air will conduce to good sleep. But there is this to be said about the exercise, it must not come anywhere near to the boundary line of fatigue, else the nerves become congested and matters are made worse. What we want to do is to soothe the nerves in a natural way, *feed* them and *soothe* them. Keep that remark in your mind's eye, please, if you suffer from neuralgia in any form. Feed them, soothe them—not with drugs—but never excite or stimulate them. Avoid worry of mind or body.

The seaside may sometimes be objectionable if it be a too stimulating part of the coast. I need hardly remind the reader that light warm clothing is to be worn, and indigestion and exposure to cold are to be strenuously avoided. Never go into a warm room at once from out of doors, and never sit close to the fire winter or summer.

If a neuralgic patient be pale and thin, with dark areolæ under the eyes, iron in some form will be needed in conjunction with the oil, and probably a few drops—five to fifteen—of the dialysed iron twice daily in water will be found most beneficial, as it does not heat or bind the system. An occasional mild aperient may be necessary, but on the whole medicines of this kind are best avoided.

Now although this is a simple and efficient régime to be adopted in cases of neuralgia, I am happy to inform my readers that anyone may find benefit therefrom when low in general health.

It is better to treat nerve complaints thus, than to have recourse to specifics; still, for the relief of pain of the character I am considering I cannot give prescriptions, but I may just mention phosphorus, arsenic in small tonic doses, bromides, gelseminum tincture, and Tonga. I have never prescribed this last myself, but many medical men do, and are pleased with the results.

I come now to say a few words about pains of a somewhat different nature. Did the reader ever hear of Myalgia? It is not a girl's name, though it is quite as pretty as some I know. Nor is it a disease in the true sense of the word. Yet it is a complaint that many delicate people suffer from, after very little exertion indeed. After a walk in the country, for example, I have known ladies retire for the night, or even waken next morning, certain in their own minds that they were about to suffer an attack of muscular rheumatism. The feeling of tiredness and stiffness amounts to positive pain, and may be situated in the legs or feet, or in the back; or even in the hands or fingers, if these have been subjected to any undue exertion.

It is a sad state of affairs, really and truly, for anyone to be in, whether a work-a-day girl or one who has little to do except enjoy herself. For the first, rest might be enjoined; as for the latter, she has too much rest; but the bodies of both are very much out of condition.

One never feels tired if well, but when out of sorts everything is a weariness and everything is a wrong.

This myalgia often attacks certain groups of muscles, so as to simulate disease; the chest, for instance, in one place, or between the ribs, causing the sufferer to believe she is being attacked by pleurisy or even heart affection.

Now although myalgia is more of a symptom than an actual disease, it is one that points to lowered vitality, and as this may give rise to anything, an effort should be speedily made to overcome it. As weakness of this kind may arise from so many different causes, it is difficult to give advice that may be of general use. The mode of life and living must be changed to a great extent in all cases, and an effort made to raise the standard of the general health by well-regulated exercise in the open air, careful diet, tonics, bathing, and change of air. A hot bath may be taken with good results at times, or even the Turkish bath, and those who can afford it should try a course of massage. Ladies should not look upon themselves in this or in any other chronic complaint as invalids; to do so has a most depressing effect. If you desire to consult a doctor, walk or drive to his house rather than have his carriage stop at your door, for I can assure you in nearly all nervous complaints the very fact of requiring the attendance of a doctor tends to make a patient take an unfavourable view of her own case; and this is precisely what one wishes to avoid.

In cases of backache much comfort is often obtained from wearing a flannel belt or binder.

But there are cases where simple myalgia or muscular fatigue is conjoined with a tendency to actual rheumatism. In those there will be some previous rheumatic history, and they call aloud for regulation of diet. Nothing that tends to over-stimulate the digestive organs must be eaten or drank. Vichy or lithia water will be found of service, and tonics in conjunction with antacids taken when there is a tendency to acidity of the stomach.

In these cases the proper action of the skin must be insured by the bath, with friction, an occasional Turkish bath, and by wearing flannel next the skin.

Attacks of cramp, like myalgia, sometimes come on suddenly without much warning, and seemingly without cause. Rest in bed is then imperative. Hot fomentations of poppy-heads, or even without the poppies, will do good, and a liniment quickly made from equal parts of oil and laudanum.

In a case of this sort the relatives of the sufferer are naturally concerned in their minds about her. The question is one of possible danger. Is she suffering from myalgia, or is inflammation setting in? Well, this is just one of those cases in which the little clinical thermometer steps in like a tiny magician or good fairy, to say whether the doctor should be sent for or not; for if the temperature remains normal, danger is far distant; if on the other hand it has mounted up over 100°, danger is close at hand, and your fireside doctoring may do more harm than good.

The clinical thermometer should be in every family; its utility cannot be over-estimated. Costing in itself only four shillings and sixpence, case and all, it may save very many pounds in a year from the doctor's bill, to say nothing of the anxiety of mind it lessens or banishes.

And now in conclusion let me just add one word of advice to all who are apt to suffer from pains of any kind. Live according to the rules of health, and do not at any time get weakly; when you do, seek for change at once.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS FLINT'S COMPANY MANNERS.

THOUGH Miss Dorothy Flint became the nominal tenant of Lint Hall, and paid a good rent for it, she rarely made it her home. Being a lady of an extremely independent turn of mind, and with large means at her own absolute disposal, she was not the person to trouble herself as to what people might say about her acts or movements.

"You hardly ever spend a week at a time in your new house," Mrs. Burford said to her, when she called upon Miss Flint during one of these brief visits to Lint Hall. "People wonder that you troubled yourself with the care of a place which seems to afford you so little pleasure. If you spent half the year in it, now."

"It would give me more trouble and less pleasure," promptly interposed Miss Flint. "I took the place because—well—because your husband would not sell it to me. He will be glad enough to ask me to buy it some day, and I am waiting for that day to come. I shall get it cheaper in the end. As to trouble, it gives me none. Cartwright and his family are capital caretakers, and do all for me that I require, when I pay a business visit to this neighbourhood. You, being an old friend, will excuse the pinafores," continued Miss Flint, indicating by a wave of her hand certain articles of furniture from which the holland covers had not been removed. "I shall receive no one else."

Mrs. Burford assured Miss Flint that she esteemed this absence of ceremony as a mark of personal kindness to herself, and a proof that she was regarded as a friend.

"Only, my dear," she added, "I am sure you would be more comfortable with me during these brief visits. You must feel dreadfully lonely here."

"Not a bit of it," replied Miss Flint. "It is quite delightful. I feel like a feminine Robinson Crusoe as I wander through this big place, 'monarch of all I survey,' and with nobody to say do this, that, or the other. It is my desert island, my inner world, into which the outer one, always excepting yourself, my dear, does not poke its nose for fear of its being snapped off." And Miss Flint laughed heartily at her own joke.

"Whilst I am here, however," she said, when she had done laughing, "I get to know everything that has happened since my last visit. I have Jane Cartwright in, or if she is alone and busy ironing, I go to the kitchen and sit with my feet on the fender, to hear the last three or six months' gossip. We both enjoy it. I hardly know which of us gets most gratification out of our talk, but I almost think I do," added Miss Flint, in a reflective way. "Jane Cartwright knows that I shall expect to hear about everything and everybody, and she keeps a sort of diary for my benefit. I am vastly amused at the queer collection of facts she stores up in this manner; plenty of rubbish, my dear, of course; but there are many tit-bits—oh yes, there are tit-bits."

Miss Flint's look at her visitor was indescribably knowing. She laughed and nodded her head, somewhat to the derangement of the drapery which at the moment was doing duty in place of a cap, and consisted of a large bandanna kerchief.

Mrs. Burford looked very uncomfortable, and wondered whether any bird

could have carried to Jane Cartwright, and Jane have repeated to Miss Flint, some uncomplimentary expressions of her own with regard to the present misuse of Lint Hall.

I have already said that Mrs. Burford's ambition was to occupy my former home, and that Miss Flint's taking it on lease had, she believed, been the cause of her disappointment. The Burfords' house would have been easy to let. Lint Hall was not everybody's money, and might have stood empty for years, or until its present owner was driven to occupy it, as the less of two evils, if only Miss Flint had not gone out of her way to take a place for which she had no use.

"If she would only live in it and receive her friends there, it would be a different matter," said Mrs. Burford. "She has such ample means for keeping up a place of the kind, and might make it quite a delightful, social centre if she chose. But Dorothy Flint never did choose to act like an ordinary human being, and I firmly believe she took Lint Hall to prevent our going to it, and to spite me, for I had told her my mind about it. She is just a dog in the manger—or perhaps cat would fit her better. There is that old Cartwright keeping up the gardens and vineries, and selling the produce—flowers, too—for his own benefit. It is a perfect aggravation to see the things and know that not so much as a basket of grapes or a bunch of flowers ever comes our way. She pays Jane Cartwright a trifle for keeping the house in order, and the husband pays Miss Flint a mere acknowment for the gardens, and makes all he can out of them. It is a shame!"

The memory of such remarks made not once or twice, but often, when Mrs. Burford's indignation outran her discretion, made her feel anything but comfortable as she sat opposite to Miss Flint in the morning-room at Lint Hall. She went first hot, then cold, as she wondered whether they had reached the ears of the shrewd spinster, whose keen glance made her feel so horribly self-conscious.

"You seem to like the Cartwrights," said Mrs. Burford, hardly knowing what else to say at the moment.

"Almost better than they like me," was the prompt reply. "They can scarcely forgive me for being here. Cartwright had been gardener to my late cousin for several years, and was brought up on the estate, so, naturally, I am the interloper." And again the speaker laughed heartily.

"It is very good of you then to put a living into the man's hands as you do, and get nothing back for it. Plenty of men would be glad to pay a substantial rent for these gardens."

"Believe me, my dear, in the arrangement made with Cartwright I have studied my own interest—I always do. The gardens were terribly worn down, for my cousin had spent no money on them for some time before his death; for the excellent reason that he had none to spend. If I had let the gardens in a regular way, the tenant would have been coming with all sorts of grievances—houses giving way, pipes not acting, woodwork bare of paint, and expense and trouble without end would have followed. As it is, Cartwright knows he has nothing to expect. 'Make the best of the place if you choose to stay in it, but expect nothing from me. If it is down you may get it up again. If painting be needed, outside work is the landlord's business, the rest must be yours.' That was what I told Cartwright, and he is getting the place up. His sons work out in the day and help him in the evenings, or when they have no better job. Jane takes in washing, but does it at the lodge, where the two sons and a daughter sleep when I am from home, the other son and parents sleeping here at all times. When I am here the daughter is mostly here also to help her mother. They do fairly well, for it is their interest to make the best of things. I come and find the grounds in perfect order and beauty, without paying a penny in wages. If I hired my gardeners and left them to dispose of the produce, I should be cheated on all hands, and have to spend I am afraid to say how much, for a far worse state of things. You see, my dear, you made a mistake in thinking that Cartwright was getting the better of me."

"It would require a clever person to do that," replied Mrs. Burford.

"Now do you mean that as a compliment, or are you inclined to be satirical?" inquired Miss Flint, with a look of candour that was most irritating. "I shall not be offended in any case. I declare here is Nelly!" she exclaimed; for my girl-friend had been ordered to call for her mother in half-an-hour, and Miss Flint at this moment saw her approaching the hall door.

Rugged and sarcastic as Miss Flint might be to most, she was always kind to Nelly, and Mrs. Burford noticing this, was careful to throw the girl in her way whenever an opportunity offered. Rose was her favourite daughter, but Miss Flint's likings were not to be controlled, and Mrs. Burford rejoiced that one of her children found favour in that lady's eyes.

She gave Nelly many instructions about pleasing Miss Flint, and bade her be cautious never to hold, or at any rate express, an opposite opinion when talking with her.

"You are sadly too outspoken, Nelly," she said, "but do control your tongue, for your own sake. Remember she has no end of money, which is growing year by year, for she spends little, and gives nothing. What a blessing it is such people cannot carry their money away with them when they die! They must leave it to somebody, and Miss Flint has no relations, so why not you?"

"She has Jack," put in Nelly, promptly.

"Do you mean that young Simpson?"

"Of course I do, mother, dear. No one else was ever 'Jack' to me. He is Miss Flint's nearest relation."

"As if third cousins were worth counting. And, Nelly, you must on no account name him in her presence, or you will lose her favour once and for all. For the future you must be good enough to cease the 'Jack' when you speak of young Simpson."

I am afraid Nelly was in a rebellious frame of mind, for she even said that she hoped Miss Flint would never do such a wicked thing as to pass over young Mr. Simpson for her or anybody else. Also, that if she did leave money to her, she would give every penny of it to him, and she was certain her father would help her to do it. Besides, Jack was second, not third cousin.

When Miss Flint saw the girl from the window, she did not wait for her to ring at the hall door. The window opened to the ground and on to a terrace, so she unfastened it and called—

"Come this way, Nelly, or you may wait outside for some time; Jane Cartwright is slow in her movements, and her daughter is at the lodge to-day."

Nelly obeyed, and shook hands with Miss Flint, disregarding a telegraphic movement from her mother, which suggested a more affectionate greeting.

"That is right, Nelly," said Miss Flint, who had noticed the signal with much amusement. "Give your kisses as your heart prompts you to bestow them, though Dorothy Flint may be left out in the cold. How are you, child? You look like a perfect bunch of roses."

"Very well indeed, thank you," replied Nelly. "I hope you have not been suffering from pain in your face."

"You were going to say toothache, were you not? You very properly corrected the expression. Thanks for the inquiry; I have no pain in my face. This handkerchief, which you have mistaken for a defence against cold, is only doing duty as a headdress for want of a better. I put it on out of respect to your mother, in place of exhibiting my unadorned grey hair, and because, however old friends we may be, I like to observe the proprieties. The kerchief lay close to my hand on the table, whilst my cap was, and is, hanging on the mirror in my bedroom."

"I was going to say toothache," responded Nelly, resolutely ignoring all remarks subsequent to Miss Flint's first question, "but I remember that you told me you hoped never to suffer from that again, seeing you had no natural teeth left."

"True, my dear. I admired the nice distinction you made. I hate shams, and though I have not a tooth left out of those Nature at first provided, I deceive nobody. I did not shut myself up and see no one for a month after I had lost the last of them and was waiting for the substitutes. When a lady called upon me and said her little girl was not very good-tempered because she was getting her eye teeth, I said I could sympathise with the child, for I was getting mine and felt ill-tempered also. And now, child, you may fetch my cap if you like, and I will wear it in honour of your call. It is not well to set an example of untidiness to the rising generation."

"Nelly is going with me on a shopping expedition," said Mrs. Burford. "I told her to call for me, so pray do not change on her account."

"No; she is going to stay with me whilst you go shopping. You know that out of the kindness of your heart, and in

compassion to my loneliness, you planned to leave her. Get the cap, Nelly. You shall stay. Take off your things whilst you are upstairs, to save another journey, and spend five minutes about it, so that your mother and I may take an affectionate farewell of each other without being overseen by your matter-of-fact eyes."

The girl did as she was told, and disappeared. Mrs. Burford turned very red, but she laughed, and agreed to leave Nelly with Miss Flint, as indeed she intended from the first to do if possible.

But she was annoyed that Miss Flint had read her through and through, and that she was being made game of by the keen-sighted spinster. She thought it better to make a favour of allowing the girl to stay, and added, "Indeed I have a great deal of shopping to do and little time to do it in. Nelly is going away to school in Germany for a couple of years, and many preparations have to be made."

"Whew!" Miss Flint gave a sound from her pursed-up lips that was an extremely near approach to a whistle, and would have been called one had a boy made it. "Is not this a sudden plan?" she asked. "Mr. Burford said nothing about it when I was talking with him only yesterday."

"I do not suppose he would bring in his family affairs when he was engaged with your business, my dear Miss Flint. Besides, the mere sending of a child to school is such an everyday matter in these travelling times that I daresay my husband did not think of it."

"An everyday matter! Why, you have never sent one away before."

"Certainly not. But somebody or other is always sending a child to the Continent for educational advantages which do not lie within reach of home. In that sense it is an everyday occurrence."

"If I were a mother, which, taking all things into account, I am glad I am not, the thought of parting with my girl would seem no everyday matter. It would haunt me night and day. And if I know anything of Randal Burford, it is haunting him. I understand now why the man was so silent and absent in his manner yesterday. Tell me now, does he want the child to go? Is it your idea or his?"

"My husband has only to be convinced that a thing is for his daughter's good and he will consent, though it may cost him some self-denial. It was I who first thought of sending Nelly to Germany for finishing lessons in languages and music. The local teachers do not satisfy one."

"I thought so, and you are going to lose two years out of Nelly's life. If I were her mother I could not do that," said Miss Flint in a musing fashion.

"I do not understand you. How can I lose two years of the girl's life? She will come to England for the summer holidays, but not in winter on account of the distance," replied Mrs. Burford.

"It is only an old maid's fancy," said Miss Flint; "but what else have I to do but indulge queer fancies? I should have thought that this particular one would have struck you rather than me, because of your personal interest in the matter. My notion is, that before boys and girls are fully grown up, each year of their lives stands by itself, different from all the past years and all that are to come. There is a constant change going on, a development, so rapid in comparison with the alterations that follow the grown-up stage, when there is no very striking difference to be perceived between one year and another. Part with your child, as a child. Do not see the boy or girl for a year or two, and the young creature that comes back to you is different in so many ways from the one that left you. You have for ever lost a phase of that life, and you can never see it again."

"My dear Miss Flint, I should never have dreamed of your thinking so deeply on such a subject. Doubtless you are right, but if all children were to be kept by their parents' sides until they were grown up, I am afraid it would not be to their advantage, to say nothing of its being in most cases impossible."

"No doubt there are two sides to the question. There is just the possibility that in some cases a girl might be in wiser and better hands than those of her mother, and that in others the latter cannot choose. I only said what I should feel if I were a mother and could choose. But sometimes, again, mothers distrust their own ability to bring up their children."

"I never entertained such an idea," said Mrs. Burford, quickly.

Miss Flint responded with equal promptness, "I am sure you did not," but if ever a face added "More's the pity that you do not doubt your own wisdom," the expression of hers completed the sentence in this manner.

"How is the child going, and with whom?" asked Miss Flint, after a rather uncomfortable pause.

"We think that a friend of ours will be going in a fortnight, and that Nelly will be able to travel with her and her husband."

"A fortnight! Have you spoken to these people?"

"Not yet; but——"

"Then let them go their ways without Nelly. I am going to Germany in a fortnight, and I will take her *myself*," said Miss Flint, resolutely.

"But you may not be going in the same direction, or Mr. Burford and I would be only too glad. Indeed, my dear Miss Flint, it would remove a load of anxiety from our minds to know that Nelly was under the care of such an experienced traveller; but we should not like to cause you inconvenience."

"I am going in the same direction. Consider the weight off your mind, and depart with a light heart to make your purchases. Nelly wants a female griffin to guard her on the road; I want a companion on my journey to Germany. We shall both benefit by my plan, and you will be happy."

"I thought your friend Miss Watkin and you were going together, as usual! Did you not say so?" inquired Mrs. Burford.

"We are to meet a month hence; but she is in Germany now. Do not call her my friend, please. We go about in company because it suits our convenience, and we quarrel like two cats. We can both bear to rough it now and then. We are equally indifferent about dress, preferring comfort and suitability to mere looks. We both hate to have a maid to look after and pay, so long as we are able to look after ourselves, and, like John Gilpin, being of 'a frugal mind,' we do not care to be at the cost of a third person's travelling expenses, when we know that she would be more trouble than she would be worth. It will be delightful to chaperone Nelly, to play at mother for a few days, to have a companion at somebody else's expense too!"

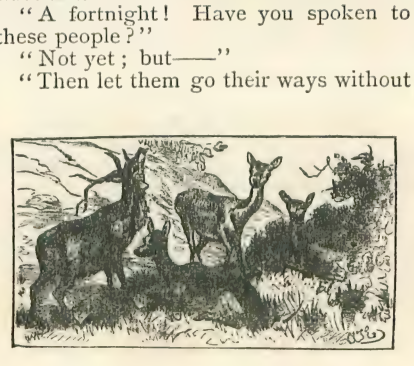
Miss Flint laughed with such heartiness and evident enjoyment that Mrs. Burford was infected by her mirth and laughed also. But she was all the same feeling in her mind that she should like to give Miss Flint a good shaking for her irritating words, which she could not answer and dared not resent.

All at once Miss Flint ceased laughing, and exclaimed—

"We have kept that child out of the room too long, though, perhaps, she is listening outside the door. She was only to be five minutes, and we have kept her away a full quarter of an hour."

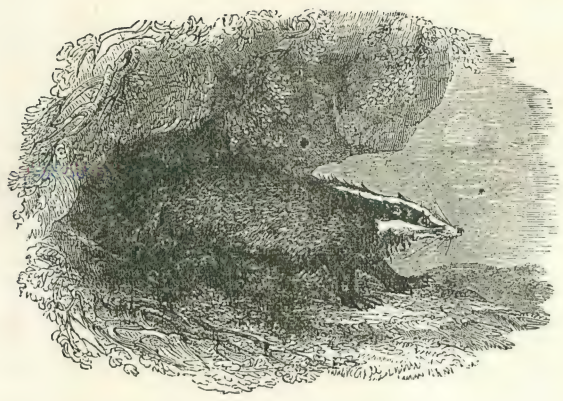
Nelly was not, however, listening. She needed to be called downstairs; so Miss Flint, having informed Mrs. Burford that she need not take the trouble to send anyone for her daughter, as Jane Cartwright would escort her home, hustled her guest off the premises as rapidly as possible.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR WILD CREATURES.—II. THE BADGER.

By A NATURALIST.



THE moon shines brightly on the sides of the steep chalk hill, which is covered in places by thick undergrowth. Masses of great trees, many of them in the last state of decay, throw their shadows on them also, the giant limbs looking weird in the fitful gleams of moonlight that flicker and play, now here now there, on the trunks and branches. These have grown and reached perfection; gone to decay and mouldered into touchwood for centuries. The rich leaf-mould, many feet in depth, beneath them, is all that remains to tell of a past race of forest giants. At the bottom, where the trees have been hurled to the ground by the fierce winds that tear at times through the long valleys which run from the coast line, the badger has his home; and a fitting one it is for him, suiting him admirably in all its surroundings. Like himself, it has an ancient look. The great blocks of chalk upheaved by the fall of the trees are cracked and seamed by the frost and rain, laced and interlaced by great limbs and roots, held together by the creeping fibres of woodland vegetation.

One opening, under a chalk block some tons in weight, is the entrance to his home and fortress. At the edge of wild disorder a stripe of the most velvety green turf runs, dented here and there into little chalky hollows. There, in the season, the tall foxgloves rear their beautiful heads, and the moth-mullein raises its spike of yellow flowers, which are said to relieve sufferers from hay fever when in their vicinity. Now, however, the spot is bare, and looks lonesome, for a sprinkling of snow has fallen. Lonely and weird though it is, there is something on the move, for a twig snaps under some foot, and we hear the faint sound of feet. Very faint it is; in fact we can only detect it by placing our ear on the ground. Presently a gleam of light shows; it comes from a lantern. It is the keeper and his assistants coming to get the old grey friar out; but they will have their trouble in vain, for the old fellow has moved his quarters to the opposite hill, which faces south.

So much the better. I only wish we could see his quaint, bear-like form, and his waddling trot or shamble oftener than we do. He is a persecuted creature now. The time, however, we trust, is not far distant when our native animals will receive protection—those at least which are, comparatively speaking, harmless.

His fur is used for various purposes. Artists are indebted to him for their "softeners"; also artistic decorators for their most valuable softening tools, especially when they are imitating the marks and graining of woods and marbles.

In the highlands of Scotland, where his hold has been for ages, and where game preservers have not improved him off the earth, and he is still to be found in numbers, the country folks value him highly. The philabegs or pouches worn in front of the kilts are made from the skin of the brock. It may not be generally known that badger hams are delicious eating, but it is so. Bear hams I know from experience to be good, and the bear and the badger are alike in the matter of feeding; in a great degree also in their habits.

I know him best in his home at the foot of one of the South Down hills. There is a long strip of coarse grass and moss, a quarter of a mile wide and more than a mile in length, a valley between two hills that are heavily timbered with oak and ash. Over this belt of mossy grass the purple emperor, prince of British butterflies, floats and dashes as he crosses from the topmost twigs of one belt of oaks to another. Here, too, the emperor moth is found, and here the badger has his abiding place.

When the harvest moon floods the valley with light, he will leave his home and wander over this green stripe which had once been broken up by the plough, but to no purpose, and so had become wild again. Here wild-flowers cover the surface as their time comes round. It is a perfect paradise for wild creatures. The humble bees and moss bees make their homes in the mossy surface—a rare treat for our old friend in his grey, black and white coat, who scratches them out with his digging claws, or roots them up with his nose like a pig. No matter whether it be honey, grubs, or comb, all goes down; and when the bees swarm round him his thick fur protects him: he takes no more notice of them than if they were so many flies.

Wild-fruit roots, any small deer that comes in his way, all good things he enjoys. The consequence is he grows enormously fat; he is a creature of contented mind, and in no small degree a philosopher, never hurrying when there is no occasion for it. Peaceable, too, and willing at all times to act up to the principle of "Let be for let be;" but once rouse him, let him think that danger is near, and a transformation takes place. No more waddling; he is off with a rush. If any foe obstruct his path, he will find that a more determined antagonist, taking his size into consideration, does not exist. Once, and only once, I had the pleasure of seeing mother badger and her young family of hopefuls at their gambols, rolling and tumbling about. Gravely the old animal sat in the midst of them, and I thought it was one of the quaintest sights I had ever seen.

VARIETIES.

AN UNEXPECTED VOYAGE.—A frigate returning from a cruise early in this century came off Plymouth, and the captain invited a few friends to dine on board, promising them a sail, as it was a fine day. They went and enjoyed it much, but as they were tacking to return to port, a cutter came up with an order from Government for the captain to sail instantly to the West Indies, with some sealed packets for the Admiral on that station. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to take his company with him, and give them such a view of the West Indies as they neither expected nor desired.

FOOLISH CONTESTS.—Contest not a point merely because you are in the right and another in the wrong. Out of such contests spring dissensions and enmity.—*Bentham.*

REBUKING ONESELF.—When anyone composes speeches with a view to shame her neighbours, she should speak them to a looking-glass.

ACCUMULATING INFORMATION.—"Blockheads," says Sir Walter Scott, "can never find out how folks cleverer than themselves came by their information. They never know what is done at dressing-time, and meal-time even, or in how few minutes they can get at the sense of many pages."

THE CUNNING WIDOW.—A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter in London, was pressed by her creditors, and to get out of her difficulties she fell on the following plan. She sent for a wealthy solicitor—a bachelor—to make her will, and by it she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand (imaginary) pounds. The solicitor proposed soon afterwards, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

A GREAT DESCENT.—Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors and their great descent, when in fact their great descent is just what is the matter with them.

ON GETTING ONE'S OWN WAY.—Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

SLANDER AND FLATTERY.—"He that slanders me," says Cowper the poet, "paints me blacker than I am, and he that flatters me, whiter; they both daub me, and when I look into the glass of conscience I see myself disguised by both."

SADDLING THE HORSE.—An Irishman having occasion to saddle a horse, put the saddle on the wrong way, when on being told of his error he remarked, "How do you know which way I am going to ride?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GRACE DARLING.—We highly approve of your diligent work and care of your little sisters. Get a school atlas, and study it well. Also a secondhand school History of England. Perhaps you could join one of the Girls' Clubs, such as the Sulhampstead one, of which Miss Thoyts is the secretary (near Reading, Berkshire).

LILE.—You will have two or three years to wait before you can be eligible to enter a hospital for training. What qualifications have you for such a vocation? Personal, as well as those to be acquired, are needed: good health, good temper, strong nerves, habits of obedience, a gentle, quiet manner, and low voice, and a very large fund of patience, perseverance, and punctuality. You have time to cultivate all the requisite moral qualifications, and you must study the manual already often recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

E. M. HARRIS.—We think that a little more instruction and practice in plain needlework is most desirable as a general rule, and we are happy to direct the attention of our girls to your new Girls' Club. The subscription is low (sixpence halfpenny annually), and the current term began September 1st. Your address we give as you desire: Miss Harris, Townstal House, Dartmouth, South Devon.

SCHOOL ASSISTANT TEACHER.—There is every reason to believe that academical degrees, and universities or schools conferring them, have existed in all ages, and we cannot refer to any single founder. In the Museum of Alexandria we have proof that the appliances of modern teaching existed. In the Middle Ages, the history of academic degrees is obscure; but according to Bulaus they were instituted at Bologna. St. John of Beverley, A.D. 680, is said to have been the first to take the degree of "B.A." at Oxford; and it had become common in the reigns of Richard I. and King John. Some state that "the Venerable Bede" was the first Doctor of Cambridge, and Bulgarus the first at Bologna, A.D. 1130. We lack space to give you any further information.

PANSY.—Do not write to the Haute Vue Reading Club, because the secretary has written to say that it has ceased to exist. There are many others, and at the cost of a stamp you can ascertain whether the societies you may wish to join are still carried on. We have named several in our "Answers," for the rest we can only refer you to the little "Dictionary of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. A. inquires "why ships are spoken of as 'she'?" Why is the sun spoken of as "he" and the moon as "she"? we might also inquire. We make very few distinctions of such a kind in English, but in French and other languages every inanimate thing is made either masculine or feminine, which we term more correctly "neuter," and for which we employ the personal pronoun "it." In reference to a ship, it is said that it is "the sailor's wife," and he loves her as much as if she were very often. Trains are also termed "she" by those attending on them.

ANNIE.—We cannot give the addresses of tradespeople and shops, but if you wrote and described your case to the secretary of the Surgical Aid Society, Mr. William Tresidder, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C., you might obtain what you require; but it might be necessary for you to go there in person to be fitted. If they could do nothing for you themselves, they would tell you of a shop where you might be fitted with some light padding that would not heat and weaken the spine.

MARION.—There is a home (Woodside Home) at Whetstone, London, N., a large residence with extensive grounds, where twenty-six ladies, incurable or infirm, can be received at from £40 to £60 per annum, and a number of respectable women can also be admitted at £28 per annum. We think this might suit your relative. Address the secretary.

ELIZABETH B. had better join an Early Rising Society. Go to bed early, leave your window shutters open, and if you can get a little alarm clock, and set it at six or seven, it will awaken you.

B. A.—Cambridge and Oxford are our first universities; the former for mathemathics, the latter for classics. But Dublin, London, and Edinburgh rank very high. Cairo is pronounced as if spelt "Kiro."

A LOVING READER will not, we perceive, make money by verse writing. The specimen sent is full of mistakes in composition, the rhymes too commonplace. Such a line as this—

"He said, 'Your love is not here, but'"

or,

"'That thou may'st meet her some day.'"

Every line must exactly match its corresponding line, both in length and in the measure or beat, and there must be originality both of ideas and of diction. We are sorry to tell you this in reference to your verses.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—There is nothing "wicked" in having a preference for one kind of useful work above another. All are not wanted to run in a single groove, and the work suited to the hand is not that of the foot. The employment for which you say you have no taste is clearly not that for which your Divine Master has fitted you, so do not fret about it, but try to employ yourself in some other and more suitable way, and set an example of patience and helpfulness at home.

ALICE.—You quote incorrectly. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a proverbial saying to be found in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The idea is otherwise expressed in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum*: "To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure."

F. S. D.—We do not admit amateur contributions from unknown readers and correspondents, as the staff of our paper is composed of well-known writers. We only insert an occasional specimen from little girls under a certain age, and certified as genuine.

FANNY F. YOUNG.—We are very happy to name your society, The Children's League of Kindness, but think it should embrace a wider circle than St. Luke's, Camberwell. Subscriptions for adults who join as associates one shilling. Boy members engage to make a toy or scrap book or any knitted article, for the benefit of the poor children of your very necessitous parish. Intending members must address Miss F. F. Young, Petersfield Lodge, Cambridge, enclosing a stamped envelope.

WINIFRED ALICE had better read the article by "Medicus" on the care of the hair, "Practical Hints," see page 631, vol. vi. She writes a pretty hand.

SIRUS, G. T. S. A.—March 28th, 1860, was a Wednesday. It is a dangerous experiment to try to reduce flesh, more especially if out of health. Find out what your ailment is, and endeavour to cure that by diet and other means, but do nothing to reduce yourself. Perhaps this great fatness may be the result of some mischief going on in the constitution, or some organ needs attention. Cure that, and you may reduce your size without injury. We advise you to consult a doctor. We thank you for your interesting letter.

A. F. W.—We are unable to take any part in the reform of existing hardships and abuses such as those you name. We can only sympathise with you and with all girls working in "steam laundries," or as "packers," who have to work six days in the week from 7 a.m. till 10 and 11 p.m., and wish these institutions did "come under the Factory Act." But we could not take up nor discuss such subjects, as they are quite out of our line.

A LOVER OF "G.O.P."—We utterly disapprove of "flirting," whether to a very considerable or only a slight degree. The principle is bad, undignified, unwomanly, and under-bred. Speak kindly and pleasantly with any friends and acquaintances who have been properly introduced to you, yet always maintain a slight reserve; for if you forget your own self-respect, you cannot expect to be treated otherwise than in a free-and-easy disrespectful way You must "reap what you have sown." Besides, you should not encourage the attentions of any man if you have no intention of accepting him as an honourable suitor, and with your parents' consent. Your second question we must decline to answer, for reasons which we have often before given to similar controversial queries.

P. E. W. and "A WRETCHED PRODIGAL."—We regret to hear that you have had "a worriting mind for over seven years." It must be very uncomfortable. Stop "supposing you should ever lose your mind." Why should you encourage such a thought? Remember who said "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," "take no thought for the morrow" (that means no anxious thought), "for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Persons of common sense will advise you "not to meet trouble half way"; but as believers in Christ and His humble followers, we should pray for the preservation of your mind, and then leave yourself confidingly in His hands. "W. P." should seek Divine help in prayer, remembering the promise, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

INTERESTED READER OF "G.O.P."—The word "strawberry" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *streaberige*. To "straw" is to spread or scatter, used in this sense in our Lord's parable, "gathering where thou didst not straw"; see St. Matthew xiv. 25, 26. Thus the plant is aptly described by its name, as it is a low-lying one, spreading out its creeping branches over a wide space all round the body of the plant. The old Saxon is *streowan*, and other ancient sister languages resemble one another in this word.

WISHING TO KNOW.—The term "papa" is of Norman origin, and until about thirty years ago was always employed by the upper classes of society. The term "father" was Saxon, and up to the same period was employed by the middle and lower classes. Now the case is reversed, only that amongst persons of the highest class the pronoun "my" is invariably employed when speaking of the parent to a third party, not when addressing him, of course.

FANFEW gives promise of better things in the pen-and-ink sketches enclosed to us. But she needs the study of large freehand drawing, and should be proficient in this before attempting to use colour. We are glad you appreciate the "G.O.P."

S. R.—"Mrs. Malaprop" was a fictitious character introduced by Sheridan into "The Rivals," and in ridicule of the failure of those who attempt to employ words which they do not understand. It is a name adapted to the purpose from the French words, *mal à propos*. The vulgar term employed by the lower classes for a sixpenny-piece, *i.e.*, "tanner," is derived from the Italian word for small change, *danaro*, or more likely the gipsy word, *tawno*, "little one." The slang word for a shilling, viz., a "bob," is said to be a contraction of *baubee*.

RUTH MELVILLE.—The friend who informed you that "cuckoos changed into owls" was making fun of you, as we think all our readers will agree. Tell her that "the moon is made of cream cheese," and that when seen as a crescent, it is that the sun has taken a bite out of the cheese.

IGNORAMUS.—We strongly recommend you to read a series of articles called "The Girls' Year," which commenced in vol. ix. G.O.P., part for October 20th, 1887, and running through the volume. For interesting historical and miscellaneous information connected with Biblical subjects, we should recommend you to procure "The Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie, which is illustrated, and most interesting. It is to be had at our office.

VOL. XI.—NO. 517.] NOVEMBER 23, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"SIC TRANSIT."

By M. PARK GILL, M.A.

I.

THEY come no more, those roseate dreams
That gilt our youth with gladness,
But still their time-worn halo seems
To lighten half our sadness;
With hopes too high and fears too few,
Our pulses ruled their beating;
We deemed all things were fast and true,
But all, alas! were fleeting.

II.

They cheer no more, those olden songs,
Whose themes were sparkling laughter;
To fresher days their joy belongs,
They changed to minor after;
The opening bud, the rose's flush,
Spring's hope and summer's greeting,
The rapture and love's scarlet blush—
All, all, alas! were fleeting.

III.

They speak no more, those lips, nor press
Upon our brow their healing,
The fondness and the calm caress
Respond not our appealing;
The fire-gleam in the lustrous eyes
Is quenched, nor finds repeating;
No sun streams through our sombre skies,
For all, alas! were fleeting.

IV.

They come no more; and yet we know,
Somewhere, some cloudless morrow,
The tear-rust on our cup of woe
Shall vanish with its sorrow;
Dreams be fulfilled, songs be more sweet,
Eyes beam, lips kiss at meeting,
Beyond earth's strife and fever-heat,
Where nothing can be fleeting.

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"OUR CUP OF WOE."

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. PALMER'S lodgings were seldom long unlet; she had tenants who returned regularly every winter, and occupied her first floor for seven or eight months out of the year, and already the rooms which Mrs. O'Kelly had had were taken for the autumn and winter. In the summer she had to depend on chance comers, for St. Petrox was chiefly a winter resort. A party of these had been in the house for a couple of months, and were just going; she had not been sorry to look forward to a little more leisure before her "winter let." This, however, it seemed she was not to have, as Lady Dacre had written to take the empty rooms, and though the rent was of course an object, Mrs. Palmer was not particularly delighted, for her old mistress was not only difficult to please, but regarded her as if she were still Morris, her confidential maid, entirely at her disposal, and bound to attend to her the very instant she required her, which naturally was not convenient to a busy woman with other lodgers to wait on and please. She always came with a maid and a footman, and brought her carriage and horses, and altogether made a great bustle and sensation, and gave a great deal of trouble, but still Mrs. Palmer had a certain affection for her old mistress, and would not have liked it at all had she gone to any other rooms than hers in St. Petrox.

Kathleen did not feel much interest in the matter. Lady Dacre was not likely to require her services, and she had begun to regard everybody from this point of view. The chemist's wife, crippled with acute rheumatism, whom she went to rub three times a week, occupied her mind a great deal more than the baronet's lady, though she was not at all interesting, and peevish with pain—as, indeed, well the poor creature might be.

When Kathleen saw what the want means of such extra comforts and appliances as the possession of a little money makes possible, she could not be thankful enough that, though it had exhausted all the resources which remained to them, she had been able to give Mrs. O'Kelly all that was required. To have known that a small sum would have given relief, would have bought something to tempt the failing appetite, and not to have been able to buy it, would have half broken Kathleen's heart at the time, and made the recollection of that illness very bitter. As it was, nothing had been withheld which was needed, and on that thought she dwelt gladly.

Her heart was full of compassion for this poor sufferer, in her little, stuffy room, beset by pain day and night; with crippled and distorted fingers that could not so much as turn the page of a book, or hold a needle to while away the long hours, and feet bound by fetters worse than that of any prisoner, since no hand but that of death would ever break them.

Kathleen would have borne things much more unpleasant than anything which she actually had to undergo for the hope of lightening such suffering, or putting a little cheerfulness into such heavy days. And there was no doubt, though she did not know it, that her blithe air, her skilful touch, and her tender sympathy did make the days on which she came brighter and more endurable to the patient, though Kathleen got no thanks from her, and when she came away seemed to herself to have been listening the whole time to nothing but complaints and murmurs.

She only found out that the sick woman liked her personally when one day the chemist, a pale, spiritless man who paid her weekly in an awkward, shamefaced way, stammered out some thanks for her great goodness to his poor wife. There were tears in his eyes as he spoke, and Kathleen was very glad.

She liked going to this patient better than to one whom Dr. Netley sent her to, a lady who treated her with incivility which she certainly would not have shown to a servant. The servants had an advantage over her masseuse, for they could give warning, and Kathleen could not afford to do so. It was a trial, and Kathleen had to put down a great deal of hot indignation, and remind herself that she had to make her way, and must swallow affronts if her patients were so ill-bred as to offer them; but Dr. Netley, coming with his rapid step upstairs one day as she left the lady's room, caught her indulging in a little stamp on the landing. She hoped he had not seen it; at all events he took no notice, but spoke with the formal courtesy which he always showed her when they met professionally.

"Good morning, Miss O'Kelly. How have you found Miss Edwards to-day?"

Kathleen looked up; there was an unmistakable twinkle in his eye.

"I believe you picked her out on purpose!" she exclaimed, but under her breath, because a servant was close behind, and launching a glance of wrath at him, she ran downstairs. He smiled outright, but he looked a trifle regretful and vexed as he went in to pay his visit.

That evening he looked in at Falkland Crescent; Phyllis was labouring over a map, Una standing by Kathleen, who appeared quite as much perplexed by the long division sum on the slate before them as her pupil. "I can't imagine why it won't prove," Dr. Netley heard her say, hopelessly.

"Do you think the book has put the answer wrong?" suggested Una, and then they saw Dr. Netley, whose knock had been unheard by them.

Since he had had to see Kathleen more frequently on professional business, they had become much more intimate; he came in now without being formally announced. His visits were always a little event, for they had very few acquaintances, having come to St. Petrox without introductions, and seeking to know no one. The children sprang up to meet him, and Kathleen rose smiling, as she remembered their meeting that morning.

"At lessons so late as this?" he said, as Una climbed on his knee.

"Yes; I don't like it," said Kathleen, "but somehow, when one has to do one's marketing, and go to a patient, and take the children for a walk, the day seems gone directly. And I am afraid I don't manage time well."

"It won't come right," said Una, showing her slate. "I have tried, and Kathleen has tried, but it won't prove. Could you make it?"

"I will try, but I always find long division very difficult."

"I don't think you do," said Una, as he speedily set the mistake to rights. "So that is it! I wish you taught us arithmetic, doctor dear."

"Very ungrateful to your kind teacher!"

"It is quite true that they want a better one than I," Kathleen said, regretfully. "As soon as I can, I must let them have lessons. You see, I never was made to learn anything I did not like."

"So much the worse."

"I know; but, anyhow, I like my work, Dr. Netley."

"Yes, but I am sorry to say that you are not giving satisfaction at Devon Terrace. Miss Edwards is very far from contented with her rubber."

He spoke gravely, but there was the same twinkle in his grey eyes which had lighted them when he caught Kathleen relieving her feelings by that stamp on the landing. She did not see it this time, and her change of colour gave him a pang. He had forgotten how much failure meant to her.

"Nonsense! I am not in earnest. If the archangel Gabriel came down to wait on that aggravating woman, she would be sure to find some black feathers in his wings. No one ever born could satisfy her."

"But still, if I don't——" began Kathleen, anxiously.

"You don't; I have told you so. But if it is any satisfaction to you, she certainly won't dismiss you."

"I am glad. It would be too unfortunate to fail with the first patient you sent me. I know I did get impatient——"

"So I saw," answered Dr. Netley, drily.

"Did you pick her out on purpose to show me how disagreeable my work can be?"

"Honestly, I thought it well you should realise what you expose yourself to."

"I cannot help it. The work is too important for me to think about that. What did you say to make her keep me? I know it is your doing."

"I do not believe that she had any real intention of dismissing you."

"Will you tell me what she complained of?"

"She said you looked above your station."

"My station! Oh, I see," laughed Kathleen. "Well, and then?"

"Then I offered her Mrs. Bell, whom she had last year, and did not, to put it mildly, exactly get on with. I felt sure you would shine by comparison."

"Thank you!" laughed Kathleen.

Dr. Netley liked to hear her laugh; he thought it a very sweet and musical sound, but her expressive face clouded immediately, as she added—

"You do not think she will set other people against me? Mrs. Palmer says ladies tell one another about their dressmakers and milliners, and everyone they employ, and she is always reminding me I must please 'my ladies,' or I shall never get on. You see, it is not like Mrs. Bell, who can say and do what she likes, because she has her name made."

"Let that take care of itself. All you have to think of is to do your work conscientiously and well, and that, as far as I have seen, you undoubtedly do."

The brilliant look of pleasure that flashed over Kathleen's face at this, the first praise of her professional work which Dr. Netley had ever given, was enough to tempt any man, however honest, to say no matter what, if only he could bring it there. Dr. Netley thought so as he saw it.

"But don't you think, now you have tried the experiment of Miss Edwards, that you might find me another patient, a pleasanter one this time?" she suggested, coaxingly. "Two are very nice, but four would be better."

"Unfortunately, only a very limited number of my patients require such treatment. But I will mention you to Radford and Sandwith. They may know of someone in their practice."

"But, sister, if you go away more, what are we to do?" said Una. "We do miss sister so, doctor dear! And Phyllis is always darning and mending."

Phyllis bore out her words; she had already taken her needlework, as her geography did not prosper while the others were talking.

"Yes, it is dull for the children when I am away, but we can't help that."

"I should not mind if we had any books to read." Una could not get over this grievance. It was one with which Dr. Netley could sympathise.

"What books do you want, little one?" he asked.

"Any I can understand. Have you any to lend me, doctor dear?"

Dr. Netley was a very liberal man: he gave largely both in time and money, but he had the greatest dislike to lending his books. If he could not avoid it, rather than send out one from his shelves, he would buy a copy on purpose.

"I am afraid not," he said.

"Of course not," Kathleen interposed hastily, and with a tone of reproof so unusual that the pink colour flushed Una's face. "What are you thinking of, Una?"

"But, sister," answered Una, aggrieved, "you told us that if people had things it was on purpose to share them with those who had none, time and money and nicer things; you did say so, and I have no books, and Dr. Netley has, I know, for I asked him once, and he said he had a large library—did you not, doctor dear?—and Kathleen likes reading nearly as much as I do."

"I believe I did, and I stand reproved. I need not say that if I possess anything your sister would care to read it is heartily at her service." And he actually meant it; but Kathleen merely replied, evidently annoyed—

"You must excuse Una, Dr. Netley; she does not know what she is asking."

"I really am afraid there is nothing her little ladyship would care about, but you will let her come and see something else, I hope—my garden." Dr. Netley was not a practical florist; he had no time nor much taste for it, but his garden was, like all about him, beautifully kept—in fact a show place.

"Will you allow both the little girls to come and have tea with my housekeeper next Thursday? She is a very worthy person, fond of children, and I think you might quite trust her to take them to the circus, which I see announced as coming here—no doubt in honour of Phyllis's birthday."

"Doctor, how did you know it was Phyllis's birthday on Thursday?" cried Una.

"I have a good memory for dates, little one, and you told me one day when her birthday came, did you not?"

"Oh, Katie, may we go?"

The quiet Phyllis was glowing with pleasure; it was long since any little excitement had come in the children's way, and all the notice usually fell to Una's share. Una was looking at Kathleen imploringly.

"You will not refuse me and them this little pleasure?" Dr. Netley said; and Kathleen, pleased, grateful, yet half-reluctant, consented.

"It is very kind indeed of you," she said, looking at him with her sweet eyes glistening. "I can't say no. And mamma would like them to have the pleasure."

Somehow, by thus introducing the name of her stepmother, Kathleen felt as if she threw a shield over herself while she accepted a kindness which brought her a step nearer to intimacy with Dr. Netley, whether she wished it or not. And she did not think that she did wish it.

The children went accordingly, and Kathleen took advantage of her unwonted leisure to call on the vicar's wife, whom she knew slightly, and did not like.

"She is thin outside and in," Kathleen asserted, and was sorry to find her at home. She had heard of Kathleen's line of work, and disapproved of it, and told her that it was a great pity she should have undertaken it.

"So unusual for anyone of your rank, such a great mistake socially," she said; "I am afraid you have been very ill-advised."

"I had no choice; we could not sit still and starve to keep up our gentility," answered Kathleen, more sharply than the vicar's wife liked. "And, indeed, I think one's gentility is not worth much if it cannot take care of itself."

Altogether the visit was not satisfactory.

"I'm sure you might have found something else that you might have done, but of course it is your own affair," the vicar's wife repeated, acidly, as Kathleen rose to go.

"Certainly," Kathleen replied; and took her leave. She knew that she had not been wise, and had probably made an enemy where she might at least have secured a neutral; but her temper was hot, and she would have to repent a great many times more before she got the upper hand of it.

"I wish people did believe I knew my own affairs best," she said to herself.

When she got back to Falkland Crescent, she saw boxes in the hall, and heard a new voice speaking on the landing upstairs; an odd voice, with an imperative sound in it, but that of a well-bred woman. Evidently Lady Dacre had come. Well, it would not matter to her, Kathleen thought, little knowing what fate had in store for her, and she sat down and had an hour's quiet reading, interrupted by the postman bringing a letter for her. She seldom had a letter from anyone but James. In her wandering life she had made many pleasant acquaintances, but few lasting friends, and such relations as she had, out of patience with Captain O'Kelly's impecuniousness, had gradually ceased to have any communication with him or his. Kathleen knew why it was so, and could not wonder, yet against her reason resented it, and let them go, if they liked to go. The letter was, as she expected, from James, and even briefer and more matter-of-fact than usual, which was saying much. He enclosed the reply of Miss Penelope Leigh to his letter; it was an angrier edition of the one she had sent to Kathleen's.

"'Persecution'!" Kathleen repeated aloud, her cheeks flaming. "It is not from me that she'll have any more of it, if we starve first. Shamus has got it hot and strong this time!" She tossed the letter into the grate in her untidy fashion when she wanted to get rid of some unpleasant missive. Luckily there was no fire burning, for, as she then recollected, James had bidden her return it. She took it out, and sat nursing her wrath, until the children returned, joyous and excited, laden with birthday gifts—apparently Dr. Netley considered both to be entitled to them—and choice flowers for Kathleen. "Well, after all, it makes the children more my own," she thought, "so what does it matter after all?" And she turned from her unpleasing thoughts to share their pleasure.

James had said nothing of another letter which he had received from a different quarter, nor did he think it necessary to mention that he had declined to give her address.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

It is an old story, but it will make a good beginning:—

A girl's mother went to call at a school and asked how her daughter was getting on.

"Not very well," said the schoolmistress; "I am afraid she is wanting in capacity."

"Wanting in capacity!" exclaimed the mother. "Did I not say when I was here before that the dear child was to want for nothing? Get her as much capacity as she needs, and send in the bill to me."

If capacity were only bought and sold as this ignorant mother supposed, how much trouble schoolgirls in all ages would have been saved! Learning might also then have been purchaseable in the shops, and we might have been as able to lay in a stock of answers to puzzling questions as easily as we can buy a pair of gloves, or satisfy ourselves with peppermint lozenges and acid drops.

As it is, alas! learning is not easily gained by anybody. There is, at least, no royal road to it in the sense that those favoured by fortune can acquire knowledge without exertion. Princes, princesses, and the sons and daughters of "soldiers, sailors, tinkers and tailors"—not to speak of the rest of us—are reduced to one level in finding multiplication a vexation, and in worrying over the difficulties of French grammar and Latin rudiments.

But though learning is difficult, it is easier to acquire in youth than at any other time. The young have no distractions; cares, anxieties, skeletons in cupboards, and engrossing subjects of personal interest have not yet come to fetter their free spirits, and they can give undivided attention to books and lessons. Their heads, too, are like unfurnished houses standing with the doors open and waiting for all sorts of things to be sent to fill them up. Later in life the mental storehouses of some of us are so crammed with the fruit of reading and observation—a good deal of it useless—that there is little room for anything more.

Even in youth, however, study is difficult; there is no doubt about that, and no mother who sends her daughter to school need imagine that she will turn out a great scholar, and at the same time have an easy life of it. Nothing of value is to be had without labour, and those who are most diligent get on best.

Some of the labour, it must be confessed, is not interesting. "Of all work that produces results," says a well-known schoolmaster, "nine-tenths must be drudgery." But it must be faced; and a well-informed and cultivated mind is worth taking pains about. To encounter things that are difficult, is good for us, and every lion in the path that we have a struggle with and make to turn tail, is really a friend in disguise; it only makes us stronger and more spirited than we were before.

But though difficult, study need not be a painful process, unless we choose to make it so. It is like walking. The cheerful girl gets over the ground pleasantly, whilst the melancholy and desponding make a wry face at every footstep. "The merry heart goes all the day: the sad tires in a mile."

At first, school work may not be palatable, but let us only be diligent and persevere, and it will become liked. "Above all things, study," remarks an old writer, "whether for the sake of learning or for any other reason—study. For whatever the motive that impelled you at first, you will soon love study for its own sake." When that point is reached we shall have no more difficulty. Love of learning will draw us on, and we shall turn a deaf ear to the love of ease, which pulls us the other way.

When a girl goes to school she ought to be ambitious of excelling in study. The improvement of her mind is the reason for her being sent there, and it is her duty so to work that her parents will have no cause for reflecting that they have spent a great deal of money to little purpose. This thought might rouse up even those girls of easy-going disposition to whom it has never occurred to try to excel in anything.

Whether a girl is to succeed in study or not depends very much upon herself. Teachers may instruct, but their words come to nothing unless the pupil meets them with a willing mind more than half-way. And it is this personal effort that makes the knowledge we acquire so dear to us. What is gained without exertion people think nothing of. Who would set any value, say, on speaking German like a native, if the ability to do so could be poured into our heads as one might pour water into a pitcher?

Some girls fail in study because they have far too humble an opinion of their own abilities. Neither by coaxing nor argument can you succeed in convincing them that they have quite as good heads as their neighbours, and they do nothing simply because they imagine they can do nothing. A girl who sits down to a lesson thinking she can never master it, is not at all likely to.

It is a great barrier to progress to imagine oneself a genius, but it is just as great to have summed oneself up as a simpleton. Confidence in ourselves, and a firm belief that what others have done we can do, are qualities without which we can never accomplish much in the world, and we are as well, therefore, to lay in a stock of them early. This is only another way of saying that one should have a good intellectual backbone—a very different thing, let it be observed, from priggishness and conceit. No girl knows what her mind is worth till she has set it to vigorous exercise, and tried a long course of steady application.

Frivolous companions often interfere with progress in learning. They tempt us to amusement when we should be at work, and having no regard for study themselves, they cannot understand what charm it possesses for other people. It often needs no small courage to say to pleasure, "Gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple." But it must be done if we are to succeed. There is a risk, perhaps, of the giddy and ignorant laughing at a girl for a bookworm, who refuses to follow their lead in playing out of season. But let those laugh that win. It is some consolation, too, to think that nothing is more invigorating to sensible people than silly criticism.

Speaking of amusement leads us to say that the right method of study does not consist in sticking at it without relaxation morning, noon, and night. This feverish haste to grow rich in learning is quite a mistake, and defeats its own object. Express trains may be very well in the material world, but in the region of thought things are rather different.

By overdoing mental work we may study ourselves stupid, as was observed long ago by our wise ancestor who first thought of the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Many a student has sunk into an early grave, killed by nothing else than excessive application. We may be very wrong on the right side, and zeal for knowledge—so praiseworthy in itself—is not unfrequently by thoughtless enthusiasm reduced to the rank of folly. Everything should be followed with coolness, calmness, and common sense. To be in a hurry is to lose one's balance, and grow nervous and confused.

The mind must not only be relaxed at intervals by some amusement, however trifling, but the body has claims to be considered as well. If we neglect these we can never do good intellectual work. We have known both girls and young men so much taken up with mental improvement as to neglect physical health. But the day of reckoning always came, and they found out only too late that students should remember that they are not yet disembodied spirits.

None of us can do without regular exercise, and no allowance should satisfy us less than two hours a day in the open air, with the bright sun shining on our faces and the fresh breeze blowing the cobwebs out of our brains. We must, too, have plenty of sleep. Make a note of that, and if anyone suggests that the best of all ways to lengthen your days for purposes of study is to steal a few hours from the night, don't believe her. Those who do most head work need most sleep; and that girl is not to be called a lazy lie-a-bed who finds that an extra hour in Blanket Bay is the best preparation for a day of intellectual labour. In fact, there is no use grudging the time spent in sleep, exercise, and amusement; if we want to get the utmost possible out of our lives, we must observe the conditions under which we exist as human beings.

There are good and bad ways of study, and one of the troubles of schoolgirl life is to find out which is which. The trouble is increased, too, by the fact that a method which suits one student does not of necessity suit her companions, for personal peculiarities count for something, and what to one is an aid, to another might prove a hindrance.

There are some leading points, however, on which all people are agreed, and one of the first of these is not to take too much in hand. "Have the courage," said Sydney Smith, "to be ignorant of a great number of things in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything." Life is too short for

us, even with the utmost application, to know more than a fraction of what is knowable.

We must therefore be content with selecting only a few subjects to work upon, and in choosing these, or in the choosing of them for us, a mistake is often committed. It is not that those are picked out which other people speak of as unimportant. We need hardly set a high value on such criticism. There is so great a variety of opinions in this world, that whatever you study some will be found who consider that particular study a foolish waste of time.

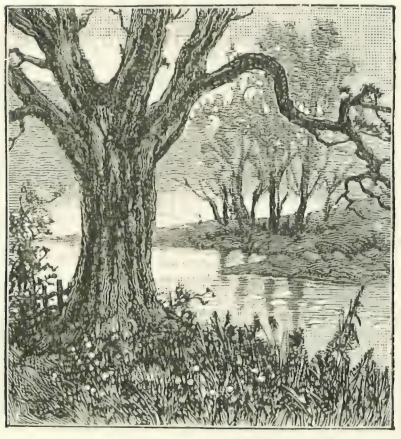
The real error lies in pursuing subjects for which we have no natural aptitude. This is nothing but stupidity. Every one of us, it has often been said, has by nature the ability to excel in some one thing, and what that is pains should be taken to discover. Round people in round holes, and square people in square holes, is a good rule, and if it were generally followed what an improved world it would be! A girl studying music without relish, and maybe without ear, or one painting away with her heart in something quite different, is only frittering away her energies and qualifying herself for a place in the huge army of the incompetent. Her will is not in her work, and "no one does well against her will, even though what she does be well."

Having chosen the right subjects, we should study with fixed attention. Nothing should be allowed to divert the mind when at one's lessons, and girls make no progress who try to relieve the monotony of mental work by carrying on broken conversations with anyone who happens to be within hearing distance. No one can do two things at once; so when you study—study; and when you want to talk, shut up your book and devote your whole energies to talking. We have given up hopes of Arabella's ever turning out a great musician ever since we heard her practising Schubert's lovely "Frühlingsglaube," and all the time discussing with her mother whether onion sauce or liver sauce should be sent that day to table with boiled rabbit.

Some girls seem to have an idea that the mere reading of a lesson is enough. The truth is, it must be read and re-read, and gone over again and again till it becomes firmly fixed in our minds. Constant revision is what is needed, and constant polishing, without which knowledge can never be kept bright. It is not what we get into our heads that is the important point, but what we keep there. "The ultimate benefit to be gained from any study," it has been well said, "depends not on the swallow, but on the digestion."

But the whole secret in study, as in every other undertaking, is just this—always do your best. If you follow that rule, learning will never prove a trouble, and you will never sigh for a royal road where no royal road can be.

(To be continued.)



"THE LITTLE MOTHER."

THERE is in France an Association or Society for encouraging good and kind deeds among the people—"La Société pour l'encouragement du bien." It is founded for the same purpose, and carried on much in the same spirit as the famous "Montyon prizes for virtue," which are under the management of the French Institute, and which are annually presented with great ceremony, one of the academicians giving an address and *éloge* on each occasion. The present Association does its work in a more quiet way, and its influence extends to humbler classes of society, among whom it distributes its honours and rewards. In England we have institutions of somewhat similar kind, such as the Royal Humane Society, for rewarding those who save or attempt to save life at personal risk. The French make less show of rewarding, at least in civil life, single acts of courage and daring; but rather recognise long-continued exertion in self-denying and beneficent conduct. There is certainly less merit in sudden and instinctive efforts of heroism than in "patient continuance in well-doing."

It may be said that "virtue is its own reward," and in theory we may make objection to giving prizes or decorations for good deeds or virtuous conduct. On the other hand, the recognition and reward of merit has a good influence in exciting emulation in others, and presenting a good example for imitation, as will be seen in the remarkable case which we are about to describe.

From the annual report of this Benevolent Society we learn that a gold medal has been awarded to a young girl of twelve years of age, Amanda Meunier, living at Batignolles, in Paris. This child has been, ever since she was eight years old, what the French call the *providence*, or what we would call the "good angel" and blessing of her home and family. This family is composed of seven persons; the father, a poor working man, often laid aside by ill-health, and earning at the best times only two or three francs, or less than half-a-crown a day; the mother a confirmed and helpless invalid since the birth of her last child, now four years old; and five little children, of whom Amanda is the eldest. On her has mainly rested for several years the support of the household. Hard and almost incredible as the task may appear, this brave little French girl has borne the burden of the whole family, nursing the invalid mother, comforting the father, teaching and taking charge of her brothers and sisters, and managing the poor household with wonderful order and propriety.

In the midst of her manifold domestic toils and cares she has lately found time to get instruction and preparation for her "first communion." She has also obtained needlework from a shop, for which she earns two or three francs a week, to help the humble household expenses. At certain times she is seen carrying a large bundle, containing the soiled linen of the family, which she herself washes at one of the public *lavoirs* or washing establishments in the neighbourhood. It was here that she got the name of "the little mother" from the women frequenting the place, and by this name she is now called by her neighbours in Batignolles, where the story of her patient labour and good conduct has come to be widely known and spoken of. The facts were reported to members of the Society for encouraging good deeds, with the result of a gold medal being awarded to "the little mother."

Many similar instances of unselfish and patient devotion may be recorded in the "simple annals of the poor." But there are not many that can excel that of Amanda Meunier, under such trying and depressing conditions. It is to be hoped that her conduct has gained good friends and good help, besides the praise and the gold medal from the Society. At all events this record of the case may yield useful lessons for girls of all grades of life, and in our own country as well as in France. There are many English girls able and willing to be useful to others, and not thinking only of their own ease and pleasure. There are many who exert themselves in every department of domestic work; and there is a vast army of visitors, and Sunday-school teachers, and others engaged in good and useful work among the poor. But it is good to remember the old saying, "Charity begins at home." Let our young readers do all they can to lighten the cares of their own mothers, and to help in the work of their own homes. In this they have a notable lesson and example in the life of "the little mother" of Batignolles.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

MRS. BURFORD felt very angry indeed as she left Lint Hall and its present mistress.

"The dreadful old screw," she said to herself, "not to offer me even a cup of tea, when she knew that I should be so tired before I reached home. Nothing is so wearying as shopping, especially for a girl who does not appear to care a straw about her outfit. However, her going is a settled thing, and her escort too, for Dorothy Flint can be trusted to take care of Nelly. And there will be no chance of young Simpson's exchanging a farewell word with her when those keen eyes are watching, even if they should go from our own station."

Mrs. Burford knew so much about Miss Flint's views on the subject of afternoon tea, that she could hardly have expected an offer of refreshment in that shape, though it might have come in some other way, and, indeed, ought to have done.

"I despise the everlasting tea fuddling that goes on now-a-days," Miss Flint was accustomed to remark. "People are for ever poking their teapots under one's nose, as if it were impossible to have too much of a good thing. Tea is good in its way, and at proper times, but now every chit of a girl must have her afternoon tea, even when it will come in as her regular meal an hour later. She takes what she does not want, because, forsooth, it is fashionable! I decline to lend myself to such fashions, which only befit persons who need a refreshing cup of tea between luncheon and eight o'clock dinner. If callers expect afternoon tea here, they will be disappointed."

Mrs. Burford was, however, very angry at Miss Flint's scant hospitality.

"She has spent weeks with us, and been treated to the best of everything, yet would not *give me a cup* of tea. It is like her meanness, for she knows we dine late and need the cup of tea."

By this time Mrs. Burford had reached a confectioner's, where she obtained refreshment, but whilst taking it thought still of Miss Flint's discourtesy, and said to herself—

"I wonder I bear with her so patiently as I do."

Mrs. Burford felt quite virtuous as she made this mental remark, never considering that her motives for bearing with Miss Flint's peculiarities would ill bear looking into.

The door had closed behind her mother before Nelly made her appearance, carrying Miss Flint's cap.

"You have brought down twice as many hairpins as I ever use at once," said that lady.

"I know that," replied Nelly. "But you had better put more pins in it, then your cap will not be so often twisted to one side."

"What do you mean, you saucy child?" asked Miss Flint, with a severe look at the girl, who returned a fearless one, as she replied—

"Just what I said. When you were at our house I was always longing to straighten your cap and give you a general tidying up, as I do the mother sometimes—when she is in a very good humour, you know, and will submit to such interference."

"Why did you not tell me mine was all wrong? And how dare you meddle with my headgear now any more than of old?" inquired the spinster.

"I was afraid of offending you then. Besides, I had not heard you remark, as you did to my mother a while ago, that it is not good to set an example of untidiness to the rising generation."

There was a twinkle in Nelly's eyes as she spoke that would have horrified Mrs. Burford, and there was an answering twinkle in Miss Flint's, as she resigned herself to being tidied by the deft hands of the girl.

"There now," said Nelly, as she adjusted a crumpled bow of ribbon, "see how nice you look," and she gave Miss Flint's head a gentle turn in the direction of the mirror.

"Almost nice enough to ——"

Miss Flint paused, and Nelly added—

"Quite nice enough to kiss, always." And, flinging her arms round the spinster's neck, she gave her a thorough girlish hug and a little shower of kisses.

"Not given to order, thank God!" murmured Miss Flint, in too low a tone for Nelly to hear. She could not see her face either, for Miss Flint went suddenly out of the room, bidding the girl stay where she was. She was back almost directly, carrying a light basket, in which, nestling in vine leaves, lay glorious bunches of black Hamburgs and white Muscats and peaches, that filled the room with perfume.

"Now we will enjoy ourselves," she said, and truly they did, using the glorious green leaves, instead of dessert plates, to hold fruit and sugar, and peeling the peaches in turns with a small silver knife which Miss Flint produced from a capacious wallet beneath her gown skirt, and which she called a pocket. "Not like those pockets which dressmakers have planned to accommodate thieves, Nelly," remarked the spinster, complacently. "I keep to a more sensible fashion, and follow my grandmother's example. She never had her pocket picked, and I shall not, though where she travelled a mile I have journeyed a thousand. You and I are going to Germany together in a fortnight, Nelly. I am to chaperone you. What do you think of that, child?"

"If I must go, I would rather travel with you than with any one else. But I am very sorry to go at all. It is just to get me right away from Oakhill, and I am sure my father does not wish it, but he gives in for the sake of peace. Mother is sure to get her own way. I know how it will be. I am to come home during the summer holidays, and then it will not be to my real home, but to some seaside place, where they will all be spent, and then I shall be sent back." And these words were followed by a sound very like a sob from Nelly.

"Nelly, child, give your undivided attention to one thing. I thought we were going to enjoy ourselves, and yet you are neglecting your peach, spoiling the flavour of mine, and whimpering into the bargain. I am ashamed of you."

"Forgive me, Miss Flint," said Nelly, wiping her eyes; "I ought not to trouble you with these things."

"Certainly not. You should take the good that is before you, and be thankful, instead of going in fancy all the way to Germany for something to worry over. I did not keep you here to pull a long face, but to eat peaches, and praise the

flavour of Lint Hall grapes, which are a credit to old Cartwright. If you neglect your opportunities, I shall wish I had bestowed them on your mother."

Nelly accordingly steadied the lips which were beginning to quiver, and having come to the mental conclusion that she must not expect too much sympathy from Miss Flint, devoted herself to the business in hand in a manner to satisfy her hostess.

Miss Flint detained Nelly as late as she dared, and alternately made her laugh by her amusing criticisms of persons and things, or angry by levelling caustic remarks at friends of her own.

Before it was quite dark, Jane Cartwright was summoned, and Nelly sent home under her convoy, and with the rush basket replenished with grapes and peaches.

There were two ways by which the girl could reach home from Lint Hall, and one of them led past my humble lodgings at Jabez Harwood's. There was not much difference in length between the two, but if anything the latter was the longer.

Nelly did not consult Jane, but resolutely took the road past the cottage. When near it, she heard the sound of my piano, and lingered to listen, unchecked by her companion. Indeed, Jane was only too willing to follow Nelly's example, and when the girl looked up she noticed that the woman had a handkerchief to her eyes.

"It's hard for the young master, as should have been," whispered Jane, who had nursed me as a baby, and had stood by my mother's death-bed. "Hard to think of him being here, and her up at Lint Hall. It just breaks my heart when I see Miss Flint sitting over the fire in my old mistress's room, and caring nothing about the place, except just for a few nights' lodging now and then. And to think how things might be, if she could bear to use some of the money that does no good to any living soul. Seeing that the young master is the only relative she has, why couldn't she have adopted him, and made Lint Hall a home for both of them? But she never will. She cannot spare him a good word. I never can think what makes her so bitter against Mr. John, except it is her contrariness, and because everybody else likes him."

"Not quite everybody, Jane," said Nelly, with a sigh. "My father does, but my mother has never liked Jack since he became so poor. He is as dear and good—no, he is better than ever—for he bears poverty bravely, and shows himself a true gentleman, in spite of all the changes he has had to face. My grandfather Burford likes Jack. He said, even when my mother was present, that he truly respected the lad. He might be only a poor clerk at a railway station, but he deserved all honour for the brave way in which he had faced his position, stayed amongst those who had looked on him as heir to Lint Hall, and performed his duties in the humble place he now filled, as remembering a higher Master than his earthly employers. This is what he said about Jack, too: 'It is just beautiful to see how that young man shows his fine breeding, by his courtesy and kindness to the poorest travellers on the line, and his sense of duty to those who pay him wages, by giving them of his very best in return. Talk of Jack's misfortune in having come down in the world! It will make him a better man than he would otherwise have been. The lad will rise, whoever lives to see it; and in the meanwhile he can look the world in the face, as one who deserves well of it.'"

Jane Cartwright and Nelly were standing in the shadow of the house, and the woman's tears fell as she listened to the words which the girl delighted to repeat.

"Ah, miss," she replied, "it does me good to know that your grandpa stands up for the young master. You and he used to be such friends, miss, but I suppose he is not asked to your house now?"

Jane was affectionate and faithful to her old employer's family, but not judicious, or she would not have alluded to the change wrought in Mrs. Burford's conduct to myself with Nelly as a listener.

"No; my mother will not invite Jack, and I never see him except we pass each other in the street, which is very seldom. I should like to leave this fruit for him. See, Jane, the window-sill is broad; I can lay some leaves on it, put the grapes and peaches on them, and the other leaves over them. You could go on a little way, and I would give a gentle tap at the window, and then run after you. We should be out of sight before anyone could get round to this window."

"Bless you, my dear Miss Nelly, there is no call for you to leave this fruit for Mr. John; you may trust us to look after him. He will never be without a share of Lint Hall fruit, according to the seasons, so long as Cartwright has the gardens," replied Jane.

This was true, for thanks to our old gardener's memory of past kindnesses received from my parents, I enjoyed many a basket of choice fruit grown under the shadow of my old home. I had a store of grapes and peaches at that moment, though Cartwright's gifts were kept as a secret by all at the cottage, lest Miss Flint should hear of them and be angry, though the gardener had a perfect right to dispose of all these things as he chose.

With some difficulty Nelly was induced to carry her fruit home, and abandon her intention of leaving it on the window-sill. Jane Cartwright and she walked quickly away to make up for lost time, and on the road Nelly told her escort that she was going to Germany in a fortnight, and under Miss Flint's charge, with as many other particulars as she could relate before she said goodnight to her at the gate of her father's grounds.

I was a little surprised to see Jane Cartwright and her husband at the cottage when I returned home on the following evening. She had brought me some apples from a tree that was always called mine in the old days, but she also brought the news already related, and though she mostly addressed Betsy, I felt sure that she meant these particulars more for my ears than hers.

"And Miss Flint is off again, it seems," said Jabez. "At her time of life you would think she would be glad to rest in peace in a home of her own, rather than to be trapesing off to foreign lands. But there's no accounting for tastes. Old maids are always reckoned whimmy, and she has no one to say her nay when she makes her mind up. I reckon you would as soon see her back as her face."

"I can't complain of her myself," said Cartwright; "she has put a living into my hands on very easy terms, and I have been allowed to stay in the old spot when I expected nothing but to be sent to the right-about after she took Lint Hall."

It is needless to say that after hearing Jane Cartwright's news I kept eager watch for Miss Flint and Nelly Burford amongst intending travellers. I wanted a glimpse of my girl friend's face before she should leave England for two long years. Not that I had any hope of being able to say a farewell word, or that I would have intruded upon her contrary to Mrs. Burford's commands, so long as she was a mere girl under her mother's care.

On the contrary, I had kept out of Nelly's way, though both her father and grandfather rather went out of theirs to manifest their unchanged goodwill towards me. Perhaps pride had something to do with this. I was only a lad, and with no one to advise me as my mother did in the old happy days. I might have gone much further astray but for the memory of her words, her love, her prayers for me, offered when I was so young that I could hardly understand all they meant or my own need of them. I felt sure that whenever Miss Flint and Nelly Burford set out on their long journey, Mrs. Burford would accompany them to the station, and keep watch over the girl until the train had fairly started. I was mistaken, and this was owing to Miss Flint.

"I hate platform scenes," she told Mrs. Burford. "Good-byes and handshakings and wavings of moist pocket-handkerchiefs are abominations to me. So Nelly and you must please do the weeping and wailing in private. I shall call here for her and any lighter articles of luggage that she wishes to have under her eye, but I beg you will have as few parcels as possible. Heavy boxes your man will take to the station, and wait with them till we come."

So this was how it happened that I saw Miss Flint and Nelly alight from a carriage, unaccompanied, just a fortnight after Jane Cartwright told me of the intended journey. Oakhill station is a junction, so trains stay longer at it than at many of its size. A part of one train has always to be detached and shunted whilst the remainder goes on its way. Then the shunted portion comes back to the platform, has other carriages attached, and branches off in a different direction. It was by the later portion that Miss Flint and Nelly would travel. The elder lady's idea of punctuality was to be at least a quarter of an hour too

early, and she fretted and fumed close by the entrance for fully five minutes, until Mr. Burford's man appeared with the heavy luggage. He pointed to the clock, and respectfully assured Miss Flint that there was "lots of time," and he would see the things labelled and into the van, as Mr. Burford had ordered him to do.

It happened that Mr. Edelston, the station-master, had been ailing and absent for some days. He was back that morning, but stayed in the booking office whilst I did duty on the platform, so I saw Miss Flint come bustling towards the train, accompanied by Nelly, whom she promptly deposited in a second class through carriage for London. I heard her say, "It is money thrown away going second, but I had to give in; for your mother, who has never known the want of cash, wanted you to travel first-class. Such extravagance!"

Miss Flint turned away to get the tickets, carrying her rugs, umbrella, etc., in her hand. All at once she seemed to realise *that she* was taking needless trouble, for she thrust them into mine, and exclaimed, "There, you railway man, put these things into the carriage where that young lady is, and tell her to take care of them."

I lost no time in obeying Miss Flint. There was only my girl friend in the carriage, and before I could deposit the articles on the seat, two hands were extended to me, and Nelly said, "Oh, Jack! I am glad just to say good-bye to you. I am off to Germany, and I may not see you for years. But I shall not forget you. We shall always be friends, whether we meet or no."

"Always, dear Nelly. I am very thankful that I have so true a friend as you. I know you will not forget the old happy days any more than I shall. May God bless you, Nelly!"

We had grasped hands, and I could see how pale the girl was, and that she could not utter another word. I had no chance, for at that instant Miss Flint's harsh voice said, "If you will be good enough to stand on one side, I will take my place. I have no wish to be left behind."

I jumped quickly down, and Miss Flint took her seat, not refusing the help of my hand, for the step was a high one.

"Thank you," said she, without at first looking round. "You need not wait. It is contrary to the company's regulations to give gratuities to porters, and quite right too."

Then turning round she started, and exclaimed, "It is you, John Simpson, is it? What do you mean by this?"

"It is I, Miss Flint," I answered. "I meant to be of any service in my power, and I still mean it, if there is anything more I can do for you."

"Nothing, but to take yourself off," was the blunt response.

"Then, madam, I wish you and Miss Burford a safe journey." And lifting my hat respectfully, I left the window.

"The impudence of that young man!" said Miss Flint.

"I thought you told him to bring the things," retorted Nelly, "and that he was very kind and attentive."

"Perhaps he was, after all. He showed his breeding, too, by the way he lifted his hat. He got nothing by it though," added Miss Flint, as she closed her purse with a vicious snap over a threepenny bit received in change at the booking office a minute or two before.

It was a fortunate remark, for it and the action set Nelly laughing, and the tears which ran down her cheeks seemed to be the effects of mirth, not of regret.

I also laughed at Miss Flint's mode of addressing me, and at her extraordinary appearance. Years before, I had heard Mrs. Burford say, "If people did not know Dorothy Flint, they would declare she was mad, or had chosen her garments out of a rag shop as a matter of economy. It is enough to draw all eyes upon one to be seen speaking to her when she is off for one of her Continental rambles. She is an awful woman, and the greatest female guy I ever saw. Rose would run anywhere rather than be seen in the street with her."

I could well imagine that Mrs. Burford would excuse herself from going to the railway station to see the travellers off. I thought she would be the one to plead that her maternal feelings would prove too much for her, and that she wished to spare Nelly and herself. I did not then know that Miss Flint had taken matters into her own hands. I had, however, an instinctive feeling that the stern spinster would be good to Nelly, for I had always thought that if she had a warm corner in her heart, my girl friend had secured possession of it. Who could help loving what was so sweet and winsome?

(*To be continued.*)

THE "LITTLE NELL" OF CHARLES DICKENS.

IN all the wide range of character with which Dickens has supplied us, not one stands out with a clearer light of purity and innocent beauty than that of Little Nell.

Little Nell will always live in the memories of those who love a child-character at once affectionate, tender, and capable of such fortitude as would grace the actions of a Spartan hero.

She is found living alone in an old shop in London with her grandfather. In this dusty and dirty old house, full of worm-eaten oak and rusty suits of mail, her room is portrayed by Dickens as the one bright, clean spot. Unquestioning obedience and quiet resignation are evinced most tellingly in her behaviour to the poor old man whose passion for gaming is gradually ruining him, and "all for her." And yet this obedience and this resignation are not blind, for when she thinks she has a sympathetic listener in Mrs. Quilp, the poor child pours out her fears and sorrows, telling her how the old man would in past days sit by the fire and listen while she read to him, but how that now he leaves her all alone at night, returning early in the morning in a dreadful state of excitement (little knowing that her grandfather is a confirmed gambler), and ending with the utmost pathos, "we were very happy once." And yet even in her confidences she withholds much, fearing to injure in some way the relation she loves so dearly. Nor does she let the old man see her suffering; he, with all his anxieties, consoles himself with the thought that she at least is happy. If he only knew her nightly vigils from one of the windows of the house looking on to the street, of her nightly tortures and horrible imaginations of something dreadful having happened to him, of her starting wakefulness in anticipation of his return, he would know that the loss of his money was not the only price paid for the riches, "all for her," hoped for in the future.

And at last the end of this London scene comes. Quilp, who has been advancing money to the old man, has sold the contents of the house to repay himself, and the poor old fellow is in raving delirium and constantly attended by his granddaughter. He recovers at length after a wearisome illness, dreadfully broken in mind and body; and now the child must take the helm and guide both of them through the storms of life. With what keen perception does she recognise this, and how quickly she acts!

They go away by stealth; it is the child that plans the scheme, it is the child that executes it, and in her efforts to smooth the trouble of going, she draws vivid pictures of happiness in the green fields and woods, and the innocent pleasures of the country; and she, poor child, is nothing loth to leave this scene of misery, her only sorrow being that she must leave her poor bird. But she has other things to consider beyond her own feelings. She prepares everything for their departure, even to a staff for her grandfather, and then we see them, these two helpless creatures, starting off on a journey neither knows whither, with little or no means of living, the one an old man, worn out with illness and almost imbecile; the other a frail, weak girl of fourteen, animated by love for him with a courage and resolution far beyond her years.

They are clear of London and are in the fields; looking back they can see in the distance the cross of St. Paul's and the smoke of the city. The child has already repeated her simple prayers once during the morning, but the calm placidity of the scene brings the words again to her lips, and now we have the charming picture of this child-girl hopefully praying, and the old man—with his bare white head glistening in the sun, seated hat in hand, his memory for the words gone, but his sense of their blessed goodness unimpaired—saying Amen.

What could be more beautiful than the utter neglect of self which is displayed by this girl! All her tender solicitude is for him; she

LITTLE NELL.

(From the painting by Emily Macirone.)

has had the forethought to place some bread and meat in her basket for their breakfast; she is afraid that the long walk in the early morning after his recent illness will have harmed the old man, and she persuades him to rest and gently lulls him to sleep, maintaining an outward semblance of cheerfulness through her tears at his helplessness, knowing that she too must not give way.

Very soon again we are brought to the fact that it is the child who is the director of their journey. They have been walking for two days, having rested for one night at a cottage, and it is the evening of the second day. They are both very tired, and the child is looking about for some cottage at which to buy some refreshment and ask permission to rest awhile. She shrinks from those where there is noise inside, and at length sees one where a family is at tea, and this determines her. An old man is sitting comfortably by the hearth in a cushioned chair; a parallel rises in the child's mind between this old man and her grandfather—perhaps he is a grandfather and will feel for hers.

Nor is she mistaken, and the reception of the wanderers on the part of this poor family is beautifully told. Poor Nell is well-nigh overcome by the kindness of the mother, who notices that her feet are blistered and sore, and dresses them for her. Nell, who has withstood, tearless, all her troubles, is not proof against this little token of motherly sympathy. Through all this episode Nell is the one who answers all questions put by their kind hosts; the old man on being questioned looks helplessly towards her.

The next people that they meet in their wanderings are two showmen, with whom they associate for some time. At last, however, Nell suspects that these men want to send them back to London. How cleverly does she impart her suspicions to the grandfather! As the men are near them she bids him hold some flowers which she has been gathering while she ties them, and seeming to talk about the flowers, she tells her grandfather her plans of escape.

And then, after their escape, what trials does she undergo! She has to answer the querulous fears of the old man, who imagines himself to be followed by enemies, and it is only the contemplation of his utter helplessness that prevents the child's fortitude from giving way; but by an assumption of merriment and by calling his attention to the beauties of the scene around them she succeeds in diverting his thoughts.

And now Nell is to meet her best friend in life, and this is the schoolmaster of a village at which they presently arrive. He entertains them in his poor way, giving them food and shelter. He is much exercised about the illness of his favourite pupil, whose death is touchingly described. Nell, who has been with the schoolmaster to see the little fellow, does not tell her grandfather of his death, for he was a grandchild, leaving only his old grandmother to mourn his death.

After leaving the schoolmaster they fall in with Mrs. Jarley, the immortal proprietor of the waxwork show. This good-hearted creature takes them under her wing, and for some time they live happily with her, Nell being of great service to her. But now Nell has more time for thinking, and her thoughts revert to her grandfather, who is still the poor vacant being he has ever been since his illness, and she cannot help wondering what would become of him were she to fall ill, and whether he realises their altered position in life, often turning aside in tears at the sight of his weakness and praying for his mental restoration.

It is at this period of their lives that Nell is taxed with her greatest mental trouble. During an off evening they had gone a long walk together, when a storm compels them to shelter at an inn. Here some men happen to be playing cards for money. A horrible change comes over the grandfather, and he becomes animated with a fierce and uncontrollable desire to join them; he demands money of the child, and she cannot refuse it; he plays, and, of course, playing with rogues, loses all; and in the description of this fearful scene Dickens tells us how that Nell would rather have seen the old man dead than in that fearful excitement of gambling of which she was the innocent cause.

She has still retained some money, and changes it for the purpose of paying for their lodging, as the storm compels them to stay the night, and then the poor child is horrified by seeing her grandfather rob her of the money in the dead of night. And now in the morning she tells him of the money she has lost, hinting that someone may have taken it in jest, but he silences her by saying that no one takes money in jest but to keep it. How wonderful in a child who has been subject to such a strain to have the presence of mind to try and help her poor erring grandfather to an explanation. But this is not all; the old man is led on to rob Mrs. Jarley, their kind benefactress, but he is prevented from doing this by Nell.

She has overheard them persuading him to do this thing, and rising and dressing at midnight she goes to him, urging him to get up and fly with her away from shame and degradation, telling him of a horrid dream which she has had of an old man robbing her mistress, a thing that shall not happen. The old man obeys her in an agony of terror, fancying her some redeeming angel; and then they depart at night and alone, and leave their only hope of livelihood, and all to save this old man from crime. Presently the child bursts into tears, but the weakness is only momentary, and she presses on, conscious of acting rightly, and whispering to herself, "I have saved him." Here Dickens gives us a hint of the approaching end. He says—

"In the pale moonlight, which lent a wanness of its own, the delicate face, where thoughtful care already mingled with the winning grace and loveliness of youth, the too bright eye, the spiritual head, the lips that pressed each other with such high resolve and courage of the heart, the slight figure, firm in its bearing and yet so very weak, told their silent tale; but told it only to the wind that rustled by, which, taking up its burden, carried, perhaps to some mother's pillow, faint dreams of childhood falling in its bloom, and resting in the sleep that knows no waking."

She can withstand the fatigue no longer, and at sunrise they lay down to sleep on a bank near some water. They are found by some boatmen, who take them on board, and here, in the pouring rain, and shivering with cold, the child, disregarding her present personal discomforts, is busy trying to devise some scheme for their future maintenance, while the poor mindless old man lies sleeping by her side, saved from the committing of his crime.

They come to a wharf in a manufacturing town, where there is nothing but smoke and furnaces and ironworks, and here they leave the boat and walk through the wretched streets in pouring rain. As evening comes on the old man, who has till now been silent, begins to murmur and complain, and now it needs all the child's sense of right to support her in this trouble. She is just sowing the seeds of a fatal disease by this exposure to cold and wet, yet she never complains. All her energies are expended in solacing the old man. At last he realises that she is suffering intensely, and blames himself bitterly, but she soothes him, telling him that they will be under the sheltering trees soon.

They have made up their minds to spend the night under the open sky, when a fireman from one of the furnaces offers them the shelter of his fire and a bed of ashes to rest on, an offer which they gladly accept. They rest for the night, and were departing in the morning when an incident occurs, such as Dickens has ever delighted in depicting. It is told as follows:—

"But before they had reached the corner of the lane the man came running after them, and pressing her hand left something in it—two old, battered, smoke-becrusted penny-pieces. Who knows but they shone as brightly in the eyes of angels as golden gifts that have been chronicled on tombs?

"And thus they separated; the child to lead her sacred charge further from guilt and shame, and the labourer to attach a fresh interest to the spot where his guests had slept, and read new histories in his furnace fire."

They journey on through this dreadful Black Country, the child fearfully ill, lame, and with pains in every joint, the old man whining piteously for a better way than this one amidst ashes and furnaces. Thus for two days and two nights, during which the child is getting worse and worse; the exposure to the inclement weather is telling on her. The horrors of nights spent in this wild region are very great to this weak child. "And yet she lay down, with nothing between her and the sky, and with no fear for herself, for she was past it now, put up a prayer for the poor old man. So very weak and spent she felt, so very calm and unresisting, that she had no thought of any wants of her own, but prayed that God would raise up some friend for him."

A penny loaf is all they have for a whole day, yet she has no craving for food; a sort of torpor comes over her senses; she knows she is very ill, perhaps dying, still no complaint. They spend their last penny in a loaf, and the old man eats it greedily, which pleases the child; she does not eat; she loathes food now.

The end has almost come when they meet the poor schoolmaster again, who immediately sees that Nell is attended at an adjoining inn. His prospects have improved; he has an appointment in a neighbouring village, and takes the poor wanderers with him.

And now we come to the last scene. The schoolmaster, the old man, and the child are living in two old houses next to each other. Nell and the old man are caretakers to the church, And here they seem perfectly happy for a time, but people who came from a distance to see the church notice with pain the thin, spiritual face, and cast pitying looks on the old grandfather. Now we see a marked and wonderful change in the old man—an overpowering sense of the great good she has worked for him, a tender solicitude for her and neglect of his own feelings mingled with a fear, always present, that she might be taken from him. And gradually we see her fading, dying, but in a beautiful repose, her thoughts with God, her heroic strife ended, her mission fulfilled. This weak child, whose life has been one sombre picture of misery, is going to leave it now that the world seems inclined to be kind to her.

And thus, quietly and peacefully, Nell dies. The beautiful spirit has fled, leaving the body, which was so imbued with its qualities, behind.

And the poor old man—his foster-mind has gone; he realises at first nothing of what has happened. "She sleeps," he says, and he will not be dissuaded from it. There he sits, with that hand, which has led him out of crime and misery, in his, kissing its cold, pallid whiteness, and anxiously waiting and watching for that awakening which on earth is never to be.

They lead him away, and she is placed in

her last bed. It is late when he returns and he cannot find her. He seeks her everywhere, calling her; they take him back and tell him all, and he falls as one dead. From his swoon he wakes with but one thought—Nell. He seeks her, waits at her grave for her, and at night goes home whispering to himself that "she will come to-morrow," and planning fresh journeys and rambles on that morrow. It was winter when she died, and in springtime they find him dead upon her grave, his last heart-wish on his lips—"Oh, let her come to-morrow."

And thus ends one of the most pathetic histories that have been handed down to us, one that everyone knowing the English language must appreciate for its purity and simplicity, one that has appealed to all English-speaking countries. Well can we imagine Bret Harte's gold diggers lying round their camp-fire,

"Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew"

every man of them humanised by that sweet child life.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

"ATTRACTION!"

A MELODY IN TWO KEYS.

C MINOR.

SHE was nearly nineteen in years; in some things she was twenty-nine, and at times she did not exceed nine. A country life had kept the youthful grace of unconscious innocence about her, and a certain serious bent of mind put an old head on her shoulders.

Cicely Percival was rather a pretty girl, most people thought, but she had not the indescribable knack of wearing her garments in one particular way, which is known as style. She carried herself in a loose, careless fashion, and, when sitting, rounded her shoulders, a habit engendered by much poring over books. Tall she was, and very slim—too thin it was thought by critics of figure; she had no graceful curves, they said. Her mouth was rather large, but her hands and feet were smallish; she had freckles in the summer, just under her eyes, which were dark in shadow and very expressive, and her hair never was well-dressed; she seemed not to study what would suit her face.

Still, with all her faults, she was reckoned not without attraction, and her strong individuality distinguished her from other young girls at tennis parties and picnics. Perhaps the fact of her playing tennis and riding and rowing well was the secret of her little court of rustic admirers, who were prone to ignore qualities in her which she would rather have had recognised.

She was dreadfully in earnest over everything, and when Lawrence Gaudern, a brother of her dearest friend and schoolfellow, came down into the country for a week with his sister, she did not fall in love with him by halves. He was the first man of his kind she had seen: clever, cultivated, full of vagaries, and soaked through with Oxford; handsome, *insouciant*, with a grand air of belief in himself and calm forbearance with the weakness of other people. He might indeed be said to wear "the air of his own statue raised by public subscription," and was in addition musical, possessing a strong, sweet baritone, and a smooth touch on the piano. Cicely had a perfect passion for music, so these last were not the least of his fascinating qualities to her. She sang very well in an uncertain way, depending upon the state of her nerves and moods: perfectly untrained, her voice was yet full of sympathy, and she had real taste, added to the charm of freshness, which might excuse Gaudern for his extravagant rhapsodies upon her "lovely singing."

When Evelyn Gaudern wrote asking Cicely to go and stay with her, a few weeks later, concluding with "Larry says you are to be sure and bring some music. He is charmed with your singing, and you will have to warble at our At Home on the 30th," the foolish girl went into floods of tears with delight in the silence of her own room; and then, if not before, she knew how much she prized his praise, and despised herself accordingly, with shame for the affection that had been so easily won.

Perhaps never in her life had she looked forward so much to anything as she did to this visit. To be with Larry again, to see him, to hear him sing, was enough to make the poor child wild with joy; and she had no misgivings about him, no suspicion that he might only have been amusing himself in the country when he called her his "little rustic maid," and vowed she was the "dearest little girl" he knew.

And for the first few days after her arrival in town he devoted his whole time to her; met her at the station, took her for walks and drives, and, with Evelyn, to concerts; looked at her with affectionate grey eyes, and sang sentimental songs to her at night.

The 30th came, and Cicely began to have qualms about her frock.

"Will it do, Eve?" she anxiously asked, spreading out the white muslin before her friend. "I don't like the pink ribbons much; I shall look like a Maypole, I'm afraid, but Miss Pokey would have them, and it's dreadfully plain without anything. I couldn't have it made low, because of my thin neck. Do you think it will look anything like a dressing-table, with those pink bows?"

Evelyn reassured her.

"It will do perfectly," she declared; "you will look just what you are, a dear, sweet, darling, big baby, smelling of new mown hay." And Cicely was satisfied.

She was sick with fright and excitement when the night came, as she followed Evelyn downstairs into the drawing-room, there to find Mr. Larry steadying his white tie, and studying his handsome features in a glass.

He took her two hands and drew her forward for inspection.

"Why so pale, fair maid?" he asked. "You remind me of Iphigenia decked for the sacrifice, with that awed expression in your innocent eyes."

There was no lack of colour in her face after this speech; and before another could follow it, visitors were announced, so she crept into a corner, hoping to see and not be seen.

The evening wore on, and when two hours had passed, Cicely became aware that she was not enjoying herself. At first she had been amused to see the people surge in and out, say a few words to their hostess, and then pass away agian. She thought it odd to see men in evening dress with hats crushed in their hands, which she said to herself, had much better have been left in the hall, out of the way. Then she heard scraps of conversation which sounded very foolish and flippant, and some of the ladies' gowns surprised her excessively.

Evelyn introduced a young man to her, who talked about things she was not able to pretend the least interest in. Indeed, how could she be interested when her whole attention was absorbed in watching one tall grand figure, who was talking and laughing continually to everybody in the most easy, leisurely manner, but most of all to a very lovely woman, on whose face his eyes seemed to linger caressingly, Cicely thought, and whose accompaniments he afterwards played when she filled the room with a very clear and highly-trained soprano voice.

It was not until her own song had been sung that Cicely recognised, not only that she was not enjoying herself, but that she was utterly wretched. She sang badly. Larry could not be found to accompany her; he had gone off somewhere with the beautiful soprano. Evelyn played the song nervously; Cicely was ten times more nervous still. She lost time, lost breath, lost heart, almost lost voice once or twice, and her misery was increased by overhearing a contemptuous remark about "that muslin schoolgirl" afterwards.

Some kind old gentleman noticed that she looked faint, and made her go with him to get some refreshment; and truly when she passed a corner of the stairs and saw Larry with the beautiful singer, talking very confidentially and apparently quite absorbed, she felt faint indeed, and her whole life seemed to reel before her. Poor little muslin schoolgirl! you were not used to London men and manners. What you meant once was for always, earnest little soul! Why should others say things and not mean them at all?

Had she been trained in the school of theatrical device it had perhaps been easy for her now to fling aside her misery, or so paint it over with laughter and jest as to deceive others; but this was morally impossible to her, and when later she was found by Larry in a corner near the piano trying to appear absorbed in music which tortured her, her face touched him pathetically, and he said, in his old manner, taking a chair beside her—

"Why, my little Cicely, you look tired. Won't you come with me and have some coffee?"

She fancied there was patronage in his tone, so answered, half defiantly, raising proud eyes to his face—

"Thank you, no; I am not thirsty. Pray don't trouble about me. I have been well looked after."

"You are not enjoying yourself," he said, after a searching glance at her face; "it's too bad. I expect all these people seem strange to you. Let me introduce an awfully nice fellow——" He rose; she stopped him.

"Spare me," she said, coldly; "I don't want to know any more awfully nice fellows, thanks. I've had quite enough of London men for the present."

There was so much bitterness in her tone that Larry was astonished.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked. "Have you been bored? What a shame! Why didn't I come to the rescue before; and when are you going to sing?"

This was too much, now that her song was over, and she laughed rather hardly.

"That edifying performance took place some time ago. You were probably not here when I warbled 'It was a dream.'"

"No, indeed! How dare you sing when I was not in the room?"

"Why should I not? You have heard me often enough, and probably will again."

"I shall never have heard you often enough."

Cicely turned away her head with a look in which she attempted to convey disgust.

Larry smiled his sweet confident smile of satisfaction, then suddenly became grave, and asked—

"Why are you so cross this evening, Cicely?"

"I cross!" affecting surprise. "What do you mean, Larry? Why should I be cross?"

"There is no reason why you should or should not be cross, if you like, so long as you are not so to me.

'What care I how cross she be,
If she be not cross to me,'

as the poet said."

His voice had become a trifle monotonous; she saw his eyes had wandered to a group by the door, where stood the handsome soprano, flashing her rare jewels, golden hair, and bright eyes unmistakably for his benefit.

Cicely began to grow cold again.

"Who is that lady?" she asked.

"Which lady? Miss Harrison, do you mean—the golden butterfly standing by the door?"

"Yes. Is she an old friend?"

"A difficult question. No lady could be a friend of mine without being rather advanced in years. You see," he pulled his moustache to hide a smile, "I am getting into the 'sere and yellow' pretty fast; but I have known her—er—some months."

"She is very beautiful."

"Generous little Cicely! Not another woman in the room would say that."

"Why not?"

"Women never praise each other, do they?"

Cicely raised her eyes in astonishment.

"Surely you are not so foolish as to accept that doctrine!"

"I accepted it until five minutes ago; now you have caused doubts. What do you think of her singing?" He was still looking at Miss Harrison.

Cicely hesitated.

"She has a wonderful voice, and, I suppose, very highly trained. But—I fancied there was not much expression."

Larry threw back his handsome head and laughed quietly.

"I thought there would be a defect somewhere, or you would not praise her face," he said. "It was impossible for her to be flawless."

"Flawless!" repeated Cicely, looking up at him. "Do you think she is flawless?"

Her eyes opened very round and large. Larry was most amused.

"Do I think her flawless? Isn't every woman perfect so long as she is not one's wife or sister? Too flawless to be safe!"

"Mr. Gaudern," said Miss Harrison, advancing, "it is really abominable of me to interrupt you, but some of these foolish people want me to inflict my singing upon them again, and perhaps, if it is not too much trouble, you will accompany me; will you?"

He was only too happy; there was a flattered note of exultation in his voice as he said so, which was not lost upon the country girl in the corner.

"How well Miss Harrison sings," said a voice, when the song was over; a voice overheard by Cicely's acute ear.

"Yes. Are they engaged?"

"Oh, no, I think not. They are both desperately flirtatious, capable of great things in the way of professional love-making, but incapable of losing their heads. He is taken this way about every week, while she carves hearts by the dozen, inside and outside the concert halls."

Cicely could stand it no longer. She rose and found herself another seat. It would have been better, she thought, to have known he loved the girl than to hear him spoken of with such obvious contempt. She did not understand the tone of cool indifference and feeble cynicism affected by young men of society, and the words she had heard sounded like stinging insults. Larry a mere male flirt, a "professional love-maker!"

"Talk about women," she said to herself, indignantly, "finding faults in their sex! Could anything be worse than the jealousy men show towards each other?"

For nothing but jealousy surely could be the cause of such a speech as she had just heard!

It was late that night, or rather next morning, before her aching head and heart would let her sleep; and when she awoke, it was with that terrible sensation of stepping back into a world of pain from a haven of relief, which we all know, and no one can adequately describe. As she went downstairs she heard Larry singing to himself Miss Harrison's song of the night before—

"It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest, and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Could'st thou but be as thou hast been,"

and a rush of dead hopes seemed to eddy round her, like autumn leaves stirred by the wind, as she held to the bannister for support, feeling sick and reeling.

Was this love? Was there no escape from it for ever? No. She passed her hand over her eyes and made a strong effort to think. "I shall forget—I can forget; people forget easily enough, and," with great determination, "I will forget."

Several of the visitors staying in the house were gathered round the fire of the breakfast-room, whereon stood a small kettle steaming and hissing comfortably. They were talking over the events of the night before, and she listened in a half dream to their chatter as she languidly drank a cup of tea and played with a piece of toast. Larry came in soon, and was fresh as his own light tie, scrupulously exquisite in appearance as usual, and ready for fun.

"Little rustic, pour me out some coffee, will you? How charming you look this morning. Our London girls must be green with envy. Morgan, my dear boy, ain't I right—does not the morning light generally melt away the roses of last night with our town beauties? What a wreck!"

The last remark concerned a game pie placed before him, which he regarded with a view to closer acquaintance. One of the girls by the fire spoke up.

"You should make your pretty speeches in a lower tone, Mr. Gaudern. Comparisons are odious; and when one hears oneself suspected of paint, and called a wreck——"

Larry sprang to his feet in affected horror, clasping his hands.

"That ever I should be so misunderstood! Miss Merrill, behold me at your feet! Surely you town maidens have charms enough that you can spare a milkmaid's colour to a country girl! As to the opprobrious epithet you wrongly applied to yourself, I simply ask—was it possible? Look in the glass, and tell me, on your honour as an Englishwoman, was it possible?"

The girl laughed. No one was ever angry with Larry for long; he knew the touching points of women so well.

"Talking of colour," said a slim young lady, who looked as if she had shot up a little too suddenly and wanted pruning, "how charming Miss Harrison's complexion was last night. Did you notice it?" she asked Larry, with a meaning glance.

"Really no, I can't say I did. Was it very edible!"

"Just like a pippin," said the man called Morgan, hoping to be funny, but finding only inattention.

"Most artistic," said another, cuttingly.

"Not very fluctuating!"

"Too bright to last!"

"Too much under the eyes!"

Cicely listened in wonder, and when there was a pause she said to Larry, her clear voice full of life against the muffled ones—

"I thought she had the loveliest skin I had ever seen in my life. Wasn't it real?"

Everyone turned upon her the sort of pitying look a philosopher might cast on a ploughboy afraid of the evil eye.

Evelyn went up to her and gave her a hug.

"You are a darling innocent," she said. "And what should you know about our little deceptions. I expect you've never used a pinch of powder in your life, have you?"

"No; why should I?" said Cicely, flushing as she felt all attention upon her. "If my complexion isn't nice, I suppose my friends will not care any the less for me."

"Your lady friends rather the more," murmured the man called Morgan, *sotto voce*.

"I suppose you think it's wicked to powder," said one languid maiden, with a curled smile.

Cicely looked at her a moment before replying.

"It might be if it deceived anybody," she said. "But you all seem to know so well when it is used, that I suppose it is not intended to delude."

Everyone laughed at this, and there was no ready answer. Cicely thought the girls looked annoyed, so hastened to add—

"Of course my opinion is of no consequence. No doubt I should use the powder too if I lived in London, as Evelyn and all other girls do."

Evelyn rose abruptly, with a little laugh.

"Tell-tale," she cried. "Let us quit the subject and go for a walk."

When Cicely was in her room, she sat down five minutes beside the bed to think, before getting her hat.

"False, mean, hateful!" she thought, the tears springing into her eyes; "to admire the girl so much, and yet not have a word to say in her defence! No doubt when I am not here he would agree with the people who called me a "muslin schoolgirl." But I don't care; I am safe now, for I know you, Mr. Larry. I go home to-morrow, and then I will set my mind to forgetting you." She stood up facing the glass, though scarcely able to see herself through her blurred eyes, and said, half aloud, "I, Cicely Percival, declare that I will henceforth put Lawrence Gaudern out of my head for ever; and when I have succeeded"—she threw back her shoulders—"I'll show him how very slight was the attraction he once had for me."

Will she?

(*To be concluded.*)

ORDERS FOR WOMEN

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART I.

THE GRAND PRIORY OF THE ORDER OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM IN ENGLAND.

THE institution by Her Majesty of the Order of "the Crown of India," and subsequently that of "the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England," has brought the subject of distinctions conferred on women into new prominence. Amongst some nineteen or twenty Orders specially instituted for them, or in which both sexes participate; the latter, which became an established Order, and was incorporated under Royal Charter, May 14, 1888, is one of the most honourable. The confraternity has certainly the strongest claim on general sympathy, and the reason is not far to find. The members are leagued together to carry on a scheme of active benevolence, unrestricted by creed, and unlimited by nationality; while pledged to defend the Christian faith, and follow in the footprints of their martyred predecessors.

The old Hospitaller Order—of which the present is a late revival in this country—was founded at Jerusalem, A.D. 1092, where there was a House of Ladies attached to it, who tended the pilgrims and the sick of their own sex.

In the year 1100 it was introduced into England, and the Priory of Clerkenwell founded by the Lord Jordan de Briset, a House for Lady Hospitallers being established at Buckland, in Somerset, A.D. 1180.

Of the destruction of the Order in this country I will speak further on; suffice it now to say that their noble work was first revived about fifty years ago, and in 1888, the Queen granted royal letters patent, and assumed the patronage of "The Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England."

Women became *Dames Chevalières* of the Order early in the last century, but in still earlier times there had been "sisters" of the same in this country. Our Empress-Queen is "Supreme Head," and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is "Grand Prior," of the English Order, and there are other grades—the Sub-Prior, titular Bailiff of Egle, Honorary Bailiffs, Commanders, Honorary Commanders, Knights of Justice, Ladies of Justice, Chaplains, Knights of Grace, Ladies of Grace, Esquires, Serving Brothers and Sisters, and, associated (but not as members) with them, Honorary Associates and Donats. The members, it must be understood, are not to be "drones," nor pretty "lay-figures," but must perform active work, and thus demonstrate the fact that *noblesse oblige*.

Amongst the special branches of work carried on are the nursing and feeding of the out-patients of several hospitals and dispensaries; the institution of the widely-known St. John of Jerusalem Ambulance Service, at work in various places, especially in mining and colliery districts, the training of students for ambulance duties, the supply of nurses for the wounded, etc., and, it is hoped, eventually the maintenance of a Home of Rest for the nurses. Last in our list, but not in importance, they have founded a hospice at Jerusalem for ophthalmic patients, under the protection of the Sultan, who gave the site, valued at £1900. To this great work of benevolence I would bespeak the special attention and interest of my readers. A little book giving an account of this hospital will be supplied gratis by J. H. Easterbrook, Esq., The Chancery, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.

Candidates for admission to the Order must be unanimously elected by the Chapter, their eligibility must then be considered by the "Grand Prior," and, if approved by him, he lays the question before the "Supreme Head" of the Order, who finally signifies her approval (or otherwise) of the election. The fees for admission to membership are devoted to the work. The insignia consist of badges of the eight-pointed cross (commonly known as the "Maltese Cross"), in white enamel, on either gold or silver, according to the rank held by the owner, the supporters of the national arms, *i.e.*, the lion and unicorn, being represented at the junctions of each arm of the cross.

I will now proceed to give a sketch of the glorious but chequered and most tragic history of the Ancient Order of Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem.

A desire to visit places made sacred by consecration to the worship of God, or the last resting-places of those beloved or revered, is natural to mankind. Three times a year the Israelites made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and Mahommedans, Buddhists, Hindoos, Chinese, Tartars, and the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, all made such to their temples and tombs. So believers in our Divine Redeemer were drawn towards the scene of His mortal life and labours, and of that stupendous sacrifice made for the redemption of man.

Now, for the Christian Greeks to meet in the Holy City was easy. As subjects of the Turks, they could purchase or build dwellings within it; and travellers were lodged during the period of their devotions. But for pilgrims of other nationalities no door was open, no protection afforded from personal violence. The weeks of travel, attacks of robbers, the pangs of hunger and thirst were brought to a climax by cruel disappointment. Reaching the gates of the Holy City, they found them closed, and they perished miserably, or essayed to return homewards—footsore, scripless, broken-hearted.

Many a year of persecution to the death, and of sending women and children into slavery, had seen the wrongs unrighted and heard the cries of God-fearing multitudes, hated, hunted, and done to death for the faith of Christ, before an organised system of

A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF THE SIEGE OF RHODES, A.D. 1480.

rescue and defence was inaugurated. But "the sorrowful sighing of the captives," the widow and the fatherless, called down succour and retribution from above, and Christian men began to wake to their responsibilities. Some Italian merchants of Amalfi were the first to do so. Their business brought them into connection with the Sultan, and they obtained his permission to build houses in Jerusalem for pilgrims from the west. These consisted of two great hospitals, one for each sex, attached to a convent of Benedictines, and two chapels for the sick, besides a large church, dedicated to "St. Mary ad Latinos." The hospital for men was dedicated to St. John "the Almoner," that for women to St. Mary Magdalene. Alms were sent from Europe for the support of these places of refuge and healing, and multitudes forsook home to devote their means and their lives to pilgrims laid up at Jerusalem.

But their peace was brief. The Turcomans descended on the city, killing and torturing their helpless victims. Most of the buildings were razed to the ground—the Holy Sepulchre excepted, as more could be gained by its exhibition than by its destruction—and large sums in fees were levied on pilgrims arriving from a distance, who had not already been despoiled of all that remained to them by the merciless Mahommedan robbers.

Thus the case of the Christians seemed even worse than before; and those who effected their return home roused the indignation of the best and most chivalrous blood in Christendom. But a practically energetic pleader of the cause was essential. Many a knight in the quiet of his feudal castle burned to redress the wrongs of his fellow-believers, yet recognised the uselessness of going forth in less than overwhelming numbers; and it was not until "Peter the Hermit," himself a pilgrim, rose like some great comet out of obscurity, and, with passionate fervour, proposed the First Crusade, that the whole of western Christendom was roused to decisive action. The love of conquest and greed of gain did not sully the noble ambition of the gallant Christian knights, who sallied forth to avenge the desecration of the land once made sacred by the presence of the God-man, Christ Jesus, and for the succour of His persecuted brethren. His words, who spake as none other man spake, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me," warmed each heart, and nerved each arm to strike for death or victory.

No public roads, no steam by land and sea, availed for the transport of these sons of a true "church militant." Apart from all other hardships and countless privations, who can estimate what they endured, encased *cap-à-pie* in heavy defensive armour and visored helmets, in that burning heat — aye, and the ever-present consciousness of imminent peril of slavery or torture to death should they succumb under the pressure of overpowering numbers?

Space would fail me to tell of the splendid deeds of arms, the appalling tragedies, and the triumphs achieved, when, after the decisions of the Councils of Claremont and Placentia, and the organisation of the First Crusade (1095), the work of deliverance began. About four years afterwards the Holy City was captured, and the wounded tended on the battle field by the Hospitallers, acting under the rule of their First Grand Master, Gerard. The hospitals were endowed by knights of high decree, including the much renowned Godfrey de Bouillon, numbers exchanging their armour and weapons of war for the cowl and black habit of those who served within the walls. Full of days, and greatly revered, Gerard closed his noble life, and was succeeded by Raymond Dupuy, of Dauphiné, equally noble in character and descent. Under his rule the Order was formed as a military organisation.

The Saracens and Turcomans now redoubled their attacks on the Christians, took possession of their strongholds by surprise, and carried the women and children into slavery, and in view of this Dupuy proposed that the brethren should resume their arms. This was a violation of their oaths, and the old-time warriors, now nurses of the sick, repudiated the suggestion. An appeal was therefore made to the Patriarch, who supported the governor's proposition, and granted a dispensation to the Hospitallers to resume the arms they had laid aside. A re-organisation of the rules followed, and the brethren were divided into three ranks. First, the knights of ancient degree of the titled or untitled nobility; second, the chaplains, who performed their sacred office in the hospitals and on the battle field; third, the serving brothers. All enjoyed the privileges of the Order, and wore its armorial bearings, having taken the three monastic vows. All wore the black robe and cowl, having a white cross of eight points in white linen on the left breast. But a change was made by Pope Alexander IV., who required the knights to be distinguished from the rest of the Hospitallers by the placing of the white cross on a red ground.

Two clauses in the beautiful service for the reception of the knights well deserve quotation.

"Gird thyself with the sword of Jesus Christ, and remember that it is not with the sword, but with faith, that the saints have conquered the world." . . . "Wear this white cross, as a sign of purity; wear it also within thy heart, as well as outwardly, and keep it without soil or stain."

On the mantle all the instruments of the Saviour's death and passion were embroidered, and these were pointed out to him, saying—

"In order that thou mayest put all thy hope in the passion of Jesus Christ, behold the cord," etc. . . . "Receive, therefore, the yoke of the Lord, for it is easy and light, and will give rest unto thy soul," etc.

I lack space to tell of the terrible defeats of the Christian defenders of the Faith by Saladin. One Grand Master succeeded another, and gallant knights of immortal fame passed gloriously away, of whose deeds of arms their admirers must read elsewhere. Besides thousands slain at the battle of Tiberias, many Hospitallers and Templars were made prisoners; and when offered life and liberty on condition of their apostacy, to a man they all chose death for the faith of their Divine Master.

The last Crusade which I can name was that led to victory by Cœur de Lion, by whom Acre was taken, and became the Christian capital in the East. Three grand Orders (including the Hospitallers) had their establishments in it; and some twenty crowned heads their palaces and courts. This was natural, as the Order of Hospitallers was divided into langes (or languages). Early in the twelfth century there were eight of these—viz., 1. Provence; 2. Auvergne; 3. France; 4. Italy; 5. Aragon; 6. England; 7. Germany; and 8. Castile, and the Grand Commander was the bailiff of Provence.

A special point to be named is that after the taking of Acre, the "Knights of St. John" were created a "Sovereign Order" by Richard, who gave them the city which became their headquarters, thenceforth called "St. Jean d'Acre" in honour of the Order.

I cannot say much of the loss of Acre to Melac Seraf, who, with 60,000 cavalry and 160,000 infantry, cut to pieces, or afterwards put to death, 12,000 Christians, of whom 4,000 were Hospitallers and Templars. Only six of the latter, including the Grand Master, survived the slaughter, and set themselves to collecting together their brethren in Cyprus and elsewhere, in view of forming new headquarters. Rhodes was subsequently granted to them, the magnificent defence of which, under the Grand Master D'Aubusson, against Mahomet (1480), and subsequently (under his successor, de L'Isle Adam), against Solyman's overwhelming numbers, are amongst the grandest episodes in the history of the world. The island was defended by 6,000 men (1522), against 110,000. One more equally magnificent defence claims a few words.

Malta was next granted to the Hospitallers, and the city, "Valetta," was named after the Grand Master, La Valette, a man of splendid heroism and nobility of character, and a worthy successor of D'Aubusson and L'Isle Adam. The rescues effected by the Hospitallers of Christians stolen into slavery appear to have always been a cause of ill-feeling on the part of the Turks, and hatred of Christianity and desire to exterminate its pious and gallant defenders (together with the greed of gain and delight in carnage and cruelty) afford ample explanation of all these often brilliantly repulsed, yet never-relinquished, sieges. However, under La Valette the island was retained, and Solyman's fleet had to return to him, a tremendous and decisive blow having been struck in defence of the Christian faith in that memorable Siege of Malta. The death of La Valette took place in 1568, but the independence of the island lasted for two centuries later.

From the time of the Battle of Lepanto (1571), when the fleet of the Order was victorious, the Turkish power steadily went down. They had captured Cyprus, and the General, Mustapha (breaking his solemn pledge that none should be injured on the taking of Cyprus if they laid down their arms), burnt alive all the old men, women, and children in the squares, and more than 20,000 people were slaughtered, beginning with the whole of the garrison, and that in cold blood. This stirred up the spirit of the knights, who formed a league with some of the Christian powers to put an end, once for all, to the atrocities committed by the Turks. Thus the Battle of Lepanto became one of the "decisive battles" in the history of the world.

I pass over the vicissitudes through which the venerable Order passed as the years rolled on, and the spoliation and barbarous cruelties practised upon them. In our own country, Henry VIII. seized on their lands and property, and shameful accusations against them were manufactured to excuse the robbery, and death under merciless torture, inflicted upon them, the persecution ending in their extermination as an Order amongst us.

In 1792 the estates of the knights in France were annexed to the State; and in Germany and Italy, Spain and Portugal, Piedmont, and Sicily, the undue taxes levied upon them nearly destroyed them likewise. Napoleon seized upon Malta, by the aid of internal sedition and treachery, and robbed the treasury and all the churches; and after that Nelson, too, captured the island, and the last Grand Master, the Baron Ferdinard von Hampesch, retired to Trieste, abdicated, and died (elsewhere) in 1805; the venerable Order ceasing thenceforth to be a "Sovereign Power."

A friend of mine, a distinguished man in the world of art, himself a Maltese, told me that he had known the last of the knights, who, after the dispersion of the Order, remained in the island, and died there. My friend was only a boy at the time when he used to see him taking his daily walk along the ramparts, stopping occasionally near my friend's house to give him bonbons out of his capacious pockets. He was the Chevalier de Grèche (or de Graiche), and always appeared in a scarlet coat and three-cornered hat, and with a gold-topped bamboo cane. My friend places his death, approximately, about the

year 1831, but though the Chevalier was an intimate friend of his grandfather's (who had been chief engineer officer in the island under the Order, and continued to hold the same appointment when in British occupation), he was very young, and made no note of the year of his death. The bamboo stick was presented to Lady Simmons, wife of the late Governor, Sir Lintorn Arabin Simmons, by Dr. Cousin, about seven years ago, and Count Sant lent my friend the red coat to paint from at about the same time. It was returned, but stolen in the transit, and has not been recovered. I have a copy of Georgione's fine picture, the "Cavaliere di Malta"—a grand face, solemn and majestic, the long hair parted in the middle, the hand on the sword hilt, and the white cross of the Order on the left breast. Napoleon robbed the churches and the whole of the establishments of the knights of the vast and priceless treasures they possessed, and visitors have only too rapaciously followed his example, and either stole from the remaining relics, or paid disgracefully little to those who knew nothing of their value—intrinsic or antiquarian.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—Procure a set of small round-hand copper-plate copies, and practise daily and very carefully, writing gradually faster and faster. About half-a-dozen lessons in swimming should be sufficient to enable you to swim a little, and your progress then will depend on yourself. You should learn in one of our great swimming-baths. There is one in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, W. Never go into the water until an hour or more after breakfast, nor until two or even three hours after dinner. The process of digestion should be over.

DREAMING AND DOING.—As a nursery governess it is probable that you will have to wash and dress the children, walk out with them, and assist them at their meals, as well as teach them, and perhaps mend their clothes. Your writing and grammar are defective.

A. WILLIAMS.—It is well that you have awakened to a sense of the obligations under which we all are placed to "work while it is called to-day." You would do well to devote some hours daily to refreshing your memory in those branches of your education in which you would be required to instruct others. Work, say, three hours in the forenoon regularly, and lay aside your novels for works of history, travels, biography, natural history, etc. Remember that learning is uphill work to young people, and it should be made interesting, diversified by descriptive digressions of nature and art, ancient as well as modern historical stories, and so forth. If impossible to introduce such into the general hard and colourless routine of ordinary lessons, be ready to supplement them at your earliest convenience, and you will find that your scholars will delight in your method of teaching. Meantime communicate with your late schoolmistress, and you may obtain an appointment. Ask Divine aid in carrying out your proposed work.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL BOX.—It is quite true that we have had the reputation of not being a musical people, but though, judging from the psalm-singing of tramps in the streets, there would seem to be no ear whatever in our native population for melody, yet the love of music is almost universal. It is said that about four per cent. of the working classes play some instrument, chiefly the concertina, and amongst the middle and upper classes twenty-four per cent.

YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER.—Of course there are very many instruction books in common use, from which you could make a selection. But we have recently seen a new method, which we are told is a quicker one than the old plan. The learner plays the treble part with both hands, and the teacher plays the bass (as in a duet). This method has been invented by Doctors Sigismondo Lebert and Luigi Stark, Professors of the Conservatory of Stoccardo (Stockholm). You can get the books at Augener's, Newgate Street, E.C.

STELLA.—We have often told our readers that the practising of singing, as a general rule, should not be commenced at an earlier age than sixteen; also, that great care should then be taken not to overfatigue the vocal organs by long practice, but the lessons should begin by half an hour's length; and, the master having ascertained the quality and strength and compass of the voice, the utmost care should likewise be taken not to overstrain it in attempting to extend its compass; we have personally known more than one voice lost by this means. We could not pronounce such an opinion as you desire.

ART.

WOULD-BE PAINTER.—The useful pigment called Indian ink is manufactured by the Chinese from burnt camphor. Thus you see the impression of Chinese letters upon every piece, and they preserve the secret of making it; so you could not produce it yourself, nor can we enlighten you upon it. Sepia, which somewhat resembles, and often supplies a good substitute for it, is produced from the cuttle-fish, and is the dark fluid discharged by him to render the water opaque when attacked. We see no chance of your being able to make your own colours. The camel is the source of Indian yellow; the cochineal insect of purple lake, carmine, and scarlet carmine. Persian blue is compounded from refuse animal matter, a fusion of horses' hoofs, and impure potassium carbonate. Some of the lakes are derived from gums, barks, and roots of trees. From the madder plant, growing in Hindostan, the fine Turkey red is produced, and from the yellow sap of a tree in Siam we get gamboge, which is caught by the natives in cocoanut shells. Other colours are made from earth, such as raw sienna from the locality of that name, and burnt umber is only earth near Umbrea which is burnt to produce the pigment. Lamp black is made of the soot of certain various resinous substances, blue-black from the charcoal of the vine stalk, and bistre is likewise the soot of wood ashes. Ivory chips produce ivory black and bone black; mastic is from the gum of the mastic tree, which is a native of the Grecian Archipelago. The beautiful and expensive paint called ultramarine is derived from lapis-lazuli, Chinese white from zinc, vermilion from cinnabar (quicksilver ore), and scarlet, iodide of mercury. Although it is interesting to know from whence we derive the colours in common use, we fear that our economically disposed young artist will not derive any practical advantage from what we have been able to tell her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTRY LASS.—You may naturally inquire "where the cuckoo passes the winter." It is said to be in South-Western Africa. But it also visits India, China, Java, and the Sunda Islands in the course of its migration, and returns to our fresher temperature in April. The idea that they remained torpid in the hollow trees was a mistake. You had better get a book on natural history.

PALMISTE (Dominica).—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a quotation from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." We hope you will not suffer seriously from the heavy rainfall of which you complain.

M. MORRIS.—You are seeking what is very difficult to obtain, as there are but few appointments for lady matrons of institutions compared with the multitudes of applicants for such valuable posts. Your best plan, we think, is to advertise, and apply also to the hon. sec. of the Church Emigration Society, 49, Victoria Street, London, S.W. They might employ you in the service of their "protected parties," or send you out yourself.

BEATTIE.—Perhaps it might be well to advertise to go out into the country to cut out, mend, make, and re-model clothing, charging some moderate sum, with board and lodging in the employer's house; or to wait on a lady, or take charge of a child in your own home. You might get friends to recommend you, and leave notices in shops.

NETTA GOLDRING.—We have given exhaustive articles on the care of the hair. We cannot recommend washes and pomatums. Your writing gives good promise of a well-formed "running hand" when you are older.

A CANADIAN FRIEND.—You have only to write direct to "the British Chaplain," Stuttgart, and we believe your letter will be duly received.

TOMBOY.—It is not a matter of surprise that your brother should not know the origin of many phrases used in home-life, though he may know how to employ them in the right sense. A "cock and bull story," signifying one of an improbable character, is said to have been derived from documents issued by the Roman pontiffs, called *Bulla* (seals) or bulls, from the seals attached to them, which bore an impression of a figure of St. Peter, with one of his ecclesiastical emblems, the cock, by his side. And so, after the Reformation, any statement or tale that seemed unworthy of credence was regarded by the Protestants as on a par with a Pope's bull, to which they paid no attention, and was stigmatised as a "cock and bull story." The word "bully" comes from the Danish *Bullen*, which means exaggerated.

M. M. CUSSANS.—We should not like to drink the "water collected from drains," even though "passing through filter-beds into the well"; still less should we like to drink it if fish were in it. Suppose any of them were to die, the fish soup would be little agreeable. Still, if we must make a choice of the fish, perhaps a John Dory or an Ann Chovey might make the most nourishing.

CHARLOTTE.—If you have any influence over your brother, try to induce him to make use of his time in earning money for the benefit of others, if not for himself; and if you have little influence, perhaps that of a great friend—uncle or aunt—might stimulate him to undertake some lucrative, interesting, or useful employment. He would not then have so much time on his hands, tempting him to smoke over-much to "wile it away." Your asking him merely to reduce the amount of his smoking is useless, unless he were influenced by very great affection for you. Your writing is good.

MILDRED.—No; do not put on an "iron brace." We know of a lady who at your age was made to put on an appliance of this kind, and it was so painful that the poor girl was always trying to relieve herself of the pressure by crooked positions, and the result was, that from only having one shoulder-blade a little more out than the other (a difficulty easily remedied by the use of a back and face board, worn for an hour daily), when the iron brace was at last removed, and her back examined, it was found that it had produced curvature of the spine. If you employ a backboard, you must likewise wear a face-board to keep the chin back with it, or the former will do you more harm than good.

D. L.—1. You might make the old frames look like new by painting them with Aspinall's ivory enamel and gold. The latter might be used on the flat part next to the picture. 2. Once more we repeat our warnings not to take anything with a view to thinning yourself. Take moderate exercise every day, eat moderately three times daily, and take no beer nor porter. If in good health, leave yourself alone; if dropsical, and out of health, consult a good doctor, but do not quack yourself.

STARLING.—When birds are continually pecking themselves, you may know that they are tormented by vermin. Catch the bird, and sprinkle it over with Keating's Persian Powder, mixed with flour of sulphur. Also paint the woodwork of the cage with fir-tree oil, and inside with a thick solution of lime and water, and give the bird watercress all the year round.

BERGERE should procure a small guide to the sights of London. There are ladies who now act as guides. You could take a cab and spend a few hours in visiting the Tower of London, dismissing it, and taking another on leaving. The same day you could visit St. Paul's Cathedral. Another day you could drive by the new Law Courts, turn down the Embankment by Northumberland Avenue, see Cleopatra's Needle, the Houses of Parliament, go through St. James's Park, and round into Parliament Street up to Trafalgar Square, Regent Street and Oxford Street, then down through Hyde Park to Piccadilly, see Wellington's statue, and drive along Rotten Row to the Albert Memorial and Albert Hall; and down to the Natural History Museum. The British Museum, National Gallery, South Kensington Museum, and Westminster Abbey will need visits of a day each. You should also visit the Crystal Palace at Norwood.

YE LYTTEL MAIDE.—Yes; at sixteen your frocks should be lengthened to the ordinary walking length.

R. A. DAVIES.—Your hymn is very nice, and the idea excellent, though not always quite correctly expressed.

LONELY BELLE.—"Look before you leap," and do not give up present work before you have secured better. If you have done so, and family ties and duties do not interfere with your residing elsewhere, there would apparently be no harm in your going away. Have you consulted your family? and will you give them no trouble in absenting yourself? We must think of others as well as ourselves. A little change, even of a few weeks, would doubtless be very desirable for you, and it might be accorded to you by your employers without your sacrificing your situation to obtain it. It becomes more and more difficult to get employment.

ONE OF PHILLIS PRINGLE'S PUPILS.—The proper mode of procedure is to apply to the vicar of your parish (as you suggest). Tell him, confidentially, your wishes, age, and circumstances; whether you have parents or guardians, whether gaining your own living away from your family home, and ask him for advice and any assistance he can render you. Pray that your Heavenly Father may guide you, make your way clear, and remove all difficulties in the all-prevailing name of His Divine Son. You have our sincere sympathy and best wishes.

C. E. DENISON.—We recognise as you do the great dangers to which young emigrant women are exposed on a long sea-voyage, and are glad to apprise our readers of that class that the Church Emigration Society will send out a "protected party" to Australia towards the end of October or early part of November. The young persons will be under the care of a matron, and provision made for their reception and employment on arrival; special accommodation, third class, provided, but superior cabins to be had on low terms. General servants understanding cookery and laundry-work, mothers' helps, nursemaids, trained nurses, milliners, dressmakers, and any other girls of superior class, good character, and fair ability, who may desire employment in that colony, should address applications to Miss C. E. Denison, hon. sec. Ladies' Committee, 196. Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

SEVENTEEN "MINUS THE SWEETNESS."—You have only to write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., for a copy of "The Girl's Own Indoor Book," or any other book on our list, to be sent to you; or, better still, order it through your bookseller.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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LITERARY STUDIES.

A CRITIC.

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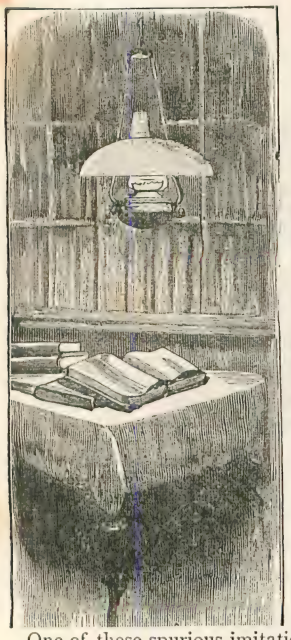
RIGHT CRITICISM AND WRONG CRITICISM.



A MUCH-REVERED teacher of mine, and a man of method, used to say that the right way to attack a subject is to begin in the middle or at the end, never at the beginning. I shall adopt this plan of his, and as my subject is the setting forth to you of what right criticism is, I will begin by showing what it is not, and so clear out of the way the spurious imitations of the true thing.

One of these spurious imitations is the kind of criticism which concerns itself with what a piece of literature ought to be, instead of what it is. Now, to attempt to do this, is to suppose that the critic is a much greater person with a much larger mind than the author, which, in nine cases out of ten, is likely to be a very erroneous supposition. The critic puts himself in the position, not only of deciding how far the writer has fulfilled his aim, but also whether the aim was a right one to attempt; and a very false position it is likely to prove. The true relations are altogether reversed; it is for the critic to follow humbly, not to point the way. It has been said that science, in discovering the laws of nature, thinks the thoughts of the Creator after Him. And so the critic should strive to think the thoughts of the writer, who is the artist, after him, and be well content if he succeeds in some measure. No criticism is genuine which is self-sufficient—which is not patient and humble, which is not founded upon the idea of understanding, and not at all of judging.

Here we come upon another species of wrong criticism, that which does not trouble itself to understand any further than in order to register its own impressions of delight or disgust or indifference. This is a failure to which young readers especially are liable. Apt to measure an author by what they can see in him, they often find him a very small size indeed. For instance, one hears them pronounce Walter Scott dull. Now, I am always the last to desire old heads on young shoulders, but I should like to put it to my young readers' sense of fairness, is it right or wise to dismiss such an author with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, without admitting that instead of being "not good enough," it is just possible that he may be too good for them? To recognise fully and frankly that the value of literature in no wise depends upon our individual capacity for enjoyment is half-way to a rational criticism and a sound taste. The other half of the way is made up by recognising as fully and frankly that the value of literature for us does depend upon our acquiring the faculty of appreciation. Nothing is more distressing to a reverent lover of literature than to hear grown-up readers of fair intelligence, who certainly ought to "know better," denying all merit to an author because they don't like him, never entertaining the possibility that their taste may be mere prejudice, and, moreover, that in any case the value of the author is not a question of merit according to anybody's code. I have known such a full-grown reader—more than one—absolutely blinded to all the interest and power of a book, because they disagreed with some position advanced in it, or some conclusion to be found in it. That is exactly as reasonable as to deny all beauty to the Venus of Medici, because your ideal beautiful woman has golden hair and rosy cheeks; or to pronounce the *Merchant of Venice* a failure because you don't like Jews.

It is not only a question of the higher literature or of professional critics; it is a question of everyday experience. We may meet the wrong spirit of criticism in any newspaper or magazine, or in any chat about books and authors. It is always interesting to listen to any honest expressions of opinion; a book worth reading at all will always make as many different impressions as it has readers. Art is a part of nature, and the art of writing reflects life in such a wonderful way that it reproduces the same richness of variety. But unfortunately this principle is not always practised, and in asserting their own opinions, critics do not always see that these do not necessarily shut out others. The impressions a book has made on a genuine reader are always worth hearing; what is not worth hearing, or expressing, or holding, is the view that such an impression must needs be right or wrong. A chat about books of the day may be most delightful. The next best thing to being interested in a book is talking it over with someone else, but only provided that someone else can not only hold to his own impression, but allow for yours. The intolerant spirit is absolutely destructive to all the good that may come from comparing notes in things intellectual, or simply in the experience of pure amusement.

Another kind of wrong criticism is that infected by what I may call the spirit of making comparisons. It is a terribly common failing of critics to try and exalt one author at the expense of another, and so to dishonour literature in the person of one of them; whereas the true method would be to bring out the excellence of each more fully, by appreciating the difference of the excellence of the other. There is no surer mark of a sound taste and a scholarly judgment than to refrain from this making of comparisons, except, of course, when it is done with the object of emphasising different kinds of excellence.

It is a favourite device of amateur critics in literary clubs and societies to select two authors, such as Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, Tennyson and Browning, and discuss their relative claims to greatness. And it is a very suggestive and useful method of criticism, provided the pitfall of exalting one at the expense of the other be avoided. I am afraid, from my own experience, that it not often is. There is a curiously strong tendency in human nature to "take sides," which is fatal here to true appreciation. Why should it be presumed that our favourite authors must "rise on stepping-stones of their dead" rivals "to higher things"? How can the eyes of the mind be opened more fully to the light of Browning by resolutely shutting them to all the sweetness of Tennyson? How can the fine discrimination which makes us sensitive to Thackeray's charm be increased by a vigorous onslaught upon Dickens? In what respect does contempt for George Eliot's constructions of character help us to admire Charlotte Brontë's creations? We not only dishonour our authors, but we injure our judgment by such a method. To refuse to see the genius of an author whose gift does not happen to harmonise with our temperament so fully as that of another, is to deliberately weaken our power of appreciating any author. And it is a poor compliment to our favourite to act as though his reputation could not be maintained except by the sacrifice of another's.

We have worked round at last to the right kind of criticism, and so may put our beginning in the middle, and finish off properly with the end.

Here are a few principles of right criticism: The first is that it arises at investigating, at finding out what really is, not what ought to be, in the work before us. In order to do this, the critic must be careful how he looks at the work. He must free his mind from all prejudice at the outset, especially from the notion that he has to pass a sentence of any sort upon the subject of his inquiry. Depend upon this, the nearer he gets to understanding the work, the further will he be from feeling himself capable of judging it as a superior; and this is true of all worthy literature.

Then he must be sure to get the right "mental focus." In examining an object under the microscope, if the focus be not properly adjusted, no matter how strong the eyesight, how clear the glass, how perfect the specimen, all will be blurred and distorted. So the mind too must be adjusted to the thing which it has to examine.

The next principle is that criticism must register the result of its investigation in a scientific spirit. All personal likes and dislikes discolour the clear medium of the mind. Here, as elsewhere, the element of selfism is apt to get in the way and cause us to make mistakes. As George Eliot says, in another connection: "I have blundered, as most of us do, from too much egoism and too little sympathy."

In the case of a great author, what do we not miss by forgetting that he is a pioneer of truth and beauty, that we must strive to follow him humbly, instead of peevishly declining to accompany him because he doesn't go our way?

In the case of the least author, we are sure to miss whatever he has to give us if we impatiently decline to adjust our mental focus, and then complain that all we see is wrong. A most important principle of right criticism is that its tolerance is perfect. Starting from the idea that its business is not to judge, but to find out, it has nothing to do with right or wrong, but only with understanding. Any kind of intolerance destroys sympathy, and sympathy is the master-key to all the closed doors of literature. Here in the mirror of life, as in life itself, to harden our hearts is to blind our eyes. Critics have invariably gone astray when they have lost sight of this principle, and have become bigoted in attacking new kinds of literature, which to them seemed heresies because they were new.

And the last principle, which grows out of this, and which is so often sinned against, is that in the world of literature, as of nature, there is room for every kind of diversity of excellence. We do not object to the bee, that it is not strong like the horse; to the rose, that it is not good to eat; to the moon, that it does not shine by day. It is this very variety of authors that makes the influence of literature on all minds. If we seek to crush out one genius by another, we are reversing the laws of nature, which take care of the survival of the fittest, and are enforcing an unnatural selection. We should glory in this variety, and while rejoicing in our own peculiar gratifications of taste, be all the more thankfully ready to acknowledge the diversity of gifts which has provided its gratification, its mental joys for every differing taste and temperament.

CAROL.

PHEASANTS AND THEIR MALADIES.

By LA BARONNE H. DE BOERIO.

A FEW months ago I wrote to "Our Girls" about pheasants, and boasted that during seven years I had not lost one from disease. Now I write to "Our Girls" to make my wail, beg of them to sympathise with me, and forget my boast, for out of twenty-five young pheasants only two remain, and one of these two has a broken leg. Every possible *malheur* that could happen has happened, as if to punish me for boasting. Certain it is that at the present moment there is not the very faintest sign of boasting left in me. I was most wofully discouraged for a time, and felt very much inclined to give up pheasant rearing altogether. However, after a few weeks' reflection I have become philosophical. Some years are bad for pheasants and chickens, just as they are for potatoes, carrots, tomatoes, etc. I am sure if I were a tomato or carrot grower in Brittany this year I should have some reason to bemoan, and as for cider-apples, why there aren't any worth mentioning. The few small, wrinkled, ill-shapen things calling themselves apples that do hang upon the trees are rather an insult to the grower than otherwise. However, cider-apples are not pheasants, are they? so *revenons à nos—faisans*. Well, having consoled myself by the reflection that I am not so badly off as some people, I have been quietly making plans for my next year's breeding—very grand plans, supposed to prevent the possibility of this year's illnesses being repeated.

The first annoying thing that happened was the utter refusal of all my Bantams and Silkies to sit. I resorted to other people's, but neither would they sit, so, quite in a temper, I put eleven Swinhoé eggs under an ordinary farm hen. In due time six little Swinhoés came out of the shell—dear little golden brown balls, as big and strong as chickens. The mother was very gentle with them, and they got on capitally. But one day I and my husband had the misfortune to absent ourselves. When I arrived home that night I was drawn mysteriously into the kitchen, and there told in a whisper that *cette vilaine petite* Gypsie had got out and killed two of the little Swinhoés right before the eyes of Marie, the cook. Here I perceived that Marie's eyes were very pink, and she declared to me that it had given her such a shock, and made her feel so shivery, she had been obliged to wear her jacket all day. This was very kind and feeling of her, but it did not restore my Swinhoés to life, and at the time rather aggravated than touched me.

Who is Gypsie? I hear you asking. Well, Gypsie is a very pretty and fascinating fox-terrier, who labours under the very erroneous idea that the world was made for her in particular, and that I have no business to notice any animal whatever but herself. She was at one time a very great pet, and accompanied me everywhere. If by chance I left her at home when I went out, she would go and lie on my couch until I came back, as though she knew that, sooner or later, I must return there. This was a habit I did not at all approve of, but I never managed to break her of it. You will understand from this that Gypsie and I were very devoted indeed, and I have no doubt we should have remained so unto this day, had she not taken it into her naughty little head to burrow holes under the pheasant *volière* in a frantic endeavour to get in. I spoke to her seriously, and my husband gave her a whipping each time. She cried and sighed a great deal, and looked very melancholy, but I am afraid they were only crocodile tears, for within a few days Madame Gypsie distinguished herself by killing and eating a splendid golden game cock, which had been put in an outhouse on its arrival, as the poultry house was not finished. How she got in is a mystery; suffice it to say that there was little left of the poor cock next morning but a few feathers, which Madame Gypsie's cunning little head was tied up in as a punishment. For two days she was given no food, but many whippings for nourishment, and time for sweet reflection, her nose fastened to the spot where the poor cock had met his death; then she was put with the shooting dogs in a big enclosure, where she has remained ever since, except when she has managed to escape to commit still more crimes.

Poor little Gyp! I miss her very much, and deeply regret the error of her ways, for I am punished for them as well as she. In my own mind I am firmly convinced that jealousy prompts her to do these awful deeds, for she is eight years old, and has been brought up from puppydom with fowls and pheasants. I had never made pets of them till this year, or attended to them myself, so I suppose she tolerated them before as not interfering with her prerogatives.

Well, this was my first misfortune with the young pheasants, and I may as well add, while I am speaking of this particular *couvée*, that before two months were over Gypsie very kindly introduced herself to two more of them.

My next lot, four Swinhoés and nine *faisans des bois à collier*, were hatched on June 17th. All four Swinhoés were good, but only five *des bois*, two of which the mother kindly crushed at once with her big feet. The Swinhoés I took away and kept in a basket as soon as they were dry, as they hatched two days before the others, and I was afraid the hen would desert the eggs if I left them. As a rule, I do not put the mother and young ones in a coop until the little things come out from under the hens and look about of their own accord. Picture my dismay, then, when, on the morning of the third day of their little lives, I enter the sitting-house and find all three lying on the ground, uninjured, but dying from cold, and the stupid old hen a little way off calling them most energetically to eat a grain of buckwheat. I picked them up in frantic haste, rushed into the kitchen, wrapped them up in cotton wool, and popped them into the oven. In half an hour, to my great joy, the bundle of wool began to move, a faint little noise cheered my heart, and in another half-hour two dear little grey-and-brown striped bodies wriggled out, and four bright little eyes peered up at me. The third was quite dead. Of all the different sorts of young pheasants I have seen, the *faisans des bois* are the sweetest to my mind, though perhaps not the prettiest. They are such tiny scraps of things, and have the most fascinating way of putting up their heads and looking right up at you with such bright, intelligent eyes. I assure you, I feel quite silly over them, they are so sweet.

For more than a week everything went on very well. The six little pheasants learnt to look upon me as their mother. They couldn't bear me out of their sight, and set up such a chorus of "peep, peeps," when they missed me, that I really did not dare to move without them. My life was almost a burden to me, for wherever I went I had to carry the basket of pheasants with me. Every morning at five o'clock I got up and fed them, and always found them very well indeed and as warm as toast. Being six, they kept each other warm; besides which, I put a piece of black fur in the corner of the basket, into which they all cuddled their little heads, and then I again covered them up with wadding, letting the air in by a little paper chimney. However, one sad morning, when I opened the basket as usual, no little heads raised themselves to greet me, no little bright eyes met my view. They were all lying limply in the bottom of the basket, seemingly almost dead. I took them out and warmed them well by the fire, which I had lit immediately. They revived a little. I offered them food and water; they refused the former, but drank greedily, after which they appeared very much better, and in an hour three Swinhoés were running and jumping about as gay as kittens; the fourth remained very ill and died in a few hours. The two *faisans des bois* recovered in the course of the day, and by the evening were all right. The next morning, however, I found one dead in the basket. Quite discouraged, I gave all four to the hen, who, after pushing them about with her beak, took to them very kindly. The little *des bois* pheasant died in a few days, of what I do not know. I have a vague idea that the cook took away the paper chimney, and covered them up too much, in which case the poor little things were of course almost stifled. The third Swinhoé was killed a few days after by a hen who had chickens close by, and into whose coop it ran by mistake. There therefore remained to me two Swinhoés out of the whole sitting. These two got on capitally, when they suddenly died last week, at the age of two months and a half, of *diphterie*—diphtheria, I suppose. They appeared quite well, and ate heartily until twenty-four hours before their deaths, when they suddenly moped, refused food, and of course died, as they would not "eat to live."

I sent one body to the veterinary of the *Journal d'Acclimatation*, Paris, for autopsy. In due time I was informed, "votre faisandeau est atteint de diphterie. La maladie est contagieuse." This was scarcely encouraging, as I have now fifteen adult pheasants and fifty or sixty fowls of different and valuable sorts. The veterinary then told me to disinfect with carbolic acid, change the drinking water often, boiling it and adding two grains of "acid sulfurique" to every quart, and to separate carefully from the healthy ones those I knew, or suspected, of having the illness. This I have done, but notwithstanding my care several chickens caught it, and died almost immediately.

My next sitting of eight *faisans des bois à collier* and four Swinhoés were a success until they reached the age of one month. Then an epidemic of cholera arose amongst the chickens. In one week I lost seven silver Japanese phœnix, a most elegant gamey species of fowl, introduced into Europe by a French gentleman in 1872, six Silkies, and eight Houdans. My pheasants next took it. I spent my days in nursing them, giving them bread sopped in red wine or in boiled milk with a little salt, raw meat chopped very fine, mixed with the green of onion, and hard-boiled egg. I saved a great many of my chickens, but only three Swinhoés (which, by the bye, became the prey of Gypsie shortly after), and

one little *faisan des bois* which I named Yvonne, and of which I made a great pet. For a short time everything went on well. Lulled by a false security, I bought fifteen eggs of the golden pheasant and seven Venérés for fifteen francs, and put them under a hen. My own golden pheasants, being 1888 birds, could not, of course, reproduce before 1889. My ill-luck, however, still pursued me. Yvonne died of cholera, notwithstanding my precautions. All the Venéré eggs proved addled, and only four out of the fifteen golden pheasants' eggs were good. Three of these the mother in her excitement crushed. I took away the fourth and brought it up in my pocket—this time with success. Fi-fi, as I named it, had cholera, but I managed to cure it, and Fi-fi now is my sole joy in the way of young pheasants. Well, she is most devoted; follows me and my husband all over the garden, and if she loses sight of us and sees no human creature about, she lifts up her head and cries in the most pitiful manner. If a succession of agonised "pew-pews" does not produce any effect, she flies off to the kitchen, where she knows she is sure to find someone. Her basket is in a corner of the kitchen, and stands in a large tin tray, where her food and water are put. Fi-fi is living, that is something to be glad of; but Fi-fi is not whole—she has a broken leg, and for three weeks has been obliged to sit quietly in her basket with her poor little leg set in splints. The accident all came of her love of humanity. Marie, the cook, had gone round to a farm close by for a few minutes, the other servants were out or upstairs, I was away for the day, Fi-fi was alone. This did not please her majesty. Receiving no answer to her "pew-pews," she started forth on a voyage of discovery. A quarter of an hour after, when Marie came back, she found the poor little thing shut in a door by one leg. It had evidently banged as she was passing through. Needless to say, the leg was broken horribly. I sent her to the veterinary to have it set.

"I am afraid, madame, it will be almost impossible," he said; "the leg is very much splintered, and birds flutter so, it is very hard work to set the simplest break."

"Fi-fi won't move," I said; "only talk to her while you are doing it."

He smiled, and looked incredulous; but on trial he found I was right. Fi-fi never moved a feather, but only blinked her eyes a great deal and was very silent. As a rule, she makes a funny little happy noise when spoken to, putting her head on one side and looking up curiously at you; but for three days after her accident she was very quiet and sad, never made a sound, not even when left alone. This week the setting will be undone, when I hope she will be able to run about as well as ever.

I have told you the greatest of the *malheurs* which have befallen my *élevage* this year, and I think that if you are not bursting with sympathy, you must really be very hard-hearted. However, whatever befalls us, it is possible, as all "Our Girls" know, to learn something good and useful thereby, if we look at it in the proper light, and choose to learn by our own experience. I say "own" advisedly, for, as we all know, young things generally refuse to listen to or take any experience offered them by their elders. They always know best themselves, and call the profferer of advice an "old fogey," or *demodé*. As a sister of mine told me the other day when I ventured to expostulate about something, and remarked that I should never have dreamt of doing such a thing at her age, "Oh, then, of course not," said she, almost contemptuously. "That was in ancient days."

She is ten years younger than I am.

"Our Girls" are probably thinking I am wandering very far afield. Well, so I am; but as I must not take up much of Mr. Editor's space, I will retrace my steps to the pheasants at once, and inform "Our Girls" what this year's experience of pheasant breeding has taught me.

In seven years I never lost one, young or adult, by illness. This year I lost all my young through disease, although I treated them exactly the same. Why was it? I will let you into the secret, and I think I have really found out the real reason. I brought up chickens and pheasants all together this year, whilst the previous years I had pheasants only. My space is limited at night, and they were certainly rather squeezed for room; though I managed to get them all in comfortably enough. Still it stands to reason that seventy chickens, with their mothers, some twenty pheasants, also with hens, and nine or ten sitting hens in baskets, round the outhouse, must, sooner or later, impregnate the earth to a great and unhealthy degree with their droppings, thus sowing the germ of disease which afterwards carried them all off. This I am nearly certain was the cause of my failure this year. Next year I shall have nice comfortable coops made for the young pheasants, with a slide in front to let down at night and ventilation in the top of the coop, leave them out thus all night, and move the coop on to fresh ground every day. In this way I do not see how disease can arise, unless from neglect of the hen in keeping them warm, which is, of course, a risk one always runs. Out of fifteen hens this year I had one who was a bad mother in this way. She would let her little ones stand round her, "peeping" for hours to be taken into the warm, appearing not to notice them at all. Naturally in the end they died from cholera, brought on by cold and neglect. Then I shall keep my sitting hens and hens with chickens apart; and as the chickens are out all day except in rainy weather, I think this arrangement should answer. If it doesn't, I shall give up keeping fowls and stick to the pheasants.

I do not think pheasants are very liable to any other disease. They get the pip occasionally: this, every one who keeps fowls can discern at once, and cure. It is very seldom they get apoplexy caused by too rich feeding; this is easily avoided, as pheasants are very small eaters, and do not require fattening food. Mine are in very good condition, and they seldom have anything but buckwheat, and of that so small a quantity I often wonder how they live. I am sure any two hens eat as much if not more than any fourteen adult pheasants. Now I think I have told "Our Girls" the chief maladies to fear in rearing pheasants. I do not pretend to know everything about them; *au contraire*, I daresay I have yet much to learn, but I do not remember reading or hearing of any other disease at the present moment, and this is, at any rate, my own experience.

Now I think I have quite exhausted the subject of pheasants in captivity, unless it be the description of the plumage of the different sorts. This I hardly think necessary, but some future day, if Mr. Editor will permit, I may perhaps have a word or two to say about it.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

To the Editor of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

DEAR SIR,—May I ask your permission to thank, briefly though earnestly, the many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who have so generously aided this Institution? The committee of management, feeling naturally desirous to mark in some permanent way their very high appreciation of the sacrifices made by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, have determined to devote a portion of the Home at Wanstead to the purposes of a Home of Rest for Working Girls—a feature in the work of this Institution long contemplated by the founder of this charity, but never hitherto accomplished. There are thousands of young working girls whose health fails them by reason of long hours, close confinement, sedentary occupations, or other causes incidental to their avocations, who, without opportunity of rest, change of air, and outdoor exercise, must permanently fall out of employment. To meet such cases as these is the object of the Home of Rest.

It was not without an earnest appeal for Divine direction the Committee ultimately resolved upon instituting this Home; and whilst I am directed to convey to you, to Miss Anne Beale, and to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the warmest thanks of the Committee, I am desired also to express their hope that the course they have adopted may commend itself to the sympathies of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and that God's own blessing may give life to their work.

The beneficent generosity of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in £ s. d. form is displayed in the significant figures £638 10s. 3d. (including the two munificent gifts of C. R. S.); but it must not be forgotten that this very handsome sum was supplemented by gifts in kind contributed from all parts of the world in aid of the Knightsbridge Bazaar, and that these must bring the total value of their contributions to little short of a thousand pounds sterling.

May they be moved by God's love and guided by His wisdom in all they do, is the very earnest prayer of

Yours (and theirs) ever gratefully,

ALFRED M. GILLHAM.

32, Sackville Street, London, W.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETROSPECTIONS.

WHEN the train had carried away Nelly, I felt sad enough, and began to wonder what would be the result of her two years' absence. Should I ever see her stretch eager hands towards me, whilst her dear, true face was lighted with gladness, as she had done to-day? Or, dreadful thought! would she return a finished young lady, only desirous of shining in fashionable society, and turn a sort of "Who are you?" look on her old friend Jack?

I had little time for such speculations. My work awaited me, but I went back to my desk with a slower step than usual, though the train which sped away with Nelly was far out of sight.

I seldom made a mistake in giving change or ticket, but on that morning I handed a sovereign too much to a burly farmer who had tendered a five-pound note. Fortunately for me, he found out the mistake and returned the sovereign.

"I had no gold but what you gave me, Mr. John," he said, as he balanced the coin on his broad finger, and poked it through the booking-office window.

"I am glad you gave me too much, instead of somebody with a pocket so full of yellow boys that he could not tell if he got one more than he had a right to, or to somebody else that would have chuckled at getting hold of an extra pound that he had never worked for."

"I have cause to be glad," I said, "and I am very much obliged to you for bringing the sovereign back. Such coins are not over-plentiful with me, and I was very careless to make such a blunder."

"As easy to do it with a sovereign as a shilling. I don't think you make many mistakes, Mr. John, for I have noticed how careful you are. But you are not very well, maybe; you look a bit down this morning. You must take care of yourself, as well as of the tickets and the cash."

I thanked the good farmer, and told him I was well, though I had felt a little out of spirits about something. Then, resolutely banishing regret and gloomy foreboding, I bent my mind to my duties and made no more mistakes that day.

My piano, however, discoursed no sweet music that night. It had lost its power to charm me into forgetfulness for the first time since it came into my possession.

I sat for a while silently thinking over all that had passed, and especially dwelling on the many happy hours I had spent in Nelly Burford's society, when I was the favoured guest under her father's roof, the friend whose presence was not only approved of, but courted by her mother.

To-day had added one more to these sweet memories, though Mrs. Burford knew it not. Her face and that of her favourite Rose did not come into this last picture. There were only Nelly's and that of cousin Dorothy; after all, I preferred Miss Flint's to Mrs. Burford's.

Now and then Jabez and Betsy looked inquiringly in my direction, as if wondering at my silence, and whether they could give me service or sympathy. But their kindness was always of the unobtrusive sort, and they were very considerate in little things. They possessed the natural politeness which prevented them from troubling me with inquiries or forcing me to talk when I wished to be left to myself.

It is one thing to be thoughtfully cared for, another to be obtrusively fussed after, even by one's best friends. I could appreciate the difference, so could Jabez and Betsy.

After a while I told the old couple that I was tired, and went to my own room, where I at length forgot my anxieties in sleep.

I have mentioned the friendly relations which subsisted between the Harwoods and the Cartwrights, in spite of the fact that Jabez only worked as a labourer in the Hall garden during my father's life, and Cartwright had the oversight of the place. Betsy used to help Jane in her laundry work, and Jabez would smoke his pipe in company with her husband as the women stood together at the ironing table.

Now, Cartwright needed no outside help, his sons being more than equal to the work, so Jabez found as much employment as he was able for on a farm not far from the cottage.

When Miss Flint was at the Hall the Harwoods avoided the place as if it were haunted; but as soon as her back was turned, the old friendly and frequent intercourse was resumed. Indeed, the Cartwrights came oftener than ever to the cottage, and spoke with much frankness of the sayings and doings of my kinswoman. They had a very high opinion of her cuteness, and Cartwright said Miss Flint could see through people as well as anybody.

"But she is fair, Miss Flint is, though she may be hard. If she makes a bargain she sticks to it, though she will haggle for half an hour over a halfpenny. I think it is partly for want of something else to do."

"She might find something better," said Betsy, "seeing that whilst she haggles she wastes the time of other people as well as her own. Time may be money to them, though it is worthless to her."

"True," said Jane, "but Miss Flint makes one laugh, she is so queer. How she does love to tease Mrs. Burford! I've caught myself smiling many a time over the way she served her when she last called at the Hall. To hear those two 'my dear' one another, you would think they were the best of friends, and all the while one knows that Mrs. Burford is just wild with vexation at the way Miss Flint goes on. That last time Mrs. Burford came, it was the end of August, and such a hot day; but she let her come and go without so much as a grape to refresh her. No sooner was she gone than the best fruit in the place was put in piles before Miss Nelly, and there the two of them were laughing over it like a couple of children. If Miss Flint loves anybody, it is that young girl, and I really believe it is because she says and does things that no one else dare. She is a very straight talker, is Miss Nelly."

"I suppose the fruit would be Cartwright's," said I. "It is easy to be liberal with what belongs to other people."

"Not so, Mr. John; Cartwright has all the fruit, but Miss Flint pays him good money for all she wants, and she is his best customer. We often wonder where all the grapes and fine stone fruit go to, for she could not eat it if she sat up o' nights to get through it," said Jane.

"I suppose what you brought me did not come from Miss Flint," said I, feeling that if such were the case Lint Hall grapes would be sour to me for the future, as I could take none from that hand.

"Bless you, no, Mr. John! You have only had a taste now and then from Cartwright himself, for the sake of old days. But I can tell you there would have been a lot left on your window-sill by somebody else, if I had not prevented her."

Then Jane told me how Nelly had wanted to empty her basket for me, and had only been dissuaded by the information that I was as well supplied as herself.

A tell-tale flush spread over my boyish face as I heard this story, and I blessed my old playmate for her generous thought, and felt thankful that, so far, her leal heart remained unchanged in spite of all that had befallen me.

"You would see Miss Flint when they started for foreign parts, Mr. John. Wasn't she a picture? She says anything is good enough to travel in so long

as it is whole, clean, and strong, so as to stand wear and tear. She has the prettiest hands and feet, small and well shaped, but she wears stout boots with clamped soles, and gloves as thick as gentlemen use when driving; she showed some to Miss Nelly.

"'See,' she said, 'my gloves slip on easily; they are not like yours. No pulling, tugging, stretching, and struggling with them, till I am purple in the face, and then toiling to fasten a long row of buttons. My gloves keep my hands warm, whilst the young simpletons like you, Nelly, pinch their fingers blue, stop the circulation, and give themselves chilblains by wearing tight ones.'

"'I often go without gloves,' said Nelly, in defence.

"'More to blame, you. I am very particular about the look of my hands when uncovered. They are my special vanity. The Flints have always had beautiful hands, and been proud of them. My old grand aunt used to show me hers when she was fully eighty, and say, "Dorothy, only finely-bred people can show such hands and feet as we Flints can." I was only a child at the time, but I took care of mine ever after. It is as well to show one's fine breeding in some way, if one does not do it by honeyed words and fashionable raiment. As to my boots, Miss Nelly, you may laugh at them, but they are made to fit my feet. I never know when I put on new ones, and other people are welcome to my share of corns.'

"Miss Nelly was helping Miss Flint to pack at the time. She was the only one our lady would allow to touch a thing, and she had been comparing the gloves and boots with the pretty hands and feet they were to cover. She was never put out with Miss Flint's speeches, and she only laughed back and said, 'I wish I were like you, and always had sense enough to prefer comfort to looks; perhaps I shall improve with you for an example.'

"Miss Flint's answer was a tap on the head with the sole of a new boot, as she said, 'For shame, Nelly, to make game of an old woman like me.'

"Miss Nelly was kneeling in front of the box, and what did she do but jump up and kiss Miss Flint.

"'There's a kiss for a blow,' she said, 'and I hope you feel ashamed of your wicked, false accusations. Who ever meant to make game of you? Not I, and you know it. I may be saucy sometimes, as you call me, but I never did make fun of anybody that is old in my life; besides, I don't call you "old." If you only didn't——'

"Miss Nelly stopped as if even she were afraid to finish.

"'Didn't what, Miss?' asked the mistress.

"'Make yourself look old by dressing so queerly; people will make game if they see anyone got up like a——'

"'Guy?' put in Miss Flint, with a grim look on her face.

"'Well, yes,' says Miss Nelly, 'only guys are not ladies, you see. They are always stuffed into a man's old clothes, not a woman's; but I cannot just think of another word.'

"'Your mother spoke of my looking as if I had come out of Noah's ark. She did not say it to me, but there are always good-natured people who try to make capital for themselves out of their neighbours' spiteful remarks. One of these told me what Mrs. Burford said.'

"'And it was a horrid, mean thing to do,' said Nelly, her cheeks all red with anger. 'My mother is your old friend, you know, and would like you to dress nicely for your own sake.'

"Miss Flint's face looked very queer as the young lady said this; but I am sure whatever she might think of the mother, she liked the daughter to stand up for her. And it came all the better from Miss Nelly, because Mrs. Burford always made so much more of her sister than of herself.

"Miss Flint did not speak for the moment, and the young lady went on again.

"'I do not believe anybody would recommend themselves to you by tattling and repeating things. Lots of people get separated, and there's no end of mischief made by such hateful, sneaking ways. You just say a word, perhaps when you are vexed, and you never meant to be unkind, and it would be forgotten if some miserable tale-bearer did not pick it up, add twenty more to it, and whisper the whole in the very ears it ought never to have reached. Now let me tell you something, Miss Flint. I don't care a scrap how you dress for my own sake. If you had your gown inside out, and your bonnet back to front, I would rather be with you than with half my mother's fine-feathered friends put together. Only I do like you well enough to wish you to look what you easily might do—very distinguished and bonny.'"

"I should have thought there was no need to make Miss Flint more distinguished looking," in one sense, I said. "She was always sure to be noticed even in a crowd."

"True enough," replied Jane Cartwright. "But Miss Nelly meant something different from that."

"Certainly she did. Well, how did Miss Flint take these bold words?"

"Why," continued Jane, "she said. 'You are a saucy chit, Nelly. It is high time you were at school and learning to treat your elders with proper reverence. Go on with the packing, child. Some day you shall choose me a new gown and bonnet, and I will see if I can recognise Dorothy Flint in them. But mind, I shall not promise to wear them twice. If the feathers do not suit the old bird, the young one shall pay the penalty by having them "cut down" for her.'

"'What lovely things I will choose,' cried Miss Nelly, clapping her hands with delight. 'They shall be right for me, second hand, only you will like them so much that you will never be able to part with them as long as they will hang together.'

"Miss Flint said no more, but she turned her back on the young lady, and stood for ever so long as if she were gazing out of the window. But I do not believe she saw anything. She might make believe to scold and call Miss Nelly a chit, and wonder what girls were coming to nowadays. But the truth was she did not care to let anybody see how she had been stirred by the clasp of the young arms round her neck, the touch of the rosy lips on her cheek, and the honest words that had reached her ears. I saw signs of tears when at last the mistress turned round, though they had been carefully wiped away. And she sniffed and made a fuss as if she were beginning with a cold, and said to Nelly that she was glad they would soon be off, for this climate did not suit her."

Jane Cartwright's description of this little scene was so true to life that I was sure of its absolute correctness. I knew instinctively that she had taken the greatest pains to remember all that passed between Miss Flint and Nelly, because she knew the details would interest me, and I felt more gratitude than I durst express in words.

After all, I had great cause to rejoice that Nelly travelled under cousin Dorothy's convoy. But for this I should have heard nothing about her movements. As it was, Miss Flint employed Nelly to write on her behalf to Jane Cartwright, not merely to give certain instructions about the care of Lint Hall, but to tell her of the journey and safe arrival.

Nelly must have liked her task, for she wrote at great length, gave many amusing particulars of their movements; and especially about some delightful days spent in what Miss Flint called "gadding up and down together" before her own actual school-life began. The cheery letter proved that cousin Dorothy had been very kind, and that Nelly was also well satisfied with her new life and surroundings.

Jane Cartwright gave me the letter to read after having told most of the news it contained in the presence of Jabez and Betsy.

"There are no secrets, Mr. John, so you can read it if you like. There's just a bit over the leaf at the very last where Miss Nelly mentions you."

Jane turned to her old friends and spoke of home matters as she handed me the letter. Need I say the "bit over the leaf" was the first to which I gave my attention, though it was the last paragraph of the letter. It was as follows:—

"I am sorry Miss Flint seems so set against poor Jack. One thing that made me glad at the thought of travelling with her, was the hope that I might put in a word for him, seeing how badly he has been used by those who pretended to be his father's friends. She might make everything right for him; but she will not hear a word about him. Just the one person I may not name is Jack Simpson. She quite flew up when I tried, and said 'she' could see through that young man. He had tried to curry favour by paying some money that his father borrowed of her; but she was or would be fifty pounds the better, and he just where he was before.

"She quite chuckled over this, and I felt so wild with anger that if I could I would have run away from Miss Flint that minute; but I had no chance.

However, I don't care now; I know what Jack is, and he will always be the same to me as when we played together and were friends before his trouble came. Some day I hope Miss Flint will be ashamed of herself."

Little cared I about Miss Flint's opinion, so long as I had the testimony of my own conscience as to my motive in paying her the fifty pounds. Little cared I whether she was willing to listen, so long as I knew that Nelly would have spoken bravely on my behalf, and that her feelings towards me were unchanged.

There was another sentence in the letter that made me glad. "Give my love and messages of remembrance to all dear friends at Oakhill," and I felt I had a share in it, and rejoiced accordingly.

My piano was not silent after that evening, neither did I seek the solitude of my bedroom to muse over old times. Instead of that, I looked forward with hope, and worked with my might to deserve promotion.

"Wait, I must. Work, I will. Win, I shall in the long run," said I to myself, as I turned over the little coin attached to my watchchain, and read once again the words so clearly cut upon it, and which I had adopted as my motto.

At that moment I am not sure that I should have been glad had everything been made as smooth for me as my girl friend would have made my future if she could.

There is a purer pleasure, a truer satisfaction in putting forth one's powers and using the talents that have been given us in order to conquer difficulties, than in merely opening the hand to have it filled with the fruits of another man's labour. I doubt if I should have enjoyed the possession of Lint Hall and its broad acres more than I did my present life of hard work. It was not the loss of house and lands that troubled me so much now; it was the memory of my father's end, the empty place in the old home, the thought that it was the nominal residence of one who did not care to occupy it, and who mentioned his name, and mine too, with dislike and contempt.

"Well," thought I, "it shall not be my fault if cousin Dorothy continues to speak ill of us Simpsons; she has no cause to do it, and she shall have none in the future. I can forgive her for hating me, so long as she *is* so kind to Nelly Burford, and if ever I have the chance I will try to do her a good turn, instead of rendering evil for evil."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

DEAR SISTERS,—I write especially to those among you who have for some time left off your regular studies, and who are left more or less to find your own occupations. You are at the age when your life is liable to become occupied merely with trivialities, or your faculties developed solely in one direction, and that possibly the wrong direction; so I want to bring before you a society which will help you to see how much you have yet to learn, how much delight there is in learning, and how much pleasure may be derived, even when one's life is well-nigh filled with other and important occupations, from the quickening of one's intellect by its exercise on some subject skilfully handled through a systematic course by an enthusiastic lecturer.

How disappointing it is that the habits of learning, only acquired after many years of toil on our own part and that of our various teachers, so quickly become enfeebled! Whereas in the schoolroom we had little difficulty in mastering a page of dates or formulæ, now we find it weary work to fix our attention for long on any intellectual question. The mind wanders again and again, and at last we give it up, and cry in despair: "I can't concentrate my thoughts enough." Now, you have got into this languid mental state because you have lost the incentive you had at school. I think the desire of not doing less than our neighbour is a very lawful motive for servants of Christ, and it has, no doubt, helped many to do their work with their might. But now you are "out," you find your neighbours mostly striving after other things than the cultivation of their intellects—after lower things than are worthy of our high calling; so that the very same motive which helped you in the right direction formerly may now drive you away from it.

Among your friends are some entirely absorbed in Society and frivolity; some are following a profession; some have been enabled to "choose that better part," and have given themselves up to Christian work. What are you doing? Your time is probably occupied with satisfying the claims of Society, of Christian work, of music and painting, and I daresay you try to do a little serious reading; and this last you feel is not thorough and definite in aim. And why? You miss in this branch of your life the incentives you find in the others. Now, you will agree with me that you would not have less pleasure in Society, or do your district visiting less thoroughly and faithfully, or teach your Sunday-school class less prayerfully, or practise and paint less carefully, if you were also vigorously continuing the development of your intellectual faculties. You are aware that lectures are delivered at the Royal and the London Institution, at the Birkbeck, at the South Kensington Museum, etc., but you do not attend them. You find they do not exactly suit your needs; the courses are too long, too miscellaneous, the lecture hall is too far, the hour inconvenient. There are a score of other objections.

Now, the society I want you to know about is the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, which has centres in most parts of the "county," where the very best university teaching is brought within the reach of all who have one free afternoon or evening in the week. The teaching consists of an hour's lecture, followed by class instruction, when the lecturer comments on the papers which the students may have submitted to him on the subject of the previous week's lecture. The course consists of ten or twelve lectures spread over a period of the same number of weeks, and followed by an examination. No one is obliged to go in for the examination, but it is a good test whether you have been really digesting the knowledge imparted. Courses are given in history, political economy, literature, geology, botany, physics, chemistry, physiology, art, etc., by some of the men most eminent in each branch. The enthusiasm these men have for their subjects will be communicated to you, and will take the place of that competition you find it so difficult to do without. You will, during the term, read seriously in the groove of the lectures, with a definite aim which will make your reading much more profitable and very much more enjoyable.

The first term is from October to Christmas, the second from the end of January to Easter. The fees are always low, and sometimes merely nominal. There are also already centres in some of the large provincial towns, and there need never be any difficulty in forming new ones. If an audience can be brought together large enough to pay the expenses, which are reduced to a minimum, the society can always provide a good lecturer. Any further information will gladly be supplied by Dr. Roberts, Charterhouse, E.C.

In conclusion, dear girls, I would most strongly urge you, the clever ones, to look to it that you are not allowing to fall into disuse the splendid intellectual powers which God has given you; and you, the commonplace ones, who feel you cannot do great things, do not wrap up your one talent and hide it away in a napkin.

AN "EXTENSION" STUDENT.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

GOLF AT ST. ANDREW'S.

THE days of the late autumn are steadily stealing on us, and each day shows an advance towards the real cold of winter. Just now is the time, of all others, when changes in dress are the most important, and many people do not make them soon enough, bad chills and colds resulting as the inevitable consequence. But we are not quite ready with winter things, for those of last winter are worn out or need repair, and we are not perhaps quite prepared to buy our new things, or we like to wait, so as to see what other people have got before we decide on our own. If we have a tailor-made gown of tweed in our wardrobes, we are then partially prepared for cold weather; and now that I see many tailors are ready to supply a good and fashionably-made gown at three guineas, few girls need to be without them. The wear of such dresses is perpetual, and a good tweed, serge, or Cheviot never looks shabby, I think. Good, warm-looking jackets are also to be seen in the windows at all prices—very nice ones indeed, apparently, for a guinea—though, of course, I can say nothing as to fit and size.

The chief dress of our girls this winter is thus provided for, and the hat alone remains to be thought of. I think that every girl should try to manage this part of her equipment at home. But the most important department of all is really the underclothing, so far as health is concerned, and so I am thankful to notice cheap and good flannels and woollens of all kinds in the shops; and I hope all my readers will have thought out this question in good time, and settled on some form of warm underclothing—combinations of some kind for preference, of course—and warm stockings are especially needed.

There are not many changes to chronicle for this winter. The chief amongst them is to be seen in the shape of the figure. The new style is to have the shoulders made to look broad and rather heavy, from the wide-topped sleeves, and the frills or *revers* of the bodice, which are very much marked. The skirts remain straight, scanty, and simple. When I say "simple," I refer to the absence of draping only; for the materials are extremely rich, and are woven or embroidered to the shape of the front, sides, and corners. The passementeries are very handsome, and are made of silk cord or guipure lace, and are sewn on quite flat.

Tailor-made gowns for the winter, made by the best houses, are of rough cloths (rough Cheviot, snowflakes, and tweeds being more used by tailors than cloths with smooth faces). These are made up as perfectly plain, tight bodices, buttoned well up to the neck; the skirts cut to fit as closely as a habit, excepting so far as the back is concerned. This latter is gathered in large folds, the effect being extremely trim and neat.

The two most fashionable forms of out-of-

door covering for the winter are jackets and cloaks that entirely hide the dress. The mantles that are seen are chiefly of black, in plush or velvet, with brocade; the fronts with ends long and square, and a handsome trimming of braid, with drops or aiguillettes hanging from it. This hanging trimming is also put on some cloaks, though fur is the chief trimming chosen both for them and also for jackets. The high "Medici collar," which stands up round the head, and gives a look of great comfort, and protects the face, is much used for fur collarettes, and for mantles, jackets, or capes. Sometimes these high collars have long ends like a boa, and the collar can be made either to lie down or to stand up, looking equally well, as it is furred on both sides.

Short-haired furs seem more used than long-haired ones, and there are two new ones of this kind, *i.e.*, the kangaroo and the caracal—the latter a species of lynx—this colour being a soft brown.

Our sketches of this month represent all the novelties that have been introduced so far. The new double-breasted jacket has the peculiarity of being loose in front, yet it sets in close to the figure, while it has no seams at all in front. Many jackets have sleeves of a different material, but of the same colour. Cloth jackets have sleeves of silk, and beautiful rich, light-coloured silks have been manufactured to match the pale drabs, stones, and other neutral tints of which the jackets are made. Some of these new ones have silk sleeves, gathered above the elbow and ending in a long cuff. Cloaks are of such varied kinds that I hardly know how and where to begin their description. Those in camel's hair, brocaded a shade darker, are very pretty. They have large sleeves, gathered high on the shoulder, and are generally rather fuller than they were. Then there are cloaks of rich brocade, and of brocaded "vicuna," of poplin, and of "matelasse," and cloaks of figured cloth. These often have a "Carrick cape," with a collar curved outwards. The "Four-in-hand cape" is the same cape, only with a straight or turnover collar.

Some of the shapes look exactly like large cloaks, but are really tight-fitting redingotes with "angel sleeves." Cord embroidery is very much employed on these cloaks, and is used both alone and with fur. There is an attempt to bring in three-quarter length jackets, nearly reaching to the knees, but they are not much worn, as they are less smart and youthful-looking than the short jackets. Large fur muffs are again said to be coming in, but happily as yet I have not seen anything of them; they are both cumbrous and unsightly.

In the "autumn and winter gowns," the first figure on the right hand wears one of the braided gowns, of fine braid, run on so as to form a border to the plain skirt, the bodice having braid put on in straight lines for a waistcoat. This is one of the simplest ways of applying braid. The next gown is a "Directoire redingote" of grey cloth, with velvet *revers* and a white cloth front. The figure standing on the steps, with her back turned to us, shows one of the new polonaises, which are so long as to show no underskirt below them. They are sometimes open in front, or at one side, but the general look is that of a "Princess gown," and the great idea seems to be to conceal entirely the fact that they are polonaises at all.

Stripes and broken checks are more popular every day, and with an irregular flecking, like "snowflake" in colour, or in white on light browns, greys, and other neutral tints, are the things most liked. Plaids of all kinds are seen, both real and fancy; the 42nd and the Macduff tartans are the most liked, and are always cut on the cross for the skirts, and have

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOWNS.

NEW DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.

a plain jacket-bodice of fine ladies' cloth, of the darkest colour of the tartan. Fancy plaids called "Cameaux," *i.e.*, of two shades of one colour, are much liked. Indeed, plaids of subdued colours are preferred to those of a brighter nature. One of the monstrosities is a red woollen, of the colour known as "Eiffel," with that famous tower repeated all round the skirt at intervals, like a border in black. Genuine "Harris tweeds," and also Irish ones, are in much request for winter gowns; the Harris Island depôt being in Berners Street, and the Donegal in Wigmore Street. Both are excellent for country wear and for winter travelling, but they require, to my mind, a silk skirt under them, or else they are too heavy and clinging to be quite comfortable. We can now obtain two kinds of woollens—those made from wool shorn from the living sheep, and others from wool from the sheep when dead. The former seems brighter in tone, but there is no difference otherwise.

In the way of colours we have two or three pretty new browns, called "beech," "otter," and "friar's brown," the names telling nearly the colouring of each. There is a new grey, called "galvano," which is also called "mercury," and which is likely to prove a pretty one for gowns. Violet hues are returning to favour, after having been so long unseen, and we have our old friend puce and a dahlia hue, called "Da Vinci," with a very dark purple called "Miss Nightingale." Mulberry contains more crimson in its violet, and *tête de nègre* is darker still. "Last, but not least," the *Tour Eiffel* in Paris has contributed another colour, which is likely to be run to the ground in Paris if not in London. This is the "Eiffel red," which is so called from being the colour of the ironwork of the tower. It is what may be called a brick red, but it looks very well in material, and will be becoming both to fair and dark complexions.

In hairdressing we have but little to chronicle. The rolls, curls, and bows are still piled in masses on the head, but side by side appears a disposition to adopt an entirely different style, *i.e.*, the "catogan plait," the hair being parted in the centre, crêped on each side, and drawn back plainly to the nape of the neck, where it is tied up in a "catogan" with a black velvet bow.

I must now turn to bonnets and hats, and say a few words on each. The former are very small indeed, with low crowns, but they are becoming, and much more ladylike than those we have been wearing of late with the high crowns and their ungraceful spikey trimmings. Velvet seems to be the chief material of which bonnets are made. It is folded and gathered, and also closely drawn, but the fronts of bonnets are soft, and do not show any hard lines. Velvet flowers and ribbons are used for trimmings, and reversible ribbons of velvet and satin, or grosgrain with a rep border, are used in millinery, and they are wider for hats than for bonnets, the strings of which are often only one inch wide, with the narrowest possible satin edge. Small pins made of feathers appear on bonnets. Muffs are made of the same velvet as the bonnets.

Hats are large, and are most becoming when worn level and not far back on the head, as they are sometimes seen. Some hats are covered with velvet, but the most graceful are those of fine limp felt unbound at the edge, and allowed to take curves at will. The crowns are low, and the trimmings are also placed at a moderate altitude. Grey felt hats, with grey feathers and grey gloves, are much worn with black costumes, and grey felt sailor hats are very pretty also. Sailor hats are also made in the same plush or silk as gentlemen's silk hats, and have velvet ribbon round the crown. They are likewise made in velvet and in cashmere, as well as in felt. Then there is a rough beaver felt hat with a soft crown, which looks like a young curate's, but which proves ladylike in style and becoming to the wearer, and will be useful as an everyday hat in town or country.

The pattern selected for the month is an adaptation of the pretty "Breton jacket" to ladies' use, and is from a Paris model, the original being in rich red-brown cloth with bands of Bulgarian embroidery on it. It was intended for out-of-door use, but ours is principally intended for indoors, and is a well-fitting jacket-bodice, shorter in the back than the front. If the owner should prefer her own work, bands of crewel work or of brightly-hued cross-stitch embroidery can be used, or any fancy braid or passementerie that matches the dress. In Paris, many are being made from the narrow portion of the bordered dresses, and they look very well. Black lace insertion or passementerie laid over a colour is also pretty. Our pattern consists of nine pieces—viz., the upper and under sleeve, back, front, and two side gores, *revers*, and collar to waistcoat or Breton front. The bands need no pattern, as they are simply bands of trimming laid on flatly and shaped to fit on the bodice. Of course they require careful tacking and sewing on with the machine, and the waistcoat should be quite completed before being put in. It should be sewn in on one side, and fastened in by hooks and eyes on the other, the hooks being on the jacket and the eyes on the waistcoat; it is best fastened on the right side of the jacket.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is

TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

A BRETON JACKET AND WAISTCOAT.
(PAPER PATTERN.)

prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, and a Breton jacket and waistcoat.

A HOMELY VIRTUE.

PUNCTUALITY has been called one of the minor virtues; it has also been called "a homely virtue." We prefer the latter definition, because punctuality has so much to do with the comfort of everyday life, that we object to even the most oblique depreciation of it. We have such a very great admiration for it, that we like to put it on a pedestal, and as love goes further than admiration, we hope all who admire exactness will proceed to show their affection practically by being punctual.

Home comfort very much depends upon the exercise of this virtue, not by one, but by all members of the family. Order, and the general well-being of a house, cannot exist without it.

We cannot say we admire the conduct of a very punctual man we once heard of. He, failing to see his dinner appear on the table at the exact stroke of the clock announcing the hour for the meal, used to sit down and ring the bell until it arrived. We are afraid that he lost his temper on those occasions, and very probably damaged that of his cook.

But the principle of having fixed hours for meals, and expecting that the family will act upon it, should reign in every well-ordered household. It is bad morally to do things in a hurry, and hurry-scurry it must be if people put off to the last moment dressing for dinner or drive, or indulge in those charming half-hours in bed, which mean either scampering through their toilet, or else appearing at breakfast when the rest of the household are half finished. To get everything tepid in consequence cannot be appetising, and unless a large staff of servants exist, they cannot be supposed to be running up and down with what has been "kept warm." If the meat has to be taken in a hurry, then digestion suffers, and people are very much astonished if chronic dyspepsia becomes their companion.

The unpunctual person who has to go off to work, usually comes down looking injured, as if his lateness was the fault of everyone but himself. He has an air of martyrdom, is often very silent, and sometimes adopts the very childish display of temper known as "cutting off your nose to spite your face," manifested by scarcely eating anything. His boots then have to come on, and if the buttons give out or the lace breaks, he has hardly time to supply the deficiency. He is usually untidy, and is seen searching for gloves, or comforter, or whatever article of attire he most frequently leaves about, till the sound—a pleasant one for all else in the house; alas! for him that it should be so—is heard of the door slamming after him; for he is so cross as the result of his own unpunctuality that all feel relieved at his departure.

Of course, extremes are often bad, and we confess not to feeling the great admiration expected of us when we read that Nelson owed his success to being always fifteen minutes before the time. Our private opinion is that he wasted a good deal of time if that was his plan of action, and to be exact in keeping to appointed hours does not necessitate that at all.

It does, however, require that people should use their common sense and try and calculate their time correctly, leaving a margin always to the good: that is to say, giving themselves more rather than less time to accomplish what they desire to do. To be "always in haste, yet never in a hurry," is the golden mean between dawdling, with the result of unpunctuality, and a feverish desire to be in such good time as ends in being always too soon.

In this high-pressure nineteenth-century life we need to exercise this virtue if we would fit into our day all that we wish.

"How extraordinary," we sometimes hear, "that A, who is so extremely busy, can find time to do so and so," whereas B, who has very little work to do and fewer duties of obligation, professedly "never has time for anything." No time with B is made the excuse for unanswered letters, visits not paid, duties of all kinds neglected; whereas A, who knows the value of time, tries by exactness and method to fit in his duties—and succeeds.

A clever man once wrote thus to his son at college—

"Be punctual. I do not mean merely being in time for lectures, but I mean that spirit out of which punctuality grows—that love of accuracy, precision, and vigour which makes the efficient man; the determination that what you have to do shall be done in spite of all petty obstacles, and finished at once and finally. . . . The punctuality which I desire for you involves and comprehends the exact arrangement of your time. It is a matter on which much depends. Fix how much time you will spend on each object, and adhere all but absolutely to your plan."

Washington's secretary, Hamilton, was a most unpunctual man, and when the General reproved him for this fault, the secretary made the excuse that his watch did not keep correct time.

"Then you must get a new watch," said Washington, "or I must have another secretary."

The habit of order and exactness cannot be too soon acquired, and if parents set the example of punctuality, and enforce it on their children, the latter will have to thank them all through their lives for so valuable a habit. In all business matters it is most essential, and in all relations of life it is a virtue which has most assuredly its own reward.

The girl or boy who has been taught to be punctual at home, will at college or business find that the habit makes much that would be drudgery perfectly easy. Those who have not had that early training, have either to put a strong will into the matter and oblige themselves to learn punctuality, or else they groan over the necessity, and the double strain makes work more arduous and gives a sense of bondage by no means agreeable.

Women often have the curious notion that the regularity and discipline of life usually is more necessary for men than for themselves. The fact that the generality of men go more into the world in the way of business is the explanation. The moment a woman adopts any line of action outside her home she will find that regularity is equally necessary.

In hospital training, visiting the poor, learning any art or science, working in business, literature, clerkships, or no matter what, punctuality is so much to the good, and is a great passport to success in whatever is undertaken.

We read too, "It is a fact, not always remembered, that Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of being punctual to the minute. It was his plan to manœuvre over large spaces of country, so as to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike a blow, and then suddenly to concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible power on some weak point of the extended line of the foe. The execution of this system demanded that each division of the army should arrive at the specified spot punctually, for if any part failed to come up, the battle was lost. It was by imitating this plan that the allies finally succeeded in overthrowing the Emperor. The whole Waterloo campaign turned on these tactics. At Mount St. Jean Blucher was punctual, while Grouchy was not, and the result was that Napoleon fell and Wellington triumphed."

Lord Brougham's punctuality was noted, and though at the head of eight or ten public associations, when he presided over the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery he was never absent from his post, or unpunctual in calling assembly or meeting to order. His great precision in answering all calls enabled him to fulfil with exactness every engagement.

Sir Walter Scott's punctuality enabled him to accomplish an enormous amount of work, both of a literary kind and also in correspondence. So that this homely virtue is seen to shine in the lives of men of note; and it is one which all who aim at success and the perfection of all duty can imitate with advantage, alike to themselves and all with whom they come into contact.

"ATTRACTION!"

A MELODY IN TWO KEYS.

C MAJOR.

WHEN Cicely returned from Leipsic, after having spent three years in studying music there, her friends in the country were quite awed by her attainments, and at afternoon tea parties she was quite the rage. There had been no lack of astonishment when she had succeeded in prevailing upon her parents to let her go—not surprise that she carried the day, most people knew her force of will and quiet insistence; but that she should wish to go so far away from all her friends into the wide world was inexplicable to the contented stay-at-homes. As a matter of fact, Cicely had found existence was no longer bearable without definite employment, and her first thought, which afterwards ripened and bore fruit, was to enter the musical profession and work, as she herself phrased it, until all the nonsense should be carried out of her in energy.

She intended to teach, perhaps to take an engagement as music governess in a school; for her ambition was bounded by modesty, and her faith in herself not great. She doubted her ability ever to rise as a talented performer. But her future career was decided for her by her singing-master after the first lesson she took in Leipsic.

"Be a good girl and work," he said. "I will make you a beautiful singer."

She did work. Gradually the new interest absorbed her; she was inspired by an *esprit de corps* with the other students of the Conservatoire, and all the latent enthusiasm and earnestness of her nature were developed in this one direction. She soon became very popular; so much so that even the medals and certificates she gained did not render her a mark for jealousy; and her persistent method of treating all men as brothers and comrades kept the male admiration at a respectful distance.

Her voice developed and swelled amazingly, increasing in tone and beauty month by month. Confidence gave her power, and steady work under a proud master gave her confidence.

When she left for home, she had quite a little court to see her off, and the elder brother of the family with whom she had boarded, a fine, strong young soldier, pressed a little note into her hand at parting, in which he begged that she would not forget him, and would reconsider the answer she had given to a certain petition of his, tendered the night before.

She was very happy, she said to herself, and everybody was most kind. It was very kind of Max to fall in love with her, poor fellow! She was sorry for him, but perhaps she might find she loved him some day, now that she had forgotten Larry, or cared no more about him. Yes; why should she not marry the young German in the end? He was nice and brave, and well off and good-looking. But not yet; she had first to win her laurels as a vocalist, and she was well armed with letters of introduction from her singing master.

Effie met her in London.

"Larry was very sorry he couldn't come with me," she said; "but you'll have to come and stay with us as soon as possible, won't you, dear old pet?"

And Cicely promised. She would have to be in London soon, and she had not the slightest fear of meeting Larry. When he had written to her in Leipsic, she had answered rather coolly, saying her time was too much occupied for her to find leisure to write many letters, and her curt hint had the effect of closing a correspondence between them. Now she felt no trace of her old weakness, no uneasy heart-beats at the thought of meeting him again.

So after a few weeks of fête and flattery at home she went to London, one soaking spring day, and entered the Gauderns' house as they were drinking afternoon tea, having missed an earlier train, to her extreme annoyance. There was a bustle of welcome at her arrival, as all members of the family were fond of Cicely; and when the first confused utterances were over, and she sat down with a cup of tea in her hands, a strange sensation of old association began to creep upon her, making her hands tremble and her heart beat unwontedly. Yet it was easy to keep all appearance of outward calm, and it was impossible not to feel a throb of satisfaction at the obvious impression made by her altered appearance and manner upon Larry, who looked at her with a puzzled twist of his eyebrows. Her new dignity, born of confidence and command over self, surprised him, and even his sublime repose of manner could not conceal his astonishment.

For dinner she arrayed herself very carefully in one of the gowns she had prepared to emerge in from the chrysalis of a student, and surveyed its artistic qualities in the long pier-glass with some pleasure. She had altered, yes, and improved, there could be no two opinions about it. The tall, graceful girl, who looked at her from the glass, had the unmistakable style and pose of one accustomed to feel the sweets of power, and unable to deceive herself as to the value set upon her by others. The knowledge of appreciation, what a beautifier it is, and what a charm it lends to the plainest woman! You have but to note the transfiguration of an ugly face by love; the being loved is a magic elixir, and its secret lies in the confidence that comes of feeling your best appreciated. If parents and those entrusted with the training of young girls fully understood this, we should have more attractive women.

Cicely could not have analysed the gentle elation of spirit she felt at beholding herself in the glass, draped in soft silk of a deadrose colour, that deepened the clear hue of her skin, now slightly flushed with excitement, and threw a darker shadow into her eyes.

She was not naturally self-conscious; but had she given thought to the subject at all she would have attributed the alteration in herself to an improved figure and carriage, or a more cultivated habit of dressing well, losing sight of the great motive power which had first clothed her spirit in the true pride of womanhood—the consciousness of usefulness, of being wanted.

It was this that made her, not a pretty girl, but a sweet-looking woman, a sympathetic attractive maiden, with a charm no prettiness could ever hope to eclipse.

"What have they done to you abroad?" asked Larry, in a low tone, seating himself on the couch beside her after dinner. "They have cast out the old Cicely and given us someone else instead. I am not sure that I like the change."

"How unfortunate! You see I have not yet found the mill where they grind old people young again, or I might oblige you by remaining eighteen years old for the rest of my existence. What have you been doing with yourself all these years?"

She looked straight in his eyes as she spoke, and her tone of polite interest was quite different from the old manner, usually of half-confusion, in which she used to address him. He gazed at her more seriously than he had ever done before.

"I have been doing nothing." Then he said, with a little laugh, "Nothing but exist beautifully, in point of fact, although I am supposed to be at the bar, winning gold and laurels by my eloquence. I find it much easier to be a professional ornament to society, so to speak."

Cicely did not laugh. She said quietly—

"I can't understand a man being content with a negative kind of existence. I would be something positive and definite, if only a crossing-sweeper."

He looked startled. It is quite probable nobody had ever spoken so pointedly to him before, as his own family spoilt him, and his friends were too fond of his company to be concerned with his character. Then the fact that Cicely had so clearly made her existence positive, as she called it, gave additional weight to her words.

Before he could recover from the shock of this barbed speech, whose edge was poisoned by the slight shade of contempt in her tone, there was a general request that Cicely would sing, and she did not hesitate a moment before rising to go to the piano. She waited only for candles to be lighted, then struck the opening chords of the recitative to "Che faro."

The room was very still, and the little stir in her blood, which was not exactly nervousness, though akin to it, invoked a power of

expression that held her small audience spellbound. The passionate music vibrated through the room and lingered about the glass in echoes of wild despair. It was not only in the full, deep quality of her lower notes, like the round diapason of an organ, or in the exquisitely trained *mezzo voce* brought by careful art to a clear whispered thread of sound, that her power lay—not even in finished gradations of tone and perfect phrasing. All these were but aids to that mysterious individuality which can make itself felt rather than described, a purely human sympathy coming straight from the soul of the singer and touching some vibratory nerve in the listener, setting up a current between the two, along which emotion is freely carried.

Larry, looking at the earnest eloquent face on which the soft light of the candles fell, and listening with a true artistic delight to the rich tones that seemed to absorb her personality, would not have been a man had not his senses been completely enthralled.

"Eurydice! Eurydice!" the room seemed to ring with the longing cry, and the throats of her hearers swelled with tears restrained, as Cicely lived back again three years, when she was the "little muslin schoolgirl," breaking her heart in silence and alone. The potency of losing herself in her music was Cicely's great gift, and it was no wonder that under such conditions she appealed for sympathy to each one of her audience, telling her own pathetic little story to their hearts, in Gluck's thrilling language.

There was a dead silence as the last note died away. Then Effie rose and went to the fire.

"You have made me quite cold, Cicely," she said, with a little tremble in her voice. "I never heard such singing—never!"

The days flew by, and the date for Cicely's public *début* was fixed. She had found no difficulty in obtaining an engagement to sing in a high-class concert given by a great London conductor in St. James's Hall, for her voice only required a hearing, and a letter of introduction from Leipsic made that possible without any anxious delays and weary waitings for opportunity.

There was great excitement in the Gaudern family over the event.

"It is just as if you were going to be married," said Effie, when the new white silk gown for the concert came home.

Larry hovered about her restlessly, but she avoided being alone with him. On the day before she was going to make her first appearance he came home earlier than usual, and caught her practising softly by the side of the grand piano.

"Whom do you think I have just seen?" he said, after an apology for interrupting her. "Miss Harrison, do you remember her?"

"Yes, very well; I meant to inquire about her, but forgot. Is she as great a favourite as ever?"

"I expect so, with some people. I do not often have the pleasure of hearing or seeing her. She has grown very stout and coarse-looking."

"I am told that is the fate of singers generally. I shall share it, of course. I am much bigger now than I used to be."

He laughed.

"Yes, what a slip you were! Singing agrees well with you, evidently; and that reminds me, I don't think I have told you yet what a great treat your singing is to me. Your voice is perfection, and your rendering of all music simply—transcendental!"

He smiled as he said the last word, but would have her think he meant it, all the same.

"Your taste hasn't altered then," said Cicely, indifferently; "you always said my voice was good, I remember."

It was a dangerous speech.

"No, my taste hasn't altered," he said, in a low tone; "nor have I. But you have, Cicely, immeasurably; once——"

She stopped him.

"Don't you think," she said, with a soft, superior smile, "that this sort of thing is rather wasted upon me, Larry? You see I am no longer eighteen, and I have had a good deal of foolish flattery abroad, so that it palls upon me. I believe my taste for extravagant compliments has vanished with my teens. I am a woman now, and prefer the true ring of sincerity. You will excuse me if I leave you, as I have a letter to write."

An hour later Larry saw the letter she had written lying in the hall ready to be posted. It was addressed to Leipsic—Herr Max somebody; one glance was enough for Larry, and it was fortunate nobody saw the scowl that stole into his face.

The new singer was a success; the great London artistic world said so, and that settled the question for everyone else.

After the concert at which Cicely had made known her claim to public attention, Lawrence Gaudern and Effie drove home with the heroine between them, almost lost in bouquets and baskets of flowers.

"Your singing master will be proud to hear of your triumph," said Effie. "Of course you will write directly to him, shan't you?"

"I thought perhaps Larry would send a telegram for me at once," answered Cicely; "it would please the old fellow, and he was very good to me."

"I will with pleasure," answered Larry, "and—and—shall I wire to the young fellow too, Cicely?"

It was a vague shot, but hit the mark; she turned upon him.

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean Herr Max somebody, your German admirer. Won't he expect a telegram?"

Cicely coloured highly, but did not lose her head.

"Well, yes," she said; "perhaps it would be as well; but no—I think I would rather write, thanks."

There was silence after this. Effie knew all about Max, but was sworn to secrecy. Larry pulled his moustache and stared blankly out of the carriage window. Cicely felt miserable, but looked perfectly unconcerned, except that her face did not recover directly from its crimson flush. She was the first to speak, however, and all the rest of the way laughed and talked brightly, as if excited over her recent triumph.

Engagements flowed in from all parts, as soon as the verdict of the press had been given. She found a rosy-cheeked country girl when she went home, to act as maid and travelling companion, and started upon her vocal career full of vitality and pure artistic enthusiasm. As the summer advanced, though, she began to feel the need of rest, and was able to settle down at home for a couple of months, taking up her country pursuits where she had left off. But she had changed greatly, and the serious side of her character, which had never been quite invisible in her earliest girlhood, now appeared in her anxious desire to keep every moment occupied, and live usefully to those around her. The money she earned was spent chiefly upon others, and the volatile girl was fast developing into a loved and respected woman.

One hot July day she was sitting under a tree in the garden, writing a letter with difficulty on a big writing case spread on her knees. From a tennis court a short distance off came laughter and manly shouts, while bees were humming about her, so that she did not hear a step on the soft turf, and was startled when a shadow fell across her paper.

"Larry!" she exclaimed, looking up with a quick gasp. "Where did you come from?"

"From London. I've come to say good-bye, Cicely; I am going away."

"Going away!" She felt her lips tremble. "Where are you going to, Larry?"

"To Mexico. *Don't look so astonished.* Why shouldn't I go away?"

"I thought you meant to live in London always—and exist beautifully!"

She tried to get a laugh in here, but it was a dismal failure.

"I've changed my mind. I am tired of being simply ornamental, and want to be useful. I have had an offer of the management of a silver mine for three years, and, as I can't see a better chance of doing anything, I've accepted it."

"But you—fancy you, Larry, roughing it out there! *Won't it be hard work for you?*"

"I hope so; the harder the better. I'm reverting to a mollusk fast now—mind and muscle alike becoming 'rudimentary' from disuse. I know you think I am not capable of being anything definite. I suspect you have always despised me for wearing fashionable neckties. Now I'm going to do without any worth speaking of—to rough it with diggers. I have not forgotten your hard words, and it will perhaps be better than crossing-sweeping!"

He spoke in his usual light, inconsequent fashion.

"I am very, very glad." She found it difficult to express herself, and dared not look at him. "I did not *mean to be hard, but I* know so well there is no happiness save in work, and a man without it is——"

"A jelly fish! Yes, I quite agree with you—have come to your conclusion. Wish me reformation, won't you?"

"I wish you——" she began, then stopped, and went on again with an uncertain sound in her voice: "You have all my best hopes, Larry."

"Then, then," he spoke a little faster, "if I succeed in—breaking off my indefinite habits, and come home with a possbiility of an income—— Are you engaged to that German, Cicely?"

"No."

"Shall you marry him?"

"No."

"I am glad of that! I was afraid——" There was no flippancy in his voice now. "You have accused me of insincerity; but I was only insincere to myself when I fancied I could forget you. I loved you always; and there is no other woman I ever wished to marry but you, Cicely. I may as well tell you, now that I am going away out of the country without a chance of ever coming back. I think you have punished me enough for making too sure of you. Be kind to me now for the last time."

She did not raise her head, and her lips were set sharply together.

"Well, I have said too much; yet I must say more." (Pause.) "Tell me—if I come home in three years' time, a hard-working man—will there be any chance for me?"

The old irresistible attraction was too strong for her, and she put up both arms round his neck, crying softly—

"Yes, oh yes, Larry, every chance for you!"

* * * *

Years of married life have tested the strength of their mutual attraction. Cicely can make her husband very angry with her by saying, "Ah, it was my voice that first attracted you, Larry, and you did not find out half my charms until the world pronounced me a star." But she always ends with a laugh at herself: "And what a silly 'little muslin schoolgirl' I was to think I could resist you, when our marriage was made long ago by angels in heaven!"

MARY L. PENDERED.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH she had only taken the first floor of number twelve Falkland Crescent, sending her men-servants to lodge elsewhere, Lady Dacre seemed to pervade the whole house at once, from top to bottom. She was one of those persons who make their personality felt wherever they may be, and, however excellent, are apt to jar on the nerves of other people.

A clever woman, well-born and well-bred, she was nevertheless a very odd one. Her kind-heartedness was considerable, and she would readily put herself to real inconvenience for the sake of others when the mood took her; but her kindness was too freakish to be counted on, and her whims and oddities were so unexpected and provoking, that some people thought she must be a little wrong in the head, which she was not.

It soon appeared that her ladyship had not arrived at St. Petrox in at all a serene or happy frame of mind. Her windows were open, and Kathleen and the children, sitting in the verandah below, heard a high-pitched, clear voice overhead rating a lady's maid and then a footman; and declaring that St. Petrox was insufferable, the dust on the roads blinding, the glare on the sea worse, the rooms like an oven, and servants donkeys.

Kathleen broke into smothered laughter as she saw the horror on the children's faces. "Come away, dears," she cried, "let us go and sit in the garden; 'tis too hot here," and they got their hats, and went down into the large, shady public garden which belonged to the terrace, and which, with the lovely sea view from the windows, was one of the main attractions to this part of the town.

"Is she a lady?" Phyllis asked, in wonder, while Una added—

"Sister, do you think she is most like Dame Occasion or the Blatant Beast? You remember that Occasion's

'toung did talke,
In fowle reproch and termes of vile dispight,'

and the Blatant Beast spared neither Kaisers nor Kings, but 'bit them with his baleful teeth of injury.' Which do you think Lady Dacre is like, sister?"

Kathleen was so much amused that for a long time she could not hear Lady Dacre's voice without thinking of Spenser's "Blatant Beast."

Before they got home again the storm had quieted down; a cup of excellent tea and an hour's rest brought Lady Dacre round, and she rang her bell, and sent for "Morris," as she persisted in calling her landlady—an affront to Mrs. Palmer's dignity, both as householder and married woman, which she did not like at all, but could not venture to object to. She stood respectfully before her former mistress, a comely, well-to-do woman, with a kind face and a handsome, plain black silk gown. Lady Dacre looked at her approvingly.

"Considering how foolish you were to leave such a good place as you had with me, Morris, you don't look as if you had done badly for yourself. Where's your husband? Luckily for you, you've no time to get tired of one another. Now, I'm tired of everything and everyone—sick of London and of the country, and of society and its humbug; sick of politics, which are the worst humbug of all; sick of my friends and my enemies and my husband. So we agreed that he should go yachting for a couple of months and that I should come here. He is sick of me, too, I daresay, though he won't say so. Well, where is yours?"

"He is trading to Hull just now, my lady."

"And he is still fond of you, eh?"

Mrs. Palmer was a wife of ten years' standing, but she coloured like a girl.

"Well, my lady, I've no reason to think otherwise."

"I'm glad of it, though you did marry against my advice, and spoilt all my comfort. I don't wish to spoil you, Morris, but I have never had a maid since that suited me as you did. This feather pate I've got now—I'd give her warning if there were any good in changing, but I have learned that if one changes a maid because she has a horn on the right side of her head, the chances are the new one will have two on the left. Of course, with a maid and a man who had absolutely nothing to do but look after my luggage, they contrived to lose one of my boxes, the very one I most want. I shall have nothing but my old travelling bonnet to wear at church to-morrow, and you know what that means."

Lady Dacre, amongst other things, was apt to cherish some article of her wearing attire until a scarecrow would not have been grateful for it.

"Well, now, I want to know whom you have got in the house? I hope it is not full of people; you declared it was not when I wrote for rooms."

"No one, at this moment, my lady, except downstairs, where there is a small family who have just lost a near relation."

"What! lost a relation? Fever? I am convinced it was fever. No, no; I don't care how much you may deny it, and you know I am not nervous, but though you used to speak the truth generally—as far as I know—mind, I only say as far as I know—when you were in my service, I don't for a moment expect it of you as a landlady. No landlady would own to having had fever in her house; you are all alike; you would, everyone of you, let a new lodger come into a place reeking with infection, rather than admit that you had so much as chicken-pox within a mile."

"Well, my lady, Dr. Netley can tell you all about it," answered Mrs. Palmer calmly, and not at all affronted, for Lady Dacre spoke in a bantering tone.

"Dr. Netley? Has he been attending the case? People think a great deal of my godson, don't they? London doctors seem to send their patients to him now."

"Yes, my lady; he is always being sent for all over the country."

"He should take a partner and a wife. A doctor ought to have a wife, and I really think she would be a lucky woman."

Lady Dacre was both fond and proud of her godson.

"That I'm sure she would, my lady."

"Is there no one talked of as likely to catch him?"

"I have never heard of anyone, my lady. Of course, one young lady and another have been named, but there never was anything in it."

"And here he is near forty! He will turn into that miserable creature, a confirmed old bachelor, and be ruled by his housekeeper. Well, who are these people that you have got on the first floor?"

Mrs. Palmer did not particularly want Kathleen to come into contact with her old mistress. She thought Lady Dacre likely to wound her by patronage, rather than to be of any practical use to her, and she answered cautiously—

"Only a young lady with her two little sisters."

"Children! Morris, you know perfectly well I detest children. I told you I was coming here for rest and quiet, and you actually allowed me to take your rooms without owning that you had children here. I will go to the Devon Hotel to-morrow, and if you ask for the rent of these rooms I will go to law about it; I am in earnest."

"Very well, my lady."

"'Very well, my lady,' when you have put me to such atrocious inconvenience! You know I can never get an hour's sleep in a hotel, and that the food always disagrees with me. You are all the same—you think of nothing but letting your rooms. How old are these children?"

"Eight and ten, I believe, my lady, and very quiet; you would not know they were in the house. You see, their poor mamma being so long ill——"

"Why are they here still? You must give them notice at once."

"I'm afraid I can't do that, my lady. I have let them my little parlour and a bedroom for six months, anyhow."

"But you don't mean to say three girls—no, a girl and two babies, I mean—are going to live here by themselves?" Lady Dacre's curiosity was getting the upper hand; she took a lively interest in the concerns of other people, though she did not think so. "Where are their relations?"

"I'm not aware they have any, except a brother who is married, as I hear from the little ones; but they don't seem to

know much about him. Of course, I have asked no questions from the children."

"Well, I suppose you are right; but they must be adventurers. You will find yourself either with them all on your hands, or at the best you will lose your rent one of these days."

"I do not think so, my lady. They are certainly not well off, but I know they have a little money; and Miss O'Kelly is only anxious for work."

"Miss O'Kelly! I used to know people of that name—know of them, at all events. Is their father a charming rascal of an Irishman? You may know if it is the man I mean, for if you have ever seen him he has bewitched your money out of your purse into his, I'll answer for it."

"I believe these young ladies are orphans, my lady, though now you come to speak of it, I do recollect one of the children talking about papa in South America. But I can't think he is alive; I know Miss O'Kelly never sent a letter, when her mamma died, to a soul but her brother."

"You may depend upon it they are the people I was thinking of. Do you happen to know if Mrs. O'Kelly's name was Anne?"

"Yes; I saw that on the coffin plate, and I noticed it because it is my own name."

"Just so. Anne Leigh, she was, and everyone thought she would be an heiress; but she played her cards badly. Her aunt, Penelope Leigh, is a far-away cousin of my own; I have seen her now and then when I go to Shropshire; her place is near Sir John's married sister's. She is always very polite to me, because I married a rich baronet."

"You don't think it is likely she will do something for the young ladies, my lady?" suggested Mrs. Palmer, with real interest.

"Who? Penelope Leigh? What young ladies? By the way, Anne Leigh had children, I believe; of course they are her great-nieces. You don't mean they are the brats you say are here?"

"I cannot say, my lady; but if poor Mrs. O'Kelly was the lady's niece, I suppose it will be so," said Mrs. Palmer, a good deal puzzled.

"I'll answer for it she will not. If there ever was a good hater, it is Penelope Leigh, and she never forgave that foolish girl for marrying again without asking her leave. You know, Morris, having never had an offer herself (I can't believe any man would have had the courage to propose to Penelope), it was unpardonable that her niece should have two. And Penelope does not like unfortunate people. Besides, I believe that she had some reason to be angry, for this Captain O'Kelly squandered every penny of Anne's money, and her children's too, the rascal!"

"Do I understand you, my lady, that Mrs. O'Kelly had been twice married, and that the two children were by her first husband? Then Miss Kathleen was her stepdaughter! Well, I should never have thought it! And the little ones! . . . Dear me, I *am* surprised! Are you sure, my lady?"

"I don't know whether I am or not, nor do I particularly care."

Lady Dacre was getting tired of the subject just as Mrs. Palmer grew eager. She was extremely pleased by Kathleen's courage and industry, and from having been consulted by her, and involved in her scheme from the beginning, felt as if its success were a personal matter. What she had just heard astonished and interested her greatly.

"Did your ladyship know Captain O'Kelly?" she asked.

Lady Dacre had thrown herself back in her chair, and was feeding her little toy terrier with biscuit. She travelled about with a menagerie. A large cage of birds stood in one window; a monkey was chained up in a corner, whence it made stealthy attempts to reach a vase of flowers on a table placed by the lady's maid carefully beyond its reach; a parrot climbed up and down its perch in the other window, and jeered at the monkey, who grinned and chattered back again. Lady Dacre insisted on taking her pets with her wherever she went, unconscious, or more probably regardless of the reluctance of her friends to receive them—a reluctance which Mrs. Palmer fully shared.

"Saw him? Never. But when I first married he used to send letters—quite delightful letters—to Sir John, asking for money. I put a stop to it, of course; there is no use in pouring money into a sieve, and if you don't mean to go on with that kind of thing, it is best to show you don't at once. So I wrote and told him my view. But I am not sure that Sir John did not help him now and then on the sly. They had been in the same regiment, and the man really seems to have bewitched his fellow officers. Sir John talks of him affectionately to this day. I daresay if he thought any of O'Kelly's children were badly off he would want to help them. I shan't tell him; I won't have anything to do with them. Mind you don't entangle me into an acquaintance with the girl on your ground floor, Morris. I won't have it; do you hear? I do not mean to know her, and you may tell her so."

"There will be no need, I can assure your ladyship."

"Nonsense, Morris; don't take that tone, if you please. I can see the girl is her father over again; she has bamboozled you. Now you may go; I have letters to write. Mind, I won't know the O'Kelly girl."

Mrs. Palmer went half-way downstairs, secretly indignant. She got no further, for a violent ringing of Lady Dacre's bell recalled her.

"Morris! Morris! Price! where are you?" Lady Dacre was crying, as she threw open her door. "Price, are you deaf?" Price was the lady's maid. "Come this instant! Chicot has upset the table and smashed the flower glass, and got loose—he's at the parrot—Price! Morris!" The landlady and the lady's maid ran to the rescue, and found Lady Dacre standing too flurried to know what first to do, while the parrot snapped and screamed, and the monkey made dabs at it, now with his fore paws, now his hind ones.

"However did he reach the table?" exclaimed the lady's maid, as she seized his chain. Lady Dacre had been much startled, and consequently her temper was upset anew.

"Could you not tell, you stupid girl, that he would turn round and reach it with his hind legs if he couldn't with his front ones?" she exclaimed. "If I were not the most patient of mistresses——"

The children and Kathleen came in just as she rang wildly and called for help. Naturally their impression was that she had never ceased to scold since they left the house. They looked at one another expressively.

"And 'tis a powerful tongue you have, my lady!" cried Kathleen, as she entered their little parlour and shut the door. "My word! no wonder poor Mrs. Palmer looked serious when she said you were coming! It's sorry for her I am! Come, children, you need not look scared; it's not much she will have to do with you."

So Lady Dacre thought too, but as it turned out, both Kathleen and Lady Dacre were greatly mistaken.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IGNORAMUS.—First thanking you for a very gracious letter, which we fully appreciated, we tell you regretfully what may cause you distress. Mixed marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics are most undesirable, and rarely turn out for the happiness or advantage of either party. Sincere piety on either side or on both would lead to an ardent desire to proselytise, and discussions on religious subjects often lead to bitterness of feeling if not of expression. Besides this, when there is a family, the question of the religion in which the children are to be educated, and to which they are severally to be affiliated, is full of difficulty, and leads to estrangement of parents and their offspring.

The passage, "to be carnally minded is death," may be explained by another, "he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." If your heart and affections be set on earthly enjoyments, and you elect to be essentially of this world, rather than having your chief treasure in heaven, and to attain to the honour and glory ineffable of living in personal communion with your Divine Redeemer, then you are "of the earth, earthy," and you are "carnally minded." We thank you for the kind offer of flowers, of which we are very fond.

HONEYSUCKLE.—The text, "Be ye angry and sin not," is one often misapplied and strained in its meaning to meet cases for which it was never meant. Righteous anger is the indignation which may be aroused on hearing blasphemy, hard speeches made of our Divine Father's good providence, cruelty in every form, and unjust words and actions. But even in the latter case there is some limitation as to its justification; and in the case of a child's feelings in reference to a parent, the anger, if felt, should be carefully controlled. There is another text, "If when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is thankworthy," etc. Perhaps you aggravate your mother, and she may have much to complain of. Besides, remember your obligations to her, she having few or none to you, and never forget that "your light must shine," if you be one of the "wise virgins," and you will be held responsible for the example of filial feeling, and that "patience" which "must have its perfect work."

GEORGIE.—There are several methods of restoring faded photographs, of which the following may be amongst the best:—Immerse the photo (unmounted) in a saturated solution of bi-chloride of mercury, in which leave it for a few minutes. Then wash thoroughly and dry it. Another plan is to place it in a quantity of white wax until completely saturated with it, removing all excess of the substance by means of hot ironing. Then rub the surface with a tuft of cotton. The contrasts of the picture will be deepened by this operation, and you will find that many little minor details will be brought to light, before invisible. The dullish lights will become more transparent, while the half tones and shadows will remain opaque. Unless quite sure of success in such an undertaking, you had better experiment on a worthless picture first, or give your valued one into experienced hands.

A "CHEEKY" GIRL.—You are worse even than the opprobrious name by which you call yourself. Why do you persist in a course with which, were your mother acquainted, "it would give her a blue fit"? It is simply disgraceful, grossly undutiful, and base ingratitude on your part. Go and confess your sin to her at once, and pray God to pardon you.

ELSIE ROSS must be referred to the article on the subject of her letter by "Medicus." We cannot improve or enlarge upon it.

M. L.—The creaking of boots is the result of carelessness on the part of the maker, the layers composing the soles being unevenly put together. Put some linseed oil in a flat dish and stand your shoes in it. They will otherwise benefit by this little bath, as it will tend to make them more impervious to water. Were shoemakers to employ powdered French chalk freely between the layers of leather composing the soles when putting them together, they would never worry the wearer by creaking. If you have your walking-shoes and boots "made to order," you might give directions to this effect with advantage.

BERTHA S.—A list of the values of rare postage stamps has been quite recently published; the most valuable being of Cabul, complete issue, £300. Next comes Mauritius, two, 1847, £200; and four, 1852, Sandwich Islands, are quoted at the same price. It is needful to be very careful in purchasing stamps of great value, however, for there are so many forgeries, and few bargains are to be picked up, so that if very valuable stamps be offered for a few shillings there is something wrong with them. In the United States and Germany the used stamps are treated with chemicals, regummed, and all the marks obliterated, so that they pass for new stamps. The black English stamp that is so valuable is that for 1840, "V.R." with the letters in the upper corners. If used it is worth £10, if unused only £5. The black stamp without the letters "V.R." is worth one penny or twopence. The English red penny stamps are not worth more than waste paper. The "Mulready envelope" on India paper—the original proofs—is worth £80, others from two shillings and sixpence to fifteen shillings.

O-MITZAN (Yokohama).—Yes, the quilt was received. Accept our best thanks for it. It was forwarded to the Princess Louise Home.

RUTH should obtain a model of a serpent's head, and copy it; otherwise, she might copy one from a natural history book. She does not explain whether she wishes to sculpture, model, work it in embroidery, or paint it.

ALLEY.—We recommend you to try a farinaceous diet, varied by poultry, fish, and extract of beef; if sometimes necessary, vegetables, including haricot beans and lentil soup, and to leave off eating butchers' meat.

AN AUGUST BIRD.—We are much gratified by your hearty good wishes and approval of our work. We regret that we cannot give a favourable opinion of the lines you send us for criticism.

MRS. HOLLING.—Some people continue to decorate pillow-cases with frills and lace, but it is by no means essential to a well-appointed bedroom. It is perfectly optional.

"CHRISTMAS CHERRIES:"

BEING

The Extra Christmas Number of "The Girl's Own Paper,"

Is now ready, and should be immediately procured by those wishing to read some of the most delightful stories and papers ever written by "Girl's Own" favourites.

THE NUMBER CANNOT BE REPRINTED.

CHRISTMAS CHERRIES.

WHEN summer made merry, so gracious and free,
And red were the cherries that hung from the tree,
A little bird whispered a secret to me.

'Twas a thieving young thrush, to whom orchards were dear;
Said he, "Do not grudge me a share of good cheer,
For you will have cherries when Christmas is here."

And how shall they prosper while autumn winds blow?
And how shall they ripen in frost and in snow?
"Oh, love," sang the thrush, "can work wonders, you know."

Aye, love has a smile for the storm-beaten way,
She shows the fair lining of clouds that are gray,
And warm is her sunshine though dark be the day.

I think in that fostering sunshine there grew—
Thus making the little bird's secret quite true—
These bright CHRISTMAS CHERRIES, young maidens, for you.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 519.] DECEMBER 7, 1889. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

"'WILL YOU HAVE IT, PLEASE?' SHE SAID."

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CHAPTER X.

SUCH a nature as Kathleen's, though buoyant, was certain to be easily depressed, and sometimes, without special cause, she would find herself "in the depths," as she called it. Then all sorts of fears and cares would crowd upon her; she would harass herself by vain questions as to what would happen if she fell ill, or got no more patients, or how she could find any companions for Phyllis and Una, who would be so much the better for associating with other children; how they were to be educated. It was a great trouble to her that she knew so little herself, and had had such small chance of improving her defective education. She could keep ahead of Phyllis, but Una was a different child, and Kathleen knew that she ought to have a better teacher. She studied the few lesson books which they possessed, after the children were in bed, and laboriously worked a great many sums, and prepared the pages of French which they were to translate next day with conscientious care; but often she felt that it would be better for the children to attend even the national school, where they would get some thorough teaching, than to have only such as she could give them. Then she would look at them, and feel that she could not make up her mind to send them

among children whose birth and manners were necessarily so far below theirs.

"I must do the best I can," she would think, sighing. "But it is not doing them justice. Una is twice as clever as I am, and I know I get impatient when Phyllis is slow. I can't do much for them except love them."

She had never worried herself thus while Mrs. O'Kelly was alive, though, after all, the circumstances had not been very different; but now that she had to stand in the place of mother instead of sister, anxieties crowded upon her mind.

"It is a pity you have not ten brothers and sisters to look after, instead of only two, Miss O'Kelly," Mrs. Palmer would say, when Kathleen consulted her on one thing and another, "and then you would not have time to worry yourself about them." Which, no doubt, was true enough; and Kathleen would respond with the native accent, which she could assume to the life when she liked, and which always upset Mrs. Palmer's gravity—

"And sure then, mavourneen, and it is the good advice ye are givin' me intirely; and as me ould nurse used to say, 'If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can!' But it's bothered intirely I am." And then both would laugh, and Kathleen felt a great deal better.

Her despondent moods were apt to come on, when they did come, of an evening, while she sat alone in the dull little parlour, when the children were in bed. Never in all her former life had she known habitual solitude. In childhood, although her father was a good deal away from home, paying visits or yachting with friends, she was never lonely, for she knew every man, woman, and child about her Irish home, and there was her old nurse, Mauriade, to keep her company, and tell her legends and fairy tales, and stories of the greatness in former days of the O'Kellys, for all that now they had not enough land for the grazing of a sputterick (snipe); and before they left Ireland, Mrs. O'Kelly and the children had come into her life. If she had been in her old home, these long summer evenings would have been spent out of doors, and in Cornwall they could have sat in their garden, while twilight came over the sea, and the moon rose and shone on the stretch of sand below, bounded on either side by low hills, with a little stream glittering as it wound through it down to the sea, where the white surf of the Atlantic broke on the bar, and over the black jagged reefs. Here she was glad to draw down the blind and shut out the blank wall on which the window looked.

Sometimes she had to go out to one or other of her two patients, and was not back until past ten, quite ready for bed, but on other evenings she sat up, studying the children's lesson books, or supplementing Phyllis's industrious needle as best she could, now finding that she had put in a pair of sleeves wrong way before, now that her running was so far less straight than that of her little sister that there was nothing for it but to pick it all out, which was not cheering; or she would struggle with her accounts, trying to see how it was she had spent a shilling or two more than she had expected, and calculating anxiously how she could save enough to buy Una new boots and herself gloves, and wondering why what Phyllis wore lasted twice as long as anything that she and Una had, and looked neat to the last.

Such preoccupation was not natural or wholesome for a girl barely twenty-two, but in truth Kathleen needed change of thought and the companionship of her contemporaries a great deal more than did the children, about whom she was so solicitous. As Mrs. Palmer said to herself, she had too heavy a handful. There was something pathetic in the way in which Kathleen tried to recollect and carry out everything which Mrs. O'Kelly had wished or planned for her children. Sometimes, while she lived, Kathleen, in her youthful self-confidence, had believed that she knew much the better of the two what would be good for Una and Phyllis. She did not think so now. If Una looked pale, or Phyllis unhappy over her lessons, Kathleen would think with a quick heart pang, "Oh, if mamma were here." This no doubt partly proceeded from the strain which she had gone through in the last two years, for she was anything but naturally nervous or apprehensive, but besides the ever-increasing trouble of Mrs. O'Kelly's illness, money difficulties had become more and more oppressive; bills of which they had known nothing showered upon them, and threatening letters from creditors; and all this was complicated by trembling fears for the husband and father, so dear to both, that no trouble was so unendurable as having no news of him. With what longing both thought of that handsome, indolent countenance, the lazy, pleasant voice, with its Irish accent—that accent which Kathleen had just a touch of at ordinary times, and which grew more marked in proportion as she was moved or eager, and the charm of manner which made even strangers find it delightful to gratify a wish of his. Was he alive or dead? Ah, dead too truly, Kathleen would think, since he sent no word to those who loved him so well, and it wrung her heart to think that she knew nothing of how or where he died. There was no more trace of him than of a stone dropped into the sea.

Kathleen, like her father in some ways, differed from him entirely in this, that it would not have seemed possible to her that the mere fact of absence should put anyone she loved out of her mind, whereas with Captain O'Kelly, though very affectionate while with his family and friends, once away and in other scenes, new interests filled his mind, and they were no longer necessary to him, though when they met he would be as warmly affectionate as ever. Kathleen could not imagine such a state of things, and therefore she always miscalculated how her father would feel and act. It was certain that if he did return, she would welcome him with all her heart, and believe whatever explanation he chose to give for absence and silence.

The day following that on which Lady Dacre arrived was a Sunday. Kathleen was roused early by the wild barking of the toy terrier, distracted by the parrot whistling and calling his name in a jeering and offensive manner. Next, the voice of his mistress was audible, scolding both, and calling her maid to separate them, after which there was an interval of peace; but Kathleen, thoroughly awakened, soon rose, glad to see the sun shining, for a wet Sunday, with week-day occupation put aside, rather taxed even her resources how to interest and employ two young children, while a fine one was a happy time to them all. Mrs. O'Kelly had always tried to make it so, and Kathleen sought, as far as possible, to do the same. The children considered it the best day in the week; they had Kathleen with them and at leisure. She took them to a short service in the morning, and to one expressly for children in the afternoon; let them walk on the pier, which was free on Sunday, otherwise, when pennies were so few, she would not have felt justified in doing it; heard their hymns, and gave them a little Bible lesson. Sometimes Mrs. Palmer would have them to tea in her sitting-room, and give them cake and biscuits; and though neither child cared particularly for dainties, their usual very plain fare made this a little event.

Kathleen did not at all dislike a solitary tea once in a way; she was sometimes tired enough to be glad not to have to talk, though, fortunately for them all, her health was good, and if she were in her usual high spirits, nothing seemed to hurt her.

She sat at the bedroom window, glad that at least from this one there was a view, and looked out at the lovely sky, the earth all fresh and green and dewy, the fields on a hill-side, where the plough had newly broken up the red ground, and at the sea, rippling into a network of blue wavelets under a west wind. Everything looked fair and peaceful and Sabbath-like; the birds were hopping in the garden below, seeking their breakfast fearlessly, knowing perfectly well that no one was yet about or stirring; sea-gulls were fishing on a black reef left bare by the ebb tide; pale little cloudlets were floating out to sea, drifted by the wind. In a small harbour further up the coast was anchored a little fleet of fishing-boats with tan sails, which had come in late on the Saturday evening. "'Sweet day! so calm, so cool, so bright,'" murmured Kathleen. She had imbibed her stepmother's love of George Herbert. She sat there, peaceful and undisturbed, and thought over the Bible lesson which she would by-and-by give the children, who were still asleep, and enjoyed the freshness of the morning and the tranquil hour which she owed to that unlikely person, Lady Dacre.

It was a pleasant beginning of the day. Presently the children woke, and exclaimed at seeing Kathleen already dressed, and sitting at the open window. By-and-by they all came down to breakfast, and the little ones learned their hymns, and they went into the garden till it was time to get ready for church.

As they were coming out of their parlour, the tall figure of Lady Dacre

descended the stairs. Kathleen drew back, detaining the little ones. If Lady Dacre had no desire to come in contact with her, the feeling was quite mutual, but she could not help glancing a little curiously at Mrs. Palmer's new lodger. What she saw was a tall, distinguished-looking person, with a good deal of colour on her cheeks, brilliant black eyes, and jet black hair; her enemies said she dyed it, but this was pure calumny. An undeniably handsome and striking woman.

Lady Dacre was well aware of the little group pausing at their door, and perhaps was a trifle curious too, though she did not turn her eyes towards them. As she swept on, she chanced to drop her handkerchief in the hall; Una, always ready to make acquaintance with a stranger, and eager to have a nearer look at the lady whose voice had struck her so much, ran forward and returned it. Lady Dacre liked anything pretty extremely, and Una was very pretty. Her face relaxed, and she returned Una's smile with a very pleasant one.

"Thank you, little woman!" she said, kindly. "Why, what a perfect rose you have there!"

She was secretly thinking how like a young rosebud the child herself was. Una had fastened one of Dr. Netley's flowers in her frock. She took it out immediately.

"Will you have it, please?" she said, putting it into Lady Dacre's hand, and then ran back, as pink as her rose, to Kathleen.

Lady Dacre got into her carriage and drove off to church. She chanced to pass the little party later in the morning, just as they were mounting a hill on their return home, and therefore walked slowly, as did her horses, which did not like the steep hills of St. Petrox at all, any more than did their coachman. She got a good look unobserved at her fellow lodgers. Kathleen was walking between the children, giving a hand to each, and smiling as they chattered to her. She looked up for an instant as the carriage passed by, then straight before her.

"True Irish beauty; I should like to have that girl's portrait," thought Lady Dacre, involuntarily. She heard and saw nothing of them for the rest of the day, which she found rather a long one, in spite of a nap in the afternoon. Being, in fact, very dependent on society, though she chose to think it bored her, and just now out of reach of her home interests, she felt the time hang heavy. She wrote to her husband, of whom she was really very fond, though she plagued his life out, walked about her drawing-room, talked to her parrot, looked at the view, and finally rang for afternoon tea. Mrs. Palmer brought it upstairs herself, and took a seat, at Lady Dacre's bidding.

"The place looked very empty to-day, Morris; half the seats in church with nobody in them; not a soul I knew."

"It mostly is empty at this time of year, my lady. You have only been here in winter before. People will be coming in a couple of months."

"Everybody I should have liked to see, of course. But I don't care; I came here to be at peace, and see nobody. Mind you don't allow my name to get into the list of arrivals in the local paper. I won't have people bothering me with calls; I mean to see nobody but my godson."

"Very well, my lady. If your ladyship should feel better in a week or so, you might like to see a friend or two."

"There are no such things as friends, Morris. A friend merely means a person who has had the run of the house, so to say, and therefore knows all the weak places, and exactly where to get in to do mischief."

"Dear me, my lady, that's a hard thing to say."

"Absolute truth, Morris. You know very well that no enemy could do me so much harm as you, because you were my confidential maid for eight years, and know all about me. I saw your Miss O'Kelly to-day," she added, with one of the abrupt changes of subject to which Mrs. Palmer had grown accustomed.

"Did you, my lady?"

"Have I not just told you that I did? And she is a beautiful girl; but, all the same, I will not have her worm herself into my acquaintance, as I am certain she will try to do. It is a mercy Sir John is not here; he would lose his heart on the spot. I always heard that Captain O'Kelly was a very handsome man. What was the brother like that came here?—did you not say he came here for the funeral?"

"The day after, my lady. He could not get away before."

"Then who made *all* the arrangements? You do not mean that girl had no one to help her? Did no one come down at such a time?"

"No one at all, my lady. It did seem sadly lonely for Miss O'Kelly."

"Most extraordinary! Well, and the brother?"

"He seemed a very staid sort of gentleman, speaking in a formal kind of way, and a great deal older than his sister; but I *hardly saw him.*"

"I can't understand what it all means. As I said, I don't choose to be mixed up with them, or else I should not mind having that little one about me—what is her name?—the fair one with large eyes, not the brown child; I don't care about her; she is commonplace compared to her sister."

"I expect it is little Miss Una you mean, my lady."

"Una! a Leigh name. That child will be a beauty one day. What has become of them? I have not heard a sound all the afternoon in the house."

"I took the liberty of packing up their tea, and advising them to carry it out into the country, my lady. It is such a fine afternoon; and Miss Una being delicate, the more she is out of doors the better, and they greatly enjoy a meal out of doors; especially since their rooms are small."

Lady Dacre pushed her cup away.

"There, take the tray, Morris. I am glad you had the sense to bring it yourself instead of sending William. You ruined my comfort when you left me. Did you send him with my note to my godson?"

"I did, my lady; and I think that is Dr. Netley coming upstairs."

Mrs. Palmer was right: it was the rapid step of Dr. Netley which she heard, coming to Lady Dacre's drawing-room.

"My dear boy, now this is good of you!" she exclaimed, starting up in a glow of pleasure. "I did not in the least expect you could come so soon."

Mrs. Palmer retired, satisfied that for the present her lodger wanted nothing more than she had *got*. Dr. Netley was the one person who, in her eyes, could do no wrong; though she did not spare him any more than others.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Cooking Class.

"I am sorry," said she, "your sister is not here, Mr. Blunt."

"She didn't feel quite well," replied Mr. Blunt. "She went to the cooking school this morning, and you know after the girls get through they have to eat what they've made."

Well Provided For.—The lace part of the trousseau of Madame the eldest daughter of Louis XV., who reigned in France from 1715 till 1774, cost £25,000. Five thousand pounds' worth of lace, linen, etc., was a common item of a trousseau of a lady in those days.

The Happy Heart.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
  Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass—
  Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.
Landor.

Marvels for Young Folks. — To suppress the marvellous in the life of a child is to set at nought the laws of nature. A child lives quite naturally in what are really supernatural conditions, for all within him is wonderful, and all without must at first sight appear wonderful also.—*George Sand.*

The Restless Mind.

A little girl was told by her nurse that if she did not think so much by day she would dream less by night.

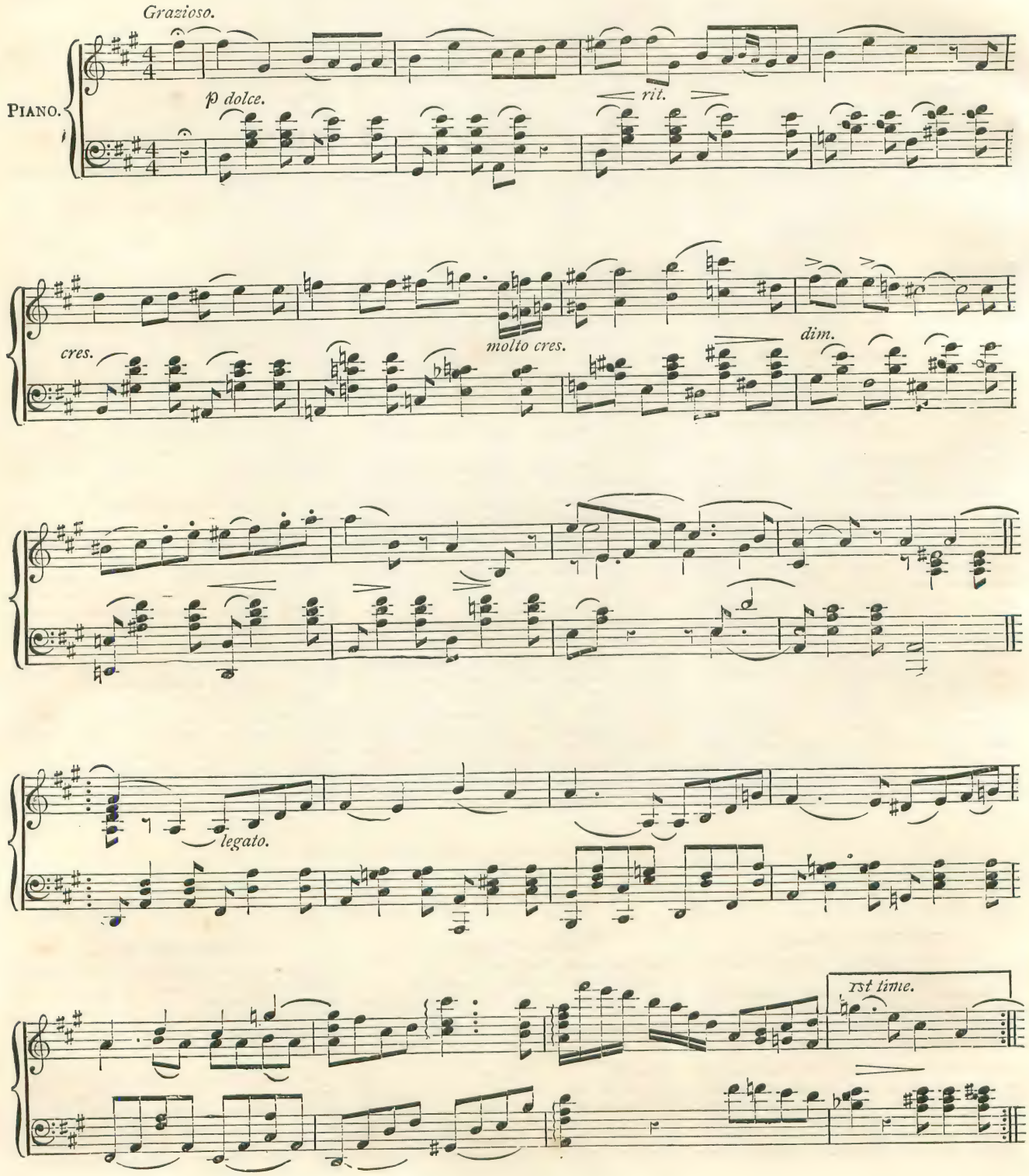
"But I can't help thinking," she said, and added pathetically, "I can't make my mind sit down."

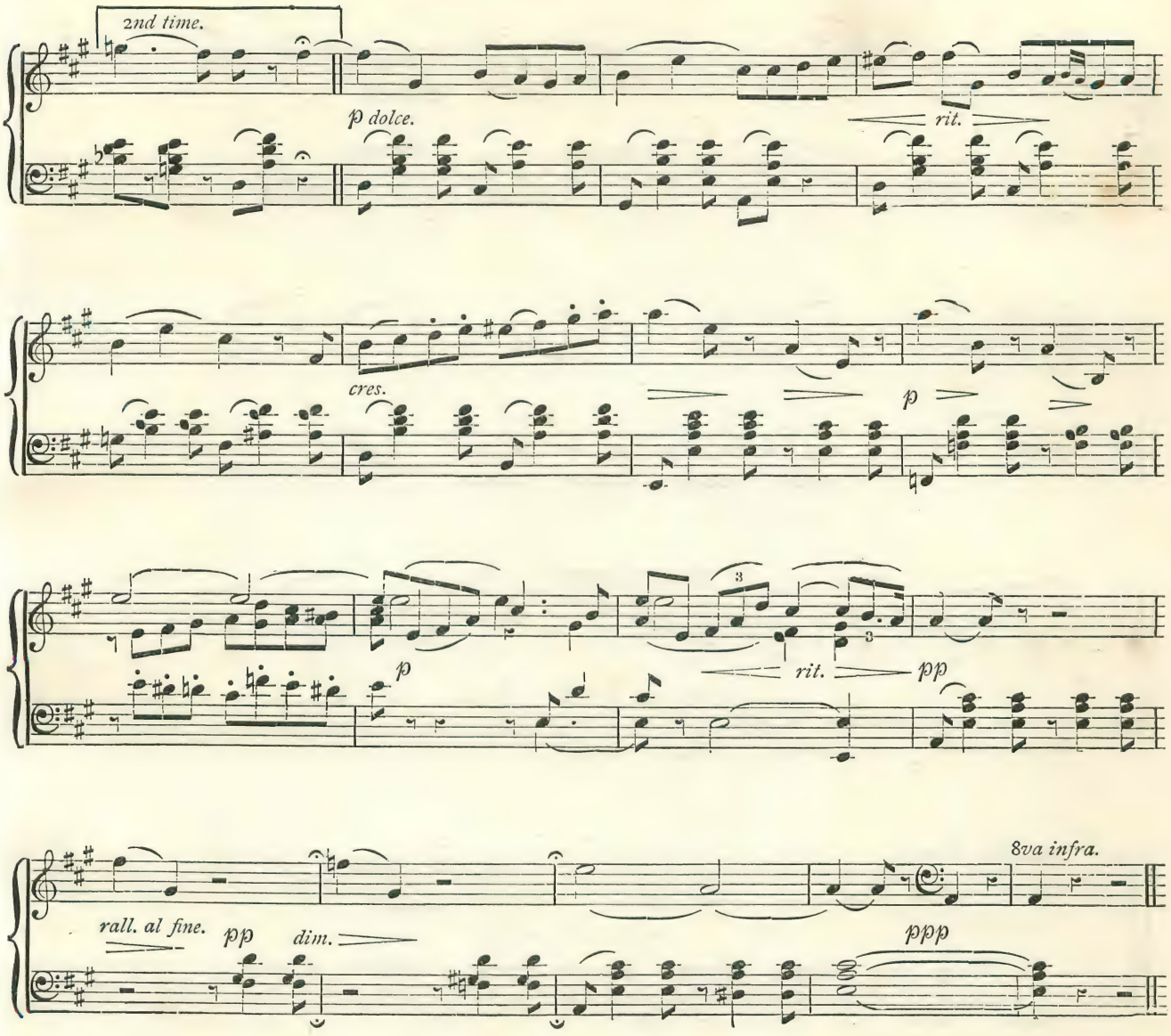
On the Pathway to Heaven.—Let not anyone be querulous even in pain; let her not injure another, in deed or in thought; let her not utter a word by which her fellow-creatures may suffer uneasiness, since that will obstruct her own progress to beatitude.—*From the Sanscrit.*

THREE "ALBUM LEAVES."

By MYLES B. FOSTER,
Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

'SOLITUDE.'

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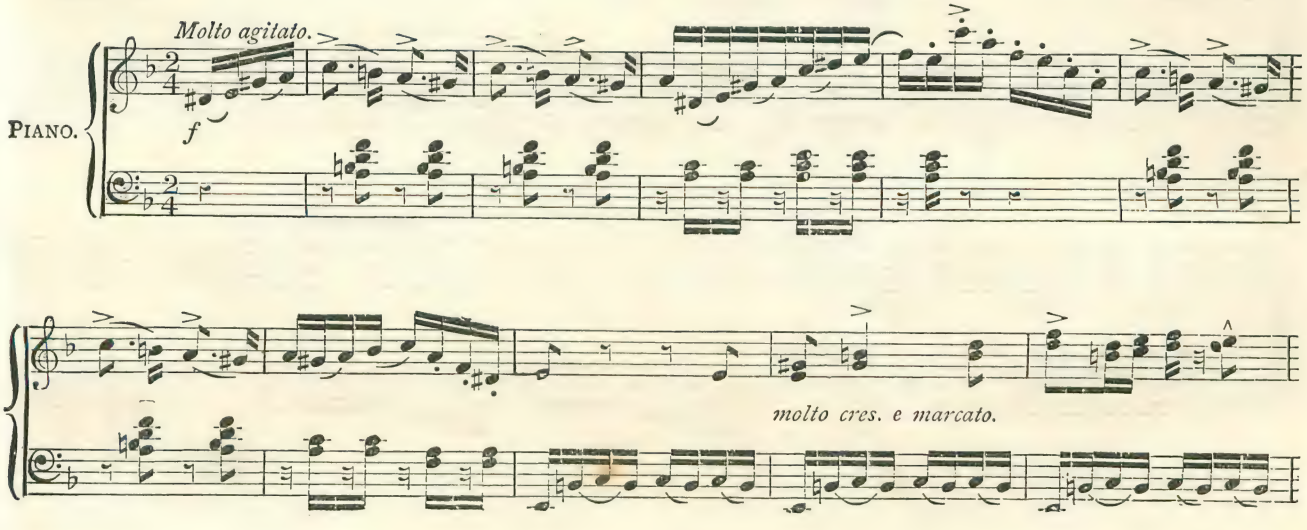
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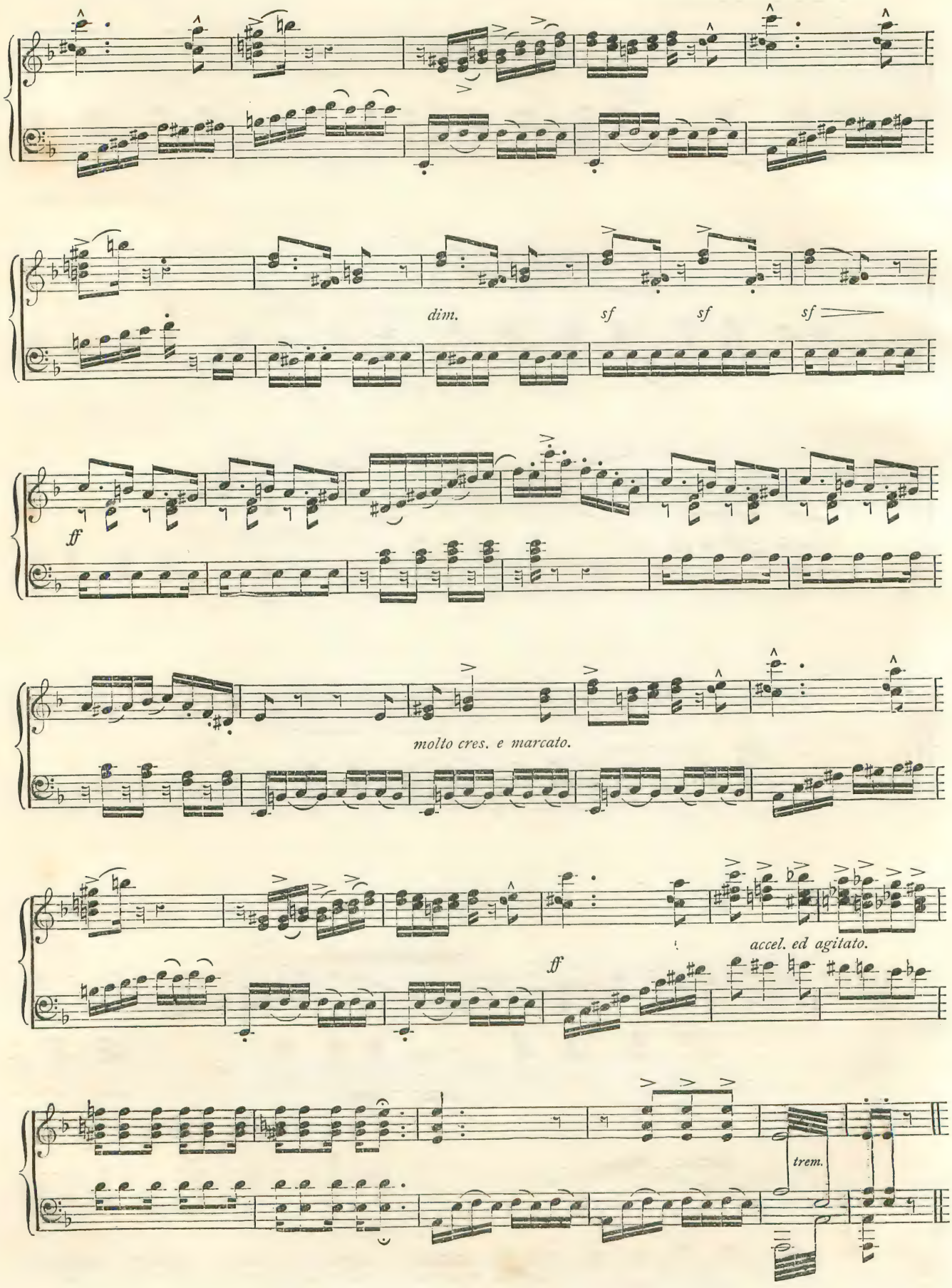
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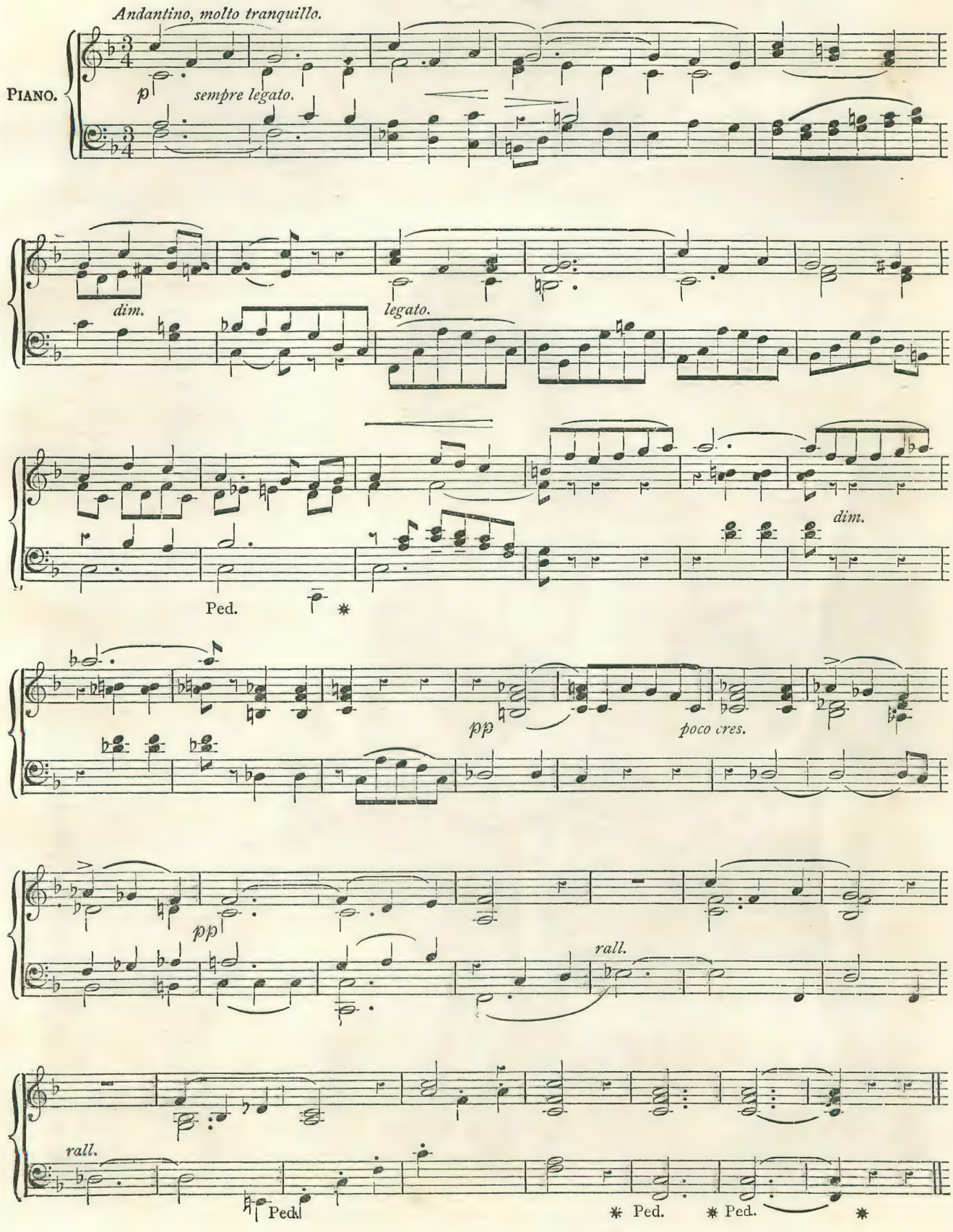
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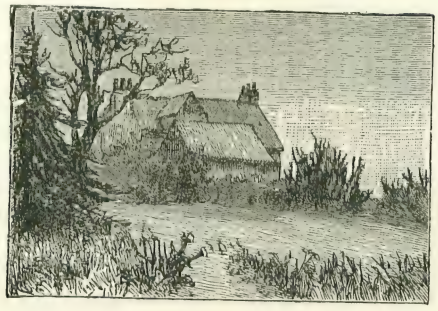
"AND MAKES THE READER GLAD, AND BRINGS
A TENDER SMILE INTO HER FACE."

A LETTER FROM AFAR.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

BESIDE the fire a lassie reads
A letter from a far-off land,
That tells of hardships bravely borne,
Of many a glowing prospect planned;
And through it all this keynote runs
That gives each sentence such sweet grace,
And makes the reader glad, and brings
A tender smile into her face:
"It's eh, my love! and ah, my love!
Across the seas we work and roam!
But it's ah, my love! and oh, my love,
For sweetheart and for home!
For sweetheart and for home!"

What matter winter's piercing cold?
What matter summer's scorching rays?
What matter hours of constant toil?
What matter lonely nights and days?
Each hour the homestead seems to grow
More like the home left far away;
Each hour brings nearer parted hearts,
And soon there'll be no need to say:
"It's eh, my love! and ah, my love!
Across the seas we work and roam!
But it's ah, my love! and oh, my love,
For sweetheart and for home!
For sweetheart and for home!"



HOME HINTS IN ILLNESS.

IT is very often a matter of considerable difficulty in the absence of a skilled nurse for the female members of a family to know what is exactly the right thing to be done in certain circumstances. Of course we know that this must in the future become less and less the case, for so many of our girls nowadays deem it an essential and necessary part of their education to undergo, as a hospital probationer, that exact course of discipline and training which is the one thing from without necessary to develop ability within. The following suggestions may be relied on, and acted upon with advantage; they are taken chiefly from "Suggestions by the Society of Medical Officers of Health," and as such are valuable and thoroughly trustworthy.

General Rules in the Management of Epidemics or Contagious Diseases.

(1.) It is generally desirable, nay necessary, that the person afflicted with illness of this particular sort should be "isolated," *i.e.*, should be separated from the other inmates of the house, and sent to a room, preferably on the top floor, and should have, if possible, the whole of that top floor confined to his own and his attendant's uses.

(2.) All hangings, such as bed and other curtains, all carpets, and any articles of dress in wardrobes or chests of drawers, should be removed, as also should any unnecessary articles of furniture.

(3.) As to the admission of fresh air into the room, the room should be well ventilated, the chimney communication should be free, and the windows partly open; if the weather be not too hot, or if the room be large enough, a fire should be kept burning, as that ensures a more or less free passage of air through the room, besides adding to patient's and nurse's comfort. The floor should be sprinkled with disinfectant each day and cleansed.

(4.) The door is to be kept closed, and a sheet, which is kept damp with a disinfectant solution, such as Condy's fluid, carbolic acid, or chloride of lime, should be hung outside so as to cover up every crevice.

(5.) Everything that the patient has handled or used and finished with, such as food, drink, etc., should be plunged into disinfectant solution before being emptied away.

(6.) Pieces of lint, etc., used for wiping the mouth must be burnt at once.

(7.) All articles, such as spoons, cups, and glasses, used by the patient should be washed in a disinfectant after use, and then washed in hot water.

(8.) No food left over by the patient must be touched by anyone else; it must be put into the disinfectant and thrown away.

(9.) All linen, whether of bed or body, after use should be placed in a disinfectant solution in the room itself, *i.e.*, before leaving it. When they have been in this for at least an hour they should be boiled in water.

(10.) It is highly important that the body and the bed of the patient should be kept scrupulously clean, and if scales or crusts form on the skin during the disease, it should be smeared daily with oil.

(11.) Those in attendance as nurses should, if possible, have had the disease from which the patient is suffering. They should frequently cleanse their hands in some antiseptic solution such as Condy's fluid, and should use carbolic acid soap; they should wear washable dresses, preferably of cotton, and should avoid inhaling the breath or any emanations from his body. They must leave the patient's room with all due precautions against meeting other members of the family.

(12.) Visitors must only be allowed with strict precautions; it is better to forbid them altogether.

Having acted on these suggestions, and followed the advice of a medical man as to detailed treatment, our patient will, in all probability, have been safely tided over his illness. Now fresh duties arise. The patient must have fresh clothes, and must have a disinfecting bath before he can rejoin the anxious members of his family. The room in which he has been confined cannot be spared, and is required for general use again. Surely, to use it again straight away would be in the highest degree dangerous; it must be disinfected and cleansed, and that is best done in the following way:—

To Disinfect a Room.—Spread out and hang upon lines all articles of clothing or bedding, well close the fireplace, windows, and all openings, then take from a quarter to half a pound of brimstone, broken in small pieces; put it into an iron dish, supported over a pail of water, and set fire to it by putting some live coals on it, then close the door, stopping all crevices, and allow the room to remain shut up for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time the room should be freely ventilated by opening doors, windows, and fireplace; the ceiling should be whitewashed, the paper stripped from the walls and burnt, and the furniture and all wood and painted work washed with soap and water containing a little chloride of lime. Beds, mattresses, and

those articles which cannot well be washed, should, if possible, be submitted to a heat of between 210 to 250 degrees (Fahrenheit), for two hours or more in a disinfecting chamber.

The following disinfecting fluids may be found of service :—

(1.) Sulphate of iron, one pound; water, one gallon.

(2.) Chloride of lime, one pound; water, one gallon.

(3.) Carbolic acid (No. 4), five ounces; water, one gallon.

(4.) Condy's red fluid, one part; water, fifty parts.

(5.) Condy's green fluid, one part; water, thirty parts.

When the disinfection is to be carried out in connection with fevers, chloride of lime, Condy's fluid, or carbolic acid are the best substances. If linen is being disinfected, chloride of lime cannot be used on account of its corroding the texture. Condy's fluid is in this case the best thing to be used.

It may, some day or other, fall to the lot of any one of our girl-readers to be asked by the doctor to make and apply a poultice to some afflicted member of her family. The doctor will probably say, "Just let him have such-and-such a poultice." She will look extremely silly and feel very uncomfortable if she cannot make a poultice and has to ask for particulars about a thing that should be familiar to her in her domestic economy. I therefore append an account of how to make the more common forms of poultices and other hot applications.

Poultices are generally made of linseed meal, mustard, or bread; linseed, besides being used separately, is sometimes used in combination.

Linseed Poultices.—Boil, not merely warm, your water, and with some of it heat a basin; having heated it, pour out the water and pour in fresh boiling water, into this sprinkle the meal, stirring the whole time with a large knife, until the whole thing is of the consistency of porridge. Have by your side a strip of linen or tow of the size required, into this turn out the mixture rapidly, and spread about one-eighth to a quarter of an inch thick, and smear the surface with a little olive oil, to prevent sticking; turn in the edges to prevent escape of moisture; fold, and take it to the bedside.

To Apply.—The poultice should be covered with a layer of cotton wool and fixed on with a flannel bandage, and should be changed, if applied to the chest as a continuous poultice, every four hours. Care should be exercised in seeing that the patient gets no chill in the changing of the poultices, the new one being quite ready to go on before the old one is taken off. Never put on a poultice which is uncomfortably hot to the patient, as one may in this way blister the skin. If a poultice of greater pungency be needed, mustard may be added in the proportion to the meal of 1-2 or 1-1, as required.

Mustard Poultices, Mustard Plasters, or Sinapisms.—These may be mixed in a similar manner to the foregoing, hot or cold water being used, and the mustard being spread on brown paper. A thin fold of muslin is laid over the mustard, and the edges of the paper are turned over. When the plaster is removed, the part should be covered either by cotton or a piece of soft linen, such as a handkerchief. The reason the muslin covering is used is to prevent particles of mustard remaining on the skin of the patient.

Bread Poultices.—Cut a piece of bread which should have no crust, and place it in a cup; over this pour boiling water, let it stand a short while, then drain the excess of water; place the poultice in a piece of muslin, then apply as in the case of linseed. Cold bread poultices are made in a similar way, cold water being used. Olive oil may be spread on these poultices to keep them moist and prevent them sticking, but if this oil be not to hand lard may be used.

Although poultices have a greater power of retaining heat, a much cleaner and more elegant method of applying warmth is the so-called hot fomentation or hot compress. The following is the method of preparing such a fomentation :—

Articles Required.—A flannel bandage, a large piece of cotton wool, a piece of oil silk, a double thickness of flannel a little smaller than the oil silk.

Method of Preparation and Application.—Take a basin, and over it place a towel; into the towel lay your flannel, and pour boiling water over it; wring thoroughly out. Apply to the part affected. Cover the flannel with oil silk, and on this place the cotton wool. Bandage lightly. It is important that the oil silk should overlap the flannel at all points to prevent evaporation.

Turpentine Stripes. — These are special fomentations used in severe cases of bronchitis, etc. They are made in the same way as other fomentations, but in addition a little turpentine is sprinkled on the flannel.

Turpentine Application for the Throat.—Hot applications to the throat often leave an ugly red mark for some time. A useful application is the following: Grease the front of the throat with vaseline, and then lay on for a few minutes a piece of linen with a little turpentine on it. Remove the linen, and wear a layer of cotton wool on the part for the rest of the night.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

FLATS.

In England flats are rare in comparison with the Continent, where it has long been the custom for different families to reside under the same roof. A residence consisting of sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and domestic offices, usually all on one floor of a building, shut in with its own private door, and reached by hall stairs or passages common to the rest of the house, is properly called a "residential flat;" but now many houses are altered slightly, kitchens are built out for the upper floors, or small rooms are converted into kitchens and offices, there is no hall door for each occupant of the rooms, but the different rooms open on to the general landings, thereby often entailing the constant locking of doors, as strangers pass up and down the stairs to go to the other rooms. Suites of rooms adapted in this way as residences are now freqnently advertised as flats; in years gone by they would have been called "unfurnished apartments," which is really what they are, for they certainly cannot boast the advantages of well-constructed flats, where the best arrangements are considered with regard to the rooms, and the best is done by the builder, with concrete and other things, to prevent the tenant in one flat hearing more than can be helped of his neighbour in another, and also to prevent risk of fire as much as possible.

A person who takes a lease of a flat (a proper flat with a hall door) is in the position of a tenant, not of a lodger; but in various respects his tenancy is different from that of a householder in one important one, that is, that if a flat were destroyed by fire, the tenancy would probably be held to be terminated by it, or if it were partially destroyed, a proportionate reduction would be made in rent, whereas if a house is burnt down the tenant has to continue to pay the rent, nor could a landlord recover rent of a flat that was not due at the date of the fire. There is this difference in houses and flats—a householder has a right over the ground on which the house stands, but the leaseholder of a flat has no right over the ground below it, so when the building is burnt there is nothing left for him to hold as tenant. It is well, to save possible litigation, to have definite stipulations in the lease with regard to the liability in case of fire; in fact, it is necessary for both landlord and tenant to be careful as to all the terms of a lease; it is necessary for both parties to be protected. A landlord should certainly be more careful as to what tenants he takes for flats than for houses, as one resident may interfere a great deal with the comfort of another.

As a rule, all external repairs are done by the landlord. It is necessary for the tenant of the top floor to stipulate that the landlord should keep the roof and chimneys in order, and the tenant in the basement should have it understood who was to keep areas, etc., clean and in order. All rights as to the use of cellars, lumber room, lifts, or other things should be mentioned in agreement.

For the general health and comfort of the house, each tenant should be bound to keep all pipes, sinks, etc., clean in his residence, and to protect them from frost; not to use the rooms otherwise than as a private house; not to obstruct or leave anything on a staircase, or to allow those belonging to him to loiter there.

Some landlords insert a very wise clause in their leases with regard to the keeping of

benzoline or any inflammable substances on the premises.

People liking to keep pet animals should make special inquiries before taking a flat, as in the majority, dogs, cats, and birds are objected to.

The landlord pays all the rates and taxes, including water rate, but notwithstanding that the landlord has agreed to pay water rate, the occupier is really liable to the water company, so it is well to have the agreement so framed that in the event of the tenant being obliged to pay the rate, he can recover it from his landlord. With regard to gas, there are separate metres supplied by the companies for each set of rooms, so that each tenant pays for what he consumes. Ordinarily, the landlord supplies hall and staircase lights; sometimes there is a small extra charge for these made to the lessee of each flat.

Beyond the covenants in the agreement, there are often rules and regulations made by the landlord relating to tradesmen's use of staircase, to the use of the lifts, the closing of the front door, the removal of rubbish, notices in windows or doors, etc., which rules tenants must agree to conform to.

There is usually a porter, who is also the doorkeeper; he is the servant of the landlord, who engages, dismisses, and pays him; it is his duty to be in attendance himself, or by some competent assistant, to receive parcels, letters, or messages, to answer outer door; to prevent tramps or undesirable people entering; to clean hall stairs, etc., before a fixed hour in the morning; to attend to the lighting and extinguishing of gas (gas is generally turned off at eleven, unless left on all night); to receive complaints in the absence of the landlord, and to see that the rules are observed, reporting non-observance to his master. He also collects letters from the general box and posts them at regular hours; he shows unlet rooms, takes charge of tenants' keys when required; attends to the daily supply of coals to each tenant. In some tenements all the coals are kept in basement cellars, each tenant having his own cellar (this is, I think, always the arrangement in high-rented flats); then the porter sends up the coals, but in other flats the tenants are provided with coal bunks in the kitchen; these hold from half to one ton of coals.

It is usual for the porter to have a duplicate key of the entrance door of each set of rooms, so that in case of necessity he can enter them; but he is only entitled to use the keys for an emergency. Where people leave their rooms empty this is very necessary in case of any accidents, such as a burst waterpipe, an overflow of a cistern, or other things that might cause damage to the remainder of the tenement.

In taking a flat, as in an unfurnished house, there is no implied warranty that it is fit for occupation, so it should be carefully looked at, also the state of the approach to it, and landlords should agree to keep stairway, etc., in order; he is not bound to do so without, though in most cases he would be liable to an action for damages for any hurt to his tenants, or those coming to see them, or coming to the house on business, caused by his neglect to keep steps, general hall, passages, or staircase in proper order.

A tenant is liable for damage done, if caused by his negligence, as, for instance, a bath overflowing from the tap being left turned on, or like carelessness.

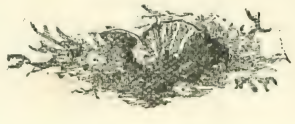
As to the relative advantages of houses and flats, there is much that may be said for and against each. Some people find the latter more economical, but I think in the majority of cases they are more expensive, when one considers the amount of accommodation. One of the arguments most frequently brought forward is that fewer servants are required, but from what I hear from many who reside in flats, servants are one of the difficulties. I was making a call the other day on a friend, a quiet, middle-aged lady, renting a small but very comfortable flat; she told me she found it impossible to get any servants to stay more than a few months with her, and really I was not surprised; I felt that were I in the position it would require a great deal to tempt me to stay more than a few weeks. The flat is at the top of the building. My friend's rooms are pretty, and there is a pleasant view from the windows. She pays £120 per annum rent, lives alone, with one servant only, very frequently dining out. The kitchen and servant's bedroom both look out on to a wall faced with white glazed bricks to reflect the light; the aspect of the two rooms is north, so the servant has not even the sun to cheer her when it shines. The mistress orders what is required at the shops; there is a lift that brings everything up, so she never has a chance of even saying good morning to the butcher or baker save through the speaking tube. Then there is a bunk in the kitchen which holds a ton of coals, so it is not necessary for the porter to come for the purpose of replenishing the scuttles. Thus the servant when indoors is completely isolated. She goes for a walk one evening a week, and to church once on Sunday; her mistress is a great reader, and does not encourage her to talk, because she says it is no quieter for her maid than for herself, quite forgetting the difference between voluntary and enforced retirement—one means quiet, the other extreme dulness. It put me in mind of a lively girl who once told me that she had the day before come from the north of Scotland alone: that no one spoke in the railway carriage, and at last, when she got past York, she could bear the silence no longer, so she put her head out of the window and talked to the fields!

On the Continent, where flats are more usual, servants are allowed more liberty; there is not the same feeling that there must always be a servant in the house when people keep but one, as there is with us.

Another disadvantage in many places where there are lifts is that there is no necessity for going up the stairs. I daresay many will exclaim, "Oh, that is the advantage," but for people in health it is not so; we get a good deal of healthy exercise in moving about a house, which I am quite certain the young and strong must miss when they live on one floor, nor do they make up for it by living on a fourth floor, where there is no lift, and having a number of stairs to go up, when already fatigued with walking; it is the occasional up and down that is beneficial. I was much amused a short time ago to see a lady working an exercise machine, the motion of which somewhat resembled going upstairs; she said she was recommended to use it for a certain time twice a day (she resides in a flat). I suppose had she been told to run up and downstairs she would have been indignant. Of course there is nothing better than flats for the infirm or for those whose health prevents their leading active lives. Flats are, as a rule, warmer than houses; the absence of a staircase in the dwelling makes a difference in this respect; those who like plenty of air are apt to feel small flats close and stuffy. I often think of a flat in the Luxembourg in Paris, where I used to spend many afternoons years ago; it was not a large one, but over the mantelpieces of the dining, drawing, and morning rooms there were large sheets of plate glass (the chimneys went up at the side), so that when in either room you saw right over the other two. The effect was pretty, and it gave a feeling of space, while each room maintained its own temperature; but I do not think any English family would tolerate such an arrangement. I think we should never feel as if we were in a private house, for a visitor going into one room of necessity saw what was going on in the others, and yet my French friends never seemed to think that anyone could dislike what they thought so charming. Flats, too, have many advantages for people living alone; there is a feeling of protection. And again where there are only two or three in family, a flat may be had in a much better locality for a moderate rent than a small house. I have been in flats at all sorts of rent, varying from £400 a year to 12s. 6d. a week (top floor and basement 10s. 6d. a week). The latter consisted of two bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen, with a private hall door. They let as quickly as they are finished, so I suppose they are liked. I was told by the caretaker that the tenants were almost all women. As the accommodation is good for the price, these small flats will doubtless prove a boon to many people with such small incomes that they cannot afford to take houses and pay taxes as well as rent; but in some I have seen, the number of people gossiping in the passages and on the stairs would prevent people of the better class living in them. Whether this is always the case in small, low-rented flats (I am not speaking of model lodging-houses, which are for another class of people) I do not know, but for general comfort strict rules are certainly needed, where a number of residences are under one roof.

There are some things, such as lighting, heating, materials for cleaning, etc., that are much economised in flats, but against this one has to put the small space for storing. In most flats the cupboard accommodation is so small that it seems to me one could only have things in in very small quantities; as to such luxuries as home-made jam or pickles, I do not think they would be possible. In some flats there is no cool place for meat; but where the kitchen is to the north a small crane can often be fixed outside beside the kitchen window on which a good meat safe can be hung; this is a very great convenience. Naturally as flats become more usual, other things will fit themselves to them, and we shall, no doubt, have greengrocers making up little bundles of vegetables for soups or for stews suited to the wants of one or two persons, for one making of soup, as the market women do in Paris, instead of having to buy, as at present, each thing separately and more than one requires of each, with no place to keep the remainder; and the same with some other things. In conclusion, I would remark that as regards stamping agreements, whether for furnished or unfurnished flats, the law is the same as for furnished or unfurnished houses, and that what applies to furnished houses applies equally to furnished flats, but that before letting a flat the agreement must be referred to, as some landlords insert a special clause on the subject, and it is then necessary to get his permission before accepting a tenant.

(*To be continued.*)



FISHERMAN BEN.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN, B.A.

CHAPTER I.

IN the little Devonshire fisher-town of Seaton the names of Ben Rowe and Bess Mills had always been coupled together. As tiny children, he and she had played on the quay, on the steps leading down to the harbour, in the very boats nestling in the harbour; or they had scrambled over the rocks, now searching for shells, now for seaweed, now finding a crab, now peering into a fairy-pool. They were sufficient unto themselves: he to protect and watch over her, she to accept his boyish care and love, and give him in return her girlish confidence and affection. When they were tired of playing about, they sat amongst the nets on the quay, their legs dangling over the quayside. They peered into the green sea below. They laughed to see the great waves; they loved to see the white foam. They were not afraid of the sea, for they were true fisher-children; and the fisher folk know no fear.

"Where's Ben?" asked his father sometimes.

"I reckon Ben be where Bess be," his mother would answer.

"Where's wee Bess?" asked her father, when he missed the child.

"Step over to Rowe's and learn where Ben be," her mother would answer, "and then ye'll know where Bess be."

"Ah, that's true enough," John Mills would answer, as he lit his clay pipe. "But what's to be done when Ben goes with the herring boats? Will our Bess go too, and help draw in the nets, or hold the lanterns for us men?"

"Time enough to think of that when they're grown," suggested Mrs. Mills.

Meanwhile they played about, and strangers coming to the fisher-village sometimes expressed their fears lest any of the children romping so heedlessly on the quay might fall over into the sea. But one grim old salt always took it upon himself to calm their fears. He left off mending his nets, and smiled pityingly at these ignorant foreigners—such was the name bestowed by the folk of Seaton on all people who were not Seaton born and bred—a goodly number too, for Seaton could only boast of 500 inhabitants, fish and all included!

"Ah, sure, the sea'll have nought of the boy yonder till he be a grown man," said the old salt, pointing by chance to Ben. "And 'taint the woman's part to be took by the sea. Her must grow up and marry her man, and grieve for he when the sea won't give him back to she. That's her part." Then in a more cheerful strain he added, "But don't ye take on for the children. They be safe enough. Us fishermen, mending our nets hard by, are proper good nurses, and we've eyes all over our heads. So us can mind the little ones; and the mothers up aloft in the village know that sure."

So, in spite of visitors' natural fears and forebodings, no harm ever came to the fisher children of Seaton; no harm ever came to Ben and Bess. They grew up strong and fair and brave—companions still. Only Bess had learned to love the sea less, because she had learnt that it was cruel and ruthless; because she missed well-loved friends, and asking for them, was told that the sea had claimed them—always the sea; because Ben went out with the boats, and there was danger for him now as well as for the men. Therefore she could not but love the sea less.

But it was only the old story: age brings knowledge, and knowledge brings sorrow. Still, there are none of us who would not rather grow up and learn more of life, more of love, more of work, more of human ends and aims, even though the lesson be a hard one, full of difficult passages written in a strange language.

So, beautiful, fair-haired Bess Mills grew up to know these things. When the winds rose high and the fishing boats were still at sea, she took her place down on the quay, together with the other women, all in readiness to welcome the fishermen safely to harbour again. But her anxiety was all forgotten when she heard her father's cheery voice and felt the grasp of Ben's strong hand.

"Safe home again, Bess," he would cry. And then, to tease her, he would add, "We've cheated the sea again, Bess. And the sea's mighty angry."

Then they trudged up the steep, cobbled, winding street, which was the one street of which the village nestling on the cliff could boast. And never a stormy night passed but Bess was on the quay to welcome Ben—companions still. And no one thought it strange that she should be there; for although no formal words had passed between them, and no vows had been exchanged, in lovers' fashion, yet now, as before in their childhood, their names were coupled together, and Ben implied Bess, and Bess implied Ben. And sometimes when Ben's father asked where Ben might be, the mother would make the same answer she had made fifteen years ago and more—

"I reckon Ben be where Bess be."

Only now they did not scramble over the rocks, searching for shells or crabs, or seaweed or fairy-pools. They leaned against the wall of the quay, still sufficient unto themselves, she knitting perhaps, he smoking his pipe, and looking out on the expanse of sea.

What is it that these fishermen see? What is it that they think of as they stand and smoke, and stare into the distance? Nay, I know not; I have often wondered. Perhaps you will smile, and say they think of herrings and mackerel and fishing nets and lobster pots, and fine cod and foul weather. Perhaps they do. But I, being fantastical and foolish, like to imagine that other thoughts than these cross their minds—thoughts of and longings after the boundless Good and the boundless Beautiful and the boundless Noble, all symbolised in the boundless ocean.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no proper accommodation for visitors at Seaton. Seaton was a fishing-place, not a watering-place; its position and the manner of its make fortunately prevented it from becoming other than it now was and always had been—a quaint, old-world village, with dear, old-world codes of honour and simplicity, dying out elsewhere, but still vigorous and healthful in Seaton, and good for many long years of life.

But visitors came all the same; they came and went. Some few lingered and found their pleasure in the beautiful country round about, and in free and frank intercourse with the fisher-folk themselves. The few who lingered came again and yet again, for to know Seaton well is to love Seaton well, and to respect and honour its brave strong men and its tall, straight women, and its fair-haired, healthy children.

Everyone noticed beautiful Bess Mills, who helped to wait at the inn. Even ladies owned that she was beautiful, and that meant a great deal. Many things were said of her and to her, and she told them all to Ben, laughing heartily the while.

"Ah, honey," he answered, "I'm not clever at saying grand things, but I feel them. They're all here, inside of this blue jersey you've knitted for me."

"Of course they be, Ben," she answered. "Don't I know that?"

And then Ben went off fishing, proud of his Bess, proud that folk should like her, proud that they should find her beautiful, proud that they should think her laughter music. Why, of course, it was music. Did he not hear it when he was at sea? Did it not seem to follow his boat, the *Storm Queen*, over each wave, through each gust of wind?

But that was last year. This August, things had not been well with Ben and the *Storm Queen*.

There was a stranger lodging opposite the inn. He was called Professor Davidson. People said he was clever, and others said he was mad. He certainly wrote books, but that did not altogether prove him to be mad or even clever. But something else proved him to be clever, for he had succeeded in making himself agreeable to Bess Mills, and she was known to be hard to please—no man had ever pleased her except Ben. The professor was old enough to be her father; he was short and shrivelled, and he had iron grey hair. He wore smoked eyeglasses. He looked exactly like a man who had theories. There is no mistaking a man who has theories. He had a grave and courteous manner which charmed his landlady into fits of delight. He had a way of paying his bill which made her ashamed that she had ever presented it to him. I believe she cherished the envelope in which he wrapped the money far more than the money itself. He read her passages from his favourite authors; she did not understand them, but she thought them very beautiful. He gave her no trouble, and she was sorry for that. Once, by mistake, she fried his fish instead of boiling it—she could have cried her eyes out. But he had a mind above boiled or fried fish! If he had been a philosopher or a poet, perhaps he would have been more touchy; but then, you see, he was only a professor, and professors do not belong to the irritable race of bards.

Two or three days after his arrival in Seaton he spoke to Bess Mills in a way which completely took her fancy.

He held his soft felt hat in his hand whilst he addressed her.

"If your mind is as beautiful as your face, Miss Mills, your mind must be very beautiful. I should like to know it."

"You're very good, sir," she answered, half confused. And in her confusion she dropped from her hands the pudding dish she was carrying to the inn.

"We have smashed the pudding dish," he remarked, contemplating the fragments with indifference. "Never mind, let us take up the threads of our conversation. We were talking of your face and your mind, and I was saying that to judge from your face you ought to have a beautiful mind."

There was nothing light or jesting in his manner, and his words were not unpleasing. There was a soothing charm in his voice. Bess felt the charm.

"I am only an ignorart fisherwoman's daughter, sir," she answered, quietly.

"That may be," he answered, smiling gravely. "Beautiful minds are not confined to what people are pleased to call the upper classes. Do you read?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, eagerly: "I am fond of reading."

"So am I," he answered almost as eagerly. "I must lend you some books which are not to be found in the village library. Good morning to you. But stay! I had forgotten the pudding dish. Kindly conduct me where I can buy another one. And if there was a pudding inside, my landlady will, I am sure, supply the deficiency."

So Professor Davidson and beautiful Bess Mills went together to buy the pudding dish; and this was the beginning of their strange acquaintance.

From that day Bess changed towards Ben. Ben noticed the change, and knew the cause, but he did not speak of it to anyone, except to the *Storm Queen;* but he told the *Storm Queen* as she rode over the waves. There was a rent in Ben's heart, and there was a rent in the *Storm Queen's* tan-red sail. The tan-red sail could be mended, but a torn human heart—what could be done with that?

And yet when his comrades said to him, "Ben, lad, what's come over Bess? What's come over she? She be always a-reading or a-learning or a-writing. One might think she be a schoolgirl, 'stead of a grown lass," Ben answered cheerily—

"Well, lads, a little learning won't hurt no one. Bess was always one for the books, and clever with them, too."

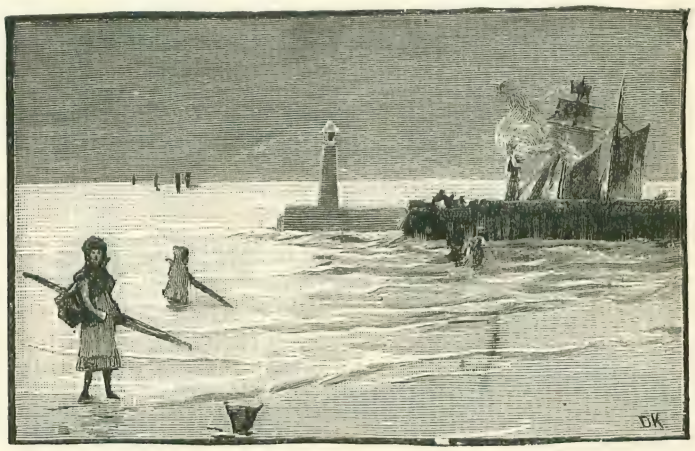
He spoke cheerily, but firmly, and they dare say no more to him; but they said amongst themselves—

"Ben don't see that Bess be sweet on the professor, and he on she; or, maybe, he don't care either way."

They did not know what was in his heart. All they knew was that Ben's voice sang out lustily and loudly when he and the other men grasped the rope of a boat, and pulled her on to the beach, with the usual cry of—

"Heave-ho, heave-ho!"

(To be continued.)



WORK, WAIT, WIN:

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

THE Cartwrights often urged me to go to Lint Hall during Miss Flint's absence.

"All the old things are in it, and just where they used to be. Your cousin has made no alterations, and does not seem to care enough about the place to make any. I keep the furniture as it was, for I know the spot for every chair, just as it stood in your father's time. You have not much chance on week days, but you could come on Sundays, now and again. Wouldn't you like to play on your mamma's piano?" asked Jane.

"I should think it must be terribly out of tune," I replied. "I should have little pleasure in using it."

"You are mistaken, Mr. John. It is in first-rate order. Miss Flint had it seen to when she was last at the Hall. Not tuned only; but there was a man down here from the maker's place in London, and he spent three whole days on it, and said he left it almost as good as new. I had the strictest orders to keep the drawing-room aired, and have regular fires, so that the piano might not suffer."

This information astonished me, and I asked if Miss Flint ever used the instrument herself.

"Not she. But it is singular that being so very particular, she is no dog-in-the-manger about that piano. She actually left the key with me, and said, 'If any old friend of yours comes here and would like to give you a tune to cheer you up, Jane, you are welcome to let them. It will do the piano more harm to be always shut up than to be used. Only mind—I don't want your sons or Mary pattering their clumsy fingers over the keys, or any village children. It must be someone who knows how to play that would be welcome to use it.' She might have been sure our boys would never take such a liberty," added Jane; "but you can play, Mr. John."

A strange thought flashed across my mind. Could it be possible that cousin Dorothy thought of my going to Lint Hall, that she was less hard than she

seemed, and wished her orphan kinsman to have an unlooked-for pleasure.

"You see, Mr. John, you could play on the piano without getting me into any trouble," persisted Jane. "I wish you would come."

"Did Miss Flint say that she wished me to come to the Hall?"

"No, Mr. John. She never named you either to me or Cartwright, good, bad, or indifferent."

"Then I cannot cross the threshold of Lint Hall. I can never go there by stealth, or by the invitation of any person but its present mistress. If Miss Flint had wished me to go she would have said so; though why she spent so much on the piano is a mystery to me."

"She was fond of your mother, Mr. John. You can remember that much, though the master and she got across sadly. Dear, dear; when the mistress died she grieved as if she had been her own sister. And she got the most beautiful mourning, the best crape that money could buy, and never wore it after the first week."

"How was that?" I asked, though I recollected almost immediately that Mrs. Burford had told me the reason.

"Your cousin was going abroad with Miss Watkin, and she decided that all the expensive crape would be ruined by packing and exposure to the weather. She said to me, 'It would be a perfect sin, my dear, to spoil what has cost so much; and I never would have bought it but out of affection for the dear woman who is gone. She had as much sense in her little finger as her husband carries in his whole body. What will become of him I don't know, except that he will go to the bad in some way. I hate the putting on of black. It is often a sign of anything but sorrow. I can mourn quite as honestly without crape as with it, and as I am going where nobody will know that I have lost a friend, I will leave mine behind.' And she did," said Mrs. Burford. "By the time she came back to England, the period for wearing it was over, and all the things which had cost so much would be stowed away to mildew and get old-fashioned, and be useless to Miss Flint and everyone else. I do say that, for a miserly woman, Dorothy Flint does the queerest things, and is often penny wise and pound foolish."

Mrs. Burford did not know everything, and no amount of searching would have discovered those mourning garments still in Miss Flint's wardrobe. I knew long afterwards that they had been given away to one who needed, but could not buy such articles.

I persevered in my determination, and did not visit Lint Hall during her absence; but Jabez and Betsy went, and the Cartwrights came to the cottage. I learned that cousin Dorothy was spending her Christmas in Germany, and, though I was not told this, I had a strong suspicion that she and Nelly Burford were not far apart during that festive season. She visited the Hall in the spring for a short time, and spent a few weeks there in summer also, but that was when the Burford family were away from home. As Nelly had predicted, she was not allowed to come home for her long holidays, but passed them at a seaside place far away from Oakhill. I must not hope to see her again until the two years should come to an end. I could only wait patiently, and trust that the sweet, frank nature of the girl would remain unchanged, and I cheered myself by recalling her own written words.

All things considered, I was well treated by my employers, who had advanced my salary from time to time until, after three years' service, I had forty-five pounds per annum. This, added to the interest of my five hundred, made me feel quite rich.

I had persevered in living economically, and had paid Miss Flint's principal and interest to the last farthing. This done, I began to save money, though I could not, nor did I wish to, limit my expenses to the very small amount at first allotted to them. Still, I always felt glad that the resolution to pay that fifty pounds got me into the way of doing without many little things which I should once have considered necessary.

I had enjoyed wonderfully good health, to which my simple, regular habits and occupation no doubt contributed. I now persisted in paying the Harwoods four shillings a week, contrary to their wishes, but I was sure they needed and merited the additional sum.

I had been above a year at Oakhill Station when Nelly Burford went to Germany, and the time fixed for her return had nearly arrived. I was looking forward to it with mingled hope and fear, for Nelly would now be quite a grown-up young lady of eighteen and a half. There was, as I have already said, just a year between us, but the girl would be really older in many ways than the youth whose age was so little in advance of her own.

I had heard less about Nelly for some time past, Miss Flint, and her friend, Miss Watkin, having been for several months almost as far from the girl as she was from Oakhill.

I heard of the elder ladies from Jane Cartwright, who was ever expressing her surprise that people of Miss Flint's time of life could take pleasure in going from place to place, like tramps, and looking very little better than such, when they had good homes to shelter them.

"And the stuff they do talk," said Jane. "Miss Flint might have been at the Tower of Babel, and got hold of the different languages, she knows such a lot. If you believe me, Mr. John, the last time our lady was at Lint Hall, there was an organ-grinder with a monkey in front of the dining-room window. 'Be off,' says I; 'you'll get nothing here; for we don't encourage vagabonds about the place.' Actually, out stepped Miss Flint, all for contradiction, and gave the man a shilling, and talked to him in a foreign tongue, and the soft fellow cried like a baby, and seized hold of her hand and kissed it! Would you believe it, now?"

"I should hardly have expected it of Miss Flint," I said, "but I can quite understand the poor fellow's gladness at hearing his own language in a foreign land. You would be the same yourself."

"You don't call England a foreign land, I hope," replied Jane. "It was the man that was foreign." And I had some difficulty in making her realise that I was right in saying that England was a strange country to the poor wanderer.

"Ah, well! there are folks that could stay at home and will not, and there are some that would come and are not to be allowed. There is Miss Nelly Burford. She would like to come home, I've no doubt; but she is to be kept away another year."

I started, and felt my face go hot as I heard this news. It gave me a great shock, for I had been so longing to look once more on the dear face of my girl-friend, and counting the days that must pass before she would be again settled in my neighbourhood.

I glanced at Jane Cartwright to see if she were noticing my heightened colour; but she appeared to be intently watching the gambols of Betsy Harwood's pet cat and her kitten.

Betsy asked the question I was longing to put.

"Are you sure about Miss Nelly stopping another year away?"

"Certain. You know I have had all the fine laundry work from Mrs. Burford's for a good while past. There being no family at the Hall, I have time to do it, and I can have Mary at home too to help. The girl could get a good place, but we have enough work for both, with the washing and the Hall to look after, and she is my only daughter, so I am glad to keep her with me.

"Well, I was in Mrs. Burford's kitchen, waiting, and the cook said to me, 'I thought you would have had another young lady's fine things to do, and I told you so last week, but I am wrong. Our Miss Ellen is not to come home yet.'

"'How is that?' I asked.

"'Between ourselves,' said cook, 'the master wants her, but the mistress doesn't, and Miss Burford doesn't. Miss Nelly is the flower, and Miss Rose has got a wrong name, except for the thorns, and she has plenty of them. She is as proud and stuck up as you like. She'd almost run over a poor body before she'd speak to her, as if she was made of better stuff. As to us servants, she gives us ten times the work Miss Nelly did. Not a finger will she lift for herself if she can get anybody else to do it. She thinks it is not becoming to a lady to make herself useful. Now, Miss Nelly was always trying how she could save trouble instead of giving it. She had a pleasant smile for every one, and if she could give nothing else, she gave a kind word. Everybody loves her and wants her back; and I believe it is just because of that she is to be kept away—and her full eighteen years old.

"'Miss Rose thinks she is such a beauty, and that her sister is nothing to look at; and yet she is as jealous of her as can be, because everybody likes her. The mistress can see no wrong in her eldest daughter, so Miss Rose gets her

way with her mother, and Mrs. Burford will have hers with her husband; poor gentleman, he gives in for peace and quietness. Now you know all about it."

"I say it is a shame," added Jane Cartwright; "but we all know what Mrs. Burford is."

I did only too well, and I realised that even in the matter of his own child's presence or absence the father's will would go for nothing.

I had concluded for some little while past that I must not hope for any further advance of salary whilst I remained at Oakhill Station. If my position were to be bettered it must be by removal, and for this I was not anxious, for it would have meant leaving behind me every friend I had in the world. None of these were rich or great people, but they had been true to me in my time of trouble, and treated me with such hearty kindness as I could never forget. Yet I was wholly cut off from those who used to be frequent guests at my father's table, some of them seeming even to forget that the railway clerk had ever been in a higher position.

I saw Mr. Burford less frequently now that I had paid cousin Dorothy, though I still went to his office twice a year for the interest of my own capital. He always asked kindly enough about my concerns, and was glad to hear of my prosperity. But he said nothing about his own family, and did not ask me why I never inquired after its younger members. Even the old joke, which used to be never omitted, about my buying back Lint Hall, seemed to have faded from his memory.

As I left his office on July 26th, I thought to myself, "Mr. Burford is like all the rest of those who called my father friend. In a *little* while I shall be just the clerk at the station, to whom, in the way of business, he pays a certain amount of interest. He never thinks of me now, as once—Jack Simpson of Lint Hall."

I did my true friend injustice. He did not forget, but he was a good deal harassed at the time by domestic and professional matters. It was not long after these bitter thoughts crossed my mind that I was thoroughly ashamed of having ever doubted Mr. Burford's good will towards me.

I have said that Mr. Edelston, the station-master at Oakhill, was a very kindly man, who had treated me with great consideration, done his utmost to make me acquainted with all that could be of use to me in my situation, and never lost an opportunity of saying a good word for me to those in authority.

Just after my last call at Mr. Burford's office, Mr. Edelston received a notice that in a month he would be removed to a much better post.

The news was very welcome. He was married, and his increasing family made his income appear very small in proportion to his needs. I rejoiced with him when he came to me, letter in hand, to tell me of his good fortune. My only regret was at the thought of losing him, and I told him so.

"And I am only sorry to think that a stranger may be placed over you," he said. "If only the company would let you slip into my shoes and bring a youth under you, I should be content. You are quite equal to the work, and you are so careful and correct."

"But I am so young," said I. "Thanks to you, the duties are mere A B C work to me, but I am not of age, you know."

"Companies never lose a chance of saving if it can be done safely. You would not begin with my salary; but if they started you, say at sixty pounds a year, and gave a lad such as you were at first the same that you began with, both amounts would be less than I get now; and the station-master has house, fire, and lights in addition."

"None of which I want," said I. "I would rather be at the cottage."

"True; but somebody else would like these along with his present place. Pritchard wants to get married; but there is no house to be had."

Pritchard was over the goods department; and it struck me at once that he was more likely to be Mr. Edelston's successor than myself, and I said so.

"He would not take my post. He is better off where he is. Only he would be glad of the station house, and an arrangement might be made to suit everybody if only the directors could be induced to see things properly."

"That is, as we do," I replied, with a laugh. "But matters seldom arrange themselves so delightfully."

"Mr. Burford has *plenty of influence*, and his father is a director, though he does not now attend many meetings. Still, his word would go a long way."

"I shall not ask either of the gentlemen to speak for me," I said. "They did it once, but I could not bear to trouble them again on my account."

Mr. Edelston did not press me further, but quietly did for me far more than I would or could have done for myself. He saw both the lawyer and his father, and laid the whole case before them. He showed that not only would such an arrangement benefit me, but it would satisfy Pritchard, be a saving to the company, and give me a prospect of a further increase of salary without removing me from Oakhill.

"Mr. John Simpson is a high principled young man, with a good business head on his shoulders," pleaded the station-master. "He is well up in the work and has it at his finger ends. When I was laid by for weeks not a thing went wrong, not a halfpenny was he incorrect in his daily balances. No stranger could do better—few so well as he. He would most likely want some one to be security for a larger amount than at present; but surely some old friend of his father's would——"

Mr. Randal Burford did not wait for the station-master to finish his sentence.

"There would be no difficulty about that, even if Jack had nothing of his own. I shall be only too glad to be his surety and to a far greater amount than will be required. If my father were here he would say the same, and his best efforts may be relied on. I hope young Simpson will get the place."

Mr. Edelston was well satisfied with the result of the interview, and still more so when matters were arranged exactly in accordance with his wishes on my behalf. The plan commended itself to the directors from every point of view, but they were just a little more generous than I expected, for they increased my salary to sixty-five pounds a year, with a promise of another advance at the six months' end should I continue to give satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. B. (Alloa).—The records of executions in almost all European countries are dreadful to look back upon, for men and women, as well as children, seem to have been killed for the slightest of reasons. In the reign of Henry VIII. 300 beggars were executed for soliciting help and charity; and in this reign alone 72,000 thieves and rogues were either hanged or beheaded—about 2,000 people a year. It seems almost impossible as one reads it, and we can hardly believe in such cruel severity in a Christian country. The "right of sanctuary" was taken away in this reign from all persons guilty of high treason, and many sanctuaries were abolished; the only places retaining the privilege were cathedrals, parish churches, hospitals, including some cities also. The institution of "sanctuary" existed in England before the reign of Alfred in 887, and may be said to date from 693. There exists much difference of opinion on the subject of capital executions. In most countries where they have been abolished they have been restored again. But they grow less and less in number in all countries each year. In England the average number in the year is said to be fourteen only.

Josephine.—The origin of the term "sterling," as applied to money, seems doubtful. The three methods of throwing light on the question are as follows. According to Wedgwood, "sterling" was the original name of our English "penny"—the standard coin of the realm; but others maintain that it had reference to the little star or "starling" which appears on the money. According to Camden money coined in Germany was much in use in the reign of Richard I., and was designated "Easterling Monie," the inhabitants of those parts being called "Easterlings." Camden continues to relate that some of these Germans "being skilful in mint matters and alloies, were sent for into this realme to bring the coins to perfection, which since that time was called of them 'sterling' for 'Easterling.'" Moreover, in the reign of Richard I. it was usual to stipulate that payment should be made in "munnie easterling." Subsequently the term was applied to all English money. Lastly, the origin of the word has been attributed to the coinage carried on at Stirling Castle, *temp.* Edward I.

Cora Forest.—Dip the black lace in some black tea, which will clean it and restore the colour also. Then roll it round a bottle, laying it smoothly round it till dry. Some people iron it, however, with a cool iron. We should think the transparent hats too cool and unseasonable for the late autumn, and a felt one would be better for you.

Cafley.—1. We suppose that nervousness prevents your praying aloud when asked to do so at your Christian Band meetings. But you need not be unhappy about it, as it shows no lack of respect nor love to the Lord Jesus: and perhaps your life is speaking very loudly, and your example and general conduct are doing Him daily honour. The great thing is to live Christ-like lives, after all, so that all men may know we are His disciples. 2. We should advise you to give your teacher (who is going to be a missionary) some useful present which will be a

comfort, and useful, as well as an affectionate, reminder. To her a work-basket well fitted up, or a writing case, might be very acceptable. You could find out from her family the things she most requires, or whether she would prefer the money to be laid out in books of any kind.

A DISTRICT VISITOR.—There are charities connected with various trades as well as of professions—almshouses and annuities. You should ascertain whether the poor elderly woman in whom you are interested has any claim to seek relief through her father. You give us no information on this point. In any case it is very difficult to get into any charitable institution, as it is usually effected by means of election, and the number of votes is enormous, consequent on the great demand for such asylums.

BURDENED ONE has no real cause to feel so despairing on account of the recurrence of "wicked thoughts" which she so sorrowfully repudiates. St. Paul says of such causes of trouble—"So then, it is not I that do it;" for these thoughts that you deprecate and would drive away are instilled into your mind by the Evil One or his evil angels; and even were they entirely your own, remember that sin repented of, steadfastly striven against and prayed against, is sin forgiven, and no longer laid to our charge by Him who "bore our sins and carried our sorrows." This is a time of warfare—rest and peace hereafter.

KATHLEEN.—Although we decline to reply to queries on the long worn-out subjects of the hair and complexion, we must warn you of employing dyes for grey hair. Attend to your general health, try to cure or prevent headaches, and use some strengthening as well as cleansing wash for your hair. Experience alone can guide you as to the proper selection. The same wash does not suit all persons alike. You should use rain water, or soften it with a little bran; and when washing your face be careful to remove all remains of the soap employed. A little glycerine and water applied afterwards before drying it suits some people; for others a little vaseline well rubbed in at night after washing suits better.

AJAX.—You do not appear to have chosen a very descriptive name. An Ajax of your description would not have been immortalised by the illustrious Homer. The troubles of which you complain appear to be the result of some delicacy of the constitution; and not knowing you personally, nor your habits of life and surroundings, we are not in a position to judge of what is amiss and the means of cure.

M. E. D.—Your letter afforded us very much pleasure, and you have our best wishes and thanks. If of sufficient age, and with your parents' approval, we think you had better consult your clergyman on an appointment to parish work, in the schools especially, or to one of the Deaconesses' institutions, and place your services at their disposal. Do you feel inclined to go out under the auspices of one of the Zenana Mission societies? You might be qualified by one of them to teach Indian children.

BABY MAY.—We cannot always find an origin for "slang" terms. They are apparently arbitrary in many cases. In the case of designating a shilling a "bob," Brewer says that it is a corruption of the term "bawbee," which was originally applied to a debased copper coin issued in the time of James VI. of Scotland. However, it is said that there are no less than ten "slang" words employed by low vulgar persons to denote a shilling; and the term "tizzie," for a sixpenny piece, is one of such amongst seventeen. We cannot claim to be acquainted with these vocabularies ourselves.

PERPLEXITY might advertise for a situation as "mother's help." But in this case she should be expert with her needle, and have a little varied experience enabling her to turn her hands to anything in the household work. We are glad that our paper has been such a comfort to you. A removal to the east or south-eastern coast of England, or to a farm-house in some bracing, well elevated place, would be likely to restore your health.

BETH should read our article by "Medicus," or our many "Answers" on the subject of the care of the teeth. Powdered chalk used alternately with Castile soap will do no harm to them, you may feel assured.

PURPLE COLUMBINE.—Your verses are pretty, but very incorrect in two respects. You have not made the length of each line correspond with that of its fellow respectively; and the emphasis does not fall regularly in its due place; in one line it falls on the first word or syllable, in its fellow line on the second. Count the feet on your fingers as you read each line, and you will see the irregularities.

ALICE M.—We scarcely understand your question. Coupled with your allusion to "the winter months," we suppose that the irritability of skin has to do with its special sensibility to pain, liability to and excoriation from severe weather and hard water. Use bran in the water in which you wash, dry thoroughly afterwards, and use an ointment of beeswax and oil well rubbed in on going to bed. We are glad that so many of our answers to others suit your own case, and inform you on questions you desired to ask.

E. F.—We regret that we cannot encourage your attempt to write in verse, much as we sympathise with you in the feelings you express.

WHITE DAISY.—Were your chairs of oak, or even walnut, we should advise the use of beeswax and turpentine melted together to the consistence of butter, and well rubbed in with a hard brush. But as they are of rosewood we should send them to an upholsterer's. Perhaps the use of good French polish might destroy the vermin and fill the holes.

A. B. C.—Refer to our recently given "Answers," and you will find a long and special notice with reference to safely conducted passages for young emigrant girls, and addresses for all who desire more information as to personal qualification and chances of finding engagements in Australia.

INTENDING EMIGRANT.—We see little chance of your obtaining a situation as governess in Canada. Middle-aged, active women, as trained nurses or working housekeepers, would have a better chance. Trained nurses, speaking French and German, would be likely to find situations in Switzerland, where they are scarce. There is a field open (we believe) for a good "cleaner and dyer" in Malta, where no such is at present to be found; the getting up and repair of lace being also included in the work of the establishment. Anyone, however, who may be attracted by this suggestion should bear in mind the extreme heat of the summer season, which to some persons would prove an insurmountable bar to the enterprise.

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.—Try a little salts of lemon to get the ink spots out of the carpet. The best medium for ordinary cleaning of a carpet is ox-gall. We have already given the recipe for making *pot-pourri*.

JENNIE.—We thank you for telling us that a strong solution of liquid mustard applied to linen will effectually remove ink stains.

ROSE.—Why do you not procure a book on gardening for every month? They are to be had at little cost. As to the extermination of weeds on gravel walks it is scarcely possible. But you may do much to prevent their invasion. The fine gravel should, in the first instance, be laid on a foundation of hard stones covered with marl, well rolled in before the gravel is laid on. Such walks kept rolled and relieved of any weeds on their first appearance before going to seed will be as clean as any skill could make them, and give very little trouble. But gravel walks are rarely so well made; and cure, rather than prevention, is what you desire. In this case we can only advise you to boil some salt—one pound to the gallon of water; and when boiling pour it into a watering-pot, and water the gravel (through a rose). If thoroughly done, you may rid the walk both of weeds and worms for, probably, a couple of years. You will be able to judge yourself when a repetition of the bath would be desirable. Beware, however, not to encroach on the grass borders or on the garden mould. There is also another expedient. Procure some carbolic acid, mix it in about fifteen times its amount of water in a bucket, select a sunny day, and water (with a rose).

ALLIE and W. R.—You have only to apply to your Bible to read the earliest records of the payment and institution of tithes. Abraham paid them to the High Priest Melchisedek B.C. 1913, which is the first record of such payments having been made, but the Levitical law strictly commanded their payment B.C. 1490. The early Christians paid them as a matter of conscience; but later on, A.D. 585, the Council of Mâcon enforced them by ecclesiastical law. In our own country, Ethelbert, King of Kent, instituted them about the year A.D. 600, calling them "God's fee;" and we find that allusion is made to them, as being legally allocated to the service of the clergy, and thus to Divine worship, in the provision of the means of grace in the canons of Egbert, Archbishop of York, A.D. 750, and in the ordinances of the Council of Celchyth, A.D. 787. Thus this ancient institution carried out the injunctions of St. Paul, who said that it was only just that those who "ministered to the Church in spiritual things" should be ministered to by them "in temporal things." The citizens of London were required to pay two shillings and ninepence in the pound on rent as tithe; and as the Church was endowed with landed property, purchasers of estates have been subsequently made subject to these payments to support the clergy. On August 13th, 1836, the Tithe Commutation Act was passed, regulating the payment by the average prices of wheat, oats, and barley for seven years.

SEA GULL.—We thank you for your kind expressions of approval. When standing on the bridge of one of the great Atlantic mail steamers we were once told that the horizon (on a calm sea) was about seven statute miles distant all round. In consequence of the form of the earth the distance between the spectator and the dip of the horizon must vary according to the eminence from which it is viewed. If the eye were only six feet above the sea level, the distance would be three miles; if ten feet, nearly four.

NURSE.—We could not recommend any climate for a consumptive person suffering from a cough, with more assurance of doing so wisely, as Pisa. But you should procure apartments on the second or, still better, the third floor, and beware of letting your patient remain out of doors later than within a good hour of sunset. Fever would probably be the result, and of this you should beware yourself, as persons in health may be surprised by a serious attack. Food at Pisa is good and cheap.

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WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

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"'SHE HAD A PLEASANT SMILE FOR EVERY ONE.'" (*p.* 158.)

CHAPTER X.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

SOON found out to whom I owed my preferment, and felt deeply grateful to my good friend the station master.

I sent a letter of thanks to Mr. Burford, senior, who lived too far from Oakhill to allow of my calling upon him at once.

When I went to Mr. Randal Burford's office, he grasped my hand with all his old heartiness, and his kind face promptly reflected the gladness that was in mine; but he soon stopped my thanks with the words, "Say no more, Jack. If you only knew how delighted I was at having a chance to serve you, you would understand that the balance of satisfaction is on my side. You have won golden opinions already. Go on as you have begun, and may God bless and prosper you! It is in accordance with His own teaching, that the servant who uses one talent well shall be entrusted with more. I hope you will be found as faithful in a position of greater responsibility as you have already been in lesser matters."

Then my good friend spoke of his family with more freedom than he had done for a long time past, and alluded to the probable extension of Nelly's stay in Germany.

"The child is very happy there, and I do not think she is a bit the worse in any way for her new experiences, whilst in many respects she is greatly improved. But I want her back very badly. Home is not the same without Nelly. I have to submit, however, for mothers seem to claim the right to decide what shall be done with daughters. Rather hard on a father where there are no boys, and his one privilege is to pay the bills for the girls. I think the youngsters should be equally divided when they are all of one sort; or if there is an odd number, give the mother the advantage so far, for peace and quietness sake."

Mr. Burford spoke in a jesting manner, but I was sure that he regretted Nelly's absence from his heart, and that neither his wife nor his elder daughter could fill her place, even if they strove to do so. Which I much doubted.

"I suppose you will have Nelly back for the summer holidays?" I said. "You must miss her sadly."

"I am sorry to say I shall not have her at home for a year to come. Mrs. Burford and Rose will start for the Continent to-morrow. They are to meet Nelly at Cologne, and for six weeks to come they will be vagabonds on the face of the earth. Rose has never yet left her native country, so the three will travel about together till it is time for Nelly to resume her studies. In the meanwhile our house is to undergo a renovating process, at much cost to me of coin and comfort."

"Shall you stay at home all the time?" I asked.

"Not quite. I must see Nelly, and hope to get a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks' change, for I want it rather badly. When here, I shall stay with my father, for my own house would be too uncomfortable with workmen busy from cellar to garret."

"Will Miss Flint travel with Mrs. Burford and the young ladies?" said I.

Mr. Burford went off in a fit of hearty laughter, which for some moments prevented any reply but a shake of the head.

"Excuse me, Jack," said he, at length, "your question brought to my mind so many domestic scenes in which Miss Flint was a prominent figure, that I could not help laughing. Nelly is very fond of your cousin, who has been very good to her; but I do not think Mrs. Burford and Rose would choose her as a travelling companion. They have too much regard for externals to tolerate Miss Flint's 'get up' when on a journey."

I smiled at this; then asked Mr. Burford if he thought Miss Flint was really as hard as she tried to make people think. "I have a notion that she puts on a good deal of the harshness of speech and manner to hide a tenderness of which she is ashamed," I added.

"I like to hear that from you, Jack, for certainly she has lavished no superfluous kindness on you. I have known her do some very generous things, but they seemed to me rather the results of caprice than of any higher principle," replied Mr. Burford.

"Do you think she sent me my piano?" inquired I.

"Certainly not. And I know absolutely nothing of the matter. Thus I reply to a question visible in your looks, but which you hesitate to put into words."

"I cannot imagine who sent it then. I only know that I owe the kind giver more than words can express. After all, I might have guessed it could not be cousin Dorothy, because I believe she wished me to make use of my mother's instrument at the Hall." And I told Mr. Burford what Jane Cartwright had said about the care taken of the piano.

"That seems likely enough; but the fact that Miss Flint acted in this manner renders it less probable that she had anything to do with the bestowal of a new one."

I could not but agree to this. Then, as it was time for me to return to my duties, I again thanked Mr. Burford, and left him.

I had never taken a holiday of any length since my father's death. As I should have less chance of doing so after Mr. Edelston's departure, he advised me to obtain leave of absence at once, and to get a few days at the seaside before my more serious work should begin. I was quite inclined to act upon his suggestion until I heard from Mr. Burford that Nelly was not coming to England till the end of another twelve months.

I had meant to see her, if possible—to see without being seen. Jane Cartwright would have told me where the family were staying, and I should have found some modest shelter in their neighbourhood, and watched and waited for a sight of the dear face that was ever before me, so far as memory was concerned. That face had always told the story of a pure, kind, true heart, and of a faithful friendship that had stood the fiery test of poverty and changed prospects. It told of a nature unconscious of vanity, meanness, and littleness, in every shape.

But memory had now to go back two years for a glimpse of the sweet picture, and though Mr. Burford had cheered me greatly by saying that Nelly was none the worse for her recent experiences, I had an intense longing to judge for myself. I never meant to intrude upon her. I told myself that I would never try to meet my girl friend again unless I could do so on fairly equal terms; with the full consent of her father, and standing in something like my former social position. I could not again be heir to Lint Hall and its acres, but though I had lost these, I had kept my good name and character.

These were days in which men might fight their way upwards from the ranks, and be none the less esteemed because they owed nothing to those who were born before them.

I took no summer holiday, however. The desire for one vanished with the hope of seeing Nelly.

Mr. Edelston went to his new post, and I stepped into his shoes, finding as I stood therein abundant occupation, and in the successor to the office of booking-clerk an hourly trial of patience.

It was, perhaps, well for me that in addition to doing my own work, I had to instruct, and correct the blunders of, one of the most stupid lads ever pushed into an utterly unsuitable place by sheer influence. When this youth, Maurice Gibbs by name, was most trying, I strove to bear in mind all Mr. Edelston's kindness to me when I went, a raw lad, to fill the same situation, and imitated his example in dealing with my sub.

Happily, Gibbs was honest and grateful, and in return for my painstaking, gave me the sort of admiring, devoted affection that a faithful dog renders to his master. When he had been extra stupid, he would say, "I'm an awful trouble to you, Mr. Simpson. I never was clever at anything, but I do my best, and I do want to get to know, you know."

I could not doubt Gibbs' willingness to perform his duties, and in consideration for this, and his straightforwardness, I warded off the consequences of his blunders by doing a great deal of his work in addition to my own.

Mr. Pritchard, with his pretty bride, now occupied the station house, and I, as before, went to and from the cottage daily. He was so glad to have the house, through my giving up my right to it, that he lost no chance of showing his good will. But for his presence at my station during meal times, I should have been almost wholly tied to the spot, as I had no confidence in Gibbs, and could not have left him in sole charge even during my dinner hour. However, we worked most harmoniously together, and I was also made welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard to their fireside. They were quite a staid couple,

having been ten years engaged, and waiting until they could marry prudently. Both were musical, and Mrs. Pritchard's playing and singing were above the average of amateurs, so we had many pleasant evenings, both in their home and at the cottage.

It was during the winter which followed my promotion that a serious trouble came upon me, and from an unexpected source.

Both Mr. Pritchard and I were in the habit of banking daily whatever railway money could be spared.

Still there was always some which had to be left in the booking office, but it was locked up in the safe with the account books.

By this time I had saved a considerable sum, and though I had deposited part of it in Mr. Burford's hands, I was foolish enough to keep about ten or fifteen pounds at the cottage. I never put my own money into the office safe. From the very first I had scrupulously avoided mixing my cash with my employers', though I might well have been excused for putting it in a place of safety, seeing that I had only my writing desk at the cottage.

The safe was pretty large, and divided into two compartments, one of which was used by Mr. Pritchard for his books and cash, the other by me. We had each a key for the outer door, but not for that which enclosed the compartment used by the other.

One evening in mid winter the Pritchards were going by the last train to visit friends who lived a few miles away. He proposed returning in the morning; his wife intended to remain two or three days away.

Before starting, he brought his books and cash as usual, and went towards the safe, which was shut and locked.

"How stupid!" he exclaimed. "I have left the large key at home, but I am not uneasy about that, as it is in a place where no one would think of looking for it. Lend me yours, please, Simpson."

"Have you the key of your door?" I asked.

"Yes, here it is," he replied, holding up the much smaller one which unlocked his compartment. "I will put in my things, fasten up my place, and give you back the large key."

No doubt he meant to do so, but as he was pushing in his books, the train ran into the station and I went to the platform, leaving Gibbs at the window giving tickets.

I placed Mrs. Pritchard in a carriage, and pointed her out to her husband, who jumped in beside her, and away went the train.

I returned to the booking office, where Gibbs was, as usual, puzzling over his ticket money and hoping he had not given too much change.

I glanced towards the safe, and noticing that the outer door was shut, I said to the lad, "Did Mr. Pritchard give you the key?"

"What key, sir?"

"The safe key," I replied, and as I spoke I pulled at the handle and found that the door was locked.

"No, sir; he always puts the key in his pocket. I heard him slam the door and lock it, just as he does other nights when his books are in."

"But it was my key he had. Surely he has not carried it off with him," I exclaimed in some dismay.

I looked about, but no key was there, and I came to the conclusion that, in haste to catch the train, Pritchard had forgotten that he was using my key, and had slipped it into his pocket, as he usually did his own.

"Whatever shall we do with the books and the money?" asked Gibbs, looking helplessly at me.

"The books must be put in the cupboard there. Fortunately, there is not much money."

There was more than I counted on, for I had left out a bag with a good deal of silver in it to meet the probable demand for change. It was pay-night at some works in the neighbourhood, and men going to their homes by train would, many of them, tender gold.

"There will be fifteen pounds, or more," said Gibbs.

A good deal more, thought I, but I did not say so, for obvious reasons.

At this moment I noticed a figure outside the window, and the idea crossed my mind, "whoever is there will have heard what has passed, for Gibbs has not closed the slide, though the ticket-giving is over for to-night."

I was determined to see who was standing there, and I passed noiselessly out and noted a man leaning forward, with his head bent towards the open slide, as if he had been listening. He was dressed in a rough suit, and had a pea jacket of coarse serge; his get-up being generally suggestive of a seafaring life.

I was always observant, and before I spoke to the man, I noticed that from his left hand, which was placed against the wall as a support whilst he leaned forward, the second and third fingers were missing.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked quickly. "There are no more trains to-night."

The man started round, and as he turned, the light from a lamp fell upon him and revealed a countenance which, once seen, I should find it impossible to forget. It was a most unpleasant one, though not absolutely bad, and rendered still more remarkable by a cruel scar which extended across the cheek, and included the right side of the nose and lip. Some terrible injury must have produced it, and the portion of the face across which the scar ran was contracted, and the lip drawn up a little so as to show the teeth below.

The man's large whiskers and beard could do nothing towards hiding the remarkable disfigurement caused by the scar, and at sight of it, I thought to myself, were the owner of that face to commit a crime, escape would be impossible.

In reply to my question, the man said, "I wanted to ask you, master, if there was any chance of my getting a job on the line. I am out of work and getting hard up."

"I cannot give you work," I replied; "and if I could, there is no place vacant."

"Not portering, or anything of that sort? I'm as strong as a castle."

"No; we have all the porters we require, both here and at the goods station."

The man scarcely waited for me to finish these few words, but turned and left the place with a muttered oath. At the same instant an old resident in the neighbourhood came in by another door to inquire for a parcel "left till called for." Gibbs handed it to him, and then having finished what we had to do, I made up the cash, above forty pounds, for I had some more in my own possession besides that left with him, into as small a parcel as possible, and placed it in my breast pocket, buttoned my coat over it, and prepared to go home.

I did not feel easy at having to walk alone with so much cash about me, and should have been glad even of Gibbs' company, but he went in an opposite direction. The night was very dark, and I was full of unwonted fears and fancies, suggested by the memory of that stranger's evil face and abrupt disappearance.

I have seldom felt more glad than I did at hearing the cheery voice of our last caller at the station, who came out of one of the few houses I had to pass on my way home.

"Is that you, Mr. John?" he said. "I have just been leaving the parcel I brought from your place at my daughter's. There were some toys and things for her children in it. I am only sorry they are all asleep, and I cannot see how they will dance with joy over their treasures."

"Would they not keep until your next visit?" I asked.

"They would keep well enough, but I said to their mother, 'Let the darlings have them. Never mind me. No good putting off pleasure where little folks are concerned. Let them have it while they can.' I am glad I called, for now you and I can walk so far together, Mr. John."

"I shall be very glad of your company, Mr. Metcalf," said I, thinking to myself, "Now I am safe. The 'so far' leaves me at home, for my friend's farm lies beyond the cottage."

We went along chatting pleasantly, the farmer delighting to tell me about his children, married and single, all of whom I had known since I could remember anything. He made allusion to the season's dainties; told me I should most likely find a mince pie or two waiting for me, as there had been a pig-killing at his place, and he was sure his missus was always proud to offer me a taste, etc., etc.

I knew the taste would mean a great basketful, for, as I have said before, the old Lint Hall tenants never failed to evince their goodwill in this fashion to "Mr. John," albeit he was now "Jack, the disinherited." I thanked the farmer warmly, sent a message of grateful acknowledgment to Mrs. Metcalf, and, greatly relieved at having brought my cash safely home, I parted with him at the garden gate.

(To be continued.)

PERSIAN SKETCHES.

ALREADY sixteen years have passed away since Nasr-ed-din Shah, the "Shah in Shah" (or king of kings) as he is termed in his own dominions, visited for the first time our English shores; and only a few weeks ago were we told of his arrival in Tehran, having so recently brought his second visit to Europe to a close.

The attraction of western civilisation, and the unwearied energy of other states compared with the general apathy of his own country, have doubtless worked upon the undeniable ambition that characterises the Shah far beyond any former potentate of the Persian throne. These facts, together with the Oriental appreciation of brilliant display and personal admiration, did much, no doubt, to urge him on this last visit. But can those who knew him formerly believe that the courtly Shah of the present day, fêted by monarchs and ministers, surrounded so lately by the rank, wealth, and beauty of every European court, is the same man who with great perseverance strove to initiate himself into the ways and customs of the more civilised world ere he left his capital for the first time? The common method of crouching upon the ground had to be exchanged for the use of a chair, the habit of eating and carving with the finger to give way to the more dignified fashion of knives and forks, and the whole order of living subverted.

The Shah, before undertaking his first journey, thought it advisable to give a series of court dinners at his palace in Tehran, to the heads of departments and to members of the several legations, in order that he might by this means practise and perfect himself in the minor details of civilised life. During these banquets the inmates of the anderun, or harem, made it their custom to peep through a small crack in the partition wall to satisfy their curiosity as to how far His Majesty was progressing in these arts so entirely foreign to his nature.

At the time that the Shah was thus engrossed in assuming European manners, I was invited by a shahradah (or princess) and her sister to breakfast with them in Tehran. The hour fixed was twelve o'clock, and on arriving at the house I was greeted in the outer courtyard by four women servants, and conducted by them to the garden of the anderun, in the centre of which was the usual tank inlaid with turquoise blue tiles; shading the running stream stood rows of gaunt poplar trees, and briars luxuriant with golden blossoms filled the air with their fragrance. Here the princess and her sister rushed out to meet me, and after many affectionate salutations and kisses, led me up a flight of steep stone steps into a long bare room where other guests (all Persians) were assembled, who saluted us courteously as we entered. The walls of this room were decorated with deeply cut plaster scrolls and flowers in white on a ground of pale green; the heavy wooden "ouroosie" (window frame) was carved in old arabesque patterns, and inlaid with coloured glass. On the floor were strewn the richly traced carpets that only Persia can produce, and lying in one corner were cushions and mattresses on which the Persian lady takes her siesta daily.

The princess among her friends was thought a great beauty; her shining rosy face was as round as the full moon; her dress, though costly, hardly adapted to disguise the form of the wearer; a short cashmere jacket, open in front, and showing a clear muslin vest beneath, covered her shoulders; round her hips hung innumerable layers of short skirts, braided in gold, and frilled and puffed like those shown in engravings of a *première danseuse;* on her head was a three-cornered cotton handkerchief surmounted by an emerald aigrette, and fastened under her chin with a large diamond brooch; short cotton socks completed her toilette.

At the announcement by a little negro slave that breakfast was ready, we were escorted into another room still more unfurnished than the last. Our breakfast, around which we were marshalled, was spread upon a carpet in the centre of the floor, and at the word "Bismillah" (in the name of God) from the princess, we all with one accord sank down upon our heels.

A variety of dainty viands was set before us: pillans, cabobs, fowls stewed in the juice of the pomegranate, mince folded in vine-leaves, a large tureen of mosst (curdled milk), honey, pickles, preserves, and a large china bowl of sherbet for the use of all, stood at one end of this array.

Persian etiquette demands on these occasions that the hostess should carefully prepare, before any of the guests partake, a small portion from any or all of the dishes before her, and present it to the principal guest. I soon saw that I was unfortunately the individual for whom this honour was intended, and it was with but little pleasure that I watched the preparation of this somewhat unsavoury mixture. She first tore off a shred of fowl, then scraps of almost every dish followed, and finally adding a relish of pickles and honey, she rolled them all together in the palms of her henna-stained hands, and held out to me this very incongruous *mélange.* Disguising my feelings, I accepted the offering graciously, and telling her that "her politeness was excessive," and "trusting that her shadow might never become less," with the aid of a glass of sherbet I swallowed the nauseous pill.

Breakfast lasted nearly two hours. Silver ballyans (pipes) were handed at intervals during the repast, and upon finding I did not smoke, they all cried out, "Not smoke! why how do you pass the day?" At the close, coffee in small china cups, in gold stands, set with turquoise and pearls, was brought round, and rosewater in copper ewers wherein to wash our hands.

As yet civilising influences have made but little way in Persia, and the ceremonies and customs of a past age, in spite of certain concessions to foreign powers, still remain untouched, though there is but little doubt that the anxiety of the Shah to become further acquainted with the manners of Europe will in time bear fruit, and that Persia has many changes in store for her at no very remote date.

THE STUDY OF HARMONY.

By A. D. SWIFT.

IT is a curious fact, that although so large a number of girls take up harmony as a subject of study, either at school or after they have left school, yet their knowledge seems utterly useless to them. They may be able to write correct exercises on a figured bass, free from consecutive fifths and octaves, with discords properly resolved; they can give the chord of the dominant seventh in any key; possibly, too, the chords of the major and minor ninth; they will harmonise a simple melody, perhaps somewhat stiffly, but still very passably; and yet all the labour they have given to attain this result appears to have been entirely thrown away. Their pianoforte playing is not benefited; they can read music no more fluently than when their acquaintance did not extend to even a common chord; they do not take a more intelligent interest in what they may be practising than they did before they first opened a harmony treatise; while as for utilising their knowledge for writing down clearly any original ideas that may come into their own minds, they do not know even how to begin to set to work.

Why is it that, having acquired a certain amount of knowledge of the material of which music is formed, and a certain ability to mould that material into musical form, yet these students have no idea how to apply such knowledge as to render it useful to their pianoforte playing, and a cause of more intelligent enjoyment of their art?

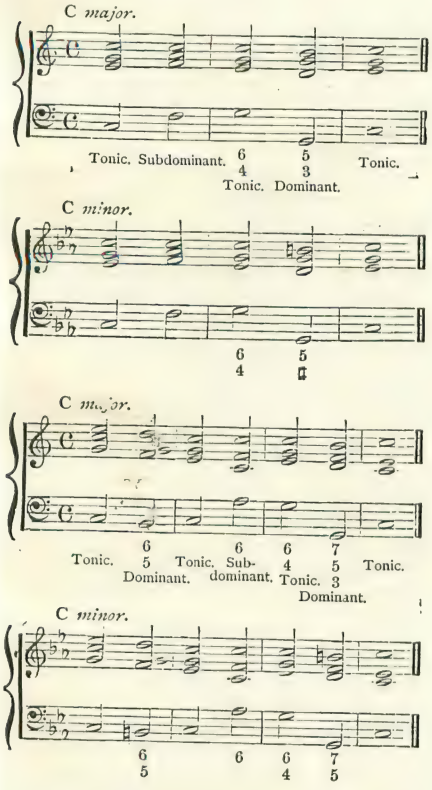
Long experience as a teacher tells me that the chief reason is that harmony work is done too much on paper, and not enough at the piano; and the object of this short paper is to point out how this error of procedure may be remedied.

The first difficulty to overcome—and it is a difficulty that is not so great as it at first appears—is to be able to see at a glance not simply in what key a piece is, but in what key you are in at *any passage* in a composition. Nay, more; you must be so much at home in key tonality, as to almost instinctively *feel* what key you may be in. An accomplished linguist would not have to stop and consider in what language the book he has taken up might be, but he at once *thinks* in that language. So must it be with keys; you must be able to *feel and think* in any key.

I will now give my readers some practical directions how to arrive at this state of key

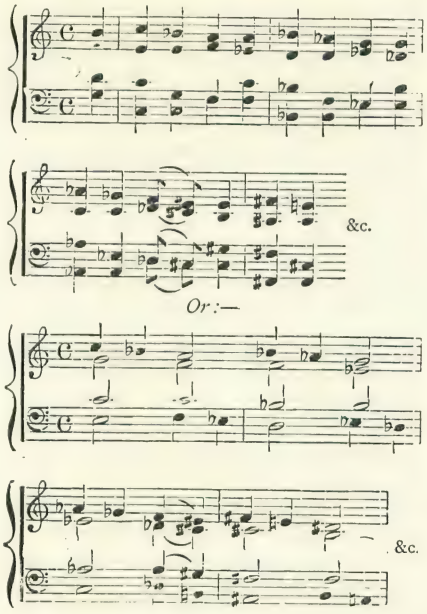
knowledge. Of course I need scarcely pause to say that it is absolutely necessary to have at your tongue's end the signatures of all the major and minor keys. And I should advise the student to get into the habit of associating the major and minor keys that have the same key-note, not those that have the same signature. Thus take together C major and C minor, A major and A minor; not, as is usually the course in instruction books, C major and A minor, E flat major and C minor, etc. In the former case the key-notes are the same, but the signatures differ; in the latter the keynotes differ, but the signatures are the same.

Next make yourself thoroughly familiar with the three principal common chords in each key—viz., those of tonic, dominant, and subdominant. Most simple pieces are built up almost entirely on these three chords. In order to do this, take the following combinations of these chords, and play them over and over again in every major and minor key. When playing in the minor keys, use only the harmonic minor; that is, the minor scale with flattened sixth and raised seventh.

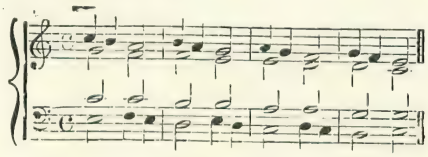


At first, perhaps, your progress will be slow; but persevere until you can play them fluently in all keys, and do not go on to the second exercise until you have mastered the first.

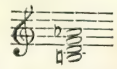
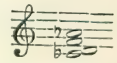
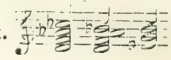
Another excellent exercise is to play a chord of the dominant seventh, and resolve it on to its proper common chord; then turn that common chord into a dominant by adding the seventh, and so proceeding through all the twelve keys. When you come to a key with many flats or sharps you must mentally transpose it enharmonically. Thus suppose you have got to D flat with five flats, hold down the notes and think of them as in C sharp with seven sharps; then you can go on to F sharp with six, and so on to the key you started from. Thus:—



Each of these exercises is an example of what is called a real sequence, each bar being exactly the same as its predecessor, but at different pitch and in a different key. Play the latter of the two examples, leaving out all the flats and sharps, so as to keep it in the key of C, and you get a tonal sequence, where the progression of tones and semitones is not the same in each bar.

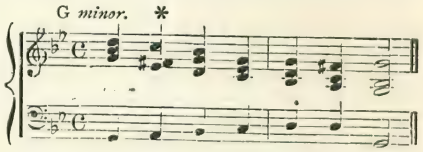


The practising of ordinary technical exercises can be utilised by playing the exercises in all keys. Take some of Czerny's 101 exercises and practise them in different major and, where possible, minor keys each day. It is best to use the same fingering in all keys, so as to accustom the hands to playing in awkward and unusual positions.

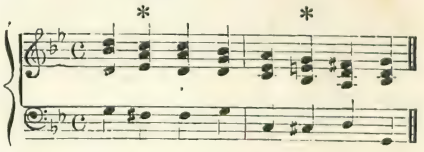
There is one chord which is especially useful for familiarising you with all keys. This is the chord of the minor ninth, with its root, the dominant, omitted. It is then called the chord of the diminished seventh, and is built up by adding successive thirds to the leading note of the minor scale. Thus take the leading note of C minor, B natural, add next third D, the next F, and the next A, which, as C minor has three flats, will be A flat. If the seventh, A flat, be resolved to G, it becomes the first inversion of the chord of the dominant seventh. Now the peculiarity of this chord is that each note in turn can be a leading, by enharmonically altering the names of some of the notes. Thus, in the chord above  if we take D as the leading note, then the chord is in E flat minor, and will be written  and will resolve on to the dominant seventh of E flat.  We might, similarly, by taking F (or E sharp) and A flat (or G sharp), as our leading note, resolve the chord in F sharp or A. Thus each chord of the diminished seventh can, on the piano, be in four keys, and as there are only twelve minor keys, it follows that there are only three of these chords on the piano, which you can easily ascertain for yourself.

Now take each of these three chords, and making each of its four notes in turn a leading note, resolve it on to its dominant seventh, and the dominant seventh to its common chord. Do this also away from the piano, mentally.

"Ab uno disce omnes." Each new chord you meet with in your harmony studies, master thoroughly at the piano, learning to play, and resolve it without hesitation in any key, and learning also to combine it with other chords in its own key. Thus with the chord of the diminished seventh take some such phrase as the following, and play it in every key. It is best to compose the phrase for yourself.



Or, introducing the diminished seventh of the dominant also—



Proceeding in this manner, you will find after a time that you will be able to see at a glance how the piece of music you are playing is made up; and, instead of laboriously reading each note of every chord and of every arpeggio, you will know what is meant to be played in very many cases. Your reading will be much more fluent than before, and your interest in your music will be considerably increased.

If the work is tedious and difficult, remember this result well repays the necessary drudgery you have to undergo; and remember, too, that each repetition of a difficult thing makes the next so much the easier.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY DACRE'S welcome was nearly drowned in the furious screaming of the monkey which she held under her arm, wriggling and crazy with excitement at the appearance of a stranger. It seemed hardly possible that such a small animal should produce such deafening and persistent sounds. Dr. Netley had an aversion to these animals; he stood waiting with an air of resigned disgust until the uproar should subside.

"My dear boy—Chicot! Chicot! Chicot! hold your tongue!—how good of you—Chicot, you shall be whipped—to come to-night!" exclaimed Lady Dacre, not at all disturbed by the misbehaviour of her pet, but administering a tap which only produced a fresh volley of howling. "Chicot, be quiet, sir. Sit down, Philip; it is only Chicot's way, when anyone he does not know comes in; he will settle down directly. Lie still, my darling rascal; there, there. Well, Philip," as the monkey subsided into occasional sharp yelps with a growl or two between, "let me look at you. I heard you had been overworking yourself; your mother said you could not take your proper holiday this summer because there was some case or other you could not leave. Very silly of you. I don't see much amiss, though; you are thin, but you look well. Middle age suits you. I used to be afraid you would turn out insignificant, but your eyes are good, and that saves you, though nobody could call you handsome. After all, I don't like handsome men; I proved that when I married Sir John, you know. His worst enemies could not accuse him of being handsome, poor dear man. Now don't quote 'Handsome is as handsome does;' I hate trite sayings."

"I had no intention of doing so," said Dr. Netley, smiling. "I never can quote anything."

"Then you meant to throw the wolf and the lamb into my face; I see you did. Not quote! As if I did not know how you always manage to learn something by heart every day; I have seen you do so in an odd five minutes, fifty times. I believe you have that 'Golden Treasury' of yours by heart."

"It is a gift of yours that has given me a great deal of pleasure."

"Well, I like to be told I have given anyone pleasure. Do you know that I saw your father and mother only the day before I came down here—the dear people!"

"Ah, you saw my father and mother," said Dr. Netley. It was good to see how his face lighted up. "They were well? My mother stronger? She is an excellent correspondent, but she never will recollect that what I most want to hear about is herself."

"She told me you never failed to write her a long letter every week, Philip. I could almost envy her the delight she has in you, but every mother has not a son she can delight in—not even such parents as yours," said Lady Dacre, more seriously than usual; "and as for me, I daresay if I had had one we should not have got on together; I should have plagued him, and he might not have taken it as patiently as my good husband does. I tell Sir John that it is his good humour that spoils my temper, I get so tired of it. I like ups and downs; and a dead calm is hateful to me. Yes, yes, I see you are thinking there is not much danger of a dead calm where I am, but I tell you, Philip, monotony kills me; I want something fresh to see and think of—something to set my mind to, that does not come too easy. I like storm, and that is the truth. Now such a placid life as your dear mother leads would be the death of me—in the country too, though I adore the country."

"My dear godmother, you would never live a single day in the country by your own choice."

"Live! certainly not; but I always look forward to being buried there—only not alive. Philip, how is it that with such a Darby and Joan as you have before you in your father and mother, you won't marry? You know you ought to marry."

"But why? At all events let me wait till I find a Joan equal to my mother."

"Ah, if you wait for that! But after all, I would rather, as far as I am concerned, see you unmarried; you would be sure to choose someone whom I did not like, and who did not like me, and then you would quarrel with your old godmother, just as all my friends do. They are very hard on me, Philip. No one ever makes allowances for me, and they persist in thinking I am the one in fault, when, as you know, it is just the other way."

Her eyes were glistening with tears.

"Dear Lady Dacre," Dr. Netley began, touched and embarrassed.

She interrupted him instantly.

"Yes, yes; even you lay the blame at my door. Well, never mind; I have always been misunderstood, but it is lonely sometimes. Don't fall out with me, Philip; your father and mother are my oldest friends, and your mother is always good to me—the one person who has always been true to me—and I can trust your father; he is a strictly honourable man. I could go to him in any difficulty."

Dr. Netley suppressed a smile, recollecting how often he had seen his father sit in good-natured, despairing perplexity over a letter of six or eight pages, in which Lady Dacre had poured out her wrongs and perplexities to him, and insisted on his coming to see her at once, to give advice which she never took.

"Upon my word," he would say, "upon my word, there must be an end of this."

But he went all the same.

"And, Philip," Lady Dacre went on, "you have been a sort of son to me, you know. I have cared very much about your career, and though you don't exactly need money, a little more never comes amiss, so I may as well tell you that you will be my heir."

Dr. Netley started in unfeigned dismay.

"My dear old friend, I earnestly beg you will not dream of anything of the kind," he said.

"Why not? I have no one to leave my money to who wants it among my own folks; they are a great deal too well off already, and I don't like Sir John's. Let me get a little satisfaction out of my fortune, and do what I like with it."

"That is just what it is most difficult to do," answered Dr. Netley, with a rather bitter tone in his voice. He was thinking how unjust it seemed that more money should force itself upon him, while Kathleen O'Kelly close by could hardly manage to earn enough to live on, and yet that he dared not offer her a farthing of it.

Lady Dacre remarked the tone immediately.

"What did that speech mean, Philip?"

"Only that it is just where money is most needed that one cannot offer it."

"Is that your difficulty? I should say people generally did not wait to have it offered, but held out both hands for your purse. That is my experience."

"It is not mine. To me the insupportable thing is that most people will accept your friendship, your interest, your time, quite as a matter of course; but if you were to suggest giving them what is probably far less valuable to you, a five-pound note, they would be hopelessly offended."

"Well, that is true enough, and there really are some who will not have any of these things, however much they want them, and those are the most aggravating of all."

"Yes; you are perfectly right."

Somehow Dr. Netley was rather out of humour. He had another patient for Kathleen, and had looked forward to seeing her face light up when she heard the news, and it surprised him to find how disappointed he was when he saw her parlour door standing open, and no one at home.

"It will be ten times more trouble to write all the details," he said to himself, as he had gone upstairs. "I ought to talk the case over before she undertakes it, and she should be at the house to-morrow morning early. Where can they all be?"

There seemed no reason why he should not call in and tell Kathleen as he went away, by which time she would probably be back; but he knew that Lady Dacre would look over the banisters to see the last of him, and he did not feel inclined to pay Kathleen a visit under her keen and suspicious eyes.

"She was always apt to spin a story yards long out of half an inch of thread," he was thinking.

"On the whole, I have come to the conclusion that it is of no use to help

anybody," continued Lady Dacre. "I have seen it in my own experience and that of other people. Now there are those girls downstairs of whom Morris talks so much—— "

"What girls?" said Dr. Netley, with a start and a frown.

"Bless me, Philip! Why do you make me jump? Those O'Kelly girls, whose mother was a far-away cousin of my own. I have told Morris that if she lets them have the slightest guess there is any connection between us, I will leave the house at once, and spread the report she has small-pox here. It is to the little Leighs I am related, you know, not the O'Kellys."

"Do you mean, then, that the children's name is not O'Kelly?"

"Nothing of the sort. Their mother married a delightful, out-at-elbows, scrambling kind of Irishman, who sold out of the army on the strength of her fortune—her first husband's money, you know—and squandered every sou. Else his daughter would have had her pension, I suppose."

Dr. Netley was thinking over all he had seen of Kathleen and her step-mother—their tender, mutual affection, her boundless love for the children. He did not hear for a few minutes anything that Lady Dacre was saying.

"So, of course, Penelope would have no more to say to them," were the first words that met his ear, "and I cannot blame her. So now I suppose the O'Kelly son and daughter have these brats thrown on their hands. What are you smiling at?"

"I do not imagine that it is exactly the way Miss O'Kelly looks at it."

"Philip, I hope and trust that girl is not angling after you! Upon my word, you are blushing! You are not such a fool as that?" exclaimed Lady Dacre, in alarm and haste. "Morris said you had been attending Anne Leigh—O'Kelly, I mean—you must have seen a great deal of her, and of course the girl would not miss such an opportunity, being her father's daughter. Do consider what you are about; you would break your mother's heart if you brought her a designing, needy, shifty girl as a daughter-in-law."

"I quite agree with you; but I am not going to bring her any daughter at all."

"Yes, yes, you all say that, every one of you, beforehand. I know how it will be, as well as if it had all come to pass already. I had a glimpse of the girl to-day; an Irish witch, more dangerous than a regular beauty. Philip, Philip, I see you are a lost man!"

She had assumed her old bantering tone, relieved by the calmness with which he listened, and because she was reassured, ready to work off her agitation by teasing him.

"That is always the way with you bachelors; you march on, head erect, indifferent to all the pretty faces right and left, and fall into a pit under your very noses. Well, all the same, I am not going to make the acquaintance of this young person until she is Mrs. Philip Netley; then I must, I suppose. You mean to support the children and the impecunious papa, when he turns up? You know he is alive somewhere or other. Or has she suppressed the father?"

Lady Dacre laughed with malicious glee when she saw his discomfited and annoyed expression. Dr. Netley was a man who had a deep respect for women; he thought such raillery in the worst of taste, and secretly wondered that a person like Lady Dacre should indulge in it. But when the spirit of teasing got into Lady Dacre, there were few things that she would not say, and when she lost her temper, it may be added that there were few things she would not do.

"You will find him a delightful companion, and always ready to help to spend all your spare cash for you," she went on, her brilliant black eyes glittering with mischief.

"Sir John says that formerly in O'Kelly's neighbourhood, or wherever the regiment might be quartered, when there was any fear a dinner party might be dull, the host would say, 'Let's have O'Kelly—it won't cost more than five or ten pounds,' and he would come and make everything go off to perfection: sing Tommy Moore's melodies, and send everybody home in the best of tempers, and go away himself with a bank note in his purse, which he had wheedled out of someone or other, or the host had delicately offered him. Has the daughter the same agreeable ways?"

"I have seen her chiefly by her mother's sick bed, Lady Dacre."

"A pathetic situation which, no doubt, she made the most of. What a simpleton poor Anne Leigh was to throw in her lot with such people! She never was very wise, I suppose, but a gentle, likeable creature. What did she die of?"

"A complication of diseases. You may not think it, but patients are something more than mere cases to their doctors, and I do not care to talk over her illness. She suffered very much, and I had both regard and respect for her."

"But this girl, Philip; what is she staying here for unless to catch you?"

"Miss O'Kelly is staying here because she finds work; without which, I believe, she cannot maintain herself and the children. She is a masseuse."

"A masseuse!" exclaimed Lady Dacre, bursting out laughing. "You are hoaxing me?"

"Not at all. If you require her services, I can strongly recommend her."

Lady Dacre was so much amazed that she sat and stared at him.

"That girl I saw to-day! Impossible! It must be a pretext—a flagrant pretence for seeing you. I wonder you can pretend to be blind to it."

"My dear Lady Dacre," he answered, very nearly at the end of his patience—which, indeed, had been severely tried—"allow me to say that you are very unreasonable. You assert that—that—Miss O'Kelly—upon my word, I don't know how to put it."

"Don't be modest, Philip! Shall I help you out?"

"That Miss O'Kelly has designs which you have not the slightest right to attribute to her or any girl, and which I give you my word of honour are absolutely unlikely to have crossed her mind—if you knew her you would see it for yourself—and which surely you should be particularly careful not to suggest in connection with an unprotected girl who has to earn her bread. It is this kind of senseless scandal which hampers me in trying to help her and put work in her way—cannot you see that? If you would oblige me, you will not name this subject again, and I should consider it unpardonable if it were spoken of to anyone else."

"My dear boy, all this tirade simply means that you are as blind as a bat, and judge all women by your dear mother, the only one you know anything about. I hold my own opinion still; but I have said my say and won't detain you from her. Good-bye."

She ended with the mocking and malicious laugh that always jarred on him, but never so much as on this occasion.

"Good-night," he said; "you are quite right; I have to tell Miss O'Kelly to go to an invalid early to-morrow."

Lady Dacre laughed again.

"Just so; I understand. Well, good-bye then, my dear boy; I suppose I shall see you again though you are huffed, as you can hardly decently come to see your young lady without calling on your godmother in the same house. What are you looking at? My rose?"

"I did not know there was one of that kind in St. Petrox, except in my garden."

Lady Dacre clapped her hands, delighted.

"Oh, oh, Master Philip! you have let out a secret. So you send bouquets to your pretty masseuse. You did not mean to let that out, did you?"

"I do not care a brass button who knows it," answered Dr. Netley, and walked out of the room, pursued by Lady Dacre's metallic laugh. Her expression changed the moment she was alone; she stamped her foot angrily.

"There! I have disgusted him the very first time he came," she said, half aloud. "As if I did not know how he hates that kind of joking. What an idiot I am! And after all, though I daresay the girl is a designing hussy, I don't believe that he really cares a fig for her; he has seen plenty of beautiful women before now, and never thought twice of any of them—his ideal is too high. Philip Netley is a man I should like to think well of me if I were a girl—I should like it as a middle-aged woman, too, for he is a high-minded man, a fastidious one, too. Think well of me! I wonder what he thinks of me? Well, I can't help it; if he chooses to be affronted, why he must be."

And then she rang the bell sharply, and ordered a lamp, and bade her maid bring her a volume of sermons, possibly as a kind of set-off for having failed to bridle her tongue, and it is to be hoped that her reading did her good.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

I ASKED of Winter, "Dost thou come
With Death's cold shadows round thy feet,
And with thy snowflakes, white and dumb,
To weave the world a winding-sheet?
Is this the dirge thy breezes moan,
And sob above the barren bowers:
'Life is a footstool for Death's throne,
And all its hopes are faded flowers?'"

Then, like a still, small voice, to me
Methought there came this sweet reply:
"There is no death. I come to thee
The type of immortality!
No dirge my breezes moan below,
Or sob above a flowerless sod,
But, like triumphant bugles, blow
Their life-reveilles unto God!

"My snow is not a winding-sheet,
Wherein to wrap my barren bowers,
But it is love's soft coverlet
That angels lay above my flowers.
And, lo! my snowdrop smiles below,
My crocus spins its purple leaves,
And from Love's sun, beneath my snow,
My daffodil its glory weaves!

"Dream not of death, for if thou dost,
My flowers will rise, some merry morn,
Like little babes of hope and trust,
And laugh thy foolish dreams to scorn!
I am love's bar of rest, between
The songs that summer sings below,
And what seems death is life unseen,
Like flowers that bloom beneath my snow!"

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

OF all the proud castles which dot the mountains and hillsides of "Bonny Scotland," few are invested with more of historic interest than the Castle of Glamis, in Forfarshire, which stands between Meigle and Kirriemuir, and overlooks the rich valley of Strathmore.* It is a tall, gloomy structure, and, like many of its brethren, has a very foreign appearance, with its turrets and pinnacles grouped around its centre, reminding the travelled tourist of the chateaux of Normandy.

The valley of Strathmore gave a title to the house of Lyon almost from time immemorial, and about the end of the fourteenth century we find Sir John Lyon of Glamis living here in his own strongly-fortified castle. He had married one of the daughters of King Robert of Scotland, and that his castle was a place of venerable antiquity may be inferred from an uncanny report that attached to it, to the effect that Malcolm II., who died in A.D. 1034, was murdered within its walls, though it is only fair to add that the truth of this fact is doubted by some historians. However, in those days of wild strife between neighbouring lords, the lives of great men were somewhat precarious, and few of them died in their beds.

Macbeth was then Laird or "Thane" of Glamis, and no doubt, if he really lived at all, he resided here; and, as every reader of Shakespeare is aware, he murdered a king, who, though not called Malcolm himself, had a son who bore that name, and this murder is far better known than the other, and more probably true. "So," as Mr. Murray remarks in his "Handbook for Scotland," "by a curious conjunction of tradition and fiction the Castle of Glamis has become the scene immortalised by Shakespeare, and the room in which Duncan is said to have breathed his last is still unhesitatingly pointed out to the credulous visitor."

The property all around the vale, including the site of Glamis Castle, was granted by Robert II., as stated above, to John Lyon, who thus became "Laird" of Glamis, and who in 1445 was raised to the Scottish peerage as Baron Glamis.

When the first stones of the castle were placed here, Scotland was scarcely a kingdom, and had not given birth to a history, beyond the long tales of strife between one "laird" and another; and so many changes have been made by the hand of time and by the fancies of its owners, that only a small part of the original fabric remains. This is a large round turret, which stands at the intersection of two square towers at right angles, and which forms, so to speak, the "backbone" of the entire building. Two longer but lower wings at right angles to each other adjoin this central tower; but they are additions of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. When these alterations were made, almost all the outer defences of the castle—seven walls and as many gates—were ruthlessly swept away; and the gravel walk, continued without any interruption up to the very door of the castle, bespeaks a more peaceful state of affairs than that which prevailed when the fortress was first built. This barbarous act of vandalism greatly grieved the heart of Sir Walter Scott, who thus speaks of it in one of his letters:—

"A disciple of Kent had the cruelty to render this splendid old mansion more 'parkish,' as he was pleased to call it, to raze all those exterior defences, and to bring his mean and paltry gravel walk up to the very door out of which, deluded by the name, we might have imagined Lady Macbeth, with the form and features of Mrs. Siddons, issuing forth to welcome King Duncan."

In spite, however, of these modern changes, the towers of Glamis still serve to remind the visitor of one of the most ruthless murders recorded even in the blood-stained annals of Scottish history. Over the principal entrance are still to be seen the arms and supporters of the royal family of Stuart. Alluding to the fact that James V. of Scotland once lived here, "In the interior," writes Murray, "is a handsome staircase leading up to a hall, embellished with a finely-carved and arched ceiling and a noble fireplace. The kitchen is one of the oldest portions of the place."

The castle contains a fine collection of portraits of the Stuarts and their ministers; and also of members of the Lyon family, among whom must be mentioned that of Lady Glamis, who was cruelly executed for witchcraft in 1537. This lady was remarkable for her beauty, the object of much admiration among the young gallants of the time, but also the victim of a terrible hatred. She was Janet Douglas, a daughter of the Master of Angus, and sister to Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus. After becoming a widow by the death of Lord Glamis in 1528, she married Archibald Campbell, of Kepneith, but retained her former name. Along with her new husband, and with her son, who had become Lord Glamis on his father's death, his kinsman John Lyon, and an old priest, whose name is not recorded, she was accused of having designs against the life of King James V., to carry out which she had employed poison or witchcraft, or both. She was taken up to Edinburgh and tried for the capital offence, and being found guilty, she was condemned to the flames. She was burnt as a witch at the stake on the hill leading up to the Castle of Edinburgh, on July 17, 1537. Nor did the tragedy end here. Her husband, Campbell, in a vain endeavour to escape from the castle, was dashed to pieces on the stones which form the base of the rock on which it stands. Her son also was sentenced to be executed, but fortunately was respited until he should attain his majority; in the interim he was ordered to be imprisoned, and his estates also to be forfeited. Happily, however, the accuser, a kinsman of the name of Lyon, being taken suddenly ill, and at the point of death, confessed that the whole affair was a fabrication. So Lord Glamis was released and pardoned, and was restored to his estates and honours by Act of Parliament in 1543.

His grandson, John, eighth Lord Glamis, was Lord Chancellor of Scotland; he met with a violent death, being slain in an encounter between his followers and those of the Earl of Crawford; but his son, who was high in the favour of James VI., was raised to an earldom, and his descendant in the fifth generation is the present Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn.

But the iron chain which passed round the body of Lady Glamis and confined her to the stake, and the fagots which were piled around her, and the tears of the mob of spectators, and her cries for pity, were not, after all, quite fruitless; for though she was not the last person who suffered for the alleged crime of witchcraft, yet her cruel and shameful fate, we are told, "became the occasion of a somewhat enlightened legislation in that part of our island."

It may be added here that in 1715 Prince James, the old "Pretender," as he is called in history, came to Glamis Castle on a visit, and it is said that besides the state chamber which he occupied, and which is still shown to visitors, no less than eighty-eight beds were made up for his personal retinue, his servants, to the number of forty or fifty more, being lodged in the offices adjoining the castle.

The castle itself is thus described in a

* "Strathmore" literally means "The Great Valley."

WINTER.

"Journey through Scotland," which was published, without an author's name, in 1723:

"In entering Strathmore, I arrived at the noble palace of Glamis, belonging to Lyon, Earl of Strathmore. This palace, as you approach it, strikes you with awe and admiration, by the many turrets and gilded balustrades at the top. It stands in the midst of a well-planted park, with avenues cut through every way to the house; the great avenue, thickly planted on each side, at the entrance of which there is a great stone gate, with offices on each side of freestone, like a little town, leads you in half a mile to the outer court, which has on each side a statue as big as life. On the great gate of the inner court are balustrades of stone, finely adorned with statues; and in the court are four brazen statues, bigger than life, on pedestals; the one of James VI. (the First of England) in his state; the second of Charles I. in his boots, spurs, and sword, as he is sometimes painted by Van Dyke. Charles II. is in a Roman dress, as in the Exchange in London; and James II. in the same dress as he wears at Whitehall. From this court, by balustrades of iron, you gain a full prospect of the gardens on each side, cut into grass plots, and adorned with evergreens, which are very well kept. The house is the highest I ever saw, consisting of a high tower in the middle, with two wings and a tower at each end, the whole above 200 feet broad. The stairs, from the entry to the top of the house, consist of 143 steps, of which the great stairs, where five people can mount abreast, are 86, each of a single stone. On the first floor are 38 firerooms. The hall is adorned with family pictures, and behind the hall is a handsome chapel, with an organ, for the Church of England service. Over the altar is a good picture of the Last Supper, and on the ceiling the Ascension, done by one De Wit, a Dutchman, whom Earl Patrick, the present earl's grandfather, brought from Holland, and who painted the ceilings of most of the rooms. In the drawing-room next the hall is the best picture I ever saw of Queen Mary of Medina (Modena), the Pretender's mother; the Duke of Lauderdale in his robes, by Sir Peter Lely; and the late Lord Dundee (Claverhouse) with a crowd of half-lengths of the nobility of Scotland; and over a chimney, a curious Italian piece of our Saviour disputing with the doctors in the Temple. . . . In the court before the minister's (chaplain's) house is shown a stone on which is engraved a cross, and divers figures said to allude to the murder of King Malcolm and the death of his murderers, who, attempting to cross the Lake of Forfar, then slightly frozen over, were drowned through the breaking of the ice. Divers weapons, with some brass vessels, lately found in draining that lake, are also shown in the Castle."

(To be continued.)

FISHERMAN BEN.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN, B.A.

CHAPTER III.

THE professor was deeply in love with Bess. He had an eccentric way of making love by aid of copybooks and English grammars and selected volumes of prose and poetry. He ordered these books specially for her, and he wrote her name inside with his own screwy, professorial handwriting. He confided to her mother and father, who were much flattered by his consistent kindness, that Bess had a rare intelligence, which was now being rapidly developed. There was nothing underhanded or ungentlemanly in his conduct. He sat in Mrs. Mills' kitchen, and gave his lessons to Bess at the kitchen table. He spoke of Shakespeare and Shelley and Sir Walter Scott just as he might have spoken of them in his own lecture-room in Edinburgh. There was something in his voice, something in his enthusiasm, which carried Bess along with him. Even Mrs. Mills put down her endless knitting and listened to him; even old John Mills, a weather-beaten fisherman now, looked up from the nets he was mending, and nodded his head approvingly at the learned professor. And as for Bess herself, she knew no greater happiness than to be with him, to hear his voice, and to feel that he was taking all the pains he could to instruct her—an ignorant fisher-girl. She was flattered beyond all words to think that he, a learned and honoured professor, should deign to notice her. She loved him with timid and reverent admiration. All her spare time was given to study, and when he praised her for her progress, she felt prouder than most people feel when they have passed impossible examinations. Very rarely now she went down on the quay. But one Sunday afternoon Ben saw her there, book in hand, and greeted her frankly and freely as usual.

"Why, you're a stranger, Bess," he said, cheerily. "What be the book in your hand?"

She held it out to him timidly. It was the first time she had ever been timid with him.

He looked at it. It was "Ivanhoe." He shook his head.

"I don't know it, Bess," he said.

"You ought to know it, Ben," she answered. "It's an English classic."

"What's that?" he asked, doubtfully, as he took out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe. "But there now, I'm an ignorant chap, knowing more about herrings than books. Why, don't you remember, Bess, at the dame's school I had a deal of trouble to keep even with you. You was always one for the books. Some folk are like that inclined. But dear me! look at that storm cloud yonder. We're in for sulky weather, that's plain."

"It may pass off, Ben," she said, as she turned to go back to the village.

"Nay, not it," he sang out cheerily. Then he leaned against the wall of the quay and watched her climb up the street. Sometimes a bend in the street hid her from him, but he knew he should see her at the next turn. He had so often watched her. Ah, there she was, just by the cobbler's archway. She used sometimes to wave a flag to him from that point. She was stopping now, talking to the professor, and they passed on together, now visible to him, now invisible. And now he could see them standing by the flagstaff and looking down on the tiny harbour. Then Ben turned to the sea he loved, and stared at it vaguely, dreamily. But the professor, standing by the flagstaff, spoke to beautiful Bess as he had never spoken before.

"I love you, Elizabeth," he said, in his calm, courteous way. "Yes, I love you. If you love me, child, I shall ask your mother and your father this very night if they will give their consent to our engagement. Then we will proceed with your education, and in a few months we will marry. I shall be proud of my wife and of my pupil. We will study together, always learning more—always learning more. That is why we are in the world: that we may get more knowledge. We will write books together, you and I. You shall help me—you alone, because from my training you will understand what kind of help I shall need. And everyone shall know that I, the professor, am indebted to my beautiful wife for efficient and material help. What have you to say to me, Elizabeth?"

"I love you," she whispered.

"That is well," he answered. But there was no great gladness expressed in his voice or on his face.

They passed on to her home. Tea was laid on the kitchen table—tea for four.

"Ah, I see you have expected me," he said to the fisherman.

"Well, sir, to tell ye the truth, the extra cup was put for Ben Rowe," answered John Mills, who had not the virtue of tact. "Him's not been here a whole sight of weeks, and I asked he this even."

"Meanwhile I will take his place," said the professor, quite undisturbed.

Ben was no one to him, and he would not have deigned to enter into rivalry with him.

"Indeed," continued the professor, adjusting his smoked eyeglasses, "I have a right to his place, for I love your daughter, and your daughter loves me, and, with your consent, I propose that we should marry in a few months' time. Your daughter is a real lady, beautiful in face as well as in mind. I shall be proud of her. But before we marry, she must learn just a little more; she will learn in a few weeks what others fail to learn in many years."

He held her hand professorially between his two hands as he addressed her parents.

Well, well, and because the best amongst us are dazzled by bright prospects, because the world, old and experienced as it is, cannot yet understand that rank and station and riches are things contemptible in themselves, and by themselves—because of all this, Ben was forgotten; Ben leaning over the wall of the quay, and staring at the boundless ocean.

That night, whilst Bess lay dreaming of the professor, and of the brilliant future in store for her, the herring-boats put out to sea; the *Storm Queen* went too.

Alas! what a fearful storm let forth its fury! The women of Seaton sat pale and trembling and anxious. Then, when they could watch and wait no longer indoors, they ran down to the quay, there to look out for the lights of the boats, there to welcome the boats coming back to harbour.

"Ned, you're safe?" cried one voice.

"Ay, lass; a bit moist," answered a voice in return.

"Tom, you be there?" cried some anxious mother.

"Ay, mother; trim and taut," answered some cheery son.

The *Storm Queen* came in last. There was no woman to welcome the *Storm Queen*. Ben's mother was bed-ridden now; and Bess? Well, Bess was dreaming.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE were no secrets in Seaton. When Mrs. Jewell had a letter from her husband Rowland Jewell, all Seaton claimed to know the contents of that letter. And when Mary Moss heard from Jim Whitfield, the good neighbours said to her—

"What writes Jim besides that he loves ye? Leave out that, and tell us the rest, lass."

So it was only natural that on the morrow everyone knew that Bess Mills and Professor Davidson were formally engaged. Some people thought that she and her parents were mad.

"Why, she be only a fisher-girl," they said.

"Her ain't fit to be a grand lady, the wife of a professor."

"Not so quick, not so quick," replied others. "Bess Mills can hold her own anywhere."

Others insisted that the professor was mad, others thought that he showed his good taste and judgment in choosing a Seaton lassie for his wife. Fishermen, standing in picturesque groups on the quay, talked the matter over with as much earnestness as they would have discussed a haul of herrings or a shoal of mackerel. Ben purposely formed one of these little groups, for he did not wish his mates to think he was sad and sorrowful. Suddenly one of them put his hand on Ben's shoulder.

"Ben, I'm thinking," he said, kindly, "Bess ain't treated you well. You was always her man ever since I could remember."

"There was no word spoke between us, Stevie," he answered, half-defiantly. "She be a free lass to do as her pleases."

"'Taint our way to speak much, Ben," replied the other. "We all knowed how you was waiting till you could keep she comfortable."

Ben's kind face grew stern and fierce.

"Look you," he said, passionately, "I'll not hear a word against Bess. England be a free country, and England's lassies be free lassies."

His voice rang out clearly and briskly above all the busy voices. He returned to the work of mending his nets, and paid no further attention to the gossip of his comrades. Then after a time he passed up into the village. There was old Mother Moss standing at her cottage door.

"Ben, lad," she said, "what be this news about Bess? Be it true?"

"All true, Mother Moss," he answered, cheerily; "why not?"

"And you, Ben?" she asked, kindly.

"I be on my way to speak good wishes to her," he replied. "Why not?"

"Ah," she said, "your kind face be a-smiling, but your heart, Ben?"

That was another matter—Ben's own private matter. He trudged up the steep street, finding, as usual, cheery greetings for everyone. He was an unconscious advocate of the duty of cheerfulness. He knocked at Mrs. Mills' door, and did not wait for an answer; he had never waited for an answer all these years, and he was not going to wait now. Bess and her mother seemed confused when they saw him; but he either did not notice or would not notice that there was anything unwonted in their manner.

"Hearty good wishes, Bess," he said, as he held out his strong right hand. "None heartier than an old friend's good wishes. Why, Bess, the professor's a mighty lucky man—mighty lucky."

There was no tone of reproach in his voice, no shadow of reproach on his face. His frank eyes looked at her kindly and protectingly. He held her hand between his two great rough hands tenderly and respectfully.

"When you want a friend, Bess, there's a friend for you down at Rowe's," he said.

"Thank you, Ben," she answered, quietly.

She was silent for some minutes after he had gone; then she said—

"He doesn't take on, mother; does he?"

"No, child," answered her mother. "I was a bit fearful of he; but he don't take on."

That was what he wished them to think. He had sworn to himself that he would not let his sorrow disturb their happiness—her happiness. If he could not master his feelings he would ship off somewhere, but that was cowardly; that was not his notion of life—to sneak out of trouble. If he could brave bad weather on the sea, he could brave it on land.

So he stopped in Seaton, going out most nights in the *Storm Queen*. Sometimes when he drew in his nets he thought of those words, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." He repeated them many times. But what we teach our tongues to say we cannot always teach our hearts to think; and Ben's heart could not learn to think that. There was only one little vessel for him, only one little village for him, only one dear lass for him. He had lived in the village all his life, he had sailed in the boat all his life, he had loved the lass all his life: Seaton and the *Storm Queen* and Bess—these three.

CHAPTER V.

"EVERY day I observe a wonderful improvement in your work, my child," said the professor, as he and Bess sat together in the kitchen, poring over some books. "You are indeed as clever as you are beautiful. I am pleased to see that you wear the garments my sister has sent for your acceptance. My sister will be a very good friend to you. I requested her to write to you, and I am glad she has acceded to my request. She is in every respect a highly reasonable and highly intellectual person, in whose company you will find great delight. I place great reliance on her judgment. I know of no one more clever than she is at analysing Shakespeare's plays, and she has a very rare talent for languages. But I think you will prove more clever than she is. I have never had a more delightful and painstaking pupil than yourself. I look forward with infinite pleasure to the time when we shall write a book together, as husband and wife, as master and pupil. My mind is full of great schemes, and you will help me to carry them to perfection. Meanwhile, my child, accept my praise for your progress."

He put his hand kindly on her fair young head. His eyes, looking through the smoked eyeglasses, did not notice that her face had lost somewhat of its colour, and that it wore an anxious, wearied expression. He never knew how anxious she was to please him and earn his praise. She read when she should have slept; he gave her so many books to read, and the few short minutes she could snatch in the day were of very little use to her. So she studied at night.

As the days went by she seemed to become as a foreigner to Seaton. Seaton's ways had ceased to be her ways, Seaton's thoughts had ceased to be her thoughts.

And the summer passed away. The professor gathered together his books and papers, and prepared to say farewell to Seaton. None of the inhabitants had anything against him, except that he had taken Bess away from Ben, but as Ben did not seem to care much, perhaps the professor was not to be disliked on that score. He paid away his money freely. Once he gave five pounds to have the lifeboat launched, and as much another day to have the rocket apparatus used. Some of the men noticed that Ben took no part in the launching of the lifeboat, nor in getting out the rocket apparatus. But if there had been a storm, Ben would have been first amongst the foremost and the bravest amongst the brave.

It was arranged that Bess should go and visit the professor's sister in Edinburgh. Miss Davidson had written very kindly to Bess, assuring her of a welcome, and hoping that she would come as soon as she could.

It was a strange story altogether; people refused to believe it. But it was all quite right and straight. The lady of the manor had inquired about the Davidsons, and had found out that the professor was a genuine professor, and his sister a kind and intellectual and sensible person, devotedly attached to her brother.

In a week's time after the professor's departure, Bess started for Edinburgh. Miss Davidson had sent her money to cover all her travelling expenses, first class. Bess had never before left Seaton for more than two or three days, but so many strange things had happened to her lately, and her mind was in such a whirl, that she scarcely realised the leave-taking.

"I'm not sure I'm glad, Bess, lass," whispered her father. "No, I'm not sure I'm glad. The missus says it's all grand and great. P'raps I be too dunderheaded to understand. Leastways, these sort of things didn't come about when the missus and me was young."

By a strange irony of fate it fell to Ben's part to see her off. He drove her to the station, some ten miles off. They passed by the lanes and the meadows they both knew so well. The very hedges had something to tell him of the dear dead past. Children of Devonshire, both of them, they loved the ferns and the hedge-flowers and all the treasures of the deep lanes.

He spoke to her cheerily, and told her that he would look after her mother and father.

"So don't you be anxious, Bess," he said. "I'll keep a sharp eye that the dad don't go out a-fishing when the weather's sulky. He always was a bit reckless, weren't he?"

He saw her into a first-class carriage, and stood beside the door until the train puffed out of the station. He waved to her his great red handkerchief.

"Ben, Ben!" she cried. "I wish I weren't going."

But it was too late when she cried out those words, and Ben did not hear them. He heard the scream of the engine, nothing more, and he did not smoke his pipe as usual as he drove back to Seaton.

He went straight to Bess Mills' home, and for the first time the tears darted to his eyes when old John Mills grasped his hand in warm and kindly friendship.

"I don't understand, Ben," he said, in his gruff old way; "the missus says the gentleman loves her desperate, but I always thought as you was her man, and I dusn't dare say so, only I grieved when she gived you the cold shoulder. A queerish way of making love with them books, too. That warn't my way, Ben, in the good old days, when a lad gave a lass a kiss and spoke some words to make her smile happy. I don't understand, Ben, but the missus says I be dunderheaded. But I'm thinking it's the missus and Bess who be leaky in the head."

Seaton seemed a very sad and dreary place without Bess. But Ben, having work to do, did it bravely and even cheerfully, although there was now no sunshine in his heart—no sunshine in his heart and no sunshine in the heavens. It was a season of peril for those who ventured out on the sea: fishermen's wives and daughters and sisters and dear, betrothed lasses kept anxious watch, prayers ever in their hearts and on their lips.

One night in November many a fishing boat was wrecked, the sea claiming for its own, many a strong father and many a sturdy son. The Seaton boats came in safely. All of them? No, not all of them. There was that laggard the *Storm Queen* missing. The hours passed away, and as she still did not come the *Beautiful Jane* put out to find her, and helped her home—a forlorn, disabled bark, bereft of her queenliness and her courage. Ben was safe, but the *Storm Queen's* day was done. When he realised that, it seemed just as if his heart were broken. Ben, the bravest of the brave, sobbed like a child over the wreck of the *Storm Queen*.

"He did not take on like that for Bess," said his comrades amongst themselves.

But they did not know that his grief was a two-fold grief; and that because Bess had forsaken him and the *Storm Queen* was wrecked, therefore he felt as if all his happiness were wrecked too.

(*To be concluded.*)

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

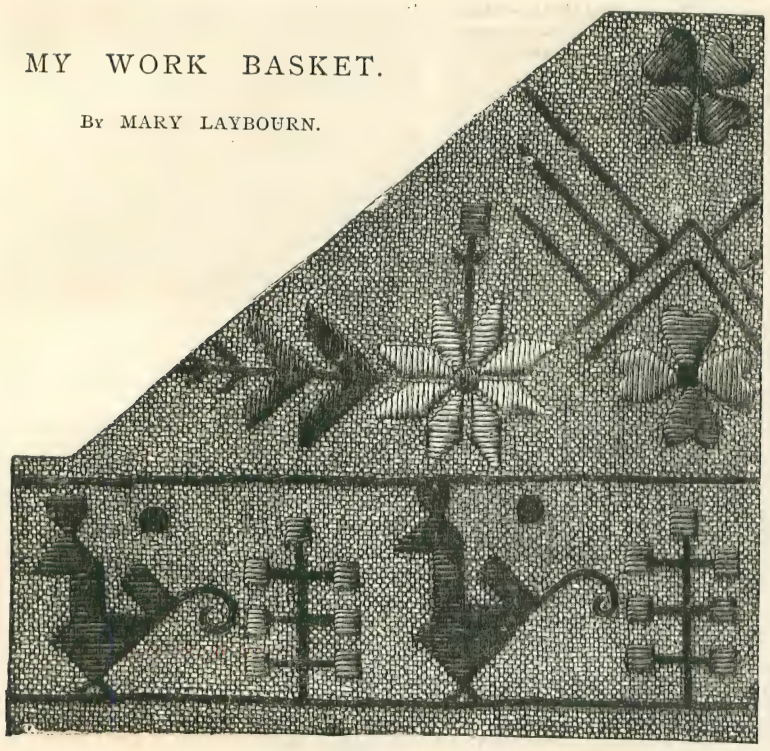


FIG. 1.

FIG. 1.—SMALL COVER FOR WORK BASKET

THE material on which the designs are worked is of even, rather coarse linen, and about half a yard square. The embroidery is in flat stitch, in coloured embroidery silks. It can be worked in the hand or in a frame. The designs are carefully drawn on the material, guided by the threads in the linen, so that the figures are kept perfectly straight.

Two thread silk filoselle will be found best to work with. The stitches are placed rather closely together, in order to cover the linen well. The single straight lines are in cordon stitch. The following colours are used:—dark old red, dark and light old pink, dark and light bronze, light blue and black.

The two centre bird figures are worked in dark and light pinks; the outlines with black. The three upper branches of leaves are in bronze, the small middle flower in dark red. The two outer eight-pointed stars in blue, with black spots in centre. All the stars are worked in the same way. The straight lines in black. The arabesque in dark and light bronze. The four large corner birds are edged with black, and filled in with light pink, crossed with dark red. The feet and lines running from them are in black, with dark red dots.

Both the straight lines round the border are black; the small birds between the lines in dark red; the figures separating them are in bronze; the single dots in black.

When completed, it is lined with dark brown satin, inter-lined with swansdown, edged with a cord of mixed colours to match the embroidery, and is formed into two loops at each corner of the cover, to which fancy tassels are attached.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.—CHILD'S CAP IN CROCHET.

This little cap is worked in fine crochet cotton. The work is commenced with the crown, which is made in 6 rows.

Make a ring of 10 chain stitches.

1st Row.—1 treble; 4 chain into every stitch of the ring, making the first treble with 5 chain.

2nd Row.—2 single; 5 chain in every space in preceding row.

3rd Row.—In every space 3 long, 5 chain, 3 long. The first long in each space is crochetted together with the last in preceding space.

4th Row.—In this row the small wheels are worked. Into the 5 chain of last row work * 3 long; 1 picot (formed of 5 chain, 1 single in the 1st); 17 chain; pass over the last 7 of these; slip the thread through the next 5; then taking the ring formed by the 7 chain, work into it 15 times, 2 chain, 1 double long (the thread three times over the needle), and finish with 2 chain; 1 single stitch worked in the upper stitch of the 5 chain still left on the 17 chain of last row. The slipped stitches along the 5 chain imitate a double long stitch, so that the wheel appears to be formed of 16 of these stitches. Now slip the thread down the next 2 chain, and work single stitches round the wheel; 2 into each space, with 1 chain over every double long stitch; and join round; 2 chain; 1 single in the chain stitch next to the picot; 1 picot; 3 long in the same space as the first 3 long were worked; 2 long over the next 2 long; and missing the 2 united centre long stitches of preceding row, work 2 long over the next 2. The two centre stitches of this group of 10 long stitches are joined together like the centre stitches of last row. Repeat from *. The wheels are joined together by 2 picots. In working the second wheel, when you arrive at the chain stitch over the 4th double long, work 1 chain, 1 picot, 1 chain; join to the corresponding stitch in the first wheel. Turn back with 1 chain, 1 picot, 1 chain, and complete the wheel.

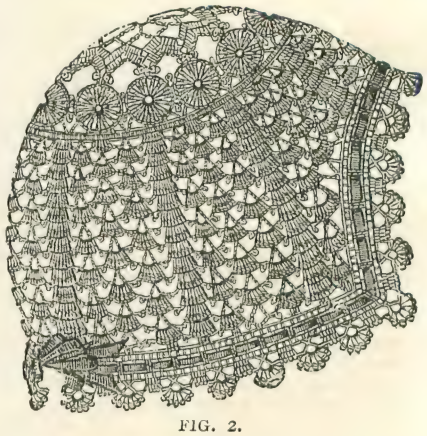


FIG. 2.

5th Row.—Begin with 1 single stitch over the 8th double long; 3 chain *; 1 long over the next double long; 7 chain; 1 stitch with the thread twisted 4 times over the needle in the next but one double long. Another of these extra long stitches over the 1st double long after the joining picot of the following wheel. These two extra long stitches are worked together; 7 chain; 1 long over the next but one double long of the wheel; 3 chain; 1 single in the next double long; 3 chain; repeat from *.

6th Row.—1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch.

The head of the cap is now commenced by working the first seven rows round the crown as follows:—

1st Row.—* 1 treble in the first space; 1 treble in the next long; 3 treble in the following space; 1 treble in the next long; 1 treble in the next chain; 1 chain; 1 picot (of 4 chain, 1 single in 1st); 1 chain; 2 double long stitches in the next space but two, with 4 chain between them; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 long in the next space but two; 3 long in next long; 2 long in next space; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long in the next

space but two, with 4 chain between them; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; and missing 3 long stitches; repeat from *.

In the following 6 rows, the treble stitches are worked over the

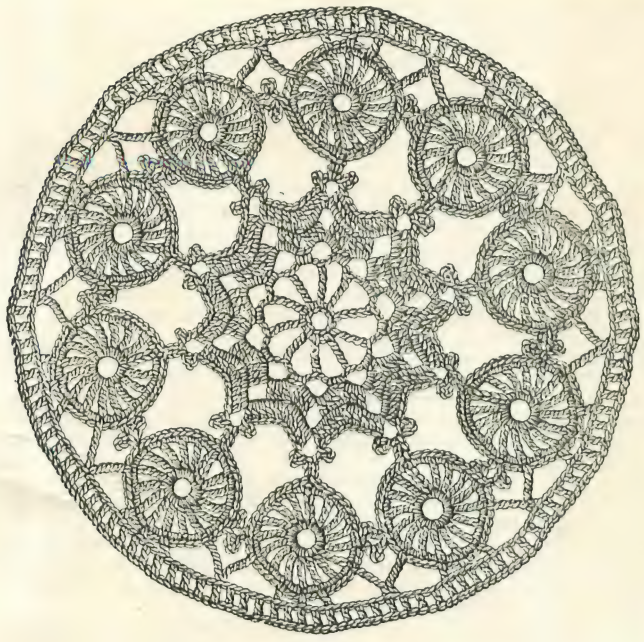


FIG. 2.—CROWN OF CROCHET CAP.

treble stitches. The double long in the centre stitch of the group of long stitches; and the group of long stitches in the 4 chain joining the double long stitches.

The next 7 rows form the front of the cap, each row being worked from right to left. There must be 5 full patterns or 6 stripes of treble stitches. At the beginning and end of each row are 7 long, or 2 double long joined by 4 chain, alternately, according to the pattern.

The insertion and lace are now worked round the cap.

1st Row.—1 single in the first long stitch of the last row; 6 chain *; 3 treble in the 3 centre stitches of the same 7 long; 5 chain; 3 long in the centre stitches of the next 7 treble; 5 chain; 3 treble in the centre stitches of the next 7 long; 5 chain; 3 double crochet in the next 4 chain; 5 chain; repeat from *.

After the 3 treble in the last 7 long of the last row, work 6 chain; 1 single in the last long; 7 chain; 1 single in the last long of the 5th of the last 7 rows (this turns the corner towards the back of the cap); 7 chain; 1 single in the last long of the 3rd of the 7 rows; 7 chain; 1 double long in the last long of the 1st of the 7 rows; 1 double long in the centre of the next 7 long across the back; 3 chain; 1 treble in the same long stitch; 5 chain; 3 double crochet in the next 4 chain; and so on all round the cap, making the corners to match.

2nd Row.—1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch; at each corner make 2 long, joined by 3 chain in one stitch.

3rd Row.—In the middle of the 3 chain at the corner, work 2 double long stitches together; 3 chain; 1 double long; 3 chain; 2 double long stitches worked together in the chain after the next long; * 3 chain; 1 double long in the next chain but one; 3 chain; 2 long joined together in the following chain but one; repeat from *.

4th Row.—1 chain; 1 long in every other stitch, working the extra stitches in the corners, as in 2nd row.

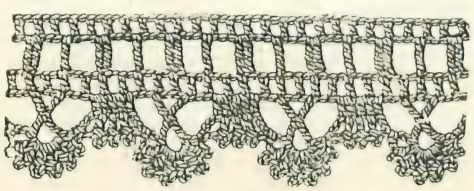


FIG. 2.—BORDER OF CAP.

5th Row.—In the chain after the 2 long from the corner, 1 long, and 1 long in each of the 4 next stitches; * 5 chain; 1 stitch with the thread twisted 4 times over the needle in the next long stitch but one; but only work off 2 of the threads, leaving the remainder on the needle; 1 treble in the next long but one; work this off, and the remaining threads left on the needle; 5 chain; 1 treble in the upper thread of the treble where it joins the extra long stitch; 5 chain; 1 long in the second space; 1 long in each of the four following stitches; repeat from *.

6th Row.—* 1 single in the middle of the 5 chain after the 5 long stitches; 1 chain; 1 stitch with the thread twisted round the needle 6 times; 1 long; 3 chain; 1 single over the long, forming a picot; repeat until there are 6 picots, 1 chain; 1 single in the next 5 chain; 1 chain; 3 long in the centre stitches of the 5 long, making 3 small picots as before; 1 chain; repeat from *.

A ribbon is run through the insertion, and a full rosette and strings formed of the same.

The crown pattern of this cap is suitable for a d'oyly, and would be very effective if worked in crochet silk or fine gold thread, lined with silk, and trimmed round with lace or a narrow fancy lace fringe, in which gold threads are introduced.

For serviceable purposes on the washstand, crochet cotton would be appropriate.

FIG. 3.—INSERTION BORDER FOR COT QUILT, ETC.

This may be made of Congress linen, or any evenly woven washing material from which the threads can be easily drawn.

Draw out 28 threads along each side of the article to be worked, which will leave the corner squares entirely open spaces. Allow a good margin for the lace to be sewed on. When the threads are drawn, work over each edge with fine cotton, by taking a few threads on your needle, and four of the loosened threads, working over both with a cross stitch. This separates the thread ready for working. The angle is closely worked with button-hole stitch.

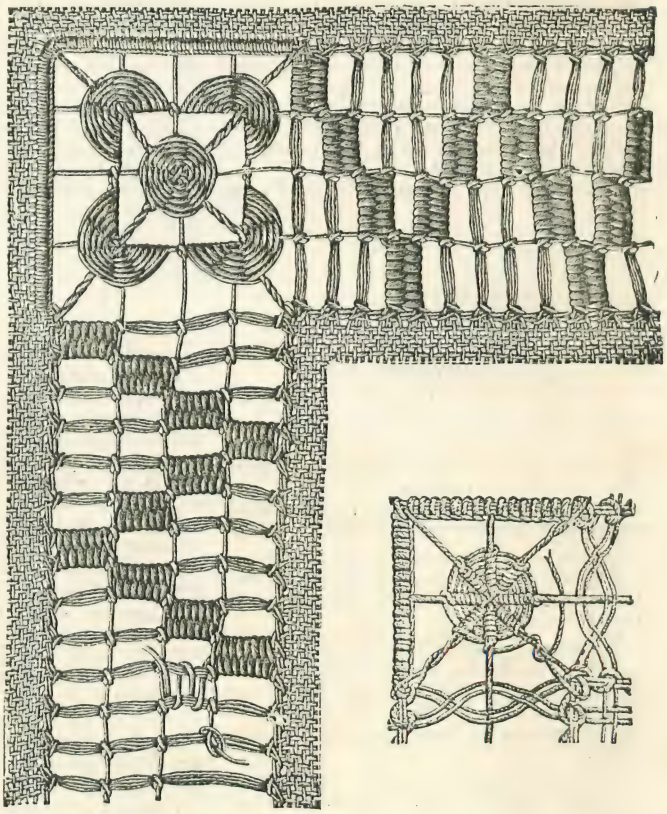


FIG. 3.

Commence with *guipure d'art* thread to make the three separating lines. This is done by taking four threads on your needle and making a knot stitch to keep the divisions at equal distances.

Now work the four corners by crossing your thread from one angle to the other. Return to the centre by twisting your thread round the line just made; then begin the wheel by passing your needle over and under the threads, as indicated in the detail. The half circles are worked in the same manner. The pattern at the sides is done simply by twisting the thread over one cluster of four threads, and under the next, backwards and forwards, until the space is filled.

It is almost impossible to keep this work flat without first tacking it on a piece of leather, or *toile ciré*.

Guipure d'art lace is the most suitable trimming for this insertion.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DELUGE, AND HOW TO REPRESENT IT IN A PICTURE.

LET the dark and gloomy air be seen buffeted by the rush of contrary winds, and dense from the continued rain mingled with hail, and bearing hither and thither an infinite number of branches torn from the trees and mixed with numberless leaves. All round may be seen venerable trees, uprooted and stripped by the fury of the winds, and fragments of mountains, already scoured bare by the torrents, falling into those torrents, and choking their valleys till the swollen rivers overflow, and submerge the wide lowlands and their inhabitants.

Again you might have seen on many of the hill-tops terrified animals of different kinds, collected together and subdued to tameness, in company with men and women who had fled there with their children.

The waters which covered the fields with their waves were in great part strewn with tables, bedsteads, boats, and various other contrivances made from necessity and the fear of death, on which were men and women with their children amid sounds of lamentation and weeping, terrified by the fury of the winds, which with their tempestuous violence rolled the waters under and over and about the bodies of the drowned. Nor was there any object lighter than the water which was not covered with a variety of animals which, having come to a truce, stood together in a frightened crowd, among them wolves, foxes, snakes, and others, fleeing from death.

And all the waters dashing on their shores seemed to be battling them with the blows of drowned bodies, blows which killed those in whom any life remained.

You might have seen assemblages of men who, with weapons in their hands, defended the small spots that remained to them against lions, wolves, and beasts of prey who sought refuge there.

Ah! what dreadful noises were heard in the air, rent by the fury of the thunder and the lightnings it flashed forth, which darted from the clouds, dealing ruin and striking all that opposed its course!

Ah! how many you might have seen closing their ears with their hands to shut out the tremendous sounds made in the darkened air, by the raging of the winds mingling with the rain, the thunders of heaven, and the fury of the thunderbolts. Others were not content with shutting their eyes, but laid their hands one over the other to cover them the closer, that they might not see the cruel slaughter of the human race by the wrath of God.

Ah! how many laments! And how many in their terror flung themselves from the rocks! Huge branches of great oaks, loaded with men, were seen borne through the air by the tempestuous fury of the winds.

How many were the boats upset, some entire, and some broken in pieces, on the top of people labouring to escape, with gestures and actions of grief, foretelling a fearful death! Others with desperate act took their own lives, hopeless of being able to endure such suffering; and of these, some flung themselves from lofty rocks, others strangled themselves with their own hands, others seized their own children and violently slew them at a blow, some wounded and killed themselves with their own weapons; others, falling on their knees, recommended themselves to God.

Ah! how mothers wept over their drowned sons, holding them upon their knees, with arms raised spread out towards heaven, and with words and various threatening gestures, upbraiding the wrath of the gods. Others, with clasped hands and fingers clenched, gnawed them and devoured them till they bled, crouching with their breast down on their knees in their intense and unbearable anguish.

Herds of animals were to be seen, such as horses, oxen, goats, and swine, already environed by the waters, and left isolated on the high peaks of the mountains, huddled together, those in the middle climbing to the top and treading on the others, and fighting fiercely themselves; and many would die for lack of food.

Already had birds began to settle on men and on other animals, finding no land uncovered which was not occupied by living beings; and already had famine, the minister of death, taken the lives of the greater number of the animals, whose dead bodies, now fermented, were leaving the depth of the waters and were rising to the top. Among the buffeting waves, where they were beating one against the other, and like as balls full of air, rebounded from the point of concussion—these found a resting-place on the bodies of the dead.

And above these judgments the air was seen covered with dark clouds, riven by the forked flashes of the raging bolts of heaven, lighting up on all sides the depth of the gloom.

[From the literary works of Leonardo da Vinci, compiled and edited from the original manuscripts by Jean Paul Richter, Ph. Dr., 1883.]

VARIETIES.

PHILOSOPHICAL MAXIMS BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

A Prayer.—Thou, O God, doth sell us all good things at the price of labour.

The soul can never be corrupted with the corruption of the body, but is in the body as it were the air which causes the sound of the organ, where, when a pipe bursts, the wind would cease to have any good effect.

Science is the observation of things possible—whether present or past; prescience is the knowledge of things which may come to pass, though but slowly.

Wisdom is the daughter of experience.

To lie is so vile that even if it were in speaking well of godly things it would take off something of God's grace; and truth is so excellent that if it praises but small things they become noble.

As a day well spent procures a happy sleep, so a life well employed procures a happy death.

The acquisition of any knowledge is always of use to the intellect, because it may thus drive out useless things and retain the good; for nothing can be loved or hated unless it is first known.

Just as iron rusts unless it is used, and water putrefies, or in cold turns to ice, so our intellect spoils unless it is kept in use.

You do ill if you praise, and still worse if you reprove, in a matter you do not understand.

The memory of benefits is a frail defence against ingratitude.

Reprove your friend in secret, and praise him openly.

LEGENDS OF THE HABITS OF ANIMALS.

Loyalty or Fidelity.—The cranes are so faithful and loyal to their king, that at night when he is sleeping some of them go round the field to keep watch at a distance, others remain near, each holding a stone in his foot, so that if sleep should overcome them this stone would fall and make so much noise that they would wake up again. And there are others which sleep together round the king; and this they do every night, changing in turn, so that their king may never find them wanting.

Moderation.—The ermine, out of moderation, never eats but once in the day; it will rather let itself be taken by the hunters than take refuge in a dirty lair, in order not to stain its purity.

Abstinence.—The wild ass when it goes to the well to drink and finds the water troubled, is never so thirsty but that it will abstain from drinking, and wait till the water is clear again.

Chastity.—The turtle dove is never false to its mate; and if one dies the other still remains faithful, and never again sits on a green bough, nor ever again drinks of clear water.

The Pelican.—This bird has a great love for its young: and when it finds them in its nest dead from a serpent's bite it pierces itself to the heart, and with its blood it bathes them till they return to life.

The Oyster, or Treachery.—This creature when the moon is full opens itself wide, and when the crab looks in he throws in a piece of rock or sea-weed, and the oyster cannot close again, whereby it serves for food to that crab. This is what happens to him who opens his mouth to tell his secret. He becomes the prey of the treacherous hearer.

A Fable.—The vain and wandering butter fly, not content with being able to fly at its ease through the air, overcome by the tempting flame of the candle, decided to fly into it; but its sportive impulse was the cause of a sudden fall, for its delicate wings were burnt in the flame. And the hapless butterfly having dropped, all scorched, at the foot of the candlestick, after much lamentation and repentance, dried the tears from its swimming eyes, and raising its face exclaimed: "Oh, false light! how many must thou have miserably deceived in the past like me; or if I must, indeed, see light so near, ought I not to have known the sun from the false glare of dirty tallow?"

Of Dreaming.—Men will walk and not stir, they will talk to those who are not present, and hear those who do not speak.

The Love of Virtue.—The goldfinch is a bird of which it is related that when it is carried into the presence of a sick person, if the sick man is going to die the bird turns away its head and never looks at him; but if the sick man is to be saved the bird never loses sight of him, but is the cause of curing him of all his sickness.

Like unto this is the love of virtue. It never looks at any vile or base thing, but rather clings always to pure and virtuous things, and takes up its abode in a noble heart, as the birds do in green woods on flowery branches. And this love shows itself more in adversity than in prosperity, as light does which shines most where the place is darkest.

["Studies on the Life and Habits of Animals," by Leonardo da Vinci.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. DE R. and AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—You will have to look for a situation as nursery governess at some agency for governesses, if, as you say, you have failed to do so by advertising. Have you consulted the Misses Faithfull, at their office in Regent Street? They are kind, philanthropic people, and would help and advise you to the best of their power. We recommend "An Anxious Mother" to apply at the same office.

NELLIE.—If you purchase the shilling "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices" (Cassell and Co., La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C.), you will obtain more information on the subject than we could give in a brief answer. Your writing is not formed, and needs much improvement, and so do your grammar and composition, to assist in rendering you eligible for the situation you desire. You should not say, "You will not mind *me* writing," but "*my* writing."

DARKIE will find repeated answers to her question about protruding shoulder-blades in our "Answers." The Dictionary of Girls' Educational and other Clubs is to be had of Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

HOPE.—It is a rule, with but few exceptions, that the final "e" in any word should be dropped when the word takes the form of an adverb, and supplemented with the letter "y." Thus you should not subscribe yourself "Yours truely." This you should know more especially as a "nursery governess." Perhaps the reading club, of which Miss Young (of the Grove, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex) is the managing secretary, might suit you.

HEPATICA.—In reference to books suitable for a girl of thirteen we refer you to the articles "A Girl's Year" in the G.O.P., vol. ix.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—You would not be eligible for admission at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, until past of age. Your being a Dissenter would not (we believe) prove an obstacle. But, "last not least," we fear that for the time being there are no vacancies for either lady students or nurses. Write, and obtain all further and later information, direct.

PICKERING.—Perhaps the "Home Naturalist," published at our office, would suit you. If you refer to our answers you will find all the necessary directions for pressing flowers between sheets of blotting paper oftentimes repeated.

MUSIC.

LIZA L.—The truly beautiful song by Myles B. Foster, entitled "The Wondrous Cross," is now republished by Novello. We agree with you that it is the most touching setting of that most glorious hymn, perhaps the greatest favourite in all our valuable hymnology, and one that has proved an untold blessing to sincere servants of the Cross.

A STUDENT R. A. M.—"The *Lancet* has been taking up the question of 'over-practice,' especially in allusion to pianoforte students, amateur and professional alike. It inveighs against the great wear and tear of nervous power which long-continued practice at the pianoforte necessarily entails, laying the seeds, in many instances, of constitutional disorders in after years. There can be no doubt that scale-playing before breakfast, which is often indulged in by young ladies, is very prejudicial to the nerves. Equally so is tenacious sitting at the piano for four or five hours together. The best adviser in all such cases is an experienced master, who will know exactly how to prevent the overstrain alluded to. The danger arises when ambitious pupils, anxious for too rapid an advance, commence a career of private practice on their own account. Students at the German conservatoires have been known to practice sixteen hours a day at the piano." We quote the above *in extenso* for your benefit.

MISS JONES should purchase a weekly copy of the G.O.P., price one penny, containing the song "Good Night," by Myles Foster. It is not published elsewhere.

L. C. CLARK.—We should advise you to write to Miss Mayor, Hon. Sec., Art College for Ladies, Rome; care of Macbean and Co., 378, Corso. We are unable to give further advice, but think Miss Mayor may suggest a place where you may pursue your studies. Be sure to enclose postage for reply.

ALICE MARINA.—Fee for students at the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., for tuition is £40 per annum. Write to secretary for particulars.

EBORACUM.—No higher examinations that we know of.

TENBY GIRL.—At any music shop they would recommend you a good book for a beginner to learn from at a moderate price.

MADCAP.—See instructions for playing the banjo, page 132, December, 1888, G.O.P.

PERSEVERANCE.—The address of the Church Emigration Society is 9, Victoria Chambers, Westminster, S.W.; Miss Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W., the hon. sec., would doubtless be able to advise you on the subject of a new field of work for a musician in the colonies.

ART.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Use Vere Foster's drawing books, and then Harding's; and if you have any real talent for drawing, you will find these sufficient for you in working alone.

PEGGOTTY.—We must refer you to an article which we have given on "Velvet Painting," in vol. ii., page 504.

MISS H. RAY.—We feel pleasure in naming your Freehand Drawing Class by correspondence, and your Magazine Club; and in giving your address, *i.e.*, 38, Rowena Crescent, Battersea Park Road.

ART STUDENT.—To paint on muslin in water colours: paint the design all over with Chinese white, mixed with a few drops of megilp. Work the mixture upon the palette until it is free from lumps, not too liquid, and quite smooth. If too liquid it will run over the outlines; and if too dry every mark of the brush will show. It should be laid on with a brush of sable hair. Leave it to become perfectly dry, and then paint in the design with ordinary water colours, mixing them with Chinese white when necessary, but keeping to their natural tones as far as may be possible.

FLORRIE.—How can we tell you how long you will be in learning freehand drawing before you learn shading? It depends on your own talent and diligence.

MAGGIE.—We have already given an article on "Frame Making and Gilding," in vol. ii., page 139. If you have not got the volume, you had better borrow it. To make "French polish," take one pint of spirits of wine, quarter of an ounce of gum copal, quarter of an ounce of gum arabic, and one ounce of shellac; pound, and sift through a piece of muslin. Put the spirits and gums together in a bottle, and cork closely; place near a stove, and shake frequently, and in a few days they will be dissolved. Strain the mixture through a piece of muslin, and keep it well corked. There are other recipes, but this one may suffice.

LOTTIE POWELL.—If you find on "lining in" with Indian ink on colours that are mixed with Chinese white, the ink is "sucked up" by the colours, which act like blotting-paper, it is that you ought to have mixed a little gum with it, and used it as dry as possible.

M. E. H.—The satin on which you wish to paint in water colour should be cotton-backed and well woven. Size it before painting, but beware of cockling, the material being stretched in an open frame before sizing, or else on a board covered with tissue-paper. The sizing is done thus:—Take one ounce of Nelson's gelatine, place it in a tall gallipot, just covered with cold water; leave it to stand for an hour, pour away the water, and add one pint of boiling water to the gelatine; stir to make it dissolve quickly. Then run the mixture through coarse muslin to strain it, and while hot, apply it to the satin (or, silk) with a small-surfaced sponge, thoroughly washing over the surface, and rubbing it well into the web without making it very wet. Omit no space in so doing, as it will be evident afterwards. Then take a piece of soft silk, and rub it gently until quite dry. After this treatment, the material may need a little re-arrangement or stretching.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY.—No chickens, nor any poultry, could possibly thrive unless their hen-house be placed in a sunny, dry spot. A south or south-west aspect should be selected, and the ground should be continually re-sprinkled with fine dry gravel. Bunches of fresh grass should be thrown in, and there should be a good bank of dry sand in one corner, where they could roll and dust themselves well, as Nature prompts them. There should be a screen on two sides of the house to shelter them from the cold winds, a good roof over half the enclosure, and a nice dry roosting place well elevated.

ASPIRANT TO FAME.—We wish you success, but should prefer not to have the MS. to criticise, as we have more sent in than we have leisure to read. The question as to who was the first woman novelist is as yet undecided, but it is said by some that it was Margaret, Queen of Navarre, to whom was attributed the "Heptameron"—novels written after the Italian style. She died in 1549. Then in 1650 "Artamene" appeared, by Mlle. de Souderi; and ten years later a work by the Comtesse de Lafayette. In 1684 Mrs. Ayfara Johnson, our own first lady novelist, produced a book entitled "The Adventures of the Black Woman," under the pseudonym of "Astræa." She was a rather remarkable woman. On her return from a residence at Surinam she was engaged as a spy at Antwerp by Charles II., and gave warning of a projected attack by the Dutch Fleet on the Thames. But her communications being received with discredit, she resigned her engagement, and returned home to devote her talents to literary work. She was generally known as "Mrs. Aphra Behn."

LADY CARLOTTA should consult a doctor.

A TOMASITE.—"Pray remember the grotto." "Grotto day" is July 25th, new style, or August 5th, old style, the day dedicated to St. James the Greater. In olden times people put a shell in their hats, or on their cloaks, and paid a visit to the shrine of St. James at Compostella. Shell grottoes were erected with an image of St. James inside, for the benefit of people who could not leave home, nor afford so long a pilgrimage, and the keeper of them reminded the passer-by that it was St. James's Day, and therefore they must not forget their offering to the saint. Santiago de Compostella, in the north-west of Spain, was a famous place of pilgrimage, because of the relics of St. James, patron of Spain, which were believed to have been built into the foundations of the Cathedral. In 1175 the Order of St. James of Compostella was founded, and sanctioned by the Pope. It consisted of thirteen knights, who were bound to protect the pilgrims who visited the city against the Moors. Vows of poverty, obedience, and celibacy were taken, but as the order was allowed to retain the spoils taken from the Moors, their wealth became enormous, and their power so great as to alarm the Crown. Consequently the Pope, in 1522, transferred the Grand Mastership to the Crown permanently, and the order soon declined in importance.

THE ERL KING (S. Africa).—The institution of the Legion of Honour in France dates from May 19th, 1802, being founded under the Consulate, the First Consul being its *ex-officio* Grand Master. The titles and decorations are granted as rewards of merit; the latter consisted of a five-rayed star, bearing the Imperial effigy and eagle, and surmounted by the Imperial crown. At the Restoration the effigy of Henri IV. was substituted for that of Napoleon, and the eagle by the Fleur-de-Lys. In 1852 the head of Napoleon III. replaced that of Henri IV., and the legion was constituted on a new basis. The Primrose League is a society whose political sentiments correspond with those of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and who bind themselves to uphold the Constitution and the Government, as consisting of the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons; and, so far as may be in their power, to maintain religion, law, and order in the United Kingdom. Badges are worn by the members and associates, and meetings are held at the several "habitations" of the league with reference to the duties of the cause they have espoused.

PERSEVERANCE.—You may have been using a wide, as well as a hard, tooth-brush. Never use any but the small and rather soft ones, sold for children, and rinse the mouth often with myrrh and water not so strong as to burn the gums. A few drops in a wineglass of water, enough to whiten the latter, will suffice. Hold the lotion for some time in the mouth. Perhaps you have had a severe cold, which has loosened the teeth.

BESSIE DE VITTU.—You should say, "If he love her," not "if he loves her," as people usually say. The habit of speaking carelessly—from neglect in the teaching of children—has become so general that to speak correctly often sounds very pedantic. Thus, it is usual to say, "If thou hast had"; and good writers lend their authority, it may be unreflectingly, to such a phrase.

USELESS (apparently a misnomer) would answer an earnest appeal made in behalf of an Indian school by sending her cards and any pictures or dolls to the care of Mrs. Bennett, 20, Cavendish Square, W., to be kindly forwarded, as proposed, to Mrs. Haines, Bellary, South India. They are greatly wanted, as little prizes to encourage the native children.

"A GOOSE THAT DOES NOT SEE IT" must surely see that it is a misprint.

EFFIE PERKINS.—He left a daughter only, no son.

JOY.—Write to Mr. Tarn, Office of "G.O.P.," enclosing list of numbers and money for payment.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER must turn to St. John's gospel i. 14., Hebrews, ii. 14, 16. We can only be guided by God's word; we quite agree with his letter on the dangerous tendency of much of the teachings of the day.

SIBYL.—Flowers for sending to a distance should not be gathered after being watered nor after showers. Seal the ends with gum, which you can buy of any florist, and pack in tissue paper if you please; but the boxes of flowers which come from the Riviera have nothing round the flowers at all. 2. "Sibyl" means a prophetess.

DAISY had better go down to the hospital and see the doctor there for herself.

ETHEL.—Full information is to be found on the subject of silkworms in this year's "G.O.P." 2. The 8th of June, 1871, was a Thursday.

A. J. R.—Address your friend at the Royal Arsenal, Constantinople, Turkey. There is a British post office there, where all such letters would be sent; and it will probably be safely delivered.

A MARGUERITE.—Twelve hours of perpetual work daily is of course very likely to try the nerves, the brains, and the digestion severely; all need rest, and such a strain must sooner or later make itself felt in some way. Acidity will tend to induce the habit of grinding the teeth.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. Words by Pope, music by Dr. C. H. Hubert Parry.

The Voyage of Maeldune. Ballad. By Lord Tennyson. Set to music by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford.

We have received these two masterpieces of English musical art with feelings of just pride and patriotic enthusiasm. Performed at the recent Leeds Festival with enormous success, they affirm by their excellence England's right to be considered a musical nation. It is not our business here to point out the methods by which these two composers have secured such a triumph, or to analyse the delightfully national characteristics of the ode, which is made up of really English types of music; but we should advise all collectors of good music to consider their library incomplete without a copy of these "heralds of a new era" in British music. At last even Germany is awaking to the fact that we have not only native performers, who will bear comparison with any in Europe, but also native composers, and creators of the finest works.

The Gleaner's Harvest. By C. Harford Lloyd.—The demand for new cantatas for female voices is so constant and so great, that we welcome any addition to the existing stock, more especially when so clever and rising a musician as the organist of Christchurch, Oxford, introduces one. The "Gleaner's Harvest" is a sacred work; the words, which refer to the blessings of harvest, being written and collected by Jetty Vogel.

J. BATH.

Six Songs for Children.—Just the book for little people. Both the words and music are by Herbert Harraden, whose musical sketches, after the inimitable manner of the late John Parry, must be well-known to many. There is just that admixture of "fun and earnest" which will delight children of all ages. The book is wonderfully cheap.

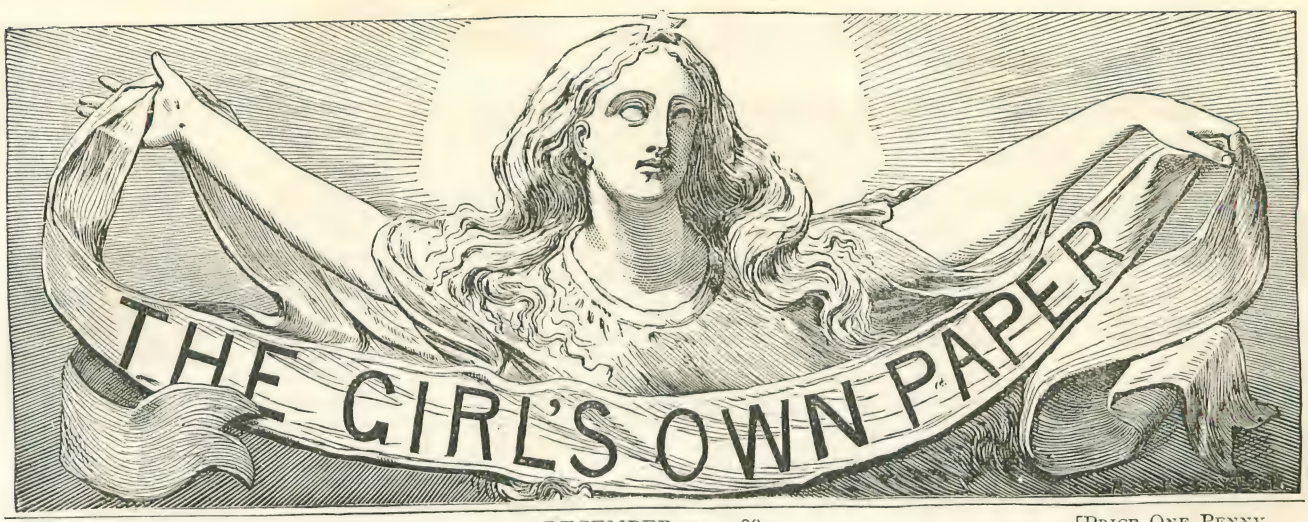
FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Song Fancies for Children. Words by Gertrude Harraden, music by Ethel Harraden.—Two more clever members of this clever family contribute, in the above little shilling volume, some of the most delicate fancies, delicate both in musical expression and poetical thought, that we have ever met with. A very beautiful tenderness and love for the children pervades the whole work, and we hope that all the little ones will possess this sweet shilling volume.

Jeannie. Song. By R. Thorley Brown.—A setting of very piquant Scotch words by Paul Richardson. The music is pretty and suitable.

ALFRED HAYS.

Rondino in G. For pianoforte. By C. A. Macirone.—It is so delightful to find that Miss Macirone is still composing. We wish that we had more of the musicianly work of this talented lady. The rondino is by no means difficult technically; but, like all her compositions, and, in fact, all things worthy of trouble, it must be played carefully and well. A good study for girls.



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DOVES' DOWN;

OR,

PIGEON LIFE.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

"I felt like the messenger pigeon flying home."—*Jane Eyre.*

THE habits and manner of life of the dove appeal to us all. Everything about it is interesting—whether it be the beauty and purity of its plumage, the swiftness of its flight, its love of home, its gentleness, its travels, or its attachment and service to man; and yet we knew scarcely anything about this bird until old John Moore, the friend of Pope, published his "Columbarium" in 1735. It is a curious old book, and so rare that I think only one original copy exists, and that is at the British Museum; it is quite worth seeing. Since its publication, however, it has been the delight of many to seek for knowledge concerning the habits and varieties of the dove, and to dot down their experiences.

At what period man added the dove to his list of domestic feathered retainers is not accurately known, but it must have been at a very remote period. What we do know is that we English have to thank the Romans for teaching us how to build our dovecots.

In varieties outside the carrier pigeon, between whom and man an intimate relation has always existed, people did not formerly very much interest themselves; it is otherwise now; we have learned that each variety has its own interesting features and characteristics.

In former days it was a privilege of noble birth to keep a dovecot. In Provence, for example, in the time of Louis XIV., no one of inferior position could possess one. A seigneurial tree at the gateway, a weathercock on the chateau, and a dovecot, were each and all signs that a family was ancient and of high birth.

In Ispahan a dovecot is still looked on as a great privilege. There are at the present time above three thousand in that city, but they are the exclusive privilege of the natives; no Christian may possess one.

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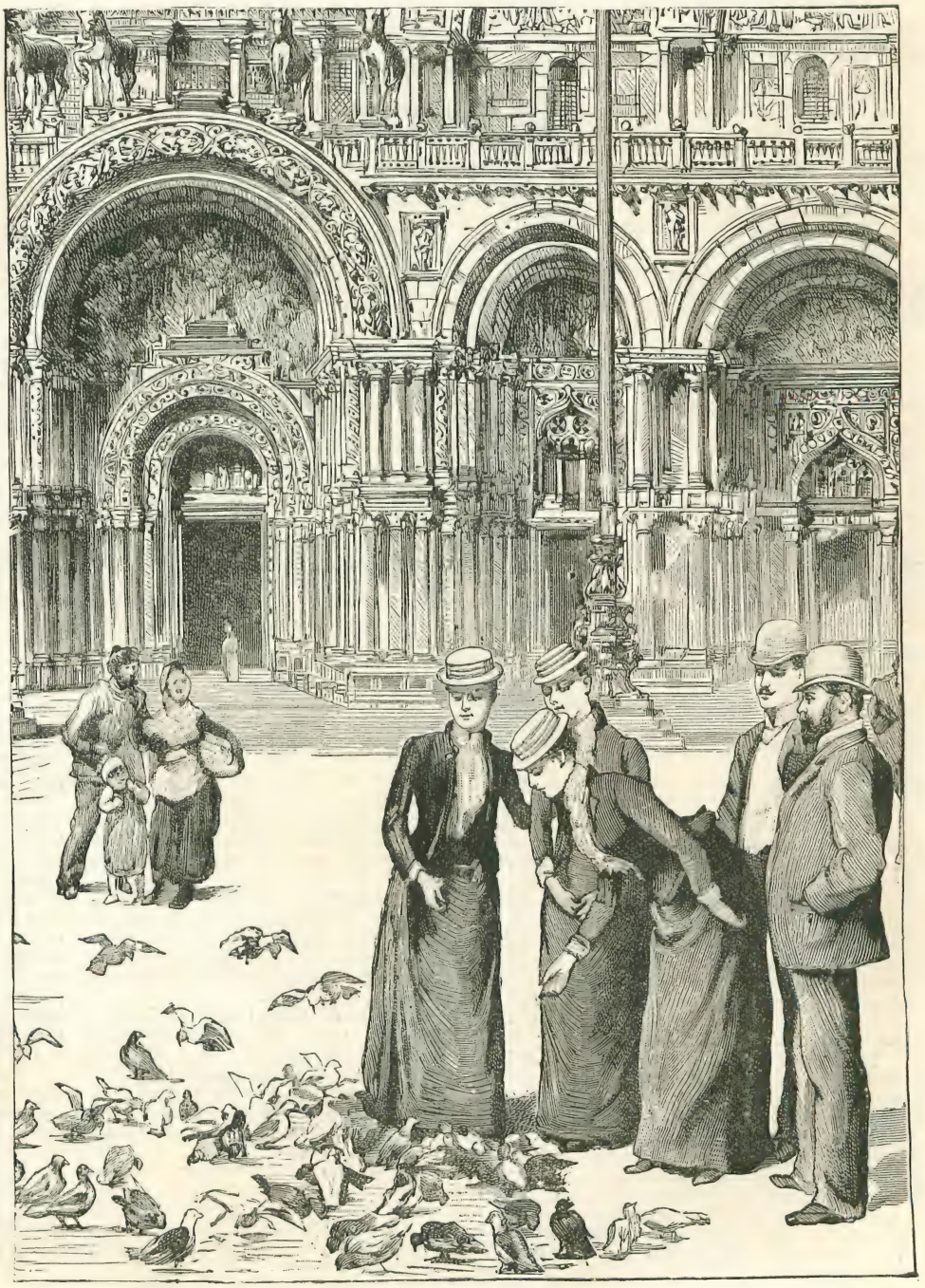


THE PRINCESS OF WALES FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

With us it is different; the dove itself has broken down the barrier, and delights to grace with its presence our castles and our barns, our cathedrals and our workhouses, our seats of learning and our homes alike.

In Egypt it appears that the pigeon houses are reckoned an important part of the husbandman's estate, and it is a proverb in that country that "a man possessed of dovecots need not be careful about the disposal of his daughter."

By the Indians, also, a pigeon roost or dovecot is considered an important source of national profit, and we shall see as we get on why this is so.

Pigeons are not confined to one or to a few countries. Go where one will, to the desolate and rugged range of cliffs as far north as Cape Wrath or on the wild precipices of the Orkneys, to sunny India or the primeval forests of America, to the rocky ravines near Genesareth or on the rocks round Norfolk Island, to our own charming woods and picturesque villages, to the Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice, the Gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, or the English gardens in Munich, the doves are sure to be there, greeting the traveller in their peculiarly graceful way, and fascinating him by the bright colours glittering on their breasts as they move to and fro. Our own Prince and Princess of Wales experienced the pleasure of being greeted by the doves while passing through Venice, recently, and showed their appreciation of the greeting by feeding the pretty, graceful creatures with their own hands in the Piazza of St. Mark. Desolate indeed would be the spot unfrequented by the dove.

There are as many as seventy different kinds of pigeon, which may account for their being found in every variety of clime. All of these derive their origin from the species known as the rock dove, which, in its wild state, is spread throughout the whole world. All the varieties breed with each other and with the wild rock dove, and without due care they soon degenerate, as it is termed, and acquire the same form and colouring.

Of these varieties the most aristocratic is the carrier pigeon; and certainly none can be traced to so remote an antiquity. It is doubtless of Eastern origin. Some few among pigeon fanciers place the blue-rock pigeon side by side with the carrier, as of equal rank; but this is a matter of opinion.

The carrier is a grand bird, beautifully formed, with broad chest and very powerfully-jointed wings; and in every way fitted for long-continued and rapid flight.

As a rule the colour of a good carrier is black or dun, though occasionally one may be seen white or blue. Its power of seeing equally well an object at a distance of many miles and a minute seed half an inch off is remarkable; but other species possess this gift equally.

It has been a constant cause of wonder how this breed of pigeon obtained its name of carrier. Mr. Ure, a great lover of pigeons, and of whom men speak as "doo daft," says, it is simply because it has more genuine carrier blood in it than any other variety, while according to others the name was given when this bird was little better than a common carrier. Certainly it must have taken a long time and many steps in the advancing process to produce the beautiful form of the carrier as we have had it for the last forty years.

The dragoon, which has now dropped out of the ranks of pigeon life, was doubtless the carrier in the less advanced state. Another and very fanciful reason for its name, is that it was bestowed on account of its noble carriage.

Carrier pigeons are greatly attached to their homes or lofts, and the intelligence they display in finding their way back, and the eagerness with which they return, are not only remarkable, but are just those qualities which recommend them to our use. Though they be carried a hundred miles away with their heads covered, they find no difficulty in returning. Neither does time wipe out the memory or the love of home, as the following anecdote will prove:—

"One day," says Mr. Ure, "when visiting my friend, he pointed out to me some beautiful black birds, saying, 'I have had those carriers for twelve months, and they were brought to me at night in baskets, and since they have been here they have only viewed their surroundings from a wired enclosure, which, as you see, is surrounded by trees.'

"The day was fine, and they were turned out in my presence. They flew up to the top of the dwelling-house, and looking about them for a few minutes, went off straight as a dart to their old loft at Broughton Ferry, where they were found next day."

The question will always remain a puzzle, "How do they know in what direction their home lies when at a very long distance from it?" They must use their eyes to a certain extent, otherwise how is it that the only occasions on which they fail to reach home is when the weather is foggy or misty. Pigeons are constantly sent from towns on the Continent and set at liberty in London, and unless fog hangs over the sea, the birds cross the Channel safely enough and regain their homes without difficulty. It is just one of those facts of natural history upon which we must be content to acknowledge ourselves baffled.

The first mention of the employment of pigeons as carriers is by Ovid, who lived some forty years before the Christian era. He tells us, in his Metamorphoses, that Taurosthenes, having gained the victory at the Olympian games, gave notice of it to his father in Ægia on the same day by a pigeon stained with purple.

When Greece was in its glory, carrier pigeons were constantly used to convey to distant places the names of the victors at the Olympian games.

Hirtius and Brutus, at the siege of Mutina (Modena), carried on a correspondence with each other by means of pigeons.

History is full of references to pigeons and their service in great emergencies. During the Crusades, for example, when Acre was besieged by King Richard, Saladin habitually corresponded with the besieged by means of carrier pigeons. A shaft, however, from an English crossbow brought one of these feathered messengers to the ground, and the stratagem was discovered.

During the siege of Paris by the Germans, in the late war, communication between the besieged and the world without was maintained almost entirely by means of carrier pigeons.

In Turkey and Persia carrier pigeons are bred and trained with great care. At first they are permitted short flights of half a mile, which gradually increase, till at length they return from the most distant parts of the kingdom.

Every Bashaw has a basket of pigeons, which have been bred in the seraglio. In any emergency, such as insurrection, he dispatches them with notices back to the seraglio, and of all methods of conveying news this is found to be the safest and quickest.

The pigeons of Aleppo used to be very famous, and served as couriers between Alexandretta and Bagdad, until about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the use of them was discontinued, in order to save them from the cruelty of the Kurd robbers. These pigeons were peculiar in that their nostrils were rough and swollen.

Before sending them on very long journeys it has always been the custom to wash the pigeons' feet with vinegar to keep them cool, lest the birds should stop on the way to bathe.

In my visits lately to many lighthouses I heard a good deal about the carrier pigeons which were formerly at the Bell Lighthouse. It seems that several "carriers" were kept at Arbroath for the use of the keepers, who on going out to relieve the others always took a few birds with them for communication in case of need. They were the pure English fancy carrier. From losses by storms and want of skill in management, they died out, and no attempt has been made to replace them.

Very interesting experiments are going on in France for the purpose of testing the capacities of swallows to carry messages—in fact, to take the place of pigeons. Should the expectations be realised a training school for swallows will be established at St. Valérien.

It may be possible to teach them to bear messages through the air from one French garrison to another, but only during the summer months, for the swallow is a migratory bird, moved by instinct to wing her way south as autumn chills set in.

A very interesting experiment has been tried by the editor of an American paper, by which he proves that pigeons are swifter than electricity. In former years he found great difficulty in obtaining prompt telegraph and mail service for the delivery of news from camp to his office. This year he has hit upon the expedient of substituting delivery by carrier pigeons, which has proved a great success.

Every morning at 9.30 his brother, a corporal, starts two birds with despatches, closely written on tissue paper, attached to their legs. On a certain day a telegram announcing the departure of the carriers was sent to the editor half an hour in advance, and the birds arrived one hour before the telegram. The distance is seventy miles, and is covered by the birds in one hour and six minutes.

A short time since, during the Emperor William's stay at Springe, experiments were made on a large scale with carrier pigeons. About one hundred and twenty of these birds were engaged in carrying military news from Springe, and the success of the trials was complete.

Mr. Gerard Walker, of Lincolnshire, in September sent a very interesting account to the *Times*, of how to his knowledge carrier pigeons were trained to be special messengers of telegrams between post-offices and country houses situate some miles apart, and spoke specially of a family who had used them for years.

It seems they live five miles from the postal telegraph office, and when sending into the town, which is of constant occurrence, a small box containing pigeons bred at the park is sent in by the dogcart. These birds are taken possession of by a grocer living near the post-office, who in return sends back to the park pigeons bred close to his shop in the town.

When a telegram arrives for the park, it is taken across the street to the grocer, who rolls it up and ties it round the neck of one of the park pigeons, so that the roll lies across the upper part of the bird's breast. The pigeon is then liberated, and in about ten minutes from the time of despatch the telegram is delivered at the park five miles distant.

The same process is repeated with the grocer's pigeons if a reply is required. The platform leading into the pigeon house is connected with an electric bell in the hall, which rings as the bird alights. The servants hearing this at once go to untie it from the bird.

There must, says this gentleman, be many country homes in England where a pigeon post could be established with advantage, and would certainly be more interesting and economical than the ordinary telegram delivery.

I was so interested in this account that I felt I might be allowed to introduce it here for those who had not already seen it.

The carrier pigeon has just been turned to a

curious use in Russia, viz., that of conveying negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made a short time since from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, and the subject photographed was the Winter Palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impervious to the light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who quickly carried them to the station at Volgovo.

There are not wanting romances which have been brought to a successful issue by means of doves; indeed, there is no knowing in what phases of human life they have not taken part.

How to rear and train these birds, and what houses they require, will be spoken of later.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

By A TEMPLAR.

N article has recently appeared in one of our influential reviews, entitled "The Women of To-day." The authoress is a lady of rank, and the subject of her essay is the terrible demand made upon the time and strength of those who, like herself, belong to what the society journals delight to call the wealthy and leisured classes.

The title of the essay is, however, so broad and comprehensive that Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell can hardly have intended her descriptions to apply solely to the "nobility and gentry," but to refer, though in a lesser degree, to that happier and more numerous middle class to which I imagine a great number of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are privileged to belong.

Stories of the privations of the poor women-workers in the east of London are, alas! painfully familiar, but a statement in a magazine of authority and importance, that ladies and young girls of education and position are suffering keenly from the exacting social demands made upon them, is a curious and suggestive fact. Hitherto we have been taught to imagine that they only who need to work for their daily bread and butter feel the rush and stress of modern life; but now we are informed that the old order changeth, and that the young ladies of the Happy Valley, who have been nursed in the lap of comfort if not of luxury, and who know nothing of the great problems of existence, are bending under a weight of social duties and requirements with which their grandmothers were happily unacquainted. Such is in brief the charge which the talented essayist brings against the times. It may not be unprofitable to glance at some of the particulars of her complaint, in order that those of my readers who are thus early in life discovering how much is required of them, may be consoled by a ventilation of their grievances, and that others who have not been awakened to the facts, may be brought to a proper sense of their responsibilities.

After alluding to the great revolutions wrought by modern science, and the increased hurry and excitement which have followed in the wake of the railway train and the electric telegraph, Lady Catherine Gaskell tells us that not only has a new standard of perfection been raised for women, but that new requirements have been added to the old code. The pleasant mediocrity of thirty years ago is not sufficient. The young lady who paints must produce pictures of far greater merit than "her aunt's roses entwined with auriculas." Her playing and singing must far excel her mother's rendering of the simple ballads which in days gone by enslaved the captain and charmed an after-dinner circle of elderly friends. She must, we are told, take an active share in charitable and even political work, and for such she must cultivate accurate habits of business. She must speak fluently and logically in public, and must be able to converse in several languages. She must excel in tennis and cricket, and stalk over heather and turnips like Nimrod himself. If she has the responsibility of a household resting upon her, she must be ready to discharge duties infinitely more varied and complicated than those which were laid upon the ladies of a bygone generation. Housekeeping must be more artistic and refined, and yet faithful attention must be paid to the thousand trifles or "petty things of life," which, if neglected, "place a household in chaos, and make every member uncomfortable."

"The petty burden of daily commonplaces," or what the Rev. John Keble called "the daily round, the common task," however, does not and must not fill up her time. A wider sympathy and larger and broader understanding of life are demanded of her. Men and women are meeting on equal terms, and the keen blade of the critic pays no heed to sex. "Women," says Lady Catherine Gaskell, "have no recognised leisure," and yet with all the manifold interruptions and claims upon them, they must be feminine Admirable Crichtons. This delightful essay, to which an abstract can do but scant justice, concludes with an amusing account of a modern lady who tries to get through some fourteen hours of "work" daily, and while endeavouring to cram in as much play as possible, strives hard to "grow a little soul," and to avoid nervous exhaustion.

Whatever we may think as to the absolute correctness and freedom from exaggeration in the above description of woman's occupations, it cannot be questioned that a vast, and, on the whole, beneficial change has been wrought during the past twenty or thirty years. Young girls are being educated as thoroughly as their brothers; and in many cases with far more satisfactory results. A smattering of French phrases, in the manner of Stratford-atte-Bowe, a little German, which was found useless the instant its fair possessor crossed the French frontier, a little morning exercise on the piano, a few crayon sketches executed by the drawing-master and signed by herself, all these things are happily banished to limbo.

It is, moreover, a subject of rejoicing that our sisters are cultivating broader interests, and acquiring far sounder judgments upon questions of literary and public importance, than did their mothers and grandmothers before them, and this without needing to sacrifice that girlish charm or womanly sweetness which the world would not exchange for all the libraries ever compiled, or for all the accomplishments guaranteed in the prospectus of a finishing school. "The Drawing-room Scrap Book," "The Chaplet of Flowers," "The Amulet," and the other frivolous literary trifles upon which the minds of girls and women a generation or two ago were expected to feed and flourish, have been replaced by books of real worth and permanent interest.

The opportunities, moreover, of outdoor exercise, and the freer association with her brothers' friends, enable the girl of to-day to acquire a healthy body as well as a sound and vigorous mind. At lawn tennis young ladies are often victors over their more muscular opponents, just as in Virgil's epic the fleet Camilla routed some of the bravest paladins of the Pious Æneas. The tedious croquet mallet is naturally discarded for the more energetic racquet, while the prim propriety of our mother's maiden aunt would have been shocked by the frequent spectacle of flannel-clad maidens "wielding the willow," or "trundling the leather" in the cricket field, and stumping their opponents with the zest of a public schoolboy who has just got his eleven.

All these things, I fully admit, are indicative of a profound change in the position of the girls of to-day, but I venture to think that while in the past too little was expected from the gentler sex, and their powers and attainments altogether undervalued, that the tendency of Lady Catherine Gaskell and other writers is to exaggerate this change, and to regard the demand made upon the "women of to-day" as far more severe than it actually is. Girls used to be considered as of inferior social importance to the members of the sterner sex; they now are rightly raised to an equality. Surely it is a little premature to preach a universal "Place aux Dames," and to reverse the usual order of the genders by making the feminine precede in importance the masculine and neuter.

It is hardly necessary to point out, for example, that the power of speaking fluently and idiomatically several languages is rarely possessed by or required from young Englishwomen, however well educated; and the art of holding forth on the public platform is—I was going to say fortunately—a still more rare accomplishment, and one that may possibly be neglected without immediate loss to the community. Young ladies, moreover, while stimulated to long rambles in common-sense garments, may safely leave Lady Gaskell's turnips untrodden, without sacrificing one iota of influence or social advantage.

The fact that I desire to urge is, that girls are required by modern opinion either to be moderate all round performers, or to excel in some special accomplishment or pursuit. The world is not unreasonable, and does not call girls to paramount excellence in all things which make up cultured womanhood, any more than it calls Robert Browning to be a painter, John Millais to be a musician, or William Ewart Gladstone to be a burlesque actor. It asks for the development of latent ability, or, as Carlyle has it, it requires of us that we produce something.

If a maiden give promise of exceptional ability in music, she is required neither by common sense nor by the bogey of society to distinguish herself as a poet. If she devote herself to any of the varied forms of art, and can limn canvases of special excellence, no demand is made upon her to witch the world with harp or violin. If she dedicate her life to the solving of the perplexing problems of social science,

she may safely leave the acquirement of Lady Gaskell's several languages; or if she meddle with those "fluxions or paradoxes" against which Sir Anthony Absolute was warned by Mrs. Malaprop, society does not seek to examine her upon a "supercilious knowledge of accounts," nor condemn her because she fails to attain the highest possible skill in the use of "diabolical instruments." Neither custom nor reason, it is submitted, exacts this tribute of universal excellence from womanhood, but justly claims that she shall be mindful of the responsibility of life, and seek to attain to a broad and generous culture, or, as an alternative, that she shall contribute some special thing that is of unusual worth.

Much depends on the peculiar gifts of each member of your "gentle and joyous" company; and when a maiden has extraordinary and varied ability, society does not limit the output of her intellectual riches, but at the same time does not expect from each the diamonds, rubies, and fine gold which nature has stored in different mines.

What, then, shall we strive to do and to be, in order that we may not seem unworthy of the great change in public sentiment? Either we must cultivate fair general capabilities, or attain definite and special excellence. This is neither more nor less than what is required of our male competitors.

The application of this suggested rule to infinitely varying combinations of facts is not easy. Speaking broadly, however, we seem to arrive at this conclusion, that when young girls have to live by an accomplishment, their maxim must be "this one thing I do;" and the rule will be the same where a special talent is possessed by those who are not thus called upon to earn their own livelihood.

Where, on the contrary, general aptitude exists without particular excellence, the idea of supporting herself by a mediocre accomplishment will be abandoned by a well-advised young lady, and she will seek for an occupation which makes a less anxious claim upon her intellectual or æsthetic resources than literature or art or music, and she will strive to keep her mind expansive and her sympathies active by the pursuits of her well-earned leisure. This course, I venture to urge, should be followed where, instead of daily business, the routine of a household devolves upon the all-round maiden who has no distinguishing accomplishment.

To such a one the path of life will offer no less promise of honour and usefulness, provided she does not steep her whole thoughts and sympathies in the necessary but often fossilising well of daily details. Business or domestic routine may fill a woman's time, but it need not satisfy her intellectual aspirations, or blunt the keen edge of her ambition. It is the all round girls whose resources are the readiest, whose self-possession is the most ample, whose capacity for work is most elastic, and who, in fine, make the world's wheels to go most smoothly. And it is largely these general lady practitioners, who, trained in the school of detail, and familiarised with organisation, carry forward the splendid philanthropic and charitable enterprises with which the women of to-day are nobly associated. It is with them rather than with their specialist sisters that the responsibility of the future lies.

The peculiar peril which besets the girl of special gifts lurks at the very fountain whence she draws her strength. Concentration of purpose is indispensable for success, but it is prone to tempt its possessor to narrow and restricted views of life. Let my readers who are resolutely cultivating the gift that is in them, remember that the world does not revolve on an axle of their own fashioning, nor the sun shine through the window of their studio alone. Let them remember that while good work is demanded of them by Him who has given them ready brains and facile fingers, yet that honours are dearly won at the price of a narrowed culture and of one-sided views of life.

One final word to those maidens who, having neither general aptitude nor special talent, have lost confidence in themselves. They possibly have had no educational advantages; or it may be that their minds are flabby and non-retentive, and that, like poor Smike, they learn with difficulty. To such the dying words of the great German poet have a peculiar message: "We bid you hope!"

The facilities for self-education are greater, and the methods of study more rational, than at any former period, and though your task may be tedious and your progress slow, you will at least escape Dr. Johnson's reproach of being an "un-idea'd" set of girls, and you will be saving yourselves from that complete mental slackness and emptiness which is one of the saddest of all conditions.

You will not be carried forward perhaps on the foremost waves of the flood tide of culture and learning; but you will be spared the humiliation of drifting backwards on the ebb of ignorance.

Forward in hope is the watchword of to-day. Let the dawn of the twentieth century bring to the girls of England a just appreciation of their position and privileges, and a wise understanding of the responsibilities which are laid upon them.

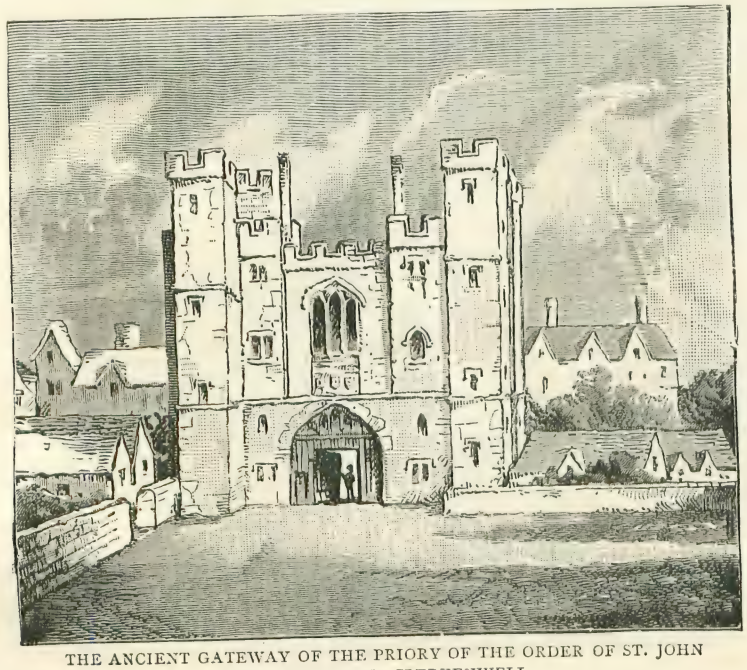
ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PERHAPS some of my young readers will be a little startled at seeing the name of the ancient and illustrious Order above named in connection with those conferred on women. But in a country where sex forms no barrier to the wearing of the crown itself, nor to the Sovereign of investiture with this same Order, a feeling of surprise might well be awakened on the contrary side of the question; the more so, as it is clear that in the first instance women were specially intended to participate in the honours which it conferred, and did so participate from the time of John of Gaunt to that of Henry VII., when the last Lady Chevalière of the Order was his mother, Margaret Beaumont, Countess of Richmond.



THE ANCIENT GATEWAY OF THE PRIORY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, CLERKENWELL.
(*From a print of the Sixteenth Century.*)

An attempt has since that time been made to restore to women a distinction of which they had been deprived for no ostensible reason, and whether hereafter restored to them or not, still, as having been originally theirs, it must be included amongst those conferred on women.

Before entering into the subject of this special Order, it may be well to refer to the question of Orders of Knighthood in connection with women, over and above the distinction of wearing a badge, and belonging to a religious or civil order specially designed for themselves. I quote from a work entitled "An Accurate and Historical Account of all the Orders of Knighthood," by an Officer of the Chancery of the "Order of St. Joachim," and dedicated to Lord Nelson. ". . . I think it necessary to consider the persons who may be honoured with this reward of virtue. They are called *Equites* (knights), whether they be males or females. . . . That persons of both sexes may be distinguished by the Order of Knighthood, nobody will deny . . . But to be a candidate for the distinction of an Order, a noble and ancient descent is required." (See "Prefatory Discourse, re-

lative to Orders of Knighthood in General," pp. xxxiii. and xxxiv.)

Having briefly explained this fact, I may just observe that Edward III. desired to create an Order of Chivalry that would emulate that of the "Knights of the Round Table," instituted by King Arthur. At the same time the badge or insignia is said to have had its origin, as every schoolgirl knows, out of a trifling incident, in which the high-bred, chivalrous sentiments and presence of mind of the mighty sovereign came to the relief of a woman's delicacy of feeling, hurt no less by the smiles occasioned than by the accident itself, which occurred before the knights and nobles of the Court. On Jan. 1st, 1344, the King (Edward III.) issued letters of protection for the safe-coming and returning of knights of all nations, inviting them to take part in a grand tournament to be celebrated at Windsor. The joust took place on April 23rd, 1344, when a round table was erected in the castle, of two hundred feet in diameter, and the knights were entertained at the King's expense.

The actual date of the founding of the Order is a matter of question, Selden placing it on April 23, 1344, and Ashmole in the year 1349 or 1350, but the first-named date appears to be the most generally received. The Order consisted, in the first instance, of twenty-six members, of which the sovereign was the head. The chief sign of the Order is a garter of blue velvet edged with gold, and bearing the well-known utterance of the royal founder, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (shame be to him who evil of it thinks). The mantle is of blue velvet lined with white. The earliest delivery of mantles to the knights was in September, 1351, and in May, 1418, the office of "Garter King at Arms," chief Herald of the Order, was created; and next in precedence to the "Earl Marshal," whose office was instituted by Henry V. in 1420. The Prelate of the Order is the Bishop of Winchester, the Chancellor is the Bishop of Oxford, the Registrar the Dean of Windsor, and lastly, the "Usher of the Black Rod." The sovereign and twenty-five knights companions, the Prince of Wales always included, and such lineal descendants of George III. as may be elected, compose the Order; the admission of foreign sovereigns and of certain extra knights has recently been provided for by statute. The collar and "George" were instituted by Henry VII. about the year 1497, and the "star" granted by Charles I., A.D. 1626.

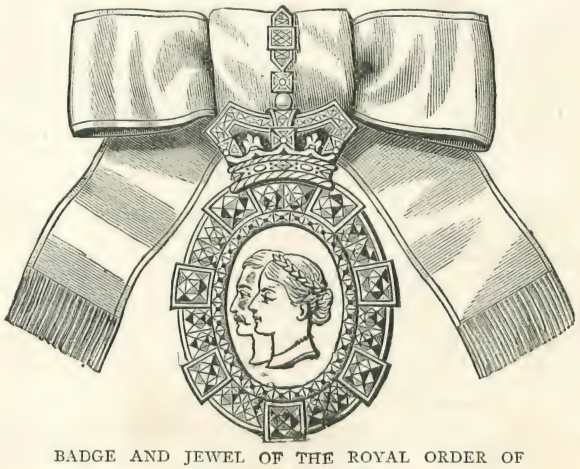
It is time now that I should tell you how this Order has a special interest for that sex now deprived of its rights and honours. The earliest roll of the members extant is of the time of Richard II., upon which are inscribed the names respectively of Joan Plantagenet ("Fair Maid of Kent"), the widow of "the Black Prince," the Duchess of Brittany, and the Lady Courtenay (styled by Froissart "the fairest lady in all England"), both of them half-sisters of the King, and therefore aunts of "the Black Prince." Also the name of the Queen of Spain, whose husband, observe, did not share the distinction with her, and the Lady Philippa de Courcy, the King's grand-daughter. Again, in the reign of Richard II., Philippa, Queen-Consort of John, King of Portugal, and the Princess Catherine, wife of Henry, Prince of Asturias, both daughters of the Duke of Lancaster, were, like other members of the sovereign's family, enrolled as "Knights of the Garter."

From this time down, through the several succeeding reigns, very many noble ladies are recorded on the rolls as members of the Order, as those of the Countesses of Buckingham, Pembroke, Salisbury, Huntingdon, Kent, Derby, Westmoreland, Arundel, Warwick, and Richmond. Also of the Ladies Mohun, Despencer, Poynings, Swynford, Fitz-Walter, De Ros, Waterton, and Burnell.

BADGE AND JEWEL OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE CROWN OF INDIA.

I said that the Garter was worn round the left arm of a Lady of the Order. She also wore its distinctive habit on the feast days of St. George, the patron. These robes were given to her out of the royal wardrobe, and were of the same material and colour as the surcoats of the knights, and similarly embroidered with numerous small garters, encircled with the motto of the Order. There was no difference between the insignia worn by a Lady of the Order on the arm and the habit and those conferred on the knights, and the title by which she was distinguished was "Lady of the Society of St. George."

Speaking of the latter, whom we can never dissever from his traditional emblem, I cannot adduce unimpeachable historical evidence that this warlike saint and deliverer did actually slay a monster; but as an emblem of "the father of lies," of sin in general, and paganism and its special abominations in particular, the beautiful group which is represented on the decoration suspended round the neck is highly appropriate. Still, I am little disposed to set aside as utterly and absurdly fabulous the literal character of the dragon, any more than that of his chivalrous and victorious antagonist, there being a somewhat similar story which is regarded by good authority to be substantially true. My first article of this series related to the venerable and illustrious Order of the "Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem," one of whom, the Chevalier Dieudonné de Gozo, of the Island of Rhodes, *subsequently Grand* Master of the Order (in the fourteenth century), killed some kind of rare monster. The head of this creature asserted its reality, being preserved in the island, until the knights were at last slaughtered and expelled by overwhelming numbers of the infidels. Even then the Turks preserved this curious relic, and, so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, it was seen by Thevenot, whose description of it would seem to point to the *hippopotamus*.



BADGE AND JEWEL OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

Knights of the Garter place "K.G." after their names, and these letters take precedence of all other titles (those of royalty excepted). Their stalls, garter, plates, and banners are to be seen in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There are a collar and the "George," an equestrian figure of the saint, trampling the dragon and transfixing him with a lance. The collar is of gold enamelled, formed of twelve garters buckled, each encircling a "Tudor rose," and as many knots of cords.

The "Lesser George," added by Henry VIII., shows the same device on an oval-shaped, enamelled field, the whole encircled with a buckled garter. It was originally suspended by a black ribbon, changed by Queen Elizabeth for a sky-blue one, and the present Royal Family changed this colour again to dark-blue, a broad ribbon, now worn over the left shoulder, from which the "Lesser George" hangs, under the right arm. It was this "George" that Charles I. delivered to Bishop Juxon, uttering the mysterious injunction—"Remember!"

Before closing the subject of this Order, I must inform my readers that three at least amongst our ancient monumental effigies give representations of the Garter as worn by women on the left arm. In the fine Early Perpendicular church of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, in the chantry chapel, there are two very beautiful and elaborate altar-tombs, those of Thomas Chaucer (1434), and Alice (*née* Chaucer), Duchess of Suffolk (1475). "This lady, when Countess of Salisbury, was authorised by the king and heralds to bear on her arm the badge of the Order of the Garter, and she wears it here." I am indebted to the learned antiquary, Edward Walford, Esq., for the information of which I avail myself in his article "Ewelme and the Chaucer Tombs," which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1887. I cannot, therefore, do better than quote his words. "The tomb of the Duchess Alice is elaborate and gorgeous: angels, sculptured in the most delicate stone, support her pillow, while below is seen the effigy of her skeleton in a shroud, under a ceiling painted in various colours. Over it (the tomb) is a canopy of panelled stone, ranged in the cornice of which are nine figures, apparently angels and saints alternately." I will not give a full description of this beautiful tomb, but hasten on to say that "between the upper and lower piers, which are panelled in stone, is the tomb, on which lies a full-size figure of the Duchess. She wears a kirtle, and over it a loose gown; and above all the 'mantle of estate,' fastened at the throat by cords and tassels; and round her neck and over the chin is the wimple. A ducal coronet confines a veil which falls over her shoulders; on the third finger of the right

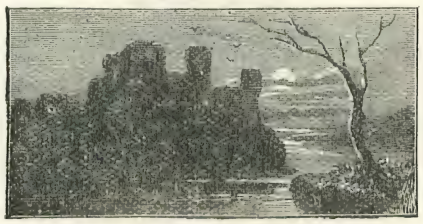
hand is a ring, and on the left arm a little above the wrist is the riband of the Order of the Garter." This is not, however, the only sculptured demonstration of the manner in which lady companions of the Order wore its badge; for the tomb of the Countess of Tankerville, and that of Lady Harcourt at Staunton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, represent the Order as worn on the left arms, respectively, of these ladies also. So far as the researches of the author to whom I am indebted for this information have led him to believe, these three are the sole existing monumental illustrations of the wearing of the Garter by women. No reason that I have been able to ascertain has ever been assigned for the discontinuance to women of a distinction which for so long a period they shared alike with men. It entailed no unfeminine duties, and the decoration worn as a bracelet was in every respect suitable and becoming.

The "Royal Order of Victoria and Albert" was instituted by H.M. the Queen on Feb. 10th, 1862, and consists of a jewelled badge containing the faces in profile of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. It is suspended to a white moiré ribbon, one and a half inches broad, fringed, and tied in a loose flat bow, an ornamental chain attached to the badge passing over the flat knot. There are three classes of this Order, the first class comprising the members of the Royal Family only.

Another Order, designed to commemorate the assumption by the Queen of her imperial title, is that of "The Crown of India." And here I take the opportunity of observing that in so doing Her Majesty only assumed the true designation of her real rank and position. The sovereigns of this great empire have been miscalled "kings" and "queens" for many centuries past, just because these latter titles are of greater antiquity, and, as such, invested with historical interest, prefixed as they were to the immortal names of some of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned. It is only correct that the supreme head of an empire and an imperial parliament should bear her true title of "Empress." This was a self-evident fact to her great and illustrious prime minister at that time, and the institution of two orders was the natural result, *i.e.*, the "Imperial Order of the Star of India" for men, and the "Imperial Order of the Crown of India" for women. The badge consists of a medallion containing the cipher "V. R. and I." in pearls, diamonds, and turquoises, encircled by a border set with pearls, and surmounted by the Imperial crown, jewelled and enamelled in proper colours. This is attached to a flat bow of light blue watered ribbon, edged with white, one and a half inches in width, and fringed. The Order was inaugurated Jan. 1st, 1878, and consists of the Royal Family, the wives and relatives of princes of the Indian Empire, of members of the Imperial household, and of any of the persons who have held or still hold offices of state, of the Governors of Madras and Bombay, and of the principal Secretary of State, and other ladies, as Her Majesty may see fit.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to correct a trifling mistake made in my first article with reference to the picture by Giorgione (Barbarelli) of the "Cavalière di Malta." The knight holds, not his sword hilt, but a rosary. Giorgione flourished between the years 1477 and 1511.

(To be continued.)



A DANISH SOCIETY FOR THE "PROMOTION OF SIMPLICITY AND MODESTY IN DRESS."

may interest many to learn the purpose and rules of the above association, although it will be the few only, in all probability, who will think of obeying its mandates here in England, unless a connection with a nursing institution, or a similar society, has already stemmed the tide of desire to emulate the ever-increasing extravagance of the present day.

Denmark is anything but a rich country, but even in Denmark the dress mania had reached a great height a few years since, when the beautiful Countess Moltke stepped forward to try, by precept and example, to raise her countrywomen's eyes to higher objects of admiration than gold and pearls, or the putting on of apparel. As the Danish writer of the preamble to the rules says—

"There is no doubt that many an earnest-minded person has long sighed to see the increasing luxury in dress, the extravagant finery, with its tendency to increased frivolity, which is growing ever more and more common amongst us, and spreading from the highest to the lowest, till there is one general struggle throughout society, the one not to be outdone by the other in display. Women with hard-working husbands and slender purses display themselves in splendid attire, while servants and factory girls spend the last penny of their wages for fine clothes, nay, even sell themselves to buy the finery which brings them into the extremity of shame and misery.

"But if the passion for show is a snare for all, then it seems to us particularly scandalous for Christian women to forget the responsibility they bear towards the world, and instead of letting their light shine forth to the glory of God their Father, to find them actually conforming to it, and voluntarily allowing themselves to be entangled in its toils and bewilderments. Can it be that they have never heard the Apostle's warning—'Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel,' or have they forgotten it? In this case it is indeed high time that voices were raised with a reminder for them.

"We, therefore, the undersigned women, call upon those of our Christian sisters who hold the same views on this subject as ourselves, to unite with us in forming an association for the promotion of simplicity and modesty in dress.

"Women entering the association do not bind themselves by any vow, neither is there any yearly contribution claimed. The only payment to be made is that of one mark and a half (1s. 8d.), charged on entrance for the badge of the association."

Rules.

"On entering the association the members receive the badge of the union, a small silver cross to be worn on the left breast, in order to intimate to our friends, when we visit at their houses, that it is out of no disrespect to them that we enter their doors in plainer attire than custom at present seems to demand. But the wearing of this badge is optional.

"2. We do not at all wish to promote a narrow-minded spirit of judgment of others, but only to point out, in broad lines, what we consider our own aim as Christian women should be, and we feel convinced that the woman who attaches herself to our association will not only feel herself more independent and happy, but will also bear herself more bravely in the world.

"3. Without attempting to enumerate the many absurd inventions and devices of the changing fashions, we presume that everyone entering the association will understand for herself that she should not submit to them. Indeed, it might justly have been supposed that the personal feeling, in each Christian's heart, would have been strong enough to dictate a suitability in dress, and, above all, a modesty. Sadly enough, such is not always the case; we have therefore found it needful to publish, at any rate, the following few guides for the attire of those who enrol themselves in our ranks.

"4. No dresses of silk or velvet to be worn, with the one exception in favour of black silk. No imitation flowers; no birds' feathers. Members not to wear dresses that leave the neck and arms bare; and to discard jewellery and other needless ornaments, as also to refrain from having the hair artificially cut and curled upon the forehead, after the fashion so prevalent at the present day.

"We, the undersigned, reserve to ourselves the right to add to our rules if, as time goes on, it should appear necessary or expedient to do so.

"M. Moltke (Countess),
President.

S. Bartholdy, H. Brunn, F. Cohn, M. Goldstein, F. Keyper, E. Jessin, D. Schröder, M. Ussing."

("All ladies of position."—*Translator.*)

FISHERMAN BEN.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN, B.A.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTHING could have exceeded the kindness which the professor and his sister showed to Bess Mills. If it is possible for anyone brought up amongst herrings and lobster-pots and fishing tackle and mackerel to be happy amongst books and papers and soft cushions and easy chairs and learned professors, certainly Bess Mills ought to have been happy. In a few days' time she had made the acquaintance of several renowned scholars in Edinburgh, an honour which many an aspiring student would fain have taken from her. Everyone was delighted with her; for Bess Mills could hold her own everywhere, and she had made up her mind that the professor should not be ashamed of her. Ashamed of her! Why, never a day passed but he told her that he was prouder than ever of his choice, and when he told her that, she looked up gratefully and reverently, wondering what he could find in her to love and admire.

"My child," he said to her, "I vowed I would never think of marriage until I met a young, beautiful being whom I could train up in my modes of thought, and whom I could inspire with the same enthusiasm that I myself feel for the greatest of all earthly things—wisdom. Such a young and beautiful being I have found in you, sweet Elizabeth. You understand my theories and my mental machinery. I am grateful to you."

She did not entirely grasp his meaning; but she would not have lost one single word from his mouth. She knew she could not hope to understand all his language, or to follow him in his flights of learned fancy. He rose to such heights—ah, it was just that. He was so far above her, so far out of her reach; too far to be loved. And everything was strange to her; the name by which the professor and his sister called her was strange to her—Elizabeth. Why, in Seaton no one would have known who was meant by Elizabeth Mills.

Life had changed for Bess; and was it a change for the better? It was a life without love and religion, and who shall say that such a life is good for any one of us?

One night Bess dreamed of her home. She dreamed that the wind came in with sudden fury, and the waves rose high, relentless and reckless, and the fishing boats from Seaton were all out at sea, and God only knew whether they would ever get safely back to harbour again. But they came in, one by one, all except the *Storm Queen*. And Bess saw Ben standing up in the *Storm Queen*, and she heard his voice above the voice of the tempest.

"Bess," he cried, "I have loved you all my life and you have forsaken me. Come to me before it is too late, Bess!"

But it was too late now, for the *Storm Queen* sank, and Ben went down with her, and the angry sea hissed and boiled and raged.

Then she cried, "Ben, Ben!" and she awoke with his name on her lips and in her heart.

And she longed for her old home, the dear old surroundings. She seemed to have returned to her former self. She was Bess again, not Elizabeth—Bess, the fisherman's daughter, not Elizabeth, the learned professor's betrothed. The next morning she told Miss Davidson she wished to go home.

"You have been kind to me," she said, "but I want to see my own dear ones. I long to see them."

Miss Davidson kissed her affectionately, and showed more feeling than one would expect from a lady intimately acquainted with the Sanskrit syntax.

"Perhaps you do, dear," she said kindly. "I told Septimus this; but he does not understand these little human feelings. Come, let us speak to him."

So the two women stood side by side in the professor's study. He looked up from his books, and seemed quite distressed—as far as he could be distressed about anything which had not to do with his mental machinery.

"But you will come back to us, child," he said, stroking her hand. "Of course you will come back to us. I will pack a case of books for your use, and I will mark certain passages which I specially commend to your notice. I am disappointed that you should wish to go home just when we were making such strides in our education. But perhaps you will reconsider your determination, Elizabeth. I trust it may be so."

She tried to express her gratitude for all the kindness which he and his sister had shown to her, but he said—

"Reconsider your determination, Elizabeth, and stay with us yet longer."

But she left Edinburgh the next morning. She forgot all about the case of books which the professor had packed for her, and if he had not remembered to inquire after it, and to see it put into the luggage van at the last moment, Bess would have gone back to Seaton unprovided with literature.

As she was nearing Seaton, her father and mother sat in the old kitchen talking of her and of Ben.

"Ben's not raised his head since the *Storm Queen* came to grief," said the old fisherman. "Poor lad, he's had a hard year. If you'd forsook me, missus, as Bess forsook he, I'd not have raised my head agin, I can tell ye."

"You're dunderheaded, John," replied his wife, sharply; for he always seemed to reproach her for having encouraged Bess to accept the professor.

"Maybe," he answered. "Dear, what a day this be! If this sulky weather holds on, us in Seaton 'll come to grief, for the boats can't put out, and when there's no fish there's no money, and when there's no money there's no food. That's it."

Suddenly there was a stir in the village, and the news spread about that the lifeboat had put out to the rescue of a vessel which had signalled distress. The pride and the hope of Seaton was in that lifeboat.

Just at that very moment Bess was groping her way down the steep street, the carrier's lantern throwing some light on the darkness. Her heart was beating with excitement and happiness. The mere feeling that she was in dear old Seaton again made her ten times her old self—ten times Bess.

She opened the door of her home.

"Mother! father!" she cried; "it's Bess come back earlier than you thought. I could not stay from you any longer. I told Miss Davidson I must come, and here I am."

"And right welcome, too!" they cried. "Bess, we've missed you dreadful."

Her hat and cloak were off in no time, and there she was in the old kitchen, pouring out the tea and cutting the bread and fussing about over the fire, just as if she had never left Seaton. There was heaps of news to tell her, and amongst other things the story of the *Storm Queen*. Then Bess remembered her dream of two nights ago.

"And Ben?" she asked, anxiously.

"The lifeboat be out and Ben be in it," her father answered.

"Then I think I'll go down to the quay," she said, quickly.

There was the old green plaid shawl hanging on the peg where she had left it. She wrapped it closely round her head and shoulders and hurried down the cobbled street. Stevie, Ben's great friend, was the first person she saw. He had been ill, and was not strong enough to go in the lifeboat.

"Why, Bess!" he cried, "glad to see ye home."

"There's no place like Seaton, Stevie," she said.

"Ah, you be right there," he answered cheerily. "The lifeboat be out, Bess—there's an awful sea on."

"I've come down to see the boat safely in," she said.

"You be a stranger to the quay and the harbour, Bess," he said.

"Yes, Stevie," she replied quietly. "But you don't know how I've thought of the quay and the harbour since I've been away. I don't ever want to leave them again."

They had reached the quay now, and stood with the others, anxiously expectant. Friendly hands were stretched out to Bess, and even at that anxious time cheery voices cried—

"Glad to see ye back, Bess."

So they waited—this big family of Seaton. They knew how to wait. That is one of the lessons which the fisher-folk learn from childhood.

And the lifeboat came home. She made for the beach, and rushed in on an opportune wave. Two men sprang from her, rope in hand, and hauled her in: the men and women on the beach lending their aid—Bess amongst them. She grasped the rope as firmly as anyone there—she, a true fisher-girl. Her voice joined in the ringing cheers of welcome to the rescuers and the rescued. That was her rightful place on the beach amongst her own people, near the gallant men who had braved the storm and overcome it, and had risked their lives to save the lives of others.

There was Ben, bearing in his arms one of the half-drowned men they had saved from the wrath of the sea. He looked troubled and anxious.

Bess touched his arm gently, timidly.

"Ben," she said, "thank God you're safe!"

"You here, Bess!" he answered, and his heart went out to her. "Why, this be like old times."

Even by the light of the lantern she could see how a bright smile came over his distressed face, and made him look more like the old Ben.

She waited for him until he had finished his share of the work, when they passed up into the village. He asked no questions about her return; perhaps he had forgotten that she had ever been away. All he said was—

"It was kind of you, Bess, to trouble about me."

"I am sorry about the *Storm Queen*, Ben," she said. "I dreamed she was wrecked and you were drowned. So I was anxious and unhappy, and I couldn't stop with them another day. They were kind, both of them; but I longed to be at home."

Ben did not answer. He was not one to speak much. Then at last he said—

"I took on wonderful about the *Storm Queen*. She were a sort of friend to me. One don't love every boat like I loved she. She knowed a deal about my thoughts, and she kept a tight mouth. But, there now, that's enough about she and me. Still, we'd knowed her all our lives, Bess; and it's a bit hard when an old friend fails. She weren't free, like you was. You was a free lass. There wasn't no word spoken between we. That's why you and me can meet frank and easy now. Good-night, lass."

"Good-night, Ben," she answered. Her voice trembled a little.

"Good-night, Ben," said one of the fishermen. "There's fair weather coming on, sure as my name's Charlie Bates."

"Ay, ay," sang Ben, cheerily; "there be fair weather coming on. Maybe you brought it, Bess."

Maybe she did. The next day the fishing boats were able to put out in safety, and returned laden with spoils. The fishermen of Seaton had a long spell of good fortune. Ben's face grew brighter every day, for although the *Storm Queen* was wrecked, Bess had come home again, to live amongst her own people and be one of them, thinking their thoughts, sharing their anxieties, living their lives. It was all in vain that the professor and his sister wrote, and even came, "to ask Elizabeth to reconsider her determination." The professor's eloquence had ceased to charm her; she knew now that there was something better than eloquence or rank or riches or learning, and this something was the love of her brave and loyal Ben. She learnt about it one day when she and Ben leaned against the wall of the quay, he smoking his clay pipe, she knitting a comforter. He stared at the sea, as usual.

"Bess, lass," he said, "I can tell ye now what's in my heart. My love for ye is like some strong craft which the sea can't wreck. I don't mean the waves yonder; I mean them as are harder to meet—waves of doubt, Bess, and trouble. But this craft rides over they, as the *Storm Queen* used to ride proudly over the real things. Now you've heard the word spoken, lass. What have you to say?"

"I don't deserve such love, Ben," she answered.

"Not another word, lass," he said, smiling at her. "You went on a bit of a journey, and you came back to the harbour safe and sound. There's many a fishing smack as does that."

So they stood near to each other, Ben and Bess, as in the old days, sufficient unto themselves. And there was nothing but love remembered: the love of their childhood, the love of their early youth, and now this great love, boundless as the boundless ocean, and stronger than any strong craft sailing on the ocean.

[THE END.]

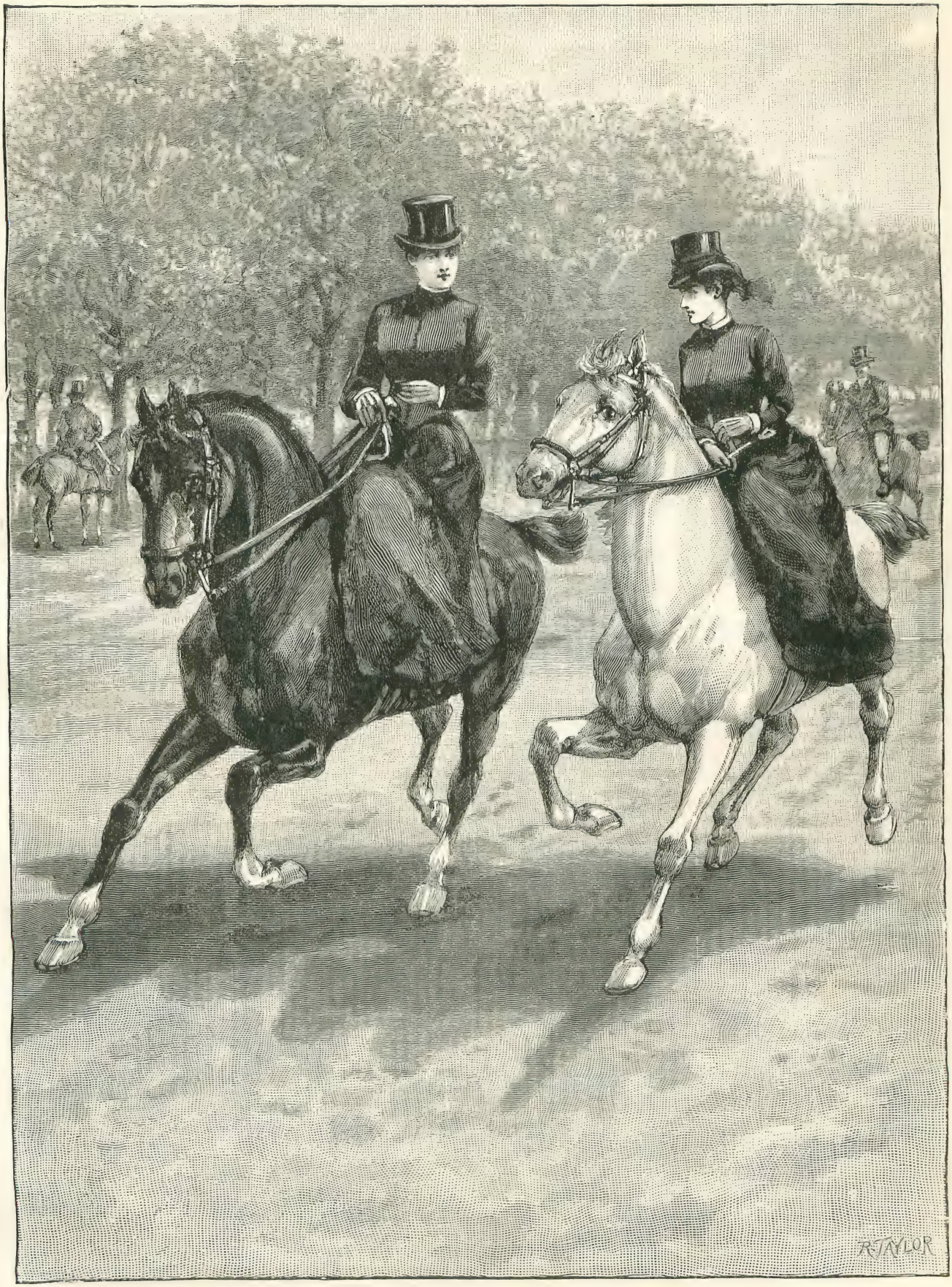
UNLIKE, ALIKE!

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

SHE rode through the Row, and the folk standing there
Said, "That is the heiress, and isn't she fair?"
But her smiles, though so bright, hid only her care;
And her heart it was heavy, her heart it was sad,
For no love she had, no love she had.

By the railings one stood, her clothes worn and bare,
A pauper almost, but her face it was fair;
And she laughed at her poverty, smiled at her care,
For her heart it was light, and her heart it was glad,
For the love she had, the love she had.

Yet love comes alike unto all, it is said,
And so it fell out that, ere the year fled,
On the very same day they were both of them wed!
And their hearts they were light, and their hearts they were glad,
For the love they had, the love they had.



"SHE RODE THROUGH THE ROW."

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHTLY VISITOR.

ON my way home, despite my having to listen to Farmer Metcalf, I decided where I would deposit the money belonging to my employers. I was satisfied that no one could see my movements in the house-place, for its windows were protected by old-fashioned wooden shutters on the outside, and shaded within by blinds and checked curtains.

I determined not to tell Jabez and Betsy about the cash, for fear of making them uneasy. I was certain that if they knew such a sum of money was under their roof the fact would be enough to banish sleep.

My piano was always locked at night, and inside it, unseen by the old people, I placed my valuable packet after I had played a few tunes for their amusement. My music that night was of a very simple sort, for I could not enjoy it as usual. That listener's scarred face haunted me, though I strove hard to banish it from my mind. I was fully convinced that the owner of it was after no good. Whenever I looked, I seemed to see the scarred cheek, and at the same time to hear the muttered words which accompanied the man's rapid exit from the station.

These feelings became more intense when I found myself alone in my room. It will be remembered that it had two windows, the larger looking into the garden, and protected by shutters like those in the house-place. The second, rather higher up, and consisting of only four panes, being at the side of the house and facing a quiet lane, along which few people passed by daylight, hardly any after dark.

There was only a blind before this smaller window, and I may say that the shutters attached to the others were rather for warmth than safety. People living in such humble dwellings felt little anxiety on the score of thieves, their possessions not being of a character to attract such gentry.

On that night, however, I felt glad that of the side window only one pane swung on hinges for ventilating purposes, and I examined it carefully to see that the hasp was securely fastened. Once after I got into bed, I thought I heard it shaken, but as the sound was not repeated, I thought I had been mistaken, and that it had been caused by the old people moving overhead.

Sleep came at length, and it was all the sounder from having been so long delayed. I was aroused at my regular time in the morning by the tones of my alarum clock, and I at once became sensible of the unusual coldness of the room.

It was still dark, but not so dark as it had been the night before, when no stars were visible. Now they were shining brightly in the wintry sky, and a keen frost had followed several dull raw days. I might well feel cold. The north wind was blowing the blind of the side window straight across, and at first I thought the window itself had been carried bodily away.

A brief inspection showed me that I was mistaken. The whole window would actually swing on hinges, though apparently only a single pane could be opened. A subsequent examination showed that by removing a couple of laths the hinges were freed at one side, and the window could be drawn outward at the other. This done, the open space was large enough to admit a full-sized man.

Someone had entered—no doubt of that, and my heart sank within me as this became evident. My desk had been carried away bodily. My watch was gone from my bed's head, and attached to the chain was the little coin with my motto on it—Nelly's gift. The desk and watch had been my mother's, and were very precious on that account. My money was in the former; but I could better have borne the loss of any amount in mere coin than of the other articles.

I had not much time for consideration. I was due at the station within half an hour, and I only took a little milk and a piece of bread each morning before going on duty, then returned between trains for my proper breakfast. I could get this without disturbing the Harwoods, and I resolved to say nothing about my loss until I came back.

I had taken the piano key off the bunch the night before, and slipped it into my waistcoat pocket. I sought and found it there, and on opening the instrument was thankful to discover my employers' property just as I left it.

It is said, "There is nothing so bad but it might have been worse." My loss was a sufficient trial, and increased at first by the thought that I owed it to my folly in keeping so much of my savings at the cottage.

I afterwards rejoiced that things had so happened. If my own money had not been there, the thief would have sought elsewhere for that belonging to the railway, and perhaps neither I nor the old folks would have escaped uninjured.

I remembered Gibbs' remark that there would be at least fifteen pounds at the station, and the burglar who found that much in my desk would think he had got the whole available booty, and never dream that the money belonged to a young railway employé living under such a humble roof.

I at once associated the strange listener with the robbery. I felt that if he could be laid hold of there would be no need for further search. His stealthy conduct at the station, the certainty that he must have overheard Gibbs' remark about the cash; and indeed the previous conversation about the safe key, made it most natural to suppose that the information thus obtained had guided him to the cottage.

Whilst my thoughts were thus occupied, I heard steps on the stairs, and found that Betsy was coming down.

"You are early this morning," I said. "Did you not sleep well through the night?"

"Middling the first part; but I woke up at three o'clock feeling as if I had been roused by a noise of some sort. I daresay I was only dreaming it; but you know when old folks lose their sleep they don't easily catch it again. I heard no more; but after lying awake till you were on the move, I thought I might as well get up as toss about there. I can get a nap in the afternoon if I feel to want it."

I now decided to tell Betsy what had happened, and in as few words as possible I made her acquainted with my own loss, and the greater amount which was in the house, which the thief had missed.

When I named the window, and showed how it had been opened, the poor woman's face went ashy pale, and she dropped down on a chair as if she would faint.

"Cheer up, Betsy," I said. "Things might have been much worse. No one is hurt, the railway cash is safe, and I am not penniless; though I would give far more than their value to get back my mother's watch, chain, and desk. I feel certain one man did it."

I then told of the incident at the station, adding, "I shall know the listening fellow anywhere by a great scar on his cheek, and the absence of two fingers on his left hand."

Betsy uttered a cry which seemed to express suffering and despair. Then seizing my hand she gasped out—

"Mr. John, for the sake of your own dear mother that's gone, I ask you to have pity on me."

I was at a loss to understand her meaning, as well I might be, and asked—

"What can I do? Only tell me. I would do anything for you and your husband, Betsy, you know that."

"Just this. If you mention the robbery, and I suppose you must, don't describe that man. It couldn't have been him. He would never come to this house. Promise me, Mr. John."

Tears were streaming down the pale, troubled face usually so cheerful and rosy with health, for Betsy was a comely old body, with the clear complexion of a girl.

I had no time to ask for or listen to any explanation of her emotion, but I gave the required promise, then rushed from the cottage and hurried towards the station as fast as my feet would carry me. I was at my post to the minute, and found everything in the office as I had left it the night before.

No doubt the eavesdropper was quite

satisfied that it contained nothing worth stealing, and turned his attention to the cottage instead.

I said nothing to Gibbs about the robbery until Mr. Pritchard came, which he did before my breakfast hour, otherwise I should have been afraid to leave the office, seeing I could not lock up the cash.

As he entered he said—

"I fear my carelessness has caused you some inconvenience, for in my hurry I carried off your key. I was very sorry when I found it out, but I could not restore it last night, seeing there was no train back. You would have to carry the cash home with you. Luckily nobody would suspect you of having it, so no harm would follow."

"The railway cash is safe enough," I said; "but I lost some of my own last night, and articles which I value far more than money."

I then told him of the robbery and my thankfulness that I had taken the precaution of putting the larger amount in a place where no one would be likely to look for it, so that I was the only loser.

Gibbs stood staring open-mouthed as I told my story, then remarked—

"If I were you, I should be sorry that they had found my things and missed the other. It would not hurt the company to lose a few pounds, and they would be a great deal to you—to say nothing of your watch."

"You and Mr. Simpson look at the matter from different sides, Gibbs," said Mr. Pritchard. "I agree with him, though the loss of his valuables is most annoying. Who can have done it? No Oakhill man, that is certain. I wonder if any suspicious characters were seen about yesterday. They have taken on some fresh hands at those works up above. It would be as well to inquire quietly if any have left again."

"Do you think that man who was listening at the window last night could have been the thief?" said Gibbs, eagerly. "You know he went out swearing after you told him you could not give him work."

Mr. Pritchard was on the alert at once, and before I had time to say a word, Gibbs blurted out his account of a listener who must have heard our talk about the key being gone, and the money."

"What was he like, Gibbs?" asked Pritchard.

"I did not see his face, only that a big man in dark rough clothes was standing outside after everybody else had gone, and when the porters were putting all right for the night. They were at the other end of the station, near the points."

"But you said that the man went out swearing."

"That was at Mr. Simpson. I never spoke to him."

"Now that you have had your say, Gibbs, I will finish the story," said I, and I told Pritchard what had passed between the stranger and myself.

"Should you know him again?" asked Pritchard.

"I think I should, though I had only a momentary sight of him."

"It is difficult to describe a person so that others would know him, when you have only seen him once, and for so short a time. Yet you might recognise him, if he were brought face to face with you and you heard his voice."

I assented, and then I described the stranger, much as Gibbs had done, in a very general way. Bearing in mind my promise to Betsy, I made no allusion to the scarred face or the two fingers missing from the left hand.

Before I returned to the cottage, the police had been put in possession of the fact of the robbery, and Mr. Pritchard had convinced himself, by personal inquiry, that no new or old employé was missing from the neighbouring works.

When I entered the cottage a surprise awaited me. On the table was my desk, which had not been very roughly handled. It must have been opened by a skeleton key, and not battered or torn from the hinges. The money was gone, of course, but the remaining contents, though tumbled and in some cases soiled, were there and otherwise uninjured. Beside it was my watch, but the chain and appendages were gone, my little coin included.

The chain was a massive one, of the best quality, but of an ordinary pattern. The watch, being old-fashioned, would be of little value to a thief, and would be the most likely article to lead to his detection.

So, to my equal surprise and pleasure, it had been abandoned. Jabez and Betsy found it in the lane with the desk, nearly covered with decaying leaves and earth which had been hastily thrown over it.

The inquiries of our local police proved unsuccessful. No one could be found who had noticed the stranger to whom I had spoken on the previous evening. Most likely he had tramped to Oakhill, bided his time in some out of the way place, perhaps the lane near the cottage, effected an entrance at the early hour when Betsy was roused by a noise, and having secured the plunder, escaped whilst it was yet dark. Everything was in his favour, and he might have cut across country to some other small station and taken train straight to London without risk of detection.

Mr. Pritchard and others besides him were surprised at my having so much money of my own in the house, and all in gold.

I admitted that I had acted very foolishly, but explained that I had in the first instance kept some extra money in hand to meet the cost of a seaside holiday. Then I had determined always to have a few pounds within reach in case of any unexpected emergency. I regretted that the sum lost was so large, but after all, it had saved a larger, though at my cost.

The police did not take much notice of the swinging window by which the burglar had entered, and this was hardly to be wondered at.

In all my life I had never before heard of a house being broken into in the neighbourhood of Oakhill. There had been petty thefts of poultry, garden produce, and fruit in the season; but a burglary was an altogether out-of-the-way matter.

No doubt any cottage in the place might have been as easily entered as the one in which I lived. People who have little to lose are mostly careless about locking and barring their doors. If that stranger vagabond had not listened at the office window, his attention would never have been directed to my place, and he would probably have either attempted the station safe, or gone his way and been seen no more hereabouts.

I had quite made up my mind as to the culprit, and I felt how utterly hopeless was the recovery of the rest of the booty. No one could identify the sovereigns, and the chain would have, no doubt, gone into a receiver's melting-pot, and as an article of use exist no longer.

I did feel very glad to have the watch back and uninjured. In my heart I thanked the thief for this much. My desk would have been difficult to carry off, and worse than worthless—a mere burden, and a dangerous one to possess, so I owed him no thanks for leaving it. I did wish, however, that my motto sixpence had been spared me, because it was, to use the set phrase, "Of no value except to the owner."

Of course the news of the burglary spread like wildfire, and the cottage was besieged by visitors curious to look at the scene of the event. These went away disappointed at finding that there was nothing unusual to be seen.

There were also many inquirers at the station, and amongst these came Mr. Burford.

He gave me a good-humoured lecture about my boyish folly in keeping money at the cottage of which I was not in immediate need; but I noticed a very peculiar expression on his face when I explained how the thief got into my room.

"Did not Jabez or Betsy tell you that the whole window would open?" he asked.

"No. I do not suppose they would think it of any consequence. Most likely the window was at first made to open in that way, and the single swinging pane a mere afterthought, sufficient for every requirement. I can fancy Betsy thinking it had a staring appearance, and that it would expose the room too much, especially as it was used for sleeping purposes. You know they have generally had a lodger occupying the parlour, and he would hardly like to have the whole of the square window swung open."

"Very likely," said Mr. Burford. "It is curious, though, that the thief went straight to that weak place, is it not?"

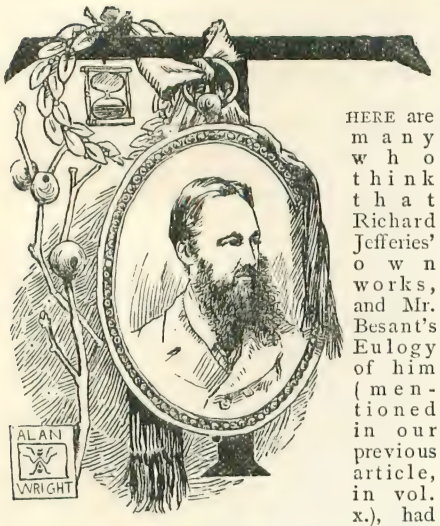
"I thought so myself at first," I replied. "But there are shutters to the other windows, and the door has a strong lock and bolts."

"True. Well, I am sorry for your loss. You will not buy back Lint Hall if you are not more careful of your cash."

And then he went his way.

(*To be continued.*)

RICHARD JEFFERIES.



HERE are many who think that Richard Jefferies' own works, and Mr. Besant's Eulogy of him (mentioned in our previous article, in vol. x.), had given to the world all that was to be known about this remarkable man. But there is one page of his history which very few have read, and yet it is not just to his memory for us to ignore it. Many who have been saddened by the bitter taunts he hurled at conventional Christianity, and by his perpetual cry, "Give me physical perfection," which sounds like an echo from beauty-loving pagan Greece, will rejoice to hear that towards the close of his life he found something far beyond this; after all his blind and passionate struggles towards "the fuller life," he learnt what it was to rest in "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Throughout that wonderful book, the "Story of My Heart," in which the most reserved and sensitive of men revealed the deepest depths of his quivering heart to a completely uncomprehending world, we trace one desire recurring on almost every page—"Give me the fuller soul." Nothing less than the study of his own burning pages can possibly convey an adequate idea of the aspirations which filled his soul.

In one of his early letters, written about the age of nineteen, he speaks of the hand of God directing him, guiding him, punishing him. His heart is soft in thinking over the many consolations which his prayers have brought him, and of the increased benefit which he has derived from reading the Bible. He has passed through, he confesses, a period of scepticism, but that, he is happy to say, is gone, never to return again.

Never to return again! Yet this is what he writes fifteen years later:—

"In the march of time there fell away from my mind, as the leaves from the trees in autumn, the last traces and relics of superstitions and traditions acquired compulsorily in childhood. Always feebly adhering, they finally disappeared. . ."

And further on—

"How can I adequately express my contempt for the assertion that all things occur for the best, for a wise and beneficent end, and are ordered by a humane intelligence! . . There is not the least trace of directing intelligence in human affairs. . ."

Having arrived at this conclusion, he seeks for some explanation of the universe to take the place of the one he had abandoned.

In vain! Nature is dumb. "To all these questions I am unable to find any answer whatsoever. In our present range of ideas there is no reply to them."

But while he ignores Revelation, his spirit pierces further into the unknown than ever did the philosophies of ancient Greece.

"With the great sun burning over the foam-flaked sea, roofed in with heaven. . . . I feel that thought must yet grow larger, and correspond in magnitude of conception to these. But these cannot content me, these Titanic things of sea and sun and profundity. I feel that my thought is stronger than they are. I burn life like a torch. . . The soul throbs like the sea for a larger life. No thought which I have ever had has satisfied my soul! . . .

"As the sky extends beyond the valley, so I know that there are ideas beyond the valley of my thought. The great sun burning in the sky, the sea, the firm earth, all the stars of night are feeble—all, all the cosmos is feeble; it is not strong enough to utter my prayer-desire. My soul cannot reach its full desire of prayer. I need no earth, or sea, or sun to think my thought. If my thought-part—the psyche—were entirely separated from the body and from the earth, I should of myself desire the same. In itself my soul desires; my existence, my soul-existence, is in itself my prayer; and so long as it exists, so long will it pray that I may have the fullest soul-life."

Commenting on this his biographer says:—

"In that letter where the Apostle Paul speaks at length of death and the resurrection, he concludes with the assurance . . . that the body as well as the soul shall live again: but the body glorified, made perfect and beautiful beyond human power of thought, to be wedded to the soul purified beyond human power of understanding. Is it not strange that this solitary questioner, longing and praying for a fuller and deeper understanding—a fuller soul—should also have arrived at the perception of the wonderful truth that the perfect soul demands the perfect body?"

A voice was at hand to whisper, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

In the spring of 1884 Richard Jefferies and his family came to Eltham. A gentleman and lady living there noticed day after day the pale, melancholy-looking invalid, sometimes accompanied by his wife or his two children. Though a stranger to them, his tall figure, striking features, and deep searching blue eyes could not fail to attract attention, while his faltering steps and terrible cough made them long to be of some service to him. An acquaintance sprang up, and ripened into intimacy. The invalid's appetite was tempted by the produce of their dairy and garden; and he would often come and sit under their trees, watching the peacocks for hours, as they wandered over the dappled lawns. Their carriage also was placed at his disposal, and it was while driving with him and his wife one day that the lady learnt something of the restless craving which filled his heart for some deeper, fuller perfection than he had yet found. Earnestly she spoke to him of Jesus, the One who alone could satisfy the longing soul. Her words seemed of no avail. He listened, reasoned, and rejected. Still, as he did not forbid the topic, she lost no opportunity of talking with him, writing to him, above all praying for him; knowing, to quote her own words:—

"Thou hast a mind so marvellously great
That nothing here can gratify thy will;
The God who formed thee did that mind create,
And what He fashioned He indeed can fill.

"Thou art a man, unsatisfied, unblest,
Craving and longing for the deep unknown;
Seeking and sighing for the ideal rest
Which can be found in God, and God alone."

Richard Jefferies might well be cast down. "Three great giants are against me," he wrote at this time—"Disease, Despair, and Poverty." With these he was battling for life—and such a life! Himself racked with anguish, his family toiling to alleviate his sufferings, powerless to help them, yet aware that only his few remaining days stood between them and destitution! He was conscious that he must soon leave the beautiful world, whose loveliness he had so worshipped, for a land which was to him only

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

and worst of all he must leave it to the empire of those dull souls who cared nothing for it or him, and whose only creed, as he said, "the one only saying of the Gospel thoroughly ingrained in the souls of men," was "Pay me that thou owest."

How differently would the public have received his "Amaryllis at the Fair" had the circumstances been known in which such sentences as these were penned:—

"Until the accident of reputation arises, merit is of no avail. . . Except an author, or an artist, or a musician, who on earth would attempt to win success by merit? That alone proves how correct the world is in its estimate of them; they must indeed be poor confiding fools. Succeed by merit! . . .

"In the end—but how far is it to the end?—it is true that genius is certain of recognition; the steed by that time has got used to starvation, waiting for the grass to grow. . . . Nothing so hard as to succeed by merit; no path so full of disappointments, nothing so incredibly impossible."

Or again—

"The ploughman is deeply in debt, poor fellow, but he can and does follow the plough, and finds, perhaps, some solace in the dull monotony of his labour. Clods cannot feel. A sensitive mind and vivid imagination, a delicately balanced organisation that almost lives on its ideas as veritable food, cannot do like this. The poet, the artist, the author, the thinker cannot follow their plough; their work depends on a serene mind.

"But experience proves that they *do* do their work under such circumstances. They do; how greatly then they must be tortured, or for what a length of time they must have suffered to become benumbed!"

Yet perhaps he was scarcely just to those commonplace folk who thought they appreciated his books because they had echoed the critic's praise, and who left him to starve while they enjoyed the wonders his finger had first pointed out to them. How could the public know the poverty which he so jealously hid from his very closest friends? Even they only found out little by little the real state of things; the absence not only of comforts but of necessaries; the unremitting toil of his brave young wife.

The year passed; in 1885 the Jefferies went away to Crowborough Hill; but absence did not lessen the warm feeling between them and their friends at Eltham. They corresponded frequently; the lady pleading with Mr. Jefferies to embrace the Gospel, he replying with arguments in the strain of those already quoted.

This was no doubt the fulfilling of God's purpose. If he had accepted the Gospel directly from her, people might have said that, worn out with sickness, he had weakly yielded to the persuasions of a benevolent woman, under whose influence gratitude had got the better of logic. And so, though no doubt the ground was thus being prepared, the message came to him straight from God Himself.

As we have already seen, he was well acquainted with the Bible, and one day he asked his friend why she had never shown him

the Revised Version. She sent him one—whether that was the means of opening his eyes or not we do not know; but we do know that at last he turned away from all the mists of doubt to the Light of Life; and it was no grudging, half-hearted allegiance that his proud and lofty spirit yielded to its Lord. Throughout the long weary months that preceded his death, the Bible was his constant companion, nor was he ashamed to confess with his mouth the change wrought in him. Those three dreadful giants had lost their hold upon him; he could leave his dear ones to a Father's care. True, he was leaving bright scenes behind him; but he was going to realise, in a way far above his loftiest conceptions, that life-long prayer, "Give me to live the deepest soul-life."

His last days were spent at Goring, in Sussex, where he passed away on Sunday, August 14, 1887.

"God has been so good to me," writes Mrs. Jefferies at this time to their friend at Eltham, "and raised me up such friends, it makes me feel that He heard and answered my darling's prayers. He used to pray so earnestly for me and the children, that we might be preserved from danger and trouble; he used to say, 'O God, for my beloved children. I love them so, I know not what to ask.' I give you his very words.

"Three weeks before he went to rest, he was laid on the sofa in the dining-room, and asked me to read to him the sixth chapter of St. Luke, beginning at the twentieth verse. When I had finished he said, 'Those are the words of *Jesus;* they are *true, and all philosophy is hollow.*'* Another time he said, 'O God, I have done wrong, and thought wrong; it was my intellectual vanity. Listen to the prayers of my dearest girl; she has done no evil as *I* have done.'

"Almost his last conscious words were, 'I have given myself unto God and Christ, and you pray for me: dear, merciful God, merciful Father.'

"The last few weeks he suffered intensely, but I feel he was only allowed to suffer long enough for the truth to be revealed. . . . He was so patient . . . the more he suffered, the greater became his patience.

"God bless you for all you did; you have reaped your reward, and your prayers were answered."

What follows is from the pen of his friend Mr. North:—

"Almost his last intelligible words were, 'Yes, yes, that is so. Help, Lord, for Jesus' sake. Darling, good-bye. God bless you and the children, and save you all from such great pain.'

"He was buried at Broadwater, by Worthing, Sussex. In the gentlest, sweet, soft sunny rain he was borne along the path to his grave in the grass, and when the last part of the service for the dead had been read, well and solemnly, and we turned away, leaving him for ever on earth, the large drops from heaven fell thick and fast, and over and over again came to me the saying, 'Happy are the dead that the rain rains on.'"

Yes, his soul has found "the fuller life," and his outward form lies there, waiting for "physical perfection;" "waiting for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our body of humiliation that it may be made like unto His body of glory."

C. W. M.

* The italics are her own.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

As Dr. Netley went downstairs, the proverb occurred to him, "Better live alone than with a hedgehog." There were times when his liking for his godmother was severely tried.

As he crossed the hall to Kathleen's parlour, his mood suddenly changed. The door was ajar, and he could hear her singing in a low voice. Her poor patient, the chemist's wife, could have told him how sweet Kathleen's singing was, for she had been soothed by it when nothing else seemed to avail, and regarded it as her greatest pleasure; but Dr. Netley had never heard it before, and stood surprised and charmed, so sweet and sympathetic were the tones.

"Birds have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed.
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head."

Dr. Netley stood listening to the end, touched to the heart by the pathos which she threw into the mournful refrain of each verse. When the hymn ended, he knocked and entered. The room was dim with twilight, for they had not yet lighted a lamp; Kathleen had Una on her lap; Phyllis was sitting on a stool at her feet. They looked a peaceful and loving little group. His entrance made the children jump up. Since the birthday visit they had regarded him as an old friend. Kathleen, too, rose, and held out her hand.

"Ask for the lamp, Phyllis," she said.

"No, no, pray do not disturb yourselves; I am not going to stay," he protested, but he sat down all the same, and lifted Una on his knee. She put an arm round his neck, asking—

"Is Muezza quite well, doctor dear?"

"Muezza is perfectly well, as befits a doctor's cat. She sends her love, and hopes to see you again soon. Muezza is my cat, as perhaps you have heard," said Dr. Netley, turning with a smile to Kathleen. "In common with Richelieu, Wolsey, and other eminent men, I have a favourite cat. She was the gift of an eccentric friend, who had a theory that every busy person ought to have a cat—a Persian, whose leisurely ways and contented repose should give the sense that all life was not hurry and bustle. And I believe he was quite right. When I come in, tired and hurried, and Muezza—you perceive she is named after the favourite cat of Mohammed—looks serenely up at me from the depths of the most comfortable armchair in the whole room, stretches herself, and then subsides with a faint purr, I assure you I feel a sense of calm and leisure which is quite refreshing."

"The children told me a great deal about Muezza. I have been wanting to thank you for their happy day and for these flowers. How lovely they are!"

"You are fond of flowers, I see." Kathleen could arrange a nosegay, if nothing else, and the bouquet which the children had brought home looked charming on the table.

"Ah, you cannot guess how I missed our dear old garden in Ireland, with hollyhocks and lilies, great clumps of tall white lilies against the red brick walls, and tegs—little daffodils—everywhere in spring, and what we used to call purple snowdrops; I don't know their real name. And the wood—you remember the wood, don't you, Phyllis?—with dog-violets all over the ground, and primroses all pale and white under the shadow of the brushwood. And how the thrushes used to sing there!" she said, looking wistfully at him.

It was the first time that Dr. Netley had heard her speak of her home.

"Is it long since you left Ireland?" he asked, with real interest.

"Ah, it is. I was fifteen when we came to England, and Una here was a tiny thing, just three years old."

"I remember coming to England," said Una, "and then we lived in London, did we not, sister? And then papa went away to South America, and we lived in Cornwall."

"Yes," said Kathleen, and Dr. Netley heard the sigh in her voice, though it was too dark now for him to see the expression of her face.

"I did not like London," said Phyllis, "except when papa took us to the Zoological Gardens."

Kathleen rose and lighted the lamp, as if she did not care to pursue the subject, and Dr. Netley felt it, and said, "I have a few friends coming—only two or three—to see my lilies this week; there are some really fine ones in bloom now. I wish I could persuade you to join them, and have afternoon tea. Would it be possible?"

He spoke doubtfully, involuntarily looking at her black dress, but feeling how good a little change of mental air would be for her. Kathleen understood what was in his mind, and answered gratefully, though she shook her head.

"Thank you; you are very kind, but anyhow I could not—yet. And besides, you know, I cannot play and work both. I know that being a worker does not make any real difference; I am really just what I was before, but in a social sense I could not expect people to think so."

"It is absurd that they should not."

"Still, we have got to take things as they are. People do not expect to find their friends doing the kind of work I have undertaken; they would think it implied an inferior, at all events at present. And I should not like to be received on sufferance. But there is no need to discuss it, for you know I should feel it like disrespect to go out anywhere, though dear mamma would like me to have any pleasure, and I think there could be no harm in Una and Phyllis going to the circus. They did enjoy it so much!"

Kathleen's look and tone were eloquent with thanks, but Dr. Netley felt that she had put aside definitely the question as regarded herself. He was thinking, "If only Lady Dacre were a rational creature, how easy it would be!"

And, indeed, if Lady Dacre had been available as a chaperone, Kathleen could have gone any day without indiscretion to see Dr. Netley's lilies, while he had no party to make it objectionable. But if it depended either on Lady Dacre, or upon her being a rational creature, the lilies might bloom and fade many seasons before Kathleen saw them.

"By the way, you are in disgrace with Mrs. Bell," he said, quitting the subject, for which Kathleen was grateful to him.

"I know I am. Has she told you? Indeed, I am sorry, but surely it is not so wrong, as she says, to work for nothing. She declares it is not fair to other rubbers here, and that I have no right to do it. I had no idea how angry she could be."

Kathleen was evidently much disturbed.

"I don't think you need be unhappy as to that; but you will get imposed on if people find that a pitiful tale induces you to work gratis."

"But, doctor dear, the poor husband could not pay sister—he really could not," protested Una. "He nearly cried about it, and she is very, very ill."

"Heydey, little one! are you concerned in this unprofessional conduct? Ah yes! I forgot your covenant of having no secrets, and helping one another," said Dr. Netley, stroking Una's hair kindly, as he smiled at Kathleen.

"So we do. Phyllis and I said we would have no sugar and no butter, to save money, and then Kathleen could go on with Mrs. Robins. And Kathleen has none either."

"Never mind all that, Una," said Phyllis, quickly, forestalling Kathleen.

Dr. Netley could not help a look of surprise and regret. He knew they were poor, but such narrow means as this implied he had not realised.

"As a doctor you must let me say that you cannot work if you cut off necessaries; and such things are really necessaries for you," he said, feeling too sure that meat could not be plentiful on that table. "Young workers are apt to forget that; and there will be no need, I hope, for your self-denial, little Una," he added, turning the conversation away from Kathleen; "for I have a new patient for your sister, a poor girl who has hurt her back by a bad fall. She will be a grateful patient, and, I am afraid, a long case. But you will think that good news," as Una clapped her hands. "Well, I don't blame you. I think I had better meet you at eight to-morrow, Miss O'Kelly. 3, Southern Parade—a long way off, I am sorry to say; but that cannot be helped."

"I do not in the least mind," answered Kathleen, joyously. "I cannot say how grateful I am, for Mrs. Palmer is really well now."

"Is it not a pity!" said Una, with *naïveté* that made Dr. Netley laugh.

"Well, from one point of view it is, I suppose; but it is much to your sister's credit."

"How often am I to go to Southern Parade?"

"Three times a week. Eight to-morrow, remember! Good-night."

"I will be punctual," said Kathleen, apologetically. "I really try."

"You must learn that bit of your profession as thoroughly as all the rest. I cannot ask more," he answered, kindly. "Good-night, my little girls! You must come to see Muezza and my housekeeper—let me see—on Saturday."

"Is he not a dear darling?" exclaimed Una, as the door closed. "Now, is he not, sister?" Dr. Netley caught the question, and went away laughing.

Perhaps he would have liked to hear the reply too. When he got home his cat reared itself up sleepily to meet him; the tea-tray was on the table, flowers in the windows and on the tables. But it all looked a little solitary. He could not remember ever having exactly noticed this before; but once noticed there was no doubt about the fact; something was lacking to the pretty room.

"Lady Dacre would tell me it is a Joan," he said, half-laughing to himself.

Two wet days followed; very welcome to those who had gardens thirsting on the rocky hills of St. Petrox, less so to people who could not afford carriage hire, and yet had to go out. Kathleen's waterproof was streaming by the time she reached her destination, but a servant dried it for her, and she took no harm, and returned bright and hopeful to hear the children their lessons, and tell them about her new patient, glad that she seemed to give satisfaction, and had had a few pleasant words with Dr. Netley, who was very much interested, she saw, in this young patient—so much so, indeed, that Kathleen wondered what had come to her. She, who hated gossip, and thought it a sign of the worst taste, to suppose that if a man noticed a woman there must needs be love-making in question; that she should be speculating thus! But Dr. Netley was so kind a friend that anything which touched him must concern her. That was all. And Kathleen was quite honest in saying so to herself; indeed, she would have been rather glad to hear that he was engaged to be married; it would have made things easier for them both in some ways, she felt, although fortunately she knew nothing of what Lady Dacre had asserted. Perhaps if she had, her pride and conscious innocence would have made her only desirous of showing herself entirely indifferent to it, but no doubt it would have brought in an element of constraint, and spoiled that free and friendly intercourse which was very pleasant to both of them.

During those two pouring days Kathleen had reason to be thankful that the children had an excellent notion of amusing themselves, and that Dr. Netley had provided Una with no less than nine volumes—one, as he said, for each year when he had not had the opportunity of offering her one. With these she wanted no more, and he had let Phyllis set herself up with such a heap of silks and threads and wools and working materials of all kinds as would employ her for a twelvemonth. Still, two whole days indoors are trying to grown up people, and still more to children, and on the evening of the second Una begged leave to put on her waterproof and walk up and down under the verandah, and Kathleen willingly consented. Phyllis had slipped away unnoticed, and when Kathleen at length remarked her absence, Una replied, with some mystery, that she knew where she was, and ran away. Kathleen took the opportunity of solitude to reply to James's last letter, which she felt had waited a great deal too long for an answer; but she found it difficult to know what to say in return to his extreme displeasure with the Leighs and advice to herself. She sat thinking what to write, now and then dipping her pen into the ink, as if that would suggest a new idea, or writing a few words, and pausing to find how to continue the sentence. She could see Una walking up and down with her doll in her arms, to which she was talking, quite contented; the rain splashed on the glass top of the verandah, the trees swayed, and the sky was all lead-coloured; the gravel walks in the garden streamed with water.

Presently Una passed round the corner of the house into the verandah which ran along that side of it. There was no tenant at present in the downstairs rooms; otherwise she would not have walked before their windows. As it was, she would disturb nobody. Presently Kathleen heard a fierce snarling, then Lady Dacre's voice, raised and wrathful. She opened the French window of the parlour and ran out to see what was happening. Una came flying to meet her.

"I did not do any harm, sister!" she cried. "You know I would not hurt anything; and she says what isn't true!"

Before Kathleen could answer, Lady Dacre appeared at the angle of the house, in a dripping cloak and bonnet, an old umbrella in one hand and her monkey under her arm, her black eyes ablaze.

"That is a very rude, ill-behaved little girl," she exclaimed, pointing the umbrella at Una. "I beg you will keep her in your own part of the house, and that for the future she will not annoy and maltreat my pet as I found her doing when I came in. Do you understand?"

"I was not aware that this floor belonged to you, madam," answered Kathleen, quite as indignant. "I believe my little sister has as much right here as your ladyship, and she is as incapable of ill-treating an animal as yourself."

With her eyes quite as bright as those of Lady Dacre, Kathleen retreated, leading Una. Lady Dacre looked after her.

"Upon my word!" she said, and paused. "Upon my word. I am not sure she has not the best of it," she added, in another tone, and laughed, not unpleasantly. "Chicot! Chicot! you have made your mistress look like an idiot!"

Kathleen was quick to repent.

"I ought not to have spoken so," she said. "Una, dear, tell me what happened."

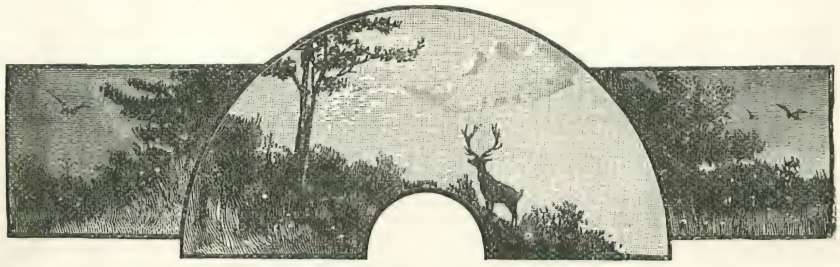
"I only thought the little thing was lonely," answered Una, much aggrieved; "he came out, and I tried to catch him and amuse him, and then he stood and snarled at me, and the lady came—she is like the Blatant Beast, sister—and railed on me." Una had a vocabulary of ancient words. "And I do believe she meant to beat me."

After this it was not easy to be as much pleased as poor Phyllis might reasonably expect when she returned and said, with unusual animation: "Sister, I have been in Mrs. Palmer's sitting-room, and Mrs. Price, Lady Dacre's maid, was there, having tea; and I told her how glad you would be if I learned to cut out, so she said she would show me, and I have been having a long lesson! Was it not good of her? And she will give me another soon in her room, if you don't mind. I said you would be very glad."

It really was hard on Phyllis, but Kathleen did not feel as if she could accept a favour from Lady Dacre's maid. Una gave a very lively account of the incident in the verandah, but Phyllis was not able to see how that bore upon the matter, and she was so much disappointed that the tears came into her eyes, and Kathleen felt very sorry, though she would not give in.

"I can't, Phyllis dear, though I know it seems hard," she said. Phyllis made no protest; but she thought it decidedly hard, and recollected it long after Kathleen had forgotten all about the matter.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

ENQUIRER.—See "Screen Painting in Oil Colours," page 220, "G.O.P.," vol. x., by Fred Miller.

H. L. H.—Whitaker's or the *Queen* Almanacks would either of them be good to follow for a year's instruction like the "Girl's Year." 2. The Minerva Painting Society, Miss H. D. Parsons, Sherbourne Hall, Lynn, Norfolk, might suit you.

NINA must keep her clay models well wrapped up in a moderately wet cloth, which must be sprinkled with water from day to day, so as to be constantly wet. We can only imagine that "Nina" works in a heated room, as heat, of course, will crack the clay.

MAHLSTICK had better write to the author of the article, under care of the editor, and make her inquiries about the paints.

MOLLY.—We could not give you addresses. You must make inquiries for yourself amongst the picture dealers who dispose of paintings.

BERTHA (Rutland).—You can paint on brown paper quite well, and can varnish your paintings also.

A WELSH FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—There is much promise in your drawings and little paintings. Persevere, and try to go to a school of art, which is the cheapest method of learning.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—We think you must consult your parents about the marriage. 2. Your sketch is not very promising.

WORK.

DORCAS.—We are glad to mention your Dorcas Society, the members of which agree to make six garments for the poor during the year. Subscription, two shillings per annum, should the work be provided by the secretary, but if supplied by the members no fee is required. All articles are sent to the secretary, Miss Dodd, 2, Petherton Road, N., to be distributed by her ("whether the poor be Gentiles or Jews") in the north and east of London.

C. A. P.—You can obtain a small manual with instructions for knitting for twopence.

A DEVOTED READER.—Use "Andalusian wool," and work in "brioche stitch," on medium-sized wooden needles for the black wrap for the neck which you propose to make.

ANXIOUS will have to apply at the "ready-made linen" shops, taking a specimen of her work, and ask for trade orders. Her hand would not suit manuscript work. We cannot give the names of shops that would supply her with home employment.

NEEDLEWOMAN.—Yes; we believe you can obtain separate sections of the "Dictionary of Needlework," as the entire work is large and necessarily somewhat expensive.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAMZELLE.—We quite understand that assisting in the housework is very trying to the hands, but by a little care they may be kept from harm. Use gloves always, and make yourself a dish-cloth with a handle, by tying your small cloth to a stick, or by purchasing one of the small mops at any oil shop; and by using this appliance you can keep your hands out of water.

R. GRIFFITHS.—White cashmere and white serge can be sent to any good washerwoman to do up, and they will return quite as nice as if sent to a cleaner's. They should bear washing several times.

CLARINDA will find it impossible to restore the colour to her silk blouse, so she had better have it dyed a light colour.

LENTILS.—Many thanks for the recipe for soup. The 10th of August, 1868, was a Monday.

CHEF.—The last fashion is to have the fruit carried round to the guests (at a formal dinner party), melons and pineapples being cut up on a side table, bonbons and white china figures and candlesticks, fairy lights, and flowers, monopolising the place of fruits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS READER cannot better employ her leisure, than in knitting for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. The materials used are quite inexpensive. Write to the secretary, Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and enclose fourpence for their monthly magazine, which has instructions for knitting the things required.

IRISHWOMAN, AN ADMIRER, M., SEVENTEEN, and FOURTEEN.—We are much obliged for letters and the compositions, which possess merit. You should persevere, and in writing for the press, write only on one side of the paper.

B. S. E.—It is very needful to have fresh air during the night, as well as by day, and the register of the fireplace should be left open, if the window be completely closed. A simple way to secure air and avoid a draught is to have a piece of wood the length of the window, and about two inches deep, and insert it either at the top or bottom of the window, which will thus be left open in the centre, air thus being obtained without draughts.

HEATH, ESPERANCE, RACHEL, PET, MLLE. ESNO, and LITTLE BLUEBELL need experience in writing. The latter should persevere, as she is very young, and in future she may make something of her talent for story-telling.

TA, EVERGREEN.—We are much obliged for your contribution, and regret that we cannot insert it.

MOANDEY.—Pray to God for divine aid, not only to see that money is His gift, to be used with thoughtful care for the benefit of others as well as for yourself, but to make you less selfish in its employment. To "spend a deal of money on sweetmeats" for your own eating is wrong; though there would be no harm in taking a small share out of a little treat provided once in a way for others. This is the highest view to be taken of your obligations. A lower point of view, yet one which it is your bounden duty to consider, is the injury to your stomach, and the probable inducement of various diseases, arising from acidity in the system, amongst which the destruction of the teeth and of the skin.

NELLIE MCAYR.—A simple rule, and easy to remember, is this: If there be a "c" in the word, on repeating the alphabet you will find that "e" stands in its order nearer to "c" than "i"; therefore place it next to it, and the "i" afterwards. Thus spell "receive" "ei," but spell "believe" "ie," for there is no "c."

A LOVING MOTHER should get some ipecacuanha lozenges for her daughter, and give one at a time, with care not to make her sick.

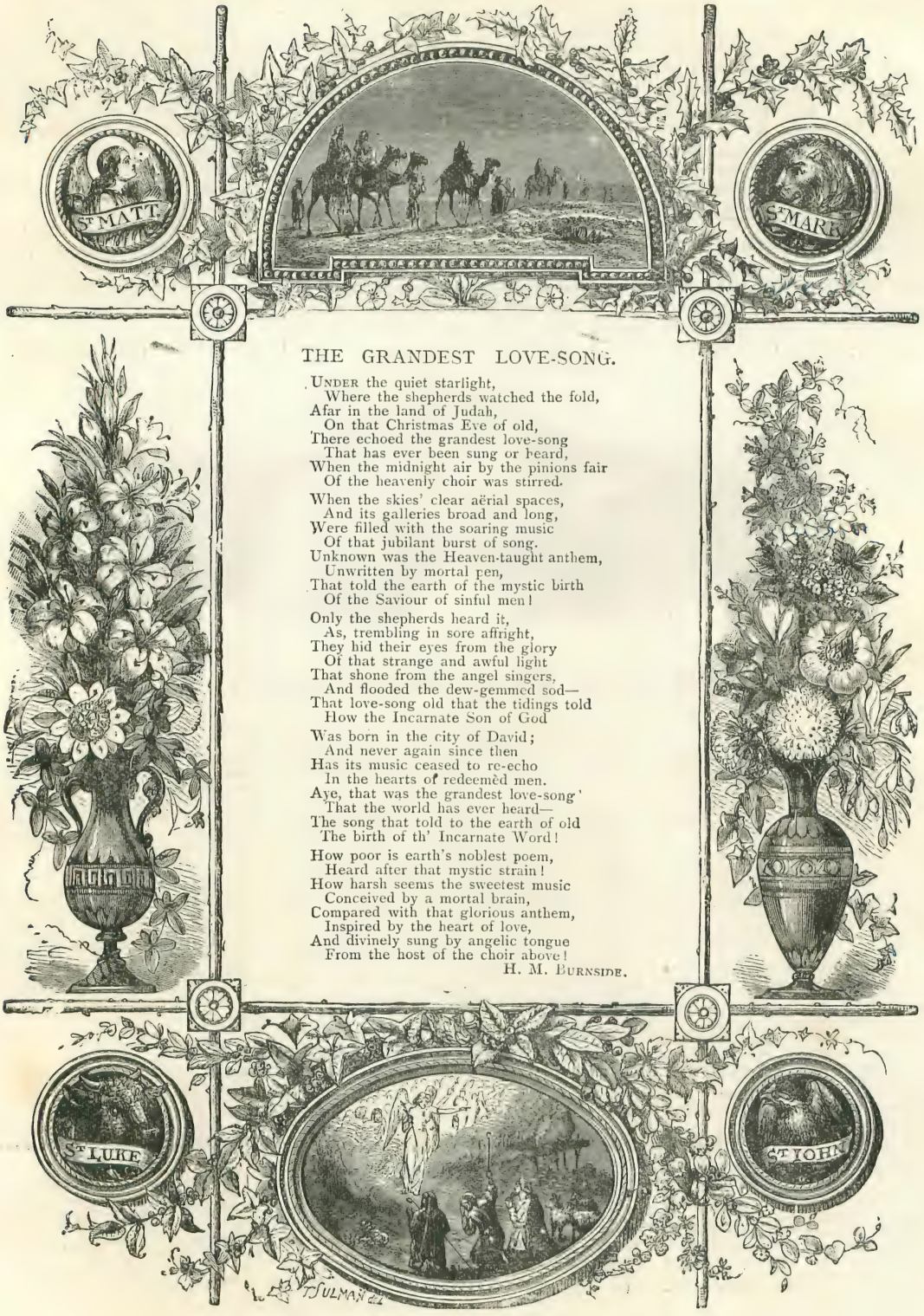
ONE WHO SIMPLY TRUSTS must remember that "we walk by faith and not by sight" (2 Cor. v. 7), and God's children must rest in the promises of the Father who is in Heaven.

ONE IN DISTRESS need not trouble herself. The marriage is quite legal.

E. M.—The market price paid for paper may be found out easily by sending for a circular to one of the paper manufactories advertised under the head of "Waste Paper" in the daily papers. Prices are low at present.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT should be very careful in contracting a marriage with a foreigner, and should write to the Embassy or Consulate, to inquire whether such a marriage would be a legal one. Of course, we cannot give an opinion as to its suitability when you have your parents to help you to form a judgment.

IN DOUBT.—"The Girl's Own Indoor Book" is in one volume, and so is "The Girl's Own Outdoor Book." You do not write well.



THE GRANDEST LOVE-SONG.

UNDER the quiet starlight,
Where the shepherds watched the fold,
Afar in the land of Judah,
On that Christmas Eve of old,
There echoed the grandest love-song
That has ever been sung or heard,
When the midnight air by the pinions fair
Of the heavenly choir was stirred.

When the skies' clear aërial spaces,
And its galleries broad and long,
Were filled with the soaring music
Of that jubilant burst of song.
Unknown was the Heaven-taught anthem,
Unwritten by mortal pen,
That told the earth of the mystic birth
Of the Saviour of sinful men!

Only the shepherds heard it,
As, trembling in sore affright,
They hid their eyes from the glory
Of that strange and awful light
That shone from the angel singers,
And flooded the dew-gemmed sod—
That love-song old that the tidings told
How the Incarnate Son of God

Was born in the city of David;
And never again since then
Has its music ceased to re-echo
In the hearts of redeemèd men.
Aye, that was the grandest love-song
That the world has ever heard—
The song that told to the earth of old
The birth of th' Incarnate Word!

How poor is earth's noblest poem,
Heard after that mystic strain!
How harsh seems the sweetest music
Conceived by a mortal brain,
Compared with that glorious anthem,
Inspired by the heart of love,
And divinely sung by angelic tongue
From the host of the choir above!

H. M. BURNSIDE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

All rights reserved.] "WITH HER HANDS FULL OF FLOWERS, SINGING SOME IRISH BALLAD."

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY DACRE had found the two wet days much more trying than did Kathleen and the children, and by the end of the second afternoon she resolved to go out and call upon an acquaintance whose name she had noticed in the list of arrivals published weekly by the local paper. She stood looking from the window for some time before making up her mind to confront the pouring rain, which splashed up again from the ground as it fell.

"Puttick would be furious if I ordered the carriage," she said to herself; "and when one has a carriage it is not worth while to pay for a fly."

It was a real satisfaction to some of her acquaintances that Lady Dacre, of whom so many people were afraid, was in her turn afraid of her coachman. So she put on an old waterproof, with an umbrella to match, on purpose to shock her fashionable London friend; and when she arrived at her destination, tired, hot, and dripping, she declined to take off her wet cloak, but turned it inside out, to save the chairs, as she said, inwardly delighted to think that in her next letters to their mutual acquaintances her friend would report "poor Lady Dacre" as more eccentric than ever.

The result of this freak was a chill, which made her ill enough to render both her maid and Mrs. Palmer anxious, and herself more unreasonable and unmanageable than ever.

"I am not going to have a doctor," she answered to their suggestions. "If Philip Netley comes by chance to see me, I daresay I may consult him, but I know no one else here, and I will have no one else, nor him either, unless he happens to look in, and I don't suppose he will, for he is huffed with me; it is extraordinary that nobody can take a joke! The world has grown very stupid, and you with it, Morris. If you dare send for Dr. Netley, on purpose, I won't see him, and I shall know—mind that!"

"It really won't do to venture," the lady's-maid said privately to Mrs. Palmer. "My lady is as sharp as a dozen needles; she would be sure to find us out, but I wish Dr. Netley would look in."

Perhaps so did Lady Dacre in her heart, but as he did not, she remained obdurate, and in a few days she was able to leave her bed and sit in an armchair by the open window, feeling weak and tired, and much in want of amusement.

"I would go home," she said to Mrs. Palmer, on whose time and patience she drew largely; "this place never agrees with me; only I know you would make me pay for these rooms, just as if I were using them, though you are an old servant, and lived ten—well, eight, years—what difference do a couple of years make—in my service, and were considered as you would have been nowhere else, Morris! But what do you care for that? Still, I really think you might let me off the rent of these rooms."

Mrs. Palmer only smiled. She knew what an odd mixture of stinginess and generosity her old mistress was, and how she haggled over a halfpenny, while giving fifty pounds without hesitation.

"All you landladies are a greedy, grasping pack," Lady Dacre went on. "I hope, whatever fate has in store for me, that I shall never have to turn lodging-house keeper; it is the most demoralising trade I know. Even you, who are really a superior kind of person—by the way, Price says you have let your downstair rooms, so I shall be even less comfortable than I was."

"I hope that will not be the case, my lady. It is only a gentleman and lady, who have been here before—very quiet people. I'm afraid I must go and see about their rooms."

"They ought to want no seeing to if they are kept in proper order. You don't air the beds, I suspect, and that is how I caught this cold. I shall warn all my friends, Morris."

Mrs. Palmer was not particularly alarmed; she knew that Lady Dacre's bark was worse than her bite, like that of her little dog, but in neither case could it be said to be agreeable. Left alone, Lady Dacre found the time hang heavily. She was really weak, and unable to occupy herself; letter-writing made her head ache; the books sent from the circulating library were dull, or she thought so. She never worked, and she felt too languid to touch the piano which she had hired, and played on long after midnight the evening it arrived—playing very brilliantly, and with great enjoyment to herself; but making Mrs. Palmer wonder how her expected lodgers would take it, if Lady Dacre treated them to such untimely performances. Una had been awakened by the sounds; and Kathleen, coming up to bed in the midst, caught her standing barefoot in her little wrapper, listening on the landing.

"I could not help it, really, sister," she pleaded, as Kathleen swept her off. "I do love music so, and we never have any now. Does she not play well?" Una's love of music had overcome her fear of Lady Dacre. "But not like mamma," the child added; and indeed nothing could have been more unlike than were these cascades of brilliant sounds to the delicate and poetic touch of Mrs. O'Kelly, which Kathleen had never tired of listening to. Price, just bringing her lady the cup of chocolate which she liked last thing at night, heard this, and repeated as much as was flattering to Lady Dacre, who stared, and then smiled and said—

"Little minx! That is a compliment better worth having than most one gets. So her sister would not let her stay?"

"I should think not, my lady, stealing out of bed like that in bare feet, and only a little wrapper over her night-gown! She did look sweetly pretty, to be sure!"

"I suppose the girl is really fond of those children," said Lady Dacre, musingly.

"You may say that, my lady, by what Mrs. Palmer tells me."

Perhaps if Lady Dacre had not taken cold, no more would have come of it, though she was really gratified by little Una's admiration of her playing, for she was sincerely anxious to keep clear of "the O'Kelly party," a sentiment entirely reciprocated by Kathleen; but now, low-spirited and dull, she was ready to seize upon anything which offered variety. She sat looking vaguely out of the window, weary of the blue sea and sky, and thinking how much she should have preferred a view of the High Street, where there were human beings to be seen, to this expanse of rippling water, with the curving headlands which formed the two horns of the bay, its drifting isles of purple shadow, and the anchored fishing-boats rocking upon it.

"After all, I wish I had let the people put my name among the arrivals," she was thinking. "The Moores or the Vanes would have called; not that I care for them, but they would have been something alive. Of course the one person I want does not come. I can't think how it is that, do what I will, nobody cares about me but my good Sir John, whose life, I believe, I make a burden to him."

She sighed, took up a book from the little table beside her, and laid it down again.

"It bores me," she said. "I shall never get through the day. Be quiet, sir!" she said to her lap-dog, who had uttered a small growl, because just then Kathleen spoke under the windows to Phyllis. Mrs. Palmer had begged her to fill some vases with flowers for the rooms which would be occupied by the new lodgers, a little task which she gladly undertook. She began to sing as she went to and fro gathering flowers. The houses in this terrace stood separate, each with its own garden behind it, leading into the great one belonging to them all. Ever since she came Kathleen had taken Mrs. Palmer's flower-beds under her care, with such effect that among them all not one could compare with it for brightness and luxuriance. In this sweet western climate a very little care produced an abundant result. She looked a sweet and joyous creature as she came and went with her hands full of flowers, singing some Irish ballad, with a pathetic air contrasting comically with the words, of which Lady Dacre could only catch snatches, as Kathleen now came near and then went away to

find a bit of fern or myrtle at the further end of the garden.

"Down the counthry side
Dwells a wealthy miller,
Down be the side of the bubblin' tide
Grows a weepin' willer.

"By the willer three
Sits the miller's darther,
Singin' a song which is not very long,
And gazin' into the warther.

"Tears fell from her eyes,
Hands she was a wringin':
First she sighed, and then she cried,
And then commenced a singin':

"All the world's a waste,
Shure life to me is ojious,
Since Willyam he desarted me,
And went to join the sojers."

Here Lady Dacre, eagerly listening, lost a verse, and when she could catch the words again she heard—

"Then she did prepare
Her mortial life to injer,
Her head was bare, and the colour of her hair
Was a sort of a delicate ginger."

Una came out at this moment, and broke into a merry ripple of laughter as Kathleen pulled her fair hair.

"She gazed at the wilier three,
Says she, 'I'll hang in me garther,
But what a mistake if me garther should break
And I should be drowned in the warther.'"

Here Kathleen made another distant excursion, and when she came back she had done with the sorrows of her deserted damsel, and was singing something about "Little Ram's Island." She went into the sitting-room with her flowers, and only faint and uncertain notes reached Lady Dacre, until, just as she came out and began to gather flowers under the window, she broke suddenly into the beautiful old air which her father used to delight in hearing her sing, "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"I don't care if she is fifty times an O'Kelly!" exclaimed Lady Dacre, in great excitement, thrilled through and through with the passion and the longing which Kathleen threw into her strain, and she went and stood on the balcony, forgetting how tired and how weak she felt. "What a bewitching voice! I am glad I have found something to amuse me!" She rang her bell vehemently, and as her maid did not instantly appear, hurried out on the landing, with her shawl trailing behind her.

"Price," she cried, as her maid came out of her room, "what on earth are you about? I have been ringing this half-hour. Go at once and find that girl—that Miss O'Kelly—and say, with Lady Dacre's compliments, that I shall be happy to see her this afternoon. I want her to sing to me. Why did you not tell me she could sing? Here have I been dying of dulness, and neither you nor Morris had the sense to send that girl up to me, though you know I adore music. Tell her to come."

Price looked awkward, aware, though her mistress was not, that Phyllis was coming upstairs. Phyllis turned, with a glow on her brown cheeks. It was not surprising that when Price appeared with a polite version of her lady's message, Kathleen should answer with a laugh in her eyes, "Be so good as to give my compliments to Lady Dacre, and say I regret I cannot profit by her kind invitation."

"Sister, why did you send such a nice message?" Phyllis asked, indignantly, when they were alone; and Kathleen answered—

"My jewel, because others forget one is a lady, 'tis no reason why one should do so oneself."

"I should like so much to hear Lady Dacre play again," murmured Una. "Sister, don't you think we shall soon be rich enough to have a piano? I think it is very hard that some people should have so much and some so little."

The child's mind worked on problems beyond her age.

"It seems so, dear. But you know it is the state to which we are called just now, and it is for us to make it either a blessing or a temptation, as we choose to take it. Anyhow, we have got one another."

Kathleen's eyes brightened as she spoke; nothing seemed to her very hard while she could say this.

Nobody who knew Lady Dacre was surprised at any change of front in her, and had Kathleen desired to make her eager to know the little party which she had been so determined to avoid, she could not have played her cards better. At first, indeed, Lady Dacre was convinced that "the O'Kelly girl" was holding back in order to lure her on, but when obliged to believe in her resistance, she got exceedingly angry.

"What on earth does she mean by such airs, Morris?" she demanded, summoning poor Mrs. Palmer from the kitchen, where she was extremely busy. "Tell her I won't have it, do you hear? I send a chit of a girl who has to get her own living an invitation to call on me, and she declines as if she were a duchess! A girl whose father wheedled I don't know how many five-pound notes from my poor dear Sir John! I am not going to put up with such impertinence. Tell her so."

"Excuse me, my lady," said Mrs. Palmer, resolutely, "I cannot take such messages to Miss O'Kelly, who is a lady, if she does work for her bread, and no doubt has her reasons for what she does."

"You are as impertinent as the girl herself, Morris. I believe you have set her against me. I tell you, I choose to know her, and if she won't call on me, why, I shall call on her."

"My lady! I hope you won't do that. You really made it so clear from the first that you did not desire to know Miss O'Kelly, that you cannot wonder. You see, she has a high spirit, and there is no more driving her than your ladyship's self."

Lady Dacre laughed, mollified by what she took for a compliment.

"Well, then, I must try another way. I want to play to the little one—Una, isn't she? I like pretty children, and the girl must sing to me. She has the freshest voice I have heard these ten years—I who know all the great singers of the day!—not powerful, but charming for home. Look here, Morris, my shoulder hurts me horribly; I could not sleep for the pain; ask Price, who was up and down all night with me, poor thing! I daresay rubbing would cure it. Now, if I had this girl professionally, she could not refuse to come."

"You mean if you paid her, my lady?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I must pay her, but she would surely not have the face to charge as much as if she had to go out?"

"I do not think it would make the least difference, my lady; in fact, I am sure it would not," said Mrs. Palmer, determined that if Kathleen had to accept this offer, at least she should not lose by it.

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself. You may say she is a lady, but I can see she is just like all the rest of you. Well, tell her I will have her half-a-dozen times, and then we will see."

"I will mention your wish, my lady."

Mrs. Palmer could do no less; but she was not surprised by Kathleen's hasty rejection of it.

"Miss O'Kelly, my dear," she urged. "I see how you feel, but when one has to earn one's bread, one must put up with a deal; and if one refuses work, somehow more is slow to come. Lady Dacre knows a great many people who come here, and it really would be foolish to offend her. You'll excuse what I say."

Kathleen knew that the advice was sound; but she understood now what James meant in replying to her statement of what she was doing by writing that she would find her birth and bringing up a disadvantage. Her pride rose up in arms, though all the time she felt she could not afford to refuse. A look at the children gave her courage. Six visits—that meant winter coats for both, and perhaps a shilling or two over. She, naturally as improvident as her father, was being taught by love to look forward and calculate.

"I will undertake it, of course; but I go professionally, you know. Lady Dacre must understand that."

Mrs. Palmer felt certain that Lady Dacre would understand just what suited her, but she did not say so.

(To be continued.)

BENT METAL-WORK: IRON, COPPER, AND BRASS.

THE art of making ornamental objects in ironwork, so long as it is kept within certain limits, of which more hereafter, is an example of those crafts which examination shows us may be pursued by women as well as by men. In suggesting its addition to the number of home-crafts, we do not at all mean to imply a re-setting of our old friend the "Village Blacksmith" to suit a change in gender on the part of the smith, nor do we want to edge him out of his smithy "under the spreading chestnut tree," and to wield the hammer and ply the tongs in his place. There is no idea of robbing him of furnace, bellows, and anvil; those, and the heavier class of work for which they serve, the blacksmith may keep to himself as long as he allows us to occupy one little corner of his field of work.

In Venice, in those tempting cave-like shops lining the arcade in front of S. Mark, amongst the thousand-and-one special Venetian baits laid out to catch the traveller, may be seen long lengths of wrought-iron chain, each link of which is of more or less intricate design. Some of them, indeed, are of quite exceptional excellence of design, and yet for the best and most elaborate even the extortionate Piazza shopman does not venture to ask more than a very few francs per metre. The illustration of one of the simpler forms of link (Fig. 1) shows their construction to be simply a short double-hooked rod to which are attached by wire collars lengths of flat thin iron, bent so as to form, when fastened together by iron bands, ornamental scrolls standing out on each of the four sides of the bar forming the hook. This work, and other forms of working in the same material, are in Venice principally in the hands

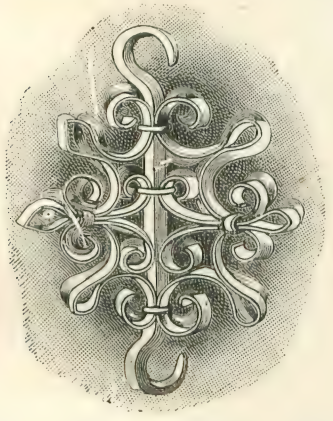


FIG. 1.—LINK OF (MODERN) VENETIAN CHAIN.

of young girls and boys, and the designs are for the most part traditional, and have for long been handed down from one set of workers to another.

Some of the London shop windows also show metal cups (for use as spill-holders, for instance), ornamented with iron scroll work round them, and standing on prettily-designed bases of the same material. These also are probably the work of female fingers, and we mention them and more particularly the Venetian work as illustrations of the fact that this kind of work has a commercial side, and that ornamental work in iron can be made by girls, and placed on the market and sold. That it is more than a mere amusement for the leisure hour, and a piece of fancy work scorned by the practical man, is shown by Fig. 2, the veil or open network cover for the glass shade of an electric light. These, manufactured by Messrs. Starkie Gardner & Co., are, we believe, entirely done by women, and though executed in strip-brass, and not in strip-iron, yet form an equally good example of the possibility of their executing metal work that has a "selling value."

Let us now then turn to practical considerations and see what is necessary as stock-in-trade for anyone wishing to carry out this simple yet picturesque and effective work.

First of all, it will be as well to carry it on upon a table reserved for the purpose, and with a solid deal top, such, for instance, as a common kitchen table, standing firm and steady on its legs. A vice that can be screwed

FIG. 2.—VEIL FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT SHADE.

on to the edge of this will be very useful, if not absolutely necessary. Three or four pliers of different lengths of "nose," and a pair of shears constitute the tools requisite, to which, for the protection of the hands, should be added a pair of thick gloves. The material consists of strips of iron, copper, or brass of varying widths. Of these that three-sixteenths of an inch wide will be the gauge employed in most cases for the purely ornamental scrolls, the larger size being used for the main or constructional lines.

The design is first of all drawn the size of execution, either upon a piece of board direct, or upon cartridge paper pasted down on the working table. A piece of string is then carefully and accurately laid over any given line of this design, and indicates the length of iron strip necessary for that portion. It is a convenient method to cut off all the pieces of one length immediately after one another, keeping them labelled with letters indicating their place in the design. Small furniture nails should be driven in, in pairs, at intervals along the lines on the full-size drawing, and the iron is then bent by hand pressure till it slips in between these nails and takes the shape and form of the curve we are at work on. For long lengths of curve, wooden rollers, exactly like rolling-pins, may be used, but the small twists and volutes can only be worked by means of the pliers. It is well to fix the different portions of the work together at first only temporarily, and by means of thin wire twisted once or twice round the strips at or near the places where the future ties or clamps are to go. This allows readily modification and alteration as the work proceeds. In certain cases it may be thought well to use wire altogether, and not to replace it with the strip metal clamps.

On the completion of the work it wants a finishing coat of black, and a perfect blacken-

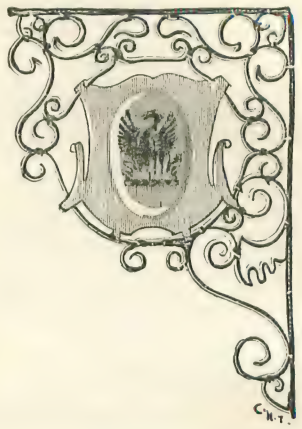


FIG. 3.—BENT IRON BRACKET WITH REPOUSSE PANEL.

ing substance, not too shiny, nor too dull and sooty, is what all iron-workers express themselves as being in vain search of. The work we are treating of will, we presume, in nearly all cases be for internal decoration, and that being so, we can speak to the good effect produced by the use of Wolfe's fluid Indian ink, prepared for architects, and sold in bottles at a shilling each.

The weak point of wrought-iron is the fact that it so easily oxidises and rusts. If any of our workers have acquired the art of gilding (with gold leaf, of course, not with gold paint), we would strongly advise this method of finishing off their work. It is effectual as a preservative against rust, and is in reality so different in effect and appearance from brass-work that it is not open to the charge of "pretending to be brass while it is really only iron," that the unobserving may bring against it. Or, again, much taste may be shown in the treatment of colour as applied to ornamental iron-work. Some bold and charming examples of this are being executed nowadays by our best metal-workers.

A great variety of treatment may be brought about by introducing *repoussé* panels worked in conjunction with the scroll-work. The

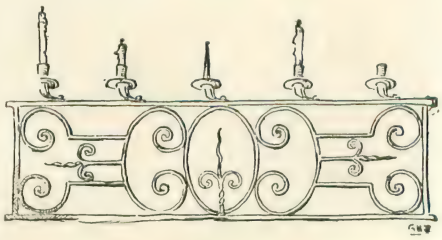


FIG. 4.—WROUGHT IRON SCREEN FROM GUINGAMP.

latter we have seen may be strip-metal of either iron (blacked, gilded, or painted) or of copper or brass, and for the hammered panels, copper, or brass, or pewter may be used. Fig. 3 is an illustration of this method. It represents a bracket intended to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches projection and $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, one of a pair meant for

the support of a shelf 8 inches wide. The angle-iron any local smith or ironmonger can provide at a small cost, and it should be made of

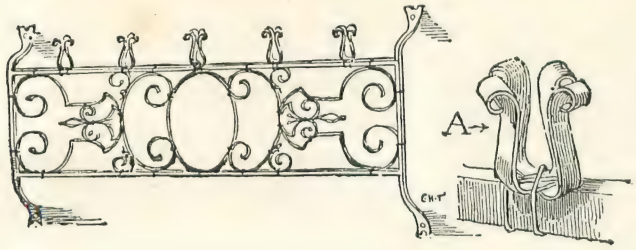


FIG 5.—SCONCE BRACKET, WROUGHT IRON FRAME WITH BENT IRON PANEL.

⅜ inch by ⅝ inch wrought iron. The panel is of pewter, marked all over with punch marks, except the oval field, which would be polished bright, and have painted on it, in bright heraldic colours, either a crest or a monogram.

Figs. 4 and 5 are examples of an old wrought iron and forged piece of ironwork, and its reproduction in our present process of bent ironwork, with such changes in treatment as the latter makes necessary. The original (Fig. 4) is a sconce-bracket in one of the side chapels of the old Brittany Church of N. D. de Bon Sécours at Guingamp. Modifying it slightly, as shown in Fig. 5, we arrive at a quaint candle-bracket, of which a simple form of sconce is shown at A ; 15 inches long by about 6 inches high would be a good size to make this.

Fig. 6 is a fire-screen, of which the framework is of wood, as giving a heavier and more steady piece of furniture. The size of the bent metal panel is 3 feet high by 2 feet 9 inches in width, and the back of the scroll-work should be hung with a silk curtain, or be glazed with plate glass.

Fig. 7, a semi-circular panel, can be adapted to more than one purpose. Thus it can form a summer filling for a grate with a semi-circular head. Of these some still remain, and have not been turned out to make place for more artistic supplanters. But perhaps the best use to which to put the design would be for an ornamental filling-in to the often seen semi-

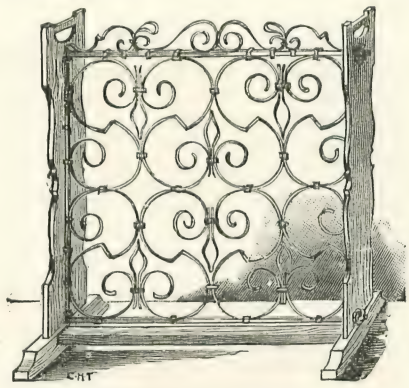


FIG. 6.—FIRE-SCREEN.

circular fanlight above an entrance door. In fact, this illustration is based upon such a piece of wrought-iron work over the

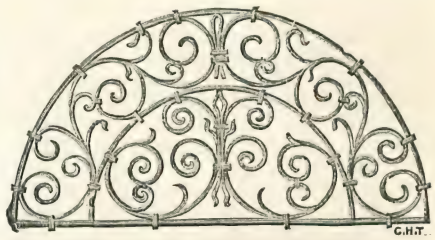


FIG. 7.—SEMI-CIRCULAR PANEL.

front door of an old house at North End, Hampstead.

In conclusion, let us point out that the charm of the work in various bent metals that we have been describing consists, firstly, in the extreme accuracy of the adjustment of the several pieces and secondly in the beauty of the curves going to make up the design. Nothing is easier than drawing a curve, but despite the old painter's dictum it is not every "curved line" that "is the line of beauty," and the greatest care should be taken to work away at the cartoon till every curl and curve of each scroll is a "sweet and flowing line."

There are few towns or even villages in England without examples of old iron work of the last or the preceding century; and careful study of these will be the best foundation for good and wholesome designs in bent metal work.

We hope in a future number to give a sheet of drawings of such examples.

C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SKELETON IN THR CUPBOARD.

I NEVER saw two persons so changed in a short time as were Betsy and Jabez Harwood by the events of the last few hours. Both looked years older for the excitement they had passed through, and taking this in connection with Betsy's emotion at the mention of the strange man's appearance, I could not help feeling that there was more in it than appeared on the surface, or than they wished to have made public.

I was naturally curious to know more, but I had no time for any quiet talk until after the cottage was locked up for the night, and inquisitive or sympathetic neighbours finally got rid of.

As a rule, visitors to the Harwoods dropped in for a chat at times when I was absent; and during my evening hours only persons called whose presence I could welcome. I fancy there must have been an understanding between the old couple and their neighbours, in order to secure greater home likeness and quiet for me. If so, it was quite in accordance with the thoughtful kindness I always experienced from them.

On that evening they seemed rather to dread the hour when they and I would be left alone together, whilst I was no less anxious for its arrival; not merely to gratify the natural curiosity roused by Betsy's terror at my description of the stranger man, but in the hope that, if there was any hidden trouble, I might be of use to them.

As we three sat there by the hearth, neither Betsy nor Jabez seemed able to speak of what had happened. Each cast imploring looks at the other, as if begging to be relieved from some painful duty. I broke the silence by saying, "It seems very strange that the burglar should have come straight to my room window, and unfastened it so easily by removing the laths from the sides. I have used the place for over three years, and never noticed that the whole window hung on hinges. One might think the man knew beforehand too."

I looked from face to face, and noticed the expression of pain and fear deepening on both, whilst Betsy clasped her trembling hands tightly together in a vain effort to stay their motion.

"There's the shutters at the other windows, Mr. John," said old Jabez.

"True, but how could anyone tell that there were hinges below those laths? It is that which so puzzles me. Has Betsy told you about that man who was listening at the station, and what he was like?"

The old man's face worked and his lips moved, but he could not utter a word. He only bent his head in assent. I saw that the question had touched some unhealed wound, and I determined, if possible, to know what had inflicted it. I turned to Betsy and said—

"I have kept my promise. No one but you two has any idea that I saw the face of that stranger, and could pick him out from a thousand others. I would not cause you, my good, true friends, any trouble for the world, but I feel there is something under all this which you know and I do not; also that it is a cause of sorrow and anxiety to you both. Will you not trust me, and let me help you if I can? I am but young——"

"But you've got an old head on your shoulders, and a true heart beating inside of you, Mr. John. I'll tell you partly what is grieving Betsy and me. We did know of that window, and we ought to have told you. But, dear heart! who could have thought that a thief would try to get in and rob you?"

"Never mind the money; I shall get over that," said I, cheerily. "I could not bear for you to make a trouble of it."

"But we do trouble, and we mean you to get over it," said Jabez. "We have saved a bit against a rainy day, and we

shall pay you that fifteen pound out of it."

"You pay!" I exclaimed in utter amazement. "I will not take a farthing! I never heard anything so kind and generous, and at the same time so ridiculous, as your proposal. Even if I had any claim upon you, I would not take it. But I have none, and I should be wicked, indeed worse than the burglar, if I could rob you of your savings."

"You have a claim in this way, Mr. John. We knew about that window, and we never told you. If we had, you would have wanted it made safe, and might not have lost your money."

"I should never have dreamed of danger. And I am sure the thief would not have come here at all but for Gibbs and me talking with the office window open, and giving him the clue he wanted. I suppose my window was made to open entirely at first, and altered afterwards."

"It was not, Mr. John. There was only the pane that would open to begin with. The change was made after, and unknown to us; by—by——"

Jabez looked helplessly at Betsy, who continued the sentence in a quavering voice, very unlike her usual one.

"By a man that lived here at the time. He slept in the parlour like you do; but he wasn't of your sort. He was wild in his ways, and often up to no good. He was very clever though; could turn his hand to almost anything—joinering among the rest—and he contrived that window so that he might get out and in at nights unknown to us, and when we thought he was fast asleep in his bed. He was a great trial to us."

Betsy's voice now failed her, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Did you send him away when you found him out?" I asked. "Surely you were not bound to keep such a man, and be made miserable by him!"

"He had to leave at last, through other people," said Jabez. "He got himself into sad trouble, and he—was—took away from Oakhill."

The old man gasped out these last words in such manifest distress that I could not bear to ask any more questions.

"I think I understand now," I replied. "You had got to care for your lodger, through his being under your roof. You would try to do him good and lead him into better ways, and you could not bear to drive him from your house, because you were afraid he would go from bad to worse. Am I not right?"

"You are, mostly, Mr. John. We were fond of him, very, and we did what we could to save him. But it was all no use, no use."

"No use," echoed Betsy, and a great sob followed.

"I suppose he did something that got him into prison at last?"

"Poor lad! He did, and for a many years."

"Is the time out now?" I inquired.

"It was for life," whispered Jabez. "We know nothing about him, nothing," he repeated earnestly. "I suppose he might have sent a letter now and then, according to rules, but he never did. We couldn't have told whether he was living or dead, till——"

Betsy gave an exclamation of alarm, and this sealed Jabez's lips once more.

"You may trust me, dear friends, indeed you may," I said. "I will finish the story for you. From my description of the scarred face that I saw at the station, and the missing fingers on its owner's hand, you now know that your old lodger has been set at liberty, on ticket of leave, most likely. You feel sure, as I do, that he took advantage of his old knowledge of the window, and robbed me by means of it. You are grieved, not only on that account, but because the action proves that punishment and the lapse of years have not greatly improved your old lodger."

"That's the worst of it all," said Betsy.

"Well, you cannot take blame to yourselves for my loss, because you believed that the only person who knew the secret of the window was safe under lock and key. Now you must cheer up. If I had not been so foolish as to keep so much money here, I could not have had it stolen. If I had not had this money, search would have been made for the railway cash, and though I do not believe the man would have found it, worse than robbery might have happened to me, or to you. You have trusted me with an old secret and an old sorrow. I can understand how terrible it would be for you to think your roof had harboured such a character. I do not think he will come to Oakhill again; and I promise you, that what we three know shall never be made known by me to anyone else."

"May God bless you, Mr. John!" said husband and wife in answer. That was all. But I knew that my promise had lifted a load from their minds, and I was glad I had made it. From that time I carefully avoided any allusion to this painful subject, but I noticed ever after that the old folks were nervous and easily startled by the slightest sound. A rattling of the casement, a footstep after dark would make them uneasy; and they were most careful in seeing to the fastenings, though I used laughingly to assure them that, in my apartment, no robber would again find what would repay a visit.

The side window no more swung on hinges. Only the one pane could be opened, and inside were strong iron bars that could not be removed without noise and a great deal of trouble.

The thief made good his escape. I had to grin and abide by my loss. A steel chain replaced that which had been my mother's, and at the end of it hung no little coin as of old. But "Work, Wait, Win" was still my motto, and there was no fear of its fading from my memory.

Often afterwards, when I thought of this sensational episode, which broke the humdrum character of my daily life, I wondered at the silence of others with regard to the story of the Harwoods' former lodger. All the circumstances must have been known to the older inhabitants of the place, and yet neither the Cartwrights nor any other of the neighbours had ever named the ne'er-do-weel in my presence.

I had sat many a time and heard Betsy, Jabez, and their friends talk over little incidents that happened many years before, and they would laugh or sigh together over occurences that seemed hardly worth remembering at all, but the interest in which remained unabated after the lapse of many a winter.

It was strange that the dissolute doings of the former lodger, which must have extended over a considerable period and which ended so miserably, were never alluded to. It could not be because these things were forgotten, I was sure of that.

People round about Oakhill led very monotonous lives. One day was very like another to simple folk who tilled the ground and troubled themselves little about the outside world, or any changes save those of the weather. But they had good memories, and never forgot any circumstance which made a break in the monotony.

I at length concluded that the silence in this case arose from sympathy with my old friends.

They were lonely. They had lost their only son; and, no doubt, the stranger who lived under their roof for a time had filled a void in the lives of the bereaved parents.

Did I not know what kindly hearts beat under the fustian waistcoat of Jabez and the homely print gown of Betsy?

When the lodger got into trouble by his wicked ways, these dear folk would have another shock to endure, their tender hearts would receive another wound.

No doubt there would be no lack of sympathy at the time. Afterwards, and partly on account of the disgrace attendant on their lodger's departure, those who cared most for the Harwoods would feel that time and silence would prove better healers than words, however well meant.

In the end I had little cause to regret the loss of my money. The whole story came to the ears of the directors, probably through Mr. Burford, senior, who would hear it from his son.

I got even more credit than I deserved for the manner in which I had saved my employers' property at the risk of my own, and many kind things were said of me.

I had evidently more than one friend at court. Reference was made to the steady, conscientious manner in which I had done my duties from the first.

"Say what you like," said one member of the board, who had often sat at my father's table, "gentle blood will tell. Young Simpson comes of a family that had borne a good name for centuries. It must be dreadfully hard for him to look at Lint Hall and think that he ought to have been master there, instead of giving out tickets at a country station."

"It's a pity," put in another. "He is a fine, brave lad, and I honour him for the way he has carried himself through it all. His poor father was as kind a hearted man as ever lived; only rogues made a tool of and robbed him."

"Aye, and they deceived wiser heads than his," said a third, with a significant look at the last speaker. "However, it is not for us to judge the father who is gone, but to help, if we can, the son who is living. He has got a capital head for business, whichever side it came from, father or mother's."

"Maybe he has the father's share as well as his own."

"He has the fine manners of the Simpsons, and he does not think them too good for his present place. I have seen him treat an old market woman, who went shoving into the station, with a couple of baskets on her arms, as politely as if she were a duchess."

"Suppose we come to business," interposed the first speaker. "Young Simpson is doing the station-master's work, and everybody agrees that it was never done more efficiently. He has lately acted in a manner which proves that he places our interests before his own. He has waived his right to occupy the house at the station, with other privileges attached to the post, and made things pleasant for Pritchard. And yet he receives far less salary than we gave to his predecessor, Edelston. This hardly seems right."

"Certainly not," was the remark which followed from all sides.

"It is to our interest to make it worth the while of a trustworthy able young man to stay with us."

Again the rest assented, and old Mr. Burford remarked—

"I happen to know a gentleman who has been greatly struck with young Simpson's ability, and who would gladly offer him a much better salary to go into his office—not here, but in London."

"Then I propose that we retain his services if we can," said my special advocate, if I may so name one where all were proving their desire to serve me. "I propose that young Simpson's salary be at once advanced to the same amount paid to Edelston, due allowance being made for the house and perquisites pertaining thereto. Pritchard accepted these last as part of an increase of salary which had been promised him, so that we shall not be really giving more in wages than before."

I could scarcely believe my eyes when I received written news of my good fortune. My salary had gone up at a bound from sixty-five to a hundred and twenty pounds a year. The tidings almost bewildered me, and I remained for some moments under the impression that I must be dreaming, and that I should awake to a far less pleasant reality.

When I did become convinced that there was no mistake as to the contents of the letter, and that my position would be so greatly improved, I began to wonder whom I had to thank for such good fortune.

It was not likely that I could keep such news to myself, and as Mr. Pritchard was the friend nearest at hand, I told it to him, and showed my letter.

"I am delighted," he exclaimed, and the pleasure visible on his face was as eloquent as words.

"I have had quite a guilty feeling ever since you were robbed, on account of my carelessness in carrying off the safe key. Now I shall plume myself on having, though by accident, given you a push upward on the ladder of promotion. The climbing of that is generally a slow process. Yours might have been winged, you have risen so fast. However, you have done your best to deserve it; and it is wonderful what a turn things have taken for you."

Wonderful indeed! When I looked back and thought how dreadfully lonely I had felt after my father's death, how often I had mused, bitterly enough, on the desertion of all those who had called themselves his friends, I could not be sufficiently thankful now. Neither could I altogether clear myself from blame as I looked into my own heart.

Surely I must have been very hasty in my judgments, for had not some of those friends been the authors of this great improvement in my present prospects? I heard the particulars afterwards from Mr. Burford, and knew that such had been the case.

He congratulated me warmly, and said—

"You have done well, Jack, very well, and put your heart into your work. But after all, my boy, you would never have got such a big lift all at once if you had not been your father's son. I think it right to tell you this, for it would not do for you to run away with the notion that you are a sort of phœnix amongst railway employés."

"Indeed, Mr. Burford, I do not think that," I replied. "No one could have been more surprised at the news of my advance than I was, for I knew I had done nothing special to merit it."

"That is right. Keep in that spirit, and you will keep the friends who, partly for your father's sake, and, it is fair to say, because they like and respect you, have given you such a considerable advance. You will need to carry yourself modestly on account of your colleagues as well."

I was very grateful to Mr. Burford for this advice, and resolved to act upon it.

Without my asking any questions, he told me how Nelly was; that she would come home for good in July, with various particulars of the Swiss holiday he and his family had enjoyed in the autumn.

He said he should be like a schoolboy, counting weeks until the time came for his daughter's return. I knew that I should count days and hours until I should see the face of my old playfellow, but I did not tell him so.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON Y.W.C.A.

By The Hon. EMILY KINNAIRD.

THE Young Women's Christian Association have this winter completed arrangements for establishing really good educational classes at twenty-two of their London institutes, and the attendance has been very large. A new session is just commencing, and we give below full details. The terms are as reasonable as possible, and fees for all classes are reduced to members and associates of the Y.W.C.A., but all classes are open to girls, as the object of the association in this as well as its other arrangements is to benefit the largest possible number of girls, and therefore all are cordially invited to join. Two gymnasiums have been opened, and musical drill is also taught. Special facilities are offered those seeking Civil Service appointments.

To fit members for better and more useful positions, and to bring other girls under the healthful influence of the Y.W.C.A., is the twofold object of the educational work; but always to the forefront is the primary aim of the association: to kindle and foster spiritual life in the soul, and to seek to win to Christ and for Christ the body, soul, and spirit of each girl who joins its ranks.

The prospectus can be had of Mr. Kidner, London Office, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, or at the bookstall, 316, Regent Street; also the full list of classes in any given district or institute. Any girls wishing to join may write to Mr. Kidner, stating in what district they wish to join.

SUBJECTS TAUGHT.

The classes at these institutes include shorthand, arithmetic, French, book-keeping, music, singing, dress-cutting and draping, cookery, ambulance nursing, etc.

PRIZES.

Twelve prizes are offered in each of the groups of institutes, or seventy-two prizes in all among the six groups, as follows:—

1. Two prizes, elementary and advanced, will be given in each group to those who obtain the highest number of marks in arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, and French.

2. One prize is offered in each group for Anglo-Parisian dress-cutting (amateur), St. John ambulance "first-aid," St. John ambulance nursing, and for cookery.

3. Any student taking one of the prizes for arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, or French must have attended the classes during at least two terms, and have not made less than eight attendances in each term.

4. All examinations for these prizes shall be in accordance with the syllabus of subjects issued by the educational committee.

5. It is hoped that all students attending the classes will present themselves for examination to test their progress.

CERTIFICATES.

Certificates will be of two classes—elementary and advanced—and will be granted to all students who obtain not less than 50 per cent. of the maximum number of marks in any subject.

CIVIL SERVICE CLASSES.

Evening classes for young women who desire to compete for Civil Service appointments as clerks, sorters, and telegraph learners are held at the Finsbury Institute, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C. A special Civil Service tutor prepares each candidate in all the necessary subjects, on two evenings of each week. Fees:—Members of Y.W.C.A., 12s. 6d. per term; non-members, 15s.

GYMNASIUM CLASSES.

Classes in gymnastic exercises, musical drill, etc., are held at the gymnasium, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C.—Classes in Swedish drill, etc., are conducted in the Morley Halls Gymnasium, 316, Regent Street, W.—Musical drill is taught at the Cloudesley Institute, 34, Barnsbury Street, N.—A class for Swedish drill is held in connection with the Clapham Institute, 355, Clapham Road, S.W.—Type-writing classes are held at 14, Finsbury Square, and an instrument is kept for members to practise on.

THE CLOTH CAPE AND A FUR COLLAR.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

This year being one of those when Dame Fashion delights to disport herself in gay hues—red of many shades—"Eiffel" (as the new rust colour is termed, from the colour which that tower is painted), and some very unnatural shades of green, the following remarks from a well-known journal on "Beauty in Colour and Form" may not be superfluous. They give an excellent idea wherein the real beauty of Nature's own colouring consists, which must, after all, be our truest and most perfect example.

"What we want, above all things, is temperance. 'Temperance,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'is the power that governs energy, and in respect of things prone to excess it regulates the quantity.' Now Nature is always temperate. She has produced malachite, the bell-gentian, the sunflower; but she has never dressed anything in twenty yards of aniline blue silk—it has been left to mankind to do that. One does not forget the existence of many tropical flowers of great brilliancy—the speciosissimus cactus, or the yellow alamander, for instance; but with regard to these and similar plants of great showiness, it should be borne in mind, first, for how short a time this great brilliancy lasts, five or six days at most out of 365; and secondly, what a moderate area there is of this gorgeous colour, measured against the greens and greys and browns of the surrounding vegetation. And even in the case of the very gayest flowering plant ever seen, says the *Art Journal*, a careful examination will reveal the fact, that what to the careless observer seemed a blaze of a certain tint, is in reality a mass of subtle gradations. A gorgeous sunset lasts but a few minutes out of the four-and-twenty hours, and is, even then, generally small in area compared with the whole arc of the heavens, and it is so full of gradations that observers argue, after it is gone, whether it was most red, or most yellow, or most purple, orange, and grey; while the twenty yards of blue silk, remember, was all of one

AN AFTERNOON AT HOME.

tint. A field of spring grass, especially after thunder rain, often seems dazzlingly brilliant; but sit down and try to draw it. You will find infinite and perplexing gradations, such as you cannot follow with the brush—only hint at; the shadow of one blade lying on the next; one glossy in high light, the next half-coloured only, and in shade—and if it should happen that you have in your pocket some of the blue or green paper bands used round envelopes, or some patterns of silk or merino from a shop, you will be astonished at their crudity and fierceness, compared with the softness and gradations of Nature. A student of colour soon finds out that the beauty of colour begins with gradation—that the loveliness of graduated colour is so great that, relatively, level colour is not beautiful; but he also finds out that there is no such thing as level colour in Nature—natural colour is always in a state of gradation."

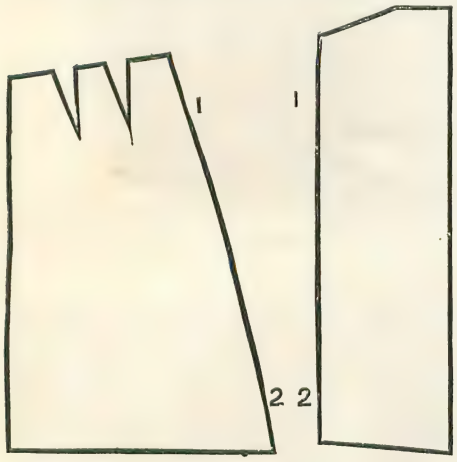
I have seldom read such a good explanation as this of the reason we so often fail to reproduce the sweetness and beauty of Nature's colours; and no wonder that women in general fall back on black as the safest colour to wear.

We have, however, besides "Eiffel" several pretty shades of colours, such as the new "buffalo," "bamboo," and chestnut-browns; the names of all being fairly explanatory of the shades; and browns are more worn than anything else, apparently, this year. Following them in popularity comes the real old-fashioned navy blue, which is immensely used. The next favourite shade of colour to these is puce, which is most comprehensive in its grasp, and embraces violets of all varieties of tint—episcopal-purple, peach, amethyst, and the shade known last year as "petunia." Terra-cotta comes in last, perhaps; and the new terra-cottas are more of a red-brown than the early shades of this well-known colour.

TWO LONG MANTLES AND A FUR CAPE.

THE EARLIEST SNOW.

There are several very considerable changes in bodices this season, which are all in the direction of beauty and grace, I am glad to say. Sometimes this cannot be said of the decrees of fashion, and we are not quite far enough advanced yet to think out our own clothes on independent lines, though every year we make some progress in that direction, and the greater the number of styles to select from, the freer our choice, and the more we learn to discriminate between the things which suit us and those which do not. It is amusing now to look back on the days when the makers of fashions in France sent over a doll dressed in the one fashion, and every woman copied it, and there was no choice at all. During the wars of Napoleon no dolls were permitted to come from Paris; and great is said to have been the rejoicing when his downfall opened the way for a dressed doll to reach London again, and the women of the day were relieved from the dire necessity of wearing fashions three or four years old. In those days Paris made the fashions for all the world, and to-day she only partially makes them; for in London we think for ourselves, and the best houses say that all French ideas have to undergo modification and alteration before their English customers are satisfied to wear them. We have several fashions of common sense and



HALF THE PATTERN SKIRT FOR A FULL-SIZED PERSON.

usefulness that we have invented and set to the world, and no nation can make certain things as we can; and still more, our Princess and future Queen is the best dressed woman in any nation, by universal acknowledgment, and her taste is pure and simple, and her young daughters are models of tasteful, quiet dressing, just like herself.

The four changes for the winter are the Medicis collar, the Zouave jacket, the new sleeve shape, and fashion of trimming round the armhole. The new-shaped coat-sleeve is far straighter, as I said, than the old, and is cut on a Chinese model, or at least one of the fifteenth century, at the part that falls over the hand. The lower part at the wrist contracts and then expands, and falls out wide over the hand, like a wrist cuff, being narrower underneath, and quite in mediæval style. The Zouave jacket may be real or simulated by embroidery, *galon*, or fronts only from the shoulder-seam to the under arm-seam. The under-bodice may be plain and pointed, or full, and finished at the waist with a belt, so that this new style forms a very excellent way of mending up an old bodice which could not be patched to cover the wear and tear. These Zouaves must all be very short, and may be either square or round-cornered.

The high-standing collars are known by all sorts of names. The true name is the "Medicis." They are used on mantles as well as on dresses, and there are two kinds: those with turned-out corners, and those with sloped ones. The latter are the most frequently worn on jackets and mantles, and the former are exceedingly becoming in jet for evening wear. They are also used in fur, and form a very warm and comfortable addition for the protection of the neck. In our illustrations we have given examples of all the various styles of fur collars and capes in vogue; and two shapes of the Medicis collar, in fur, are seen in "An Afternoon at Home." In this are also seen three of the newest bodices and sleeves, as well as the long and tight-fitting redingote, with a cross-way front. In "The Earliest Snow," a very pretty example of a plainly-made plaid dress is given, with a plain jacket of the darkest shade of the plaid, a felt hat, and ostrich feathers of the lightest shade seen in the dress. The skirt of this dress shows how excessively plain tailor-made gowns are made in the front of the skirt, the back being a collection of many gathers, this representing a usual way of making it, now that steels and mattresses are alike done away with. It is impossible, however, to do without the latter, if the dress has been cut for one, for the back will drag in an inconvenient and unbecoming way. The new gowns intended to be worn without bustle are only cut one inch longer at the back than in front, and therefore a skirt cut in the other way must be shortened.

Tartan dresses are not as much liked as tartan used as a trimming for a dress, and the vest and trimmings only are made of it. The Parisians are said to have been so struck with admiration for the Highlanders seen at the Exhibition, that they have quite made tartans the fashion this winter. Bordered gowns are much seen, and embroidered or woven bands round these very plain skirts will naturally remain in favour. Instead of three narrow rows of ribbon round the skirt, that were worn at first, one wide band, with three narrow ones on each side of it, are used, and these bands generally contrast with the skirt, black being worn on grey, and blue on terra-cotta. Fur trimmings are not nearly so much seen on gowns as was expected; the mild weather was probably the reason for this. Where it is seen the colour of the gown matches that of the fur, especially with brown furs, which are matched accurately with the woollen fabric on which they are placed.

The mantles of the year are very large ones, as will be seen. When they are not so big they have short backs and extremely long stole ends, and are of very handsome materials, such as velvet, plush, and silk matelasse. Cloth coats or jackets are made both opened and closed, the front hanging perfectly straight. They are generally single-breasted, and have the buttons hidden under a flap. The collar is of the Medicis shape, and is generally of fur, both inside and out; and the all-fur muff seems now preferred to the fancy ones so long used, and they are decidedly larger in size. The most fashionable fur of the winter is sable; next to it come mink, black fox, skunk, beaver, raccoon, and the new Australian kangaroo.

There is nothing at all extravagant in the shape of millinery, and even the poor birds seem to be respected, as the ostrich feather, in every shape, seems to be the chief thing worn. Hat crowns are quite low, but the brims are large and undulating, and they are trimmed from the back in such a way that the velvet folds seem to rest on the brim in front. The hats in our illustration, "Two long mantles and a fur cape," show this method of trimming. Felt sailor hats with velvet bands round the crown are as much worn now it is winter as the straw ones of the summer, and tan felt sailors' can be worn, like black, with any costume. The bonnets of coloured flannel are very pretty; they are mixed with velvet bows of another colour; the flannel is similar to that used for babies' frocks. The prettiest bonnets have been grey velvet and white flannel, salmon colour and green velvet, shell-pink flannel and chestnut-brown, black velvet and puce, the inch-wide strings being of the velvet.

The change in the shape of skirts makes it necessary to produce a new skirt pattern. The lack of steels and cushion makes the set and style entirely different, of course, and nothing is allowed for either in the length of our present pattern. The material used is Russell cord (an excellent winter material for the foundation of a gown) or alpaca; four and a half yards would be needed; but if silk be used (and as it is very cheap there is no question it should be for all really nice gowns), six and a quarter yards will be required. We give half the pattern skirt for a full-sized person; the breadths should be joined independently, and the pattern cut out afterwards. Our pattern is in two pieces; the front of the skirt should be an entire breadth, with half placed on half the front. Measurements of length must be taken first, before cutting out the skirt. This pattern will also answer for that of the draperies or over-skirt, as there is no difference in the cut, but of course more width would be allowed. The fronts of woollen dresses are quite plain, while the backs require double as much, or perhaps half as much again besides; but the home dressmaker would have to be guided by her material, whether thin or thick, and by the height of the wearer.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, and a new skirt.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

HOW TO GET THE UPPER HAND IN A QUARREL.

Of course we want to get the upper hand. Who ever yet was known to engage in a quarrel with the desire of coming off second best? Certainly not Julia and Kate, who suggested this article by the fight they had the other day in the shrubbery, out of sight and hearing of their schoolmistress.

Girls will owe us some gratitude if we show a way by following which they will without fail come off victorious in every quarrel all their lives long. It won't do, friends, to let the secret out too soon, otherwise you might be tempted to skip what we are going to say for your improvement; but only read on, and you will come to it in time.

You may easily point out how much better it would be never to quarrel at all. Yes, that would save an immense deal of trouble. But taking the world as it is, and human nature as it is, disputes must be looked for and provided against. There will be angry words and broken friendships and bitter recollections till we are all remarkable for common sense. And when will that happy time arrive?

Whenever common sense rules, quarrelling will slink away and never be heard of any more. Oh, the folly of it! "Quarrelling and contention are everywhere foolish," says an old Greek philosopher, who wanted to make the world wiser than it had any mind to be.

What do people quarrel about? As likely as not it is about nothing, or next to nothing. The husband and wife who cast out as to whether the sound they heard was made by a rat or a mouse, acted no more ridiculously than nine-tenths of those who go to make up squabbling humanity. Or they contend about something they have no business with, or about something regarding which they are completely ignorant.

Anything does for a subject. Give a difference of opinion, an independent action, an outspoken criticism, or a fancied slight, and off people go, sharpening their tongues and making ready for the fray. When one thinks of the ordinary causes of quarrel it seems wonderful that the disputing parties can ever look each other in the face without blushing scarlet for shame.

No one ever saw any profit got out of quarrelling. It is utterly profitless; worse than that, indeed, it is sheer waste. It wastes time to begin with. If all the hours spent by us in quarrelling were only recoverable, and tacked on to the end of our natural lives, what long careers some of us would have!

Then it eats up our energy. After a passage at arms with another schoolgirl, hardly one of us is fit for any serious work. An angry mind is not a lesson-learning mind, and those who want to succeed at school must not agitate their spirits with disputes.

But it spoils more than our lessons — it has a bad effect on our health. Some are injured in this way more than others; but all suffer, and find that anger is an enemy to make them ill if they be well, and keep them ailing if they be ill. If you want to live long, girls, contend with no one, but, to use the words of an old homely proverb, "Keep your breath to cool your porridge."

One never knows, too, what injury a quarrel may do to one's prospects in life. When Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Queen Anne quarrelled like two fishwives when going to service at St. Paul's, one day in 1708, little did the Duchess think when, in the heat of the squabble, she told her sovereign to hold her tongue, that she had put the finishing stroke to her position at Court, and that thenceforth she would have the mortification of witnessing the triumph of her rival, "Mrs. Abigail Earwig." Another example may be found in the case of the Earl of Essex, who got to high words with Queen Elizabeth, when the dispute terminated in the earl receiving from Her Majesty a box on the ear, with the encouraging addition of "Go, and be hanged!" The fall of the earl began from that moment, ending, as we all know, in his dying on the scaffold instead of comfortably in his bed.

These are not all the bad things to be said about quarrelling. Another is that it is destructive of all pleasure for oneself and others. Look at it in the family circle. What greater pest is there than the habit which prevails in some houses of keeping a few stock subjects of dispute which are thrown in the teeth of the rest by any member who happens to come home short in the temper and at sixes and sevens with herself and everybody else?

Disputes often give rise to very awkward situations, as when a celebrated critic, not long since dead, was asked to a dinner party and found when he got there that though there were ten other guests besides himself he was not on speaking terms with one of them. If you fall out with people you can seldom meet them again without constraint. They remember the dispute, and so do you, and how one or other of you, or perhaps both, then played the fool. Outsiders remember it too. There are some people we have seen in a temper whose appearance was too funny for anything.

A quarrel is about as undignified a performance as can well be imagined. Sour looks, angry mouths, scornful noses, frowning foreheads, and flashing eyes are not handsome; and for music one would hardly recommend a voice in a rage. When girls quarrel they look for all the world like wild cats, and these are not the sort of beasts our gentle friends ought to be associated with.

Yes, quarrelling is a foolish, wasteful, uncomfortable, ridiculous proceeding, without speaking a word about the wickedness of it. But you can say something in favour of most things if you try; and so it is with squabbling. An often-quoted line has it that "the falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love." Now, this does very well in an old song, but in real life, no. It is a method for the revival of affection we would certainly recommend no one to try, lest it should fare as hard with them as it did with the wife who used regularly to quarrel with her husband because he as regularly brought her a peace-offering.

"But when we quarrel, how are we to get the upper hand?" Don't be impatient, girls; we are just coming to that.

One reason why it is difficult for us to shun disputes is that, however much we love peace, all our friends and acquaintances are never likely to be of the same happy disposition. Some people delight in wrangling, and will make the least thing the cause of quarrel.

Benvolio was one of that sort. "Thou!" says Mercutio to him, "why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. . . . Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling."

The ways of such people are infectious, and one or two of them in a school will sometimes make the inclination for disputing run through it like a disease. All of this turn should inhabit a world of their own. In the present state of things, the best we can do is, as far as possible, to keep aloof from them. "If a man has a quarrelsome temper," says a shrewd writer, and his remarks apply to girls as well as to men, "let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with someone stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can."

When such characters try to fasten a quarrel upon you, the only way to circumvent them is to keep your mental balance and reply gently. Return railing for railing, and you just play into their hands. "Anger," says Jeremy Taylor, "is like the waves of a troubled sea; when it is corrected with a soft reply as with a little strand, it retires and leaves behind but froth and shells, no permanent mischief."

It is a fine thing to keep cool in a quarrel, though not for the reason we once heard given, that it makes the opposing party twice as mad. Keeping cool in the face of anger requires self-control, but without command over one's own temper no one can hope to be much of a success in the world.

For not giving as good as you get some may call you a chicken-hearted piece of baggage, but never mind. A lively quarrel is often good fun to the bystanders, but your object is not to provide amusement for the ill-natured, and it is a safe rule, never to be too often repeated, not to care a straw what people say so long as you are conscious of doing what is right.

It is frequently worth while, with a view to soothing our ire, to look twice at the things at which we feel inclined to get angry. Perhaps we are taking offence at expressions which were never intended to bear the meaning we attach to them. People in a passion paint with a big brush, and their language should be treated, as a rule, with good-humoured indifference and contempt. In all cases keep mind of the saying of Epictetus, which used to be quoted with applause by Frederick the Great: "If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it."

And when trying not to get angry ourselves we should be careful not to make other people angry. When tempted to say something sharp, let us keep our mouths shut, even though it may seem something unusually clever. Most often a smart saying is nothing but an impertinence, and no wonder it often starts a quarrel. Madame Alboni, the singer, for example, would have been more than human had she not lost her temper when Edmund About said of her singing—she was very fat—that "it was like a nightingale piping out of a lump of suet." There are many true things that ought not to be spoken, and if a girl purposes going through the world giving utterance to every truth that comes into her head, the sooner she changes her intention the better.

But our tempers will sometimes get the better of us, and, in spite of all our philosophy, we will find ourselves landed now and again in a quarrel.

"That's just what we have been thinking all along, and you began by promising that once in a quarrel you would show us how to get the upper hand."

So we did, girls. Your patience is to be rewarded, and we are now going to give the infallible recipe.

The way to get the upper hand in a quarrel is, once you are in, to back out of it as soon as you can. The first out will have won the day.

"But I want to have the last word."

Do you? Then you are a goose.

The girls, however, who follow our counsel will never regret it, and will merit having such nice things said of them that we could devote a whole monthly part of The Girl's Own Paper to that purpose.

(*To be continued.*)

CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

MARGARET, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND; MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS; MARGARET DOUGLAS, ETC.

THERE is certainly no spot in England where so many women who have become eminent in the annals of our country are laid to rest as that represented by our illustration, "The South Aisle of Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster Abbey." Three magnificent monuments cover the mortal remains of the good Margaret, Countess of Richmond, of the unhappy Mary Stuart, and of her no less unhappy mother-in-law, Margaret Douglas; while inscriptions on the pavement point out the resting-places of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, Queen Anne, Queen Mary II., Anne Hyde, first wife of James II., and that most unfortunate princess, Arabella Stuart.

The sacred and venerable character of the place, the beauty of its architecture, the splendour of the marble monuments, and the noble art displayed in the sculpture with which they are adorned, raise up solemn thoughts in our minds, and when we gaze on the inscriptions recording the dead who sleep beneath our feet, we are carried back to times almost forgotten, and scenes that live alone in history. Torrigiano's beautiful recumbent statue of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., is the first object that attracts our attention when we stand upon the high step at the east end of the chapel. It represents a very old lady, with wrinkled face and hands, but with a refined and dignified countenance; her delicate and attenuated hands are clasped in prayer, and at her feet is a stag. This lady was grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, and was married three times. Her first husband was Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had a son Henry, afterwards Henry VII. Her second husband was Sir Humphrey Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham. Shortly afterwards being again left a widow, she espoused Thomas, Lord Stanley, the hero of Bosworth field, who placed the crown upon the head of her son, Henry VII., after Richard III. had been slain in that most decisive and fatal battle.

At the time of her death, the Lady Margaret was allied, either in blood or affinity, to thirty kings and queens, nor was she in any way unworthy of her royal lineage, as she was not only a most learned and pious lady, but by her munificent generosity greatly encouraged learning and piety in others. Two colleges in Cambridge—Christ's and St. John's—own her as their founder, and the Theological Lectureships, known as "Lady Margaret's," at Oxford and Cambridge, are still maintained out of funds given by her for that purpose. She was a liberal patroness of the newly-invented art of printing.

Bishop Fisher, who suffered on Tower Hill for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII. as the head of the Church, was for some time her chaplain. Amongst other good works, she founded a grammar school at Wymbourn, and some almshouses at Westminster; she was also a liberal benefactor of the Abbey Church. The Latin inscription which runs round the edge of the tomb was written by the celebrated Erasmus; his receipt of twenty shillings in payment for the composition is still extant. It records the facts here related, and the date of her death, "July iii., 1509."

But the best known epitaph to her memory is the expression used by Bishop Fisher in his sermon preached at her funeral: "Everyone that knew her loved her, and everything she said or did became her."

She outlived her son, Henry VII., nearly three months. The monument of Lady Margaret so greatly resembles that of Henry VII. that little doubt exists that they are the work of the same sculptor, Torrigiano, an Italian, who was brought over to this country by Henry VII. His works are remarkably beautiful; the most celebrated are the monuments of King Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey, and that of John Young in the Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane.

Torrigiano was a fellow pupil of Michael Angelo, and appears to have been rather a hot-tempered man, for in a dispute with his illustrious companion he threw a mallet at his head, which, striking him on the nose, inflicted the damage upon that organ so conspicuously visible in all portraits of Michael Angelo.

The costly and magnificent monument of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots occupies the centre of this aisle. It was erected to her memory by her son James I., and consists of a vast canopy supported upon eight Corinthian columns, beneath which is a sarcophagus-shaped tomb, bearing upon the lid a recumbent statue of Mary, the work of Cornelius Cure. The features of the face are very delicate and beautiful; the hands are clasped in prayer.

There is a singular piece of architectural eccentricity displayed in this monument; the columns supporting the canopy are arranged in pairs alternately black and white, but the white columns have black capitals and bases, and the black columns white capitals and bases.

There is a long and very laudatory Latin epitaph, written in the questionable taste of the period, and crediting Mary with every virtue under the sun.

There is something so fascinating in the character of Mary, her sufferings were so bravely borne, and her end so heroic, that one cannot help hoping that history may some day bring forward proofs of her innocence of the worst charges brought against her early life.

Within the same tomb which contains the remains of Mary Queen of Scots repose the bodies of three other princesses of the House of Stuart—Mary, the infant daughter of James I., Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and Lady Arabella Stuart.

Elizabeth was the eldest daughter of James I., and married, in 1613, the Elector Palatine Frederick. Unfortunately Frederick, not content with the Palatinate which belonged to him, was so unwise as to accept the crown of Bohemia in opposition to the German Empire; the consequence was that he lost both Bohemia and the Palatinate. He and his unfortunate wife wandered up and down Europe, trying to find a refuge and a home, but in vain. After suffering all kinds of hardships, driven from place to place, often reduced to absolute want, they at last obtained shelter and protection from the Prince of Orange at the Hague, where Frederick died, worn out with disappointment and suffering, in 1632. After his death his son Charles got back some portion of his patrimony.

Elizabeth's wanderings, however, were not to cease, for in 1660 she accompanied her nephew, Charles II., to England, where this royal wanderer at length found rest; she died in 1662. She was mother of the famous Prince Rupert, and grandmother of George I.

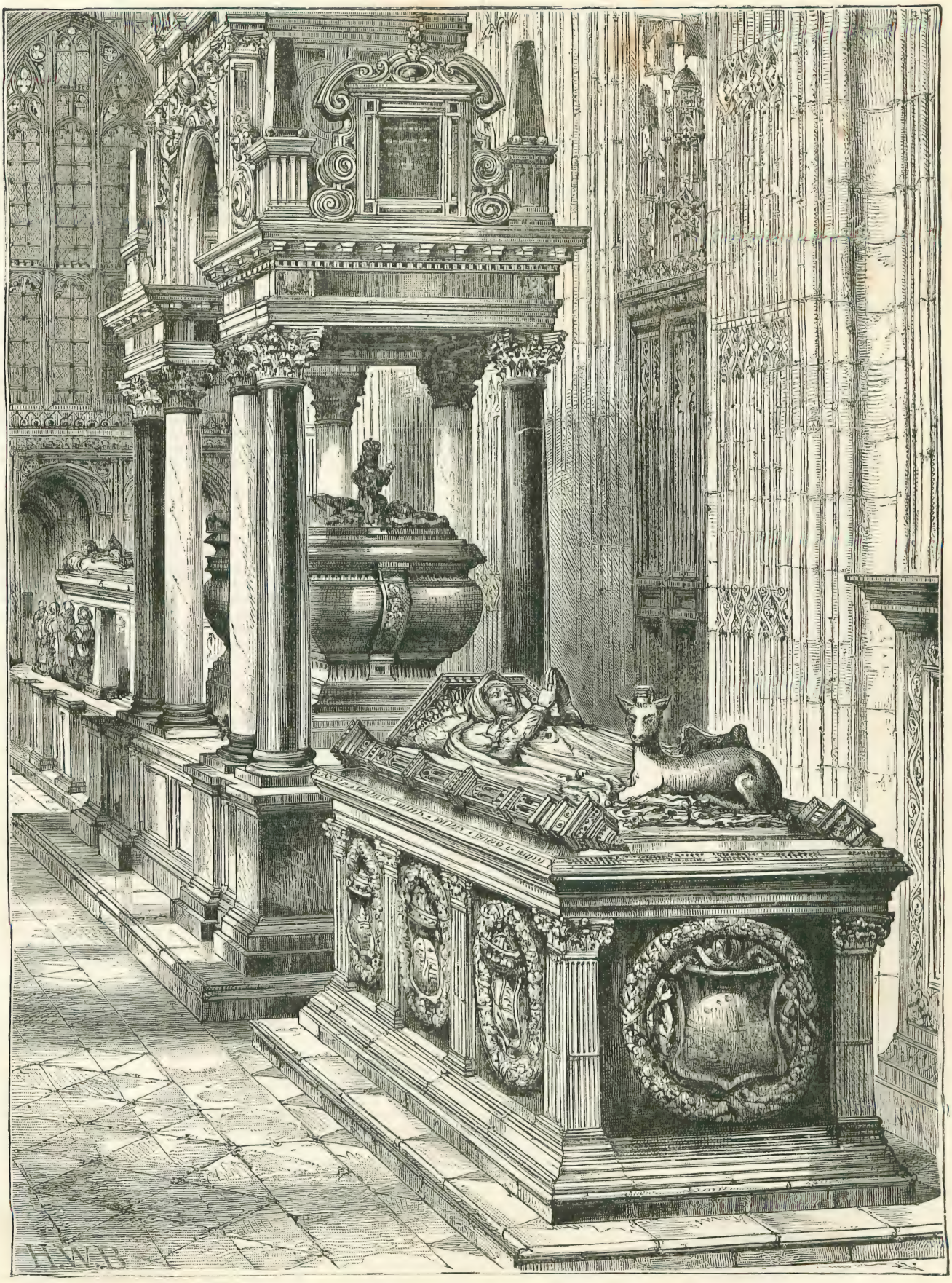
Lady Arabella Stuart, "The Lady Arbell," had a still more romantic history. She was the daughter of the younger brother of Lord Darnley, and was thus almost as near to the English throne as James I. himself; both were in fact great-great-grandchildren of Henry VII.

James was always suspicious of this unfortunate princess, and his suspicions were still more roused by a real or imaginary plot, called the "Main," the principal actor in which was the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh. Its object is said to have been a plan for placing Lady Arabella on the throne, with the assistance of the Spanish Government. From this time the suspicions of James caused this lady to be watched and mistrusted.

James was determined that she should not marry; but, alas! as they say, "Love laughs at bars and bolts," and this unfortunate lady contracted a secret marriage with William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hartford. A more unlucky choice she could scarcely have made, as the Seymour family had a distant kind of claim to the throne. Of course the affair soon came to the ears of James; Seymour was arrested and sent to the Tower, and Arabella was placed in durance, under the care of a Mr. Conyers, at Highgate.

The pair, however, managed to correspond with one another, and, eluding the vigilance of their guards, it was arranged that they should meet upon a barque which was off Tilbury, and escape to France. Arabella, dressed in male attire, got safely away from Highgate, but was nearly discovered by fainting. She, however, succeeded in reaching the barque, but owing to some mistake the ship set sail without Seymour. Both were, however, recaptured, and poor Arabella was imprisoned in the Tower for the remainder of her sad life. Misfortune affected her brain, and she died insane after four years' imprisonment. Her body was, by order of James I., brought to the Abbey, where it was buried without any service or ceremony, a cruelty and insult to the memory of this unhappy princess which shows James's character in a very detestable light.

Another unhappy princess, Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, reposes beneath a splendid marble monument erected to her memory by Queen Elizabeth. For some reason with which we are unacquainted, this fine tomb has been shamefully mutilated—more so, perhaps, than any other in the Abbey Church. Margaret was the daughter of Margaret Tudor, that sister of Henry VIII. who so scandalised her royal brother by her matrimonial disputes and unpleasant domestic relations. In point of fact, she was a kind of feminine edition of her brother. As may well be supposed, Margaret did not profit much from the example of such a mother, and we are not surprised to find her giving trouble at a very early age. She appears to have been a beautiful girl, and she attracted the attention of Lord Thomas Howard, to whom she became secretly affianced, if not married. Her royal uncle, King Henry VIII., was not the man to put up with this kind of thing, so he had them both arrested for high treason and shut up in the Tower. We should, at the present day, regard the charge as absurd; but no one can excuse a young maiden taking such a step without consulting her proper guardian, who in this case was her uncle, and nothing but misery could come out of such disobedience. Lord Thomas Howard died in prison, but the lady was afterwards released; subsequently she married Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox. She had eight children, who are represented upon the tomb. Amongst these were Henry, Lord Darnley, who became the first husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and father of James I.—he was assassinated at the age of twenty-one—and Charles, the youngest son, the father of unfortunate Arabella Stuart, also died at the age of twenty-one; the other children appear



MONUMENTS OF THREE EMINENT WOMEN IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF HENRY VII. CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

to have died during their infancy. After being left a widow, Margaret was so neglected by her royal relatives that she died in the year 1577 in abject poverty. It is a strange thing that Queen Elizabeth, who was willing to erect a sumptuous monument to her cousin after death, should have allowed her to die in poverty and neglect.

What a lesson our girls may learn from the history of these princesses; how terribly unhappy most of them were, how sad were their lives, how melancholy their deaths, what grievous sufferings they brought down upon themselves and others! Above all, how disastrous were their clandestine marriages and secret courtships and engagements. Nearly all these women were endowed with the highest graces of mind and body; they were the descendants of the noblest families in the whole world; they all started in life with the grandest prospects; yet either ill-regulated passion, disobedience, disrespect to their parents, or ambition, wrecked their lives.

One alone of them all can have had a happy life — that good Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. No doubt she had her sufferings and her trials, as had all the others. She saw her husbands die, and her last days must have been saddened by the death of her son. Yet Torrigiano has depicted in her worn and wrinkled face an expression of calm submission and peaceful resignation. No doubt the Lord comforted and consoled this good woman in her bereavements, for she knew Whom to turn to in the hour of affliction. She was happy because she did her duty, made good use of the talents which God had given her, and used her riches for the benefit of others. She was resigned and ready to meet death, because her life had been regulated by those laws which her Divine Master had instituted. Instead of allowing her own will and unruly passions to direct her actions, so as to bring misery on herself and others, her words and actions were dictated by duty, prudence, and the desire to do good to those around her, and thus she earned for herself, in addition to an eternal reward, the affection and admiration of her own and succeeding ages; for there is not a single historian, either of her own time or of a later date, who does not endorse the good bishop's eulogy upon Lady Margaret, "Everyone that knew her loved her, and everything she said or did became her."

LITERARY STUDIES.

PART III.

THE LAWS OF INTERPRETATION.

EVERY new author, every new work is as a foreign tongue to us; we have to translate it into our language before we can make it quite our own. Being English folk, we think in English, although we may read French or German with ease, and as we have to think out in English the full significance of a French or German passage of which we may understand the literal words well enough, so, in order to fully master a piece of literature, we must go through the process of interpretation in order, not only to read, but to mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

In considering a work of art we shall find three elements. First, the artist's creation; second, our conception of that creation; third, the mental operation which produces the second out of the first. Each picture, statue, poem, play, or story is a mass of details upon which our consciousness must act to reduce it to order and consistency, to bring a clear-cut whole out of it, reconciling and harmonising the parts till they form a symmetrical design, in which all is accounted for and justified that might have seemed inconsistent, conflicting, incomplete, or superfluous. This process is what we mean by interpretation.

It has been thought that while in nature all phenomena may, through observation, be summed up as facts, in the case of art this must be impossible, because each person being differently impressed by the details of art, there can be nothing positive or of the nature of fact about them. But this objection rests, I think, on a confusion of ideas. All things affect different minds differently, and yet no one denies that each thing has its own absolute and positive nature, independent of the effect it produces.

Wine is to one man the greatest curse the earth contains; to another, the desire of his life, for which he will sell his soul; to a third, the wholesome juice of the grape, given to gladden his heart in due season. But these men do not deny that wine is a fermented liquor, containing alcohol, sugar, acid, and so forth, mingled in such and such proportions. The will and the consciousness must needs affect the taste and opinion of each individual, but behind and beyond the will and consciousness is a barrier of solid fact; and this truth, easily recognised in the world of matter, exists also, though much ignored, in the world of creative art. Here, as in the world which science interprets, there are laws, but this is a word we must beware of using in the wrong sense. There are laws which bind from without, like the laws of England which restrain men from theft and murder. And there are laws deduced from within, like the law of gravitation, which restrains men from jumping off the earth. The first kind points to what ought to be; the second to what is. The first kind establishes principles and exacts obedience; the second reduces to exact terms the mass of experience gathered from certain proved facts. The one turns upon authority, the other upon experience.

Now which of these have we to do with in art? Are we to trust to an external authority of taste, founded on that of the best minds, or is each individual to be a law unto himself, or are there laws which govern the working of art, as scientific laws govern the working of the universe, and which we may trace here also for ourselves? And I answer, "Yes; there are such laws, which may be discovered from within, not imposed by taste and opinion from without, which are laws only by virtue of their accounting for and interpreting all that we observe, and which will exclude the notion of our setting up a law for ourselves, as strictly as science excludes the notion of substituting what the scientist would like, for what he observes."

What, then, to return to literature, are the laws of interpretation?

They are certain pieces of summed-up experience which will guide us in transforming, through our consciousness, the author's conception into our own. The fundamental laws of interpretation are the same, but they differ in their application to different varieties of literature. The method varies with the kind of work, whether it be story, poetry, drama, or a single character.

The most important law is that truth of interpretation depends upon its explanation of all the details as they really are. Assuming that the work is approached in the spirit of right criticism, before pointed out to you, the mind free from all bias, and adjusted like a microscope to the focus necessary for the object before it, the first step is to investigate all the details impartially. This means a most careful reading. It is not enough to gather a vivid impression of the whole, hastening from one salient point or striking passage to another, while overlooking what may seem at first sight irreconcilable or a blemish. For the purposes of interpretation, each detail must be realised in its full significance, each must be weighed, sifted, tested, and placed in its true relation to the rest. Just as in translating from a foreign language every word must be dealt with in order to render the sense accurately, so every puzzling trait in a character, every word in a difficult passage, must find its place in our interpretation before we can be sure of its truth; in fact, it will be true exactly in proportion to the amount of detail it includes.

This appears almost too obvious to need assertion, and yet it is a principle constantly ignored. Out of ten people who read a play of Shakespeare's, for instance, nine will most probably interpret it, as a whole, or any particular character or passage of it, as an isolated thing, in accordance with preconceived theory, or with some established authority of taste, while one only will scientifically investigate all the parts in their relation to each other, all the qualities and deeds of a given character as revealed by itself and by all the other characters, or all the words of a passage, and then proceed to sum them up, to interpret them into their true significance. And the last will be the only interpretation of the ten, which is scientifically accurate, and admits of no question, being securely founded on the facts of the author's creation as they stand.

Another great law of literary interpretation is that these details are of two kinds, the distinction being a real and not an arbitrary one, which must be recognised.

The details coming under our observation belong either to the art side or to the thought side of the piece of literature in question, and we shall be at fault if we lose sight of this distinction, no matter how carefully we have gathered up our details.

Its position in the history of literature, its form, its manner, its workmanship, all these points are included in the art aspect of a literary work, while as its thought, we have the subject-matter, the imaginative creation, the message which it communicates to us. Interdependent as these two sides are, like body and soul forming one self, to the eye of interpretation they are quite distinct. Each has its own value, only to be rightly estimated by keeping the other in view.

Matthew Arnold, a master of criticism, points out the danger of making a purely historical estimate: that is, of judging a work solely or chiefly with regard to its interest in the evolution of literature. But surely equal to that danger is the risk we run of ignoring the historical point of view altogether, which is like trying to draw correctly without perspective. We cannot interpret the Elizabethan drama if we are quite unacquainted with the history of its time, or with the history of the drama in general. Literature is not manufactured, but develops. Each new development is an interest in itself, quite apart from the question of improvement or fault. The excellence of one age is the defect

of another, and *vice versâ*. On the writer's environment of time and place will largely depend the direction of his genius. There is no absolute standard of right and wrong in art; she justifies herself by her own deeds, as the natural world does by what it brings forth. The point we aim at is, to discover, not what ought to be, but what is, and to grasp this clearly we must distinguish between what our subject of observation is in itself, and what it is in relation to literature generally, as the scientist cannot deal with an animal as an individual, but as a member of a family, species, and genus.

In the same way all details of form must be not only investigated but carefully classified as such. For instance, the drama and the story have much in common; but certain characteristics distinguish them from each other in the work of the best writers. To follow the conception rightly, we must recognise the limitations of the form into which it is thrown. In a certain sense, art is proportion—the fault of one form is the excellence of another. Poetry and prose, romance and classic tragedy, history and novel, each has to be judged by its own aim; but bear in mind that what that aim precisely should be, is to be determined not from without but from within. It will be proved in each case by its success, and not by a fixed canon of criticism.

Springing from the question of form is that of workmanship. To interpret justly, we must perceive the difficulties which each form by its peculiar nature imposes on the writer, corresponding to what in the plastic arts is called "the law of the material." These difficulties may be overcome by certain means which constitute the highest beauty. If we do not study the form, we miss the enjoyment of the execution that conceals difficulties with that apparent ease which is a sign of power, or we miss the simplicity which recognises calmly and humbly its lack of perfect facility, and acknowledges difficulties instead of overcoming them. And such beauty or power or simplicity are in themselves details which our interpretation must place in their right relation to the rest.

All these various points make up the art effects of a literary work, and as such throw light upon the thought contained in it. But they only mislead and confuse if they be mistaken for what constitutes the individuality, the life of the work. That life is the imaginative element, which, whatever may be the art form that contains it, a Scotch ballad or a Greek tragedy, the "Pilgrim's Progress" or a modern novel, holds the mirror up to nature and reveals the unseen truth of things.

If in one sense art be proportion, in another sense art is design, and here we reach our last law of interpretation: that conception of a literary work will be the truest which reveals in the highest degree design. As the man of science finds reason the groundwork of his operations, and reason the last result of his chain of cause and effect, laying bare purpose in all things, so the interpreter of the literary world, subjecting each detail to analysis, will find in each a purpose, and his best result will be that conception which reveals the most complicated and most symmetrical design in the whole mass. For this purpose or design exists in all works of imagination, whether the author knew it or not. It is beside the question to ask whether all the deep significance which his creation has for us was consciously intended by him or not. Whatever we find in it, we are justified in taking out of it. A product of literature, as of all art, is a living organism, not a piece of dead mechanism. Such a product is the sum of all its qualities and attributes, including its effect upon us. The author sends out the child of his brain into the mental world, and from that moment it lives a life of its own, which he cannot foresee or control, yet for which his instinct has provided. The greater the worker, the more intricate and complete the design of his work, though its perfect symmetry may look like simplicity to the superficial. Goethe, Shakespeare, Scott, each had certain things to say, and each said them in his own way. It is quite possible that our analysis may produce results in laying bare a design which they never consciously intended, and yet these results are not wrong or imaginary. These great men "wrought better than they knew." In all high imaginations there is an involuntary, inevitable element, the unconscious conforming to the Higher Truth. Analysis, coming after, discovers this, but does not invent it, interprets but does not add the deeper significance.

As Ruskin tells us: "Neither Pindar, nor Æschylus, nor Hesiod, nor Homer, nor any of the greatest poets or teachers of any nation or time, ever spoke but with intentional reservation; nay, beyond this, there is often a meaning which they themselves cannot interpret—which it may be for ages long after them to interpret—in what they said, so far as it recorded true imaginative vision. For all the greatest myths have been seen by the men who tell them, involuntarily and passively—seen by them with as great distinctness (and in some respects, though not in all, under conditions as far beyond the control of their will) as a dream sent to any of us by night when we dream clearest."

CAROL.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—III. THE WILD CAT.

By A NATURALIST.

THE wild cat was common enough in England when vast tracts of forest, moor, and fen existed. Its name was used as a term of reproach and insult, and formed a peg on which to hang some of our trite sayings, such as "What can you get from a cat but the skin?" "No more to be trusted than a wild cat." "Fierce as a wild cat," and other expressions of the like sort.

When he was captured, the principal use his fur was put to was to trim the garments of the ladies in the various nunneries at that time scattered over our land.

As population increased these great tracts of wild land got cleared, and to some extent cultivated; the numbers of creatures became diminished, but still their various furs formed a great part of the clothing of the rustics. Even now in out-of-the-way districts you will see many a fine vest and cap of beautiful velvety moleskin.

The wild cat was a cruel foe to those who first attempted to bring the forest under cultivation. He has well been named the British tiger, and he would come in the night-time and kill the poultry and lambs of those who had invaded his domain.

Picture to yourselves a creature twice the size of any domestic cat, brindled grey in colour with dark stripes, and a short bushy tail something like a fox's, but marked with dark rings.

Forty years bring great changes. I can remember spots which were shunned by all who were not compelled to go to them; places that had evil names given to them, and with good reason—long belts of thick woods that sloped down to dreary marshes and the seashore, I mean, which could only be traversed in those days by very few.

A grey old church stood on the edge of those great woods, and once on each Sunday a small congregation might be seen coming from different directions to worship there. Sometimes I have made one of it, and a quaint affair that service was: the feathered songsters in the trees outside far surpassed the singers who led the psalms and the chants within.

Although this was not a game-preserving district, there were plenty of hares, rabbits, and wild fowl to furnish food for the many cats that had run wild in the woods for years, and had so nearly gone back to the original type of wild cat, that only competent judges could tell them apart. They had the same colour, markings, thick fur, and short, bushy tails, and had become as unlike the common domestic cat as the true leopard is unlike the snow leopard of Thibet.

The study of nature in the marsh-lands, where as a boy I roamed through the thick woods and treacherous swamps, and along the wild seashore, was a sealed book to most of the people. Simple, earnest folks though they were, they had few books; the Bible formed the whole literature of most of the readers. Amongst us were the descendants of French and Dutch families, who had come over through stress of religious faith; Protestants, who were as outlaws in their own country. These, or rather their descendants, had intermarried with our native marsh-dwellers; they had retained their strong faith, which was naturally often tinged with superstition. "Signs" and "the powers of evil" were vivid realities to them.

The unearthly yells of those fierce cats as they answered each other from their dark places of refuge, or from the topmost limb of some tree; the flitting Jack-o'-Lanthorns or will-o'-the-wisp—spontaneous combustion of the foul gas in the rotten swamps; the cry of heron or bittern, coming over, carried on the breeze, mingled with the wild clang of the fowl—all had at times terrors and messages of ill omen peculiar to themselves.

One of my old friends, a born naturalist, captured one of the wild, fierce cats without injuring it. With gentleness and patient perseverance he succeeded in taming it at last, so that it purred on one's knee as contentedly as the tamest of animals. A true British tiger it was at first: three months passed before he dared give the creature liberty.

The wild cat has now been driven up to the rocks and hillsides of Scotland. There he was until lately in danger of extirpation; happily a new class of naturalists has arisen, such as prefer to watch the wild creatures and their habits without killing them. Even the wild cat may become fairly numerous again in its native haunts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LASSIE.—The operation can be performed, we believe, but you must ask a surgeon about it.

L. A. P.—We think the poem by your husband possesses much merit.

GLADIOLUS.—Camellias require heat to start them, and afterwards a cool greenhouse. Arum lilies will grow in a room. The former need great care in watering them; for if you give either too much or too little, the buds will drop off.

ALICE WHEELER.—Send the articles you wish to contribute to the Seamen and Boatmen's Friend Society—to the Superintendent, 59, Plough Road, Rotherhithe, S.E. The Rev. S. B. Bell, superintendent.

RED LOCKS *may, perhaps, improve* the colour of her teeth by first getting them scaled by a dentist, and then by the occasional use of finely-powdered charcoal, and by powdered chalk, as a daily medium for cleansing them. It may be, however, that "yellow" is their natural colour; and if so, you cannot make them white, though you could keep them clean; or dye them black, according to the fashion in some parts of the world!

MRS. HENRY KINGSLEY.—We will simply give our readers notice that "the society entitled The League of Love has been dissolved, and no longer exists."—St. Agnes House, South Wimbledon.

MAN and TOM-TIT.—We have ceased to reply to questions respecting the hair and complexion, and must refer you to the answers already so frequently given, and to the articles by "Medicus," which treat these subjects in a sufficiently exhaustive manner. If you only lose "five or six hairs daily, in brushing," you are no object of anxiety and compassion.

A LITTLE ONE.—The "h" should be aspirated in the words "humble" and "house"; and the word "ogre" is as if written "o-ger." We are glad that your father reads and so much approves of our paper. Your writing is good, though a little slope from right to left would improve it.

MONICA.—We think that a doctor would prescribe some tonic for so obstinate a cold in the head, but as you are altogether unknown to us we could not take so responsible a step in the dark.

CORRESPONDENT.—Omit the parenthesis "I trust," and you will see that you should say "Who are quite well," not "Whom are quite well," unless you added all of whom are quite well, and so altered the "case" from the nominative to the objective.

STAR-GAZER.—The atmospheric phenomenon of which you speak must have been a halo of a beautiful kind encircling the moon, not a "lunar rainbow." We have seen such a halo in Northern Italy, *i.e.*, circles of colour round the moon, a deep orange hue predominating. The rainbow, on the contrary, is to be seen when the spectator's back is turned to the moon—on the opposite side of the sky, so to speak. It is only when she is nearly or quite full that her light is sufficient to produce a rainbow.

FIFTEEN (Victoria).—We thank you for your kind expressions of approval and grateful acknowledgment, and we wish you and all your family prosperity.

SOUTH WALES.—In reply to your questions as to whether young gentlemen may give presents to ladies to whom they are not engaged, we think the presents might be safely and judiciously bestowed on elderly ladies—those, for instance, of whom they have good reason to believe are upwards of fifty years of age. But the presentation of a small gift may be an indication of a coming proposal of marriage, and might be very naturally thus interpreted; and its rejection or acceptance might give the lover his cue, and aid him to take a further step, or warn him to withdraw.

TROUBLED HOUSEMAID.—Perhaps the pain arises from a tooth. You had better get advice for it from a doctor, or at a dispensary or hospital. The word you spell "knawing" should be written "gnawing."

ETHEL CLIFFORD.—We are not acquainted with the verses you quote—they are scarcely other than such—though the idea is a sweet one, and we should like to oblige you. We rejoice that you find our Answers helpful.

MURIEL.—The following are the titles of our Extra Christmas and Summer Numbers in the order in which they were issued:—"Christmas Roses," "Silver Sails," "The Christmas Carillon," "Summer Quiet," "Winter Leaves," "Sunlight," "Snow-drifts," "Sheets o' Daisies," "Snow-Drops," "Lily Leaves," "Feathery Flakes," "Victoria's Laurel," "Evergreen," "Rosebud Garden," "Household Harmony," "Rosemary," "Christmas Cherries." Most of these extra numbers were sold out within two hours after publication. All are valuable, as they cannot now be purchased; so carefully keep those that you have. They form very interesting books bound in volumes of six each.

"LIFE No. 5" appears to have tried her eyes too much, and in any case, heated rooms, gaslight, and late hours would tend to injure the sight, inflame the eyelids, and try the nerves to a more or less serious degree. It is high time that you should have your eyes examined by a good oculist, as he would probably give you something for them, and place you under certain essential restrictions. Your hand is good and legible, but too large. It would be quite as legible if reduced.

"MY DEAR LAURA, GOOD MORNING! HAVE YOU READ *Christmas Cherries*?"

INDIANA.—The meaning of the word *sepoy* is "a soldier." It is a corruption of the Hindostanee word *sipahi*—one employed as a designation for a French regiment, only pronounced "spahi." *Sip* means a bow and arrow, which were the original, or at least ancient, equipment of an Indian warrior. Do not regret that circumstances have so changed as to preclude your going out to India. God's good providence orders for the best.

SCHOOLGIRL.—The common phrase in reference to being in any one's "black books" has its origin as far back as the time of Henry VIII. Visitors were sent to monasteries during his reign to find proofs of any irregularities sufficient to justify their suppression, and the confiscation of the estates and money belonging to them. Entries were made in the books carried by these officials, which appear to have been designated "black books," because the facts or fictions therein recorded were designed to blacken the characters or the administrations of the monks and their superiors. It may also be that the books themselves had black covers, as some have said.

LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—Apply at the Patents Office, upper end of Chancery Lane, Holborn.

A READER IN INDIA.—Your verses are rather pretty, and more correct than the specimens generally sent us. But you cannot divide the words

"At break
Of day doth rise."

"Break" will not stand at the end of a line, separated from those that explain its meaning and make one word of it. The word "Edelweiss" is pronounced as if written (in English) "A-del-vice."

HOPEFUL.—Nothing is more difficult than to obtain remunerative work at home, and advertisements with the offer of such are not to be relied upon. If you have been a mistress in an elementary school under Government, you might leave a card at several respectable shops, grocers, etc., stating that you will receive pupils to educate and take care of during so many hours a day at your own home, and that you took in needlework likewise.

M. H.—Yes, your friend's mother may undertake the office of "giving her away" at her marriage under the circumstances you name. A sofa cushion can be filled with strips of white paper cut very narrowly. It is a stuffing much employed, and we have never heard that it proved unsatisfactory.

AGATHA.—We know of no method of getting rid of the smell of a mackintosh cloak, excepting its exposure to the outer air and avoidance of heat from sunshine and fire. Do not fold it, nor shut it up in a closet.

AULD REEKIE.—We doubt your keeping seagulls in health away from their natural homes. They eat small fish and certain grubs; probably they might like periwinkles and cockles cut up small. You have asked too many questions. We are glad you like our paper.

AN 1880 SUBSCRIBER.—Certainly as a Christian you could not be a Fatalist. Our Heavenly Father's good providence watches over us who commit our way, our souls and bodies to His keeping in prayer and faith. Read the history contained in the Book of Jonah. Even when the Divine decree for the destruction of Nineveh had gone forth, that Divine and merciful Father "repented Him of the evil," listening to the prayers and accepting the penitence and submission of its rebellious inhabitants. We do not think that prayers offered for the bestowal of husbands are wise and justifiable prayers. You do not know for what you are asking. You may be utterly unsuited to be a wife! Commit your future life and your guidance in all your ways to Him who knows what lot is best for you. Besides, you have others to think of beside yourself, and your services may be required for them, such as you would be incapable of rendering were you a married woman.

SUNFLOWER.—We strongly advise you to put your dog under the care of a veterinary surgeon. His condition is serious, for gangrene might supervene after the extraction of his nails.

IPHIGENIE.—Your writing is fairly good, though rather cramped; and the small "e" improperly substituted by a capital one. Your opinion of our paper is very gratifying.

ROSE.—On no account presume on any fancied or traditional rights conceded to your own sex on the occasion of "Leap Year." It would be most degrading, not to speak of its being merely in bad taste.

OUR PAINTING COMPETITION.

NOTE.—The outline impression of Mr. Birket Foster's picture given with this part is the only outline to be used by competitors, and is to be filled in only in water colours, in imitation of the painting issued with our December monthly part.

The copies are to be extracted carefully from the part of the magazine, and sent between boards and flat, by bookpost, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Letters sent with the paintings will not be read.

Only the work of the Prize Winners and those receiving Honourable Mention will be returned to the competitors, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.

Imp. Draeger et Lesieur. Paris.

The Impatient Mother.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

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ROSE AND HER MOTHER.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS FLINT AIRS HER VIEWS ON MODERN FURNITURE AND EDUCATION.

SOON afterwards, I heard from Jane Cartwright that Miss Flint's wandering feet were stayed for a while, but not at Lint Hall. She was the guest of Mrs. Burford, who had declared she could not be satisfied until her dear old friend paid her a visit, and passed her opinion on the improvements made in her home.

It will be remembered that Mr. Burford told me of the projected changes, and groaned over the probable cost, "in cash and comfort," which would result therefrom. If his wife expected compliments on her good taste from Cousin Dorothy, she was grievously disappointed.

"Don't ask my opinion," she said, when taken into the newly-arranged drawing-room. "If I give it, I shall only offend your—what's the word?—æsthetic development. Only I implore you to let me have an old-fashioned chair to sit upon. I will not trust myself to the new fangled things, with a length of embroidered stuff doing duty for seat, cushion, and back. Two acquaintances of mine came to grief through being over-persuaded to occupy such. Their tenure was short, and serve them right. One chair broke down bodily, its jerry-made frame being unequal to the sitter's weight; the other, a folding one, doubled up unexpectedly, because my friend, being unused to the arrangement, did not know how to balance herself, but perched on the edge of the thing instead of nearly lying at full length in it."

"My dear Miss Flint, you may trust yourself to my chairs without fear. They are not of what you call the jerry-made sort, but thoroughly strong, even when slight-looking, and are from a first-class upholsterer. If you knew the price! But I should be afraid to tell you that," said Mrs, Burford.

"Oh, I have no doubt they cost money enough. I cannot speak from experience, of course, but I have always understood that it is the husband's privilege to pay for new furniture. *That* does not come out of the housekeeping purse, does it?"

Mrs. Burford laughed, as people laugh when they want to hide their vexation, by appearing to be amused.

"You dear, droll creature! you are as satirical as ever," said Mrs. Burford. "But I am *not going to* be angry with you, or put out of love with my pretty room, though you do not admire it. Everyone else thinks it so much improved, and all the alterations in perfect taste."

"They tell you so, but what they think is another matter. I do not see how you can speak with certainty of their thoughts," persisted Miss Flint.

"Why should I distrust them? Or, if I ought to do, I should perhaps judge you in the same way, and believe that, whilst you profess to think slightingly of my taste in furnishing, you really admire the results of it."

"Think as you like, my dear. I distrust people who give their neighbours credit for perfection in anything; though, by the way, I believe nobody ever paid me such a compliment. Certainly not with regard to taste in dress or furniture."

Miss Flint was so amused at her own remark that she laughed heartily, and it was sufficiently suggestive to make Mrs. Burford join in the laugh, as she thought of her guest's eccentric costumes and her domestic surroundings.

"You may laugh and welcome, especially when you do it heartily, though I may be the subject of your mirth," said Miss Flint, looking triumphant and good-humoured. She liked her caustic remarks to be appreciated, and would always join in the amusement they created, if even she did not begin the laugh.

"Seriously though," she added, "I am not in love with modern decorative art, which, in many cases, means the turning out of everything that is solid and substantial, and cramming rooms with all kinds of trash that is of no possible use, and which one stumbles over at every step, unless it is fixed high up, and then it tumbles on one's head instead. I was in a room the other day, and there were some big, softly-cushioned chairs in it, wide enough to accommodate a giantess. The seats were about ten inches from the floor. A stout caller had sunk into one, and being rheumatic could not rise by herself. She was hauled out by the united efforts of her hostess and the parlour-maid, and a nice picture that was. A long-legged cavalry officer occupied another, and alternately sat with his knees at his chin and his feet sprawling half across the room. There were no chairs in that room fit for sensible people to occupy, and no two alike."

"But mine are both safe and comfortable, my dear," said Mrs. Burford.

"Then point out one that you can warrant a 'patent safety,' and let me sit down; for you seem to have forgotten that I have been standing all this time," said Miss Flint.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were looking round at all my pretty things as you were moving about the room. Do try this chair; you will find it delightfully comfortable."

The article in question being of wicker-work, Miss Flint was induced to deposit her person within its embracing arms. It was luxuriously upholstered, and it would have been hard for anyone else to find fault with it, but she was equal to the occasion.

"I hope you find that chair comfortable?" said Mrs. Burford, complacently, and as if defying a negative reply.

"It is big anough and strong enough, but wickedly luxurious. Who could do anything useful, buried in down and satin? I could not even knit in it. No wonder girls are so disgracefully idle when they are tempted to laziness at every turn by such chairs as this. When I was a girl, young people had to be content with something less. There were but a couple of so-called easy chairs in a room, and they were not too comfortable; but such as they were, they were left for our elders and betters. We should as soon have thought of flying as of occupying one of them."

Rose Burford had just entered the room when Miss Flint began this tirade against idleness and luxury, and had deposited her elegant person on a similar chair to the one occupied by the speaker. Rose never troubled herself to conciliate Cousin Dorothy, and sometimes made very plain remarks about those "who toadied such old horrors because of their money." Though she had always been first favourite, Mrs. Burford stood in some awe of her elder daughter, who was of a very independent character, and whose trenchant speeches would often bring an angry flush to her mother's face, though they were not apparently aimed at her.

Rose waited quietly until Miss Flint finished, for the speaker was looking straight in her face as though her remarks, while professing to be general ones, were meant for the girl opposite.

"I am very glad I was not young when you were," said Rose, coolly. "The present state of things must be infinitely preferable to what existed then."

"No doubt they appear so to lazy, self-indulgent people," retorted Miss Flint.

"I do not think girls are lazier than they used to be. When you went to school, you would not have half so many lessons to learn as I had. As to poor Magnus, I wonder he is alive with the amount of cramming he has to do for exams."

"It may well be called 'cramming,' taken higgledy-piggledy, as learning is swallowed in these days. But do not be alarmed, Rose. Your brother will not kill himself with work, any more than you have done," was the reply,

"Indeed, I hope not. An only brother is precious to grown-up girls, and I trust I shall find him useful soon. He is very tall for his age."

"Then your idea of a brother's usefulness is——"

"That he may escort his sisters to parties, concerts, and so on," returned Rose, without any sign of shrinking before Miss Flint's steady gaze.

"Let me congratulate you on the unselfish view you take of a brother's vocation, my dear," replied Cousin Dorothy.

"Thank you, Miss Flint. I meant what I said. And I am sure you, who are candour itself, ought to like me for following your example, and speaking out."

"My dear Rose, you are forgetting yourself. Remember the difference between Miss Flint's age and yours entitles her to say and do many things that would ill become a girl like you."

"I am not likely to forget the difference you name, mother," said Rose,

"considering that Miss Flint's presence cannot fail to remind me of it."

Rose first looked at Miss Flint, then gave a careless glance at her own handsome reflection in an opposite mirror, and smiled.

The gesture was sufficiently suggestive, and Mrs. Burford was annoyed, as well she might be; for Miss Flint was her guest, and the girl's manner was almost impertinent.

"You are rude, Rose. If you cannot refrain from such remarks you had better leave the room."

"Let her alone, my dear," interposed Miss Flint. "It would be a pity to interfere with such a picture of comfort as Rose presents. Dorothy Flint can hold her own with a chit of twenty, without asking the help of the maternal arm and tongue to defend her. Besides, while I do not care for gimcracks, and cannot go into raptures over a three-halfpenny palm-leaf fan with a lily painted on it, I do like to see a pretty girl's face opposite me. And Rose is pretty and young, and I am sixty-three—going sixty-four, as the children say. My days of youth and beauty are things of the far-away past. But it is not always kind in those who still possess a wealth of the things which are only ours once in a lifetime, to call attention to the fact that, in their opposite neighbour's case it may be, they are gone for ever."

There was an unusually pathetic ring in Miss Flint's voice as the last words dropped slowly from her lips; and then she turned and gazed at the glowing fire, as if it were showing her visions of that past to which she had just alluded.

Mrs. Burford was thinking to herself, "If ever a contradictious creature lived on this earth, it is Dorothy Flint. If I had not rebuked Rose, she would have twitted me with allowing her to treat a guest with rudeness in my presence. I speak, as in duty bound, and she as good as tells me to hold my tongue, for she is quite able to defend herself."

What Mrs. Burford said was, "You were quite as pretty a girl as any I know to-day when we were at school together. I remember how I used to like to stroke your lovely hair—you wore it in masses of soft curls. They were fashionable then; and I always envied you, for mine never would curl. I was a little girl, you a big one. I did so admire you."

"Did you, my dear? I am so glad you remember that I had a pretty face and beautiful hair. Now, Rose, you have the testimony of your own mother as to my youthful charms. Do not get too conceited, child. You may be a beauty of the present generation, but, remember, there were as fair faces in the last that are wrinkled now; hair that hung in dark glossy curls are grey and not too plentiful now. Such changes come to us all in our turns. Look at me, child, and take warning."

Miss Flint's face had on it a softer expression than common as she turned it towards Rose. Who knows what memories were stirring her as the past came before her? Who knows but that the elderly spinster—eccentric in her habits, grotesque in dress, caustic of speech, and reputed to be hard as her name—could hear again tender words that had made her cheek flush and her heart beat faster in those far away days?

Mrs. Burford might be able to describe the fair outside, but she could never have been Dorothy Flint's confidante in her beautiful girlhood — the difference in their ages forbade that; and so now she could not recall to her mind the scenes, or hear the words that her guest could see and hear, though these, like her beauty and youth, were things of the past, and had no present reality.

If Miss Flint were dreaming of the past, she was soon brought back to her present surroundings, and in an unexpected manner. Something in her words and looks had touched Rose Burford's heart.

She left her seat, crossed towards Miss Flint's chair, and dropped gracefully down on the rug beside it. Then, taking the spinster's hand, she said—"I beg your pardon for having been rude and impertinent just now."

"Do you mean it, child?" asked Cousin Dorothy, with a look of profound astonishment.

"Yes, I do. My conscience reproached me, and made me feel ashamed of myself. It often does speak without being heeded, I am afraid; but just now I could not help listening."

Rose glanced across at her mother as if to intimate that her action was by no means a consequence of the maternal rebuke, but that she had begged Miss Flint's pardon purely of her own sweet will.

Indeed, Mrs. Burford knew this already.

When a parent is injudicious enough to elevate one child at the expense of the others, she generally finds that the favourite, who has received more than her share of indulgence and affection, repays her with less both of love and obedience. Often the child becomes the parent's tyrant, and after every concession exacts still more.

Mrs. Burford was, however, glad of Rose's conciliatory conduct, from whatever motive it had sprung, and she smiled approvingly back at her daughter.

"I forgive you, child," said Miss Flint, retaining Rose's hand in one of hers, whilst with the other she patted her cheek. "I am rather glad you were ruder than usual, and thought it right to beg pardon, because, for once, you seem more like your father's daughter than your mother's."

Miss Flint said the last few words in a whisper, audible only to Rose. Then turning to Mrs. Burford, "I was paying the child a pretty compliment, my dear, and I determined to spare her blushes by letting no one else hear it."

After Cousin Dorothy's recent complimentary remarks on the girl's looks, Mrs. Burford concluded that the whisper conveyed some further tribute of a similar kind, and did not trouble herself to ask any questions. It was satisfactory to her that her guest seemed quite drawn towards Rose, and she hoped that in time her favourite might stand equal to, if not higher, than the absent Nelly in Miss Flint's regard.

"If you were Nelly, now, I should most likely stroke your pretty hair, as your mother stroked my curls in ancient days. But your style of hairdressing is too elaborate and has cost too much time, in order to produce such marvellous effects, for me to venture on disturbing them," said Miss Flint.

"I am very glad you did not," replied Rose, frankly. "You are quite right in supposing that my hair takes a fearful time, and when it is done I am terrified at having it upset. Nelly has such a crop of natural crisp curls, that nothing can alter her appearance."

"Or her nature, I hope. I am very fond of your sister, Rose; and," with an air of much candour, "I like you better than I did an hour or two ago. I was going to have a wordy war with you. I meant to say that nowadays you learned a little of everything and nothing well; that education was carefully planned for the absorption by girls of every species of knowledge but the kind that would be useful to them in home life; that, above all, good manners and decent respect to their elders and betters were purposely ignored, and that girls were generally rude, conceited, and selfish."

"You have said it, Miss Flint," remarked Rose.

"No, child; or, at least, not in the same way. I have only told you what my opinions were a few minutes ago, with the view of adding that even in this short space of time they have undergone some modification."

"And what do you think of us girls now, Miss Flint?"

"I think that all these mistakes may be made without quite spoiling a girl, and that sometimes the heart, yielding to conscience, may triumph over an injudicious——education."

Miss Flint made a very decided pause before she spoke that last word. She uttered it looking straight at Mrs. Burford; and if ever gesture and facial expression said one thing whilst the tongue said another, Miss Flint meant "mother" when she closed her sentence with the word education.

"I think I must get up now," said Rose, springing lightly to her feet, and extricating the hand which Miss Flint still held. "I am not improving my dress by kneeling upon it."

"That is right, child. Take care of all your pretty things. Of your face, by being kind and good-tempered. Nothing spoils beauty sooner than harsh ways and ill temper. Besides, the opposites make people beautiful when the charms which are only skin deep have departed. You have fine examples in your mother and myself. Take care of your health, too, because money will not buy it back again; and of your hair, and your finery, because they have cost time, pains, and your father knows how much in coin of the realm. There, now, I have repaid your charming conduct with much good advice, and I hope you are grateful."

Rose laughed, and made a pretty curtsey, not a mocking one, with the addition of, "Thank you, Miss Flint."

"Now let me alone, both of you. I am going to have a nap. I am ashamed of myself for wanting such a thing, but

the blame must rest on you and this disgracefully-luxurious chair, which has a corrupting influence on my habits, yet detains me in spite of myself."

Miss Flint closed her eyelids with a species of snap, much as she habitually closed her lips when she had said something particularly cutting.

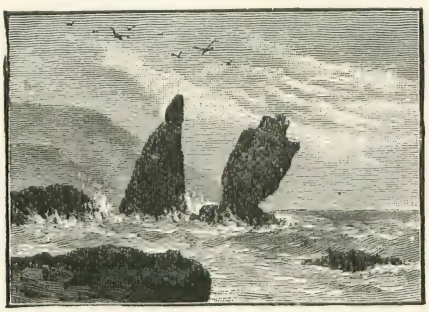
"You shall have the room to yourself for awhile," said Mrs. Burford. "Come, Rose." And, followed by her daughter, she left Miss Flint to enjoy her nap, though under protest, in that disgracefully-easy chair.

"I could have taken a nap, too, if you had let me alone, mamma," said Rose. "I was just as well inclined for one as Miss Flint herself; for you know I was up late last night."

"You might have disturbed her, Rose, and that would have been a pity. Sleep makes people amiable."

"Then why did you hinder me from it? Miss Flint would not have disturbed me, unless she snored very loudly, and I scarcely think she would do that in the daytime," returned the girl, in anything but an amiable tone. But she followed her mother to the morning-room, and deposited herself on a seat equally comfortable with the one she had left.

(To be continued.)



ON THE PURCHASE OF OUTFITS FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

PART II.

TRAVELLING OUTFITS.

PERHAPS nothing is more difficult than to make up one's mind on "what to take and what to leave," when we are starting from home on a journey of two or three months only. Packing up during the course of such a journey gives no trouble at all, because one naturally has no deliberations in this way, as everything we have with us has to be taken and crammed in somehow, so we go on "straight ahead," as the American phrase has it. But the necessity for frequent decisions is most irksome, and we are generally haunted by the fear of somebody else's vexation, if we forget some trifle which they are accustomed to have at home. It would be well if we were strong-minded enough to dismiss this kind of fear, and to acquire comfort and consolation from the thought that "we did our best," and having done so, to decline to reproach ourselves, even if we do forget anything. Better still, every traveller should pack her own portmanteau. In pursuance of this wise resolve, supposing we have to act for others, we shall take a quiet half-hour to think over what we shall unquestionably require, and endeavour to dismiss what we fancy we may need. Now, this is a very difficult thing to do, and the imaginary "essentials" are just the very ones which we seem to value the most. In my experience I find that we can dismiss fully half the things which at first sight we think the most needful for us to take. But I am an old traveller, used to wandering from my earliest days of childhood, and I have arrived at minimising my luggage in a wonderful manner, and at packing what I do take with me in the smallest space.

We will make, for instance, a trip of a month or two months' duration during the summer or autumn months to Switzerland, taking Paris *en route*, and perhaps staying at the Italian lakes. The smallest amount of luggage you could take for this period would be one medium-sized valise, containing three dresses, or rather one on, and two in your trunk. These, and all the needful underclothes, could be contained in even a small portmanteau or trunk of American leather, strengthened by leather corners, and good straps, measuring 30 inches long by 18 inches wide, and from 12 to 15 inches deep. This should have handles at the side, over the lock, so that it can be carried easily, and great care should be taken to keep down the weight, 56 lb. being the allowance of luggage on second-class tickets from London to Bâle, by the direct route, as well as on most of the other direct routes to Switzerland. In Switzerland you pay for every pound of luggage, and so you do in Italy, with the exception of the small articles you carry in your hand, *i.e.*, your handbag, rugs, and possibly books, or hat box. You should, if possible, know the weight of your luggage in kilogrammes, one of which is equal to about 2½ lb. English; and whatever the amount you have, I should advise you to cling to it with determination and never allow yourself to be separated from it, and superintend the Customs examination in person. Luggage sent on by goods train in Italy has lately been subject to long detentions, damage, and theft, and no articles of great value should be carried in trunks. Even if you do take my advice on the size of your trunk, and take it always with you in the same train, I should not advise you to carry any valuables in it. Indeed, if you want to spend a thoroughly happy holiday, you should pack up your jewels and send them to the bank before you leave home, only retaining enough with you to make you look pleasant to the eye and suitably attired.

The rest of your outfit for this short journey will consist of a couple of jackets for out of doors—one thin, and the other thick; two blouses in washing silk or cotton to wear in extreme heat. Two night-dresses and two changes of underclothing will be enough, for you can have them washed wherever you go. Stockings and pocket handkerchiefs must be left to personal opinion and individual requirement, but as regards the former, and boots and shoes, I should advise you to take them well-fitting and really good. Stockings should be without darns, if possible; and for summer use thread are the best. Half-worn boots or shoes are better, and more comfortable than new ones; and before starting on your journey they should be carefully looked over, especially as to the heels, and if at all worn down they should be re-heeled. Take boot and shoe laces and some buttons and strong thread to sew them on with. Filoselle is the best thing for darning thread and spun silk stockings, and it requires splitting into two or three threads to make it fine enough to use.

The three gowns for your summer journey should be a thin serge or tweed tailor-made gown, a black lace one, and a washing or pongee silk, or else some kind of grenadine, which will look well at any time of the day. A pretty dust cloak should be chosen, and a waterproof; and with a thick shawl and a pair of comfortable slippers, I think you will perform your journey so far happily, and in great ease.

This amount of clothes is quite enough for a far longer journey by land, with a stay in many places. Of course, for extended journeys by water, voyages of a fortnight's duration or so, you would need more underlinen, and probably more wraps; and a fur cloak would be of great use. In going out to India or the East by Suez, for instance, the English climate may be said to last until you get to Gibraltar, and perhaps further; but by the time you reach Suez, you will require all the thin garments possible for your journey further on, and all the good temper and pleasant manners you possess as well, to keep you personally cool and preserve your equanimity unruffled during those nights and days of heat.

We had better now, I think, take a voyage round the world, as offering an opportunity for giving examples of necessary outfits. Here we have our general comfort to consider, and I should advise a course of reading before

starting, and the establishment of a note-book arranged in the order of the journey. This must contain any ideas you may have gathered in your reading as to the places you visit, and how best to see and do everything. A traveller has recently stated that he considers it, on the whole, the best thing to start on your journey round the world armed with Cook's tickets throughout, and, as he had made the experiment without them, I suppose he had found out that he had made a mistake. The traveller round the world from England has two routes from which to choose; he may go either East or West. By the first he may travel by land a good distance before taking to the water; but by the second he must take ship at once, and endure the pleasures, pains, and perils of a sea voyage, with no land journey to break him in and accustom him to travelling.

If our traveller takes letters of introduction with him, and intends to see society as well, it will naturally make a difference in the outfit to be taken. So far as men are concerned this really makes no addition to their luggage, because no man of wisdom in the present day would ever venture to go away from home, for a week even, without a dress suit, white ties, and his dress shoes and socks. But for a woman it is different. She has to prepare for at least three or four occasions when she must appear in full dress.

A gentleman's outfit for a journey round the world would be nearly as follows: Dress suit, etc.; three travelling suits, heavy, medium, and very light; two great coats, heavy and light; ulster and cap, waterproof; two ordinary walking suits, medium and light in texture, according to the time he intends remaining stationary; a frock coat; twelve white shirts; six flannel ditto; two dozen collars, two dozen socks, two dozen handkerchiefs; neckties, hats, and gloves. If he intends shooting, hunting, or mountaineering, of course this must be provided for, and also any special idiosyncrasies. A dust coat or two—one linen and one of silk—will also be needful.

The outfit required for a lady on such a journey would probably be a travelling gown of beige, serge, homespun, cheviot, or ladies' cloth, not necessarily new, to be used on sea voyages, with jacket either to match or to go with it, made simply—preferably tailor-made. There must be a hat or bonnet to match, a veil of gauze or grenadine, a hood for travelling and at sea, of black or coloured silk; warm ulster, cloak, or fur cloak; good rug, and one with waterproof side; tailor-made gown of tweed to land in, and a lighter gown of same kind to wear on ordinary occasions; jackets to match; a washing silk, surah or pongee; two cottons—one dark and one light; a black silk with high and low bodice; a black lace with ditto; several blouses in silk, cotton, flannel, and elastic material; a mantle for dressy occasions; two dust cloaks made of washing or tussore silk, made up so that they can be worn without the bodice of dress—a great comfort when the weather is hot on long railway journeys—one dozen and a half of stockings—thread, silk, and wool; handkerchiefs, gloves, veils, and a workbox or bag, with cottons, silks, needles, and all the requisites for working. A piece of fancy needlework should also be taken, as it proves a comfort to have some employment at times; and some knitting is also a pleasant substitute for otherwise constant reading. I need not remind you to take pens, ink, and paper, and to choose a travelling-case which you can hold on your knee, and on which you can write comfortably. A "stylographic" pen is also a great comfort, and so is an indelible pencil.

This outfit could, I think, be comfortably packed in small space, viz., the regulation cabin trunk or portmanteau, with its flat top, so constructed as to fit under any berth or sofa in an Atlantic or "P. and O." steamer. These are of a most useful size, and hold a really wonderful amount—enough for three weeks at least, on board ship. Three dresses and a sufficiency of underlinen can be packed in them easily; a dressing-bag, with all the toilette requisites, and a "hold-all," for wraps and odds and ends. These will comprise all the cabin requisites. Of the many varieties of trunks I need give no opinion, save that I should not recommend a tin one, which is apt to be unsatisfactory in wear, to become scratched and dented with usage, and, "last, but not least," to get their locks broken off with too much ease. Then there is the "Saratoga trunk," which hails from America, and is perhaps the very best ever invented, when not too large. But I have lately seen on the Continent some perfectly frightful specimens of this genus, which were carried, or rather taken, about by American tourists, and I am glad to say that we have not yet begun to make such Noah's arks in England, and which require two men to stir them from their places. They are made of some tough and well-seasoned wood, which is light at the same time, covered with leather, and clasped with bands of iron, and strips of light wood laid across. They generally contain several trays, the top one being divided into a receptacle for bonnets, parasols, fine laces, and starched things. They are lined with extreme neatness, and have very good locks, and they should have castors or wooden rollers, set in between wooden bands at the bottom of the trunk, so that they can be rolled about by a touch.

The next thing wanted is a basket. These are now made very strong and durable; but could not be recommended for a voyage round the world, nor could the ordinary leather trunk, nor the old-fashioned solid leather portmanteau, to which our fathers held so faithfully for many a year. Trunks are expensive things to buy, and range from £2 to £7, and perhaps more; and, as a rule, unless you be a pronounced "stay-at-home," you had better purchase a good one. If you are travelling with old trunks, I need not caution you to have them well looked over before starting—locks, hinges, straps, and the bands of webbing which are used inside for the trays, all these should be looked at before starting. It is a comfort to think that we have passed the days of trunk covers in holland, linen, and even striped ticking, which used to be considered needful to protect our trunks. I saw one at the station at Paris this summer, made to fit the trunk, and tied across underneath with long tape strings. The French porters did not know what to make of it, and the Customs officer approached it with fear depicted in his face, and evidently thought of dynamite. The sight of the poor, cheap trunk beneath was a relief, though he evidently wondered why it had been so carefully covered. To me it spoke volumes of the untravelled folk who owned it, and who had ventured forth from some country home in England to see the splendours of the French capital; and perhaps—who knows?—to climb to the highest stage of the Eiffel Tower! Why we ever covered up our trunks I cannot imagine, nor why we should have wanted to preserve them in their pristine newness, a hopeless endeavour at best. To-day the old traveller takes rather a pride in the ever-increasing number of labels and marks which record the wanderings he has made by land and sea, and the various hostelries wherein he has taken his ease. How well one knows certain of them—the Black Bear on a red ground, of Grindelwald, for instance, or the White Swan that looks on the Lake of Lucerne.

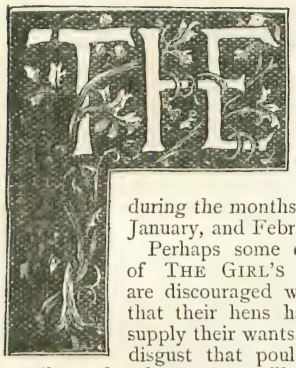
On board the "P. and O." steamers each passenger is allowed 336 lbs. of luggage; and on the American steamers the allowance is equally generous, though measured in square feet instead. For Eastern travel or sojourn, it is needful to have, of course, the tin boxes with plain pine covers, which are made for the purpose, for, owing to the climate and the insects, everything must be kept in tin, or else it will be spoilt. These boxes cost about four pounds each, according to size; but they are absolute necessaries for the sojourner in the East. And now, perhaps, I may repeat here what a woman of great experience once said to me on the outfit question, "Beware of too much; there is no need to fear taking too little." This is quite true, for most people's outfits contain quantities of things which they could quite well do without; and Indian cottons and muslins and Indian embroideries are certainly as good, if not cheaper and better than English ones; besides, you can have everything made in your verandah, after your own patterns and ideas. Woven gauze and merino underclothing had better be taken, and also stockings, boots, and shoes; best dresses, also; but cottons, muslins, and silks for daily wear can be bought and made in India. If you choose to go to this trouble, there is no doubt that the expense of outfit and dress may be greatly lessened there as elsewhere.

Amongst the articles to be thought of in making up a travelling outfit must be mentioned an indiarubber folding bath, an Etna or small spirit kettle, and a bottle of spirits; some tea and a little sugar; a bath towel or two; an air cushion, or a pillow; a small drinking cup and flask; soap; a pot of Liebig or Bovril; matches and candles; medicine; some potted meat for sandwiches; insect powder and mosquito netting; vaseline, lip salve, camphor, sal volatile, seidlitz powders, mustard leaves, chlorodyne, and eau de cologne.

(*To be continued.*)

EGGS AND CHICKENS IN MID-WINTER.

By "THEO."



henwife does indeed rejoice with a well-earned satisfaction if she can supply her family with plenty of new-laid eggs during the months of December, January, and February.

Perhaps some of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are discouraged when they find that their hens have ceased to supply their wants. They say in disgust that poultry-keeping is a failure, that hens never will lay in winter, etc. But let us consider the matter in a simple, straightforward manner.

Is it likely that hens that have been laying all through the spring and summer, perhaps on into the autumn, should lay in the early winter months, when they have hardly had time to get their new feathers? Even the best laying hens often rest from six to eight weeks on ceasing to lay in the autumn, and many stop longer than that. Therefore kill all but the best layers as soon as they show signs of moulting or stopping laying. The stock must be renewed by young pullets hatched not later than March or the beginning of April.

This is most important. So many people leave their chicken-hatching until May. Then the pullets are not ready to begin to lay until the cold winter has set in, and then they often wait until spring to begin at all. Meanwhile the unfortunate owner has looked longingly for eggs; has heard that new-laid eggs are selling at 2d. to 2½d. each. She has missed the harvest-time, and her pullets do not lay until everyone else's are doing so, and all the old hens have begun again, and eggs are as cheap as ever.

I stayed at a little Yorkshire village in the autumn and saw lots of young chickens about. But they were very young, and on inquiry I found that no one there hatched out early birds. The result—I received a letter in November, saying there was hardly an egg in the place.

Those girls who do not rear their own chickens must be very particular when buying birds to make sure that they are early hatched. Early-hatched pullets of pure breeds are usually to be met with from 5s. to 7s. 6d. each.

Feburary hatched chickens are useful for keeping up the early autumn supply; but they are not much use for winter laying, as they moult like old hens.

Next in importance to the proper kind of stock is the condition of the house and run.

The house must be perfectly dry, with plenty of loose ashes, or, better still, peat moss litter on the ground.

The board under the perches must be cleaned daily, and the nests kept nice and fresh.

The house, if well made, without draughts, will be warm enough, but ventilation must be provided by means of small windows on two sides of the house at the highest point, well above the birds' heads, covered with fine perforated zinc.

When once hens catch cold and get out of sorts in the winter, it is difficult for them to get right again, but dryness, warmth, and cleanliness by means of plenty of dusting material will do wonders. This autumn has been very bad for hens, owing to the extremely wet weather, which has made it almost impossible to keep the runs dry. Those who have a small covered-in run will have found out how essential it is. For hens kept dry, even in a small run, if properly fed, will do better than birds with a large grass range, if they have nowhere to go for shelter. Birds will often stand frost and snow, while wet and damp will give them roup.

I hope you have provided yourselves with proper winter breeds, such as Cochins, Brahmas, Plymouth rocks, white Leghorns, and good crosses from the feather-legged tribes.

Now as to food:—

Remember that in winter the fowl cannot get many things which it can during the summer.

Grit.—Very sharp, and plenty of it. For often the ground is hard, or else soft and muddy, and no proper grit is to be found; it is better to buy it at so much per cwt., if it cannot be otherwise obtained, than to let the hens go without it; for what use is food if there be no means of digestion?

Plenty of Green Food.—Grass or cabbage, etc., or turnips or carrots, etc. My hens have been much enjoying some fallen apples lately, but they are rather an expensive diet.

Very Hot Food in the Morning.—Meal scraps, etc., mixed with boiling water; add salt, a very little cayenne pepper, or some of Cook's poultry powder. Either scraps of meat, or meat crissel must also be given.

Corn of Different Kinds at Night.—Barley or buckwheat, or occasionally a little Indian corn.

Half the evening meal may consist of slightly boiled corn.

Be very careful not to throw the food on to wet, muddy ground. It is very bad for the hens.

Shut the hens into their houses every night, and after letting them out for their morning meal shut them up again for a couple of hours until they have comfortably digested their food, otherwise they will stand about in the cold.

Give hot water to drink. Empty the water trough every night to prevent the water freezing.

Should a hen really catch a bad cold, I have found nothing better than to bring her into the house and feed her with hot boiled linseed meal. It has to be put down her throat.

Buy chickens in mid-winter — I do not mean chickens for the Christmas dinner table, but little chicks, running about lively and happy, unconsciously preparing themselves for the spring market.

In order to attain this, it is necessary, of course, to have the eggs to hatch, which must be got from pullets or early moulted hens, mated with a strong cock or cockerel in good condition. Only allow six hens with one cock. Choose large hens with deep breasts, or plump birds with small bones.

Dorking and game crosses make good table fowls. Game Dorkings are considered the best table cross, as they make splendid birds. But for home spring chickens the great thing is to have plump, fast-growing birds. Even Leghorns mated with Houdans or Dorkings make fair spring chickens, as they grow so quickly, and are so precocious. Those who keep the feather-legged tribes ought to have some birds wanting to sit about Christmas, or early in January. Such birds are almost worth their weight in gold; and should a girl find one on the nest, great should be her joy.

But even with a good "clocking hen" and the best eggs, it does not follow that chickens will result.

Do not try spring chickens unless you have a warm dry place for them.

A stable is the best place, or even a dry loft. The nest must be made most carefully with plenty of hay and feathers—hard and round, so that the eggs keep in the centre.

Not more than from eight to ten eggs must be set, according to the size of the hen.

The nest must be made in a quiet place, free from draught, and the hen put on with a few dummy eggs at night. When she is well settled in a day or so, put the real eggs under her.

Feed with hard corn and warm water, and provide some ashes in case she wants to dust herself. Then a day or two before hatching, sometimes it is wise to sprinkle a little water on the eggs at night, replacing the hen immediately, but if it is severe weather it is often safest to leave the eggs entirely alone.

Let the hen manage the chicks, as far as possible, herself. She must have free run of a warm, dry place, and must be kept in entirely if the weather be bad, the chicks being supplied with green food. If fine, however, a run in the garden will do all good, and in the early spring or winter they can do little harm.

Feed on egg, oatmeal, groats, etc., and don't forget the grit and the green food; and either milk or water to drink. When the egg is discontinued after the first week, give a little meat, scraps, rice pudding, etc.

There are three secrets in successful chicken-rearing: first, dryness; second, variety in diet; third, constant small meals.

Early chickens especially must be fed constantly, and even when as old as two months they must have the same care.

Feed last thing at night and very early in the morning.

A lady wrote to *Poultry*, I think, last spring, saying that the reason she got such fine spring chickens was that she fed them constantly and always kept a lamp burning in the stable where they were. She then put food down beside it, and the chicks went when hungry and had a good meal.

You can see that as early chickens are not a natural production, unnatural means must be provided.

An ordinary hen in spring would in nature be about searching for food at three or four in the morning, so we must not expect winter chicks to fast from evening until even our own breakfast-time.

Well-fed birds should be ready to kill at about four months old, when they should fetch a good price, one which will compare very favourably with the price received for a four months' old May chick, whose food has cost very little less.

If you have time, interest, and convenience by all means try your hand at spring chickens; but remember that they must be kept dry and clean, and that they need a good deal of patient attention.

Nothing is more dismal and wretched than to see a lot of poor little chicks brought into the world to linger perhaps only a week or two in damp and dirt, the poor mother herself trampling them to death in her very endeavour to fulfil her task.

If you can't rear chickens, give all your spare time to seeing after your hens; give them every comfort, and they will repay you well, even better than the chicken-rearing. But I know there are some girls who like to try their hands at everything, and it is for these I write.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

By the HOME PHILOSOPHER.

WHAT'S in a name? Why, everything. We are so accustomed to the fact that ourselves and our neighbours are possessed of names, that we never ask how they came to us or to them. We rarely inquire the why and wherefore of the most familiar things in our lives, and yet the history of names is brimful of interest, as I, the Home Philosopher, am about to try and show you.

In the early days of the world's history people were content with one name, such as Homer and Hesiod, but by-and-by, as the population grew larger, there came to be many Homers and Hesiods to be distinguished one from the other. Then they were defined as Homer, son of Hesiod, or as Homer the Tanner, or whatever his calling might be; or as Homer who lived by the Mill; until these additions worked themselves into the name itself. Centuries after, certain English folk became Richardson and Williamson, Taylor, Turner, or Smith, "from the smith that forgeth in the fire," or Seton and similar cognomens, the original word being Sey, but the family becoming possessed of certain lands in Scotland, it was corrupted to Sey's town, or the inhabitation of Sey, and in time Seton. Our names "teem with the story of our lives," you see!

The Norman Conquest brought a flood of new names to England, names of the noblest and most distinguished families of our day, and "familiar in our mouths as household words."

I will turn to some of our ducal houses. The Dukes of Hamilton are said to be descended from William de Hamildon, son of Robert de Bellemont, fifth Earl of Leicester. The Dukes of Westminster derive their family name of Grosvenor from the office they held in the Norman Court—Le Grosveneur, or huntsman. The Dukes of Ormond are Butler because Henry II. bestowed the Chief Butlerage of Ireland on their ancestor. The title was attainted, and is now represented only by a marquisate.

But there are higher names even than dukes. The Plantagenets were so called from the bunch of heather *(Planta Genesta)* they wore on their helmets; and the Stuarts, because Walter, High Steward of Scotland, married the daughter and heiress of Robert Bruce, he was called Le Stuart, hence the corruption. The bride's dower was the Barony of Raths, Terre de Maths, subsequently corrupted to Marjoribanks, another well-known family.

This study of names opens out a wide field of investigation. The Chaloners are so called because their ancestor, Le Seigneur de Chalôns, came over with William of Normandy; the Rokebys from Le Seigneur de Rochefort, which in time became Rochford, and then Rokeby; the Sacheverells were originally Saint-de-Chevren; the Godfreys derive their name from the Count of Anjou, who was husband to the Empress Maud. The Stubs were once St. Aubyns, and earlier Saint Oben. You will agree with me, time has dealt harshly with them. Grace, on the contrary, has improved with time, the original name being Le Gros or Le Gras. The Thynnes, among them the Marquis of Bath, derive their patronymic from John o' th' Inne, who lived in one of the Inns of Court. The familiar name of Turner comes from Le Seigneur de la Tour noire— Lord of the Black Tower. So much for the Normans.

The period 1580 to 1620 recalls some of the most curious names, for which we have to thank the Puritans.

"O my lord,
The times and titles now are altered strangely."

There were few Scripture names at the Conquest. In the course of generations Simon Peter, John, Thomas, etc., abounded. A Puritan incumbent, in Sussex, baptised his two children "Fear Not" and "Much Mercy." Faith, Hope, and Charity were bestowed on a triplet born together. Love, Harmony, Clemency, Prudence, and Patience were by no means uncommon; their owners fared better than a certain Lamentation Chapman, often quoted in the Cromwellian days, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, Ichabod, or Dust and Ashes. Even more quaint were such names as "Sorry-for-Sin," and "Faint Heart." Surely those who bore them must have thought there was much in a name—too much, I fear.

These were Christian names, but some in time originated surnames, and the two were so intimately associated that their story comes to be told together. The Romans bore usually three names—the pre-nomen, like our baptismal one; the second denoting the gens; the third, or cognomen, like our hereditary name—Marcus Tullius Cicero, viz., a member of the Cicero family which belongs to the gens Tullia. In Saxon and Celtic times there was but one name. When baptismal ones were first introduced, they could be changed at confirmation; the youngest son of Catherine de Medicis only took the name of Francis at the second religious rite. It would merely confuse our social life more if this rule obtained now. The change of name at marriage is often perplexing enough. The lower orders adopted surnames much later in history than those in higher stations.

In the present day many Christian names are used as surnames, and *vice versâ*. Johns, James, Andrews, are familiar family names; while the latter are also perpetuated at the font. A certain Judge, for example, christened his three sons Hampden, Russell, and Sidney.

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their soul,"

wrote the immortal bard; and it is a sentiment that I am sure the young girls will re-echo from their hearts' depths. We are proud of our names and the honour attached to them; but in earlier days, before the Conquest, they died with their owners. Names did not become hereditary till the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. This was necessary, and the addition of Christian names also, as the population became larger and less isolated.

Some names were given on account of personal peculiarities—Good, Wild, Quick, Short, Little (or Liddell), Silverlock, and so on, and these remain to us still. Many names to be found in our peerage are derived from occupations, notable among them Cooper, Carpenter, Taylor, Portman, Bridgeman, Forester, Gardener, Parker, and Roper. They need no explanation.

An old distich gives the origin of some West country names:—

"By tre (town), ros (heath), pol (church), caer (castle), and pen (forest),
You know the most of Cornishmen."

and there are few Cornishmen that do not claim one of those as a component part of their cognomens.

The names of places are far less variable than those of families; the former are almost imperishable; the latter not only get corrupted, but are often exchanged when property has been acquired, and from other causes, though places have given many patronymics. Being of a place, in time its owner came to be called after it.

The history of names is a study that supplies plenty of food for thought. Dawe and Dawson came from David; Goodwin, Godard, Goodred, etc., from Good; Pringle, from Pilgrim. Names ending in "ins" are diminutive, hence Dickins, Hopkins, Watkins, means the child, or younger. Perkin and Parkin are derived from Peter. Children born at the festival of St. John, St. Peter, St. James, or other familiar Saints, were apt to be called after them, and other names were derived from the Christian name of father and mother.

The instances of local English names are curious, Bridge, Chapel, Flood, etc.; and others ending

"In ford, in ham, in ley and tun——"

which according to the verse,

"The most of English surnames run,"

come under that name.

Smith is the most universal, because it was applied not only to Smiths, but to Wheelers, Cartwrights, and all other wrights, whose name were legion.

Names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms include Beresford, Baring, Bear, Wolfe, Harris or Harrison (from hedgehog in French, Herisson), Rose, Primrose, Steel, Goldsmith, Oak, Elm, Beech, Birch, and Wheat.

There are two names more that I think you will care to remember the meaning of. Adam, the oldest of all, which signifies End, Earth; and John, which is from a Hebrew word, the Lord's Grace. We all have our John in the family.

The Home Philosopher has much more to say on the subject, but no space in which to say it; so girls must seek for themselves for further knowledge on an interesting topic which is worthy of research.

VISIONS OF THE DEPARTED.

By ANNE BEALE.

WOULD ye bring forms departed to your eye?
Then gently wake the chords of memory,
As Lucy wakes her harp to that fond lay
Sung by the loved who came and passed away.
Oh, softly touch the strings!
The phantoms memory brings
Are such delusive things,
That one harsh note may chase them, as the ray
Fades at the warning of the twilight grey.

It is a summer's eve when Nature sleeps;
The orphaned maiden tunes her harp and weeps;
And, wandering in the unseen world alone,
Recalls the memories of the friends long flown;
And on her charmèd sight
Visions of pure delight
Gather as rainbow bright,
And once again she thinks to clasp her own:
Those shadowy forms how dear! how quickly gone!

Yet is it sweet to think the breeze of even
Wafts gentle tones from the redeemed in heaven;
To fancy that the spirits of the dead
Around the living holy influence shed;
To gaze into the sky
In prayerful ecstasy,
And see a parent's eye
In earnest fondness watching o'er the head,
Then linger breathless till the scene hath fled.

"BASHFUL BETTY."

By ANNIE G. HOPKINS, Author of "Those Troublesome Twins," etc., etc

SHE certainly did not deserve the name. She never was and never had been bashful. But it had been bestowed upon her by one of her lively brothers in a merry moment, and it clung to her, as she expressed it, "like a limpet to a rock."

Bashful Betty was not only well known in the village of Burleigh, but for many miles round. She was a tall, well-formed girl of sixteen, with a round rosy face that glowed with health and good nature. Not an absolutely pretty girl, but a nice-looking one, with a quantity of dark brown natural curling hair, which floated over her shoulders to below her waist, and would not be brushed back from the low smooth brow, but loved to play about Betty's temples in tiny curls.

She was the youngest of a family of seven, and she was moreover an only daughter. It was no wonder Betty grew up with a sort of contempt for girls in general and a great liking for boyish games, boyish phrases, and boyish freedom.

"If I had but been a boy!" was her one lament. "Oh, I should have enjoyed life then! Girls are supposed to be so prim and proper. They mustn't do this, and they mustn't do that, because it's unladylike. I never shall be ladylike. I like my freedom. I hate needlework, painting on terra cotta, and oh! everything girls have to do. I'd like to be a man, to go out and see the world."

Betty was now sixteen, and she was not yet by any means resigned to her fate. Her sixth and youngest brother had but lately left home, and now only she and her widowed mother were left in the pretty house at Burleigh.

"I wonder if mother and I shall live on and on here all our lives," she said to herself one afternoon, as she strolled leisurely across the fields towards the bank of the stream which bounded the extremity of the rector's grounds. "It will be terrible if we do. They want me to go to school again, but I vow I won't. I had enough of that at Miss Hewitt's. They did think me a hoyden—and well, I suppose, after all, it was rather a disgrace to be expelled. Not that it troubled me; I was only too glad to get home. Besides, it served Miss Hewitt right, she shouldn't have listened. All the girls used to talk against her behind her back, only of course it was just my luck to get caught."

She came to a sudden bend in the hedge of the field in which she was walking, and stopped short in her soliloquy.

Two sturdy, impudent-looking boys of about fourteen were bullying and "cuffing" alternately a pale-faced, sickly-looking little fellow of nine or ten.

"You cowards!" she cried indignantly, jumping forward and pulling the little fellow away. "How dare you! To bully a poor, delicate little fellow like Dave Beecham! Cowards!" she repeated, her eyes flashing with scorn, and her cheeks flushing. "You would be afraid to hit one your own size! Tell me what it is about, Dave," she asked, kindly.

The poor little fellow burst into tears and clung to her.

"Master thought he saw them cheating in lesson time," he sobbed out at length, "and he asked me if I thought they was. So as I see them, of course I had to tell him. I couldn't tell a lie."

"'Tain't true," cried the bigger of the two boys. "We wasn't cheatin'. He's allers tellin' stories about us, an' we ain't agoin' to stand it."

Betty was about to reply, when the two boys suddenly darted off and left her with Dave. Looking round, she discovered the reason of their flight. The rector was close at hand. The Reverend Harley Vaughan was a short, stout, florid man of some five-and-forty years of age. The villagers stood greatly in awe of him. The boys especially kept as much as possible out of his way, as not a few of them had had reason to remember his strength of arm, and the peculiar "swish" of the cane he invariably carried.

Dave had never felt the powers of the rector's arm and cane combined; but he had heard enough of it to make him tremble with fear as the rector approached. He therefore dried his eyes with wonderful alacrity, and ran off, leaving Betty to explain matters.

"Why, Betty, Betty!" exclaimed the

"THE ORPHANED MAIDEN TUNES HER HARP AND WEEPS."

rector. "Dear me! Interfering with the quarrels of village lads! You really must remember you're getting too old for that sort of thing now!"

"Indeed!" And Betty smiled. "I don't think people are ever too old to take the part of those who are weak and unable to protect themselves. I only wish I were a boy. Those boys then shouldn't have forgotten to-day in a hurry, I'll warrant. The cowards!" she added, wrathfully, "to set on poor little Dave!"

"Well, well, my girl, boys will be boys. And Betty, you must remember you are growing up, quite a woman in fact," and he glanced *round seriously at Betty*, who could hardly refrain from laughing outright at being so taken to task. "My dear," and he paused hesitatingly, "is it true what I have heard this morning, that you were expelled from your last school?"

"Oh yes, quite true," replied Betty, airily. "I wasn't exactly toned down enough for the head mistress. I got on capitally with all the girls. You see I am so bashful," she added, archly.

"H'm," and the rector managed to suppress the smile he feared would come. "They call you Bashful Betty, I know. But it's a sad misnomer."

"So many things go by contraries," remarked Betty, laughingly. "I suppose though I am rather an oddity. I don't feel the least bit ashamed about being expelled. I tried to, but I couldn't. And the girls all made such a fuss of me too. I was quite a heroine."

"But it's a dreadful disgrace!" remonstrated the rector, looking stern, because he thought it his duty to look so. "A dreadful disgrace! You ought to feel it deeply."

Betty turned away and secured a spray of wild roses from the hedge.

"You see I'm not a saint," she replied calmly. "I can't see that I ought to feel so great a sinner, either, with regard to my being expelled. I admit I was always up to tricks, and I once put some nettles in the bed of a teacher who treated me badly. But then I never did anything very dreadful. I was always in the wars, and you know I was so unlucky. Other girls could do as I did, and never get found out. But I was sure to be pounced upon. And you see that was how it happened. I was talking to another girl about Miss Hewitt, the head mistress; I think I said she was 'old,' 'hideous,' and 'unfair.' And at last I finished up by saying she was 'an old goose.' No sooner had I said that, than out from behind the window curtain popped Miss Hewitt herself, and confronted me. I begged her pardon, but she would not listen. She expelled me. Now that is the whole truth."

"It was very improper——"

"The expelling? Yes, so I thought," was the prompt interposition. "The boys—my brothers, I mean—were very angry about it."

"I mean," said the rector, sternly, "what you said, Betty, was very improper—very unladylike and most unrefined. If you were my daughter——"

He did not finish the sentence. He did not know how to finish it. He had kept up his stern expression so long; but he could not trust himself to say any more without betraying how very much he felt inclined to laugh. To be angry with Betty was almost impossible. And to stand and scold her, when with the most charming air of innocence she looked at you out of her dark eyes, was no easy matter—in fact, it was a most difficult mode of procedure.

Betty watched the rector as he strode away; then betook herself off in an opposite direction, laughing amusedly, and from time to time culling wildflowers.

She wore a large manilla garden hat, and soon this was wreathed round with pink and white brier roses. She had pink ribbon strings to it, and these she tied down under her chin, pushing the hat far back on her head. Her dress was of some soft material, fawn in colour, simply made, but fitting her well. She was very girlish in appearance, the very picture of a healthy, light-hearted, and, if it must be said, saucy English girl of sixteen summers.

She rested beneath the shade of a large beech tree at the corner of a lane, seating herself on a grassy mound, and looking up and down the lane constantly, as though expecting someone.

"He said he'd come and tell me all about him," she muttered. "I couldn't ask the rector, of course, but I am curious to know whether or not he's coming to-day."

At this moment the sound of approaching wheels was heard, and a light gig or trap appeared in sight. One of the occupants was well known to her; the other was a stranger. At the latter she looked curiously. He was apparently a tall man of about seven or eight and twenty, very bronzed, but with good features and a dark moustache.

"That must be Dick's Uncle Max!" she exclaimed *sotto voce*. "And yet he didn't look like a diamond merchant. I thought, somehow, that as Dick said he was so rich, he'd look different from that. At all events, I couldn't see that he wore any diamonds, and I should have thought somehow he'd have had one at least in his necktie as a pin. Dick said he was awfully rich. They didn't expect him till to-night, that's why I suppose no one went to meet him. He's been eight years in Brazil. I hope they'll invite me to the rectory one day while he's there. I should think he must have had heaps of adventures, and I do love to listen to people who have."

She rose and wended her way homewards. Her mother on being questioned knew nothing about the arrival of the rector's wife's youngest brother from abroad. She had had no visitors while Betty had been out. She had been busy preserving fruit; would Betty help her tie down the pots?

Betty set to work and did as her mother desired her. She was an affectionate daughter, but nevertheless very self-willed. She ruled her mother completely, until at length the little widow had resignedly accepted and acknowledged her authority, and never thought but that it was, after all, "all for the best." This was a favourite saying of hers, and it rather irritated Betty at times. It did not always seem to her that everything happened for the best.

Dick was the rector's only son, and a boy of about Betty's age. The two were great friends, and the fact of Dick being so interested in the arrival of his Uncle Max from abroad, made Betty anxious to see this gentleman, and to hear all she possibly could about him.

After tea she went out in the hope of seeing Dick, and learning whether or not the gentleman she had seen was his Uncle Max from Brazil. But no Dick appeared, and as the church clock chimed eight she strolled homewards.

As she neared the garden gate two pigeons, flying very low, attracted her attention. One was evidently wounded badly. It struggled on and on, and finally fluttered to the ground a few paces from her, its companion hovering round in great distress. Hastening forward, she not only discovered the bird was fast dying, but that it was a carrier pigeon, and had a note tied round its neck.

The poor thing's wing was broken. She took it up in her arms, but after panting painfully a few moments it died.

Detaching the note from its neck, she saw that it read thus:—

"All serene. He is here. Twelve o'clock is the hour fixed on. Be punctual and meet us at appointed place. B. H. is to be depended on. We shall secure the booty easy enough."

Betty was perplexed. What could it mean? What booty was to be secured?

The pigeon, which had been hovering round, suddenly came close to her and turned its head from side to side, looking gravely at her.

"I suppose I must tie the note round your neck, birdie," said Betty at length. "But it's a very strangely worded one."

The bird stood quite still, and after the note was firmly tied round its neck, darted straight up, then flew away and was soon out of sight.

"Dear me! I wonder what the letter really meant! It can't be——" And Betty paused, and a look of horror overspread her features. "No, no!" she exclaimed, a moment later. "It can't be. I am foolish and imaginative! I won't say anything about it. It would only worry mother. I daresay I shall never hear any more of it. Poor thing!" and she bent pityingly over the dead bird.

Betty's usual hour of going to bed was nine o'clock. But on this night at half-past nine she was not only up, but out in the garden, standing by the gate drinking in the cool, refreshing evening air. Suddenly she started. Something was fluttering round and round her head.

Another moment, and the pigeon was on her shoulder. She put up her hand and drew down the quivering bird to her breast. To her astonishment it had still the note round its throat.

At once she went indoors and told her mother, showing her the note and asking her what she thought it could possibly mean. Evidently the bird had lost its way—perhaps had been dependent on its mate for guidance, and could not return whence it came. But the widow was not good at guessing conundrums.

"Better go to bed, Betty," she said, wearily. "Don't worry about it. Let it be. I daresay it 'll all be for the best, whatever happens. Depend upon it, it doesn't concern us."

But Betty had no intention of going to bed. She placed the pigeon in an old parrot cage they had, and went up to her room, and waited until she heard her mother go into her room and lock the door behind her. Then she blew out her candle, softly opened the window, and sat down before it, pondering over a scheme she had formed in her own mind.

(To be continued.)

FRETWORK.

Of all the different varieties of wood-work, none perhaps is more generally fascinating than fretwork. True, carving has a greater charm for the skilled artistic worker, but we cannot all be carvers, while anyone with care and patience may turn out good results with

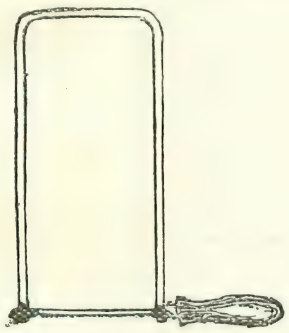


FIG. 1.

the fret-saw, if she only knows how to set about it; and we believe that those of our readers who are not yet adepts at this pretty employment will easily become so if they will give attention to the following directions, and carry them carefully out.

The tools and materials required for fretwork are not necessarily expensive; their cost depends chiefly upon whether we are content to work with a hand-saw or whether we intend to use a machine, the chief advantage of the latter being that a great deal more work can be done with it in a certain time than can be accomplished by means of the hand-saw.

Hand fret-saw frames similar to fig. 1, and 12 inches in depth, may be had from 1s. upwards, but better quality frames of bright steel, and with tension screws, cost from about 3s. for a frame 9 inches deep, up to about 7s. for a frame 18 inches deep. The advantages of greater depth in the frame become obvious after a very slight experience of the work of fret-cutting. Not only can larger pieces of ornamental work be taken in hand, but even the smaller pieces can be pierced with fewer changes of position, and it is very tiresome, in cutting one small hole, to have to adjust the saw in the frame twice, merely because there is not room allowed in the latter for turning the work round.

As the various other tools required will be wanted, whether we use a hand-saw or a machine, we will next mention one or two of the many machines in the market, not that we recommend these machines in any way, but as indicating the limits of prices.

If the purchaser goes to a respectable shop, he or she may rely upon it that the quality of a machine will be in proportion to its price, and that however many adjuncts in the way of drills, circular saw, etc., a cheap machine may have, it will not be so good and serviceable as a more expensive implement, although the latter may perhaps have a plainer appearance.

A machine, like a man, may easily be made to do one thing well—say fret-sawing—but if the same machine is to fret-saw, drill, and work a circular saw and a lathe, it is hardly likely to do either one of them so well as it would have done one alone. So much for combination tools!

There are sundry small machines made, known as hand machines, varying in price from 3s. up to 9s. 6d. These are clamped to any firm bench or table, and are worked either by an up and down or by a rotary motion of the hand. They have, however, no real advantage over the hand-saw, and we shall not consider them further.

The cheapest treadle machine we know is one called "The Cricket," the price of which is 13s. It is a light little machine, and with careful usage will doubtless do all that many workers would require from it. This machine is provided with an adjustable table, the use of which will be alluded to later on.

Another cheap machine to be obtained through any tool shop is "The Windsor," made by the Britannia Company of Colchester. This machine, sold at 17s. 6d., is provided, in addition to the adjustable table, with an automatic blower and drill—the blower blows away the sawdust formed at each stroke of the saw, thus leaving the lines of the pattern clearly visible, and saving the worker's breath, which must otherwise be used for the same purpose; the drill is also an acquisition, as it does not interfere with the working of the machine, and it is in our opinion the only accessory which it is well to add to a fret machine.

A more expensive machine is "The Britannia," fig. 2, price £2 15s. This machine, besides adjustable table, blower and drill, has the following advantages:—

First.—The table extends the whole distance under the arm of the saw, thus giving more support to pieces of work of large size.

Secondly.—The saw gives a vertical stroke instead of cutting with a circular sweep; this makes it easier to follow the pattern exactly and smoothly.

Thirdly.—There is a presser, similar to the presser-foot of a sewing machine, which keeps the wood down on the table, and prevents it from jerking up with the upward stroke of the saw—an unpleasant incident, which frequently leads to the breaking of both saw and work.

The higher priced machines have in general either more accessories which would be better placed on separate machines, or are fitted with electro-plated tables or frames, which, as need scarcely be pointed out, do not in any way add to their efficiency.

The other tools necessary will be, say, one dozen fretwork files of assorted shapes—they are made flat, half-round, square, triangular, and round; these should cost from 1s. 3d. per dozen for four-inch lengths, up to 2s. per dozen for six-inch files, and of these the six-inch ones will be found the best.

Two or three bradawls of medium and small sizes.

A small six-inch rasp, costing about 6d.

A few sheets of medium and fine sand-paper, down to the finest obtainable.

If a hand-saw is to be used, a sawing-board and clamp will be necessary in addition.

The board, Fig. 3, may be easily made at home. It consists of a piece of deal about three-quarters of an inch thick, and 18 inches long by 12 or 15 inches broad; in one end a V shaped opening, 4 or 5 inches deep, and tapering down from 2 or 3 inches wide, is to be cut. Another opening, for smaller work, of the same shape, but only half the width and depth, is to be cut in the other end. This board is to be clamped to a table with an iron clamp, costing about sixpence or eightpence, and serves to support the work while being sawn, or the cutting board and a wooden clamp all in one piece may be purchased at from 1s. to 2s.

Last, but not least, a good supply of saws must be provided, for a good many may be broken over the first attempt; luckily, they are not expensive.

The ordinary saws are numbered, the finest 00, and the largest No. 8, and cost, the finest about 3d. per dozen, and the largest 1s. per dozen.

Griffin's patent saws have their teeth formed somewhat like the barb of a fish-hook. These saws are generally preferred to the ordinary

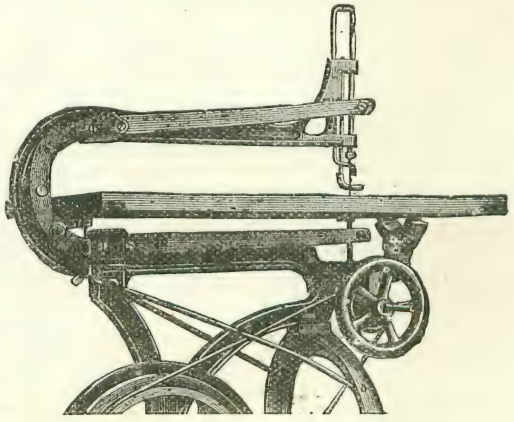


FIG. 2.

ones; the finest, numbered from 000 to 6, cost 5d. per dozen, and Nos. 7 to 10 6d. per dozen.

Another brand of saw, known as the "American Star," is a favourite with some fret-cutters; it is intermediate in price between the ordinary saws and Griffin's saws.

The medium and finest saws will be of the most service, and at the outset one dozen each of Griffin's Nos. 00, 0, 1 and 3 will be found useful.

If the work when cut is to be polished and put together at home, polishing materials, and

FIG. 3.

ordinary light carpenters' tools, nails, and glue-pot will be required; but for fretwork itself we may tabulate the cheapest practical outfit as follows:—

	s.	d.
Common saw frame ..	1	0
One dozen 6-inch files ..	2	0
Bradawls	0	3
Rasp	0	6
Sandpaper	0	6
Clamp	0	8
Four dozen saws	1	8
Total	6	7

We have next to consider the material in which to work. Many sorts of wood are now in the market, ready cut to the proper thicknesses for fretcutting, and in addition to ordinary fretwood, what is known as three-ply wood is sold; this consists of three thin layers of wood glued together, the grain of the middle piece running in a direction at right angles to that of the grain of the two outside pieces. The advantage of this three-ply wood is that it is stronger, and less liable to split. The prices of the various sorts of fretwood will vary in different places, but where only small quantities are required they may easily be obtained by post, should local prices be very exorbitant. The prices given in the following list are those charged by some of the best-known dealers, for wood from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness.

Horse chestnut is a soft, white wood, and is easy to cut; price 4d. per square foot, or for three-ply wood 6d. per square foot.

Lime is a very light-coloured wood, soft and easy to cut; from its even texture it is particularly suitable for fretwork upon which any carving is to be executed. Lime is sold at 4d., or three-ply wood at 6d. per square foot.

Sycamore, a white or light-brown wood, and cherry, a harder wood, also of a light-brown colour, are sold at the same price as lime.

Holly is a hard, white wood, with so fine a grain that when polished it resembles ivory; price 7d. per square foot.

Mahogany, dark oak, and walnut are woods too well known to need description; they are all sold at 5d., or in three-ply wood at about 7d. per square foot. Walnut is rather apt to split in sawing, and, consequently, should the pattern be a delicate one, three-ply wood will be the best to use.

Satinwood has, when polished, a lustre resembling satin; it is of a pale orange colour, and costs 1s. 2d. per square foot, or three-ply (the centre wood being of a cheaper kind), 9d. per square foot.

The three-ply woods are sent out smooth

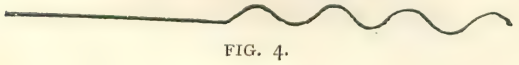


FIG. 4.

and ready for use; but if the ordinary solid fretwood is required ready planed, an additional charge is made of $\frac{3}{4}$d. per square foot.

There are several other woods which may be obtained from the dealers, and are sometimes used for fretwork; these are canary (light yellow), tulip (red and yellow), ebony (black), cedar (red), plain and birdseye maple (yellow), sequoia (light brown), and tasso (red).

Besides wood, ivory, bone, horn, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, brass, nickel-plated zinc, and even marble are used for fretcutting. These materials can mostly be obtained in plates about 6 by 4 inches square, at from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per plate.

The tools and materials obtained, we will now consider the use to be made of them. It will usually be found well to practise first a few straight lines, turns, and curves before commencing upon any special design. If a hand-saw is used, the saw must be inserted in the frame with its teeth pointing towards the handle, and if there are no tension screws to the frame, after one end of the saw has been tightly fastened in place by means of the clamping screw, the other end of the frame must be pressed a little inwards, while the end of the saw is securely fastened in it, so

FIG. 5.

that the saw may be well stretched. If the frame has a tension screw, the saw may be tightened by a few turns of the screw, after both ends of the saw have been firmly secured in the clamps.

The same directions also apply to the insertion of a saw in a machine, the teeth of the saw in this latter case pointing downwards.

If a hand-saw is used, the cutting-board must now be clamped to a table, and the wood, which must have the design to be cut marked on it, is to be placed over the V shaped opening in the board; the saw should be held with the handle downwards, the cut being made on the downward stroke of the saw. The first attempt may be made on first a straight, then a curved line, fig. 4. Care must be taken to keep the saw perpendicular in the case of a hand-saw, so that both sides of the fretwork may be according to the pattern, and not to press the wood sideways against the saw in the case of a machine saw, otherwise the saw will be broken. When fig. 4 can be sawn out exactly to the line drawn, figs. 5 and 6 may be attempted; the chief difficulty in these patterns will be found in turning the angles; to do this well it is necessary to move the saw rapidly up and down, but to turn it slowly; of course if a machine is used it is the wood that must be turned slowly round while

FIG. 6.

the saw is kept in rapid motion. In turning, care must be taken not at the same time to advance the saw, or the sharpness of the angle will be spoilt.

Next a simple design like fig. 7 may be cut out; a hole must be made with a bradawl in some part of the piece to be cut away, and one end of the saw unclamped and passed through it and again securely clamped; the whole of the design shown in fig. 7 can then be cut out without again removing the saw.

In making saw holes with a bradawl, always be careful to place the tool with its blade across the grain of the wood; if it is then twisted backwards and forwards, as it is thrust through, it will cut the fibres of the wood; whereas if the awl is placed with its edge parallel to the grain of the wood, and pushed through between the fibres, it will probably split the wood.

Another experiment may now be tried. Fasten a piece of dark wood on a piece of light wood, either with small screws round the edge, or by pasting a piece of newspaper on one side of each piece, and then cementing the two paper-covered sides together with paste, and leaving the whole, under a weight, to

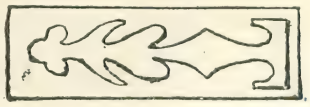


FIG. 7.

dry; pieces of wood so fastened together may, when required, be easily separated again by passing the blade of a knife between them, and thus splitting the paper.

The table of the fretwork machine is now to be fastened at an angle, or if a hand-saw is used, the saw must be held at an angle; but this work is not easy to do in a satisfactory manner with a hand-saw. The hole through which the saw is to be passed must be made through the double wood on the line of the design, and the smallest bradawl must be used that will allow the saw (which should be a fine one) to pass through the hole it makes. It will be easily seen that the effect of tilting the machine-table will be to give the fret the section shown in fig. 8, consequently the piece cut out of the top layer of wood will be slightly larger than the piece cut out of the lower layer; this will make up for the space of the saw cut, and if the table has been tilted to the right angle for the thickness of wood and size of saw used, the centre piece of the top layer of wood will exactly fit into the space left by the centre piece cut out from the lower layer; and if the top layer is hollywood and the lower walnut, the result will be a white inlay on a brown ground.

Some larger objects may now be attempted, as brackets, boxes, picture frames, etc., for which designs may be drawn, or they may be purchased at very low prices from all dealers in fretwork materials. Fig. 9 is a design for the top of a workbox, of which only one quarter is shown. No difficulty will be found in obtaining the reversed patterns, as they have only to be taken on tracing paper and turned over. The four patterns must be pasted on to the wood, their joins being neatly fitted together before commencing to cut.

Most people like to keep any designs they purchase for further use, and it is at the same time necessary to transfer the design to the wood before it can be cut out. Several different methods are therefore adopted to secure both these desiderata.

One method is to paste the design on to the wood, cut it out with the fret-saw, and then take as many duplicates as required direct from the fretwork, by placing rather thin paper over it, and rubbing with heel-ball. The objection to this method is that any faults or irregularities in the cutting are reproduced in each of the duplicates.

Another plan is to place a piece of the carbonised transfer paper, if the wood be light coloured, or of red transfer paper if the wood be dark, between the wood and the design. The lines of the design are then gone over with a hard point, and thus transferred to the wood, the pattern being kept intact; but the best method of all is to carefully copy the

FIG. 8.

design on tracing paper, and then paste the latter on the wood to be cut, preserving the original design for future use.

The interior portions of the pattern should be cut away first, whenever possible—the

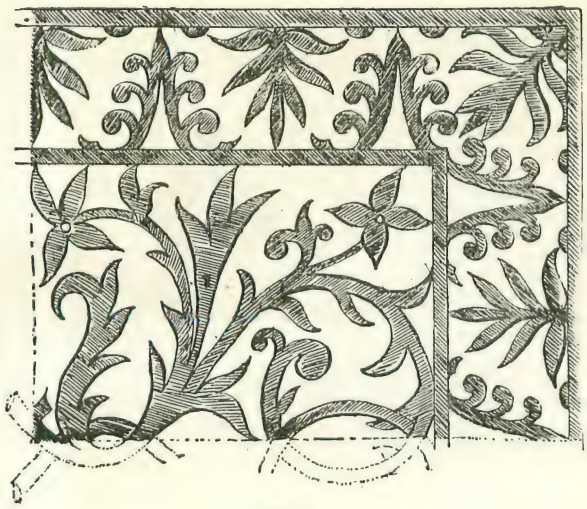


FIG. 9.

exterior lines being cut only after the interior is finished. All the holes required for passing the saw through may be made before the sawing is commenced. If a machine with a drill attachment is used, the holes will be quickly made with the drill.

In feeding up the wood to a machine-saw, care must be taken not to feed too fast, otherwise the saw may easily run beyond the lines, and spoil the whole work.

Besides inlaying, very nice effects may be obtained by what is known as overlaying, or overlaying and inlaying may be combined.

In overlaying, two separate pieces of fretwork are cut out, of different design, care being taken that the designs are in the same style, and will not interfere the one with the other; one is then fastened on the top of the other, usually by gluing and drying them under pressure. Fig. 10 shows an original design for the top of a box in over-lay; the light parts are in cherrywood, the darker in walnut, and these are backed with cedar to prevent dust from finding its way through the open work into the box, or instead of cedar the box may be lined when finished with silk or velvet of a suitable colour.

When the design has been fully cut out, any roughness in the cutting must be smoothed down with the rasp and files, and the work must be laid on a flat board and sand-papered until all trace of the paper and paste is gone, and the wood is perfectly smooth; the finest sand-paper must be used to finish with, and it should be laid over a flat block of wood about four inches long by three inches wide, and three-quarters or one inch thick; this block with the sand-paper strained tightly over it is then to be rubbed over the work. Sand-papering blocks of cork may be purchased at the tool shops, and these are better than the wooden blocks; but the latter have the one advantage that they can be made at home.

The next operation will be oiling, varnishing, or polishing.

To oil the work it is only necessary to apply boiled linseed oil to the wood with a brush or a tuft of cotton-wool; place the work on one side for a time, then wipe off any surplus oil, and polish with a stiff painter's brush.

Varnish is applied with a brush; it should be used in a warm room and applied quickly and lightly, using a clear transparent varnish for light woods. Varnishing does not give such a good appearance to the work as that produced by oiling or polishing.

Before varnishing it is best to give the work a coating or two of size; this may be purchased at the oil and colourman's. Equal quantities of size and water should be placed in a gallipot, and the latter put into a saucepan of water over the fire; when the size is melted it must be brushed quickly over the work, taking care not to work the brush backwards and forwards so as to create air-bubbles, and the size must be thoroughly dry before the varnish is applied.

Polishing is more difficult than oiling or varnishing, and requires considerable practice before it can be done properly, but it is proportionately more satisfactory when done. There is no difficulty in getting fretwork polished, as a little inquiry will soon lead to the discovery of a professional polisher in any town of moderate size; but with care and patience it may also be done at home.

For dark woods ordinary French polish is used, but for light woods white polish must be obtained. Either kind may be purchased by the pint at the oilman's, or in country towns at the ironmonger's, and sometimes at the chemist's.

The wood must be made very smooth with sand-paper, and if the grain is open and porous, it must be "filled." There are several patent fillings of colours to suit different woods, which may be purchased, or a filling may be made of plaster of paris and water, coloured with wood stain to match the wood. This must be used immediately after it is mixed; or a filling may be made by mixing plaster of paris and dry colour with tallow, and this latter mixture will keep.

The "filling" is to be rubbed over the wood until the pores are filled up, when any surplus must be rubbed off, and the wood placed on one side for a few hours. To lay on the first coat of polish, soak some cotton wool with polish, and screw it up in a piece of linen rag. Now rub this over the work, making circular strokes wherever the shape of the work will permit it, and when an even coating of polish has been laid on, the work must again be put aside in a warm room for a few hours. At the end of that time the polish will be found to have sunk into the wood; it must now be lightly sand-papered with the finest sand-paper, spread over a block, and re-polished; and these operations must be repeated till the polish ceases to sink in. Some woods absorb a great deal more polish than others. When the wood still shows a polish after standing by, it must be lightly sand-papered as before, and the cotton wool having been wetted with polish and wrapped in the linen, it is to be rubbed over the work with light, quick strokes. As the polish works out, and the rubber becomes dry, one drop of linseed oil (not boiled linseed oil) is to be put on the outside of the rubber. The cotton wool must from time to time be supplied with fresh polish, and always when the rubber begins to get dry a drop of linseed oil must be put on it, and so the process must go on until a good body of polish is obtained on the work. If too much oil is used the work will be easily polished, and look well when just finished, but in a few days the oil will have sunk into the wood, carrying the polish with it, and leaving the wood quite dull. If too little oil is used the rubber will stick to the work, dragging up the polish already put on; the only thing then to be done is to sand-paper the work and begin afresh. Remember the oil is not meant to polish with, it is only to serve as a lubricant between the rubber and the polish.

All polishing must be done in a warm room; it is perfectly useless to attempt to polish in a cold room.

Some articles, as boxes, picture frames, etc., may be put together before they are polished; others, such as brackets, letter-racks, etc., must be polished before they are put together.

Brackets, boxes, corner and other small cupboards, bookshelves and such like articles, should be put together with small screws; or where no weight is to be carried, brads or brads and glue may be used, holes being made for the brads with a bradawl a little smaller than the brads to be inserted, and with due attention to the caution already given as to the manner in which the bradawl is to be used.

In the case of light articles, as picture-frames and letter-racks, glue alone will usually suffice, but it must not be the hard, burnt mass generally found in the household glue-pot. The best glue must be purchased; it should be clear and semi-transparent, and must be broken up, put into the glue-pot, and well covered with cold water; after soaking for twelve hours, sufficient water to cover it should be again added, and it may then be placed on the fire to melt. As soon as it is quite melted, it must be taken off the fire, and when cold it should be a firm jelly. If a drop or two of creosote is added to the glue while it is warm it will be found to keep well; more water must be added to it each time it is to be re-melted. As little glue as possible should be left between the parts to be joined, and these should be rubbed together to get rid of any surplus. If the parts are polished, the polish must be scraped away from the places to which the glue is to be applied.

In sawing such materials as metal, vulcanised rubber, or even very hard woods, it will be found advisable to apply a little oil to the blade of the saw at frequent intervals in order to reduce the friction. In cutting such brittle materials as mother-o'-pearl, or in cutting

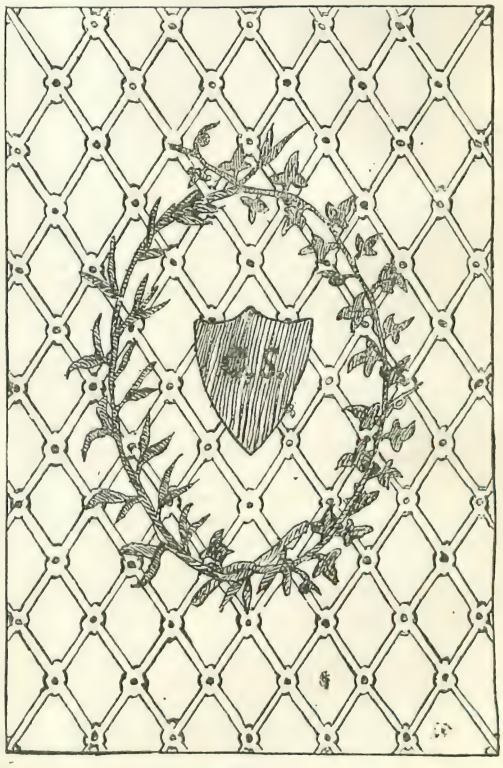


FIG. 10.

very thin metal, it will be found best to enclose the material between two thin pieces of wood, on one of which the required design may be traced.

The fret-saw may be also used for cutting

FIG. 11.

out fancy hinges, corner pieces, and escutcheons required in fitting up the various articles made in wood. Fig. 11 is a design for an escutcheon for the lock of a box or hanging cupboard, and Fig. 12 is a small metal plate for fastening a bracket or cupboard to the wall.

Other uses for the fret-saw will readily suggest themselves; for instance, pretty boxes may be made in the following manner:—Take a wooden box of any convenient size and shape, collect some small branches from any tree (preferably one which has not a white or very light-coloured wood), about ½ inch in diameter; leaving the bark on them, saw these small branches across with the fret-saw, into slices of from $\frac{1}{16}$ to ⅛ of an inch in thickness, but all of the same thickness. These sections are then to be glued on all over the box, as close together as possible, and afterwards sandpapered down level and varnished; or the sides of the box may be ornamented in this way, and the top with twigs sawn in half, lengthwise, a forked twig being glued on as a handle.

Some sorts of fretwork, representing ivy or similar leaves, may be much improved by a little simple carving, such as the addition of veinings to the leaves, and hollows in the centre of scrolls and turns.

FIG. 12.

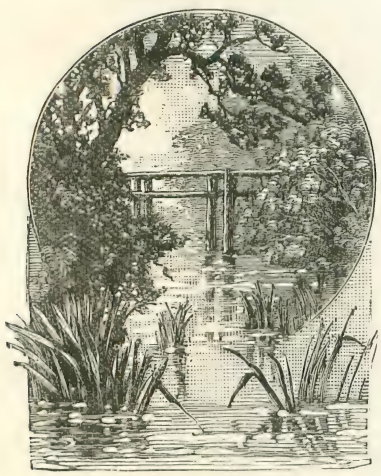
A set of six carving tools in a box, suitable for the fret-worker, may be obtained for five shillings.

J. POCOCK.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



PHYLLIS and Una were not a little excited at hearing of Kathleen's being summoned by Lady Dacre.

"I think she is not like the Blatant Beast, but the Titaness Mutabilitie," Una said, with one of her frequent reminiscences of Spenser. Kathleen had passed on to the little one her love of the Elizabethan poet, whose verse contains so many allusions to her own country. The "Faerie Queen" had been a storehouse of stories for the children as long as they could remember, and she herself owed far more than she knew to the deep suggestiveness and the noble tone of the great poem, whose "lofty line" has been such a source of inspiration ever since its twelve books, and the priceless fragment of another, were given to the world.

"Sister is arming herself for a quest," Una added, as she saw Kathleen put on her long white apron in preparation for going up to Lady Dacre's room, to which Phyllis, the matter-of-fact, replied—

"I don't see that a white apron is much like armour."

Like most unimaginative people, Phyllis was inclined to condemn what was fanciful as necessarily foolish. Una was undaunted by the snub.

"It is a quest all the same," she persisted. "Sister is fighting our enemy, Poverty, and when she hears our lessons she does battle with the giant Ignorance, a big, ungracious monster, who holds us in wretched thraldom."

Una's phraseology was a vast amusement to Kathleen, and Phyllis was always impressed by it, secretly holding it as a fresh proof of Una's unbounded cleverness, so that she did not attempt to controvert her assertion. Phyllis was not clever, and long words had a great effect on her.

Kathleen went upstairs at the appointed hour, entering the bedroom with a sharp heart pang, for it had been Mrs. O'Kelly's, and the last time she had been there it was to stand by a coffin. The pain had to be met and conquered, but she was paler than usual, and her voice was not quite steady as she asked a few necessary questions.

"Either she is afraid of me or out of temper—out of temper probably," thought Lady Dacre, with inward amusement, getting about as near the truth as people generally do who think they read what is passing in the mind of another. Kathleen resolutely kept her thoughts on the work in hand. If she let them go, she knew that it would be impossible to keep the tears out of her eyes, and on the whole she was glad that her patient was so fidgety and hard to satisfy; it employed her the more fully.

"I hate being handled and touched," Lady Dacre exclaimed, swerving out of Kathleen's hands.

"I hardly see how to help it with this treatment," Kathleen replied, with due gravity, but a flicker of amusement in her eyes, which Lady Dacre caught directly.

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped. You have a pleasant hand, if one must be pawed about," she admitted.

After that they got on better. That inward laugh helped Kathleen, and she took a good look at her patient, and discovered how handsome she was, with her magnificent black hair and scarlet lips, and the brilliant eyes which a touch of fever rendered even brighter than usual. It was not a happy face—eager, passionate, sad, Kathleen thought, stormy and wilful too, yet with some kindness in it—the face of a woman who suffered and made others suffer; who alienated, perhaps consciously, yet who would have liked to be loved, and who, above all, could not endure to be thwarted.

She remained still after a while, apparently soothed by Kathleen's skilful touch; then she said, quite suddenly—

"Cannot you say anything amusing? I am bored to death."

Kathleen, however, had no intention of providing pastime for Lady Dacre. She had come reluctantly, and with a strong resolve to be the masseuse and nothing else, but her sense of humour betrayed her.

"I always charge double if I am expected to be amusing," she answered, with gravity.

Lady Dacre looked quickly up and caught her eyes.

"Lovely Irish eyes they are," she said to herself, and then, shaking her head, "You provide your patients with sauce gratis, however. But after all, amusement is so scarce that anyone who has it may well sell at famine price. I envy you all when I hear how you laugh downstairs. You seem a merry party."

As Kathleen made no response, Lady Dacre tried another tack.

"That little one — Una — will be a

beauty some day; but she looks delicate. That transparent skin, and the blue veins on the forehead——"

"Yes," said Kathleen, instantly roused to apprehension; for Una's health had always been frail. James had said almost the same, and surely it must have been very obvious if James noticed it! "She grows very fast."

"She is like her mother. I recollect Anne Leigh about the same age, I suppose. Just such another delicate, fair creature, poor thing!"

She really forgot that "Anne Leigh" had been anything to Kathleen, until she saw her face.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"There is no need." But Kathleen could not make her voice quite steady. She glanced involuntarily towards the bed, where so much suffering had been patiently borne, and where at last the dead form had lain. Lady Dacre was touched and interested—interested above all; for here something unexpected offered itself for her to investigate.

"You know she was a distant connection of my own, so I ought to know something of you all," she said, as usual too much occupied by the fancy of the moment to trouble herself about anything she had thought or said before. "She was a very sweet creature, I believe."

"She was much more than that, Lady Dacre. I don't think many people lead such a selfless life as she did when she was well; and I am certain not one in a thousand can think about others when racked with pain, worn out day and night with it, and no hope of anything else; but she thought for everyone, and never took a service as a matter of course, but thanked one. As if it was not one's heart's desire to do anything one could for her!" Kathleen's eyes brimmed full of tears now. "I think it is fine to be unselfish when all goes well; but to be so when one is in such suffering as she had to bear, I call that Christ-like!"

"It would be almost worth while to bear it to awaken such enthusiasm," said Lady Dacre, sighing. "How you seem to have loved her!"

Kathleen could not answer that; it was a matter in which no one had a right to intermeddle. Her whole heart cried out just then with longing for a word, a look from those dear eyes, and rebelled at the thought that for all the hope of meeting again, they would never look at her any more just as they had done here.

"How is it that Miss Penelope Leigh takes no notice of these nice children?" pursued Lady Dacre, resolved to continue the conversation.

"You must ask her that, Lady Dacre. But the children are mine; mamma left them to me, and I do not want any Leigh to trouble herself about them."

"But it is not fair, my dear. Here are you slaving at work, which I admit you do very well. I really am a great deal more comfortable now, though it can't be through faith, for I did not suppose you would do me a scrap of good——"

"May I ask why you sent for me then, Lady Dacre?"

Lady Dacre laughed.

"That is my own affair Perhaps I wanted to hear the end of that Irish song you were singing yesterday in the garden. Come, let me hear it again."

"That is not in the bond either, Lady Dacre."

"You don't look like a Shylock; do give me this pleasure. It would be a great one."

Kathleen shook her head.

"What! you won't? You who are so compassionate for people who have to bear pain?"

The mocking tone had got back into her voice which was never long absent, and it jarred sharply on Kathleen. She regretted bitterly that she had allowed herself to speak of Mrs. O'Kelly.

"I think my time is up; will your ladyship require me again?" she asked, rising, and resolved to be Lady Dacre's professional attendant and no more.

"My ladyship will want you to-morrow, and wants you now. Come, sit down; nothing is in worse taste than to be touchy. Are you touchy? You don't look it," as Kathleen smiled in spite of herself, obliged to own that there was something very attractive as well as provoking in this odd woman. "I really want to know something about you. Tell me where your father is. My husband was in the same regiment with him, knew him very well—liked him, of course. He actually has a photograph of him now in his dressing-room—and I can tell you Sir John is not sentimental."

"Has he?" Kathleen's face, turned towards her, was easy to read—she looked glad, grateful, troubled—it was sweet to hear of her father being thus recollected, but too surely Sir John Dacre would be among the many friends whose patience had been worn out, who had helped him again and again. Lady Dacre read her like an open book; she was amused and in high good temper.

"I never saw him, unfortunately; he was said to be the handsomest man in the regiment. Are you like him?"

"Why, do you not see I am?" laughed Kathleen. She really had no idea how pretty she was. "I don't admire my own style, but I hope you do." Then once more recollecting her good resolutions—"Good-night; I must really go; I have to be up very early to-morrow. Please let your maid help you to undress at once, and take care not to get a chill; Dr. Netley would tell you the same."

"Ah, you know him?"

"He has been very kind to me. My little sisters are very fond of him."

She spoke with warm gratitude, nothing more. Even Lady Dacre could not suspect any other feeling. She felt a little disappointed—cheated out of her romance. She did not wish Dr Netley to admire Kathleen; but that Kathleen should regard him thus calmly did not please her. It was unflattering to Philip, it was dull.

"You often see him at patients' houses, of course?" she said.

"Very seldom. Unfortunately I have only a very few patients, and he does not come to those he attends at the hours when I am there. Now and then, if there is some special reason, he likes me to be there, that is all"

She went away, and the room looked the emptier and sadder for her absence. Lady Dacre felt decidedly better, and as she never did what she was told, naturally she did not ring for her maid or go to bed, but sat recalling all that had passed.

"It is too bad of Pen Leigh to do nothing," she said to herself. "The idea of this girl slaving for those children, and Penelope as rich as Crœsus! I wonder if I could make her open her purse-strings. She ought to send them to a good school, and take them off this girl's hands. I vow she shall. If the father were out of the way she would not be an objectionable connection. If I were Philip I should fall head over heels in love with her. Who would have thought what an affection she had for her stepmother! By the way"—she rang sharply—"Price," as the maid came in, "do you happen to know whether these are the rooms Mrs. O'Kelly had? Yes? I thought so! Poor girl! Well, it must have been worth a good deal to be loved like that." And then, with a characteristic change of thought, "I wonder how they managed to afford such expensive rooms."

Lady Dacre was not in the least a person who hesitated to talk thus before a servant; it did not occur to her that possibly Kathleen might not particularly like it.

"I believe, my lady, from what Mrs. Palmer let drop—but you know she is very close—that Miss O'Kelly spared and stinted nothing so as her mamma could have everything she wanted or wished for. There was but a few pounds left by the time the funeral was paid for, and that I know is true, for Jane, the housemaid, she was in the next room when Miss O'Kelly's brother was talking to her—'What have you to go on with?' says he, and she told him twenty pounds."

"There, that will do, Price; you know I hate gossip. I should have thought you above listening to what a common girl like Jane overheard. Of course she listened at the door. Well, since you take such a wonderful interest in Miss O'Kelly, how did her brother take that piece of news? Did he offer to help her?"

"Indeed he didn't, my lady. He said as how he wasn't going to be burdened with the children; but she should have a home if she chose."

"He might safely say that. I wonder if she slapped his face. I should suppose she did. What sort of a man was he?"

"A real, nice gentleman, Jane said; a staid, quiet sort of man, but not good-looking like his sister. It do seem strange he lets her demean herself to work. Mrs. Palmer says she is a real lady born; and Jane tells me there is a drawing of a grand old place, only tumbling down like, in their room, which one of the children told her was their home in Ireland."

"Aye, as tumble-down as the family fortunes. I have heard Sir John speak of it—mortgaged up to the front door, and when there was nothing to pay the mortgages with, it had to go. That will do, Price; you have brushed my hair long enough."

"Your ladyship has such beautiful hair!" said Price, quite sincere in her admiration, for it hung like a dark cloak almost to the floor, as Lady Dacre sat with it unloosed before her toilet table, and for all her sixty odd years there was not a grey thread in it. Price was very proud of her lady's coils and plaits, and wondered at her indifference to its glossy luxuriance.

"Yes, it is well enough," she said, carelessly. "All my family have plenty of hair; I hope it is not a case of 'long hair, little wit.' It would be more comfortable to be bald, like Sir John, I daresay. I shall cut it short some day."

"My lady!" protested the maid, in genuine horror, for Lady Dacre, though vain enough in some ways, was singularly indifferent to her own good looks, and quite capable of doing as she said in some moment of caprice. "I'm sure I don't know what my master would say if you did."

"Yes, he values it more than I do, I believe. Give me my books, Price."

Lady Dacre was very scrupulous about her religious duties. She went a great deal to church, and loved elaborate ceremonies and musical services, and she always read some devotional work before she slept. It was difficult to point to any result from her various observances, but then, on the other hand, she might have been a much worse woman than she was, if she had not practised them. Her style of religion was peculiar, like herself. Just now she was really moved by the thought that she was occupying the chamber where Anne O'Kelly had died. She herself had a great horror of pain; she shuddered as she recalled what Kathleen had said, and pictured herself lying there in such suffering as Mrs. O'Kelly had borne. She covered her eyes involuntarily.

"How did she endure it! how did she endure it! I wonder what I shall die of?" she muttered, seized by a paroxysm of nervous apprehension, and she rang once more for the long-suffering maid, who had hoped that she was dismissed for the night, and made her sleep on the sofa, declaring that she should not be able to lie in her bed unless there was some one in the room besides herself and her lap-dog, who was always brought in with her cup of chocolate.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATIONAL.

BLIND MARY.—Miss Blott, of 30, St. Charles's Square, North Kensington, London, takes a limited number of blind children for board and education. She is blind, and knows the methods of education peculiar to the blind perfectly. She can teach French, German, and Latin.

L. F. (Plymouth).—The technical school lately founded by Miss Forsyth is at 12a, Victoria Square, London, S.W.

EDITH MAUD C. and G. E. should obtain Cassell's shilling "Guide to the Civil Service" for information about Post and Telegraph services.

E. F.—The allusions in "Waverley" are to an early romance called the "Mysteries of Udolpho," written by Mrs. Radcliffe in 1790. There you will find an explanation of all the queries you have sent to us.

SISTER.—You had better call on the clergyman of the parish, and make your complaint about the school. 2. If you had not already been vaccinated you would have been immediately on landing. We believe this rule holds good in many colonies.

HUNGARIAN GIRL.—You will find many English writers, such as Sir Walter Scott, Kingsley, and others who have written historical tales, most interesting. In volume viii. there is "The Girl's Year," a most valuable series of lessons on literature, continued monthly. Many thanks for your prettily written English letter, which is a credit to you.

A WOULD-BE LINGUIST.—Hecuba was the daughter of Dymas, a Phrygian prince; or, according to others, of Cisseis, a Thracian king. She was the second wife of Priam, King of Troy, by whom she had a large family, amongst whom were Hector and Paris. She is called "the most tender and unfortunate of mothers," for during the Trojan War she saw nearly all her children perish by the hands of the enemy. 2. Anglo-Saxon.

AN INQUIRER INTO PHYSIOGNOMY.—This study was begun by Della Porta at Naples in 1615. The great writer on the science is Lavater, who gives a full exposition of it. Types of facial conformation may be said to accompany certain races and habits. In the "Expression of the Emotions," facial conformation is shown to arise from the special use of certain muscles over others; and shows the modern view of the science. The works of Lavater have been republished, and can be procured at a moderate price.

CRYSTAL.—You have either misquoted or left out something in the sentence from Huxley's "Physiography." The largest snowflakes fall when the temperature is near freezing point, the smallest when the temperature is very low or extremely cold; when in Manitoba, for instance, it becomes like dust.

ANXIOUS FOR EDUCATION.—We recommend you the Christian Women's Education Union. Of this college there are four branches (besides foreign ones), viz. (1) the schools branch; (2) the student's branch; (3) the graduate branch; (4) the Bible student's branch. The address of the college is Westfield, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W. This college prepares for degrees of the University of London, and many of its students have matriculated with honours. The general secretary is Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, Conference Hall, 43, Clapham Road, S.W.; the secretary of the student's branch is Miss Petrie, Hanover Square, Kensington Park; and the secretary of the graduate branch is Miss Constance Maynard, Oakfield, Hawkhurst, Kent.

MUSIC.

SALAMMBO.—The fingers may be made supple by bathing in hot water, and then rubbing with oil and wearing gloves constantly. You can also purchase a "digitorium" for exercising the fingers without sound. We were very glad to hear from you and all our foreign girls.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is quite possible to teach yourself music from an instruction book to a certain extent. Later on you would need lessons to help you.

ARIEL.—Write to Messrs. Novello and Co. for what you require.

FADED AUTUMN LEAF.—The guitar is a difficult instrument. Unless we knew more about you, how could we prophesy how long you would take to learn to play well? Do you know anything of music? Have you time to practise, and are you persevering? We fancy, from your careless style of handwriting, that you are not. You will require to bathe your fingers in alum and water while learning the guitar.

M. N. (Brighton) might gargle the throat with a weak solution of alum and water; tannin lozenges are also astringent, and good for the throat.

MUSICA.—We know of no way except to advertise for pupils, or place your cards in various shops and windows in your native town.

E. A. C.—There is a translation of Liszt's "Life of Chopin," published at Boston, 1872. Many thanks for your offer, which we must, however, decline.

AUSTRALIAN LASSIE.—Your gratifying letter deserves our best thanks. Your writing is good, and so is your friend's. You will find Stainer's "Harmony Primer" a good book.

F. E. R.—The key is published by the same firm.

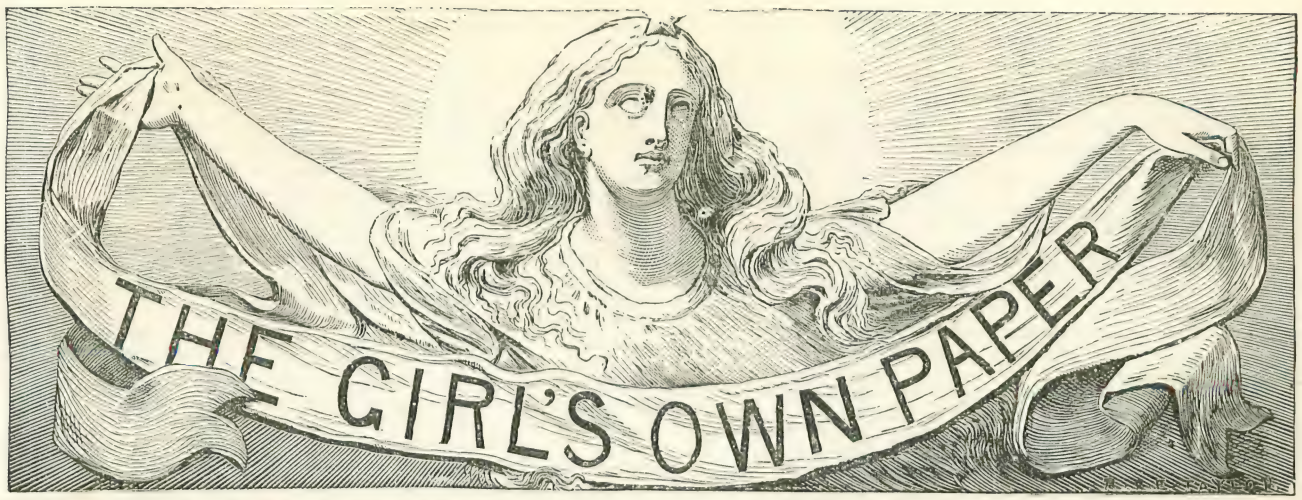
MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIAN.—The division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters was due to Cardinal Hugo, about the year A.D. 1240. He was making an index or concordance for the Latin Bible, and this division was essential to the prosecution of his work. The sub-division into verses is of Jewish origin, and dates about two hundred years later. An eminent Jew, called Rabbi Nathan, likewise engaged in the work of making a concordance to the Hebrew Bible, A.D. 1430, and adopted the division made into chapters by Cardinal Hugo. Rather more than a hundred years later one Vatablus, an eminent Hebrew scholar, a Frenchman, adopted both these divisions, and published a Latin Bible, numbered also with figures, which arrangements have been adopted in all subsequent editions, and in all languages of Western Christendom. The present division of the New Testament into verses was made by Robert Stevens, an eminent printer in Paris, and it was introduced in his edition of 1551. We quote from Dean Prideaux.

ERNIE'S DARLING could wear a cashmere skirt with a velvet bodice, or one of silk and cashmere. She does not mention whether intended for morning, afternoon, or evening. If the latter, a lace skirt would answer her purpose.

KATIE L.—The sculptured representation of dogs lying at and supporting the feet of the effigies of bishops and ancient knights, crusaders, and others, are supposed to be designed to show that the Christian bishop or knight followed (or strove to follow) the footsteps of his Divine Master as faithfully, and even to death, as a dog follows those of his master.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Perhaps you are feeding the fowl on greasy and improper food, perhaps the bird is moulting, or lastly, it may be that some too officious friend of yours amuses herself by plucking out the feathers on the neck. This is an amusement not uncommon, and the irritation produced appears to be agreeable to the victim of mistaken kindness. It is, however, possible that the fowl may be diseased. Be careful of her diet, and watch her more closely.



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DOVES' DOWN; OR, PIGEON LIFE.

BY EMMA BREWER.

[CHAPTER IV.

"God taught the bird to build its nest
Of wood and hay and moss;
God taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across."

IT is possible to learn a good deal of the character and habits of individuals by their houses and their home life; for example, the crofter's hut, the artisan's cottage, the student's library, the banker's mansion, the traveller's lodging, the gipsy's tent, each and all convey to our minds distinct notions about the people who occupy them.

Just so is it with the houses and homes of doves—not those we make for them, but those of their own forming; they vary according to the habits and daily life of the families living in them.

A glance into one suffices to assure us of the class or clan of dove inhabiting it, and whether its practice is to remain at home during the year or to travel abroad; whether it holds the freehold in perpetuity, or is simply a tenant on short lease; whether it prefers a wild, rough life on the cliffs or a retreat in the

THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS.

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woodlands. The architect takes all these circumstances into consideration when mapping out the plans, and this accounts for the congruity which always exists between the house and its inmates.

The home of the wild pigeon or stock dove is found in the holes of rocks, in old towers, and in the hollows* of trees, but never in the branches. They have to change their lodgings very often in consequence of a peculiarity of the family, which is never to bring up two sets of children in the same nest, and they often find as much difficulty in securing new lodgings as poor people looking for rooms in London.

The peculiarity is that the nest is never cleared of the "ordure" or filth of the young, consequently it fills up the hollow, which is never very deep, and necessitates a change of apartments every time there is to be a new family, which is several times in the year. Once or twice, when the difficulties of finding what they wanted made them desperate, they really had a stand-up fight with some starlings and woodpeckers, who were after the same apartments, and, of course, poor things, not being great at fighting, they came off second best.

"The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood."

—*Henry VI.*, Part 3.

Many an ivy-covered tower in the land gives shelter to this family of doves. When a girl, I have often seen them in a corner of the belfry of the old church of the village where I stayed, and have watched them for hours together, as I sat reading, every now and then feeding them; but Jean Ingelow, who had evidently seen and done the same thing, has told her experience in a manner at once picturesque and graceful.

"We peeped into the bell chamber of the cathedral, and there, in a hole, we saw a nest full of newly-fledged pigeons; two of them fluttered on to the floor as we ran in. We took them and tied them loosely in Snap's handkerchief. In one corner of the chamber lay several nests with eggs in them."

In Homer's time, 950 B.C., they must have been equally attached to old towers, for he refers to the doves in the following lines:—

"Messé's towers for silver doves renowned."

*Now the Ring*dove, or Cushat family, on the contrary, seeks its home in the *branches* of trees. Its members are not particular, they can accommodate themselves equally well in the branch of a lofty pine, on a spray of holly, or in a leafy hedgerow.

Having decided which it is to be, they erect a rough sort of platform of loose sticks, on which subsequently the mother dove lays her two snowy-white eggs. As we regard them, we fear they will fall through, and that when hatched, the little ones will die of exposure and cold, for we know that they are born naked and helpless and blind, quite unlike other birds. We need not fear, however; in the first place the mother will nurse them longer than feathered babies are, as a rule, nursed; and in the second, the "ordure," being purposely allowed to remain, forms, in time, a sort of strong, scentless plaster, which increases the consistency of the nest, and affords a sufficient protection against outside influences. A family of these have, from time immemorial, made their home in the gardens of the Tuileries, in those of the Luxembourg, and in the Champs Elysées. They are very tame, and it is quite one of the sights of Paris to see the old man in the Tuileries attracting them round him, and distributing crumbs of bread and grains of maize among them. Many take the crumbs from between his fingers, and even from his mouth, and allow themselves to be caressed without showing any fear.

I never lost an opportunity of seeing the feeding of the doves at the entrance of the English Garden, in Munich. The woman, who comes out at twelve o'clock with her apron full of food, is, in a few minutes, covered with the birds—they light on her head, her shoulders, her arms, and the place where she stands is soon surrounded by them.

She treats them as if she knew each one by name, caressing some and chiding others, and all the time looking that each one gets its proper meal. It is certainly a very pretty sight.

But the most pathetic was one I saw last week, when looking over a workhouse in an agricultural district, inhabited only by very old people and imbeciles. The one thing of grace and beauty in it was an exquisite blue rock dove, which came towards the master, as he was showing us the outhouses, lighted on his shoulder, and nestled up to him.

It seems that, many months ago, on a bleak winter day, as the master was sitting in his office, writing, it flew through the window towards the fire, and probably, from faintness and hunger, fell into it. Its feet and wings were sadly burnt, and one of the old men, almost an imbecile, nursed it back to health.

It is now quite well and tame, and is the pleasure and delight of the inmates. Its lodging is at the back of the house, but it often pays a visit to the master's office, which is in the front.

Strange to say, it will have no company. Several times the master has tried to introduce another dove into its loft, but it has made Charlie, as the old people call it, so shy and uncomfortable that they leave it now to its own company. One man, quite an idiot, is devoted to it, and tends it with the greatest gentleness; the understanding between them is perfect.

The passenger pigeons' nests exactly suit their habits of life. They are travellers, and do not require a settled home, they therefore interlace a few dry twigs and place them in the forked branch of a tree; it is a poor home, but sufficient for their purpose, and it shows distinctly that the builders are guided in its formation by the conditions of their daily life. A peculiarity of this family is that the hen rarely lays more than one egg at the time, and no doubt this is also considered when they are building.

They are remarkable for their love of travelling and for their liking for society; the former, it is said, is engendered by necessity, for they have to seek their food far and wide.

Then the turtle dove, which is but a spring visitor, is content with a mere platform of twigs, with little or no cavity on which to lay its eggs, but it is very particular that its home shall be in the midst of thick woods, for it is very shy and retiring.

The wood pigeon, again, whose cooing is the first decisive symptom of the approach of spring, is an instance of a combined method of making their homes, some choosing trees, while others prefer the ground; but in either case, they like to build in the immediate vicinity of a human dwelling; indeed, there is no bird breeds nearer to the abode of man than this. They must, however, have woods within a short distance.

In those about Dunrobin Castle wood pigeons may be seen in great numbers.

"From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves."*

Again, the beautiful and interesting rock dove, as a rule, makes its home in the crevices and caverns of the wild sea coasts of the north, utterly fearless of the constant beating of the waves and the dashing of the surf. Here she brings up her young, apart from the haunts of men, though alas! not always secure from the falcon.

We have sat for hours on the rocky shore at Durness watching them as they flitted to and fro on the very spray of the breakers, heeding not the roaring of the waves. They seemed to be always on the move, seeking food in the small fields about Durness, and carrying it to their fastnesses. It struck me that these doves, more than any other class, are types of self-reliance and independence. Their eggs are most difficult to get. We have seen the people going with ladders at low tide to try and get to the mouths of the caves, but they rarely succeeded in obtaining eggs.

It is this class of pigeon, when reduced to a sort of domesticity, that live about our buildings and give life to the roofs and chimneys, and sun their milky bosoms on the thatch, and, as Jean Ingelow puts it, "walk daintily up the steep roof with their small red feet while they utter their plaintive call."

Their bright colouring lends picturesqueness even to a common barn.

The ring pigeon of Jamaica builds its nest in the most recluse and dense mountain forests, so that to reach it it is is necessary to penetrate into steep mountain woods abounding in prickly bushes, and tangled beyond all description by twining spiky plants, and one would never be able to secure these highly-prized birds but for the insects which drive them to the chimney of the woodman's cottage, where they hope the smoke will rid them of the creatures. It builds its nest in the middle of a tree all clothed with a dense mass of withes and creepers, and always selects the fork of the principal limbs. It has never been known to perch on an exterior twig or branch. It comes out occasionally to get the berries of the mistletoe.

Again, the *Goura*, or crowned pigeon, with its slate-blue plumage and crest of barbless feathers, loves the ground for its home; it feeds upon fallen fruit, and only uses its wings when disturbed, or when it desires a roosting-place on some low branch. They move about the woods in small parties. Some friends who have resided in Jamaica tell me that the woods there resound to the plaintive and musical cooing of the ground doves, and that none but those who have listened to this music can tell what effect it produces on the mind—its tender melancholy communicates itself to those who listen, and creates a certain sympathy for what seems to be the complaint of gentleness in distress.

One could go on indefinitely showing that each family of doves may be distinguished by the house it inhabits; but there is another point of interest which may not be omitted, and that is that you can tell, by looking at their face, how they live and on what they feed.

We have seen that in this large family of doves or pigeons there are some who live wholly in trees, and others which are terrestrial, as it is called; and the main characteristic is their diet, which is composed almost entirely of the seeds of various plants and trees. If you look at them with care you will see that the beaks are not all alike—that they are, in fact, formed according to the size and structure of the seeds on which each family lives. Those which feed on cereal grain and seeds of small grasses and plants, like the common pigeon and turtle dove, have the beak very much elongated, feeble, and slender, while those doves which live on large fruits and berries have their beaks well arched and compressed.

* They probably derive their name "stock dove" from the circumstance of building their nests in the stocks or stumps of trees.

* Tennyson.

There is a group of doves in the tropics called nutmeg eaters, because at certain times of the year they feed on the covering of the nutmeg, which we call mace. The nutmeg is swallowed whole, and passes uninjured through the digestive organs of the bird, who has merely taken the covering. Wonderful to relate, the nutmeg in thus passing through the bird gets a mucous covering, which is necessary to the growth and fertility of the nut, and I believe from this circumstance an attempt has been made to obtain an artificial mixture of lime and other matter, in which the nuts are steeped for a certain time, and which is rendering the growth easy. Another thing that you will find in those doves that perch, is that their hind toe is jointed quite low down, and that pigeons as a race have no membrane between the toes.

Of all months in the year February, if fine, is the busiest of all, for this is their marriage time. Should it turn out wet they postpone the marriages until March, for fine weather they must have.

To those interested in pigeons a visit to South Kensington would be interesting. In the centre of the hall stand two cases illustrating "the hybridisation of species in a wild state and the variation of species under domestication." The pigeons have been chosen as an illustration of the latter, and round a dovecot there are representatives of the principal breeds of pigeons as descending from the blue rock doves, a pair of which are hovering near.

It is a beautiful collection, and the thanks of all lovers of pigeons are due to the two gentlemen, Mr. C. Williams and Mr. Salter, who, by the help of some friends, have arranged it.

(*To be continued.*)

A Lover of Music.

The passion of De Luc, the natural philosopher, for music was so predominant in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bedside, on which his daughter played a great part of the day. On the evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him, "Shall I play any more?"

"Keep playing," he said, "keep playing!" He slept, but awoke no more.

Without and Within.—The beautiful in the heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in the face.

The Light Fantastic Toe.—Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the *Centurion* had a ball upon some court holiday, and while they were dancing, a native who had been looking on said to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

Truth and Falsehood.

Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight its own falsehoods; each man with his love of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things, and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things that are.

Yet a child appreciates at once the divine necessity for truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying the thing that is not?" And an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—*Helps.*

Love of Liberty.

When making a progress through his kingdom, Louis XIV. was told at Rouen that one of the inhabitants, a man seventy years old, had never been without the bounds of the city. The man was called before the King, and, being poor, a pension was given him upon the following condition—that he should forfeit the pension if ever he set foot out of the city.

The man, however, did not continue long at ease. Love of liberty prevailed over habit; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

The Twin Sisters.

The following, a singularly graceful epitaph on twin sisters, is by a writer whose name no one seems to know:—

Fair marble, tell to future days
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employed each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to every eye.
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

A Philosophic Musician. — Handel's early oratorios were but thinly attended. The great composer would, however, often joke upon the emptiness of the house, which he said "Would make de moosic sound all de petter."

Who Invented the Tuning-fork.—The inventor of the tuning-fork was John Shore, royal trumpeter in 1711, sergeant-trumpeter at the entry of George I. in 1714, and lutanist to the Chapel Royal in 1715.

In Remembrance.—The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind.—*Jean Paul.*

Hereditary Blushing.—The tendency to blush is inherited. Dr. Burgess gives the case of a family, consisting of a father, mother, and ten children, all of whom, without exception, were prone to blush to a most painful degree. The children were grown up; "and some of them were sent to travel in order to wear away this diseased sensibility, but nothing was of the slightest avail."—*Darwin.*

The Phonograph for a Witness.

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked, despondently, as she replaced the phonograph on the mantelpiece.

"You did."

"And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?"

"Certainly."

"And your father is a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?"

Superstitions of the Spiteful.

In the Middle Ages, malice and superstition found expression in the formation of wax images of hated persons, into the bodies of which long pins were stuck. It was confidently believed that in that way deadly injury would be done to the person represented. This belief and practice continued down to the seventeenth century.

The superstition, indeed, still holds its place in the Highlands of Scotland, "where," says a well-informed writer, "within the last few years a clay model of an enemy was found in a stream, having been placed there in the belief that as the clay was washed away, so would the health of the hated one decline."

Wise Teaching.—The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.—*John Sterling.*

The Good-natured Girl.—Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes our folly and impertinence supportable.—*Addison.*

A Rise in Value.—The plates of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, which cost the subscribers only five shillings apiece, were so little esteemed that in the early quarter of the nineteenth century they were sometimes used for lighting fires. So much has fashion, or public taste, changed since then, that a fine proof of a single plate has sold for £210.

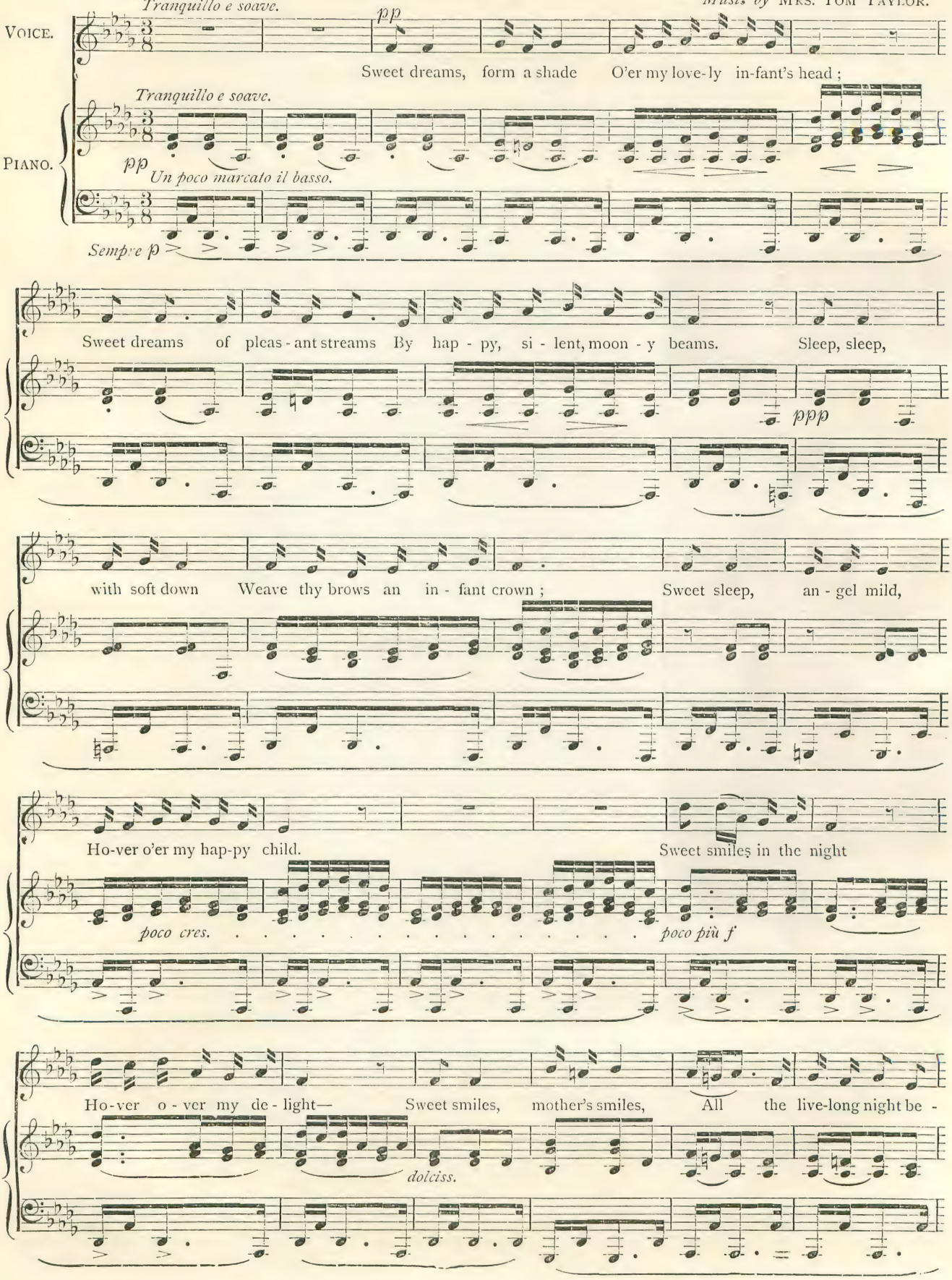
Ups and Downs.

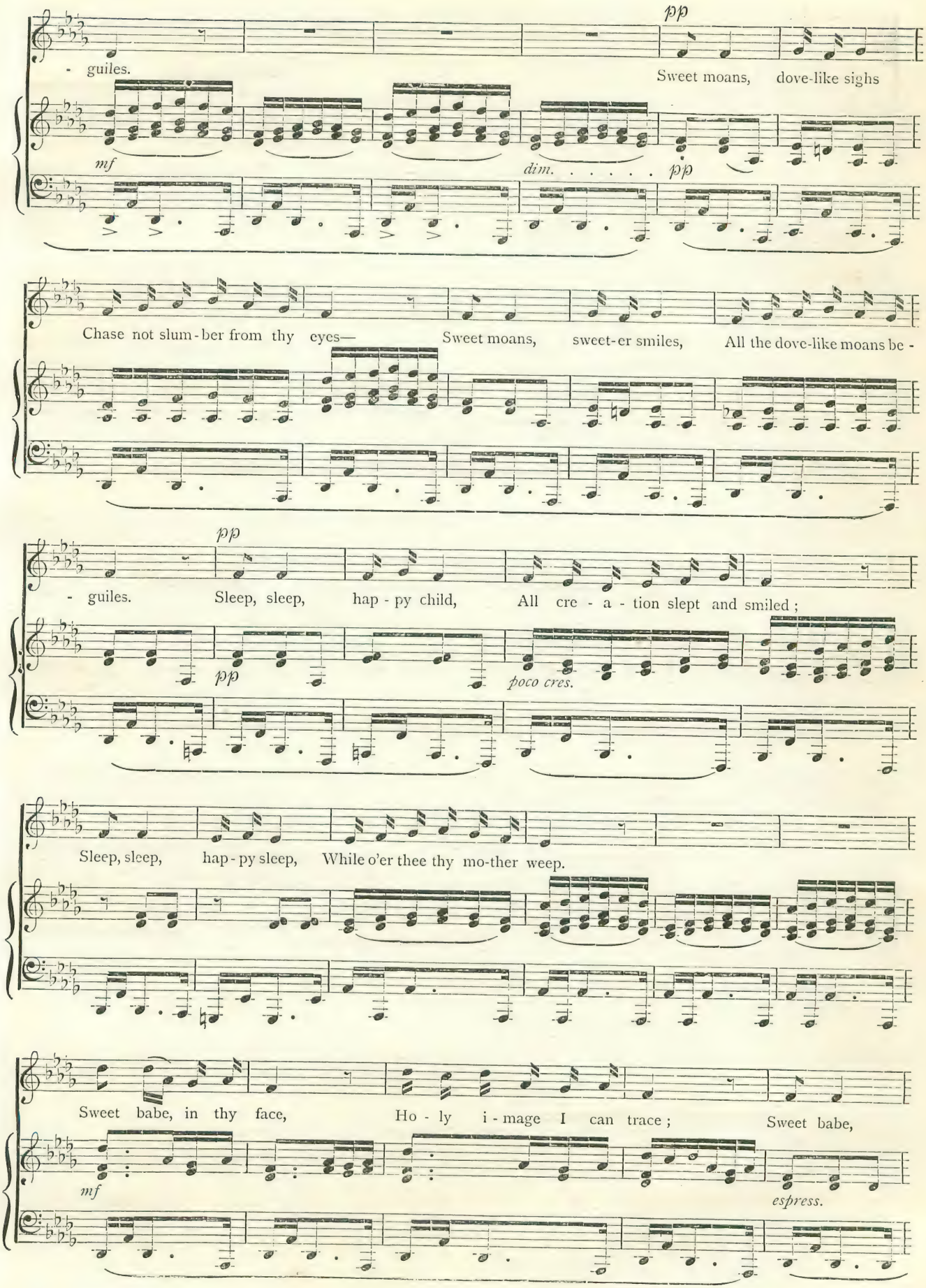
Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns as fortune shifts the scene.
Some raised aloft come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard they rise and bound again.

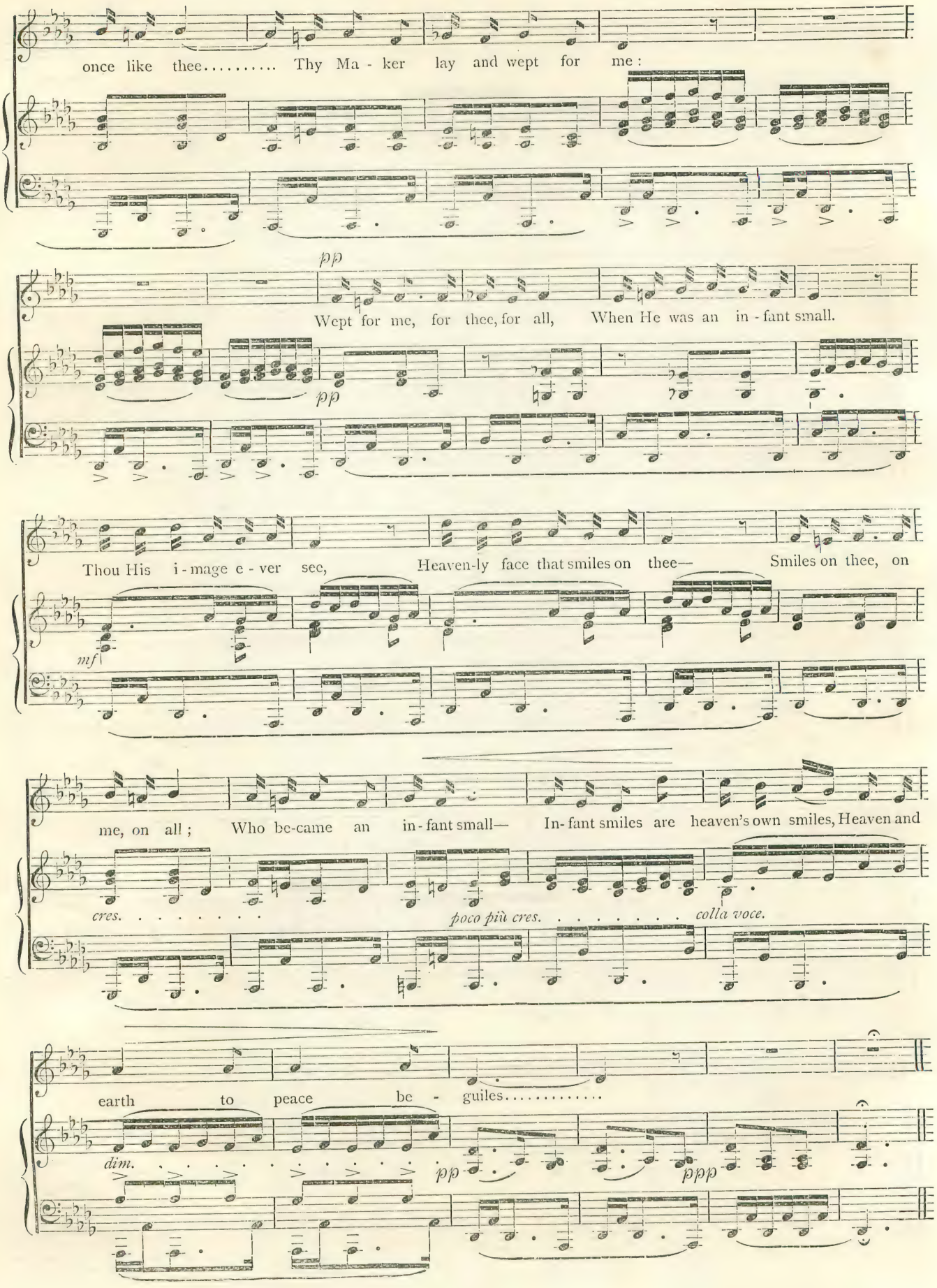
CRADLE SONG.

BLAKE'S "Songs of Innocence."

Music by MRS. TOM TAYLOR.




pp
- guiles.
Sweet moans, dove-like sighs
mf
dim.
pp
Chase not slum-ber from thy eyes—
Sweet moans, sweet-er smiles, All the dove-like moans be -
pp
- guiles. Sleep, sleep, hap - py child, All cre - a - tion slept and smiled ;
pp
poco cres.
Sleep, sleep, hap - py sleep, While o'er thee thy mo-ther weep.
Sweet babe, in thy face, Ho - ly i - mage I can trace ; Sweet babe,
mf
espress.


once like thee..... Thy Ma - ker lay and wept for me:
pp
Wept for me, for thee, for all, When He was an in - fant small.
pp
Thou His i - mage e - ver see, Heaven-ly face that smiles on thee— Smiles on thee, on
mf
me, on all; Who be-came an in-fant small— In-fant smiles are heaven's own smiles, Heaven and
cres. . . . . poco più cres. . . . . colla voce.
earth to peace be - guiles.....
dim. . . . . pp ppp

"BASHFUL BETTY."

By ANNIE G. HOPKINS, Author of "Those Troublesome Twins," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE moonlight was flooding earth and sky with a weird fantastic glory, etching the outline of distant trees and hedges in sombre blackness, and gleaming like purest silver on the small portion of the stream wending its way through the fields, and visible to Betty as she sat by her bedroom window.

The more she thought of it, the more certain she felt that a robbery had been planned, and was to be carried out that night. But where? That was the question. It might be miles away.

Yes, it might be; but somehow or other she felt sure it was not. A firm conviction that the diamond merchant, who had but arrived at Burleigh that day, was to be the victim took possession of her. But from whom had the carrier pigeons come? To whom were they going? To an accomplice, evidently. Was there anyone in or around Burleigh who kept carrier pigeons?

No; no one in Burleigh, but—ah! she could remember now. There was a man—supposed to be a gentleman, but a recluse—who had been living at Allworthy for about a month. This was the next village to Burleigh, and four miles distant. The man, Jane, their old servant, had casually informed her one day, was a bird fancier. What more likely than that he should keep carrier pigeons? And yet, just because he was a bird fancier, and perhaps kept carrier pigeons, it was rather hard upon him to set him down at once as necessarily being an accomplice in a projected robbery.

"Well," exclaimed Betty softly to herself at length, as she closed the window, "I shall never puzzle the matter out alone. But there's another thing certain: I shan't sleep a wink to-night unless I first of all go and see whether or not all the folks at the rectory are in bed, and it's utterly impossible to tell them my suspicions. They'd sure to be up late to-night. And I feel somehow that I must go; something tells me I must. Perhaps I shall get laughed at. I don't mind. I'll go."

She was just about to re-light the candle when she stopped with the match in her hand and listened. Footsteps were coming down the road.

She peeped round the corner of the blind and waited. Two men, in long coats and with large slouch hats, passed the house. To her, they did not seem in the least to resemble anyone belonging to Burleigh.

"Shall I go, or shall I not?" she asked herself, as she lighted the candle and took down a large red woollen shawl from a peg on the wall. But her hesitation was only momentary.

In less than three minutes she was creeping bootless down the stairs. Opening a side door, she locked it behind her, put on her boots again, and went down the garden.

The rectory was a mile and a half by road from her home. But by cutting across the fields it was rather less than a mile, and one could thus also enter the rectory grounds by crossing a plank bridge that spanned the stream.

Betty ran as though for her life across the first field, clambered over a stile, and was about to cross the lane to get in a field opposite when a low whistle broke on her ear.

Creeping behind a tree, she waited and listened.

The whistle was repeated. Presently from the distance came another whistle. This was, she rightly surmised, an answer. Then out from the darkness of the overhanging hedge, about twenty paces distant from her, came a man. He also wore a slouch hat, but had a short coat, and was altogether of a different make from the two men she had previously seen.

The tramp of footsteps came nearer and nearer. The two men saluted the third, and together they stood talking at the side of the road. Betty stealthily crept nearer and listened. She was very agitated, and her every nerve was strung to its uttermost tension.

"It's all serene," said the short man with the short coat. "I've got the tools," and going to the hedge he produced a small black bag. "We shall be rich men in no time. He'll be easy enough to manage. If not, I've this," pulling a pistol from his pocket, "and a han-key-chey too that'll keep him quiet till we've 'a done our work."

"We shall have to be careful," said the man close to him. "It's in the large iron-bound trunk he keeps the diamonds—the one with his initials on it. I daresay it will be an awkward piece of work, but we've all managed worse in our time, eh?" turning to the man who had not yet spoken.

"Ees, sir," came the reply, in a strong provincial accent; and Betty started. She knew the voice well, and as the man turned round she caught a view of his face. It was Bill Harlow, the laziest, most disreputable man in the whole village. People thought Bill was reforming, as he had been working in the rectory garden for the last ten days. Betty now began to think Bill had been working for a purpose. Working in the rectory garden meant frequent visits to the house for drink or bread and cheese, and thus opportunity would be afforded for learning much concerning the habits of the inmates from old Marjory Batchelor, the servant, and concerning the internal arrangements of the rectory also. But Bill was speaking.

"He be on'y young," he said, "an' he be gwine ter slape in a room 'tis easy ter get at. I'll lead the way. They der go ter bed early, they der, up theer, an' all of 'em is heavy sleepers. An' he be awful rich, they say, an' 'ave brought heaps o' diamonds with 'un."

"Oh, we know all about that," responded the first speaker, impatiently. "But it's too early to go just yet. There was a light upstairs in one of the rooms when I came by. I say! good thing we got rid of that dog. He was a fine brute, but awfully savage. The poison did its work well."

So these men had poisoned poor old Bono, Dick's dearly-loved retriever! Bono had been missing for some hours two days ago, and had crept home at night, only to lie down and die at Dick's feet. And Dick and Betty had cried like children when they bent over the still form of the faithful animal, and realised that never again would he accompany them in their walks, nor delight them as he so often had done with evidences of his sagacity.

Very stealthily Betty crept along the ditch between the hedge and the bank for some distance up the lane, until she came to a bend. Then, crossing the road, she found a small gap in the hedge. Through this she squeezed herself, not without the infliction of a few scratches on her hands and face, however, and one long rent in her dress; but having safely disentangled herself, she sped forward as fast as her feet would carry her towards the plank bridge.

There was no handrail to this; but Betty was firm of foot, and could have crossed it safely blindfold. The stream was fuller than usual, owing to recent heavy rains, but at no part was it more than three feet deep.

On through the long garden she ran up to the house. It was all in darkness. There was not a sound of life anywhere.

Going round to the back, to her great joy she saw a light in Dick's bedroom. She had thought proper to reprimand that young gentleman, when he had once informed her he sat up in his room reading long after all the rest of the family were in bed and asleep. Now she was delighted with him for doing so.

But how was she to make him hear? She threw a small pebble up at the window, and then a handful of gravel.

The blind was drawn up slowly, and the window—which was a lattice one—slightly opened. A hand was held out, and as the window was allowed to swing backwards, the face and form—not of Dick—but of Mr. Max Villiers, the diamond merchant, appeared.

Betty drew hastily back into the shadow. How was she to explain the reason of her strange midnight visit to him? She could not call out and ask him to come down to her. Was it likely he would come down, even if she could summon up courage to speak to him? Not very. He would think her nothing more than a gipsy woman, with the red shawl over her head and shoulders. Evidently he was occupying Dick's room, and Dick had been accommodated in the top attic. To throw stones at the top attic window was not within Betty's power. What was she to do?

While she was wondering what she ought to do, Mr. Max Villiers disappeared, the window was shut, and the blind drawn. Five minutes later the light was put out.

Betty determined to watch and wait. She was trembling and shivering, and praying with all her heart no harm might come to any of the occupants of the rectory; she hid herself among a bank of tall shrubs close to the house. Her agitation was extreme. She must warn Mr. Villiers his property, if not his life, was in danger. She would go to the front door and knock loudly.

She moved from out her hiding-place: but at that very moment she heard a faint sound. Scarcely had she concealed herself again when she saw the three men creeping along in single line towards the pantry window.

A cloud, a dense black mass, edged with silver, passed over the moon. She could not see the men distinctly; but presently she heard a dull, low, whizzing noise, as though something was being filed; and suddenly, just as the moon shone out again, the men disappeared.

The back door was standing ajar. They had gained access to the house through the pantry-window, one having squeezed himself through this and opened the door for his comrades.

Betty stood with her eyes fixed on the door, scarcely daring to breathe, and dreading lest some terrible scream or cry should break the awful stillness of the night.

A sudden cry overhead rang out, and she

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

started violently; but it was not a human cry, though at first she judged it as such. It was only a large owl that had taken refuge in the rector's favourite tulip tree, and was wondering, doubtless, what was that queer-looking object that stood motionless among the shrubs.

"If Dick did but know I was here!" was Betty's mental exclamation.

But Dick was far away in the land of dreams. It took something more than stealthily-gliding footsteps, and the familiar "whoop" of an owl, to rouse him. Bill Harlow had only spoken the truth when he said all the family were heavy sleepers; they were. Outsiders little guessed what an effort it cost even the rector to be downstairs to prayers at half-past eight. Dick, more often than not, did not come down until nearly nine; and the two Miss Vaughans never thought of appearing to breakfast in anything more elaborate than dressing-gowns and curl-papers.

Betty's patience was at length rewarded. The shortest man of the three came to the door and deposited on the corner of the lawn a square box, which had the appearance of a cash-box. He disappeared, and the two other men came out, carrying between them a leather portmanteau; this they deposited by the side of the box, and re-entered the house.

Betty's heart palpitated wildly. Surely, if she could but catch up that cash-box and run off, it would be saving something! She hesitated; then, making a dash forward, she caught up the box, which to her surprise was rather heavy, and darted away down the garden, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, and on the lawn, until she could trust herself to the gravel pathways without being overheard and pursued.

Dick had been doing some amateur gardening that afternoon, and, with his usual carelessness, had left a piece of trellis-work on the pathway. The moon was hidden again, and Betty, moreover, was running at such a rate that she did not notice the obstacle. The consequence was she hitched her foot in it, and down she fell with a thud, not letting go, however, of the box.

When, bruised and sore, she arose, she discovered she had sprained her ankle badly, and could only walk with great pain and extreme difficulty.

Struggling on bravely, she reached the plank bridge, and, half-fainting, sank down on the bank of the stream.

"I can't take the box across," she said with a groan; "I don't know how I shall get over myself. Whatever shall I do? Oh!" and again she groaned, and the tears trickled down her face.

Leaning over the stream, she dipped her hand in, and managed to bathe her face a little.

"I know what I will do," she exclaimed, as a thought struck her; "I'll put the box in the stream. It's heavy enough to sink; and those men will never find it there to-night. To-morrow I can come up to the rectory and tell them about it all."

Having thus resolved to hide the box, she dropped it into the stream, and proceeded to crawl on her hands and knees across the plank-bridge. How she reached home she could never tell. Every step was agony; and the excitement and agitation she had gone through had also completely unnerved her.

But at length she did get to the garden-gate, and, unlocking the side door, crawled upstairs. She could not take her boot off. She had to cut it off with one of her brother's old knives; and then she fell back on to the bed and fainted.

The stream flowed on silently over the box; the rector and his family were still wrapped in slumber; but Mr. Max Villiers lay senseless, with a deep, black bruise on his left temple; and in a lonely spot in a field, not far distant, three men were engaged in a violent quarrel.

And what of Betty's mother? She was even then murmuring in her dreams that "it was all for the best." Enviable woman! She was not only a philosopher, but, in this case, a prophet.

(*To be continued.*)

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

By H. CATTERSON SMITH.

BETWEEN the lights and shadows
Of a day that's nearly flown,
A girl, unheeding, muses,
With a gladness all her own,
Seeking a happy morrow,
As for flower where seed is sown.

What will the morrow bring her?
Will it be her heart's desire?
Or will Time with kindly hand
Try again the gold in fire?
Inspiring, ah, so lovingly,
The wish for something higher.

I hope between the shadows
That the light of Love may fall,
That it be her heart's desire
To obey her Saviour's call;
To love, as He would have her,
His dear children, one and all.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"IT is an extraordinary thing," Kathleen said, as she finished a very early breakfast, "that wherever one has to go, it is always on the most distant side of the town."

This was a figure of speech, as the shops lay chiefly in the centre, and two of Kathleen's patients were near at hand; but still, it was an acknowledged fact in St. Petrox that whatever had to be done, or wherever a visit had to be paid, it was necessary to go to some inconvenient distance, and climb one of those seven hills over which the town—in this respect like Rome—was scattered.

The patient to whom Dr. Netley had recommended Kathleen lived at least two miles off, and required her services before eight in the morning. Perhaps he thought that the presence of an elastic, gay-spirited creature like Kathleen would be good for the invalid girl, even if the contrast between herself—lately so full of health and blitheness—did awaken a sigh of envy. At all events, Kathleen was a favourite in this house, and brought into it, as it were, a wholesome breath of moral oxygen into an atmosphere far too anxious and invalidish to be good for the one on whom all thoughts turned.

"You are the one person who ever tells me anything amusing, and treats me as if you thought of course I should get well," the sick girl would say, with a long breath of relief. "I get so tired of anxious faces."

Kathleen always found a cup of coffee waiting for her, and a pleasant welcome. The servants, too, were civil and friendly; so far she had been courteously treated by those who employed her, and had little or nothing to complain of, but the servants were not always polite to "the rubber," and though a minor trial, this was a real one. In a house where she got work through the strong recommendation of that very invalid who had complained of her to Dr. Netley, she met with such incivility from the men servants, who considered that she ought to go to the back door instead of the

front, as made her heartily dislike having to go there. This was an annoyance which she felt keenly, but which had to be cheerfully met, and disregarded as much as possible, for she knew that she must take all the work she could get in autumn and winter, since, like many other people in St. Petrox, she would find the summer, when visitors were gone, more or less of a "dead season." Happily for Kathleen, it was her nature to be glad in the sunshine, and not to fret because presently it might be withdrawn; she was not one who ever went to meet trouble.

What she worried herself about just now was that she often had to leave Una and Phyllis a good deal to themselves morning and evening; it was a dull life for them, and their lessons did not prosper. If she could have afforded to send them to the High School, things would have been comparatively easy; but this was out of the question, and though they were conscientious children, yet when she came back and asked to see their exercises and copies, she recollected her own schoolroom days too well not to feel it natural the work should be unsatisfactory—in fact, she only wondered that they had not escaped from the little dull room altogether, and fled out into the sunshine, as she herself, in their place and at their age, would certainly have done. They were not such high-spirited imps, fortunately, as she had been, but both needed supervision; Una from the showers of ideas that distracted her from what she had in hand, and Phyllis because her rather indolent mind made her disposed to sit and dream, she did not very clearly know what, rather than think about her French or her sums. Then Kathleen would get out of patience, and scold them, and they would answer—

"We do try, sister, truly; but it is so hard when you are not here." And Kathleen would feel, as she put it to herself, "like a brute," for having lost patience with them.

"The dear knows they need to have patience with me!" she would say to herself, with contrition.

When she returned home from her sick girl, gladdened by signs of progress and grateful words from the invalid's mother, she was surprised to find her parlour empty. Slates and copy-books were on the table, but no children.

"How naughty of them! They have gone out to play. I only wonder they have not done it before," she added, as an afterthought. "Ah, wouldn't I have been out of my schoolroom window if I had been left there on a fine morning and no one to hold me tight!"

She drew a long breath, as suddenly she seemed to see the landscape which had met her eyes when she had escaped from the house in just such a manner one spring day. She could see the river which flowed down the glen, brim full after a night of tremendous rain, all red with soil from the bogs under the shade of the trees on its banks, the reeds and bulrushes quivering with its rush; the tender green of the fields, the mists rolling off, sunbeams stealing out and sending a lovely radiance over the landscape. "Blessings on it!" she murmured, with glistening eyes. Then she began to wonder where the little ones were, and to become slightly uneasy, but before she could go and ask Mrs. Palmer if she knew anything about them, they came running downstairs.

"Sister, oh, sister, have you come back?" they cried together, eagerly. "We thought you would not mind. Lady Dacre sent for us, and she has been playing to us, and we have made friends with the dog. He is such a dear little thing, he truly is!"—this from Una; and Phyllis—"There is a parrot which calls 'My lady!' and 'Price, Price, don't keep me waiting here!' We heard him."

They were all delight, and secure of Kathleen's sharing it. Kathleen, however, was much discomfited. It seemed to her a great liberty on Lady Dacre's part, and she resented it accordingly.

"You ought to have stayed and done your lessons," she said, sharply.

The faces of the two children fell.

"We did not think you would mind," Phyllis answered. "And we never have any pleasure now." A child's hand hits hard sometimes; Kathleen turned away.

"Were we naughty?" Una asked. "I am sorry, sister."

"No, no, dears! I did not mean that; only —— Never mind."

"Lady Dacre was very nice," Phyllis said, still on the defensive. "She talked to us, and said she knew mamma when she was a little girl."

"Yes, and, sister," broke in Una, whose tongue was never long silent, "she says we have a great-aunt, Miss Penelope Leigh—is not Penelope a funny name? She has a big house in Shropshire. Lady Dacre has been there, and she says perhaps we shall go too some day—a beautiful big house and carriage horses. I should so like to go. Why have we never been to see her?"

"Because she has never asked you," answered Kathleen, feeling quite unreasonably annoyed and angry.

"But if she did ask us, you would let us go?"

"We will see when the time comes."

"Lady Dacre says we ought to know our great-aunt," says Phyllis. "And she means to manage that we shall."

This was too much for Kathleen.

"Put away your books directly, children," she cried. "It is dinner time," and ran impetuously upstairs.

Lady Dacre heard her rapid steps, and smiled as she answered, "Come in" to a knock so sharp and sudden that it sounded like a challenge.

"Now for it!" she said to herself. "I shall catch it from the little spitfire, no doubt."

Kathleen forgot to offer any greeting. She stood in the middle of the room, and plunged at once into the subject which brought her.

"Lady Dacre, it is kind of you to have my little sisters up here, but you must excuse me if I say I would rather they did not come. It will not make them contented with their life as it has got to be; and will make them want what I cannot give them."

"But, my dear Miss O'Kelly," said Lady Dacre, with cool amusement, "do you mean that your little girls are to have no pleasures, however small, which do not come through yourself? Is not that slightly —— Well, I won't say the ugly word; but, after all, I have some little right to see something of them, since their mother was my cousin. Don't you think so? I shall be gone in a few weeks, so really you need not be jealous."

"I—I don't think it is that," said poor Kathleen.

"Only you know very well that it is," laughed Lady Dacre, much amused to see how miserable she had made her look. "Come! it is very natural. You do everything for them, and, of course, you do not like anyone to come between you and them. I don't blame you, my dear; I have not the slightest doubt I should feel exactly the same in your place; but allow me to suggest that it is a little hard on the children."

"They are quite happy now; I don't know what I should do if they got unsettled or discontented; and they might be if you made them think of Miss Leigh and her great house, and all the things we cannot have," pleaded Kathleen. "Ah, now, won't you leave them alone, Lady Dacre? 'Tis not much to ask."

"What a witch it is!" thought Lady Dacre, as she watched Kathleen's expressive face, and listened to her coaxing intonations; but she was not a whit moved to give up her whim, though she said, good-humouredly—

"Well, well, this is all much ado about nothing, don't you think? Of course, I am not going to insist on making friends with my little cousins against your will, though I think it is rather unfair upon both them and me; but they and their family owe you all possible gratitude."

"I am their family, and there's no word of gratitude in the matter!" exclaimed Kathleen, her eyes flashing as she spoke.

Lady Dacre burst out laughing.

"There spoke the Irishwoman—argument, brogue, warm heart, and all. Well, my dear, you must explain to them why I don't keep my word to have them again. We had planned afternoon tea and music, in grand style, I assure you. It never crossed my mind you could be annoyed. We will say no more about it, unless on reflection you change your mind, as you possibly may do. You know circumstances might arise—say you fell ill—when it would be well the children should have someone to look to. I only make the suggestion. Good-bye till this evening; I suppose your displeasure does not extend to refusing to come and comfort my poor shoulder to-night."

Kathleen felt thoroughly put in the wrong, yet she could not retract. Instinct told her that danger was brewing from this unexpected quarter. It would have been easier had Lady Dacre been angry; but, on the contrary, she was in the best of tempers.

"Of course I will come," she said. "Indeed, I am sorry. I know it seems

horrid of me, but you do not understand."

"I think I understand perfectly, my dear child," answered Lady Dacre, laughing; "and no doubt you believe you are in the right, while I think I am, and that you will acknowledge it when you think things over. Good-bye till to-night."

Kathleen went away and took off her hat, and hurried down to dinner, which had been waiting some time. Both children looked so much as if they felt themselves in disgrace, that her heart smote her. She thought she would say no more about Lady Dacre until she put them to bed; perhaps by then she should see how to explain why she did not want them to run in and out of her rooms. It really was not easy, especially with Phyllis, in whom family sentiment was strong. Una would not have cared a straw for anyone merely because she found there was a bond of relationship, but to Phyllis it meant something which she could grasp and understand. She would sometimes allude to "my own papa," whom she could not recollect at all, with an evident desire to know more about him, and silently resented Kathleen's always escaping from the subject. She loved Kathleen, but she was by no means always pleased by her decided rule and the submission she required, and possibly Kathleen expected a little too much perfection from her—her own ready wit made the slower mind of Phyllis rather a puzzle to her. To the younger child Kathleen was beyond criticism; dearest, best, cleverest, she had absolute belief in her wisdom and goodness. Phyllis sometimes ventured on being critical, but in silence; Una would have considered it little short of sacrilege. Now, while Una at once responded to Kathleen's effort to be more than usually gay and amusing, telling them about her girl patient, in whom they took a great interest, and all the little things she had seen and heard while away from them that morning, Phyllis was markedly silent. She had a will of her own, though a quiet one, and it was just now in opposition with that of her step-sister. She had been unusually excited by Lady Dacre's account of the rich great-aunt who had been so fond of her mamma when a little girl, and whom sister never had let them go and see. This was Phyllis's version of what she had heard that morning, and the spirit of discontent thus kindled smouldered under the surface unsuspected. Kathleen noticed her silence, but thought the child was vexed at having been blamed, and regretted having spoken sharply to her. There was nothing to be done now but make the afternoon pass as pleasantly as possible. Although tired, she took the children for a walk, and let them have tea in a little wood, and played with them, and by the time they came home, both seemed to have forgotten all about Lady Dacre. But the question could not be thus easily disposed of, for Kathleen had to think it out, and settle it with her own conscience as soon as she got a quiet time to do so. Lady Dacre had aimed an arrow that went straight to the mark when she accused her of being jealous, and another by suggesting that circumstances might make it desirable for the children to have other friends than Kathleen. What, indeed, would become of them if anything laid her aside, or if death took her from them? James was not the man to come to the rescue. Kathleen began to suspect her own strong aversion to allowing anyone to meddle with the little ones might deserve that "ugly word" which Lady Dacre had politely refrained from naming; yet she was not sure that it was really selfish after all, and still less sure that it would be for their advantage to have to do with this capricious personage. When Una asked, as Kathleen bent over her in her bed—

"Sister, are we to go and see Lady Dacre again?"

Kathleen could but answer—

"I must think about it, dear."

Phyllis said nothing until they were alone, and then remarked from her own little bed—

"Lady Dacre is our cousin, and I think Kathleen ought to let us be with her."

To which Una returned, with a heart-logic very like Kathleen's—

"If sister does not like her to be our cousin, she shan't be! Katie knows best."

Phyllis made no reply, which with her was apt to mean dissent.

Kathleen's thinking brought her to so uncertain a conclusion that she resolved to consult Mrs. Palmer, whom she had found by experience to be a sensible and right-minded woman. She knocked at her sitting-room door, and found her looking fagged and overdone.

"Miss O'Kelly, my dear, is it you? I declare you are the only person I should not be sorry to see; but you are always welcome," she said, kindly.

"I know it is too bad to trouble you when you are so busy."

"Well, I am busy, there is no denying that, with the house full as it is, and my lady—— So she has had your little sisters to spend the morning with her; and I've no doubt they enjoyed themselves, for she can make herself as pleasant as anybody I know, and she is by way of liking children so long as they are pretty and good, and give no trouble, or can be packed off to the nursery when she does not want them."

"She was kind to them, and wants them to go again, and as she is a far-away cousin I suppose I ought to let them; but I wish I knew if it would be good for them. Would you mind telling me what you think?"

"Well, Miss O'Kelly, she is a very clever lady, and a kind one, in her way; but, you see, there is more top than root, and you can't count on it. She gets tired of things and of people, and then she quarrels with them to get rid of them, always thinking it is they who cast her off, not she them. It is a pity, for she is rich and good-natured, and she always means well, I do believe. I hope you won't think hardly of me for talking like this of my old mistress, but I should not like to see you disappointed as some I know have been. It seems hard when one has been made a great deal of and led to expect much, to find yourself dropped all at once, and for no fault of yours either. But she is a generous lady, I do assure you; she would do a great kindness any day, and not think twice about it; it is in little ways that she disappoints people."

"I will remember; but that is not what I meant. I am afraid of the children being made discontented and restless."

"I expect you will have to risk that, and maybe they should know their mamma's relations, though my lady will most likely forget them directly she leaves here."

"I hope she will. Thank you; I don't mind so much now."

"Anyhow, to cross her is just the way to set her on a thing."

It did not occur to Mrs. Palmer to beg Kathleen not to repeat what she had said. No one could ever suppose that Kathleen O'Kelly and mischief-making or tale-bearing could ever be named together.

(*To be continued.*)

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

UNFURNISHED AND FURNISHED LODGINGS, AND LADIES' DWELLINGS.

TAKING unfurnished rooms without attendance is in many respects the same as taking a flat (except, of course, there is no porter); it is necessary to have a written agreement, and all arrangements accurately defined in it; even more care must be taken than for a flat, for landlord and tenant are less independent of one another, and may prove uncomfortable neighbours one to the other in apartments; and moving, after fitting up rooms, is expensive.

Unfurnished lodgings with attendance are often very unsatisfactory, for the majority of landlords (or landladies more often) do not supply sufficient or proper attendance, more especially with regard to allowing servants time to thoroughly sweep or clean tenants' rooms. A friend of mine tells me she and her husband are very comfortable in their rooms now. When she took them she arranged for attendance. She soon found that her landlady thought she was well attended on, as her rooms were dusted and the pieces swept up every day, the door answered by a tidy, respectable-looking servant, and the cooking and table arrangements well seen to. But when she inquired which days her rooms were to be thoroughly cleaned (properly swept and furniture brushed), she received an astonished look, and was told that the rooms were always kept clean; so finding that really the servant's work was so arranged that she could not get more attention, and as she was otherwise comfortable, she compromised the matter by engaging a woman to come one day a week and turn her rooms out to her satisfaction; for this she pays half-a-crown, but does not provide any food; it takes the woman from four to five hours each week, so she generally earns over sixpence an hour, and is well pleased. And it is really a great comfort to my friend; it would have cost her a good deal to move, so her concession was wise, especially as it is rare to find people who take the same interest in other people's furniture being nicely kept as if their own. Nor is a landlady always to blame for inattention in this respect; it is not so easy for her to look after her servants in other people's rooms; and then there are many tenants who make things as inconvenient as they can; perhaps, when their rooms ought to be done, they are not up, thus throwing the housemaids behind with their work; or they are nearly always late for their meals, which also causes the servants to lose time. These things are not intentional, but so many who live in apartments have not been in housekeeping themselves, and do not understand the routine, for naturally those who let apartments do not keep more servants than are actually needed; and so if things are not done with tolerable regularity there is not time to do all well, and the result is very little comfort. Then, again, perhaps the rent a tenant pays only justifies him or her in expecting as much attention as would be given by one general servant in a house of his or her own; but as much attention is sometimes exacted as would monopolise two servants.

One can hardly say what is customary in unfurnished apartments, for everything is a matter of special agreement.

A lodger's furniture cannot be distrained on by the superior landlord (that is to say, the landlord of the householder) for rent not paid by householder. In the event of the latter not paying his rent, and the landlord taking possession of his furniture, the lodger makes a declaration of what is his, and if he owes any rent, he may pay it, or sufficient of it to discharge the claim, to the superior landlord, or his agent, instead of to his own landlord.

Furnished Lodgings.—Letting lodgings is not a breach of a covenant not to underlet.

An agreement to pay rent monthly or weekly gives a presumption of a monthly or weekly tenancy, and notice to quit must be given as from date of commencement of tenancy; for instance, a tenant entering on the sixth of any month on a monthly tenancy, must give notice on or before the sixth of another month of his intention to leave the month following; in the same way a weekly tenant entering on a Monday must give a week's notice from a Monday, or, if leaving before, pay rent up to that day. Of course, when rooms are rented for a stipulated time only, as a week, five weeks, or any other time agreed, no notice to quit is needed, nor can rent be raised during that time. If the rent is to be raised during weekly or monthly tenancy, the same length of notice of change must be given as of notice to quit.

Furnished lodgings, like furnished houses, are presumably fit for occupation; so if found not to be so, immediately on the proof a tenant can leave without notice. Dirt, bad drainage, or vermin, are any of them good reasons for leaving rooms without notice.

If landlord and tenant are mutually forbearing and accommodating, life in furnished rooms is easy; it is generally less expensive than housekeeping, especially for one or two persons. Where the family does not consist of more than two, they are usually out more than if the number is larger; and then, when out, there is no expense beyond rent; but in housekeeping there is the cost of the daily meals, fires, gas, cleaning materials, etc., whether one is in or out, less only the difference of one's individual consumption. I do not mention servants' wages, because, practically, one pays these in the rent of one's rooms. I have found that customs in furnished apartments vary very much in different towns; it is best to have a proper understanding before entering on a tenancy. As to the "extras," kitchen firing is at most places charged at so much a week (more for a late than for an early dinner); sitting-room fires are sometimes charged so much a week, sometimes the coals consumed are charged so much a scuttle; bedroom fires in the same way; but some landladies charge, say, threepence or fourpence for a fire in a bedroom (for the evening only). When coals are charged for by the scuttle, wood generally is an item in the weekly bill. In some towns it is the custom to provide all fires for sitting-rooms and kitchen firing without any extra charge.

Gas is charged so much a burner; the tenants on each floor generally pay for the gas burners on their landings.

Lamps are charged so much each, the landlady providing the oil and trimming the lamps.

In many lodgings boot-cleaning is an extra, but as little things of this kind are generally vexatious, they are better included in the rent; it is much better to pay a few shillings a week extra for rent and attendance, than to have a number of small items in a weekly bill.

The washing of house linen used is paid for by tenant, unless agreed to the contrary; it is, on the whole, fairer and more comfortable to have this as a separate item, for otherwise one may not have things changed as often as one would wish, and also some people soil more table-linen than others, for there are careless carvers.

I have learnt from experience to inquire what washing I shall be expected to pay for; for I once took rooms for a week, and on leaving was charged for the washing of counterpanes, toilet-covers, etc. Of course, had any of the above been soiled by either of us (we were three adults) we should not have objected to pay for the cleaning, but this not being the case, I resisted what I considered an imposition.

In some first-class and expensive lodgings no ordinary extras are charged, but attendance is an item in the weekly bill, and you are not expected to provide anything for yourself. Some friends of mine took some of this description in London during the past season. They came from the country, and brought a hamper of home produce with them. They were told that of course they could eat their own cream, butter, etc., if they preferred it, but it would make no difference in the prices charged, which were so much per person for each meal partaken of in the house; a regular tariff, of course. The landlord ought to have mentioned this when he let the rooms, and my friends were inclined to be displeased in consequence; but afterwards they were quite contented. It was rather expensive, but everything was really well done; they had no trouble, and could count the cost. They said that probably had they, as strangers in an expensive neighbourhood, ordered for themselves, the cost would have been about the same. The total was a little less than it would have been at an ordinary hotel without a private sitting-room.

Some landladies will, if asked, adopt this plan in part; and, if good housekeepers, they can do it with profit to themselves and advantage to their tenants. I have found it a very good plan, when in apartments, to arrange to pay a stipulated price for certain things; it saves a great many items, and when one's stay in any place is short, one does not want to have a variety of articles in that probably one cannot use, so I agree on prices for such things as fruit tarts and puddings, soup (so much for a pint), milk puddings (so much each). As an instance, I generally pay fourpence for a small milk pudding; probably my landlady would use for it three-quarters of a pint of milk or less, say one penny halfpenny; one egg, a penny; spoonful of rice and a little piece of butter to grease the dish with, a grate of nutmeg over (I have no sugar), say a halfpenny; threepence in all is probably the cost, so the landlady gets a small profit, and it is better for me than ordering the separate ingredients. And so with gravies, and many other things in which the mutual advantage is greater. I have never found anyone object to this way, and it simplifies accounts. Perhaps an extortionate landlady would not like it, but such are the exception, not the rule; as a class, they are very frequently unjustly spoken and written about. Indeed, I wonder what some people would do without landladies and mothers-in-law, the abuse of them seems to be such an

inexhaustible subject of amusement to them; it is marvellous the topic is not considered worn out.

The majority of those who let lodgings are women who do so from necessity, and as a means of earning a livelihood, and it is to their interest, and also very often their pleasure, to make their tenants as comfortable as they can. I think if some lodgers appreciated how hard it was in most cases for a woman to make a living in this way they would be more considerate. It is all very well to say, "Why, Mrs. Jones can do very well; she only pays £80 a year rent, and she lets her drawing-room floor for £2 2s. a week." Yes, but what is the fact? True, the rent is £80, but then the taxes are £20 a year, and Mrs. Jones has the outlay for furniture, probably, to recoup—then the wear and tear on it; and the house has, so to speak, always to be kept going. Most likely there are one or two servants; they and their mistress must be boarded, if the house is full or empty; but, notwithstanding, she might do very well if both sets of rooms were let, but it is the unlet times when her expenses run on and tell so heavily against the year's profits. Thus, her drawing-rooms unlet for ten weeks during the year may make her a quarter's rent short. The very fact of its being cheaper to live in apartments shows that it must require careful management for a lodging-house keeper to make more than a bare living out of an ordinary house. Many work hard, and get less comfort or remuneration than domestic servants. This thought should make one a little considerate, and unwilling, when we are in lodgings, to cause needless trouble. The punctuality of her tenants is a great help to a good-managing landlady, especially in giving their orders in good time, so that she can make her arrangements for the day; then one must remember that lodging-house servants are not usually as capable as those we have in our own houses, so directions must be given with greater care.

A landlady, I believe, generally derives an advantage from her tenants dealing with her tradesmen; I think they perhaps serve her a little cheaper sometimes on account of the extra custom, but the tenants are not by respectable tradesmen charged any more on that account, so I always deal with them, unless there is any reason to the contrary.

For the comfort of the tenant, lodging-house keepers generally make a mistake in not supplying sufficiently good appointments for their tables. The difference in the expense of common and tolerably good table linen is very small, considering the wear of the latter is better. Then crockery that matches, however plain it may be, and that has not been browned and cracked in an oven; glasses that are clear and bright—all these things make a great deal of difference, and are constantly neglected. I have seen a really prettily furnished room, and only been reminded how far it was from being home when the table was laid with a rather coarse, badly-washed (nearly rough dried) cloth, and odd glasses, and knives as pointed as daggers, with the backs as sharp or sharper than the fronts. Much of this negligent appearance would be prevented if glass and china were bought of what are called stock patterns; then when broken articles have to be replaced, which is a thing of constant occurrence, the remainder can always be matched.

I cannot conclude without a few words on the "Ladies' Dwellings" which have of late been built in various places; they are differently arranged to either flats or lodgings, and are suited to ladies with small or only moderate incomes, as servants are not required, a certain amount of attendance being provided. In "Ladies' Dwellings" the management differs considerably. In some in which I have been, each tenant has two or three rooms; the numbered door opens into the sitting-room, and you pass through the sitting-room to reach the bedroom. There are no kitchens for the residents; but each has a small ventilated cupboard for provisions, and a cupboard for coals, in a little room in which there is a sink and a water tap. These little rooms are each for two sets of dwellings, the tenants of which can do any trifling domestic work they wish in them. In these dwellings tenants may do what they like in their own apartments. They can have all their meals served in their rooms, from the kitchen as from a restaurant; the housekeeper undertakes the *commissariat;* there are hot joints served from one to two o'clock. The price for meat and two vegetables is eightpence, and most of the tenants avail themselves of the opportunity; but everyone is free to get their meals how and when they like. The rooms are unfurnished, being intended for permanent tenants; the rent for two rooms is about 9s. or 10s. a week; attendance—which means a housemaid for ten minutes in the morning to do the grate, etc., and the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms once a fortnight—is a small extra charge. There are some other "Ladies' Dwellings" in which residents have bedrooms only. The rent of these rooms is from 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week; they are unfurnished, but, if desired, sufficient furniture, exclusive of linen, may be hired from the proprietors at about eighteenpence a week. Attendance, so far as removal of ashes, cleaning grate, delivery of wood and coals, periodical cleaning of room and window, is included. Bed-making, more frequent sweepings, etc., of room, and boot cleaning are extras. There is a lady manageress. Meals are arranged as at a gentleman's club, but on a more limited scale; they are served at small tables, in a pleasant general dining-room. The tariff is very moderate; they are paid for in cash or coupons at the time of being served. No cooking is allowed in the private rooms. Musical instruments are only allowed in certain rooms, and no pets can be kept. Residents have, besides the use of the dining-room, the free use of a drawing and reading-room. A lady can (depending on her requirements and the room she selects) board and lodge in these dwellings for from eighteen to thirty shillings a week, exclusive of bedroom fire. I am told that both these dwellings are comfortable. They are really meant for ladies, but the comfort of either depends much on individual taste.

AN ELEGANT AND HEALTHFUL KNITTED DRESS FOR A BABY WHEN PUT INTO SHORT CLOTHES.

FOR a winter garment use Berlin or what is called vest wool; for summer wear, Shetland or Andalusian. Shaded pink looks very pretty, but colour is a matter of choice. The dress will be softer and altogether prettier if knitted loosely. The size of needles must depend upon the style of knitting. A tight knitter would require larger needles than a loose knitter.

Having selected wool and needles, cast on 198 stitches for one-half the dress.

Row 1.—Knit three, purl three; knit three, purl three to the end of the row. Rows 2 to 20.—Knit three, purl three to the end of each row, and every row is the same till twenty are completed.

This forms a deep hem at the bottom of the skirt, in ribs of three and three.

To divide this hem from the rest of the dress, knit one row plain and begin again.

Row 1.—Knit three, purl three to the end of the row. Row 2.—Exactly the same. Row 3.—The same.

Row 4.—Reverse it by commencing with *purling* three. Row 5.—The same. Row 6.—The same.

Rows 7, 8, 9.—Exactly like rows 1, 2 and 3.

This makes a pattern of little squares of threes. Work on in this way until in length you have twenty-seven such blocks, or eighty-one rows. The number of rows may be increased if a longer skirt be needed. To separate the skirt from the body knit a row plain.

Now for the waist.

Row 1.—Knit one; knit two together fourteen times; knit three together twenty-five times; knit two together fourteen times.

This will reduce the 198 stitches to fifty-five stitches.

Row 2.—Knit one, bring the wool forward and knit two together; bring the wool forward and knit two together till you come to the end of the row.

Row 3.—Plain knitting. You have now the holes at the waist to run the ribbon through when finished.

The Body.

Row 1.—Knit seventeen plain; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit seventeen.

Row 2.—Knit fourteen plain; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit three; purl three, knit fourteen.

Row 3.—The same as row 1.

Row 4.—The same as row 2.

Continue in this order until forty-eight rows are knitted.

The height of the body is now reached. Slip the fourteen stitches at the beginning and the fourteen stitches at the end of the row on to other needles for the present, and take off the twenty-seven stitches in the centre. (To take off is to complete.)

Continue the fourteen stitches on the right side, garter pattern, as they have already been knitted, for twenty-four rows, and take off. Do the same with the fourteen stitches on the left shoulder. One-half the dress and the entire shoulder are now complete.

Cast on 198 stitches as for the first half, and repeat exactly until you reach the top of the body, when you take off the whole fifty-five stitches.

Join the halves together neatly. Work a little crochet edging round the body, sleeves, and bottom of the skirt. Run a little narrow ribbon round the body and waist; tie up the sleeves with a bow, and tie a soft "Liberty" silk sash round the waist, and you will have one of the prettiest of baby dresses.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

WHATEVER might be Rose's state of mind and temper, Mrs. Burford was in a very good humour with the girl, and began to praise her "judicious" conduct towards Miss Flint.

"If you will only go on as you have begun, I daresay you will become as great a favourite with her as Nelly is. I have always felt that you, darling, might benefit yourself greatly by conciliating Dorothy Flint."

Rose flamed up in a moment.

"If you think, mamma, that I asked Miss Flint's pardon to curry future favour with her, you are mistaken. I did nothing of the kind. I did it because I felt that I had been rude and unladylike towards a guest. It was mean to boast of being young and—well, pretty, over one who had been both in her time, though she is now a cantankerous old maid. Very likely I shall be worse if I live as long. If I had gone to Miss Flint from any other motive than the one which induced me to go, she would have seen through me in a moment, and would have been more likely to bid me 'get away for a little hypocrite,' than to keep me by her side for a moment," said Rose. "You, mamma, have known Miss Flint in a sense nearly all your life, but I do not believe you understand her as well as I do now. I should scorn to flatter Miss Flint, even if I thought I could deceive her by it. I may not be as smooth spoken as Nelly is, but I mean what I say, and the old lady cannot help believing me."

"I am not going to quarrel with you about motives, Rose. You have acted rightly and straightforwardly, and produced a good impression on my old friend. If I am anxious for you to please her, it can only be for your future benefit."

"In what way, mamma? We are not paupers that we need act hypocritically and pretend a lot of affection which we do not feel for Miss Flint. Our position and my father's means are good, and grandpapa Burford is rich too. We are his only grandchildren. Really I cannot understand why we should crouch and defer to Miss Flint, on account of her money; though I believe I shall get to like her for her own sake. She is so delightfully different from everybody else."

Mrs. Burford was too wise in her generation to reply to her daughter's last remark, but she took up the money question.

"Your father and grandfather may be very well off, my dear, but remember they still occupy their own shoes, and I trust they will be long spared to do so. The dear old man is charming, and so liberal, as I know. But why should not Dorothy Flint put my children before those of other people? Who ought to be nearer than a life-long friend."

"A relation, I should think," said Rose, perversely.

"That young man at the station is her nearest, I believe, though he is only a second cousin, and she will never leave him a penny."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. Jack Simpson is a gentleman, and very much respected. Grandfather thinks him perfection, and he is so handsome."

Rose had never cared much for me, even in our childish days, and had always been inclined to domineer over me, as girls do over boys of the same age as themselves. But she was in an aggravating mood, and used my name to tease her mother. The mention of it was like a lighted match to gunpowder, and Mrs. Burford railed against me to her heart's content, without provoking a word of reply from Rose.

When she stopped breathless, the girl quietly said, "I am not going to defend Jack Simpson. I do not care enough about him to pose as his champion. I will leave that to Nelly when she comes back."

"If Ellen dares——" began Mrs. Burford, but again her daughter interrupted.

"You can tell Nelly what you will do when the times comes. Let us talk about Miss Flint. She is a more interesting subject than Jack Simpson."

"I was going to say that while you may have very nice fortunes at some time, you would be none the worse with my friend's property in addition."

"People often are the worse for having riches. I am not sure that I could stand much more temptation in that way," said Rose.

"I wonder whether Dorothy Flint has made a will. I am sure your father knows all about her affairs, and I have asked him to tell me just this one thing, but he will not satisfy me. Of course professional reticence is all very well, and your father would be blameable indeed to trust outsiders with a client's affairs. But a wife is different, especially when the client is that wife's oldest friend."

"I do not see that my father ought to make any exception," said Rose. "A trust is a trust, and should be held sacred. Besides," she added, after a brief pause, "men have paid dearly for letting their wives know too much. Samson, for instance."

"Rose, you are really too provoking," said Mrs. Burford, sharply. "As if there were anything in what I said just now to suggest a comparison between that wicked Philistine woman and myself."

Rose gave no direct reply to this remark, but said, "There is certainly no external resemblance between poor papa and Samson in the matter of hair. I heartily wish there were more." Mr. Burford was getting bald. "But you know one does not speak of these things in the concrete, but in the abstract. I got that nice learned phrase from my father himself. All I want to convey is that if a client trusts a lawyer with private matters, the fact of there being not merely a professional but a friendly connection between them, ought to make the trust, if anything, more sacred and inviolable. I am quite sure it would be wrong in any of us to try and find out from my father how Miss Flint means to leave her money."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you for making your father's duty and mine so plain to us. Things are coming to a pretty pass when a girl like you sets herself up to be a judge of her parents' actions. We old people educate our children, and they get so wise in their own conceits, that they treat us as mere nobodies. I know well enough that you have had greater advantages than I had, but I do not see that these should give you the right to lecture and look down on your mother. If I feel anxious about the disposal of Miss Flint's property, is it on my own account, or my children's? She is a few years older than I am, but she is far stronger, and likely enough to outlive me."

Mrs. Burford put her handkerchief to her eyes in very real distress or annoyance, or both.

"You have misunderstood me, mamma," said Rose. "I have no wish to lecture or give myself airs. Neither did I think of paining you, for you are always very good to me. But it was to my mind a question of right or wrong; a principle that must be applied all round, in my father's case, and that of every upright professional man. I am very proud of my father. People run down lawyers sometimes; but if I hear them, I carry my head just a little bit higher and say to myself, 'I know one against whose goodness no one can say a word with truth.' He is always trying to act the peacemaker, to put the knowledge his profession gives him to a good use, without ever betraying a trust or thinking what course will pay him best. And I say that he must be true and staunch all round, and neither to you or anybody living tell a client's secret."

"As if I wanted your father to do wrong!"

Mrs. Burford was fairly sobbing; but even this fact did not stir Rose from the position she had assumed.

"I am certain you never thought of wrong in the matter, mamma. Please do not be hurt at my words. I am afraid I express myself in a very blunt way; but remember the first lesson my father and you taught us all was to tell the truth, and sometimes perhaps I speak it too harshly."

Did Mrs. Burford's conscience reproach her as Rose said this? She knew that whilst in words she had always urged her children to speak the truth and had condemned deceit, she had been guilty of many an evasion in their presence when self-interest was concerned. About their father's teaching there could be no two opinions, and his own upright life was its best practical illustration.

At any rate she chose to accept Rose's words as an apology, and said, as she wiped away real tears—

"I know you did not mean to pain me, darling; but I am very sensitive where the affection and respect of my children are concerned. You know, too, that I would rather have you too brusque in saying what is true than be guilty of deceit in the least thing."

Here the discussion ended, but a circumstance occurred which gave Mrs. Burford an early opportunity of airing her views on the subject of will making.

Dinner was over, and Mr. Burford, with his slippered feet resting on a fender stool, was looking forward to a quiet evening after a busy day. He was not to have it. A ring came at the hall door, which was followed by a second, before time had elapsed to allow of its being answered.

"Who can be coming at this time?" said Mrs. Burford.

"An impatient caller, whoever it is," said Rose.

"Do clients follow you home?" asked Miss Flint. "If so, I should think this is a call for you. Were you a doctor I should feel sure of it."

"Sometimes they do. It is generally the sick who send for me out of business hours as well as for the doctor," replied Mr. Burford.

He had scarcely finished speaking when a servant entered to say that he was wanted, and the lawyer, without returning to the room again, left the house in company with the messenger.

"Most likely someone is dying and wants a will made all in a hurry," said Mrs. Burford. "This often happens, and what might have been prepared with due thought and care, has to be hurried through or cannot be done at all. I think it is quite wicked of people to put off such an important matter as the making of a will, do not you?"

"That depends upon circumstances," said Miss Flint, to whom the question was addressed.

"What circumstances could excuse carelessness in such a matter?"

"Indifference as to who may possess your property after you have done with it," replied Miss Flint, calmly. "I can quite imagine persons who have no near family ties — men without wives or children; women alone in the world, like myself, for instance—who care very little who may squabble over their belongings. You must love a person in order to wish that he may have them, or you must dislike a person such as your next-of-kin, in order to bestir yourself and make a will to prevent his getting them. If you have no particular likes or dislikes, you may be pardoned if you allow the survivors to fight it out amongst themselves."

"My dear, how can you talk in such a way?" said Mrs. Burford.

"My dear, how can you, a lawyer's wife, forget how much the legal profession owes to the people who make no wills, or such as are liable to be disputed? Why, the solicitors and all the tribe of people learned in the law and deriving their incomes therefrom would lose some of their most exciting and profitable practice if everybody with property made a sound will at the right time."

"I am glad to think that no such selfish considerations were in my mind when I talked about will-making. I thought of the cases which have come under my notice, where dissension, misery, and family troubles might have been averted by prudence and foresight in this respect. I feel so strongly about it, that if I had but a shilling to leave, I would make a will."

Mrs. Burford spoke with energy, and drew herself up with an air of determination as she finished.

"My dear friend," said Miss Flint. "if you had but a shilling, how would you pay a lawyer for making your will? He would want a good many shillings for his trouble."

Rose had been sitting with a book in her hand, but was really listening to her mother and Miss Flint. The last question was too much for her gravity, and she broke into a hearty laugh, in which Miss Flint joined.

Mrs. Burford looked displeased for a moment, but afterwards seemed to think she had better not stand on her dignity, and began to explain.

"You seem determined to take my words literally," she said. "Of course the shilling meant just a little property, and if I had ever so little I should take care that it went to some one I liked."

"A shilling to me means exactly twelve pence, or two sixpences," said Rose.

"The same to me until now. Henceforth I shall know that it may represent property worth bequeathing. If my views on these subjects were as decided as yours, my dear," said Miss Flint, addressing her hostess, "I should know exactly what to do with my little property."

"Little!" exclaimed Mrs. Burford. "My little and yours have very different meanings." At the same time she thought, "I have at any rate found out that Dorothy has not yet made a will."

"Little or much, I have been a perfect human weathercock as to the disposal of it. I have made ever so many wills, or at least your husband has made them for me, and no two have been alike. At this moment, I cannot be sure what the last is about, or whether there is a last Do you know?"

Miss Flint turned sharply round and faced her hostess.

"I do not," was Mrs. Burford's instant reply, and the inquirer felt that it was true.

"I am surprised at your asking such a question. You know my husband would never betray the confidence of a client, and that if you thought him capable of doing it you would never give him the chance," she continued.

Mrs. Burford drew herself up with a look of conscious virtue, and Miss Flint gave a satisfied nod as she remarked—

"And you, my dear, would not tempt him to tell you his professional secrets for the world. You are quite in the right, and I am well satisfied with my legal adviser, as I have good reason to be."

Whatever Rose thought, or whether she mentally compared her mother's previous remarks with those addressed to Miss Flint, cannot be told. She bent over her book and said nothing.

When Mr. Burford returned, he looked very grave and thoughtful.

"Was it to make a will that you were called out so suddenly?" asked his wife.

"Yes; but I was too late. It is very unfortunate for the family," was the reply.

He gave no further information, but Mrs. Burford looked at Miss Flint as if she would say, "You have now had a practical proof of the wisdom of my advice."

What Miss Flint said was—

"How glad I am that no neglect of mine can affect the well-being of sons and daughters! Single life may have its drawbacks, but it has its privileges too. And it escapes so many responsibilities. Think what it must be never to feel bound to ask leave of any human being as to what I shall spend, whither I shall go, or when. Think what it must be to know that if I choose to leave my money to buy parasols for the dwellers in Central Africa, or to found a 'home for starving dogs' in Constantinople, no one will have a right to find fault. What do you think of such a state of independence, Rose? Would you not like it?"

"I am afraid not," replied Rose.

"And why, may I ask? You have always seemed to me to have a very independent nature, and to hold very decided views of your own on many subjects."

"If you mean that I have always liked to have my own way, and that I have got it whenever I could, you are right. But I doubt if I should care always to have it without an effort, and with nobody to object to my views and plans. As to my goings and comings, I should not care a pin for going anywhere, unless someone were sorry to part with me, or to return if there were no one waiting with outstretched arms to give me a welcome back. Independence may be very nice to a certain extent, but loneliness and isolation are too dreadful. I would not have the one at the cost of the other two," replied Rose.

"The fact is, Rose, that you are a perfect illustration of the old proverb, that a woman cannot live without contradiction. You only value what you have had to fight for, and you like to be fussed after. Now, good people, I will go to my own room. Good-night, Mr. Burford. You are very weary. I leave you to the best society of all, that of your wife. Good-night, Rose; and, though last not least, good-night my dear," this to Mrs. Burford. "If I do not dream of wills and will-making it will not be your fault. I am going to take myself to task before I sleep, and, it may be, decide on the terms of one more last will and testament, to be drawn up by your good husband with all convenient speed."

Miss Flint withdrew, but whatever might have been the subject of her private cogitations she did not trouble Mr. Burford with any instructions of the kind alluded to when the morrow came.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

WORK.

BALOISE.—The Royal School of Art Needlework is situated in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W. Applicants must be gentlewomen by birth and education, and must undertake to devote seven hours per diem to the work at the school. The fee is £5. Apply in person. The London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework holds classes at Morley Hall, 316, Regent Street, W., and teaches cutting-out as well as plain needlework. Address the principal. We know of no engraving, except our own, of the picture.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN will have to find some friend to teach her netting. We doubt that she could learn from a written description. A stout knitting-cotton should be used for curtains.

TAJ MAHAL.—We could not say. We believe that "scientific dressmaking" is an accurate system of measurement, more like that of tailors' methods of making than those usually employed by women dressmakers.

CAPE JESSAMINE must look through our volumes for hints on fancy work for bazaars. The 14th March, 1870, was a Monday.

LADY ERNESTINE.—You need not say "committed suicide," you can say "a suicide" first, as you say "parricide," "patricide," or "matricide." All these are single words, and need nothing else to explain them.

THE SECRETARY of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of six pairs of stockings from Bath, sent to him by one of our readers.

HOUSEKEEPING.

PAINTER.—You do not mention what sort of grease-spots they were. Benzine will generally clean spots of all kinds; so will turpentine; while a hot iron and brown paper will answer for drops from wax candles; and French chalk, scraped and gently rubbed in with the finger, will take out butter. But having washed the spot, we think you had better try benzine, of which you can purchase a sixpenny bottle at any chemist's.

NEPTUNE.—The way to arrange a curtain such as you describe is to divide the width into even parts, say thirds, and at each division sew on a line of rings along the length of the curtain, at intervals of about six to eight inches. Fasten the cords to the end of the curtain, and run each cord through the line of rings to the top. You will then be able to draw the curtain up in festoons. Of course the rings and cords are on the inside, not the side next the window.

FERN LEAVES and LILLY DE BERY.—Grasses and leaves may be mounted between two panes of glass for window decoration, and will look very pretty if carefully pressed and fastened on with what is called "photographer's gum," which can be purchased at an artist's colourman's. The way to preserve the colours of ferns, autumn and green leaves, is to press them carefully in blotting paper, which must be changed every second day, as they will lose colour if kept in damp paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SNOWFLAKE.—Bow, of course, when introduced to anyone; shake hands when a special introduction is made by a friend of a mutually intimate friend.

LILY.—The question of weight is one too wide for a very satisfactory answer in a few lines. We should be informed of the age and height of the individual to be able approximately to say it "ought to be" so and so. Besides, it varies in different nationalities, just as in the case of longevity. According to the experiments of the Belgian *savant*, Quetelet, a woman does not attain her maximum weight till her fiftieth year. In this country the weight itself differs in the different classes of society. Eight stone would seem too light for you.

MAY.—You may wear a flower in any place, no matter where you may be. They are our Divine Father's lovely gifts to us, and should be accepted as such, and as tokens of an immeasurable love that is not satisfied with bestowing on His (too often thankless) children the bare necessaries of life, but delights in charming the senses with which He has endowed them in all sweet and gracious ways.

SUNFLOWER.—It is quite possible to get "sunstroke" in England, although less common than in southern climates. The children of poor persons are, however, much more inured to exposure to all the changes of temperature and weather than those of the upper classes; and while young children of all ranks should have the head guarded when exposed to the sun in summer, the danger is, probably, less imminent in one case than the other. All young infants should be guarded; a precaution the necessity for which is too frequently ignored.

POLLY.—It became illegal to have Gretna Green marriages performed after January 1st, 1857. One of the self-constituted "marriers," Murray (of Gretna), admitted that he had united between 700 and 800 couples in the course of one year.

FIDUS ET VERUS.—The cheapest way to stain a floor is to use boiled oil or else paraffin to paint it with. Either of these when well rubbed takes a fine polish, and looks very well. 2. A box of earth is much better.

BETA.—No one who benefits by a will should be a witness. Two witnesses are required always. Far better go to a lawyer.

TROUBLED CIS.—We think you should tell your mother; but before doing so inform the "gentleman" (?) who has been paying you attention that you are about to do so; and that if he really love you he will make himself known to your mother, and ask her permission. You are only seventeen, and it is a very bad indication of character in any man to wish you to deceive your mother, and act contrary to her wishes. If he were an honourable man he would not do so, and you are too young to judge for yourself.

ONE WHO WAITS must try to be more loving in her judgments of others. She sends us a few poor little lines of poetry, which she calls "rubbish," written by a friend of hers, and she asks us to print it, in order that her friend may see its faults, and thus be saved from "wasting her life on rubbish." Now, we do not think that writing poetry in girlhood and youth is always either "waste" of time or too great indulgence in happiness; for it often gives beneficial recreation to the writer, and is a vent for feelings which she would not confide to anyone in ordinary language for fear of ridicule. Nearly every girl and boy writes what they call "poetry" at some period, and it is generally the sign of a tender heart and refined, sympathetic nature. It is well for all parents to be considerate and kind in the ruling of the opening minds and hearts of their children.

A. B.—We have forgotten the name of our correspondent whom we answered on the subject of the number of passengers crossing our bridges daily; but we call him "A. B." to add to our reply, by giving the number of those that pass through the Strand during each day in vehicles alone. The latter have been calculated at 12,000—one quarter of them being omnibuses. Their occupants are given as 63,000. The delays occasioned by the narrowness of the street—especially in one part—waste time to the extent of 3,150 hours (supposing that each occupant lost on an average three minutes in the transit). Placing the value of these wasted hours at a shilling an hour, the sum lost would reach the amount of £157 per day, which would be upwards of £47,000 per annum! This is exclusive of the loss to the unfortunate pedestrians, especially such as have to cross the road amidst all this traffic, or push their way through the never-ceasing stream of fellow passengers on the narrow footway.

PETITE MALADROITE, LADY FANNY.—We do not think you will obtain the weekly edition of the "G.O.P." so far back; but probably the monthly ones, or the bound volume for last year.

MAIDA.—The quotation, "And they laid the Pilgrim in an upper chamber, and the name of the chamber was 'Peace,'" is to be found in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress": and the chamber was in "the Palace Beautiful."

PHILLIS PENELOPE must advertise, or answer an advertisement, for a situation such as she needs. Perhaps her father and mother could help her by making inquiries amongst friends.

ALLITH must inquire at a post office. We think there is no licence needed.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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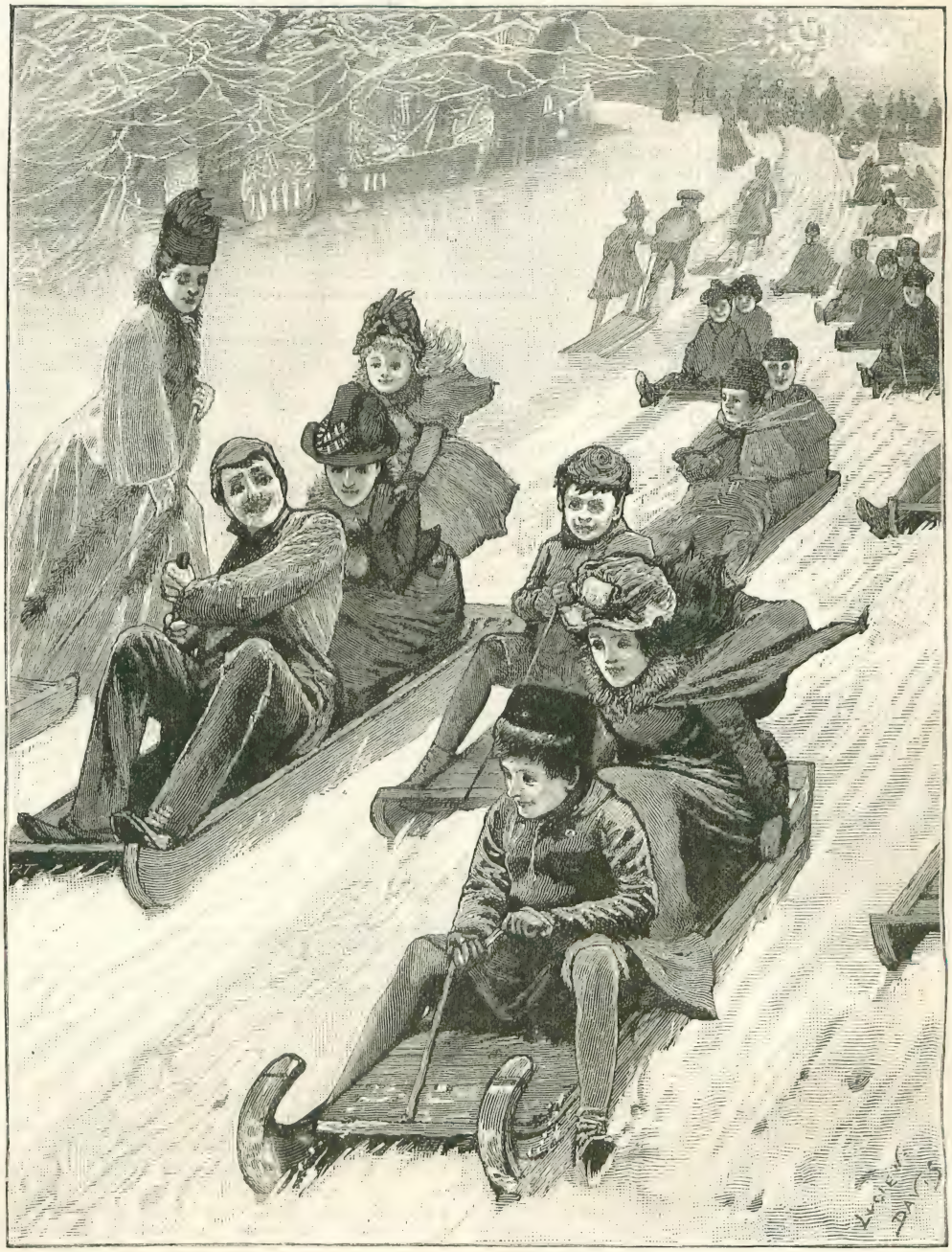
TOBOGGANING.

BY RICHARD PATTERSON, J.P.



To most people in the United Kingdom the above word is connected with a wooden structure which our ingenious American cousins introduced a few years since at all our important exhibitions, and which gave a vast amount of enjoyment to hundreds of thousands of our people. These "toboggan slides" have given way to the more exciting switchback railways, now so popular all over the country. Like rink-skating, these amusements are not likely to become permanent institutions with us, on account of the expense attendant on them; but at the same time they have given the public a taste for rapid travelling by gravitation.

At this season it may not be out of place to give some information about tobogganing on snow, which, if once commenced in any neighbourhood, is sure to become a most popular amusement with young and old, rich and poor. The writer having the honour to be the captain of the "Holywood Tobogganing Club," which is now in its third year of existence, and has upwards of three hundred members enrolled, he proposes to give a short account of the object and working of the club, which, as far as he knows, is the only one of the kind in Ireland, and possibly in the United Kingdom.

Holywood is a small town in the county Down, four miles from Belfast; it is situated on the southern shores of the Lough, at the base of a beautiful range of highly-cultivated and well-wooded hills. Here for some years tobagganing had been indulged in to a limited extent, but as there was no regular ground, nor any organisation, the snow would come and go before the people could avail themselves of it. It was therefore decided to establish a club, and, as the expenses connected with it were very trifling, the subscription was fixed at one shilling per annum, or family tickets five

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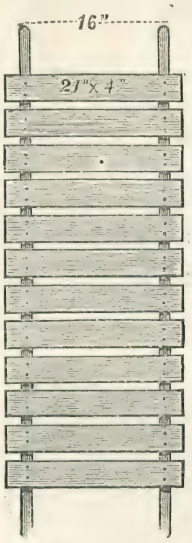
shillings. A portion of a large field was secured and fenced, so that none but members of the club and their friends from a distance should be admitted. The ground was cleared of all stones, and some rough places properly levelled; a number of "duck" lamps, such as are used about ship yards, were provided to mark out the track at night, besides a few of "Wells'" lamps for the top and bottom of the field. The club ground is about 450 yards long by about 100 yards wide, thus allowing ample room for several tracks being used simultaneously, which is quite necessary, as there will sometimes be upwards of one hundred sledges on the ground at the same time. The field is well adapted for the purpose, the upper part of the track for about 350 yards having a good steep gradient, so that a very high speed can be obtained before reaching the remaining 100 yards, which is nearly level. When the track is in good order it requires all the distance of the level ground to put on the break and stop the machines before reaching the bottom fence. Some idea of the speed to be attained can be had from the fact that the entire distance of 450 yards can be traversed in from forty to fifty seconds, including a slow start and slow finish, while this can be reduced to thirty seconds if there has been a slight thaw during the day and frost again in the evening. The maximum speed at the steepest part must be close on forty miles an hour; even with this high speed on there is little risk of accident with ordinary care and good steering.

Some description of the toboggans used by the club may be of service to those who desire to start this amusement in other parts of the country. All sorts and descriptions of machines have been tried, from old tea trays, or flat-bottomed baths, up to the light and graceful Canadian pattern. The last named is found unsuitable for this country, where the snow is seldom more than four or five inches deep, and it soon goes to pieces running over rough ground, although admirably adapted for deep snow. From experience it is found that the best pattern to meet local requirements is the ordinary hard sledge on runners. These runners may be from four to six feet long, five to six inches deep, made out of one and a quarter inch thick timber tapering down to one inch, and shod with strong hoop iron, fastened on with screws in countersunk holes; they must be well rounded off at both ends, so that they will easily pass over any obstacle with which they may come in contact; they should be about sixteen inches apart, and must be perfectly parallel, otherwise the machine will not run true. The deck or seat is formed of flat bars of three-quarter inch thick wood, twenty-one inches long by about four or six inches broad, with spaces of about three-quarters of an inch between; the bars are securely fastened down on the top of the runners by four strong screws in each, and the seat being wider than the runners gives a good edge by which to hold on. Some of the sledges are fitted with low bulwarks to prevent ladies' dresses getting over the edges and under the runners, which is severe on garments.



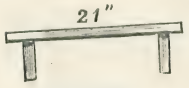
DECK PLAN.

Sledges of the above dimensions will carry from one to four persons, and will be found the most convenient sizes, as anything larger is very difficult to haul up a steep hill. Lever breaks are sometimes attached to each side for

SIDE VIEW.

the purpose of either steering or stopping, but most tobogganers prefer using their heels lightly, or carrying two short pieces of stick in their hands.

The club has a number of field stewards,



SECTION.

who make all arrangements on the ground for the comfort and safety of the members; all the regulations they make from time to time must be strictly conformed to. The one essential point to be observed is, that the moment the sledges reach the bottom of the track they should at once be pulled over to the "up tracks," which are situated at the extreme right and left of the ground, leaving all the down tracks in the centre. If this rule be strictly enforced accidents will be reduced to a minimum; as a matter of fact, very few serious accidents have happened, and if a collision or upset does occur, it is invariably the result of carelessness or want of steering knowledge.

A more animated or gayer scene it is impossible to imagine than that seen on a fine, calm winter's day, with the sun shining brightly on the pure snow, some hundreds of ladies on the ground in their cozy furs or gay-coloured wraps, while the men are suitably attired in their more sombre skating garments; the well-laden sledges, filled with merry young people or more sedate middle-aged or even elderly persons, tearing down the tracks at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, while the air resounds with hearty shouts and shrill whistling as a signal to others to keep the course clear. Then there is the uproarious fun and laughter when some ridiculous upset happens, and no one is hurt, though all may have had a good roll in the snow.

At each side of the ground there is a steady stream of toilers up the hill, dragging their sledges after them, all panting, and their faces aglow with the healthy exercise. To attempt to describe the scene at night, with the ground lighted by numerous lamps or, better still, by a full moon, with all her mellowing influences, would be quite beyond the writer's powers; suffice it to say that the amusement is of such an extremely social character that friendships are formed which are likely to prove much more enduring than the fickle snow.

Before concluding this very imperfect description of the Holywood Tobogganing Club, it may interest some lady readers to know that the most suitable materials for costumes for such severe work are the heavy (coloured) blankets, such as are used in Canada for all winter sports by both ladies and gentlemen. If these blankets cannot be easily procured, the common bright-coloured stable rugs will be found to make admirable skirts and jackets, as they will stand hard work, and do not blow about like ordinary dress materials. As to headgear, ladies' fashionable hats are sure to come to grief; close-fitting caps or small hats will be found most suitable. And if ladies will disregard appearances and wear snow-boots over their ordinary boots or shoes, they will find that these add greatly to their comfort, keeping their feet always dry and warm, and enabling them to walk up hills with much greater ease.

In contributing this short article, the writer's sole object is to endeavour to popularise one of the best amusements he knows for both sexes. It can be indulged in at very little cost in a hilly country, and requires only two essentials — organisation and snow.

"BASHFUL BETTY."

By ANNIE G. HOPKINS, Author of "Those Troublesome Twins," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

It wanted twenty minutes to nine. The rector, his wife, and two daughters were seated at the breakfast table partaking of fried eggs and bacon. The daughters, Ellen and Marie, were in their usual morning attire, and the curl papers were thickly dotted over their heads.

The door opened, and Mr. Max Villiers made his appearance. Ellen and Marie each gave a little scream, and their hands rose simultaneously to their curl papers. The dreadful man! After he had stated so positively the night before that he should not be down to breakfast.

"Dear me, Max!" burst from Mrs. Vaughan's lips, as she beheld her brother's white, haggard face, and noted the bruise on his temple. "What have you been doing to yourself? Tumbled downstairs, or what?"

The rector paused with a nice morsel of streaky bacon on his fork, and contemplated his brother in-law.

"What on earth is it?" he asked in amazement. "Why, Max, have you been acting the somnambulist?"

Max Villiers smiled feebly, and sank into a chair.

"You all look calm enough," he said, slowly. "Perhaps you are used to having robbers!"

"Robbers!"

With one accord all laid down their knives and forks and pushed their plates away. Ellen and Marie even forgot the existence of their curl papers.

"Max! Explain yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Vaughan, turning very white. "What do you mean? Robbers! There have been no robbers here!"

"No robbers here!" echoed the rector. He thought Max was trying to hoax him, so once more drew his plate nearer. But he tasted no more bacon and eggs that morning.

"Well, at all events I was roused from my sleep about midnight," quickly replied Max, astonished beyond measure to discover they were all completely in the dark. "Three men entered my room. One pounced on me and half-stifled me with a chloroformed handkerchief before I could cry out, then gave me this," pointing to the bruise on his temple, "with the butt-end of a pistol."

"You—you—don't—say—so!" and the rector listened with wide-opened mouth and eyes. "But—but—we heard no sound! How can it be possible?"

"Max, are you telling us the truth?" tremulously asked Mrs. Vaughan. "Don't trifle with us."

"The truth! I declare I am," replied Max, solemnly. "Come up into my room and see there! I was a rich man last night. I am considerably poorer now. I have lost a case of diamonds, some coins that were invaluable, and about fifty pounds in cash, besides my portmanteau with a large portion of my wearing apparel in it."

"Diamonds!" said Ellen and Marie, awe-struck.

"Yes, diamonds! Diamonds enough to make the fortune of the robbers if they only get free. But they shan't if I can help it. I——"

Here Dick burst into the room in a tremendous state of excitement. He had discovered a large hole in the pantry shutters, and footmarks in the garden. The reason this hole had not been seen by Marjory, the servant, was because the window was at that end of the pantry where only old casks and old bottles were kept. The "eatable" portion, or the part apportioned for the eatables, was separated from this by a thin partition with a door in it, and Marjory, who shared the family complaint of sleeping heavily, and had overslept herself considerably that morning, had not done any more than was absolutely necessary before breakfast, so had thus omitted to enter and open the window.

"Robbers!" cried Dick, delighted at the prospect of having something exciting to tell. "I say, father, we've had robbers! There are footmarks all about the garden, and a hole in the shutter of the pantry window! Oh, I say!" turning and beholding his uncle; "what's the matter? Have you——"

"Robbers!" replied Max, quietly. "It's all summed up in that word. You won't get your diamond pin now, Dick. They are all gone."

"Gone! Uncle!" and Dick stared.

"Yes; come up all of you and see. My head's splitting!" and he led the way upstairs, the rest following.

The room was small but well furnished. It had been especially turned out and cleaned for the benefit of the visitor. But now the carpet was all in rucks and creases—the chairs stood out of their accustomed places—the iron-bound trunk which Mr. Max had brought with him had been forced open, and clothes and books lay strewn all around it. The portmanteau was missing.

A discussion ensued. What was to be done—what steps taken to discover who were the robbers?

Dick gulped down a cup of coffee and secured a slice of cake. That was all the breakfast he had that morning; for by half-past nine he was flying along the road to Allworthy, with a telegram from his uncle to a celebrated London detective. There was no telegraph office at Burleigh.

The morning passed slowly away. The village policeman was in a high state of ecstasy and excitement. Nothing so "promising"—what he meant by that is doubtful—had occurred since he had been appointed to guard the inhabitants of Burleigh, he told his wife. And very quickly did the news of the robbery and "attempted murder"—so they spoke of it—go the rounds of the village.

In the afternoon the rector was called away to visit a sick parishioner, Dick was out, no one knew where, Ellen and Marie had gone for a drive with a friend, and Mrs. Vaughan retired to her room for her usual "forty winks." Max Villiers, who had placed himself under the care of the village doctor, therefore stretched himself at full length on the sofa, and not being able to sleep on account of the violent headache from which he was suffering, gave himself up to his reflections. It may be imagined these were gloomy.

Presently he heard a trap stop at the gate, and thinking it was only Ellen and Marie returned from their drive, he did not move, until he heard a strange voice talking to Marjory.

The voice was clear and musical. He rose and went to the opened window.

It was Betty. Her ankle was still very painful and her foot much swollen. But she was determined to go to the rectory, so, borrowing a trap from a neighbour, she engaged a boy who sometimes worked for her mother to drive her there. Her foot was encased in an old list shoe, and she could only walk with the aid of a stout stick. As it was, she kept growing red, then white, and the muscles of her face twitched with the pain.

She looked round and caught sight of the occupant of the dining-room.

"Can—can I speak to you, please?" she asked, hesitatingly. And for the first time within her remembrance Betty felt without doubt she deserved the prefix to her name. She was Bashful Betty just then.

How should she summon up courage to tell this diamond merchant everything?

"Where's Dick?" she asked, when she had limped painfully into the room. "Can I see him?"

"He's out. They're all out except me. At least," correcting himself, "Mrs. Vaughan is upstairs taking a siesta. You wished to speak to me, I think you said? If I mistake not you are the young lady I saw yesterday by the roadside with the wildflowers in your hat."

"Yes," and Betty blushed and felt doubly thankful she had yielded to her mother's suggestion and come up to the rectory in her best hat and dress. "It's—it's—about the robbery. I think I can tell you where you'll find something you've lost."

"You can!"

"Yes." And Betty hesitatingly began to explain. Little by little Max drew everything from her, and was soon in full possession of the facts of the case. Could it be possible this mere schoolgirl had done all this? Truth and honesty were written clearly in every feature of Betty's face. Yes; he felt sure she was speaking the whole truth—besides, there was the sprained ankle, and the box she said she had dropped into the stream close to the plank bridge. He would go at once and seek for it.

Marvelling very much, he left Betty to herself and disappeared down the garden. He had been shown the plank bridge the night before. And there sure enough in the stream, where it had fallen amid a tangled mass of weeds, he found the box which Betty had rescued from the robbers.

Betty watched him coming up the garden with it in his hand.

"He's very nice," *she said to herself.* "But he evidently thinks I'm only a schoolgirl."

Max Villiers came into the room, and depositing the box on the table, opened it. Betty could not see the interior, as he held the lid up between them, and moved round, moreover, to the other side of the table.

"I shall never be able to thank you enough for all you have done," he said, gravely. "You have acted with great bravery, and you have saved property of mine which is worth a great deal of money. I am at a loss how to express my gratitude," as Betty blushed and looked discomposed. "I—I—will," he added, shutting the box and coming to her side, "will you accept this as a small proof of my great thankfulness and admiration of your bravery and for all you went through last night?"

Betty raised her eyes and started back. He held in his hand a beautiful diamond ring.

"No, no," she exclaimed, hastily. "Sir, I cannot accept it. I have done nothing worthy of it. I did not know the box contained anything of value. Oh, no, no!" And she limped to the window.

"But yes," he said, gently. "Please let me give it you. I——"

"No!" exclaimed Betty, firmly. "I say no! I do not want to be paid for what I did. I cannot accept the ring. Only one thing I beg of you, in so far as possible do not let anyone know all I have told you. I hate to be talked about. You can keep this if you like," handing him the note she had found around the pigeon's neck.

He took it, and without another word she went slowly out of the room.

"I was mistaken," he said to himself as he heard the trap drive away. "I thought she was a mere schoolgirl. That was a true bit of the woman flashed out when I offered her this ring though! 'Pon my word, a brave girl! If I don't get her to accept this ring some day, I shall be very much surprised. A pity she doesn't wear her hair done up. It's that principally makes her appear such a girl."

* * * *

It was three weeks later. Mr. Max Villiers had been watching Betty from behind the hedge of the garden for some minutes before he opened the gate. She was cutting roses, and singing the while.

"Miss Betty," he began, and Betty turned with a start, "I have something to tell you anent the robbery. Bill Harlow has been caught, and has confessed."

"I never!" exclaimed Betty. "And what about the others?"

"They're off to America, and I'm not going to trouble about tracking them. It isn't worth while, I think. I shan't get my property back again; and, one thing, there weren't any diamonds in the portmanteau. Would you like to hear Bill Harlow's story?"

"Oh, yes," replied Betty eagerly. "Wait, though," and she left him a moment, and reappeared with two chairs, in one of which he seated himself, and she took the other.

"Now don't prolong my curiosity, please," she added. "Tell me everything in as few words as possible."

"I will," he replied, with a smile. "Well, first of all, then, you must know Bill Harlow is more cunning and intelligent than people take him to be. It isn't the first time he has assisted at a robbery; but he knows now it will be the last. The robbery was planned by a man named White, who came over from Brazil on board the same vessel as I did. He learnt from my man-servant that I had diamonds in a box in my iron-bound trunk.

That box was the one you saved for me; and besides the diamonds—which were of great value—it contained, moreover, some rare gold and silver coins, and various kinds of precious stones. This man-servant of mine I dismissed on arriving in England, because I found he had contracted dissolute habits. He was also of a very prying disposition, and, I have reason to believe, knew far more of my affairs than I ever imagined. The man White, it appears, is brother to a man at Allworthy, who has been deemed a gentleman, whereas he is, in fact, a rogue, and has passed many years in prison."

"Then it was from him the carrier-pigeons came?" said Betty, quickly. "He was one of the three men?"

"Yes," was the reply. "He and White concocted the plan for robbing me. He met White at the Docks, and then and there they determined to make me their victim. I was in London ten days before I came here, and it seems I was watched all the time. Then White came to a sister of his, at a place called Aldrington, some ten miles up the line; and Bill Harlow says the carrier pigeons were sent to him there; though of course, as you know, they never reached their destination with the message."

"And what made them employ Bill Harlow?" asked Betty.

"Why, they got him to apply for work in the rectory garden, don't you see, and there he learnt a great deal about the house and the ways of the household. He used to find his way into the kitchen for bread and cheese and drink, and I daresay, when old Marjory was busy, made good use of his opportunities, and studied the pantry window and the back door. They had a violent quarrel about the box you rescued. Each thought the other had purposely hidden it, and meant to appropriate the contents to himself, whereas the agreement was the property was to be divided. They thought the portmanteau contained more than it did."

"So you aren't going to prosecute Bill Harlow?"

"Well, the fact is, while he has been away in hiding he has come to grief. He was run over three days ago in London, and now he's in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is no chance of his recovery. Had there been, I doubt whether he would have confessed so completely all about the robbery. The detective I employed was the first to discover him, but the amount of cross-questioning we had to go through in order to elicit all I have told you, you would never guess. It was a task. Oh, by the bye, have you still the pigeon?"

"No, it drooped, and seemed so disconsolate that I let it out of the cage a few days ago. It flew off, and I have not seen it since. When one comes to think of it, it was strange I should have found the note on the bird. I sometimes wonder if anyone else had found it whether they would have thought it meant a robbery, and that you were to be the victim."

"I doubt it; and, Miss Betty, I am quite sure it was Providence that put it into your head to save my box. To the last day of my life I shall never forget all you went through for me."

* * * *

Three years had passed away. Mr. Max Villiers had come to the conclusion he would return to Brazil. During those three years he had been "dodging"—so Dick phrased it—between London and Burleigh; sometimes in London for weeks together, sometimes at Burleigh for three months straight off. But now he was going back to Brazil.

It was a bright summer evening. He sailed in a week's time, and he was taking a last walk with Betty. Betty was greatly improved. She was tall, and even stately in her movements. She possessed a perfect complexion, and retained still the old winning smile. Her hair was coiled round her head at the back in divers plaits; it never was allowed its full liberty now. Betty objected to looking too girlish.

They had been talking, but a strange silence had fallen upon them. They came to a stile, and both stood leaning against it; Betty with her face averted.

"Betty," said Max, presently, "have you never guessed why I am going back to Brazil? Don't you know why I could not live in England now?"

"No; I suppose you prefer Brazil," replied Betty, quietly.

"I don't," was the quick response. "Betty," he cried, suddenly, "I am only going because I cannot live in England and see you Dick's wife."

"I never shall be Dick's wife."

"But, Betty! You—you—care for him, surely."

"Yes, he is *almost* like a brother—but that is all."

Her voice quivered, and she trembled like a leaf.

"That is all," he answered slowly. "Betty, is it true?" and he caught hold of her hand. "Shall you be sorry if I go away? Do you care for me, Betty? I have learnt to love you, dear, and I am going away because I know you could never care for me."

For some moments Betty could not sufficiently steady her voice to reply. Then raising her eyes to his, she said, fervently—

"Have you never guessed the truth? If you want to make me for ever miserable go back to Brazil, and never let me see you again; but—if you want to make me the happiest woman in the whole wide world—stay."

And within five minutes that very diamond ring, which Betty had once before refused, found its way on to her finger.

"I wonder what your mother will say to me as a prospective son-in-law?" said Max to Betty, as they neared her home.

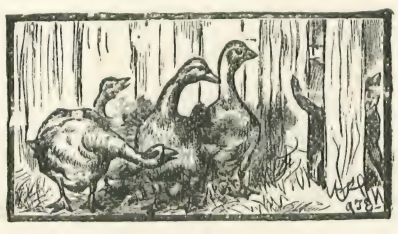
"Why, that it's all for the best."

Betty was right. That was exactly what her mother did say, but nevertheless she cried a good deal when she went to bed that night. Not so Betty. She laid awake and thought only how bright the future had suddenly become, and wondered also what Dick would say.

And what Dick said was simply this—

"Well, I never! Some people are lucky! I say, Betty, you'll be my aunt. What fun!"

[THE END.]



CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT - HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER I.

THE subject of food and feeding meets us at every turn. Eat we must.

Suppose we put our average allowance at three meals a day. Multiplying that by three hundred and sixty-five gives a total of one thousand and ninety-five meals swallowed in the course of a year; and on the basis of these figures it is easy calculating how many times during our lives food has been prepared for us, the table spread, and something sent down the little red lane.

The total number cannot fail to excite surprise and give point to the saying that the leading business of man's bodily life is to make the pot boil.

But we are not going, in these papers, to talk about cookery from the practical point of view. Able writers, with admirable recipes at their fingers' ends, have already done that, and instructed readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in the art of preparing these numerous meals.

Our office is to come after them and show how at table, with wholesome dishes before us, we may do more than merely satisfy hunger. We have to point out how people may contrive to eat with intellect as well as with appetite, and make breakfasts, dinners, and teas contribute food not only to the body, but to the mind.

It is something to be thankful for that eating is itself enjoyable. To eat with brains, however, is to double the pleasure; and if, by means of the curious matter we are about to unfold, an additional relish is imparted even to bread and water, we might almost be warranted in setting up as benefactors of the species.

We are going to show what a halo of in-

terest surrounds the hospitable board and everything upon it—to speak of famous eaters and their exploits; of men who have tried to make gastronomy a refined and intellectual pursuit—enthusiasts whose eye brightened at the mere mention of good living; of cooks, cookery books, and kitchens; and of a thousand-and-one interesting incidents, odd meals, and curious dishes.

And first of all let us give dignity to the subject by mentioning some famous names.

Amongst lovers of good feeding in ancient times was a Roman citizen named Apicius, who lived in the reign of Tiberius. His devotion to gastronomy has made his name a synonym for an accomplished epicure.

He had a large fortune, and spent it industriously in the gratification of his palate, no less than £800,000 of our money being frittered away in providing dainties for the table. But he not only ate, he invented. Several sauces and cakes owed their origin to him, and rival schools of cookery in after times claimed him as their founder.

After going through this large sum Apicius balanced his books. One authority says that he made a mistake in adding up the figures, and came to the erroneous conclusion that he was insolvent. But the fact is he discovered he had not more left than £80,000.

"I shall starve on this," said he; so he adjusted a cord round his neck and hanged himself.

The Roman Emperor, Caligula, was noted for extravagant feasts. The immense sum left in the treasury by the parsimonious Augustus enabled him to introduce at dinner a novel feature which may be recommended to any who, in our degenerate days, wish to get a character for hospitality. The guests were helped to gold instead of to bread and meat, and the gold they used to put in their pockets and carry home.

Claudius, who succeeded Caligula, was not so generous. He preferred to gratify his love of good cheer at other people's expense. On one occasion, when he came self-invited, the host got a surprise, for the Emperor brought no fewer than six hundred persons in his train.

The distinction of reaching the utmost height of gluttony in ancient Rome belongs to the lazy and self-indulgent Vitellius, the ninth of the twelve Cæsars. Feasts were given by him at which two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds were sent to table. His outrageous prodigality laid every corner of the empire under contribution to furnish materials for a dish which contained "livers of mullet, brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes, roe of lampreys," etc. According to Tacitus, he spent in eating or giving to eat, during less than eight months, what would be equal to several millions sterling.

The boy Emperor Heliogabalus is the last Roman epicure we shall mention. He was as extravagant and ridiculous as any of them. "He fed the officers of his palace," we are told, "with the brains of pheasants and thrushes, the eggs of partridges, and the heads of parrots. Amongst the dishes served at his own table were peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricassed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls.

"His meals were frequently composed of twenty-two services. Turning roofs threw flowers with such profusion on the guests that they were nearly smothered. At the sea-side he never ate fish, but when far inland he caused the roe of the rarest to be distributed amongst his suite."

None of our own sovereigns have in good feeding come up to these ancient worthies, but several of them have not done amiss. Henry VIII. was a valiant and discriminating trencherman. It is told of him that he was once so delighted with the flavour of a new pudding that he made the present of a manor to the inventor.

The queen of gourmands was Queen Anne, who, indeed, had few ideas beyond her own epicurean comforts. She gave great encouragement to cookery, and in books of recipes a well-known pudding long flourished under her name.

A distinguished example of comparative indifference to cookery is found in the first Napoleon. He was irregular in his meals, and ate with a rapidity very undignified—not to speak of its being bad for digestion. It was all the worse for him, because he had a constitutional delicacy of stomach.

Had he known how to eat with discretion he might have done better on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the drawn battle of Borodino (preceding the Moscow disaster) and his great defeat at Leipsic. On each of these occasions his intellect was clouded and his energy reduced by an attack of indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, in 1813, he was not himself at all through eating too freely and hurriedly of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

His idea seemed to be that when he was hungry food should be at once forthcoming, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places and at all hours cutlets, roast chicken, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word.

Dinner with him was a peculiar institution. He had all the courses placed before him at once, and ate paying no attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, and sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes—thereby transgressing the wise rule in eating, that the more substantial viands should precede the lighter.

A curious picture of Napoleon at breakfast on one occasion is given by Mr. Hayward. There had been a hitch in connection with something or other, and the Emperor returned from the *Conseil d'Etat* in the worst possible temper. "A *déjeûner à la fourchette*, comprising his favourite dishes, was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had hardly swallowed a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness.

"Receding from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his foot. Dash went the table! Crash went the *déjeûner!* and the Emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid and perturbed strides, indicative of the most frenzied rage."

Dunand, his *maître d'hôtel*, who always contrived to fall in with the humours of his Imperial master, was equal to the emergency. He looked on without moving a muscle, gave a few orders to his staff, and, quick as thought, the wreck was cleared away; an exact duplicate of the *déjeûner* appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced by the customary—"*Sa Majesté est servie.*"

But if Napoleon personally took little pleasure in *la science gastronomique*, he knew its value. He used to say that more fortunate treaties, more happy arrangements and reconciliations were due to the cook of his arch-chancellor Cambacérès than to the crowds of diplomatists who thronged the ante-chambers of the Tuileries. When the results of a diplomatic conference put him in a good humour, he generally closed the sitting with the formula: "Now go and dine with Cambacérès."

The arch-chancellor was certainly a lover of good feeding of the first rank. The subject was ever in his mind. Once when kept in consultation by the Emperor beyond the appointed dinner hour—it is said they were discussing the fate of the Duc d'Enghien—he was observed to show signs of impatience and restlessness. At last he wrote a note, and handed it to a gentleman usher for delivery.

Napoleon, who had a shrewd notion of what it was about, nodded to an *aide-de-camp* to intercept the despatch. On its being given to him, Cambacérès begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on a familiar matter. The Emperor, however, though it was hardly in good taste, took his own way, and found the note to be addressed to the cook—"Take care of the *entremets*—the roast meats are done for."

M. Thiers, the French statesman and historian, had as marked a partiality as Cambacérès for the good things of life; a fact which amongst his countrymen considerably added to his popularity. His great weakness was a dish strictly Provençal and essentially vulgar, called *brandade*, consisting of salt cod and oil skilfully combined.

Unfortunately, doctors at last forbade M. Thiers to partake of cod in any shape, and, much as he craved for it, Madame Thiers was inflexible. No *brandade* could he have.

But he found an ally in M. Mignet, a brother historian, and from time to time this gentleman might be seen arriving at the Hôtel St. Georges with a parcel under his arm. He would bow rapidly to the ladies, and pass into the study of the great man. Then an urgent plea of important work was put forward, intruders were sent away, and the doors were locked.

No sooner were the two friends alone than they undid the parcel, which was simply a tin box wrapped in a newspaper, and containing an unctuous *brandade* made by the best Provençal cook in Paris.

They consumed this forbidden delicacy with lingering delight, and when the box was empty and the doors were unlocked, Thiers would be heard exclaiming—"My dear Mignet, it is the masterpiece of human genius!"

Everyone but Mignet gave him credit for referring to some great literary achievement.

As ill luck would have it, however, Madame Thiers one day caught the two culprits in the act, and reproached M. Mignet so severely that after that he never dared enter the house with a parcel under his arm.

Worthy to be named in such high company is Alexandre Dumas, the famous author of "Monte Christo." He not only gave encouragement to cooks, but studied the art practically; indeed, he prided himself rather more on his cookery than on his authorship.

The breakfasts he gave are memorable in the annals of Bohemia. He welcomed all who came, and the stories told of the cool way in which his friends taxed his hospitality are almost beyond belief.

Once, for example, Grisier, the fencing-master, invited himself to breakfast with the novelist, and sent a small, very small ham, to help to furnish forth the feast. Dumas had an engagement on the day appointed, but forgot to send word of it to Grisier. The latter arrived with five or six friends whom he had bidden, for all the world as if he were going to a restaurant, and was moved to violent anger at finding no cloth laid.

"Give me back my ham!" he shouted to the amazed servant.

A search was made for the ham, and Grisier carried it off, after leaving a message to inform Dumas of his grave displeasure.

But of all Frenchmen who cultivated the science of good living, no one can be named who eclipses Brillat-Savarin, the author of "Physiologie du Goût." This entertaining work, in which he lays down as a fundamental truth that "the man of sense and culture alone understands eating," has enjoyed great popularity, and converted many a sober reader into an enthusiastic gastronomer.

From the many anecdotes in Savarin's book we select one which may, however, be prefaced with the proverb, "He who takes what isn't his'n, is pretty sure to go to prison."

One day Savarin was escorting two ladies

on a journey through the country, and after several hours' travelling they felt hungry enough to eat an ox. Unhappily the inn they stopped at, though looking decent enough, had an empty larder—only a few eggs to be had. Three stage coaches and two post-chaises had preceded them, and, like the Egyptian locusts, had devoured everything.

On looking into the kitchen, however, Savarin noticed a leg of mutton turning on the spit; it was the very thing wanted. But the longing glances of the ladies were in vain, for it belonged to three Englishmen who had brought it, and who were now patiently waiting, chatting over a bottle of champagne.

"Surely," said Savarin, in a tone half annoyance and half entreaty, "you might fry us those eggs in the gravy of this roast; what with that and a cup of coffee with country cream in it, we shall be resigned to our fate."

"Certainly," replied the cook. "The gravy I have a right to dispose of, and in two minutes your dish will be ready."

Whilst he was breaking the eggs, Savarin went to the fireplace, and with his travelling knife made a dozen deep wounds in the forbidden *gigot*, letting every drop of the gravy run out. Then watching the preparation of the eggs lest anything should spoil the plot, he took possession of the dish, and carried it to the room he had engaged.

They of course made a first-rate meal, laughing loudly every time they thought of themselves having the best part of the roast, and their friends the Englishmen chewing the remainder.

Genius and taste are often hereditary, and we find that Savarin had a son who took after him. In connection with this a funny story is told. One day, when on his way to Lyons, Savarin halted at Sens, and sent, as he always did, for the cook to see what he could have for dinner.

"Little enough," said the cook.

"But let us see," exclaimed Savarin, "let us go to the kitchen and talk the matter over."

On entering the kitchen he found four turkeys roasting.

"Why!" cried he, "you told me there was nothing in the house. Let me have one of these turkeys."

"That can't be," said the cook; "they are all bespoken by a gentleman upstairs."

"He must have a large party to dine with him then!"

"No, he dines by himself."

"I should very much like," said Savarin, feeling that here, indeed, was a man after his own heart, "to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys all for his own eating."

The cook was sure the gentleman would be glad to make his acquaintance, and Savarin immediately proceeded to pay his respects to the stranger.

It was his own son.

"Why, you rascal!" said he. "Four turkeys all to yourself!"

"Yes," answered Savarin, junior; "you know that when we have a turkey at home you eat up the whole of *les-sots-les-laissent*"—the tit-bit which we call the *oyster* of the turkey or fowl. "I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not look for the honour of your company."

An Englishman possessed of much of the same sort of enthusiasm as Savarin, and as good-humoured, though with less vivacity, was Dr. William Kitchiner, who died in 1827. He was the author of the "Cook's Oracle," of all old cookery books the most amusing.

He was always an epicure, and fond of experiments in cookery, and very particular in the selection of his viands and in the mode of preparing them for the table. His general habits, however, were regular and even abstemious. Dinner, which was cooked according to his own method, was served punctually at five; supper was set on the table at half-past nine, and at eleven he retired.

Every Thursday evening he gave a *conversazione*, and to regulate the party there was a placard over his drawing-room chimney piece—"Come at seven, go at eleven." It is told that George Colman, the younger, being introduced to Kitchiner on one of these evenings, managed unobserved to insert in the placard after "go" the pronoun "it," which made a material difference in the reading.

At these meetings, when supper-time came, the signal was given, and those who cared to remain descended to the dining-room to enjoy his friendly fare. A cold joint, a lobster salad, and some little *entremets* usually formed the repast in summer; in winter there were some nicely-cooked hot dishes, with wine, liqueurs, and ales from a well-stocked cellar.

Precisely on the stroke of eleven, hats, umbrellas, and overcoats were brought in, the guests were dismissed, and Kitchiner retired to rest.

At his dinner parties, which were mere formal affairs, great punctuality was insisted on. The notes of invitation expressly stated that "the perfection of the several preparations was so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after the arrival at the meridian of concoction would render them no longer worthy of men of taste."

The favourite articles of diet of remarkable men would form a curious subject of investigation. There was Dr. Parr, for example, who confessed his regard for "hot boiled lobster, with a profusion of shrimp sauce."

Pope, who was a lover of dainty fare, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he got up instantly and came down to table.

Dr. Johnson's chief passion seems to have been for a leg of mutton. It began early in life. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." But Dr. Johnson had a ravenous appetite for many things besides mutton, as readers of "Boswell's Life" may remember. A friend once treated him to new honey and clouted cream, and he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed.

He was as savage in his mode of eating as he often was in his talk. When out dining he was known to call for the butter-boat containing the lobster sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum pudding.

Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Fuseli, the artist, who delighted in selecting his subjects from the regions of the supernatural, had a favourite food for assisting him in his work. When he wished to summon nightmare, and bid her sit for her picture, he used to prime himself for the feat by supping on about three pounds of half-dressed pork chops.

Charles XII. of Sweden, a sovereign of simple and temperate habits, gave the first place to bread and fresh butter; Henry III. of France had a fondness for melons; Charlemagne for venison roasted on a spit; Frederick the Great for coffee; Lessing for lentils; Klopstock for truffles and grapes; Schiller for ham; Kant for lentils and bacon; and Torquato Tasso for candied fruits.

According to Savarin—and believers in physiognomy will agree with him—you can tell lovers of good feeding merely by looking at them. They are broad-faced, he says, and have bright eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and rounded chin. The women who care for dainty fare are plump, chubby, pretty rather than beautiful, and with a slight tendency to fulness of figure.

"It is under such an exterior," remarks our author, "that we must look for agreeable guests. They accept all that is offered them, eat without hurry, and taste with discrimination. They never make any haste to get away from houses where they have been well treated, but stay for the evening, because they know all the games and other after-dinner amusements."

Those, on the other hand, to whom nature has denied relish for such enjoyments, are long-faced, long-nosed, and long-eyed; whatever their height, there is something lanky about them. They have dark, lanky hair, and never look in good condition. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, and feel themselves bored at table.

"This theory of mine," says Savarin, "can be verified by each reader from his own personal observation. I shall give an instance from my own experience.

"Sitting one day at a grand banquet, I had opposite me a very pretty neighbour, whose face showed the predisposition I have described. Leaning to the guest beside me, I said quietly, that, from her physiognomy, the young lady on the other side of the table must be fond of good eating.

"'You must be mad!' he answered; 'she is but fifteen at most, which is certainly not the age for such a thing. However, let us watch.'

"At first things were by no means in my favour, and I was somewhat afraid of having compromised myself, for during the first two courses the young lady quite astonished me by her discretion, and I suspected we had stumbled upon an exception, remembering that there are some to every rule.

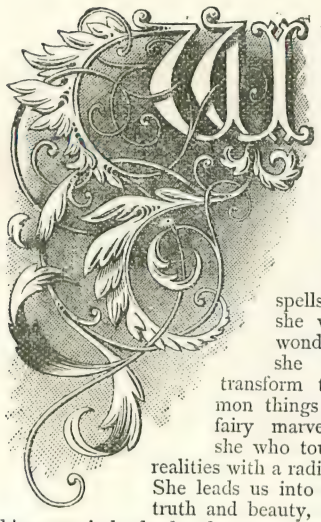
"But at last the dessert came—a dessert both magnificent and abundant—and my hopes were again revived. Nor did I hope in vain; not only did she eat of all that was offered her, but she even got dishes brought to her from the furthest parts of the table. In a word, she tasted everything, and my neighbour at last expressed his astonishment that the little stomach could hold so many things.

"Thus was my diagnosis verified, and once again science triumphed."

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY STUDIES.

THE GREAT ENCHANTRESS.



WIDE is the sway she wields! There is no human mind that is not subject to it. Irresistible are the magic spells by which she works her wonders! It is she who can transform the common things of life to fairy marvels; it is she who touches dull realities with a radiant glory. She leads us into a land of truth and beauty, where all things are, indeed, what they seem, and we dwell among fair visions that reveal to us the very secrets of their being. She can make us in the twinkling of an eye all that we fain would be; she can take up the dead leaves of common human experience, and change them to glittering gold; she can touch the rags of Cinderella, and make them the robes of a royal princess; she bewitches whatever is common or unclean. Our dulness and disbelief she charms to warmth and life; our higher faculties she turns to purest fire of love and faith. She whispers in the ear of the artist, and he knows what to paint; of the author, and he knows how to weave his story; of the poet, and he knows of what he has to sing. Mighty is the power of our great Enchantress, and her name is Imagination!

Sometimes she has been mistaken for an evil witch instead of a good fairy; and, indeed, it is true that we may so abuse her gifts—precious as they are in themselves—that they work us harm instead of good. But that is true of everything; there is nothing good that has not its shadow in the possibility of abuse. The more we know of imagination, the less danger shall we run of putting it to evil uses. "All things work together for good to them that love God;" and the more we understand of the deep secrets of our nature, the more clearly shall we see this may be used for good.

Let us consider the nature of imagination, and see how it works for good in literature. The nature of imagination is two-fold. Firstly, it is the bodying-forth, the making visible of some idea; secondly, it is the power of receiving and grasping such an idea. It is either active or passive, and the former or active aspect of its nature is what we have chiefly to consider here.

It is the faculty by which the writer creates. By modifying and combining different conceptions into new wholes, he makes something where before was nothing, brings reality out of chaos. Imagination has been defined as "the use which reason makes of the material world," and certainly it may be said that imagination in an author consists in using up all known things as an embodiment of the ideas which crowd his mind, and which he wants to make live outside himself.

Take Shakespeare as the grandest instance we all know of this power. He bodies forth with sublimest ease all his spiritual wealth in images of men and women, and makes them so lifelike by the quickening power of his own soul, that we recognise them as creations. He was very intimately in the confidence of our great Enchantress! There is not a spell of hers which he knew not how to handle. In the matter of expression, how skilfully he uses everything in creation as an image to hold his idea! It is excellent practice to take to pieces some of his passages that are full of imagery, and see how exactly each image conveys its meaning.

This is the distinction of a great poet, that he is able to make visible to others the things unseen, or spiritual; the more he can do this, the greater he is.

His only medium is language. Now language, from its simplest to its most elaborate form, is imagery. Words themselves are only signs which stand for natural facts, as right means straight, and wrong means twisted. When we want to express feeling, we speak of the heart; or intellect, we say the head. And not only words, but things themselves are signs and symbols; every natural fact is made an image of a spiritual fact. A lamb is innocence; an angry man is a lion; a rock is steadfastness; knowledge is a lamp; a lily is purity, and so forth. And we take natural facts to image the truths of stored-up experience, in proverbs for instance, and we make them hold the deepest wisdom, as in parables, fables, and all kinds of allegory.

And further than this, and indeed because of these things, we come to know, as we gain a fuller insight, that everything created is an image which stands for some idea, that all matter is a sign of mind; that whatever we know by our senses stands to make us know some truth of the spirit. Here is the value of our poet: he shows us the inner truth of things, and helps us to see through the glass, darkly though it be in time present.

The smaller poets have a slighter grasp of this inner truth. Their imagery is more or less dead, lacking the living spirit; it is second-hand, for they have not the power to create new imagery. As soon as the images do not correspond exactly to the ideas of the poet, the images become false symbols, and the power over nature is lost. There are always many of these secondary writers among a highly-civilised people, who think that they can see and utter truths, but who are really only using up the cast-off garments of the great thinkers and seers, having nothing original in them to clothe in its own natural garment. These, too, have their purpose to serve, but it is distinct from that of poets, who keep hold of nature at first-hand.

The poet takes rank as the greatest of all writers, because he has the highest command over the imagery of Nature—and he uses language in its most imaginative form.

There are, it is true, prose authors who have imagination pure and lofty as the poet's, and for whom the right to that title has even been claimed; but of this vexed question as to what is the true distinction between prose and poetry I shall have something to say later.

Our great Enchantress has a younger sister, who has often been confounded with her. Indeed, many thinkers have maintained that they are not two, but one and the same: and that Fancy is only Imagination masquerading in a light attire. Ruskin goes into the matter most fully, and forms a distinction between the two in "Modern Painters," but elsewhere he retracts almost all he has said.

I believe it is true that no hard and fast line can be drawn between them, and that the words may, in a certain sense, be used synonymously. They are derived, the one from the Latin, the other from the Greek of the same word. Still, the real meaning of a word is not so much to be found in its derivation as in its history; and these words, although having much in common, have been so used that each has its own characteristic. It is a most helpful plan to look at words of which the precise meaning is difficult to grasp, in couples, for in the distinction of one from another lies the essential part of each. So that, although no hard and fast line may be drawn, to compare the two is most useful.

Fancy and imagination, then, are alike in being faculties of creating, by clothing abstract conceptions in images; but they differ in the manner of this operation. The work of imagination is free, but not lawless—it is regulated action, "Beauty ordered by Law." It is under the necessity of keeping close to ideal truth; it has something to represent which we are able to recognise as true, although we never saw it before, because its images are reflections of ideas, and ideas are the common property of mankind. Hence we know that the things which the great poets have said are true and right, indeed they are quite familiar to us, although not for the life of us could we have said them ourselves. This, I think, explains Wordsworth's meaning when he says: "Every author, in so far as he is great, and, at the same time, original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." People cannot at once grasp the ideas, which they must do before they can judge of the images which reflect them.

In all high imagination there is something involuntary and inevitable; it has no choice, as it were, because it must conform to a higher truth, even in departing from truth, as we know it by experience. Fancy, on the other hand, is not concerned with this exact correspondence between image and idea. As imagination is the freedom which consists in perfect fulfilling of the law, fancy is the freedom of being a law unto itself. Fancy is "pure fairyland, where passion and responsibility are not." Passion and responsibility are the two wings on which imagination rests, for passion is the soul's consciousness of something higher, and the effort towards it; and responsibility is the soul's power of choice which makes that effort possible.

Fancy forms her inventions at pleasure. We keep this idea of pleasure in another use of the word—"I have a fancy for it." Keats' poem, "Fancy," is founded on this conception:—

> "Let the wingèd Fancy roam,
> Pleasure never is at home."

Imagination of the noble kind always has a firm foothold upon reality. Fancy uses reality as a footing from which to spring into unreality. The idea of an order of beings, like yet unlike to men, embodying what is spiritual and pure in them, hovering between earth and heaven, furnished with wings to support them in the air which best suits their ethereal nature—this idea is beautifully imaginative. But the notion, which is worked out in one of the old Greek comedies, of discontented citizens putting on wings and joining the birds to found a city in the clouds, by way of bettering their condition, is a piece of pure and absolute fancy.

Imagination draws up the real to her own level, and, in "the light that never was on sea or land," transfigures it; while Fancy leaves it on its own level, but twists and turns it, and transposes it, by dressing it up in her own quaint shapes and colours. Alice, travelling in Wonderland, is one of Fancy's children; while Shakespeare's Ariel, that thing of air and fire, made up of natural truth and spiritual fact, is a child of the great Enchantress.

Take one image drawn from Nature and contrast the ideas which it may clothe. Fancy says of the dew falling from heaven, that it is "the tears of the evening for the loss of the sun." Imagination says:—

"Sky lowered, and . . . some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original."

In Milton's noble lines he uses the same image, that the dew-drops are tears of sorrow; but he makes it Nature's sorrow in sympathy with the deepest cause of grief that can stir the heart—the fall of man into sin.

Here is a beautiful instance of imagination, embodying the highest truth:—

"Youth, beauty, grace, are flowers, and fading seem.
Truth, duty, love, are roots, and evergreen."

It contrasts well with Keats' fanciful lines about flowers:—

"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight
With wings of gentle flush, o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

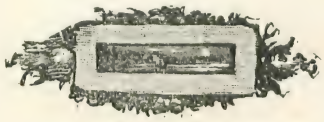
In making these comparisons, it must be borne in mind that fancy is in no wise disparaged by thus distinguishing it from imagination. They differ in kind; each has its own value, and we cannot dispense with either; each enriches literature in its own way.

We have been considering chiefly the power of our Enchantress to bring out in visible shape beautiful conceptions, and rightly so, because beauty is the rule, and ugliness the exception; pleasure the rule, and pain the exception; grace and charm the rule, and repulsiveness the exception. Yet imagination exercises her spells also through what is ugly and repulsive and painful; she produces these also, but always as a means to something better, never as an end in themselves. She takes up "things evil" in order to "distill the soul of goodness out of them." "Nothing is so repulsive or so uninteresting in the world of fact but in some way or other it may be brought under the dominion of art, beauty . . . the final triumph of good over evil seems to have been already anticipated by art."

To shadow forth this final triumph is one of the highest purposes which high imagination serves. Dante's picture of hell, Milton's masterpiece of a fiend, Goethe's wonderful study of evil in *Faust*, Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, Dickens's descriptions of poverty and suffering, all the tragedies that ever were written, may prove that there is nothing awful, terrible, or even repulsive that may not be nobly treated by imagination. Even here, too, she holds the mirror up to ideal truth, and reveals what our unaided reason would never perceive.

As imagination is the highest gift in the writer, being that which makes him in his degree creator, so it is in its passive form the most precious gift in the reader, being that which enables him to receive what literature offers. Everyone who cares to read at all has some measure of it, which may be trained and strengthened and indefinitely expanded. Without it, the language of the true authors is as a foreign tongue to us; with it, we may think the great thoughts of great men after them. Whatever already appeals strongly to our imagination will help us on the way to understand something better and higher. Anything will serve as a starting-point on the road by which patient perseverance in reading will take us to the goal where the great Enchantress of literature sits in her mystic robes, ever waiting ready to wield her magic wand in our behalf.

CAROL.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By W. H. SWIFT.

STRONG as death, and never changing,
By no touch of self defiled,
Is the precious love thou bearest,
O my mother, to thy child.
Tainted by no touch of passion,
Limited by no degree,
'Tis on earth the noblest semblance
Of the love of God to me.

Such a love may not be bounded
By a range of varied years,
Laden oft with heavy crosses,
Blighted hopes, and secret tears;
Born of heaven, a sweet exotic,
It can never know decay,
But will live when mortal nature
Has for ever passed away.

Oh, whene'er we rest together
In that distant land and fair,
Where death never comes to sever,
Leaving me a vacant chair—
I shall learn that life beside thee,
Here amid this mortal strife,
Was a sweet and blessed foretaste
Of that everlasting life.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

A RIDDLE SOLVED.

"MR. JOHN, we want to have a little bit of quiet talk with you, Jabez and me. There is a something that we have been turning over together, and we feel it is only right we should mention it to you."

It was Betsy Harwood who spoke, and she said this very soon after I received such an important addition to my salary.

From the time of my going to live with the Harwoods I had been accustomed to speak to them quite unreservedly about my private concerns. They were so trustworthy and staunch, so deeply interested in my well-being, that I could not have had more sympathetic confidants. They might talk of their own concerns, or gossip about those of the neighbourhood, but of my affairs or doings, never.

When I first told them of my improved position, they were radiant with delight, and proud beyond expression that I should be so trusted and recompensed whilst still so young.

They believed that I was now on the high road to fortune, to the recovery of Lint Hall, to everything that was most desirable, and they rejoiced accordingly.

Soon afterwards, I noticed that my old friends were unusually silent and seemed to be in trouble, and I wondered if their low spirits could be connected with their former lodger.

When Betsy opened her mind, I was greatly relieved to find that she and Jabez were only worrying themselves about me and my worldly position.

"You have been very good to Jabez and me, Mr. John," said she. "As you've prospered we've prospered. When you first came, you gave us the same money a week as that other young railway gentleman did, and we were quite content. Then you went up to four shillings, and lately nothing would serve

"'TIS ON EARTH THE NOBLEST SEMBLANCE
OF THE LOVE OF GOD TO ME."

but we must have six, and you paying extra for washing. You have helped us in more ways beside. Mr. John, you are giving too much for what you get, seeing the place we live in. Why, if you had the whole cottage to yourself, it wouldn't be worth it, and it goes against our consciences to take it."

"Why, Betsy, I could never be half so comfortable anywhere else as I am here. If I went to lodge in a larger house, I should have to pay much more than I can induce you to take. Who would ever care for me as you have done?" I asked.

"I won't give in to anybody in the way of wanting to make you comfortable, Mr. John," said Betsy. "It's not that."

"What is it then?"

"Well, people have been talking as if a gentleman like you ought to lodge somewhere more suitable to your—your—forefathers," said Jabez, after a struggle for a word. "I was going to say family; but there is none to speak of left," he continued. "Remarks have been made that a nice sitting-room, with a bow window facing the road, would be nearer the thing than our parlour with a latticed one, and no better look-out than our bit of garden. It seems to me that a many people are beginning to take a deal of interest in you, Mr. John."

"Then I can truly say 'Thank you for nothing' to all those who are beginning to concern themselves about my surroundings. What would have become of me when I was left fatherless and homeless if you had not taken me in? You were the best of friends to me when I was very poor and could afford to pay so little. How could I enjoy my prosperity if I were not allowed, in some degree, to share it with you? I would gladly do more if you would let me."

The look of proud satisfaction on Betsy's face as she turned towards Jabez was pleasant to see.

"Just hear how Mr. John do talk," she said. "Making out as if we had not all along been paid for our work. We have only done what was our bounden duty to do. But there are plenty saying that a poor place like ours is not becoming to young Mr. Simpson, as was brought up so different, and that for your own sake you ought to move to different 'partments at once."

"I have no doubt those who now take so much interest in my concerns are the very ones who turned their heads in the opposite direction when I was first left to shift for myself. I will have none of them. I am thankful that poverty has taught me the difference between true and fair weather friends, and that I am not likely to mistake the one for the other. If you two tell me that you wish to be rid of me I will go, but I will take a notice to quit only from my landlady herself," and I looked at Betsy.

"We can never want you to leave for our sakes, Mr. John," said Betsy. "Your being here means good and brightness and comfort to us in every way. But however hard it would be to part with you, we could do that, if it would be better for you to leave us."

The kindly creature's voice trembled, but she bravely added, "I mean what I say, Mr. John."

"So do I, Betsy, and therefore we will consider the matter settled until you give me notice to go."

It was not quite settled though, for one whose friendship I could not doubt was a little dissatisfied about my lodgings. This was Mr. Burford.

"The cottage was all very well whilst you were a boy and strict economy a matter of necessity, unless you would have deigned to accept help from an outsider," he said. "But you are certain to be invited out more now you are grown up, and you can hardly receive friends in the house-place at old Harwood's."

"My duties at the station will furnish me a sufficient excuse for declining invitations if I should receive any," I replied. "Thus far, the cottage house-place has sufficed to accommodate the friends who have sought me at home."

"That may be, Jack, but recent events have proved that you are not destitute of friends. If I am not mistaken, some of those who were so ready to speak a good word for you at the board meeting a little while ago will try to show you more direct personal kindness before long."

"I hope I am not ungrateful," said I, "but I would rather be allowed to show my sense of these gentlemen's goodwill towards me by the way in which I fulfil my duties than in any other. I have been let alone so long, that I ask for nothing but to go on in the old way. As to leaving the Harwoods, I simply cannot, and were I ungrateful and foolish enough to do so, I should be the sufferer, and deserve to be."

"There is a good deal of truth in what you say, my boy, and I know how you are cared for at present, still a change might be effected without parting you and the Harwoods," said Mr. Burford. "The cottage is part of the Lint Hall property, which you are to buy back, you know, and it is one of the poorest dwellings on the estate. There is a really nice little house at liberty just now, with a bit of garden front and back, quite as much ground as Jabez has at present. If the old people could be persuaded to move into it, for your sake, both they and you would be infinitely more comfortable. The rent will be very low, only a couple of pounds more than that of the cottage."

"You mean the one where old Mrs. Henderson lived—'Rose Cottage,' she called it," I replied.

"Yes, and well she might, for it is a very bower of roses. The front is covered with them, and though the dwelling is so small, it is quite pretty. There are a good sitting-room, a front and a back kitchen, and three bedrooms, with many little conveniences which the Harwood cottage lacks."

"It would be a very suitable place to remove to, if Betsy and Jabez were not so wedded to the old spot; but it would cost them a great wrench to leave it now."

"It would be the best possible thing for them both, considering what miserable associations are connected with that cottage. Removal would help to deaden the memory of their past sorrows, and if they were once out of it, the old dwelling should be levelled with the ground as rapidly as it could be done," said Mr. Burford.

I was quite in the dark as to his meaning, and I think my face showed this, for he continued—

"I suppose you do not remember the circumstances? But, how could you? They happened either before or just after you were born. Did the old people never speak of their son to you?"

I had most carefully kept my word to Betsy, and never alluded to that one conversation which had stirred her and Jabez so painfully. Now Mr. Burford named the lost son, I could only answer that he had been incidentally mentioned on a single occasion, but never afterwards.

"They said they had lost him, and I could see that though so many years had passed, the wound was as fresh as ever," I replied.

"Did they tell you he was dead?" asked Mr. Burford, with a curious expression on his face.

"No, I suppose I took that for granted. Is he not?"

"I may as well tell you the story, Jack, for I see you are in the dark as to the real state of affairs. The Harwoods had only this one lad, a sharp, clever fellow, of whom they made an idol almost. From the time he could speak and walk, they let him have too much of his own way, and the more they yielded, the more he exacted in after days. Unfortunately, his cleverness was misapplied from the first, and he became the ringleader in every piece of mischief perpetrated by the lads of the neighbourhood. George—that was his name—delighted in being talked about, and though at first he was, I believe, more actuated by a spirit of reckless fun than by anything worse, he unfortunately made acquaintance with another youth who was vicious as well as daring. This lad's name was Michael Perry, or 'Black Mike,' as he was generally called on account of his dark hair and swarthy skin. Most people thought he came of gipsy parentage; but nothing was known of him except that he was a waif from the roadside, the child of a poor woman who had sunk down there, worn out with wandering and pinched with cold, and who was carried to the workhouse to die. She was never able to give any account of herself, so Mike was left to be brought up by the parish, and in time apprenticed to the blacksmith, whose forge is about two hundred yards from the station. You know it, Jack."

I assented, and Mr. Burford continued.

"Mike was sharp enough, and became very clever at his craft, as well as in other ways. He turned scraps of metal to account in a fashion little suspected by those who praised his deftness at his work. The master who admired the neatly-turned horseshoes which his apprentice had asked leave to make after working hours, little dreamed that, besides these, Mike was amusing himself by making skeleton keys of

many sizes, and other implements to be unlawfully used whenever an opportunity should offer.

"For a long time, however, Mike was rather a favourite than otherwise. He had plenty of fun, and during his workhouse sojourn he had come across many queer characters, and picked up strange stories of adventure which he retailed for the amusement of young and old. He never lacked listeners, for in a country town the forge is a favourite lounging-place, and there were always idlers ready to be entertained.

"Probably the men could detect and would laugh in their sleeves at Mike's embellishments; for, of course, the more willing people were to listen, the more the lad drew on his imagination to make his stories exciting and attractive.

"With the boys it was different, and over these Black Mike's tales exercised a most unfortunate influence, turning as they did upon daring robberies and the hairbreadth escapes of those who had committed them.

"Careful mothers began to watch their lads during the dinner hour, and forbade their hurrying over the meal so that they might go and listen to Mike. There was one, however, over whom Mike had obtained a great influence, and this was George Harwood. His parents saw, but too late, that the blacksmith's apprentice was doing their boy a world of harm by filling his head with unwholesome notions. It was too late to undo the mischief, and equally so to enforce obedience when they would fain have stopped the acquaintance, for their son heard their commands, and simply went his own way as before, never dreaming of obeying them.

"You are young, Jack, but you have seen enough to know how easy is the downward course. The boyish pranks, innocent at first, became mischievous and hurtful to others. The daring lad became the hardened youth; the spoiled child grew into the son who defied his parents and would none of their reproofs. Mischief degenerated still further and became criminal. It had seemed fun to startle people out of their beds by some practical joke, and a trifle to ease the laden trees of a portion of their fruit when the owner was sleeping peacefully, and with no thought of nightly marauders in his orchard.

"Soon these exploits were not exciting enough, and the lads went on from bad to worse.

"I should tell you that whilst George Harwood was not so much wicked to begin with, as led away by a daring temperament and fondness for fun, Mike Perry was as selfish and cunning as he was clever.

"So he often managed to throw the blame upon George which should have rested upon himself; and, to the intense grief of his honest parents, people began to shun the lad, and warn their own children against associating with him.

"Still, George, a stalwart youth, tall for his age, and industrious by fits and starts, always found employment when he was willing to take it. He had seasons of remorse too, when he grieved over his ill-doing, made promises of amendment, and gladdened his parents' hearts by remaining quietly at home, and earning his own bread by very real work.

"It was during one of these steady intervals that he met with a terrible accident. He was going from farm to farm with a steam thrashing machine when it happened, and he had nearly lost his life.

"I cannot describe how the mischief was done, but George was caught by the machine in some way, and when he was extricated he was fearfully hurt. It was a wonder he lived through it, and when one thinks of all that followed, we are apt to say it would have been better had he died then. But who can tell? At any rate, he did recover, though after many months of confinement to his bed and much suffering.

"You will imagine, Jack, how Betsy would nurse him, thinking nothing of self, hardly conscious of weariness when endured for the sake of her lad."

I could well picture the dear woman's devotion, and I said so to Mr. Burford.

"Ay, Jack, and she, poor soul, ready to hope for the best, and giving full faith to his expression of regret and promises of amendment, thought that her son was given back to her—that there would be a fresh start, a putting off of the old habits, and a putting on of new and better ones. But she was doomed to disappointment, all the more bitter because she had become so hopeful.

"If only Michael Perry had been out of the way, I think the Harwoods would not have lost their son; but whilst he was so very ill, and the chances of his recovery seemed so small, it was hard to refuse any request that George made. He wished to see Mike, and the parents, thinking that his coming would matter little under the circumstances, yielded to him as usual.

"I daresay they were also touched by Mike's own conduct, for he seemed so distressed at the terrible condition of his late companion, so full of gratitude that the accident had not resulted from any of their pranks together, that the parents were led to regard his doings as leniently as they did those of their son. He deceived them, as he had done others, and not merely by regretful allusions to his past follies, but by expressing good resolutions for the future. He looked quite solemnly at his friend, and said to Betsy, 'If ever anybody could get a lesson, the sight of poor George might give him one. To see him, that was the strongest amongst us, lying there as helpless as a baby, struck down all in a moment, makes one think of what has to come to us all. I've got a warnin', I can tell you,' and so on.

"But I must cut my story short. George did recover, and went back to his old ways, and worse. The end of these was that he and Mike were associated in a crime of a very serious character—burglary with violence, which had nearly cost the life of a gentleman whose house they broke into. It was certainly shortened by the shock, and they both got twenty years' penal servitude.

"George Harwood always declared that he had nothing to do with the attack on the gentleman, and I believed him, and did my best for him at the trial, for his parents' sakes, and because I was able to discern a vast difference between his character and that of his associate. Things, however, looked equally black against both, and the punishment was the same in each case."

"The term must be out by now," I said. "Is George Harwood living?"

"He and Mike were liberated on ticket-of-leave some years ago, but what became of them I cannot tell. George Harwood would certainly be recognised if he were seen hereabouts, but for the old folks' sake I trust that if living he will never disturb them by his presence. I know he has not written for a long time past."

"How would he be so easily recognised?" I asked.

"By a frightful scar crossing the cheek and drawing up the lip on one side, so as to expose the teeth. Nothing could hide or obliterate this mark, which was a result of the accident I told you of," replied Mr. Burford, and his words revealed far more than he had any idea of.

(*To be continued.*)

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

Fig. 1.—Child's Jacket in Crochet.

Fine fleecy or single Berlin wool and medium-sized needle are used for this comfortable and pretty jacket. The colour of the model is soft pink, and the narrow ribbon in the same shade.

It is, of course, equally pretty in white, or any good washing-coloured wool.

The form of the jacket suits for being fastened either in front or at the back, which, with very young children, is of no small advantage. The work is commenced at the bottom edge.

Make a chain of 394 stitches, and turning with the last 3, work a row of 1 long; one chain in every other stitch.

The pattern is now begun.

4 chain; 1 treble in the next space; 1 treble in the next long; 3 treble in the following space; 1 treble in the next long; 1 treble in the next space *; 1 chain; 1 picot (4 chain; 1 single in the first); 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain in the next space but two; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 1 long in the 4th long; 5 long in the following space; 1 long in the next long; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain in the next space but two; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 1 treble in the 3rd space; 1 treble in the next long; 3 treble in the following space; 1 treble in the next long; 1 treble in the next space; repeat from * eleven times. Break off the wool.

Fig. 1.

By referring to the detail it will be seen that the 7 treble form an unbroken stripe, whilst the 5 long are always worked in the 4 chain between the 2 double long; thus they alternate, 2 in one row and 1 in the next. Twenty-one of these rows are worked up to the armhole, after which the back part and both fronts are worked separately—12 rows in each.

Each front piece consists of two full patterns, which includes three stripes of treble stitches; and beyond this, on the armhole side, 2 double long joined by 4 chain are needed. There are four patterns across the back; 2 double long stitches joined by 4 chain being added beyond the 5th stripe. These extra stitches are to give the necessary room round the armhole. When the 12 rows at back and front are completed, a small shoulder strap of 7 rows is worked, commencing from the armhole in front; 7 long in the 4 chain uniting the double long; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 7 treble; to continue the treble stripe on the body; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 7 long in the next 4 chain; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain. Continue with the pattern as usual until 7 rows are worked, joining the last row to the corresponding stitches to the back. The other shoulder strap must be begun on the back of the jacket.

A row is now worked round the neck. In the first treble stitch of the front work 1 treble, 2 chain; 3 long in the centre of the same 7 treble; 7 treble; 5 chain; 3 double crochet in the next 4 chain; 5 chain; 3 treble in the centre stitches of the next 7 long; 5 chain; 3 double crochet in the next 4 chain; 5 chain; 3 long in the centre stitches of the next 7 treble; 5 chain; 3 double crochet in the following 4 chain; 3 chain; 1 treble in the 2nd stitch of the 7 long, of which the centre is already joined to the shoulder strap, and 1 long in the last treble of the shoulder strap, this treble and the long being joined together; 3 chain; 1 single in the 1st of the next 7 long of the shoulder strap. Work 8 chain; 1 single twice in the 1st of the next 7 long; 3 chain; 1 long joined to the last double long of the first row of the shoulder strap; 1 treble in the 2nd stitch of the 7 long of the back part where the last double long of the 1st row of the shoulder strap is worked, working these two together; 3 chain; 3 double crochet in the next 4 chain of the back. The row is continued now as before until arriving at the other shoulder strap, which is worked to correspond with the former.

Now work the insertion round the neck.

1st Row.—1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch.

2nd Row.—* 1 double long; 3 chain in 2nd space; 2 double long taken in the next space but one; 3 chain; repeat from *.

3rd Row.—Same as 1st row.

Work a row of single stitches up the front. Be very careful to keep the work quite flat and in shape; on this row must be worked 1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch.

Seven rows are now worked all round, beginning on the left side of the jacket.

1st Row.—1 double long in the 1st stitch; 4 chain; 1 single in the 3rd stitch *; 9 chain; 1 single in the 6th stitch; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—1 single in the 1st double long; 2 single in the next space *; 5 chain; 1 single in the centre of the following 9 chain; repeat from *.

3rd Row.—1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch.

4th Row is worked from left to right. Make a ring of 8 chain stitches to begin the 1st wheel; 7 chain; 5 of which serve for a double long; then 1 double long; 2 chain 15 times in the ring; 2 chain and 1 single stitch in 5th of the 1st 7 chain; 1 chain; 2 single stitches in the 1st 2 chain of the wheel; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 1 chain; 2 single in the following 2 chain; 2 chain joined to the last long but three of the 3rd row; 1 chain; 1 stitch slipped through the 1st of the 2 chain just worked; 2 single in the next 2 chain of the wheel; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 2 chain joined to the following 3rd long of the 3rd row; 1 chain; 1 stitch slipped through the 1st of the last 2 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain of the wheel; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain *; 1 picot; 16 chain turning back and leaving the last 7; slip 5 stitches down the following 5; these serve for a double long, commencing the 2nd wheel; 2 chain; 1 double long 15 times in the ring formed by the 7 chain; finish by slipping 2 stitches down the 2nd and 1st of the 16 chain; then work round the wheel; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain joined to the next 5th long stitch of the 3rd row; 1 chain; 1 stitch slipped through the 1st of the last 2 chain; 2 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain of the wheel; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 2 chain joined to the next 3rd long of the 3rd row; 1 chain; 1 stitch slipped through the 1st of the last 2 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain of the wheel; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; 1 chain; 2 single in the next 2 chain; repeat from *.

In this way the whole of the wheels are worked.

5th Row.—This row is worked in the usual manner, from right to left, and completes the edge of the wheels; 2 single are worked in every 2 chain, with 1 chain between, and in the slipped stitch, before the 1st single stitch, 1 single stitch is worked, then 2 chain, which pass over the picot, and are joined to the last single stitch of the next wheel.

6th Row.—* 1 single stitch in the chain stitch over the 6th of the double long stitches of the wheel; 5 chain; 1 single in the next chain but one of the wheel; 5 chain; 1 stitch with the thread 6 times round the needle in the single stitch before the last chain stitch of the wheel; work off only 3 of the threads; make 1 double long in the single stitch after the 1st chain of the next wheel, and work off the remainder of the stitch left on the needle; 5 chain; 1 double long taken in the upper thread of the last double long; 5 chain; repeat from *.

7th Row.—* In every 5 chain between the long stitches forming a cross, work 1 long stitch; 4 chain joined into the same long stitch to form a picot; repeat this 5 times, making thus 6 picots, and with 1 long in the same space; then 1 chain; 1 single in the next space; 4 long with 3 picots worked as before in the loop of chain stitches over the top of the wheel; 1 chain; repeat from *.

The sleeve is made in 35 rows. The wool is broken off at the end of the first 8 rows, as they gradually increase in length.

1st Row.—This is begun in the 9th row of the back part of the jacket for the right sleeve; 7 chain fastened on the 1st long stitch; 1

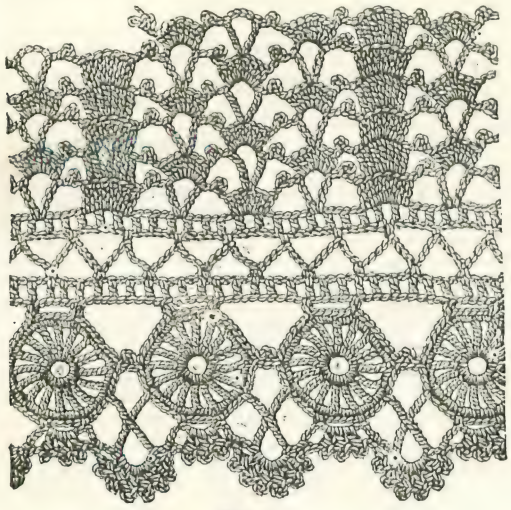


FIG. 1.

double long in the same stitch; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 7 long in the 1st long of the 11th row of the back part; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain in the last long of the 7th row of the shoulder strap; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 3 treble in the last long of the 5th row of the shoulder strap; 1 chain; three treble in the last long of the 3rd row of the shoulder strap; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain in the last long of the 1st row of the shoulder strap; 1 chain; 1 picot, 1 chain; 7 long in the last long of the 11th row of the front part of the jacket; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 1 double long in the last long of the 9th row of the front part; 7 chain; 1 single in the same stitch.

2nd Row.—7 treble in the 1st stitch of the 7th row of the back part, after which the pattern is worked in the ordinary way, excepting in the 6th treble on the shoulder strap, of which the 1st 3 are joined to the 2nd 3 by 1 chain; work 7 treble, and in the last stitch of the 7th row of the front part make also 7 treble.

3rd Row.—7 chain; 1 double long in the 1st long of the 5th row of the back part, then work the usual pattern, and finish with 1 double long in the last stitch of the 5th row of the front part; 7 chain; 1 single in the same stitch.

4th Row.—7 chain; 1 double long in the last stitch of the 3rd row of the back; continue the pattern; then one double long in the 1st stitch of the 3rd row of the front; 7 chain; 1 single in the same stitch.

5th Row.—7 chain; 1 double long in the last stitch of the 1st row of the back part; finish the row with 1 double long in the 1st stitch of the 1st row of the front part; 7 chain; 1 single in the same stitch.

6th Row.—Begin this in the middle stitch of the 7 long stitches in the 21st row of the jacket, next to the armhole; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 7 long in the 1st chain of the 5th row just worked; continue as usual, closing with 1 single stitch.

7th Row.—In the next 4 chain of the 21st row begin with 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 2 double long joined by 4 chain in the centre of the first 7 long; finish the row with a single stitch.

8th Row.—In the same 4 chain in which the last row was commenced; 1 chain; 1 picot; 1 chain; 7 long in the 1st 4 chain of the 7th row. This row is ended as begun.

9th Row.—7 treble in the 7 double long of the 21st row, which will be just under the arm; work the row round, and close it with 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 7 treble in the beginning of the row; another single stitch in the 2nd of the treble, then 4 chain, which will serve as the 1st double long for the next row.

Twenty-seven rows are now worked round in the given pattern, and the sleeve is finished with a row of insertion, matching that round the throat, and the following edging:—

1st Row.—Join the wool to a long stitch. Work 4 chain to imitate a treble; * 5 chain; 1 stitch in the 3rd long, with the thread twisted 4 times round the needle; work off 2; 1 treble in next long but one; crochet this off, and the remaining stitches left on the needle; 5 chain 1 treble in the upper thread of the last treble, where joined to the extra long stitch; 5 chain; 1 long in the next long stitch but one, and 1 long in each of the 4 following stitches; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—* 1 single in the 5 chain in the next 5 chain after the 5 long; 1 chain; 1 long; 3 chain; 1 single on the preceding long which forms a picot. Make 5 more long stitches with picots on the top. In the next 5 chain; 1 chain; 1 single in the middle of next 5 chain; 1 chain; 5 long with 3 picots over the 3 centre stitches worked on the 5 long of last row; 1 chain; repeat from *.

Any threads left loose must be neatly fastened down, and a ribbon run through the insertion on the sleeves and at the neck, with bunches of bows at wrists and throat.

The edging can be carried round the throat if preferred, allowing sufficient stitches to turn the corners freely.

Crochet and Braid Trimming.

This pattern is worked the short way.

Begin on the wrong side of the braid, and commence on the 6th picot of the braid with a single crochet.

1st Row.—5 chain, 1 treble in same picot; miss 2 picots, 1 treble in 3rd picot; 5 chain, 1 single in the same picot; 5 chain, 1 treble in same picot, miss 2 picots, 2 treble in 3rd picot; 9 chain; 1 single in the 5th of the 1st, 5 chain.

2nd Row.—16 single stitches into the loop made by the 9 chain in the last row.

3rd Row.—Turn the work; 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 16 single in preceding row; * 6 chain; along these work 1 single, 2 double, 2 long, then a single stitch in the next but one of the 16; repeat from* until 7 small points are worked, then 4 chain; 1 treble into the next picot of the braid.

4th Row.—Turn the work; 4 chain; 1 single in the last point made; 4 chain; 1 single into the following point, and so on until the last point is joined, then 4 chain; 1 treble into the commencing stitch of this point; 4 chain; 1 single into the next picot of the braid, and a 2nd single into the following picot.

5th Row.—Turn the work; 5 single worked into each space formed by 4 chain in preceding row, then 1 single in the next picot of the braid; 1 chain; 1 single in the following picot.

6th Row.—Turn the work; 1 chain; 1 long into every other stitch; finish with 1 single in the next picot; 1 chain; 1 single in the following picot.

7th Row.—Turn the work; 2 chain, 1 long into each space in the last row; 1 single into the next picot of the braid.

8th Row.—Turn the work. In this row the crochet picot edge is worked. A picot is made by 5 chain, 1 single into 1st chain stitch; 1 picot is joined into every space of the 7th row, by a single stitch, and the row we are now working is finished by 1 single into the same picot of the braid into which 1 stitch is already worked, and 6 more single stitches are worked into the next 6 picots of the braid, with 1 chain between each. This completes the scallop.

In the following pattern the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th crochet picots are joined to the corresponding crochet picots of the preceding scallop.

When a sufficient length is worked, the other edge of the braid is worked lengthwise.

1st Row.—1 long; 1 chain into every picot.

2nd Row.—1 single in the 1st long; * 5 chain; 1 treble in the same long; 1 treble in the 3rd long, missing one; 5 chain; 1 single in the same long; repeat from *.

3rd Row—* 1 single taken in the centre of the 4 treble; 4 chain; repeat from *.

4th Row.—* 1 single in the single stitch of last row; 4 single into the 4 chain; repeat from *.

5th Row.—1 long; 1 chain in every other stitch.

This row completes the trimming.

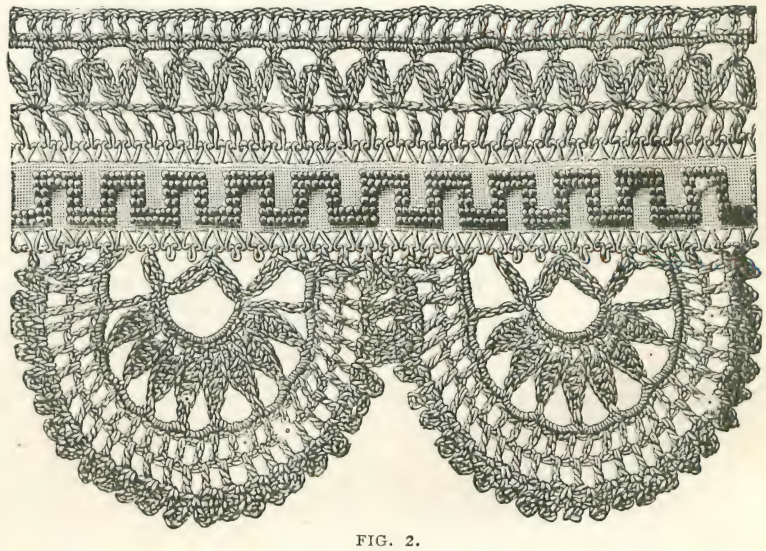


FIG. 2.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT Lady Dacre made no kind of allusion to what had passed when Kathleen saw her in the evening, was not at all a proof that she had given up her caprice, but much the contrary. She made herself very agreeable, persisting in treating Kathleen rather as a visitor than what in this case she sincerely desired to be held, as a professional attendant, and thanked her cordially when the hour was up for the relief she had given her. Kathleen had her doubts as to whether her services were really needed or not, but that was no affair of hers; and against her will she found herself falling into Lady Dacre's tone. Her mind had been starved of late; she knew it now by the enjoyment it gave her to hear a clever and amusing woman talk of people and things beyond St. Petrox. As she was about to go, she paused, and said with an effort, "I have been thinking you are right, perhaps—I don't know—about the children. They ought to have others to look to besides me."

"I thought you would see it; but don't take it in such a tragic way, my dear child," laughed Lady Dacre; and Kathleen, having said what she had made up her mind to say, vanished. She was far from sure that she had done what was best, but at all events she had done what pleased herself least, and that was all the satisfaction she could take.

Her evident reluctance gave a zest to Lady Dacre's little triumph.

"I thought she would give in, Morris," she said, when next she saw Mrs. Palmer.

"There's no doubt Miss O'Kelly would cut her head off, if she thought it would be any help to the children," was Mrs. Palmer's dry answer.

"Thank you for the compliment, Morris! I assure you I mean no harm, as you all seem to suppose, but I want something to amuse me, especially now that people have found out I am here, and bore me by paying calls which I have to return, or be called all manner of names. One would think I was going to swoop down like a vulture and carry off these precious babes, about whom I should not have thought twice, I daresay, if that foolish girl had not opposed me. If I did anything, it would be to plague Pen Leigh into doing her duty by them; the worst of it is she has the reputation of being a philanthropist, and if you want a hard-hearted being, commend me to a philanthropist. They will move heaven and earth to bring about some great object, and starve their next-door neighbour. My sister-in-law, for instance; she devotes herself to refuges and orphanages, but when she goes out of town she leaves her cat to starve, unless the caretaker has pity on it, which perhaps she would, not being a philanthropist. So I never subscribe to anything Miss Dacre takes an interest in, but when she is out of town I make the cat an allowance of so much a week."

"It seems rather punishing the innocent, my lady," said Mrs. Palmer, trying not to laugh. "I have no doubt the refuges and orphanages are excellent things."

"I daresay they are; they are no concern of mine. The cat is. I see her go mewing about, and it gets on my nerves. Yes, Pen must do something for these brats. It is impossible that Kathleen Mavourneen should support them. Sooner or later she must find that out."

"There's no doubt she has a handful, my lady."

"Exactly—I shall call them Kathleen's handful. If she were not burdened by them she might marry," said Lady Dacre, meditatively. "The father is a terrible disadvantage, otherwise, with her face and her name—it is a very good old family—she would have a chance. She is much too young and pretty to go about alone and late, as she does; she ought to be a companion, or something of that kind. The way girls push into publicity nowadays is scandalous. Why can't they stay at home and look up to their fathers and husbands? A woman's duty is to obey, not to lead."

"Well, my lady," said Mrs. Palmer, thinking to herself how much easier her old mistress, like many other folks, found it to preach than to practise, "of course you are right, but you see, nowadays so many girls have to work or starve; it's not exactly that they find it pleasant to leave home and work."

"They like the independence, Morris; that's what it is. No, this girl ought to be a companion; I would not mind having her myself. Don't you think it would be a good plan, Morris, candidly?"

"She would never part with the children, my lady," answered the discreet ex-maid, inwardly pitying anyone who might hold the post suggested.

"I am sick of the children!" said Lady Dacre, in a pet. "Pen Leigh shall look after them, as she ought, and then Miss O'Kelly can come to me."

And thenceforward the idea began to take root, the more that she very well saw Mrs. Palmer did not approve of it, and that it would not be easy to carry out.

"I wonder where that fascinating vagabond of a father is?" she said more than once, a question which of course no one could answer, but which was destined to get a reply before many days were over, in the most unexpected manner. She had shaken off her little attack of illness, and Dr. Netley, who did at length appear, had told her she would do very well if she did not get another wetting, or go out in an east wind. It was probably in consequence of this that the next day, with a strong easterly wind blowing, she went down to the shore, excusing herself to Mrs. Palmer, who ventured to remonstrate, by saying that she knew some people whom she detested were coming to call, so she could not possibly stay at home.

There had been rough weather in the Channel, and several large ships had come into the bay, as well as a fine yacht, which was anchored a little way from the pier. With an east wind the waves came with ever-gathering force upon the beach, leaping up in furious assault upon the sea-wall, and flinging weed and wrack over it on the road upon the other side, amid a rush of snowy spray. At such times the sea-road was not agreeable for promenaders, and even carriages found it difficult to get by. When Lady Dacre went down to the shore, however, the wind was sinking, and a very low tide left an unusual stretch of sand bare. Collectors of shells and seaweeds had hastened down to take advantage of it; a little party of sketchers were gathered in a sheltered corner of the cliff; nurses and children were building sand castles and digging trenches. Presently Lady Dacre espied Phyllis walking up and down with her doll, and Una squatted on the sands, constructing something or other, and singing in a low voice the end of that Irish song which Kathleen had sung in the garden. Evidently the deserted maiden had thought better of it:

"I'm not very ould, and I might take could—
I'll wait till the weather is warmer,"

sang the child, as she grubbed and piled and hollowed in the sand, so intent on her work that Lady Dacre spoke to Phyllis unheard by her, and had twice addressed her before she realised her presence.

"This is the Bower of Bliss, where Acrasia dwelt," she said, when at length the question reached her mind. "And here is the Idle Lake; and there is the Rock of vile Reproach, where nothing comes but yelling mews and cormorants; and there are the Wandering Isles, and if you land there you will never more return home; and here is Phedria, who misdirected Sir Guyon, and that is the Palmer who guided him."

"My dear child, I don't understand a word you are saying."

"Don't you!" said Una, amazed. "It is all in the 'Faerie Queen.'"

"Do you know, I never read the 'Faerie Queen,' little Miss Una."

"Really!" said Una, opening her eyes wide. "I suppose you hadn't a Kathleen?"

"No, I had not a Kathleen. You are luckier children."

"Yes. What a pity!"

"I suppose you would rather be with your Kathleen than go anywhere?"

"I would," answered Una, stoutly; but Phyllis, who had drawn near, added, "I should like to see our great-aunt's beautiful house."

"If Kathleen could come too," said Una.

Lady Dacre looked at them both.

"Well, stranger things have come to pass, but we won't talk about it; Kathleen does not like it."

She laughed, not ill-pleased to see the seed she had sown spring up so readily, and perfectly aware that by her last speech she had given Phyllis, at all events, another push in the direction she wished.

"Can one get round those rocks now? I want to reach the other side. Or will the tide be up before we can get back? I suppose it reaches these headlands long before it washes up on the shore."

"Yes, it does," said Phyllis; "but that does not matter, for there are steps down the cliff about a mile further on, and we often come back that way. There is a house with nobody in it but the caretaker, and the steps lead to that garden."

Thus re-assured, Lady Dacre, with the children for her guides, scrambled over the ledges of rocks black with seaweed, and made her way round the nearest headland into the next bend of the bay, where she sat down, now talking to the little ones, now reading a book which she had brought in her bag. The children were very well contented to play here; and, regarding her as in a sense under their charge, stayed on because she did. Una could always amuse herself; Phyllis wanted nothing beyond her doll, Amoret. By-and-by the tide, which had turned an hour or so earlier, came flowing up to the curving headlands right and left.

"It strikes me, children, we had better be going homeward," said Lady Dacre; "where are these steps you spoke of?"

Phyllis pointed them out, roughly cut in the cliff, and leading up to a garden overhead, with a spiked fence and a little wooden door on the edge of the rocks.

"It will be awkward if it is locked," observed Lady Dacre.

"Oh, it never is," answered Phyllis, confidently, as she went up first to open it. But as she put her hand on it, she looked back with a blank face. "It is," she said. "It never was before."

"My usual luck!" laughed Lady Dacre. "I certainly have a genius for getting into scrapes. What on earth are we to do?"

"If you could help me over, I would run to the house and get the key."

"Sensible child. I only hope one or other of us will not go headlong in the attempt," said Lady Dacre, coming up to the top step, and finding it would be no easy matter to help a child over the gate, with so little standing room, and no rail on either side. Phyllis, however, managed very neatly, and alighted daintily in the garden. She ran off to the house; Una waited half way up.

"How nice to have an adventure!" she said.

"That depends on one's taste. Well!" as Phyllis returned.

"There is no one in the house. The caretaker has gone out."

"Then I presume I must wait here till the tide turns, six hours hence," said Lady Dacre, serenely.

"Could we not run back and send a boat?"

"Upon my word, Phyllis, whenever I find myself in a difficulty, I hope you will be at my elbow," said Lady Dacre, surprised at the child's practical sense. "Here, Una, let me put you over too. Bless me, child, take care!"

For Una, who had not her sister's lightness and quickness, came tumbling over headlong. She picked herself up unhurt, and was following Phyllis, when she turned back to ask—

"Are we to come in the boat to fetch you?"

"Certainly not, you stupid little creature! Make haste! Run home as soon as you can!"

They ran off, and Lady Dacre sat on the steps and looked out to sea, rather amused by her predicament.

"I believe that is the *Swallow*—George Downe's yacht," she said to herself, presently. Sir John Dacre was a yachting man, and she knew something about his friends' vessels. "I suppose the gale drove him in for shelter. I shall ask him to lunch."

She amused herself as best she could, until she saw a boat coming with a couple of men in it. One was a gentleman; she had an odd, perplexed sense that his features were familiar to her. The other was a boatman belonging to St. Petrox. They jumped out and drew the boat up on the shore while she came down the steps.

"Me dear Lady Dacre, 'tis a real pleasure to render you this little service!" she heard a voice with an Irish accent exclaim. "I was just going off to the *Swallow* with me friend, George Downe, when the two little girls came to say that Lady Dacre was caught by the tide. 'What!' I said, 'Lady Dacre, the wife of me dear old comrade John? Is it possible?' and with that I jumped into a boat, and here I am—Terence O'Kelly, as you will have guessed."

Lady Dacre was speechless. For a moment she really believed she had taken leave of her senses. She let herself be helped into the boat, and had not found a word to say when Captain O'Kelly took his place opposite her, continuing with the same happy fluency—

"Upon my word, this is rare good fortune for me. And where is my old friend? What jolly times we had together! He's here, I hope?"

"As far as I know he is in Norway," said Lady Dacre, recovering herself, and beginning to be both amused at the radiant satisfaction of Captain O'Kelly in meeting her, which, to say the least, was very amiable, considering the terms of the only communication they had ever had, and very curious to know whether Kathleen had been aware he was in the town, and suppressed the fact.

"Ah, now, that's a pity. And I'm leaving St. Petrox myself for a time; I've been here these two months, secretary for the new Mineral Spring Company, a most promising concern. I'd advise you to take shares if you've any cash to invest; capital interest; sure to rise; all the shares are being bought up as fast as we can sell them. It is a good thing I'm putting in your way, I assure you, Lady Dacre."

"I wonder you should give up your post in that case."

"And no more I would, but Downe came along, and nothing would content him but I must go off to Constantinople with him. Something else will turn up when I come back, never you fear."

"Are you alone here, Captain O'Kelly?" asked Lady Dacre.

"Indeed and I am. My son—well, I'll say nothing about him, but that I hope his son will not be the same in time of need as James has been to me."

"And your daughter—you have a daughter?"

"My Kathleen. She is—with her brother."

It occurred to Captain O'Kelly that there was something a little awkward in owning that he knew nothing of Kathleen's whereabouts. He went on talking, and Lady Dacre looked at him and speculated.

"Good-looking still, and taking, but gone a good deal down hill," she thought, and wondered what it all meant.

"Did the little girls go home?" she asked suddenly.

"Now that I cannot say; I started at once on hearing of your ladyship's predicament—pretty children they were. Your nieces?"

"My little cousins." She gave him a sharp glance, but he had no more to say about the children. In the years which had elapsed since he left England his baby step-daughters had grown out of his knowledge. The boat was at the landing-stage; he sprang out and offered his hand. Lady Dacre had to take it; she threw the boatman half-a-crown, and hurried up the stairs to the quay, signing to a flyman.

"I am much obliged to you; good afternoon," she said, hurrying into the fly, while, hat in hand, he assured her of the pleasure he had had in being of service to her, and sent messages to Sir John.

"Drive to Loudon Place. I don't care if I do have to walk back two miles," she added to herself. "I won't have that man know where I live. . . . and I shall save a luncheon, for I am not going to invite Downe now, that is positive. That I should be rescued by Terence O'Kelly of all people, the very man whom I most wish to avoid! There is a fatality about my having to do with this family. And what on earth is the meaning of his being here and neither he nor his daughter knowing—as I suppose—that the other is in the place?"

(*To be continued.*)

TOBOGGANING IN CANADA.

JIMIMY DUCK had better *not* wash her head; but instead use a small sponge with some simple wash, and rub at the roots of the hair and on skin only: not wetting the hair nor using much liquid. If the hair be kept well brushed both night and morning it will need but little washing, and certainly it is a bad effect if it cause severe headache.

A CONSUMPTIVE YOUNG MOTHER must try to live in a thoroughly hygienic manner as to food, dress, exercise, and even healthy thoughts. It is not at all needful that she should have consumption because she has a tendency that way. Through God's mercy, we have learnt to know that means can be used to avert such troubles. We fear we could not promise to found anything which would add more work to already burdened shoulders.

DAISY.—When it is 12 o'clock noon at Greenwich, it is 7.18 a.m. at Boston, U.S.A. You will find all the tables for finding the time of sunrise and sunset in "Whitaker's Almanack."

EUGENE will kindly write to our office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and state the price she requires for the first three volumes of the "G.O.P.," as we can find her a purchaser.

A. H. O. writes to say he thinks that "disproportionableness" is the longest word in the English language; also "incomprehensibleness" is a long word.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

OLD PAINTING.—It would be impossible to answer without seeing the picture, and you would require the advice and opinion of an expert in such matters.

SONNEFLECKE.—To get photographs off the card they have been fastened on, lay them in clean water in a basin so as to cover them. After a short time you will be able to detach them without trouble. 2. The "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price one shilling, is published at the office of the "G.O.P.," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A WOULD-BE ARTIST will find several articles on oil painting by John Staples in the "Girl's Own Indoor Book." On "Glass Painting and Staining," in vol. v., page 136, of the "G.O.P." Also in vol. x., page 742, on "Tapestry Painting."

MADELINE.—The card is pretty, but as you are only fourteen, and have had so few lessons, it is too soon to judge of your future powers.

A WELL WISHER.—You should put the name of the artist on any picture you copy, not your own, of course, as you do not wish to pass it off as anything but a copy. 2. The covers for binding can be obtained at our office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. The binder you employ will usually send for them if asked to do so, and will also get the coloured plates and index for the weekly numbers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUDE P.—It is almost useless our recommending a hospital now, as they are so very full of nurses, and have so many on their books desiring to be trained. In any case you are far too young for admission at seventeen years of age.

VOL. XI.—NO. 526.] JANUARY 25, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

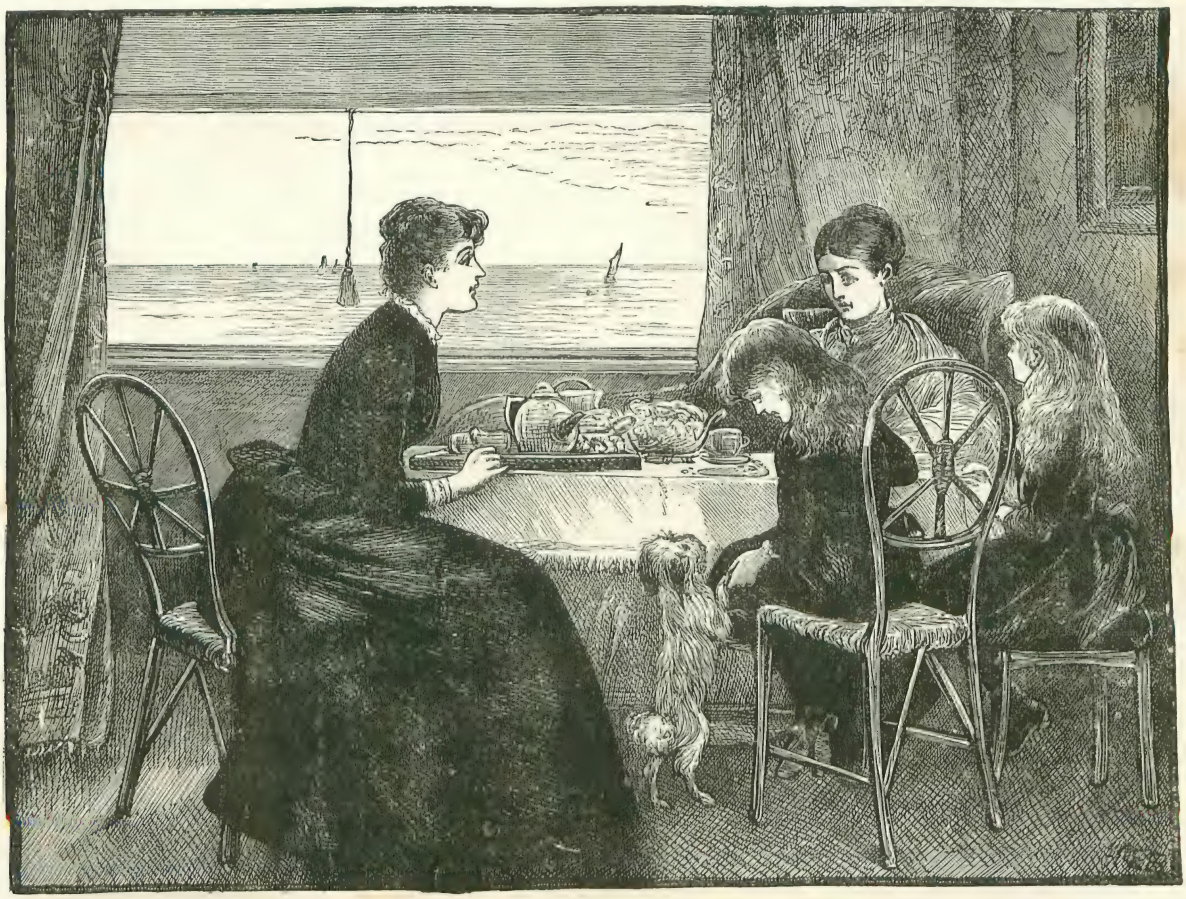
CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Lady Dacre got home, still so much occupied with speculations about her meeting with Captain O'Kelly that she did not yet know how tired she was, Kathleen ran into the hall to meet her, and apologise with sincere distress for the predicament into which the children had unwarily led her.

"I do hope you will not be the worse for it all," she said, taking Lady Dacre's cloak and carrying it upstairs, forgetting all her resolutions to keep on distant and formal terms in her penitence for the discomfort caused by Phyllis and Una. "The children are so sorry; they hope you will let them come by-and-by and say so."

To volunteer this visit was Kathleen's way of apologising, and if Lady Dacre had not been so much taken up with other thoughts, and just discovering that she was exceedingly weary, she would have felt it to be a very pretty one. As it was, she answered brusquely—

"I don't know what there is to be sorry about; if I am such an idiot that



All rights reserved.] "'I WISH I HAD SEEN HIM, THEN,' SIGHED KATHLEEN."

I cannot look after myself, I could hardly blame two babies. They behaved very well. That brown child—Phyllis, isn't she?—has plenty of sense; the other has her head stuffed with fairy tales; you should not let her read so much. Dear me! how tired I am!"

She flung herself down on the sofa, and tossed her bonnet on a chair.

"You have not got another chill?" Kathleen asked, still too anxious about her patient to think of much else. "May I call your maid? Won't you have a cup of tea?"

"My dear child, are you one of the people who think tea the one thing to fly to whether you have a headache or a heartache? Morris will bring me some without your suggesting it, and here is Price—take my mantle and bonnet, Price, and bring me my slippers; I'm tired to death. Yes, it might have been an awkward predicament," added Lady Dacre, in a different tone, as Kathleen prepared to slip away, feeling herself not wanted. "Don't go; I'm tired and cross—cross as two sticks, and I dare-say the tea would be a good idea if you will stay and make it. Call the little ones, and Price shall tell Morris to send up cups for us all. So you are not furious with me for getting your two chicks into a hobble? That's what I expected, I assure you."

Kathleen was so grateful to her for regarding the matter thus, that she was ready to assent to whatever she proposed, and thus it came to pass that not only were Una and Phyllis sitting with her full consent at Lady Dacre's afternoon tea table, but Kathleen herself was dispensing tea and cake exactly as if she were a kind of niece or daughter deputed to do so by an old friend. She did not even think what an odd turn of things it was, so disquieted did she still feel about her invalid, who seemed to her in a feverish and excited state, oddly watchful and restless, and talking rather incoherently. She little guessed what Lady Dacre's mind was running on, and how she was considering by what means to discover whether Kathleen knew of her father's presence in the town. It was never her way to ask a direct question; she had too little belief in other people to trust they would give an honest answer.

The little girls felt the honour of an invitation to afternoon tea rather a fearful one under the circumstances, and were silent and subdued. They had been scolded both by Mrs. Palmer and Price for leading her ladyship into such a scrape, and she just out of a sick bed, as Price added severely, and though Kathleen had not scolded, being secretly of Lady Dacre's own opinion that she was quite old enough to take care of herself, they knew she had been much troubled. "Sitting out in this east wind after what Dr. Netley said!" she had exclaimed, in great dismay. The sincere concern in her eyes touched Lady Dacre when she perceived it all at once; she was wonderfully quick in reading faces, and, unless some pre-conceived fancy led her astray, in divining thoughts, and Kathleen's face was a book where her feelings were usually so plainly written that even so suspicious a person as Lady Dacre could hardly doubt what she saw there.

"I do believe you have been worrying yourself about me," she said, detaining Kathleen's hand, with a smile. "Now, why should you do that for a cross-grained body who has tormented you ever since we made acquaintance? But you are a kind-hearted child; I think I could trust you—I think so—I believe you are true, though hardly anyone is. Yes, I believe you are trustworthy, even if things look. . . . Ah well, I have been deceived very often."

"Not by me, surely?" laughed Kathleen.

"No, I don't think so. I don't think so. Never mind."

Phyllis and Una exchanged wondering looks. Lady Dacre was certainly very odd. They listened expectant of what she might say next, but when she spoke, it was in a careless tone.

"I suppose these children told you how they got me out of my dilemma by sending a knight-errant to my help?"

"Yes," answered Kathleen, with a faint change of countenance, which instantly struck Lady Dacre, and made her give a swift, suspicious glance.

"And then we went home, because you told us to go, or else we should have stayed to see the gentleman bring you back," said Una.

"Oddly enough, I found his name was the same as yours," said Lady Dacre, leaning back on the sofa and giving her little dog bits of cake. "O'Kelly, doggie; a good old Irish name, like this pretty lady's. Was not that curious, little doggie?"

"O'Kelly!" cried Kathleen, with a start. "I wonder—— It must have been one of our cousins. Phyllis said he was like my father; but she hardly saw him, and I think she recollects papa so vaguely that I thought it was fancy. You said he had an Irish accent too, Phyllis?"

"He had, and he was very like papa," said Phyllis, positively. "When I saw him it made me recollect what papa's face was."

"I wish I had seen him, then," sighed Kathleen.

"You have cousins, then?" said Lady Dacre, observing her closely.

"Many."

"Then—excuse me, my dear—surely you would be better among your own people than, at your age leading this kind of independent life?"

"I do not think so," Kathleen replied, curtly.

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I assure you I had no intention of being inquisitive."

Of course the apology made Kathleen feel as if she had been discourteous.

"I know that, Lady Dacre," she answered, impelled into revealing just what her astute ladyship wanted to learn. "It's only that when hearts are strange, what matter if bodies are far? Our cousins were on ill terms with my father; there had been a lawsuit, which he won. It cost more than all we got by it, and made great dispeace, and those who lost said very hard things of my father." Her eyes flashed. Fortunately she did not know that Lady Dacre was saying to herself—

"Every one of them richly deserved, I have no doubt," adding aloud, "It is a long while since you had any news of Captain O'Kelly?"

"Yes, a long while," Kathleen answered, with indescribable wistfulness in her voice.

"Papa went away to get money for us all," said Una. "I wish he had stayed at home and played with us as he used to do. We did love him so. I wish people would not go away." Her eyes filled with tears; it was easy to see that she was thinking of her mother. Kathleen stooped to kiss her, and held the little hand in hers, and Una looked up in her face with her large, wistful eyes, and whispered, "You won't go away, sister?"

"Never, while you want me, dear."

"We shall always want you," said Una, and returned contentedly to her tea.

"Price said Kathleen would be married some day, and then she would have to go," observed Phyllis.

"Did Price say to whom?" asked Lady Dacre, her love of teasing coming uppermost, as it was always sure to do.

"That is nonsense," Kathleen broke in sharply, much annoyed at finding she had been made the subject of any such discussion.

"But, my dear child, you might marry; such things do happen!"

"Oh yes, they happen," laughed Kathleen, with recovered good temper. "'Here stand I to be married to-morrow, wid the man to find and the money to borrow,' which is a great pity intoirely! But you see, I am the husband in our establishment, and I have two wives already," putting an arm round each child as she spoke.

Lady Dacre shook her head. "A heavy handful, my dear, and one to grow heavier."

"Not a bit, Lady Dacre! you should rather say that a threefold cord is not easily broken—is it, children dear?"

"No," both replied, heartily; but Phyllis added, "I heard Mrs. Palmer tell Mrs. Price we were a great handful for Kathleen. I wish people would not say such things."

She launched an angry look at Lady Dacre: the child's pride was keenly hurt—pride, perhaps, rather than a tenderer feeling.

"It does not matter a bit," said Una, decisively; "Kathleen likes to have a handful if it's us."

She looked up at her step-sister smiling, full of sweet confidence in the perfect affection which had never failed her.

"And that's a true word," said Kathleen. "Come, children, we must let Lady Dacre rest."

She rose, inwardly wondering how it was that even in her pleasantest moods Lady Dacre had such an art of planting little rankling arrows; but she was not to escape so easily. Lady Dacre quickly stopped her.

"If you really want to rest me, stay and sing to me," she said. "Stay, I

will accompany you, if you know anything I have here."

She forgot all about her fatigue, started up, and went to the piano, turning over the music piled on a chiffonier, among which there were many songs, for she had had a fine voice, and still sang for her own amusement, though now steadily refusing to do so in society, aware that its prime was past.

"I won't have you all kindly saying—'Ah yes, if you had heard her formerly,'" she would say when solicited to sing. "You know this, of course," she said, looking at Kathleen as she touched the piano. "What! you don't mean to say it is new to you? 'Oh, tuneful voice,' the most charming of all Haydn's canzonets! I can't sing it now; but listen, this will give you some idea of it. You never heard me in old days, so you can't be critical." And with that she began to sing, while Kathleen listened with great pleasure; for though the voice was no longer in its prime, she managed it with so much skill, and was so good a musician, that no one who had not known it ten years earlier would have said so.

"You like that?" she said, as she played the last notes. "I knew you would. Now, see what I have here that you can sing."

Kathleen had sung several times to her of an evening, in her bedroom, and now obeyed readily enough, unaware of Lady Dacre's inward triumph in having tamed her shy songstress, and got her own way. This was, however, the first time that she had done so to Lady Dacre's masterly accompaniment; she learned now how delightful it was to sing thus supported.

"I should never be tired of singing to your accompaniment!" she exclaimed. "It is delicious!"

"Who taught you music?" Lady Dacre asked, looking through a volume for another song.

"I could always play pretty well by ear; but all the real teaching I ever had was from mamma."

"Ah! she was a musician?"

"Oh, yes!" Kathleen and the two children answered together, and Kathleen added—"I never heard anyone play quite as she did; the notes seemed to sing under her fingers. If Una could learn, I think she would have something of the same touch."

"It is a pity she does not, then. If you wait much longer, her fingers will be too stiff for her ever to have any execution—I don't mean mere musical gymnastics, but the power of playing easily. She ought to practise at least two half-hours daily."

Kathleen made no answer. Who should know that better than she? Again Phyllis spoke.

"I wish we could go to a school; we can't learn anything with Kathleen always away."

"It is usually Una who cares to learn," said Kathleen, rather brusquely; and Lady Dacre exclaimed, as if hitherto forgetful of Phyllis' presence—

"What! you here, little girl? Go and play with the dog—you have made friends with him—while your sister tries this song. Now, my dear, the time is a little catching. You two like to listen? Very well. One, two. Begin, my dear."

Kathleen began, but for a bar or two her voice was not quite steady. The children stood leaning on the piano, Una for love of music, Phyllis because Lady Dacre had an inexplicable fascination for her. She stood looking at her, admiring her striking features, and the rings on her long fingers, thinking how she should like to go and stay at her house, and wondering whether she would make old Miss Leigh invite them.

"I don't believe Katie would let us go if she did. Lady Dacre said Katie wanted to keep us all to herself; it's not fair," the child thought, with a stubborn feeling of opposition rising in her heart, and she looked at Kathleen with a touch of defiant anger.

Lady Dacre happened to surprise the glance, and smiled to herself.

"The handful will prove a greater one than I expected," she thought. "Ungrateful little minx! Here is the other girl lavishing her strength and time and love upon these two, and one takes it as a matter of course, and the other is ready to believe herself ill-used at the first hint. Ah me! the old story. I won't have it; they shall go to Pen Leigh, and this pretty creature shall come to me. Sir John will be delighted with her, and I will make a musician of her; and if we bore one another, as I daresay we shall in the end, I'll find her a husband. You sing sweetly, my dear," she said, aloud; "but you want a great deal of training; I will help you, if you like, while I am here; it will be a pleasure to me."

"You are very kind; but I should not have time to practise."

"Nonsense! One can always make time for what one really wants to do. At all events, you can come in of an evening to have a lesson—if you care about it, of course!"

"I do," answered Kathleen, afraid that she had seemed ungrateful. "But I am out so much that whatever time I have at home is the children's."

"Well, but after the handful is in bed?" Lady Dacre used the word with a malicious intonation, knowing that Kathleen disliked it, and that it sent a dull red flush into Phyllis's cheeks.

"There are always things to do which have to wait till then."

"In short, you do not care to come."

"I am sure you do not think that, Lady Dacre; but when one works for one's livelihood, there are so many things one cannot do which one would like."

"There, it is all your fault, you tiresome brats!" said Lady Dacre, laughing and threatening the children with her finger. "But for you, your sister need not work, and could amuse herself. I hope you always remember that."

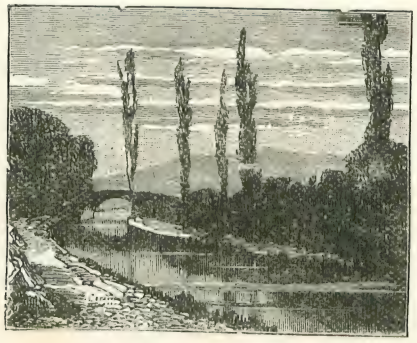
"It is not our fault," said Phyllis, flushing again, and more deeply, while Una exclaimed, indignantly—

"We are going to work, too, as soon as we can; Phyllis does a great deal now."

"Yes, we all work together, and that is what we like best of all," said Kathleen, inwardly quite as indignant as little Una. "Come, children, we must go."

She could hardly help a vehement assent to Una's "Sister, I don't like Lady Dacre at all," as they went downstairs. Phyllis said nothing. She was by no means insensible to the dignity of having a titled cousin, and what Lady Dacre had said woke chords in her nature which were full of discord. She was in one of those uneasy, resentful moods which growing girls are apt to fall into, angry at control, and ready to carp at whatever her own belongings did or said. A mother might have known how to deal with it, though mothers are much more perplexed by their young daughters than they admit; but Kathleen was only a girl, and of quite another nature. She felt the child's mood, and was both vexed and pained by it, but had not the least idea how to treat her. Perhaps she did the wisest thing, after all, by ignoring it.

(*To be continued.*)



THE COSTUMES OF HOSPITAL NURSES.

FIRST PRIZE FOR SET OF THREE—SALOP INFIRMARY.

AN exhibition, as pretty as it was rare and interesting, was held last month in the board room of the Charing Cross Hospital, by the courtesy of the managers.

It dealt with the costumes of the sisters, nurses, and probationers engaged in nursing the sick in the various hospitals and infirmaries throughout the kingdom; and for the display of these costumes, three or four hundred wax dolls were chosen.

Never since the Middle Ages have dolls occupied such an important position, and

never have they appeared to such advantage. The dolls of former times were models of fashion, while those who were assembled in such numbers in the Charing Cross Hospital last week were models of service and devotion — representatives of the noble work undertaken by the women of the nineteenth century to mitigate suffering and to elevate the poor and the miserable.

These doll guests have been brought together from all parts of the kingdom, to show the costumes worn by the nurses in various hospitals,

SECOND PRIZE FOR SET OF THREE—RADCLIFFE INFIRMARY.

and this has not been brought about by a mere whim, but rather as an answer to many questions addressed to the editor of the *Hospital* on the subject; and that no better method of answering could have been adopted, one had only to look at the dolls, whose dresses were accurate even to the minutest detail of little ornaments, badges, and chatelaines.

To have described these on paper, together with the endless variety of form and colour employed, and the subtle difference between one and another, would have been almost impossible, but the eye takes this in at once. A very pleasing feature about the costumes is

NATIONAL AID SOCIETY—EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

that one and all have been made by the nurses themselves in their rare moments of leisure, and the exquisite work put into the majority of them proves that the nurses are truly womenly women, and as intimate with the art of needlework as were our grandmothers.

We were bewildered with the number of tiny creatures standing on every available space, whether on tables, window-seats, or mantelshelf. They were of all shapes and sizes; dark, fair, and nondescript, tall and short, pretty and plain. All were so alike, and yet so unlike, that it seemed impossible to

WAITING THE ARRIVAL.

get a clear understanding of the scene. One might as well have been cast into the midst of a flock of sheep and desired to describe the difference between the individuals of the flock.

But once fairly started, it was a most fascinating study. Here was a waxen fairy whose attractive face and frizzy hair formed a piquant contrast to her demure and puritanic dress, and would have been ineligible for competition, but that the nurse who sent it explained that she lived so far from a town that she could not obtain a doll with plain hair, so was compelled to take what she could get.

Some of the dainty ones had brought their

CAPS.

own standing room, a piece of forethought for which to be thankful, for, glancing around, we saw that some of their neighbours, in spite of the aid of stiff paper under their dresses, were unable to stand upright, but leaned against each other as if overcome by the heat and the "stares" they had to encounter.

By the time we had seen so much we were sufficiently accustomed to the room to single out certain objects, and quite agreed with many around us that the two representatives of the nurses at the Putney Incurables' Hospital, in their brown and black serges, pretty caps and aprons,

FIRST PRIZE FOR SET OF TWO—PUTNEY HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

were perfect; the one was armed with a towel and tiny basin, and the other with a minute roll of lint, and deservedly gained a first prize.

The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital costumes are well worthy of the prize they gained, the 4th for the set of three—the monthly nurse in fawn-coloured cotton; the medical nurse in black serge; and the fever nurse in blue zephyr, with becoming and serviceable holland aprons and spotted caps with strings.

The University College Hospital sent a ward with its three nurses, the sister in a nun-

MONSALL HOSPITAL MANCHESTER.

like dress of black serge, "quaintly severe," as though to bear testimony that the wearer had given up the world and its so-called pleasures; the nurse, in blue serge and cap tied under the chin; the probationer in grey gingham; and two little patients in red flannel.

We were very pleased with the nurses' representatives sent from the Royal Albert Hospital, Devonport, although they did

ARMY NURSING SISTERS.

not gain a prize; the black cashmere and muslin cap with long strings, and becoming apron, were very attractive.

The dress of the sisters of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street is a departure from the general colours, being a dark red serge, with characteristic cap and apron.

The King's College dress is very becoming, and its colour Raphael green.

One of the most attractive objects in the exhibition was an indiarubber doll representing a patient terribly hurt, and bandaged in a most beautiful and scientific manner by one of Miss Pollock's pupils; it was a perfect study.

To thoughtful people, and those accustomed to hospital work, this exhibition is full of interest. Every dress speaks to us of watchful nights, and days of hard and often repulsive work, undertaken by girls who have willingly given up the pleasures of youth, and undertaken, with God's blessing, the high vocation of nurse and comforter to the sick and the helpless.

It is a mistake to think that girls rush into this work without counting the cost, and as a mere impulse of sentiment. I know, personally, a large number of them, and I can say, certainly, that it has formed the subject of prayer long before the decision was made. As I looked at these girls, in various parts of the room, there was a look of tenderness and strength about them which I thought must commend them to the weak and the suffering among whom their lot was cast.

The object of the exhibition—which was to afford the details of nursing costumes to those who were anxious to avoid infringing on others' rights while securing a costume for their own institution, and also to give a knowledge of the colour and cut of all institutions, so that it would be easy to distinguish by the dress to what hospital a nurse belonged—has been fully realised.

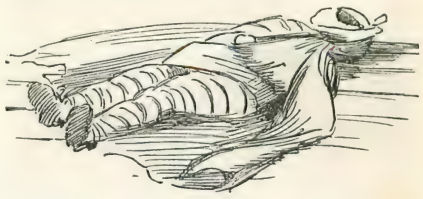
One is glad to think that these doll nurses will not be dispersed, but that, in company one with the other, they are to find a permanent home in a live Nurses' Home, and that visitors may see them on certain days free of charge.

It will be very puzzling for any hospital of the future to decide upon a costume peculiar to itself, for form and colour of every tone seem to have been already utilised. Red, green, and prune are the colours of three individual hospitals; but as a rule they are black, brown, blue, and grey.

It may interest some of the readers to hear how and where the prizes were bestowed.

For sets of three or more dolls.

1. Salop Infirmary—Miss Bromley.
2. Radcliffe Infirmary—Nurse Barnes.
3. Charing Cross in 1879.
4. Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.



BANDAGES.

For two dolls.

1. Putney Hospital for Incurables—Nurse Slaughter.
2. Bradford Infirmary—Nurse Phillips.
3. Sheffield Infirmary—Miss Rickards.
4. Pendlebury Hospital—Miss Plowon.

Single dolls.

1. Swindon Victoria Hospital — Mrs. K. Smith.
2. National and Metropolitan Association—Nurse Prikler.
3. Cardiff Infirmary—Miss Davies.

A FRENCH ROLY-POLY.

WE lived in France at that time. We naturally were all the more fond of English things because we were away from England, and our dear mother sometimes treated us to a purely English dish, which, of course, she had to prepare herself, our French cook professing to be utterly incapable of understanding the directions for carrying out what she, no doubt, looked upon as barbarous *cuisine*.

Some of these preparations were much liked by our French friends; plum pudding and roly-poly were especially appreciated. Now, if there was one toothsome dish above another that my mother prided herself upon, it was a roly-poly. On one memorable occasion, when she had surpassed herself in making this favourite pudding (sometimes irreverently called "jam bolster" by the boys), a young lady, who was staying with us, was so delighted with mother's *chef d'œuvre*, that she begged to have the recipe, declaring that she would never rest until she had, herself, made such a roly-poly as she had partaken of that day.

My mother, much pleased, complied with her request, and gave her the most minute directions, impressing most particularly upon her that her success would depend chiefly upon the lightness of the crust.

Our visitor was a very lively girl, endowed with a good flow of spirits and a keen sense of humour. She entertained us that evening with imaginary descriptions of the comical amazement of her people, the exclamations, the quizzical remarks, when she should set before them the work of her own hands—the triumphant roly-poly!

"But then, my dear," said my mother, with gentle pride, "think of your pleasure when they find it so good."

The next day our friend left us, promising to write and tell us as soon as she had initiated her family into the delights of her new English dish. We all felt rather doubtful. We could not even think that she had listened properly to the directions. She never did listen. Mother was afraid that she would leave out the most important ingredients. In a few days her worst fears were confirmed, when she received the following letter, written, of course, in French.

"DEAR MADAME S.—Behold in me a being utterly disgraced as a cook! My 'roli-poli' was a disastrous failure. I know not how I managed it—I mean, how I mismanaged it. I thought I remembered exactly all that you told me. I was so anxious that all should be right, that I even went into the kitchen to take it out of the cloth myself. It looked lovely! I carried it into the dining-room proudly, as in olden times the daughter of the house bore aloft the roasted peacock into the banqueting hall.

"Alas! how short was my triumph! How fleeting are our joys! I had claimed the privilege of serving my pudding myself. With just one exultant glance at the family sitting round the table, eyeing the work of my hand critically, I began to cut the first slices. Imagine my dismay when I met with the most horrid resistance. Impossible to get the knife through! A dead silence, and then peals of laughter covered me with confusion. Amid jokes and jeers my mother tried to cut it, my father tried, my sisters and brothers tried, till they were all red in the face.

"'But it is made of plaster, thy "roli-poli!"' said my little brother. Goaded on by their unkind remarks, I made a last desperate attempt. The knife broke! They were all convulsed. I seized the dish, opened the window, and flung the contents into the courtyard below.

"The watch dog barked and whined. 'You shall have it!' I exclaimed, and I ran out and loosed him from the chain. He pounced upon the pudding and attacked it at once, expecting a treat.

"I went to bed. It was late, and I did not wish to hear any more about my culinary fiasco. But I had not done with it yet. Would you believe it? That wretched dog kept me awake all night, clattering and rattling my 'roli-poli' over the stones of the paved yard, in his vain endeavours to get a bite. The next day he still played with it, and rolled it about until it reached the garden, where, in a petrified state, it has become the chief ornament of the rockery!"

* * * *

We ascertained afterwards, on cross-questioning our friend, that, in deference to the cook who was helping her, and who, with French ideas on the subject, would not admit that pastry made with beef suet or dripping could be "mangeable," she had made the crust with a little butter. She also admitted that finding she had put too much water, she had added flour until the mixture was perhaps just a little too thick. She then kneaded it vigorously for a long time, and then found the rolling out so amusing, that she perhaps continued that process a little too long. Well she was not quite sure that the water was boiling when the pudding was put in the pan, but she certainly made it in good time, quite four hours before it was wanted. In short, she had fulfilled all the conditions to ensure the failure which this lively, but kind-hearted, French girl described in such mock-tragic style, intended, no doubt, to amuse my mother, and to raise a smile instead of a sigh of disappointment as she read.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

To hear the best music rendered by the best artists at the least possible cost—surely this is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Yet this, and nothing less, is what is offered to the frequenters of the orchestra at the Popular Concerts every Saturday afternoon or Monday evening throughout the winter season, beginning in November, and continuing with a short break for Christmas until the week before Easter.

The Popular Concerts date from 1859, and greatly exceed in number those given by any other musical institution in England. They began as concerts of miscellaneous music in the then newly-opened St. James's Hall, and it was a suggestion made by Mr. Davison, the late musical critic of the *Times*, to Mr. Arthur Chappell, which led to their being confined to classical chamber music, and gradually assuming their present well-settled form. The audience knows now exactly what to expect. An instrumental work for strings, a song, a pianoforte solo, a solo for violin or violoncello, a second song, and a concerted piece by way of conclusion.

This is the well-established programme, seldom varied, except on rare or exceptional occasions; and the music is always of the best. On the occasion of the thousandth concert, a list was appended to the programme for the evening, setting forth all the works which had been performed since the commencement of the concerts, together with the dates of their first introduction; and this list is of singular interest, showing at once the high ground taken and maintained, the gradual and careful introduction of accepted modern work, and the constant recourse had to the great well-springs of true classical music.

If the standard of works performed has been kept thus conspicuously high, a list of the artists by whom they have been rendered presents a company no less distinguished. Among so many notable names, it seems somewhat invidious to select any for special mention. A recent etching has made outsiders familiar with the quartet party of each spring season—Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, the place of the first being occupied through the autumn and winter by Madame Norman Neruda. Some artists have been faithful to the concerts from their commencement. Mr. Santley and Signor Piatti sang and played at the first concert in 1859. Herr Joachim came first in the same year; so did Sir Charles Hallé; Madame Schumann in 1865; Madame Neruda only a few years later. Amongst more recent comers, mention may be made of Madame Schumann's pupils, Mademoiselle Janotha and Miss Fanny Davies, the latter of whom especially bids fair to preserve, in a marked manner, the best traditions of her great teacher's style. What delightful memories the programmes call to mind! The "Kreutzer" sonata played by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, or by Joachim and Madame Schumann; the great pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, rendered in all their breadth and grandeur by the last-named; M. de Pachmann's exquisite interpretations of Chopin; "Adelaide," sung by Edward Lloyd; and Mendelssohn's "Garland" or "Waft her, Angels," by a voice that is still—the late Joseph Maas. This year a new and piquant element has been introduced in the playing of Grieg's music by the composer, and the remarkably fresh and unconventional rendering by Madame Grieg of her husband's songs.

The audience which assembles in the stalls is in many respects an interesting one. Year by year many of the same faces may be seen, and did one know all their names, many distinguished in various walks of life would be found among them. George Eliot used to be a frequent attender with George Henry Lewes; and a friend of the writer's remembers well her large, strongly-marked features framed by the plain bands of her dark hair. Sir Thomas Gladstone, too, who died the other day, used to be a familiar figure. The last of the Vice-Chancellors is to be seen here at times. Sir Frederick Leighton, we all know, is a staunch upholder of the concerts, and Mr. and Mrs. Alma Tadema's are well-known faces. Pleasant it is, too, to see Madame Norman Neruda sitting among the audience on a night when Joachim is first violin, keeping time gently with her head to the violin part in a great Beethoven quartet, and clapping with right goodwill at the end. Once, at least, in each season the Princess of Wales comes with some of her family. Special seats in the front row and white-and-gold programmes are sure signs to the initiated. The Princess sets the excellent example (would that others would follow it) of being punctual, or, should the concert have commenced, of coming in at the end of a movement, and not during its progress, and of remaining until the close.

Our orchestra attendance is interesting, too, in its way. You will see old men, with whom life has apparently dealt hardly, and from whose souls one might think the pressure of cares had driven all music away, listening intently, and following every note with the keenest enjoyment. Sometimes there will be one or two hospital nurses snatching a couple of hours from their busy day's work; always some long-haired German students with rapt faces; and a plentiful sprinkling of English girl-students, of the well-known British Museum or South Kensington type. For the rest, they are principally cultured, musical people, glad, we may suppose, to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing good music at so moderate a cost, and many of whom may be recognised week after week and season after season.

Occupants of the orchestra assemble early. On Saturdays lunch is often discussed first, then they settle down, elder ladies to knitting or fancy work, others to newspapers or books, younger students to lessons. It is the privilege of the orchestra to clap and laugh, when the doors of the balcony are opened, at the rush which ensues for the favoured seats, when persons of mature age, and ordinarily of dignified presence, may be seen tearing round, quite regardless of appearances, in their anxiety to secure a good place in the front row. When this diversion is over, the analytical programmes are brought round, and so the time of waiting slips away.

May a word be said here as to the end as well as the commencement of the concerts? To treat the beginning of the last item on the programme as a signal for donning jackets and cloaks, and then rising from perhaps the centre of the orchestra and pushing past a hundred or more people to get out, is not creditable either to the taste of the offender or his or her sense of what is due to his neighbours or to the artists. Some, especially at evening concerts, may have a valid excuse in the necessity for catching a train, but with many it is probably only the idea of avoiding the crowd. This can be done equally well, and without annoying anyone, by sitting still for a few minutes after the concert is over. Members of the orchestra are by no means the only offenders in this respect.

Two memorable occasions call for a word of notice. To the thousandth concert allusion has already been made—an almost historic occasion, both on account of the rarity of such an occurrence and the brilliant group of artists who took part in it. The concluding concert of the last season is also memorable on account of the presentation made at its close to Herr Joachim, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of his professional career. The red Straduarius, which formed the gift of his English admirers, was presented by Sir Frederick Leighton, and the master, in acknowledging the gift, promised to come and play for his English friends as long as he was able, but hoped he should not fail to recognise when the time came for him to desist, thus bearing in mind and endeavouring to carry out the injunction of the poet, "Uphold the dignity of art."

One figure—perhaps the most interesting and remarkable of all—demands a few words in conclusion. There is always a crowded house when Madame Schumann plays. When the singer of the concert has been duly recognised, a little expectant hush follows. Then, as the well-known figure is seen ascending the platform steps, a burst of enthusiasm breaks from the whole assembly. It is not too much to say that there is a reverent affection in the greeting which springs unmistakably from the heart. At her first appearance some years ago, after an absence more prolonged than usual, she was received by the orchestra with a shower of flowers, and the pretty tribute has been attempted on a smaller scale more than once since. She bows low again and again before taking her seat; then, after divesting herself of her gloves, she passes her handkerchief along the keys, then tries the tone of the instrument, sometimes testing a particular note more than once. In this, her invariable custom, and one in which some of her pupils follow her example, we see the care—the consideration of detail—of the great artist. What follows—whether it is the noble adequacy of her rendering of the sonatas of Beethoven, the delicious freshness which she imparts to the most familiar of the "Lieder ohne Wörte" of Mendelssohn, or the sympathetic charm with which she interprets for us, with

an authority no other exponent could possess, the beauties of her husband's music—is at once the purest enjoyment, coupled with the highest instruction. Were one asked to sum up in a word the chief characteristics of Madame Schumann's playing, I should be inclined to use the word "adequacy." With an entire absence of mere display, her rendering of a work always seems the most perfect interpretation, so far as such a thing can be, of the intention of the composer. So far as it is possible to judge, it is Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann that we hear, rather than merely a gifted artist of to-day. Add to this the gracious presence, the kindly smile, the associations which make her name a historic one in the world of music, and we can hardly wonder at the crowd which fills St. James's Hall when Madame Schumann plays, or the sense of personal loss which many of its frequenters feel when, as last season, she is debarred from visiting England.

Shall we ever hear her again? Let us hope that the seasons hold at least one more such boon in store; and if so, let no lover of music miss the golden opportunity.

R. W. R.

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

"BLACK AGNES OF MORAY."

On the iron-bound coast of Haddingtonshire, some twenty-five miles beyond Berwick-on-Tweed, the yachtsman or voyager who is making for the Firth of Forth will see some granite rocks, to which, if he is wise, he will give as wide a berth as possible. He will descry in the line of cliffs a bluff headland, between Innerwick and North Berwick, and on it the remains of an ancient castle, which frowns down on the waters below, as they rage and roar in the dark passages which they have worn through the cliff. The castle will remind the travelled visitor of that of Dunluce on the still wilder coast of Antrim, in Ireland; and he will find some difficulty in believing the local guide-books, which tell him that the shapeless mass of masonry on which the castle walls rest formed part of a fortress which must be upwards of a thousand years old, as it was besieged and burnt by Kenneth II., King of Scotland, in A.D. 858, or, according to another account, three years earlier still. But even at that time the Castle of Dunbar was regarded as one of the keys of the Scottish kingdom; and the probability is that the base of the fortress dates from a still earlier century.

Be this as it may, we know for certain a few facts concerning its later history. Thus, towards the close of the eleventh century it belonged to the Earls of March; and just two centuries later we read that the Earl of March, its then captain, having traitorously joined the forces of Edward I., his wife, more loyal to the country of her birth, chose to deliver it into the hands of her Scottish kinsmen. Earl Warren, one of Edward's most valiant knights and leaders, was then sent to take it: the whole of the Scots army soon assembled to oppose him, but, heedlessly trusting to their superior numbers, they were defeated as they rushed down the heights on the English soldiery. The result was that the castle surrendered, and was garrisoned for many years by the Southerners. In A.D. 1314 Edward II., after his defeat at Bannockburn, retreated for refuge to this castle, where he was received by the Earl of March, and was able to escape by sea to Berwick, on his way back to England. In 1333, if we may trust historians, the castle was demolished by Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, who despaired of being able to hold it against the English forces; but Edward III. forced him to rebuild it at his own cost, and to admit into it an English garrison.

Five years later this castle, having been rebuilt, and having been regained by the Scottish troops, and again placed in the hands of the Earl of March, was besieged by the English, under Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of March was away from home when Salisbury summoned the castle to surrender, under threats of utter destruction; but the earl's wife—called from her swarthy complexion "Black Agnes"—a daughter of the noble house of Moray, or Murray—was quite equal to the occasion, and proved herself a true sister to Lady Lettice Digby, of Geashill, or the well-known "Lady of Lathom," or the brave Lady Arundell of Wardour Castle. She met his summons to surrender with a haughty defiance; told him that in her husband's absence she would hold the fortress to the last against him and all his Englishry; and bade both him and them do their very worst. The siege lasted two or three months, and during that time the "Black Lady" performed all the duties of a bold and vigorous commander, animating the garrison by her exhortations and by her example. When the engines of the besiegers hurled stones against the outer battlements, with taunts and gibes she bade one of her female attendants wipe off the dust with a kerchief, or a towel, in token of her scorn; and when at length the earl commanded a huge engine, called "the Sow," to be advanced to the foot of the wall, she scoffingly advised him to "take good care of his Sow, for she would soon make her cast her litter," meaning, of course, the men within it; and then she ordered a large piece of rock to be let fall on it, by which means the "Sow" was crushed to pieces.

The earl, finding that the lady offered so stout a resistance to his assaults, next altered his tactics, and attempted to gain possession of the castle by treachery; he found means to tamper with the warder who had charge of the gates, and offered him a bribe if he would leave them ever so slightly ajar. This the warder agreed to do for ten pieces of gold; but instead of sticking to his bargain, he told the whole matter to the countess, whose woman's wit again befriended her. The party that was, according to arrangement, to enter the gates after nightfall, was commanded by Lord Salisbury in person; he was advancing at the head of his men; but one of his servingmen, named Copland, happening to step in before him, the portcullis was let down just too soon, for the Black Lady had mistaken him for the leader, and was disappointed on finding that Copland was her prisoner instead of the Earl of Salisbury. The lady, who from a high tower was watching the event, cried out jeeringly to the earl, "Farewell, Montacute! I intended that you should have supped with us to-night, and have assisted me in defending this fortress against the English curs!" It is said that the Earl of Salisbury, even if not taken prisoner, would have been killed by the fall of the portcullis, had he not been pulled back forcibly by his men.

Thus foiled in their attempts to take the castle, the English were obliged to turn the siege into a blockade, so they closely environed the place by sea and land, in order to starve out the garrison. And probably they would have succeeded in this object if it had not been for a worthy Scot, named Ramsay, who, hearing of the extremities to which the Earl of Dunbar was reduced, resolved to make an effort at relieving him. Accordingly, along with forty strong and resolute men—some Highlanders and some Lowlanders, but all of them "Scotch to the backbone"—he took advantage of a dark but still night to effect a landing on the rocks below the castle, and to enter a postern gate next the sea, which the garrison had not thought of securing, feeling that the rough waves of the ocean were a sufficient guard on that side. Having gained an entrance, he sallied forth in the early dawn, and attacked and dispersed the advanced guard; and the English general, disheartened at the disaster, withdrew his forces, after having remained before Dunbar nearly five months. The castle therefore was saved, and its grim walls and towers continued to frown down upon the Northern Ocean, as before, in all their massive strength.

After the death of David Rizzio, in A.D. 1565, Mary Queen of Scots retired to this castle, where she was joined by a large number of her friends and supporters. Two years later she was here again with Bothwell, in whose company she had fled over the moors from Edinburgh; but they were pursued with such vigour by a party of horse under the command of Lord Hume, that they had barely time to reach its friendly gates. And it was from these gates shortly afterwards that she marched with an army, composed mainly of Bothwell's dependants, only to suffer defeat at Carberry Hill, where, abandoned by her friends, she surrendered herself a prisoner, to be carried to Lochleven Castle, where the last chapter in her sad history began. In the same year Crawford laid siege to the castle, in the name of Elizabeth, and the governor, seeing no hope of relief, gave up the keys of the fortress. Its walls were partially dismantled, its guns being dismounted and carried to the Castle of Edinburgh, where some of them may yet be seen.

The castle—or rather such portion of it as still remains—is built of a reddish stone, but far harder in its substance than the red sandstone of most other districts. Several of its towers, in the olden days, had means of communication with the water at their foot; and under the front is still shown a very large cavern of a blacker hue, which yawns as if it were one of the *alta ostia Ditis* of which Virgil sings.

The rocks near the castle are curious, and of interest to the visitor, on account of their containing some large basaltic columns, in some respects like those at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. They are thus described by Pennant:—"Between the harbour and the castle is a very surprising stratum of stone. It consists of great columns of red grit-stone, either triangular or hexangular; their diameter from one to two feet; their length at low water thirty; dipping or declining a little to the south, they are joined, but not so regularly or so plainly as those which form the Giant's Causeway. The surface of several that had been torn off appear as a pavement of numbers of convex ends, probably answering to the concave bottoms of other joints incumbent on them. The space between the columns was filled with the septa of red and white sparry matter, and veins of the same pervaded the columns transversely. This range of columns faces the north, with a point to the east, and extends in front above two hundred yards. The breadth is inconsiderable. The rest of the rock degenerates into shapeless masses of the same sort of stone, regularly divided by thick septa. This rock is called by the people of Dunbar the 'Isle.'"

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

It may not be amiss, in view of the numberless marriages announced as fixed for the early new year, to give some of the latest ideas on the dress and millinery to be worn on this important occasion in life. During the last few years our growing individuality in thought has shown itself more in the simplification of our ceremonies than in anything else. In funerals, for instance, we have done away with palls and pall-bearers, with funeral coaches and waving plumes; and the highest in the land are buried with the simplest ceremonial possible, so that the widow can follow with the nearest and dearest, without notice and in perfect privacy, and all the surroundings, including the mourning, can be of the most inexpensive kind. Even at the largest shops in London you can obtain the best description of widow's mourning at a very moderate rate, and the quietest and simplest modes in any kind of mourning dress have become the best of good style. The shortening of the time of all mourning is also a move in the right direction, though I think this tends, at present, into an extreme of brevity. But this, perhaps, one may naturally expect, after the excessive manner in which we have outwardly mourned for many years past, and the foolish if not cruel way in which we loaded the living, at a time of mental exhaustion and heartfelt sorrow, with both debt and trouble, for the sake, not of the dead, but of the unmerciful and equally cruel amongst the living, who judge by the outward appearance only. And thus we sacrificed our comfort and our peace of mind to external show. We have not grown stronger-minded, but fashion has grown more sensible; and we are perhaps better able to recognise that our sorrow is the best guide, and that no outward signs can really make up for lack of right feeling within. The heart may be bowed down with grief, whether it wear a black mantle or a blue, and we need not cover ourselves with crape to make us feel genuine sorrow. Looking back on those early days when Christianity was in its infancy, we find that the dead were not mourned for with an idea of grief such as ours, but thought of as those who had entered into a state of joyful peace and rest; and they were carried to the grave by mourners dressed in white apparel, who sang hymns of thankfulness and praise. To me it seems as if we forgot the dead, in reference to their release from "troubling," too much, and sorrowed and grieved for our own personal loss, as if nothing else were to be considered.

But to return to another subject of ceremonial character—marriage. Here, too, especially lately, we have become very wise and sensible in our arrangements. We have a simple wedding-gown which follows the make of our ordinary walking-gowns, and has a high neck, with a deep frill of lace turning over, and long sleeves reaching to the wrist; the only difference consists in the addition of a

A WARM DISCUSSION.

IN WINTRY WEATHER.

train to the skirt. The other day I saw a perfectly simple white satin bridal dress made in this way, without an atom of trimming on it, so that the satin itself shone out in all its great beauty of sheen and colour. The lovely hue of the satin of some of the recent wedding-gowns has been a matter of remark, and I hear it is said to be owing to the fact that the satin was stored away for all the years of its long eclipse by the Court dressmakers, who possessed large stocks of it. The hue thus assumed a faint ivory tint of great softness.

The newest dresses for going away and travelling are noted for their quiet and unobtrusive appearance, for the old days of wearing a grand and expensive travelling-gown have quite passed away, and velvet and silk are no longer deemed needful.

Plain "ladies' cloth" is the material most used for them, and the make is simple and follows the fashions of everyday life. The skirt is plain, and so is the bodice, or is worn with a tailor-made jacket and waistcoat. The prevailing colours are navy blue and brown; the latter being trimmed with sable, beaver, or other kind of fur. Navy cloth is trimmed also with sable; but grey furs seem preferred, or else black, and astrachan seems the fur most liked. Of course the imitation can be used should the real be too expensive, If fur be not used for the trimming, then black guipure is selected. The jacket is of the same material as the dress, and the *toque* hat is of the same likewise. Hats are more in vogue than bonnets; and the *toque* shape is much worn, though the low-crowned felt hats of the colour of the dress, with ostrich feathers, look very handsome. The browns selected are generally dark; such as the tints known under the names of tabac, oak, Havana, buffalo or bison, and tea-brown, the tabac brown being very pretty for the purpose.

Bridesmaids, also, wear hats more than bonnets, though one sees white tulle veils, which are less expensive very often; and one also sees the "Alsatian bows," with a small flower between the bows in front. Although white seems to be always the correct hue for weddings, we see this winter the sensible plan adopted of having coloured frocks. At a recent naval wedding the bridesmaids wore navy blue serge, faced and piped with white silk, and felt hats of blue and white. Another very pretty choice was grey "ladies' cloth" and grey astrachan; the *toque* hats, muffs, and jackets being all of the same. On this occasion the bride's travelling dress was the same as the bridesmaids' dresses. Grey cloth is also employed with silver embroidery, and also blue cloth with gold. Alpaca, bengaline, and cashmere are all used for bridesmaids, but of course are not as warm and seasonable looking as cloth or serge, and not, therefore, to be recommended.

When white is used for the bridesmaids' gowns, white flannel seems very naturally in more request than anything else, and is a very useful selection in view of future occasions. It has a corded silk vest, and knots of ribbon. Then comes white nun's veiling, made with "accordion-pleated" skirts, both these being used with white felt sailor hats, with corded silk ribbon trimmings. White silk with gold embroidery, or what are truly called "picture dresses," are also worn, which are of white *mousseline de soie*, or white Pongee or Surah made with short waists, plain skirts, and muslin fichus and sashes, and the large drawn velvet hats which were worn in those days. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids have been moonstone brooches at many recent weddings; for, for some mysterious reason, this gem is considered a "lucky stone" as a gift on such occasions.

There are three rather marked changes this winter in the make of bodices. The sleeves are full at the top of the armhole, and generally form an epaulet there, the armhole being cut out so high that the seam on the shoulder is extremely short. The new coat sleeve is cut straight, the elbow being less shaped and fulled in, and the sleeve at the wrist flowing out wider, after the Chinese fashion. Armhole trimmings of some sort are quite universal, and so are the shaped collars known under various names, but most generally and truly as the "Medicis"; and though one hears of "Elizabethan," "Venetian," "Genoese," and "Stuart," they all mean just the same thing. They are found on mantles as well as on dresses, and great is the tribulation when both are worn together. These high collars, however, do not suit everyone, and are better for tall people than short and stout ones.

Zouave jackets or dress bodices trimmed Zouave fashion are very becoming and pretty for thin figures. This is really only a trimming laid round the armhole, which may begin at the side of the neck and follow round the armhole until it comes to the seam under the arm, where it can be sewn in. It must be very short, however, as a wide "*Empire*" sash is sometimes worn with the armhole trimming. Another new way of trimming bodices is to simulate a yoke, which is deep enough to allow of a piece like a band going under the arm.

Velvet is much used for trimmings with woollen materials of all kinds. Indeed, we see more velvet now than we have seen for years, being principally used as waistcoats and

AFTERNOON TEA.

borderings, no entire velvet gowns being seen. Velvet is used for the jackets of Tartan skirts, which are cut on the cross for the front and sides, and on the straight for the back. A look of length and very simple folds mark the style of all skirts, and the back drapery is quite simple, with a number of plain gathers, instead of the more formal pleats and many turnings. The backs of dresses, now that they are made without either bustles or steels, are cut about an inch longer than the fronts, and great care is taken to avoid their having an unbecoming droop at the back—inevitable if improperly cut. Some of the new skirts are perfectly plain at the front and sides, and have gathers at the back. These are principally in tweed, cheviot, and serge.

In "Afternoon Tea" is seen the way of trimming the ordinary walking dresses with fur, pointed guipure, and coloured velvet. The dress trimmed with fur is a kind of Princess dress or tea-gown, and would be pretty and suitable for an invalid. "In Wintry Weather" the different styles of making furs are seen with the stand-up, rolling, and the Medicis high collar, as well as a fur cloak and a trimmed redingote. In "A Warm Discussion" the sitting figure has one of the Zouave jackets, and the figure on her left hand one of the dress bodices trimmed like a yoke, which we have already mentioned in our article.

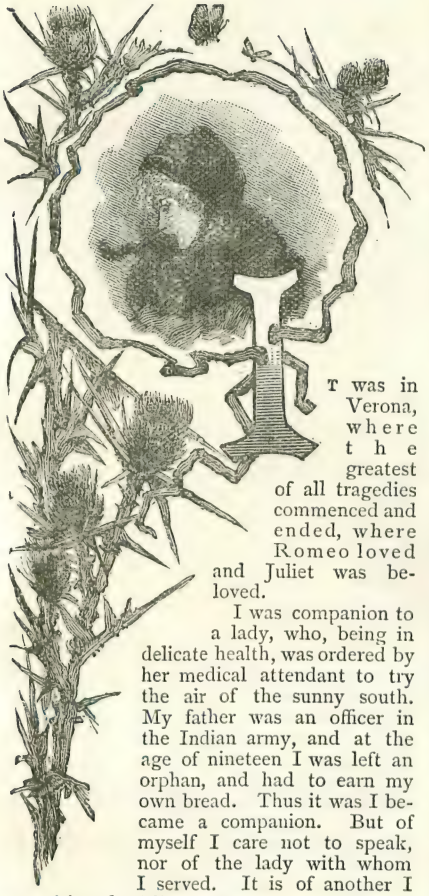
The pattern selected for the month is that of an out-of-door jacket made of the dress material, either in cloth, serge, or tweed, which I have mentioned as being worn at almost all recent weddings by the bridesmaids, and as the going-away dress of the bride. It is in nine pieces, the front seen being that of the dress, and not belonging to the jacket. The pieces are—back, two side pieces; front, revers, rolling collar, two sleeve pieces and cuffs. The material required is about four and a half yards.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, a new skirt, and out-of-door jacket.

JACKET OF THE DRESS MATERIAL.

THE UNPAID LETTER.

By LAURA DE WILTON.



IT was in Verona, where the greatest of all tragedies commenced and ended, where Romeo loved and Juliet was beloved.

I was companion to a lady, who, being in delicate health, was ordered by her medical attendant to try the air of the sunny south. My father was an officer in the Indian army, and at the age of nineteen I was left an orphan, and had to earn my own bread. Thus it was I became a companion. But of myself I care not to speak, nor of the lady with whom I served. It is of another I am writing the following pages.

Shortly after our arrival in Verona, Lady Eustace requested me to go to the post-office about a money order she wished to send to England. A little crowd, as usual, was assembled round the building, some posting, others inquiring for letters. Among the latter was a tall young girl, with a long black cloak thrown round her shoulders. A black felt hat partially covered her fair face, while masses of golden hair crept from beneath her veil, which was thrown back. She waited with seeming impatience for her turn, and then, in English, asked if there was any letter for Mademoiselle St. Clair. The man after searching a little produced one, and handed it to her. She hastily took it, turned it over, examined it carefully on both sides, and then said, falteringly—

"But, monsieur, it is not paid for. I cannot pay for it. I will give it back to you. Pardon me for the trouble I have given you."

I saw the man looked astonished as he dropped the letter into a compartment by his side, and turned to another applicant who came forward as the girl passed on. As I was leaving the post-office to make my way home, I saw a tall fair man by my side. He had no doubt also been a witness to the little scene, for he abruptly posted some papers, and then I heard him ask the man the girl's name.

"It is a young English lady who frequently inquires for letters," replied the official, "but generally returns them, being unwilling or unable to pay the postage."

A few days after this incident I found myself again at the Poste Restante, and, strange to say, saw the same girl going through the same form of inquiring for letters, and on being presented with one, returning it, saying she had no money and could not pay the postage. I followed her some little way, fully intending to offer her the money, thinking the letter might be from a young lover, and feeling the deepest sympathy for her sad position; but I saw that the tall Englishman had forestalled me.

"Mademoiselle," I heard him say, "pardon my presumption, but if you have forgotten your purse, allow me to offer you the loan of mine. Let me go back to the office and procure your letter for you."

"Thanks, monsieur," she said, turning gently towards the speaker; "I am grateful for your offer, but I care not for the letter, it is of no value to me." Then, bowing gracefully to him, she walked on.

About a month after this little episode I was sent by Lady Eustace to get some of her beautiful lace repaired, and was recommended to a young lace-maker who lived in a small street just out of the town. After much difficulty I found out the house, and to my surprise, my young friend of the post-office opened the door. She was more beautiful without her walking attire, and her golden hair looked still brighter, as she had a black lace fichu thrown over her head. She did not recognise me, but asked me to sit down while she looked over the lace I had brought. Feeling really fatigued with my long walk, I sat down, and, after a little pause, I asked her frankly why she had refused the letters at the post-office.

"Can I trust you? Shall I tell you? Do you really feel interested in me?" she said, as she looked up archly.

"You are but little older than myself," she continued, as she suddenly took my hand. "I feel somehow as if we were sisters in sorrow, for you look sad, as if you had your load to carry as well as I and my mother. We two live here alone. My father was an officer. He died suddenly, and my poor mother never recovered from the shock. She was always delicate; she then grew gradually weaker, and the doctor ordered us to come here if she wished to live, which, poor darling, she did wish for our sakes, my brother and myself, her only children. We came here; and fancy my mother, accustomed to comfort and love, in infirm health, almost penniless in a strange country, and with no friends; can you imagine our fearful position?"

Then, as if moved with a thousand feelings of emotion, she sank on the window-seat and sobbed like a child. I kissed her, and begged her to go on with the rest of her mournful history.

"In sympathy I can comfort you if in no other way," I said.

After drying her eyes, she again took my hand, and continued:

"My mother, from sorrow and want of nourishment, soon got worse, and is now quite confined to her bed. I mend and wash lace, the only thing I can do well, and this helps us a little. My brother is a clerk in England; dear fellow, he works all day for a small salary of only £30 a year. It hardly keeps him, though every week he writes to us, but cannot afford to pay the postage, and neither can I. So we have a little plan. He puts in the envelope only a clean sheet of paper, but by certain little signs—dots and marks on the cover—I can find out if he is well; and I do the same to him. Thus we have been carrying on our correspondence for nearly a year, and now we have quite a little language of our own. It is perhaps cheating, but oh! mademoiselle, twopence-halfpenny can get dear mother a glass of wine or some fruit, or some bright flowers to cheer her; and twopence-halfpenny is a fortune to me, for work as hard as I can I get but ten sous a day; and to my brother twopence-halfpenny is a considerable sum. He can get a good supper for that amount. If the postage was cheaper for the poor they would not grudge it, but every penny is so hard to earn."

Poor child! I understood it all now, and promising soon to come again I left her, for I was only a companion, not a free agent, and my time was my employer's, not my own. After this I went as often as I could to see my new-found friend, and out of my little salary I could now and again manage to take her mother some little tempting offering. I tried to interest Lady Eustace on her behalf, but the rich are not usually sympathetic. There seems to be an unaccountable gulf that divides wealth from poverty! However, it would have robbed me of the pleasure of helping my two friends had she done so. Every spare moment I could give up from Lady Eustace, I spent with Ida St. Clair and her mother; but our happiness was soon to terminate, for her ladyship suddenly made up her mind to return to England, and although I shed many tears while superintending the packing of her wardrobe, I dared not let her see my grief, for a dull companion is not appreciated, and I could not afford to lose my post, arduous as I sometimes found it. I will not linger over the parting at the cottage. Poor little Ida walked part of the way home with me. A cold, dreary colouring lay upon the country. The deepest melancholy seemed to pervade over nature, and the wind sighed through the trees, echoing our sighs as it were. But what are girls' tear-drops compared to the many drops of blood shed on a battle-field?

When I arrived in England I wrote often to Verona, and always enclosed a stamped envelope for an answer. Poor Ida often spoke of her mother's failing health.

We had been a few months in England when Lady Eustace informed me that she expected a few friends to dinner, and after attending to her toilette I went to smooth my hair and add a few additions to my own plain black dress before I descended to the drawing-room, where I found that the party had already gone down to the dining-room. I had to follow alone, for a companion's feelings are seldom studied.

My surprise was great when on taking my seat I found that my neighbour was the tall Englishman I had met at Verona. To make sure it was not imagination, I asked him if he had been there lately, and his answer was in the affirmative.

"I shall never forget my visit there," he said, after some casual observations about the place, "for I met on several occasions the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and once when she had forgotten her purse I made so bold as to offer her the use of mine."

"Yes, you forestalled me," I could not refrain from saying. "I was just going to do the same thing when I heard you speak to her."

"Oh, Miss Lacy, you cannot think how I have tried to find out her address, but without success," he exclaimed, looking up somewhat confusedly.

I told him while we were at dinner all that I knew of her, when, Lady Eustace rising, we retired upstairs.

Soon after this Lady Eustace was for some time very ill, and I had not a moment to write to Ida. I had to read aloud, write all Lady Eustace's letters, and receive her visitors, besides many other less interesting duties, which occupied every minute. When she was able to leave her room, her medical attendant advised her again to go to Verona, and I cannot express my delight while making all necessary preparations for our departure.

The first Sunday after our arrival I begged leave to go out for a few hours, and bent my steps towards Ida's humble dwelling. She must have seen me from the little lattice window, for she opened the door before I had time to knock, and threw herself into my arms.

"Oh, I'm so happy, and I owe all my happiness to you!" she exclaimed. "Fancy I, the poor little *blanchisseuse*, am going to be married. And oh, Marion, he has promised that my mother, and you too, dear, shall come and live with us! He is so good, and so handsome; and I do love him so."

All this she said so hurriedly and with such joy, and with her heart overflowing with happiness, that it seemed to stun me. But after entering the little sitting-room I began to understand that her soul was freed from all its sorrows, and that a new creed had become hers—a belief in happiness.

A few days after Lady Eustace's dinner party, Lord C—— (who was the culprit) left England, and by presenting a letter from his brother to Ida's mother (his brother having been once in her husband's regiment) was well received, and soon became a constant and welcome visitor to the little cottage near Verona. He had wooed and won the daughter, and through his influence provided a good appointment for her brother in a bank in Scotland; he had overloaded the poor mother with fruit, flowers, and every article of luxury; and a few weeks after my arrival in Verona we went to the wedding, and saw Ida married, and her happiness completed by her dear mother being with her. But Mrs. St. Clair's anxiety about her children no longer detaining her on earth, she quietly sank to sleep a year after her daughter's marriage, but not before she had given her blessing to a little wee Ida, whom the proud mother placed in her grandmother's arms.

I am installed as nursery governess, for I would insist on coming on those terms only. But my sweet Ida makes the post an easy one, and I am nearly as happy as she is, for my dear Ida, instead of trudging about with a basket of lace, has nothing heavier to carry than a basket of Cupid's roses.

MR. WM. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN "THE FAYUM," EGYPT.

WITH SOMETHING OF BENEFICENT RULERS, CROCODILES, MUMMIES, AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

By Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT.

PART I.

The Father of History, after telling us in his most fascinating manner, and out of the volume of his own experience, about the people of Egypt, their modes of living, their ceremonies in death, their beasts, birds, fishes, and trees, goes on to write for us their traditional history.

He says: "Thus far have I spoken of Egypt of my own observation, relating what I myself saw, the ideas that I found, and the result of my own researches. What follows, rests upon the account given me by the Egyptians."

He says that the priests tell of a certain king named "Men," or "Menis," who came to rule in Egypt at the time when the gods ceased to reign there; that he raised a dyke to keep the Nile within bounds, and that he built the city called Memphis, meaning "the haven of good men," "the good station."

There is no monument left to us of the time of King Menis, and his name must remain amongst the heroes, perhaps, as only the mythic "establisher" of the kingdom. However this may be, the earliest evidence that his name was known in Egypt is in 1440 B.C. Herodotus goes on to say that the founder of Memphis was succeeded by over three hundred monarchs, one of whom was a queen, and of her all that we hear is that she pursued the murderers of her brother with a terrible revenge, inviting them to a banquet in an underground chamber, into which she let flow the river, and so drowned them.

Then followed kings leaving no trace behind them, until came one whose name was Mœris. This ruler made the great lake called after him, and he built the Labyrinth at Hawara, of which much remains to be said.

It is above this Labyrinth of Amenemhat III. (or Mœris, as Herodotus calls him), and other ruins in the great Fayeum basin, lying to the west of the Nile around Lake Moris, that Mr. Flinders Petrie has been working, and is still at work, and to him and those who have supported him* we owe the interesting collection of Greek and Roman Egyptian treasures, which were shown in the year 1888 in London at the Egyptian Hall (an institution founded early in this century by an Italian named Belzoni, the son of a poor barber, who became the pioneer of the late Egyptian exploration, bringing to this country, among other treasures, the "young Memnon," and Sarcophagus of Psammiticus, both now in the British Museum).

Mr. Petrie tells us that he pitched his tent by the side of a great mound, hard by a mill, in the neighbourhood of the modern town "Medinet al Fayum," companioned by his faithful Muhammed, and Muhammed's little nephew, Omar, to act as watch-dog. Soon he gathered together workmen from a village distant enough to ensure their devotion to the service, and that they could neither carry the treasure-trove away, nor deposit modern imitations among the ruins.

The present town is the fourth that has been built upon the spot. In the remote ages the country was known as "the land of the lake," and was called "Shed," meaning "saved from the lake." Of the good king who built this city, it was said in his day—"He gave to the humble, and made the weak to live; he caused the afflicted to cease from their affliction, and their cries to be heard no more; he brought it to pass that none hungered nor thirsted in the land; he gave such orders to his servants as continually increased the love of his people towards him." Besides all this benevolence, Amenemhat I. was a great warrior and hunter. "He stood on the boundaries of his land to keep watch over its borders; he hunted the lion, and brought back the crocodile a prisoner."

The city of this great monarch passed away, and on its ruins rose "Crocodilopolis," sacred to the crocodile. Here it was that Strabo, the geographer, who was born sixty years before Christ, when visiting a great man of the place, was conducted to the edge of the lake, and by his host shown the sacred animal, whose name was "Souchos." It was so tame as to allow itself to be stroked by the priest, who fed it with bread, meat, and wine; and on the occasion of Strabo's visit, his host having chosen from the feast both cake, roast meat, and wine, offered each in turn to the crocodile, while the devoted priests opened the gaping jaws; this done, the creature turned haughtily back, and made its way to the opposite side of the water, where fresh offerings awaited it.

Herodotus, telling how Souchos is "taught to be tame and tractable," says, "They adorn his ears with ear-rings of molten stone or gold, and put bracelets on his fore-paws, giving him

* Mr. Jesse Haworth and Mr. Martyn Kennard. Mr. Petrie refers graciously to the "sweet mercy" of having had the efficient help and sympathy of these gentlemen with that of other friends.

daily a set portion of bread and number of victims, and after having treated him with the greatest possible attention while alive, they embalm him when he dies, and bury him in a sacred repository. A more matter-of-fact report of this ugly beast and its sacred uses is given by another historian, who wrote at the time of Christ. He says, "Many naturally ask how an animal which devours men can have been considered worthy of the respect shown to the gods. They answer that not only the river, but the crocodiles, are a defence to the country, for the robbers of Arabia and Africa, who would pillage the land, dare not swim across the river, from the number of those animals, and one great impediment would be removed if they were hunted or destroyed."

He tells us also that in a historical tale it is related that Mœris being driven by his dogs into the lake of his own making, was miraculously taken up by a crocodile and carried to the shore, in commemoration of which benefit the king built the City of Crocodiles, ordering Divine honours to be paid to the animals, and assigning the lake for their maintenance; how the king built there a tomb for himself, and a labyrinth which was also a tomb for the sacred animals, these buildings being "the admiration of all who beheld them." A modern writer finds that the Egyptians had a very practical reason for giving a sacred importance to the crocodile in such towns as were built on canals at some distance from the Nile; for, these animals, being unable to go far on dry land, require the canals to be constantly clear (their presence, in fact, insuring that water is fit for use). Where the crocodile was held to be a necessary object of worship, then, the water-courses must be kept clear for its passage.

In this and kindred superstitions we shall ever find something beyond what seems to us a mere whimsical folly at the root of them—a reflection not altogether useless in an age which is too apt to think itself entrusted with all secrets. For it should not be supposed that the thinking and educated classes in Egypt believed in the "thousand gods" of the masses of the uninstructed people. These leaders of untaught multitudes believed in the unity of God, and taught that this single Being was the "sole producer of all things in heaven and earth, the only true living God, Himself not produced of any, who exists from the beginning, who has made all things, but has not Himself been made, all wise, Almighty, all supreme." Of Him it is sung that "He is not graven in marble; He is not beheld; His abode is not known; there is no building that can contain Him; His commencement is from the beginning; He is the God who has existed from old time—there is no God without Him."

A like instance of the origin of superstitions is to be found in the worship given in other cities to the ichneumon, which, Diodorus says, was chiefly held in repute because it, in its turn, destroys the eggs of the crocodile, thus "hindering the animals from rendering the Nile unapproachable by their multitude, so that it is unsafe for anyone to wash his feet, or draw water at the river."

This ancient writer gives a humorous account of the ingenuity of the little animal against its unwieldy enemy. He sets it down that the ichneumon, "covering itself with a coat of mud, watches the moment when the crocodile, coming out of the river, sleeps upon the sand-bank with its open mouth turned towards the wind," and adroitly rolling down the gaping jaws, penetrates the entrails of the crocodile, and gnawing its way through the body, makes its escape! Whether the modern ichneumon, which is sometimes domesticated in Egypt, has degenerated in its cunning character we do not know; but we hear nothing of the animal of the nineteenth century acting so ingeniously. Near the ancient city of the crocodile's glory, and hard by the site of the labyrinth, were found multitudes of their skeletons, varying in size from infants up to 15 feet.

For centuries the "tongueless beast, with eyes like a pig, teeth large and tusk-like," with its "strong claws and scaly skin," enjoyed divine honours and sepulchre in the labyrinth tombs of kings; but in the course of time there came conquerors to Egypt, invaders both of tribes and nations. Assyrian and Persian swept over the land, destroying the gods of Egypt and doing dishonour to her monuments, till at length the great Alexander, in his search for fresh worlds to conquer, led his armies into Africa, where he was welcomed as a deliverer from the yoke of the Persians; for, contrary to the custom of all previous conquerors, the magnanimous Greek respected the shrines and mysteries of the religion of the vanquished nation, and so led on his hosts among a people who gladly received him.

Sailing up the Nile, after his far-famed visit to the Temple of Ammon, he founded the city of Alexandria, which remains to us a memorial of this great man and conqueror.

On his death at Babylon, when asked to name a successor, Alexander answered, "The most worthy," and, in pursuance of the will of the dying ruler, the governance of Egypt fell to the lot of his general, Ptolemy, an enlightened and energetic ruler, who originated the greatness of the city of his master by founding its famous museum and library. He and his successors glorified the new city until it stood next in magnificence to Rome and Antioch; and within its walls were gathered together such men as Euclid the mathematician, Apelles the painter, Theocritus the poet, and others among the most cultured Greeks of that day.

Before his death Ptolemy handed over the governance to his son, who bore his father's name with the addition of Philadelphus; he followed in his father's steps, and it was probably under his direction that the translation was made of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, called the Septuagint. This second Ptolemy was also a patron of natural history, and founded a zoological gardens for the ancient Egyptians.

And now the time had come for the crocodile to yield up its right to the city "saved from the waters," which was to receive its name from a fairer sponsor, "Arsinoë," the wife of Ptolemy, after whom her husband renamed Crocodilopolis, a name which has only yielded in modern times to that of Fayum, the present village.

Of the city of so great repute and so many names nothing now remains; the cultivated fields grow above it, and the explorers in their search finding only a few coins, of date as late as Constantine, pushed on, with an increased band of workers, to Hawara, the site of the wondrous labyrinth.

We are sometimes, in despair, inclined to think that the spirit of destruction is of altogether modern growth; and as we see the wanton demolition of to-day, to say within ourselves, "Were there ever days like these days for indifference to monuments and history?" But in considering the past, one is persuaded to admit that it is the nearness of the crime that magnifies it in one's eyes (and truly in these days it is the more iniquitous that in the lapse of years we should not have learnt the pricelessness of all that tells of the history of a world now silenced for us). But in all ages and among all peoples, present expediency has ridden superior over sentiment for the past.

When, more than 3,000 years ago, Themistocles incited the Greeks to build their wall round Athens, pillars from tombs and monuments were pressed into the service. Upon invading Alaric and his Goths, the Faun of Praxiteles with tombs and statues were hurled from their places. The inscribed stones of a mausoleum went to decorate St. Peter's, and here in Hawara, the great labyrinth, of which Herodotus said that it "surpassed description," has been rifled and completely destroyed. The Romans for generations used the site as a quarry for stone and lime, and the tombs near by bear trace of having been completely plundered in classic times. It is rare now to find even a piece of pavement remaining. Among the few blocks found lying on the surface by Mr. Petrie, was part of a granite column, with these words of the sovereign Sebeknefera: "Her monument to her father for *ever*." Poor queen! there is little danger that the "dust on antique time should lie unswept." Railway engineers have quarried the very foundations of the labyrinth for stone!

For a description of this gigantic monument of ancient Egypt we cannot do better than refer to our enthusiastic historian, who says of it—"I visited this place and found it to surpass description; for if all the walls and other great works of the Greeks could be put together in one, they would not equal, either for labour or expense, this labyrinth, and yet the Temple of Ephesus is a building worthy of note, and so is the Temple of Samos. The pyramids, likewise, surpass description, and are severally equal to a number of the greatest works of the Greeks, but the labyrinth surpasses the pyramids. It has twelve courts, all of them roofed, with gates exactly opposite one another, six looking to the north and six to the south. A single wall surrounds the entire building. There are two different sorts of chambers throughout, half underground, half above ground, the latter built upon the former; the whole number of these chambers is three thousand fifteen hundred of each kind. The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation; of the underground chambers I can only speak from report, for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions, for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration, as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the labyrinth stands a pyramid, forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage. Wonderful as is the labyrinth, the work called the Lake of Mœris, which is close by the labyrinth, is yet more astonishing.

"Four thousand years have come and gone; the lake no longer supplies revenues for a queen's wardrobe and perfumes, and the temple of 'the Sun of Justice,' 'the Beloved,' is quarried for a railway.

"Oh, Egypt, Egypt! Of thy worship only rumours will be preserved, and even these will seem incredible to the coming generations. Only words will be preserved on the stones to tell of thy pious deeds." Thus spoke Apuleius, the gifted Carthaginian, 1700 years ago, and so it is at this day, to our great loss.

(To be concluded.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

PART I.

THE VENERABLE MARGARET* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

FIRST in point of time, and by far the first in order of merit, comes "The Lady Margaret," Countess of Richmond, the "venerable Margaret" of Gray's verse, the mother of a race of kings, of whom her biographer could write with truth, "She was the friend of the friendless, the comforter of the afflicted, the munificent patroness of learning, and the meek but strenuous supporter of religion."

She was the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, her father having been John of Gaunt's eldest grandson, John Duke of Somerset, while her mother was the heiress to the Lords Beauchamp. Old Fuller declared of her that "she was fair field and fair fort, fair body and fair soul. . . . Taxed for no personal fault, but the errors of the age she lived in." She was born in her mother's house of Bletsoe, in Bedfordshire, in 1441. She was left fatherless, the heiress of her father's great estates, at the age of four years. To be born and left a child-heiress in those days was generally to become an object of fierce strife, in which the future peace and happiness of the coveted child were scarcely thought of, and in this sense the little creature ran the heaviest risks. Accordingly the first distinct glimpse we have of the future woman, is from a statement she herself made in after years. We find the little girl kneeling, on the eve of the day when she was called on to give her decision, as to which of two powerfully-supported candidates for her hand she should choose to be her betrothed husband. Henry VI. said his half-brother, Edmund ap Tudor; her guardian, the Duke of Suffolk, said his son, John de la Pole; and Margaret, at the tender age of nine years, was to choose between the rival suitors. The innocent umpire sought, in her perplexity, the counsel of an old gentlewoman whom she loved; she, in her turn, bade the small maiden pray to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of maidens. As the tiny white figure fell prostrate in prayer, a vision seemed to pass before the child's reverently-shut eyes—"whether sleeping or waking," the truthful woman who told the story in later days, humbly owned she could not be assured; but she knew it was about four of the clock in the morning when a man, arrayed like a bishop, appeared to stand before her, and put into her mouth the name "Edmund." So to Edmund ap Tudor, whom the King created Earl of Richmond, she was betrothed, and to him she was married in 1455, when she was in her fourteenth, and he in his twenty-sixth year.

We feel as if the world went with fearful rapidity then, and events, whether of joy or sorrow, followed in each other's train in hurried succession. In the course of two more years, when Margaret was sixteen, we see her a youthful widow, the mother of a child not yet six months old. She was fain to find refuge in the Castle of Pembroke (where her baby was born), because it was regarded as an almost impregnable fortress, built as it was on a steep rock, and nearly surrounded by water. In this isolated castle, which belonged to her late husband's brother, she stayed some five years, during which she married, at the age of nineteen, her second husband, a kinsman, Sir Henry Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham. Never were the stout arm and trusty championship of a good husband needed more. The Wars of the Roses were raging beyond the castle walls, and in these wars Margaret lost many relations and friends, amongst them her stepfather, Lord Wells, who fell at Towton; her uncle, the Duke of Somerset, killed at St. Albans; and her father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, slain at Northampton. We have a glimpse of the young châtelaine and her doings in the Welsh stronghold. She rose at five o'clock every morning, and passed several hours in prayer and devotion. Having been instructed in medicine and chirurgery, she spent a portion of each day in dressing the wounds and ministering to the ailments of the sick and poor, the castle's dependants. "Right studious she in bokes, which she had in grete number, both in English and French." For she had been unusually educated for the period. She could not only read and write English well—which was more than most noble ladies could accomplish—she was familiar with French, and had some acquaintance with Latin. Her skill in embroidery was so great that the products of her needle were the wonder of succeeding generations. One of them, still cherished by her descendants, is a carpet, bearing the arms and alliances of her family.

But she did still more. In these troubled years, when visiting, except in the immediate neighbourhood, was impossible, and when such public and private news as came was touched with alarm and sorrow, she diverted her active mind and occupied what was left of her well-filled time, by honourable authorship, and this at an era when printing had only just been introduced into England by Caxton, and when vocabularies and lexicons were not in existence! We may see the young, high-born authoress—the first English authoress—seated at her escritoire, translating, with infinite toil and patience, for the good of her soul and of fellow-souls, a French work, itself a translation from the Latin, which she named the "Mirror of Gold for the Sinful Soule." Oh, admirable Margaret!

When her little son was five years of age, and Margaret but twenty-one, an end came to this comparatively peaceful period of her life. In one of the successes of the York faction the earldom and castle of Pembroke were taken from Jasper ap Tudor, Margaret's brother-in-law, a pronounced Lancastrian, and given to William Herbert, a zealous Yorkist. It would seem that the child was given with the castle, for he was ten years in the keeping of the new earl, a man of honour, and his motherly countess, until a turn of fortune restored Pembroke Castle to Jasper ap Tudor, and the lad of fifteen to his mother. Their reunion was of brief duration. Again the Lancastrian fortunes fell. There was a siege of Pembroke Castle, by a partisan of the House of York, in which Margaret was involved, and when the siege was raised by an adherent of the Tudors, she saw herself under the necessity of urging her brother-in-law to flee with her son, who had become a dangerously prominent representative of the losing side. She accompanied the fugitives to Tenby, where she bade them a long farewell. She had to be content with the sorry tidings that they had been cast ashore on the coast of Brittany, and though they had escaped with their lives, and were beyond the reach of their worst enemies, they were, in fact, captives. In the meantime, young Richmond's lands were attainted, though those of his mother were spared.

Margaret's second husband, of whom little is known, died nine or ten years afterwards, in 1482, when she was forty-one years of age; and in the precipitancy with which, in those days, even such widows as she was, resigned their peculiarly forlorn and perilous state of widowhood, and accepted fresh defenders of their persons and property, she married soon afterwards a kinsman of her own again, a near enough cousin to require a Papal dispensation to be sought for their marriage. He was Thomas, Lord Stanley. He was, like herself, in middle life, and he was a widower with a large family. It may seem strange that he was a Yorkist; but he was also a gallant, high-spirited gentleman, certainly not unwilling to be influenced by Margaret in his political opinions. While he was still in favour with Richard III., not only he, but his wife, had to fill prominent places at Richard's coronation. We read of the stately and learned Margaret appearing in sumptuous attire, bearing the train of the unhappy Queen Anne, Warwick's daughter, who, by the way, was also the widow of the murdered Prince Edward of Lancaster, nephew of Margaret's first husband, Edmund, Earl of Richmond. But the great countess's heart must have ached sorely behind the "purfled" crimson velvet and cloth of gold, not only because of old, painful memories, which would not be silent, but for want of her son, her only child. The boy of fifteen was now a man of seven and twenty, and in the interval the poor mother's yearning eyes had never once rested on the face which his contemporaries said was so manly and handsome. What wonder that when Margaret was journeying, soon afterwards, to the shrine of our Lady of Worcester, to offer up her prayers and vows, chancing to encounter on the road her second husband's nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, on his way to Shrewsbury, the Countess begged the Duke to intercede with King Richard that her son might return to England. She would promise that he should marry one of the daughters of Edward IV., without anything to be taken or demanded for the said espousals, but only the King's favour. Tradition will have it, that though such a marriage had been bruited more than once before, it was these words of Margaret's which first drew the attention of the chief of the Lancastrian party to the double claim to the throne that young Richmond, wedded to Elizabeth of York, would possess, which would thus render him the most formidable opponent to Richard.

However, the first rising of the Lancastrians was premature, and Margaret had the misery of seeing it collapse and Buckingham perish, while only her husband's favour with Richard saved her own life. As it was, her eldest stepson was detained a hostage at Court. But better days were at hand. Henry of Richmond landed at last at Milford Haven. Richard, whose unscrupulous crimes had disgusted not England alone, but his most faithful followers, met his enemy at Bosworth; the Stanleys, in spite of the deadly peril of their heir, deserting from the King's standard on the eve of the battle. Bosworth Field was lost and won. Richard was slain, and his crown, found not far off, near a hawthorn bush, was placed on the head of Margaret's son by Margaret's husband.

On Henry VII.'s coronation in Westminster it is recorded that the Lady Margaret "wept marvellously," for the greater her prosperity the more she dreaded adversity, with reason enough, poor tried soul! But her worldly trials were over; thenceforth she was the honoured mother of my lord the king, appearing with the royal family in great state at all family ceremonies, the festivals of Yule-tide and Easter, and dispensing princely hospitality on her own account. We cannot help pausing to ask whether Margaret, great-hearted as we know her, was not disappointed in the son who had returned to her, the silent reserved

* Miss Halsted Cooper, volume of the Antiquarian Society, Cambridge, Fuller.

man of nine-and-twenty, with the long, pale face, which so soon grew singularly haggard, and the foreign accent which clung to him? There is this to be said in excuse for his defects, that from childhood he had been a prisoner, a fugitive, and an exile, but he was wofully unlike his mother. He was, according to an excellent authority, "thoroughly common-place." He was jealous, grasping, both of money and of power, and hostile to the new dawn of learning which Margaret was striving, with womanly enthusiasm, to foster. He himself was not an unlearned man, for he had availed himself of the lagging hours of his captivity to master Latin, as well as to study the old legends of his ancestor, Arthur Pendragon.

The only point in which mother and son resembled each other, was that while he was undoubtedly a brave soldier, he was also a lover and promoter of peace. At the same time he was a dutiful and affectionate son, showing the Lady Margaret great outward reverence, and yet, as Bacon adds significantly, "not listening to her." But doubtless the mother in her saw the best of him whom she styled "my own swete and most dear kyng, and all my worldly joye," "my good herte," signing herself his "faithful, true bedeswoman and humble modyr." And she was on the friendliest terms with her meek and generous daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of York.

We must consider Margaret once more, in her noble public services, her enterprising attempts to drain Bedford Level; her great grants to numerous churches; her liberal benefits both to Oxford and Cambridge; and, above all, her magnificent endowments of St. John's and Christ Church, Cambridge. In the building and establishing of the last she took great interest, reserving apartments for herself in the college, where she should come to inspect its progress. It was on such an occasion, that looking from a window, and seeing the dean call a faulty scholar to correction, she chimed in with her "*Lentè, lentè*" (gently, gently), "as accounting it better to mitigate his punishment than to procure his pardon. Mercy and justice making the best medley to offenders," ends Fuller, with his quaint sententiousness. Her zeal for the deliverance of the Holy Land from the infidel was so great that she was known to say in her age, "if the Cristen princes wold have warred upon the enemmyes of his fayth, she wold be glad yet to go follow the hoste, and help to wash theyre clothes, for the love of Jhesu."

Margaret survived her promising grandson Prince Arthur, her good daughter-in-law, the queen, and Margaret's own worthy husband, created Earl of Derby, who died in 1504. The couple are said to have been like-minded in this, that while living in the world they "entered on religion;" that is, took the vows of a religious life. This is given as the reason why Margaret, who in the lifetime of her husband could not have been a nun, is nevertheless frequently represented in a nun's habit and veil. In the portraits and medallions which survive of her, she appears with fine strong features, which might have been beautiful in youth, and must have been full of dignity and benignity in age. She was sixty-three when Thomas Earl of Derby died, and it was in the same year that the last specimen of her authorship appeared in a translation of the fourth book of an "Imitation of Christ," from a treatise similar in design to that of Thomas à Kempis. She had yet to sustain another severe loss in the death of her beloved son, King Henry, in his fifty-third year, when she was sixty-eight years of age. She lived a few months longer, during which she acted, in some respects, as guardian to her young grandson Henry VIII. Then, in 1509, we have the last piteous pathetic scene as described by Bishop Fisher in her funeral sermon. He laments over "these merciful and liberal hands that had to endure the most painful cramps—so grievously vexing her, and compelling her to cry, 'Oh, blessed Jesu! succour me.' It was a matter of great pity. Like a spear, it pierced the hearts of all true servants that were about her, and made them cry also of Jesu, for help and succour, with great abundance of tears. . . But specially when they saw death so haste upon her, and that she must needs depart from them, and they should lose so gentle a mistress and so tender a lady. Then they wept marvellously; wept her ladies and kinswomen, to whom she was full kind; wept her poor gentlewomen, whom she had loved so tenderly before; wept her chamberers to whom she was full dear; wept her chaplains and other faithful servants."

Thus passed away, fitly bemoaned, the noblest life we know of in that generation. All that was mortal of her lies buried under a costly monument in her son's splendid chapel in Westminster Abbey.

SARAH TYTLER.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—IV. THE OTTER IN WINTER.

BY A NATURALIST.

THE otter is far more numerous in this country than the general public suppose. His most cautious and retiring disposition is a great protection to him. His fur is very beautiful, and some of the foreign otters' skins are costly to a degree, especially those of the sea otters, or kalans of the Northern Pacific.

Otter hunting is a very exciting sport, and of late years ladies have taken part in it; as the sport is carried on on foot, it affords a great deal of wholesome exercise and excitement. All sport pursued in a proper manner is beneficial to the health and spirits; and it affords to many sights of the creatures in their native haunts, which they could not otherwise get. Because a wild creature is hunted, it does not follow that it is inevitably caught and killed; far from it.

He makes a nice pet when domesticated, and will follow his master or mistress about like a dog. He can even be trained to fish for his owners. Those remarkable people, the Chinese, have made use of him in that way, and of that feathered fisher, the cormorant, from a date that is not recorded.

In summer the otter has rare times, and, unless the winter is a severe one, he has nothing to trouble him; but if he is hard pressed for something to eat, woe betide anything in the shape of rabbit, fowl, moorhen, or other small deer that he comes across. As a rule, fish and frogs form his principal food; eels he has a special liking for; but his diet, like that of other creatures, varies according to the seasons.

Let me give you a picture of him from the life. Deep snow has fallen, and sharp frost set in afterwards. The river for long distances is covered with ice from bank to bank, with the exception of a few places where the sharp-running trout streams from the moors empty themselves into it. Here, owing to the run, and it may be from a warmer temperature of the water, ice has not formed. The flags and reed stems, brittle with frost and broken down by the snow, have been deserted by all the creatures that sought food and shelter amongst them in the warmer weather. The coot, moorhen, and water-rail have gone; for starvation would be their fate if they lingered here. That wary bird, the water-rail, a brown, gliding streak in the lush herbage during the summer, is at his wits' end now; you may see him wandering in aimless fashion over the snow toward the open water of the trout stream. Not even a snipe is to be put up from the water meadows, for they are ice-bound.

We have been roaming along the banks of the river for some three or four miles without seeing more than one or two rabbits and some wood pigeons, so, for a change, we take the trout stream. From its source to where it empties itself into the river, it is a succession of shallows and long deep reaches of water between banks. The aspect here is southern, so if there is any life about it we may expect to see some now. And we are not disappointed, for in a basin-like pool there is a little grebe or dabchick fishing for minnows. It is a pleasant sight to see the little fellow dip under and come up again with a fish in his bill. But my foot has slipped, and he has heard and seen us. Under the bank and roots out of sight he is in a moment. Scape-scape, and a snipe springs from the mouth of a meadow drain that falls into the stream, and makes for the moor. He will not stay there long; as we proceed we see him coming back again, high over head, and he pitches behind us. We do not expect to fall in with a kingfisher; his haunt is farther up the stream, which here is a long, narrow pool, six or eight feet in depth. About the middle of it a great ash had been blown down, for the water had washed all the earth from its roots. The tree has been cut up and carried away some time; but the hollow remains, making a bay of some size. The water has melted the snow which was close to the water's edge, but nowhere else. On the patch that is left something is resting; more than that, footprints are all about it. That tail, the remains of a meal, is certainly the tail of a trout; and of a good one too. This is the track or seal of the otter. No three-parts grown cub this, for the seals are large; at least, large for this locality. They do not reach the size here that I have known them to do in other streams and rivers. Perhaps we may get a glimpse of the fellow. I know every crook, bend, and hole well, where fur, fish, or feather could hide. The woodcutters have left long stakes to be used for hoop-making and other purposes; one of these, about fourteen feet in length, we take the liberty of borrowing. I fancy from the general look of things that he will not have moved far from where he has just fed.

We begin our disturbing operations by bringing the end of the pole whack on to a sheet of thin ice that has formed in a hollow close to us. Then we root and rattle under the bank, enough to bring it down. A few more good pokes and heaves, and out he shoots like a flash, a little to one side of us. He rushes the shallow, dives under some ice at the head of the pool, and is gone. It is only in exceptional cases that you can see him full and fair.

One of my friends, an accomplished angler, was trout fishing. He was wading at the time, and standing in a pool close under the bank. The head of a fine otter almost touched his knees as he rose from one of his dives. Perfect quiet will make you acquainted with most creatures, however wild they may be.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

MOZART ALLAN (Glasgow).

FROM the above publisher we have received some little volumes of Scottish songs which are models of neatness and cheapness. What would our forefathers have said, had they been offered 222 songs, well printed and bound in cloth cover, for one shilling! A Northumbrian song, "Weel may the Keel row," has been lifted over the Border, and included in the list, by mistake, we presume; for the day of Border-raids is past. The book is published in tonic sol-fa as well as in the old notation. The same publisher has a very complete collection of reels and Scottish dances, and 110 of his native melodies arranged for piano, and happily christened "Scottish Songs without Words."

A Night's Fun with the Children; Mirth and Music with the Young Folks.—There is the germ of a successful idea in these two books, which combine singing and romping about, with charades, conundrums, and new drawing-room games. They can be obtained in London of Messrs. Weekes and Co., Hanover Street.

PATERSON AND SONS (Edinburgh).

Six Songs. Set to music by Hamish MacCunn.—The specimens before us, No. 2 and No. 4, are full of delicate fancy and interest: the former, to William Ferguson's words, "I'll tend thy bower," is likely to be the more popular. "Easter Eve," a sacred song by Gounod, with violin and organ obbligato, will be welcomed by all Gounod lovers, to whom a reminder of "The Green Hill" and "Gallia" will have all the charm of old association.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Trost (Solace). A Melody for the Piano. By Blumenthal.—A dreamy cantabile movement, easy to play.

When Daylight Fades. Song, with words and music by Frank L. Moir.—An average ballad of the present day, built upon the fixed plan that nothing must be unexpected, and that commonplace must prevail. The harm that all this system of compounding—it is hardly composing—does in holding down the musical aspirations of this country cannot be conceived.

Album of Nine Songs. By H. Lemprière Pringle.—These are settings of words by Barry Cornwall and others. The composer has the gift of graceful melody, with occasional glimpses of real inspiration, but the workmanship is clumsy in some of the songs.

Barcarola per il Pianoforte, da Joseph L. Roeckel.—All this Italian simply means that a well-known English composer has written a graceful, beautiful English barcarole. A capital little piece to play. But why the Italian?

Danse des Sabots pour Piano, par Herbert F. Sharpe.—A characteristic piece of the gavotte order, in D minor, by an Englishman who has studied in Germany. Then why the French?

Romance in F minor. Composed and transcribed for Piano by John Francis Barnett.—This is a favourite movement from the Pastoral Suite for Orchestra, first performed at the Norwich Festival. It demands a musicianly learner, and is very well arranged for the solo instrument.

Stories. Song, with words by Mary Mark-Lemon, and music by A. H. Behrend.—Sad, sweet words, exactly suited to the melancholy genius of the composer. Mr. Behrend is in music, what the late Frank Holl was in painting before he took to portraiture.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Catechism of the Rudiments of Music. By Henry Farmer.—A very complete elementary work, dealing with the purpose, the elements, and the various systems of music, as well as the pronunciation of foreign words employed in the divine art.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

School Songs. A Christmas song. By Frederic N. Löhr.—A setting (for two parts) of bright, seasonable words, by Miss Gertrude Harraden.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.—With reference to the girls who apply for admittance as pupils into the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Goldsmiths' Row, Hackney Road, E., we are happy to repeat what you say, "that pupils are taken from 23 to 27 years of age, and none younger than that. They are received for a period not less than three years, and there will be no vacancy for some eighteen months, or even, perhaps, two years."

FRANK'S GIRL.—All information respecting the examinations for female clerkships in the Post Office can be obtained in Cassell and Co.'s shilling "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices."

C. M. B. A.—You are too young at twenty for admission as a pupil or nurse for training in any London hospital. Were there a vacancy, and were your health and references satisfactory, and your parents' permission obtained, you might be received in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

DAMARIS.—Of course, if endowed with good abilities and able to obtain suitable training for the next five years, you might qualify yourself to become a teacher; but you would have to pay a good deal to render yourself capable of such a vocation. You had better join the Sulhampsted Girls' Question Club. Address, Miss Thoyts, Sulhampsted, Reading, enclosing a stamp for rules. Subscription small, and prizes given.

MUSIC.

VERENA.—In reply to your question "whether the semiquaver be played with the last quaver in the treble, or not, in playing a triplet of quavers with a quaver dot, and semiquaver in the bass?" you should play two quavers of the triplet with the dotted quaver, and the last quaver in the treble with the semiquaver in the bass. Perhaps the Prize Musical Improvement Society, which has a Harmony Correspondence Class, might suit you. The other clubs for musical improvement named in the "Dictionary of Girls' Clubs" are for practising only. Address, Miss Graham, 99, Bedford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool. The correspondence on harmony is 15s. a quarter, which, after all, is inexpensive, though so much more than mere practising clubs' fees.

OUR BESSIE should take the trouble of paying a visit to a music publisher and look through some of the exercises and pieces for the violin. We do not know what advance she has made in playing, nor whether, as yet, any at all. The people who serve in the shop will give her a choice suitable either for beginners or those more advanced.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—To be a professor of music you must go through a course of study in one of the colleges, and obtain certificates on passing certain examinations. There are several colleges in London; amongst them is the Guildhall School of Music. There are three terms of twelve weeks each, and the fees vary from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d. a term, according to the subjects taught, and the number of lessons given. There is also an entrance fee of 5s.

BASHFUL FIFTEEN.—There is no harm in your singing any more than the young birds attempting to do so, or the young cocks to crow, however hoarsely. What would be injurious is a regular course of training of the voice by a master, which should only begin, and very carefully too, when infancy is giving place to maturity. 2. You should hold the eye that is so blood-shot in an eye-glass full of very hot water when you go to bed, and avoid reading or doing fine work by candle or gaslight, and of exposing your eyes to a cold wind until quite recovered.

NINETEEN.—We cannot assist you in the matter of slowness in reading music. The acquirement of it rests with yourself. The strengthening of the fingers by rubbing with oil is recommended. Vaseline might still be better.

ART.

ALMA.—You will find the articles on painting to which you refer in the "Girl's Indoor Book," recently published by us.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We always give the same answer to girls who inquire "how they are to dispose of their painted Christmas and birthday cards," viz.: take them to the shops where such articles are sold, and, if approved of, they may be taken and an order for more given.

A READER, No. 2.—Cut a raw potato in two, and gently rub the smooth inside over the painting. A little white froth will be produced, which you can carefully sponge off with clean water, and use the other half of the potato in the same way as before. This will remove old dust and fly marks, etc.

SIXTEEN SUMMERS.—Get a shilling manual of "Water Colour Painting Instructions." Do not mix white with your colours to make them "show up." Leave the lights by using no paint upon them. You should not say "I am seventeen next March." That is the present tense of the verb "to be." Next March should be spoken of in the future tense. You might as well say, with a certain worthy Frenchman, "How do you do to-morrow?"

COOKERY.

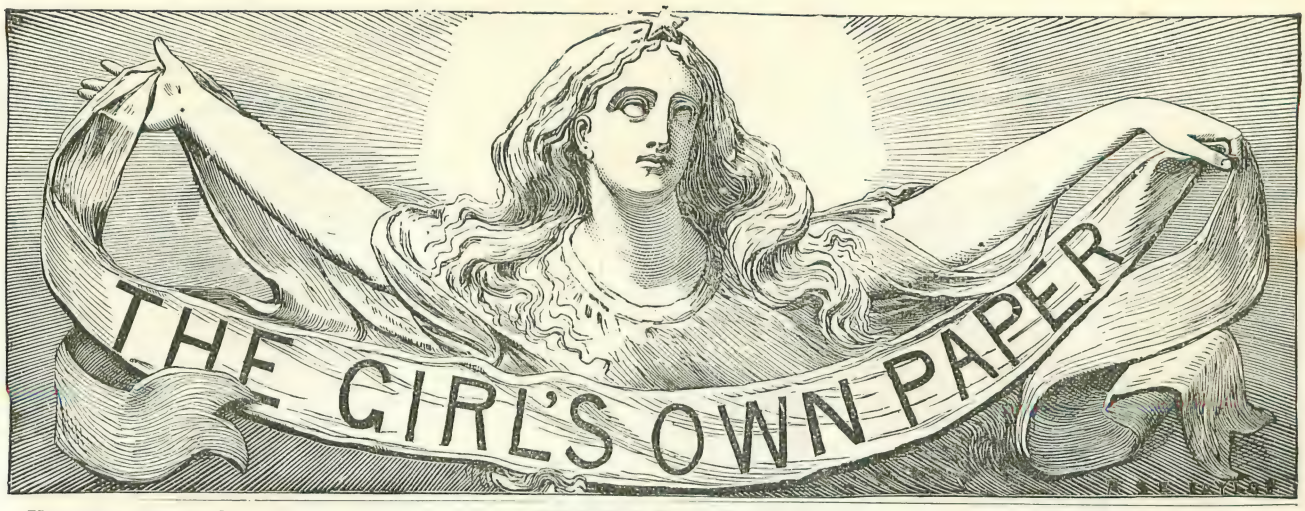
H. E. J.—Mint sauce is made by chopping up the mint finely after having picked the leaves from the stalks; then add the vinegar, and put in sugar to your taste, and stir it up well.

E. G. E.—Bananas are picked when unripe, and generally ripen here, and consequently are not as juicy as they are at home in their native clime. We do not think they would be good preserved or cooked under the circumstances.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN."—We thank this "sweet" correspondent for her recipe for a sweetmeat called "gingerbread snaps," which we give our readers at her desire. Take of flour, 1 lb.; of best prepared ginger, ½ oz.; of baking powder, ½ teaspoonful; mix well, and rub in of butter, ¼ lb.; add of sugar, ½ lb.; of treacle, ½ lb; and one egg. Roll the mixture flat, and cut out with a wine glass into shapes; place on a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven. 2. The 15th of August, 1872, was a Thursday.

SMALL HOUSEKEEPER.—We think you might find the recipe for "cheese straws" in most cookery books. They are easily made. Two ounces of flour will suffice; add to it a little salt, and a cayenne-spoonful of red pepper; 3 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese; 2 oz. of butter, and the yolk of an egg. Mix all well together, and roll out the paste to the thickness of ⅛th of an inch. Cut it into strips of about 5 inches in length, and you can cut the remainder of the paste into little rings or stars. Lay them all on the flat baking-tin, and put them into a hot oven (rising to about 246°), and leave them to bake for ten minutes. But you must watch them, as they may be browned too much, and you may miscalculate the heat of the oven.

SPRING.



VOL. XI.—No. 527.] FEBRUARY 1, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LADIES' GOLF.

THE ancient game of golf is fast becoming a very popular pastime in England, though it may possibly be some little time before it reaches that popularity which it obtains on more northern shores, where, so great is the enthusiasm of players of all ages, and "all sorts and conditions of men," women, and children, that in such places as St. Andrews, which has long been considered its head-quarters, golfing seems to be the one absorbing subject of interest and conversation from morning to night; and even the natural beauties and historic charms of the ancient city alike appear to be of secondary interest to this engrossing pastime of our Scotch brethren.

The name of golf (pronounced "goff") apparently had its origin in the German word kolbe, or Low Dutch kolf (a club), and the game itself is considered by the best authorities to be of very ancient origin among the natives of North Britain. In the reign of James II. it had already become a popular game in Scotland, for in an Act of Parliament

BEFORE THE STROKE.

dated 1437, in favour of archery, it is "decreeted and ordained that the weapon-schawinges be halden be the Lordes and Barronnes, Spirituel and Temporal, foure times in the zeir, and that fute-ball and golfe be utterly cryit downe and not be used."

It is, however, only of late years that ladies have—with much more becoming and feminine taste than inspires them to compete in the more masculine sports of cricket and football—taken up a game which has, especially in the modified form in which they usually play it, nothing but favourable points to recommend it, embracing as it does all the advantages of open air, healthy exercise, education of the eye, and, like most games, developing control of temper and general judgment in deciding the best method of overcoming the various obstacles and "hazards" of the links, which might well be applied to the ups and downs of life generally, with beneficial effect.

Wisely, the fair ones who of late appear apt to follow too closely the "lords of creation," are willing, except in few cases, to ignore the

AFTER THE STROKE.

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HOLING OUT.

more energetic play of the men, with their longer links and herculean "driving," which requires greater strength of muscle than is expected in the "weaker sex," and are content with the more delicate part of the game called "putting"—(the "u" is pronounced like "u" in putty)—this requiring but one club, and dispensing with the necessity of the "caddie," who carries for the men players a bagful of clubs, known as "spoons," "brassies," "irons," "cleeks," "niblicks," and "putters," which their longer links and deeper bunkers, etc., necessitate for the different strokes.

The ground on which the ladies play is called the "Putting Green," and comprises (generally) eighteen holes, varying from about fifty to one hundred yards apart, arranged in an irregular circuit, commencing and finishing near the same point. It is covered with close turf, and if the natural inequalities of the ground are not sufficient, artificial holes, called bunkers, are made and mounds raised, as otherwise the game would be too simple and easy. Each hole has a flag or square piece of iron with the number of hole marked plainly on it, attached to an upright bar placed in it to show its whereabouts in the distance, and is removed when the player gets near it, until he has holed out.

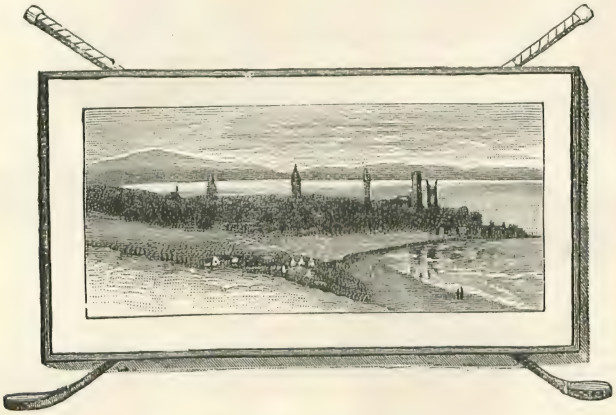
The balls are made of gutta-percha, are about two inches in diameter—white in colour, or black where daisies abound, and red when snow is lying.

The game is played by two persons, or by four (two each side), which is called a "Foursome"—playing alternately. It may also be played by three or more persons, each playing his own ball. The game commences by each party playing off a ball from a place called the "Tee," which is marked on ground within a few feet of each hole on which the player, after having holed out, places it to take his first stroke for next hole.

Each hole is won by the party "holing" in the fewest strokes, and the reckoning of the game is made by the terms "odds" and "like," "one more," "two more," etc. One round of the links is reckoned a match unless otherwise stipulated. In cases where an unlimited number play, and when handicapping is introduced, the match is won by the person who does the whole round of holes in the fewest strokes.

It is usual to have an attendant, either lady or gentleman, to note down the score as the game proceeds. After the balls are struck off, the ball farthest from the hole to which the parties are playing must be played first.

As several sets of players play on the same links at the same time, the rule is, that each party wait to take their turn in playing off from any hole till those in front have "holed out" at next hole in advance, unless for any reason they allow those behind to pass them.



SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

ON LIVING THINGS DOWN.

THERE are some girls about whom you never hear an unfavourable whisper, much less a downright bad opinion. All evil seems to keep out of their way, and by a sort of magic spell they preserve the best of characters, and never have anything to live down.

We need hardly say, however, that these are not sent into the world thirteen to the dozen. The greater number of us are wandering and wayward daughters of Eve, always doing something not just right, and making efforts more or less successful in the way of reformation.

Faults amongst this large majority are of all sorts and sizes. Agnes, if ever she turns over a new leaf, will have to live down the unfavourable opinion of the more sensible of us, because of her frivolity; Rhoda will have the same trouble, on the score of selfishness; Sophia's weak point is vanity; and Grace will have a good deal to do before people think her anything else than changeable as the wind. By general consent Amy is a Paul Pry, worming out of everybody all that it is not her business to know. Julia has a character for doing stupid things, and it will be hard work for her to live that down, for the reputation of being a simpleton is one that pretty often sticks. It has been so with our faithful and hard-working Mary Jane, who never got credit for being anything else than "decidedly stupid," after the first incident that marked her going to service. She had come up from the country, as green as her native grass, and the first morning was told to put her master's boots on the tree. She literally obeyed. She hung all his boots—five pairs of them—on the tree in the garden, and it was very wet weather.

In this curious world it does not always happen that our own failings are the sole cause of trouble. Sometimes, because of one or two individuals in it, a whole family gets a bad character, and, as if living down prejudices against themselves were not enough, all connected with it are looked upon as somehow or other responsible for the doings of objectionable relations and ancestors. There used

to be a family in Scotland, for example, which was looked upon with detestation for centuries for no other reason than that it was descended from one of those who helped to betray the national hero, Sir William Wallace. But we need not go into history. They have either a limited or beyond-ordinary circle of acquaintances who cannot lay a finger on some group of persons who have to be extra cautious in their lives because of the folly of some one connected with them.

There is a rough justice, it must be admitted, in the way outsiders reason about such things. Like mother, like daughter, and to be tarred with the same brush is the destiny of those who live under the same roof. Out of a bad nest you don't usually get good birds, as many a young man finds to his cost who marries a girl about whose relations the less said the better. Of course, he often does it in ignorance of their character, for girls do not as a rule volunteer such information, and it is a delicate question to put to any one—Are there or were there ever any of your family who deserved hanging?

The rule, however, is to have things to live down, not on account of our families, but of ourselves. Our own errors supply plenty of food to those who find a favourite occupation in ill-natured criticism, and it is wonderful what a relish there is in human nature for believing the worst of people, and especially for dwelling on the misdemeanours of those who have hitherto been accounted good.

Charity would be stretched rather far if we asserted that scandalmongers, whom we find at school as elsewhere, are actuated by anything like praiseworthy motives. Perhaps some of them think themselves public benefactors, and, whilst sharpening their wits on our failings, imagine that by the blessing of their remarks we are kept in mind of what we would otherwise speedily forget. But the truth about them is that if they had not bad hearts themselves they would not with such gusto discuss the weak points of their neighbours.

Two blacks, however, do not make a white; and it is no reason for a girl not trying to retrieve a lost character, and live down all that is said against her, because she hears of other girls discussing with relish her falling from rectitude and dancing jigs on the ruins of her reputation.

Let no one think that a good character is a trifle not worth, when lost, taking trouble to recover.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

So says Shakespeare, and to his lines may be added the testimony of an author of our own day. "In a world," says the Poet of the Breakfast-table, "full of influences and tendencies to evil, where every good force is needed and needs to be jealously cherished and guarded, there is no choicer treasure and no more beneficent power than a sound character."

Strong-minded people are sometimes contemptuous of the opinions of their neighbours. Whether they are in the right or in the wrong, they "don't care two pins what others think of them." But this is a frame of mind in no case to be admired. It is fit only for the cold-blooded and the stuck-up, not for girls of warm sympathies and tender heart. The best of us long for a high position in the esteem of our fellows, and if anything occurs to make us ill-thought of, will always take pains to live it down.

True enough, when people are in the wrong about us, it is hard to keep from turning up our noses at their want of sagacity. They will be in the wrong sometimes. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The best way to treat such false reports is to be just as if we were deaf, and live them down by always acting so that those who start them and take away our good name will end in being ashamed of themselves.

Never should a false report destroy the happiness, or even ruffle the peace of mind, of persons of sense.

"Would you live an angel's days,
Be honest, just, and wise always."

By doing what is right and leaving the care of our reputation to Providence, we establish ourselves on a rock, from the surefooting of which no calumnies have the power to dislodge us. Our real character, we may be sure, is known in the unseen world to which we are all bound, and to be understood there is a fact of such importance that it makes quite microscopic our being misunderstood here. "Those who keep a good conscience," says an old commentator, "may cheerfully trust God with the keeping of their good names, and have reason to hope that He will clear up their integrity, and their honour, as the sun at noonday."

Even when we are in fault, and have only our own folly and waywardness to thank for having something to live down, we may worry unnecessarily about the opinions of other people. These certainly should not be ignored, but why should they be allowed to frighten us? There is Mary so terrified by what Rose says, and Gertrude thinks, and Mabel supposes, that all strength and courage have oozed out at the tips of her fingers, and nothing of either is left for pursuing the needful work of reform.

To a girl of a too sensitive mind there is one consoling fact. Our neighbours neither think nor say so much about our faults as we imagine. It is our uneasy consciences that magnify their whispers, and credit them with a great deal more leisure from attending to their own affairs than they really possess. We are seldom of so much importance to other people that they are inclined to spend upon us a great deal of their breath. Besides, there is a universal craving for something new, which is sure ere long to fasten on the misdeeds of new defaulters and so throw ours into the shade.

This is a different thing from saying that our misdeeds are forgotten. However much some of us might like to have a few incidents of our past lives remembered by nobody, that sort of oblivion is beyond our power. Indeed, there are few things more lasting than the memory people have of the failings of their friends and acquaintances.

It is easy to destroy a good reputation, and, once destroyed, most difficult to build it up again. Agnes got a bad character—deserved it too—but she determined to reform, and of late years has been taking her first steps in the direction of living things down. But it is hard work, she says. Those who criticise her, both before her face and behind her back, almost invariably set down her good actions now to interested motives.

This was to be expected. Confidence is always a plant of slow growth, and the way of most people of experience, who have seen how much deceit there is in the world, is to view changes of any kind with suspicion. Give a dog an ill name, says the proverb, and you may as well hang him.

It is a pity, however, that living things down is not unfrequently made, even by those who are well-meaning, a great deal harder than it need be. Charity urges us to make it easy, and common sense says the same thing, so let every girl who has the opportunity of being serviceable, remember that our duty to all who are down is to assist them to rise, and not to crush them. The tendencies of our day, fortunately, are in favour of this broad and kindly way of looking at things, and wandering and erring sheep are not in such danger as they incurred in less tolerant times of being worried to death.

The greatest obstacle in the way of living things down is often put in people's way by themselves. That obstacle is their pride. They scorn to do anything that would look like an acknowledgment of their having been in the wrong.

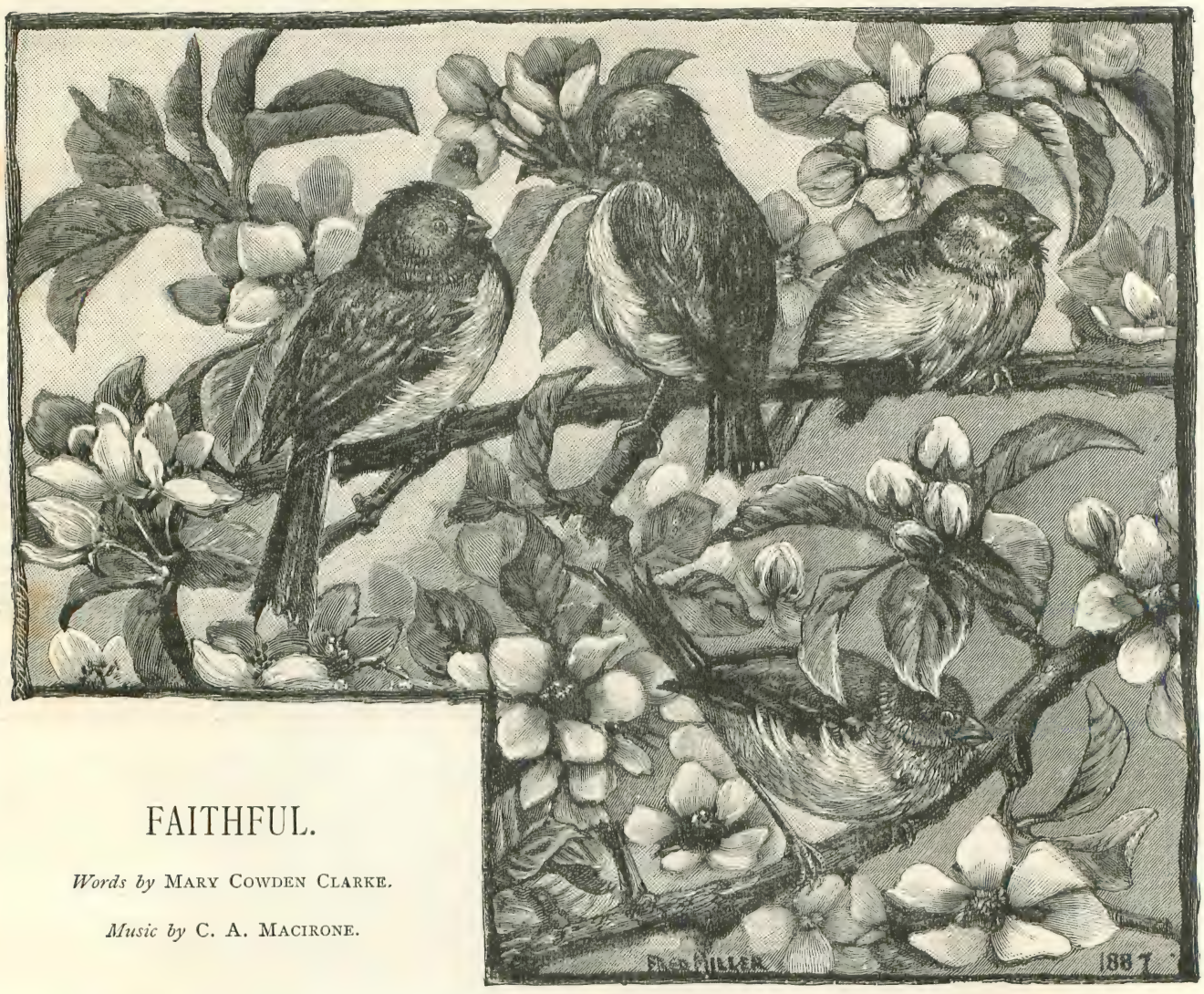
Now, you proud girls, who when in fault put a brazen face on the business, just listen to this. It is advice given originally to your great-grandmothers, but who gave it has escaped our memory. "Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of—that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it."

We need not complain if to live things down needs long perseverance. It is good for us. Our characters are strengthened, and we gain in sympathy with all who have to fight a similar battle to ourselves. The better we know our own hearts the more we understand the hearts of others and appreciate the difficulties with which our fellow-creatures have to contend.

When a girl takes pains to rise superior to unfavourable opinions, it shows she is of the best sort—a girl really to be loved and admired. Her errors and stupidities are to be overlooked, or at most very lightly touched upon, and we may be sure that in time she will grow to be a good woman, a real blessing to everybody about her.

"Youth, what our age is like to be, doth show;
You may our ends by our beginnings know."

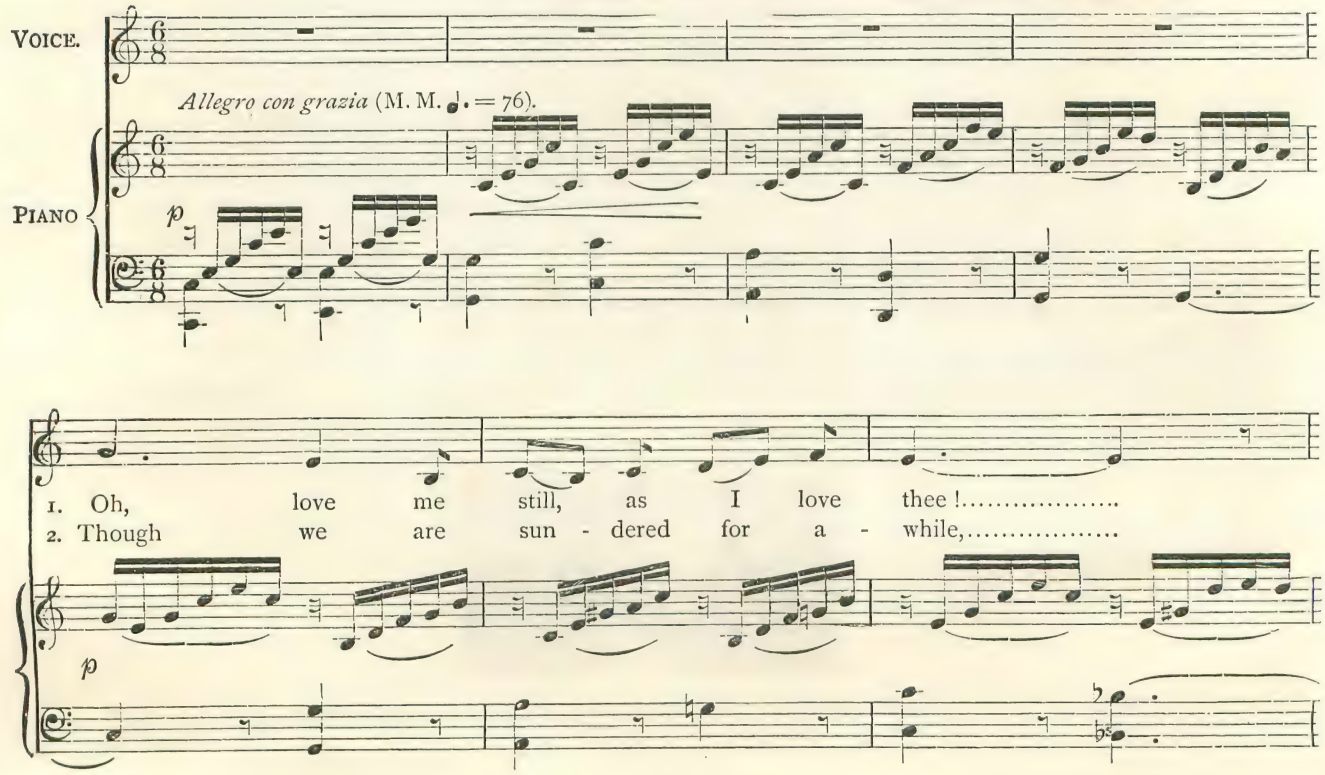
(*To be continued.*)

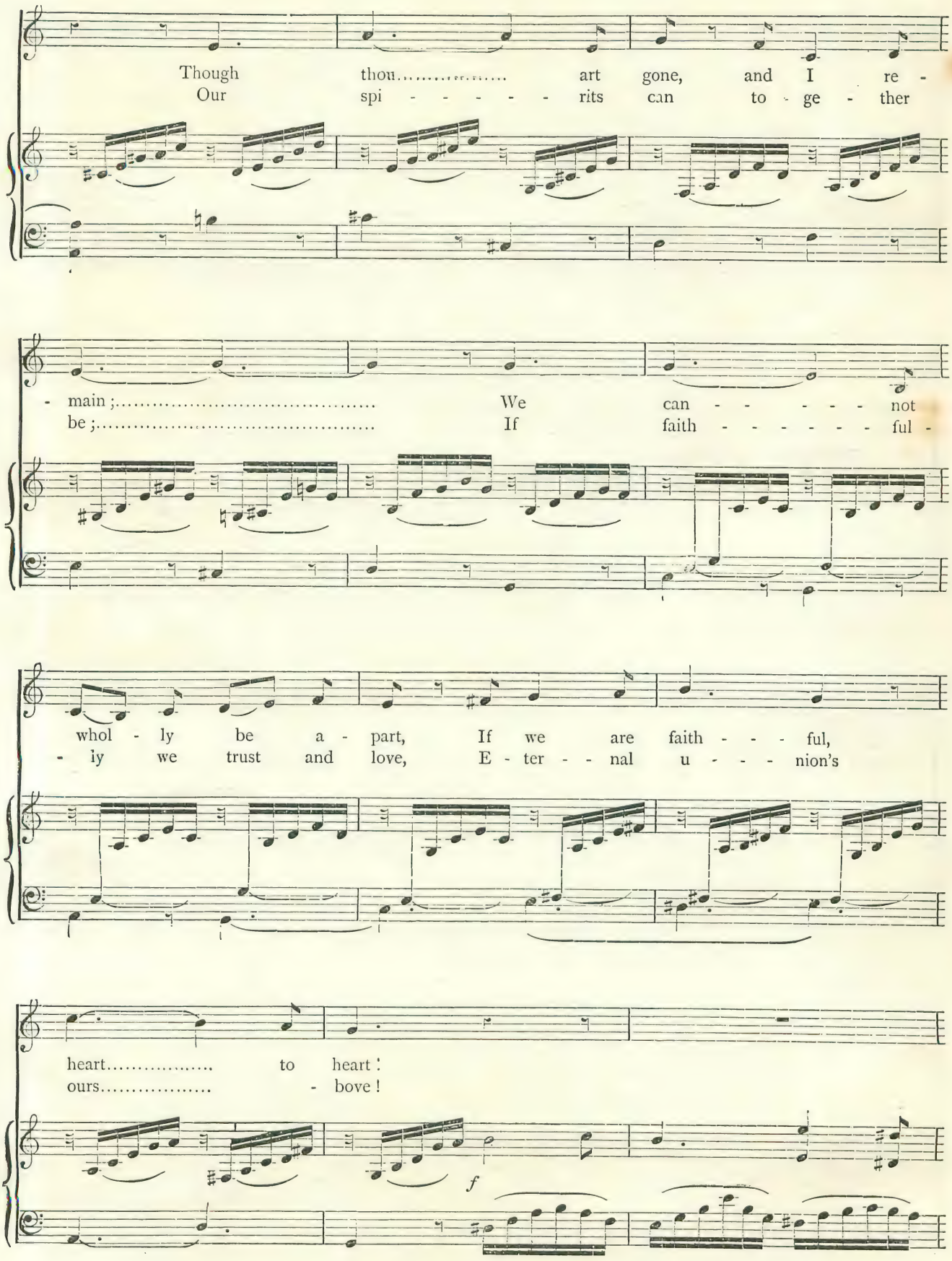


FAITHFUL.

Words by MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

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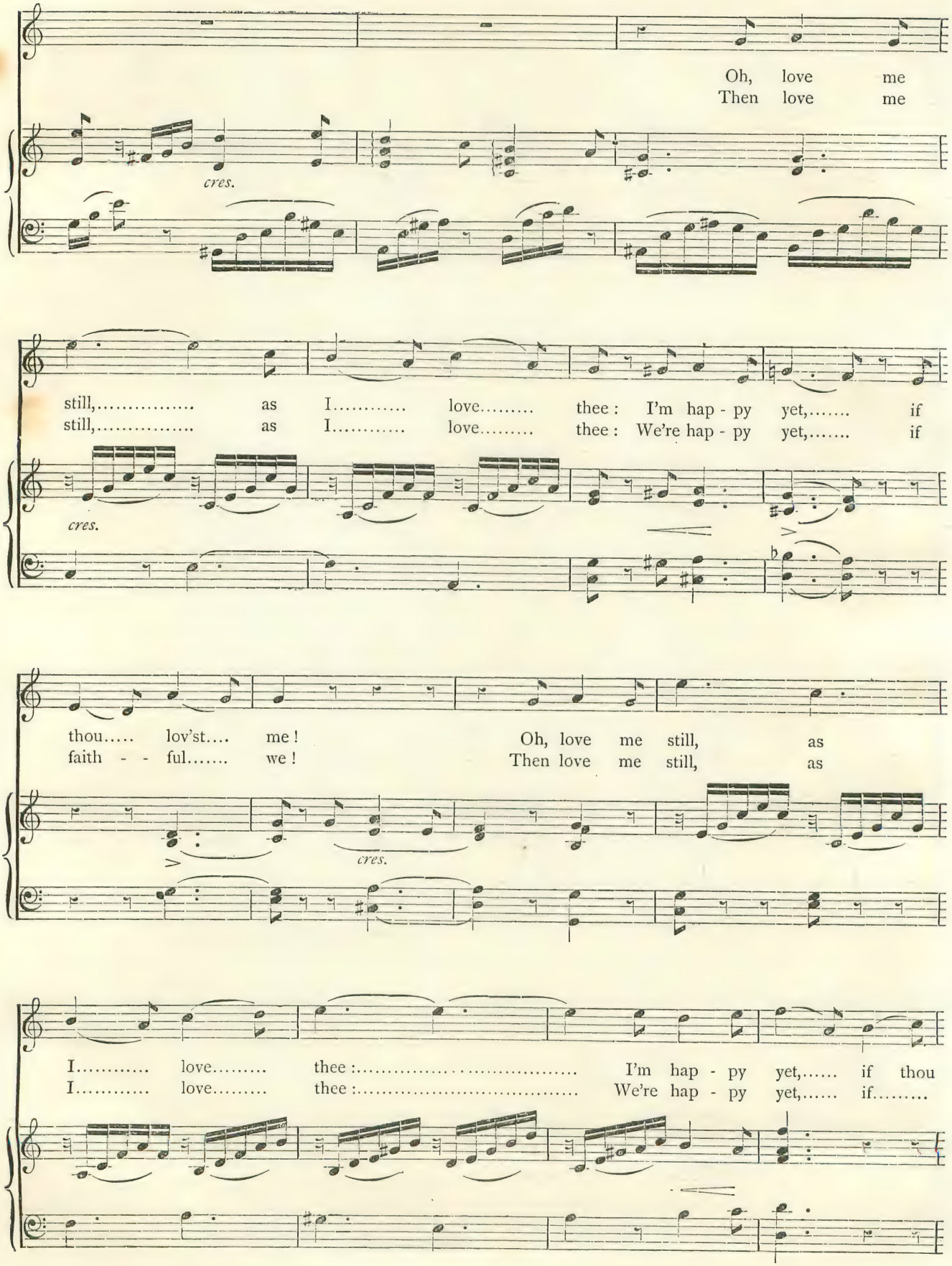
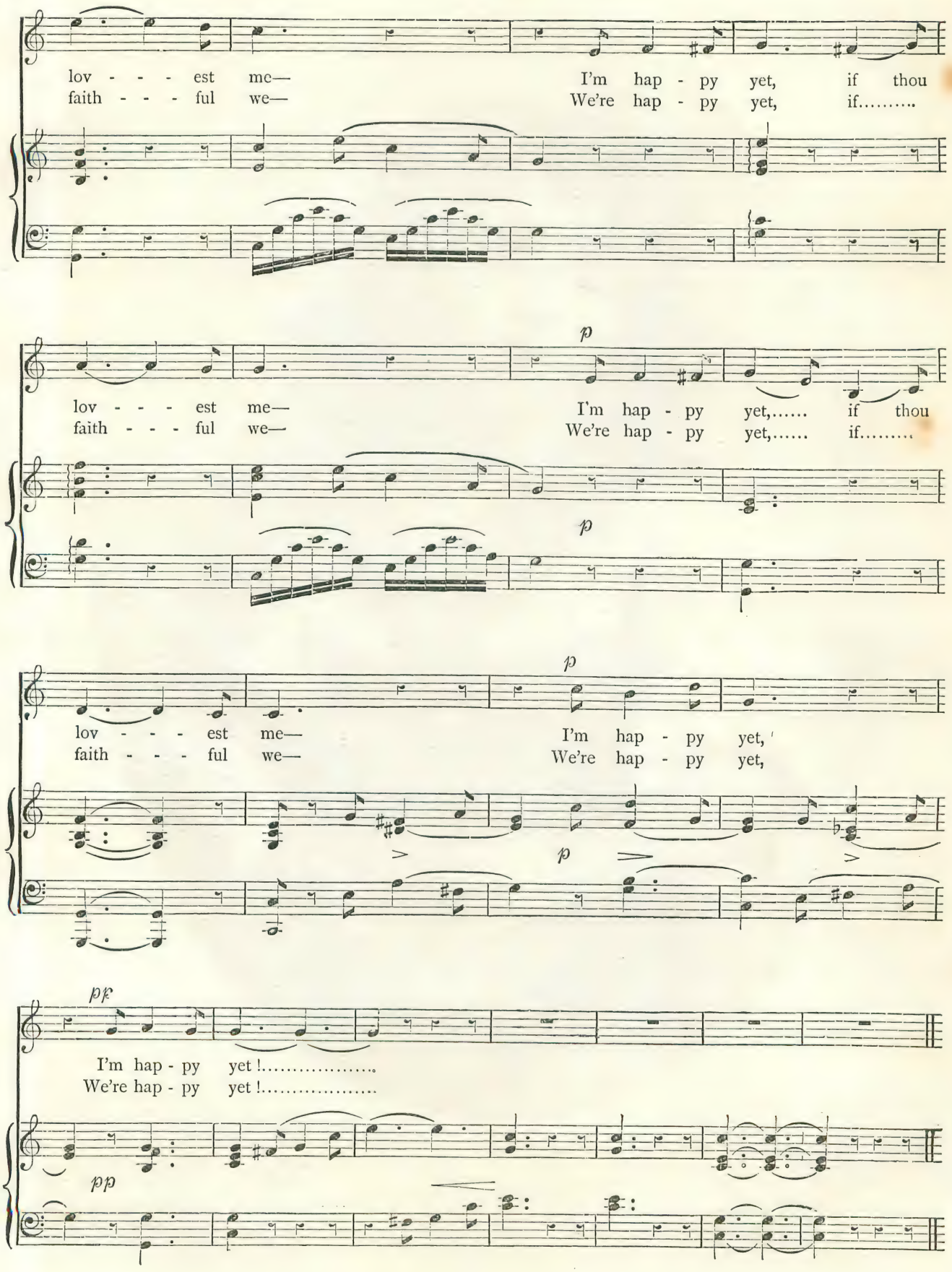

Oh, love me
Then love me
cres.
still,..... as I..... love..... thee : I'm hap - py yet,..... if
still,..... as I..... love..... thee : We're hap - py yet,..... if
cres.
thou..... lov'st.... me ! Oh, love me still, as
faith - - ful..... we ! Then love me still, as
cres.
I..... love..... thee :..... I'm hap - py yet,..... if thou
I..... love..... thee :..... We're hap - py yet,..... if.....


lov - - - - est me— I'm hap - py yet, if thou
faith - - - - ful we— We're hap - py yet, if.....
lov - - - - est me— I'm hap - py yet,..... if thou
faith - - - - ful we— We're hap - py yet,..... if.....
lov - - - - est me— I'm hap - py yet,
faith - - - - ful we— We're hap - py yet,
I'm hap - py yet !.....
We're hap - py yet !.....

A HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

By J. HUIE.

FAR away the peaceful stars
Shine in heaven through the night;
Far from toil and moil and wars,
Pure and clear their silver light;—
Christ, my Star of Peace, be near,
Shine within me pure and clear.

When the fevered pulses cease
Of the world's distracting care,
All the tumult hushed in peace,
Softened shade from fiery glare;—
In the cool night hour's release,
Lord, be Thou my inward peace.

Sweet Thy night for restful thought;
Sweet Thy shade for gentle sleep;
Boon of heaven in silence brought
Through the stillness calm and deep;
Lord, may I the sweetness taste,
Calm my soul to trustful rest.

Night winds coming from the hills
Breathe and sing along the dell;
Rest from earth to heaven fills
All the space with quiet swell;—
Wind of heaven, from Zion Hill,
Breathe and sing, my spirit fill.

Mists insensibly condense,
Gentle dews refresh the earth;
Slumber's mystery steeps the sense
For the morning's waking birth;—
While my eyelids close in sleep,
Dew of heaven, my spirit steep.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD TREES UPROOTED.

IT will be easy to imagine what thoughts occupied my mind when Mr. Burford uttered the sentence which closed my last chapter. Now I understood all that had so puzzled me in connection with Jabez and Betsy. I no longer wondered at the extraordinary emotion they had shown at the bare mention of their lost son's name, still less at the greater trouble caused by the recent robbery at the cottage.

How deeply I felt for them! I almost wished that I had never described to Betsy the scarred face of the stranger whom I caught lurking at the booking office window.

The fiction of the lodger had now become a terrible fact, and I knew that he was identical with the son who had brought such sorrow into his parents' hearts, such shame on the good name inherited from them. Poor Betsy! Poor Jabez! Who could give them any solid comfort?

Yet while these thoughts were flashing through my mind, I had sufficient self-command to keep me from betraying my new knowledge to Mr. Burford.

It was a fortunate circumstance that our conversation, which took place in his private office, was interrupted by the entrance of his clerk, who handed him a written message.

"I shall have to send you away, Jack," he said. "There is someone waiting who is waxing impatient, and I must give him a turn. Do not apologise for staying so long. I am very glad to have had this talk, which has been really a business one as well as confidential. Good-bye. You will talk over the subject of removing with the old couple, and I trust they will decide in favour of it."

I said I hoped so too, though I hardly dare count on it; then I hastened back to my duties. Mr. Burford had pounced upon me as I was returning to the station after dinner, and insisted on my going into his office for a few minutes' talk. I had a little time to spare, and as it was one of our quietest days, there was the less occasion to hurry, besides which Gibbs had become better able to do his share of the work, and more trustworthy than of old. My assistant must have thought me very silent and preoccupied during the remainder of that day, for my thoughts were dwelling so much on what I had heard that I could find room for little else.

First and foremost came a feeling of the deepest sympathy with Jabez and Betsy, when I realised what they must have already gone through, and the state of constant apprehension in which they must be living from day to day. I could not for a moment doubt the identity of their son with the thief who had stolen my property, and I was sure that the idea of my suffering at his hands would greatly increase the weight which rested upon them. Neither could I rid myself of a feeling of fear on their account. Who could tell from what quarter the next blow would come, or what tidings might reach them of his evil doing?

Like many others, both young and old, I thought that if I had only been able to overrule events, these kindly people should never have known this continued sorrow and shame.

How much better would it have been if George had died in infancy, had never recovered from the effects of his accident, or that he had been kept under prison restraint for life, rather than let loose to resume a career of crime, and keep his parents in constant terror! We are always wanting our way rather than God's way, wanting to show ourselves wiser than the All Wise. We learn to measure our own littleness and folly when, step by step, His mode of working is made plain to us as time passes on.

As soon as I could I spoke to the Harwoods about removing to Rose Cottage. I described its conveniences, which would be just enough to meet what my friends considered I ought now to require; of the trifling difference in rent, which I would gladly meet, and of its pretty appearance.

"You know all about the outside as well as I do," I said. "The garden has been nicely kept, too, and would be a delight to Jabez, for it gets so much sun."

"It looks fit for gentlefolks to live in," said Jabez. "Not for such like as us, Betsy."

"And if only you and me were to be thought of, this place that has served us so long, would last till the finish. But it *is* gentlefolks that have to be thought of. Mr. John, who is a real gentleman, look at him which way you like, and his friends that want him to be housed accordin'," replied Betsy, with unusual loftiness of manner assumed on my behalf. "I told him he ought to leave us, for I felt this was no place for him to live in now."

"And I said then what I repeat now, that I shall not leave you and your husband. If we can go to Rose Cottage together, well and good; if not, we stay together. You must decide nothing in a hurry. We have three days to make up our minds, for Mr. Burford will hold over the cottage for us so long, even if he should have an offer for it in the meanwhile. It is not likely to be long unlet. We will not say another word about the matter now. Besides, I promised to play some of your old favourite tunes to-night, and the music is ready."

I turned to my piano, and played and sang some of the ditties which always delighted Jabez and Betsy.

My voice had developed into a powerful baritone, and though I had received no instruction in singing, I was not likely to offend the ears of my audience, who were not disposed to be critical. So I sang "Near Woodstock Town," "Barbara Allan," and others of a similar kind. Then after supper we had hymns set to old-fashioned tunes, and the voices of the old people were joined with mine in the singing.

As I look back I always feel thankful that I was kept from being carried away by my unexpectedly prosperous position, and I think my humble surroundings helped towards this, seeing they were only fitted for persons of the simplest tastes and habits. I could find happiness in giving pleasure to those who knew no greater joy than in contributing to my comfort, and I was quite in earnest when I told Mr. Burford that I should rejoice to be still allowed to live after the same quiet fashion in the future as I had done in the past.

The Harwoods said nothing until Monday came, when I must give an answer about the cottage. Then Jabez said—

"We've thought things over, Betsy and me, and we've made up our minds to flit with you, Mr. John."

"Yes," said Betsy; "you've only to say the time and we'll be ready for moving. We have come to think it will be a good thing for us to have a change as well as you. And if so be that in time you should think of getting married, we can just flit back here, and that would be a change again."

Betsy tried to look jocose; but I could guess from the quavering voice that it would cost her no light effort to leave the home of all her married life, though there might be sorrowful memories attached to it. I knew, too, that she and her husband had come to their decision purely for my sake, and but that I was convinced they would also benefit by it, I would not have accepted the sacrifice.

I professed to take Betsy's allusion as an excellent joke, but said—

"If you think *Rose Cottage* will suffice for me when I am married, you make a great mistake. I shall want a much larger house to bring a wife to, and a much larger income to maintain a

home with. No, when you and I go to Rose Cottage it will be for you to find in it a lifelong resting-place. If I am spared to work on, and have no one else but yourselves, I shall always feel that I have at least two dear friends to work for when they are no longer able to do anything towards earning a livelihood."

"We had rather expected to end our days in a deal bigger house than Rose Cottage, Mr. John," said Jabez, "seeing we have nobody to look to, and the bit we have saved up couldn't last long if we had to live on it. But, dear heart, you haven't altered a bit. When you were a little boy you used to talk about pulling this cottage down and building a better for us. Now to think we shall actually go to another house together. It seems past believing, to say nothing of your promising to look to us when we are real old."

"As if we would let you keep us, Mr. John," said Betsy. "Nay, nay. If the time comes when we can do nothing and we have nothing, let the parish as we have paid rates to all these years give us a shelter in their big house. We should be entitled to that much."

"Whisht, lass," cried Jabez, "you are too proud. I'd sooner any day be beholden to Mr. John than to the parish. He means what he says, and them words of his will come into my mind many a time as the days go over our old heads. I shall say to myself, 'If I am taken away, and my old woman is left, she will always have a friend whilst Mr. John lives and has health.'"

"It wasn't that I felt proud," replied Betsy, "leastways not too proud to be beholden to Mr. John; only I could not bear to think of robbing him, when he has lost so much already. I am proud that he cares so much about us, and I shall be happier for remembering his kind words this day."

"Mr. Burford will be very glad when I tell him what we have all decided upon," said I. "The next thing will be to see about a little furniture for the sitting-room."

"You must let us do that. You would not let us give you back the money you lost through——"

"Not remembering to have that window properly fastened up," interposed Jabez, with a warning glance at Betsy. "The fifteen pounds will make the sitting-room quite nice, and it is our own business to furnish it for our lodger, Mr. John. You have the piano towards it. Dear, how we shall miss your playing and singing!"

"You shall miss nothing. As to the furniture, I must choose my own, and show you what a pretty place I will make of that sitting-room, and at no great cost either."

Of course I had my way, and I was very busy for some weeks afterwards, not only in planning my own surroundings, but in making some little additions to the old people's furniture which did not look sufficient when distributed over more space. They were continually deprecating any expenditure on their behalf, and falling into ecstasies of admiration over the results of it, when I had carried my point.

Betsy looked more than dubious when, after she had scrubbed the floors to the most perfect whiteness of which they were capable, I prepared to stain them round in imitation of oak before covering the centre with a square of carpet.

I need not describe my sanctum, but I have ever since felt very proud of my first essay in furnishing. If, of late, I had divided my time almost wholly between the station and the cottage, I had not forgotten the different surroundings to which I had once been accustomed. I had also kept my eyes open, and noted for purchase the many cheap but artistic trifles that add so much to the cosiness and charm of a home, and I felt as I looked at my new possessions that I should not be ashamed for anyone to see my surroundings when everything was in its place.

As I have opened my mind very freely whilst telling my story, I need not hesitate to say that the wish uppermost in my mind was that my old playfellow, the little wife of my childish days, might see my new home. It was hardly likely she would have the opportunity, but still it would be very pleasant to me if Nelly could glance round, and I could read in her sweet face that she approved of all I had done.

It was very absurd, no doubt, and especially when one considered that she had been so long absent, and that we had never exchanged a word with each other, or even a written line; also, that by her mother's will we should not meet again.

In all this time Mrs. Burford had not altered towards me. We had met often. If this happened in the street, both she and Rose appeared unconscious of my presence, and I was much too proud to appear aware of theirs.

If they saw me at the station and, as occasionally happened, they had to ask a question about times or changes, they addressed me as though I were only known to them in my business capacity, and I replied in the same manner.

Mrs. Burford and Rose had, however, long lost the power to pain me by ignoring old acquaintance; but if Nelly were to follow their example it would be otherwise. She would soon be home, and then would come the testing time.

I tried hard not to meet trouble halfway, and reminded myself of the wonderful manner in which my prospects had brightened, and of Mr. Burford's unfailing friendship through these later years.

But the joy of joys for me would be to see Nelly's sweet face, with the old look on it, and to be sure that she was still my friend, though we might seldom meet to exchange friendly greetings in the future. I thought I could be contented just to know that she was happy, though our life paths might be widely separated.

Mr. Burford had looked into Rose Cottage and expressed his warm approval of our arrangements. My sitting-room was finished, and such furniture as could best be spared was already placed in the new home; but we were to sleep for the last time in the old one, half-denuded as it was.

I was in high spirits at the coming change, but Betsy and Jabez evidently deeply felt leaving the scene of so many joys and sorrows. They answered me at random when I spoke, and more than once I noticed that Betsy turned to wipe away the tears she did not wish me to see.

I thought she had something to tell me, but it was Jabez who spoke after an interval of silence.

"Mr. John, this old place is to come down, every stick and stone of it, as soon as it can be cleared off after we are gone. I didn't reckon on that, neither did Betsy."

"No," said she. "I counted on seeing other people in it. May be young folks with a few bits of things like we had to begin with, and not able to pay much rent. And I thought I should give them 'good-day' as I passed, and maybe in time get to know them, if they were strangers at first, and be asked to go and sit a bit in what was my own house so long. But it will be a last good-bye when we turn out to-morrow."

Betsy's sobs prevented her from saying more, but I answered cheerfully, and tried to make light of the matter.

"You forget that I always planned to build a new cottage instead of this, when I reckoned on owning the property. Depend on it, you will be glad afterwards that the cottage has been taken down, and, for myself, I shall be saved from the fear that you will run away and leave me. If this old home had been allowed to stay, you might have been hankering after it, and then what would have become of me?"

"It will be better, a deal better, to pull it down," said Jabez, earnestly. "Mr. Burford talked it over with us this very afternoon, and made that plain to me. I don't mean to fret after it, and Betsy will not have time to worrit with her fine new place to look after."

I hardly know what Betsy said. Something about hoping all would be for the best, but she was so evidently distressed that I would not even intrude upon her with words of sympathy. If Betsy had known that Mr. Burford had withdrawn the veil which hid the secret of her great sorrow, I think she would have felt it a comfort to talk about it to me. For the sake of her husband, and to avoid touching the unhealed wound or agitating him by repeating the dread which perpetually haunted her, she kept silence. Yet silence must have increased the trial to one so warm-hearted, so full of the milk of human kindness as Betsy. I should have been very glad if I could have acted as a sort of safety valve to relieve her overburdened heart, by listening to and sympathising with her. However, she was too unselfish and thoughtful to let my first home coming to Rose Cottage be other than bright. When, on the following evening, I returned from the station, my duties done for the day, both Betsy and Jabez met me with smiling faces, and were the first to speak in praise of our improved surroundings and conveniences as equally a boon to themselves and to me.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSIAN SKETCHES.

Part II.—Domestic.

If it be the desire of the stranger to be highly esteemed in Persia—if he wish to exercise all due influence over the Persians while there—he must uphold the forms and respect the customs of their land; he must make himself the possessor of many servants, many carriages, many horses; the servants must be handsomely dressed, the horses well chosen, and he will speedily find favour in the eyes of this show-loving race.

The following is a list of the servants that are comprised in every ordinary household:—

1 Nasir, or head servant; 1 cook; 2 cook's assistants; 2 ferashs, or carpet sweepers; 3 washermen; 1 head groom; 2 under grooms; 2 gardeners; 1 woman servant.

State in Persia is chiefly composed of numberless servants and retainers, ceremony and dress. Directly a poor man becomes well-to-do he invests in a new coat and provides himself with one attendant, then several, until he becomes a great man, and inspires respect by reason of his extensive retinue.

It was the custom of an old Nawab, whom we had known for several years in Tehran, to visit us for two or three days periodically, when he was always accompanied by ten or eleven servants, and five or six horses richly caparisoned. Though he was literally clothed in purple and fine linen, he was not a wealthy man. Telling him how much I admired the long purple velvet coat he habitually wore, very early the following morning I was aroused from my sleep by the arrival of a parcel, borne in state by four servants from the Nawab; this was his coat, the object of my admiration, not intended for me to accept, but merely sent to convey the meaning that he was ready to give or to do for me anything that I required.

Servants in Persia are accustomed to receive very low wages. The Nasir gets about £2 a month; on this he feeds and clothes himself, besides keeping a wife and family. He considers himself entitled to "Modakhal," however, to the amount of ten per cent. on everything that he buys for his master; any sum appropriated over and above this is looked upon as thieving.

Persians are very clean in their persons, and dress in great taste; they wear the loose white cotton trousers, gay-coloured coats of cloth or cashmere, showing the white shirt front; their heads are shaven, and always covered by the tall black cloth or astrachan fur hats.

To tell the truth is as foreign to the nature of a Persian as it is to be honest; he is easy-going, anxious to make matters pleasant generally, and sees no reason why anything he says should be true, or anything that he does should be honest. The cook, Ismail, was one day ordered to preserve the annual supply of fruit, which proceeding was generally carried on in rather a primitive but excellent way in the garden. A hole is made in the ground, round which bricks are placed; the fire is lighted inside, and the cauldron is set on the top; the apricots, bought at the rate of 10d. the fifteen pounds, had, with the sugar, been duly weighed; but before beginning operations the cook was seen to fill his pockets with handfuls of the sugar given to him. On inquiring the reason, he replied, "In the name of Allah," that he had not thought of committing such an act, but, being forced to confess, said he had taken a few spoonfuls for the sweets to be made that evening for dinner—two pounds having been confiscated.

There once disappeared from the establishment two pairs of ivory and silver nut-crackers, several china plates, and five or six spoons. The thief could not be detected; but the man on whom suspicion fell was watched; knowing this, he was unable to remove the things from the place in which he had hidden them. Ultimately he was dismissed, and many weeks afterwards the stolen goods were discovered by one of the gardeners, buried under a heap of decaying grass in the garden.

A common practice among the Persians for proving a thief is to make all those suspected stand in a row and have their mouths filled with boiled rice. It is supposed that the man who cannot swallow it is the culprit. Another old Persian plan is sometimes adopted. Dry sticks are given to those suspected of theft, who are told that in the hands of the guilty they will bud. The conscience-stricken at once breaks his stick into pieces.

One of the Pishkhidmats, Ali, fell into dishonest ways soon after he came into our service; he appropriated all the money given to him for several months with which he was to pay the tradespeople; besides this, he stole a clock, two cut-glass decanters, and teacups and saucers. Being caught, he confessed, begging forgiveness on the plea that the money procured for the things sold in the bazaars was to pay for the release from prison of the girl he had promised to marry. On leaving our service he said he should make a journey to the holy city of Meshed, and when there would pray for my sins. The clock being seen in the bazaar was bought by the Shah's wives, and had found a resting-place in the palace of the great king, but was returned on the payment of some trivial sum.

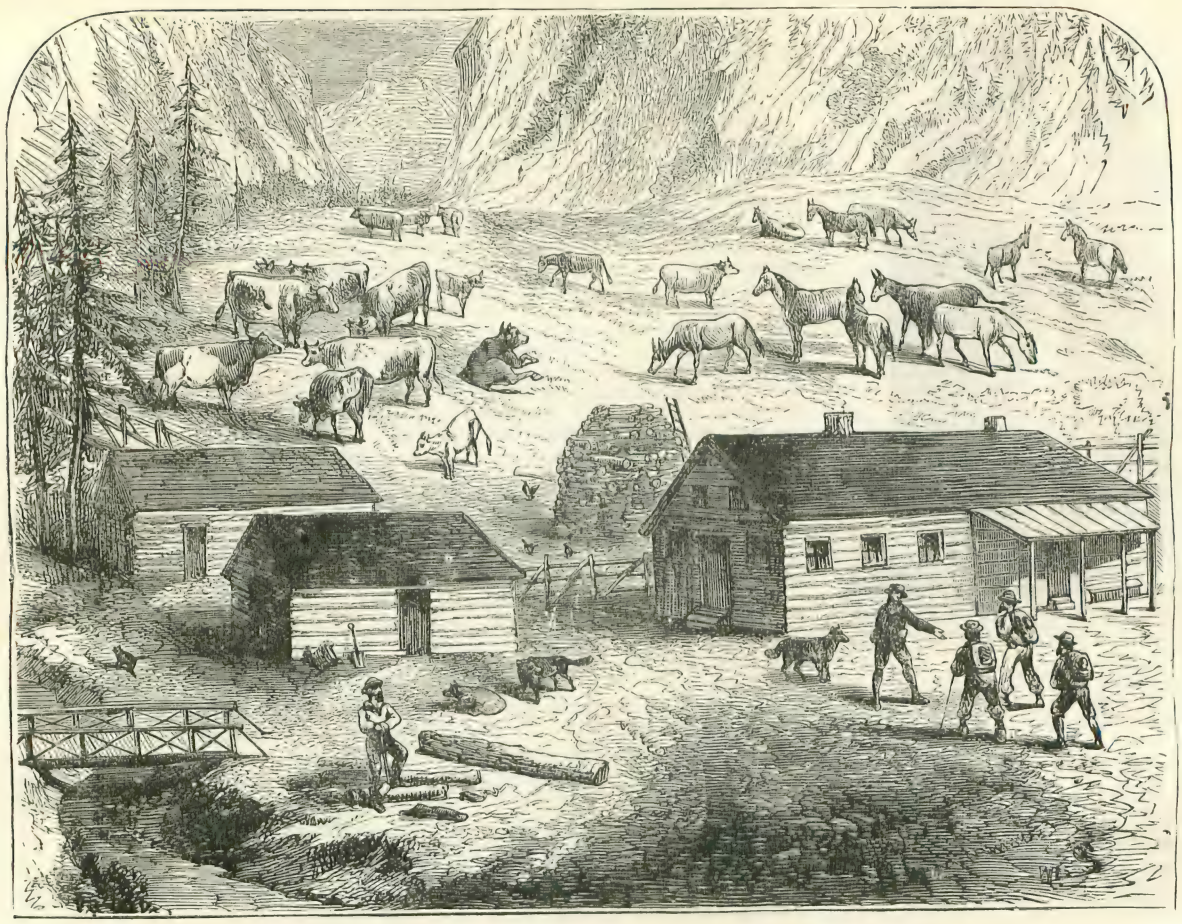
There can be no doubt that the object which chiefly influences the Persian, without one single exception, is self. The servant extracts as much as is possible from his master, giving only in return the amount of work he finds best suited to himself. At every available moment he smokes, and over his pipe hatches endless and intricate plots for deceiving his neighbours, if to benefit his own interests.

He is generally a strict follower of the outward forms of his religion (Mohammedanism). In the month of the "Ramazan" nothing passes his lips from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. When the Mullah from his minaret calls to prayer, the faithful follower of Mohammed is ready to spread his carpet wherever he may chance to be when the call is given; he is ready to turn to the East, to throw himself upon his knees, and to press his forehead on a piece of Meshed's sacred clay, which he never omits to carry on his person; but if while his devotions are in progress an enemy happen to approach, he will stop in his prayers to curse him as he passes, telling him he is the "Son of a dog," the "Son of a burnt father," even if he is his own son.

Suitable women servants are almost impossible to find, there being but few ladies in Persia, as yet, to require them. One summer, sharing a house in the hills with some friends, we respectively engaged, after much trouble and investigation, two maids, one by name Gowher, to wait upon my friend and her child, the other Hartoun, to attend upon myself; they could scarcely have been with us more than a week, when, sitting alone in the house one afternoon, the most piercing shrieks reached my ears from the direction of the servants' quarters. Hastily running to see what was wrong, I found our newly acquired treasures in open combat. Hartoun, with a large piece of rock in her hand, was in the act of hurling it at the nurse, who stood screaming with the child in her arms at a little distance. To rescue the child was my first thought; this accomplished, the two women flew at one another like tigers, and to attempt a separation of two such fiends would have been hopeless, so, taking the child away, I left them.

As time went on the shrieks became fainter, and while I was wondering what could possibly have occurred, the door slowly opened, and there stood before me two ghastly, panting, trembling figures altogether past recognition; their clothes were almost entirely gone, their faces were streaming with blood, and over their shoulders hung their hair in tangled masses, the triumphant Hartoun holding in one hand a long black tail of hair that in her fury she had torn from the head of her opponent.

Refusing to listen to them, though they murmured in faint tones that they "had a petition to make," they crouched themselves each side of the entrance steps, but fearing the approach of visitors, the men-servants had to drag them away by force and lock them up in separate rooms, where they passed the night. The following day they were the best of friends, they chatted quite happily over the past little incident, and the tail of hair was hung on the wall in their room as a remembrance of it. Fearing a repetition, however, Hartoun was discharged, and was succeeded by a bright, clever woman, called Bee-bee, who soon became most useful, and, though she sewed backwards, was a very fair needlewoman. I congratulated myself on the change for the better. She asked me one evening leave to visit her friends; it was granted on the condition that she would return early the following day, which she never did. My wardrobe had been most completely ransacked, many trifles also were missing, and two valuable Government chronometers had disappeared. The chronometers were mysteriously returned the next day; but having bribed the policeman to help her escape, nothing more was heard of the thief. No doubt a great civilising influence would spread over Persia were the women educated; at the present time they are but as slaves to the men. It is supposed that the Koran, the Bible of Mohammedanism, allows them no future life. Those only who are at all educated are the daughters of the rich and the learned, and the most advanced can read and write but very indifferently, the policy of Mohammedanism being "not to open the eyes of a woman too wide."



MARY AYLMER;

OR,

RANCH LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

PROBABLY not a great many of my readers have ever spent a summer in the Rocky Mountains. Those who may have been fortunate enough to enjoy such an experience will agree with me that it would be a hopeless task to attempt to convey any adequate idea of the beauty of their scenery. All the splendid and magnificent effects are there which Nature can produce when she has such materials to hand as massive rocks and yawning chasms, lakes, and streams, and waterfalls, dark green forests and dazzling snow fields, ice-clad mountain peaks, glittering under the deep blue vault of heaven—a region, in fact, where she may be studied in her grandest and wildest moods. And the creatures which love to dwell amid such solitudes are present, too, in large numbers—bears, panthers, lynx, deer, prairie wolves, or coyotés, as we call them, beavers, martens, ermines, squirrels, chipmunks, gophers, porcupines—a long list, indeed, and I must not omit the birds, which are our constant companions. Magpies hop about in the apple trees, bluebirds and blue jays chatter loudly in the sunshine, woodpeckers tap the trees, larks soar above our heads, and other little denizens of the forest make gentle music all day long in the pine trees and the cotton woods.

Down by the shores of the lakes flocks of wild duck, geese, swans, cranes, pelicans, teal, widgeon, and snipe appear from time to time, according to the season of the year, and fly about unmolested for the most part; for no one has time to shoot them, unless they are urgently required to replenish the larder, or the Indians take a fancy to vary their fish diet for once.

Amidst such romantic surroundings a railway seems somewhat out of place, and, indeed, the line has only been opened a short time. The stations consist of small wooden erections, with a couple of rooms for the station-master usually, and perhaps another shanty for an engineer. The "town"—every place on this side of the Atlantic which is not a city is a town—which is the *raison d'être* of the said station, may consist of half-a-dozen similar residences, or perhaps, if it be a larger place, of twenty or thirty. Sometimes there are none at all, and then a few freight cars mark the stopping-place of the train; an arrangement which is often merely a convenience for some of the owners of the large cattle ranches, possibly one to two hundred miles away, frequently more, and a great boon it is to them and their families to possess this convenient product of civilisation. Before the line was opened it took many of them a fortnight or three weeks to reach a town of any size, riding hard by day and camping out by night; now they can perhaps do it in four or five days.

Girls who have passed their childhood and early youth among such influences as these are likely to differ somewhat from their English sisters in tastes and habits. They are generally characterised by a love for an outdoor life, a capacity for household work and cooking, which develops itself at a very early age, and a way of being able to turn their hands to anything, from milking the cows to minding the baby, which is eminently suitable to the dwellers in a new country, and which would astonish some of their compatriots in the schoolrooms at home. So many young people in different stations in life emigrate now, that I imagine the story of a girl's life in the wilds of British Columbia may be interesting to those who have friends out in the Far West, as well as useful to others who may have an idea of starting themselves some day.

It was a lovely day in October—by far the pleasantest season of the year, for it is the Indian summer—a day to make the heart glad, and one on which it was very difficult to realise the near approach of winter, though the trees in the bush were already touched by the fires of autumn, and one knew but too well that the first snowstorm was lying in wait, so sudden is the transition of the seasons here. Standing on the platform of just such a little wooden station as I have described was a bright-looking girl of some twenty summers, evidently in the best of health and spirits. By her side was a lady four or five years older, and both of them were apparently waiting for an expected train, to judge by the pile of luggage near them.

"The Western train is just eight hours late, Mrs. Elliott," remarked a pleasant-looking

man, whose accent betrayed at once the Englishman; "the best thing you and Miss Aylmer can do is to go back to the hotel, and eat your dinner in peace. We will take good care it does not go without you. A bridge has given way somewhere in the North-West, and it will take some time to set matters to rights again."

After a few minutes' conversation together, the two ladies decided to take the friendly stationmaster's advice, and turned back to the dusty road they had just left, till they came to a pine forest, through which was an Indian trail, which they followed closely till they were lost to sight. We had better learn who they were before we follow them.

Mrs. Elliott was the wife of a wealthy rancher, living some two hundred miles in the interior, far away on the other side of the Rockies; the girl who accompanied her, and who was about to become a member of her household in the capacity of general help, was the daughter of an old friend, a quondam officer in the English army, who had settled in Manitoba, and been, alas! like so many of his compatriots, "unfortunate." Unfortunate, however, as regards pecuniary matters only, for his brave daughter had decided that the best way to help her much-loved father was to go out into the world and earn her living, while a good friend of the family had begged him as a great favour to come and live in his house and educate his son.

Mary Aylmer was a prairie flower. Her parents had left the Old Country with high hopes in her early childhood; but after a few years' struggle the young mother was called away to the better land, and the bereaved husband, never in his best days a suitable man to emigrate, lost heart, and tried one thing after another, till disease laid its fell hand on him too; and had it not been for certain kind neighbours, Mary, then at school, would have lost her remaining parent. For two years the father and daughter succeeded in making both ends meet, but his illness had told upon Mr. Aylmer, and it was difficult not to see that he was in need of many comforts which it was impossible for their narrow income to supply. His old schoolfellow, Captain Burton, whose place was close by, *i.e.*, a fifty-mile ride or so, would only have been too glad to give him a helping hand out of his own abundance, but knew his friend too well to venture to offer it, until one day the bright idea occurred to him that his little six-year-old Charley ought to learn to read, and that he would be very much the better himself for an educated companion. After some preliminary difficulties, the matter was arranged, and greatly to the satisfaction of both parties, Captain Burton avowing that he was fast degenerating into a cow-boy, and that if someone did not rub the rust off him he would soon be unfit to appear in polite society at all. Some people said that the daughter would have been even more welcome than the father over at "Laughing Water." But that may have been mere gossip. Everyone who knew her liked Mary, and out in the West every bachelor who can keep a roof over his head is only too glad to marry if he can find a wife, though the lot is a very hard one in most cases for girls who have not been bred in the country, unless they are possessed of robust health, strength, and physical and moral courage to an unusual extent. Those who have these requisites, and know how to cook in addition, may do very well, and lead both useful and happy lives, if they make a wise choice when they marry.

To return to our two travellers, who were making their way through the forest back to the inn they had left in the morning, it should be explained that Mrs. Elliott had been spending the summer with her two children in the little mountain town at whose station we made her acquaintance, her husband having been unable to leave his home. The journey before her was one to which she was accustomed, and she was therefore prepared for the casualties she might have to encounter, but to the uninitiated and those who know only the luxuries and conveniences of European travel, it would seem decidedly formidable.

"It is well the weather seems likely to hold up," she remarked to Mary, as they emerged from the wood; "in another three weeks we should find deep snow on the mountains we shall have to ride over. My husband writes to me from Minnetonka that there was a bush fire on the other side last week, but that he hopes that a heavy shower, which seemed imminent, may have put it out. Mr. F., who brought the letter, said we should, of course, find the heights very cold camping out; but we have plenty of blankets, and Oolachan, the Indian who always comes with us, will be at the station with the horses; he is a man to be trusted in the matter of fires."

"I suppose you take pack-horses for the luggage?"

"Yes, one for the tent and blankets, another for the kitchen utensils, another for the flour, potatoes, bacon, beans, and other etceteras in the way of food; two will be enough for our personal luggage, I fancy, and then two more—not pack-horses this time—for you and me, and one each for the Indians."

"What about our two small children?"

"They will be carried by the Indians in front of them; Nelly I shall pack into a long native basket, eminently suitable for the purpose, and both of them will enjoy the journey immensely. When we came down in June last the heat was intense, and the mosquitoes made life a burden; we shall be free from both these disagreeables this time."

"For my part I am looking forward very much to it all," said Mary; "I mean to enjoy it as well as the babies. Hitherto the extent of my travels, within my own recollection, has been the journey to and from school, and coming here to you last week; it was all train, and steamboat, or stage, and that is prosaic enough. I have had many a gallop over the prairie, but except a rare visit to Laughing Water, I had never seen mountains till now, and a four days' ride over them will be a great treat to me."

"I liked it very much myself when my husband and I went together without children, but it is a different matter when you have such *impedimenta*. However, now I have your companionship and assistance, I do not mind so much. The worst of it is, by the end of the second day one gets so tired of the saddle. But what is Captain Burton like? I never saw him, but was talking to his poor wife only a few days before her accident. How was it that the child was saved and uninjured?"

"They had started together on horseback for a three months' visit to some place where they were to spend the summer—the baby was packed in a basket in front of him—when he suddenly remembered he had left his head man without a single cent, handed her the child, and galloped back to the house, about six miles away, telling his wife to walk her horse, a most gentle creature hitherto, till he returned. An Indian, who saw the whole thing, states that the horse suddenly began to buck, and Mrs. Burton threw the baby, basket and all, into a mass of bracken, but almost directly afterwards was thrown herself, with her head against a stone; and though not dead when her husband returned, only lived a few hours. But it was too terrible! Do not let us talk of it. He is a very kind, nice man, about thirty-eight, I think, tall and pleasant-looking, and very devoted to his little boy."

By this time they had reached a cleared space in the bush, where was an ugly wooden house and several tents; the former was the hotel. A group of loungers stood round the doors, but made room for them as they entered, and mentioned the reason of their return. They were requested to go up to the "ladies' parlour" until dinner was ready, and established themselves on the balcony, where they had a lovely view of the meeting of the waters—two broad rivers rushing together as one; beautiful rapids, and in mid-stream a large rock, with a fir tree growing on its grey side, while in the distance were beautiful snowy peaks, almost encircling the valley; a dark forest on the other side of the river, and here and there the smoke-browned tents of the Indians who inhabited the reserve near by.

The arrangements of the inn were of the most elementary description, but things were tolerably clean, and the prospect ever before the eyes compensated for much discomfort. In due time the dinner-bell rang, and the two ladies went down to a large bare room, with small tables, each holding six or eight people, scattered about. In these Western hotels there is generally something one can eat, though, regarded as a whole, the meals can hardly be considered satisfactory, or of an appetising description.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDENTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THAT splendid collection of pictures which is one of the greatest possessions of the English people, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, is I think well known to most of us. Two days in the week, namely, Thursday and Friday, are "students' days," when the Gallery is free only to those who can show their tickets of admission to copy the pictures—to the public in general the charge of sixpence being made.

It is frequently said that to copy pictures does more harm than good to the student; but why, then, is a copy from the old masters one of the subjects required of all artists studying at the Academy schools, which has been truly called the nursery of our greatest painters of the present day?

The keeper and secretary of the National Gallery has power to refuse permission to copy, if he considers the student not sufficiently advanced, as shown by the specimen of work that is sent with the application for a ticket.

Every care is taken for the comfort of the student; a porter takes charge of her picture and easel. As soon as she finishes work on Friday, all her implements are put away; and at ten o'clock on Thursday morning she will find them put in readiness, when she arrives, anxious to begin. Naturally, as is the case in many places where there are large numbers of young people together, much grumbling is heard; and some days the secretary finds his office no sinecure. As he passes through the Gallery he is besieged with applicants, all more or less hoping to evade the rules. But these students make a great mistake, as the powers that be soon discover that it is principally the ignorant and frivolous that are importunate: those who are really anxious to excel, work

steadily on, making the most of the opportunities that are offered them.

Most people who live in London rarely visit the National Gallery; they feel that it is always there, so they say, "We can go any time," which results frequently in their not going at all. Our country cousins flock to Trafalgar Square; they cheerfully pay their sixpences, for to go when it is not a students' day they do not think amusing at all. I am afraid, as a nation, the English are not really fond of pictures. It is sometimes very amusing to listen to the remarks and criticisms that are passed. The first picture they all go to see is Raphael's "*Blenheim Madonna*"; not because it is one of the finest works of that great painter, but because it cost the country £70,000. One student who was copying it was much amused by being asked how much she would charge for her copy; she replied that she did not expect to get as much as £100; they then indignantly remarked that the £70,000 was great waste of money, as her picture might have been hung up instead, and would look quite as nice.

At times there are some really beautiful copies to be seen, the result of much time and perseverance. *No good copy* is ever done in a hurry; the old masters spent years producing their works, so years should be spent reproducing them.

Hardness of outline is perhaps the worst of all artistic crimes, so the copyist should be careful to remember that if the outlines of the picture they are copying are decided, they are also very soft; brushes and palates should be kept clean, as frequently the dirty painting, that is such a trial to beginners, is caused by carelessness in this respect.

There are some artists among the students who will give lessons to any who feel they make no progress by themselves; but let me advise a would-be pupil not to accept the first teacher they come across, but to wait and see the capabilities of the painter, as many profess to teach who in reality know very little themselves.

Underneath the Gallery the students can procure lunch, which is provided by a shop in the Strand; tea, coffee, roll and butter, etc., can be had at very moderate charges.

By writing to the secretary any student can obtain a "green ticket," which admits a companion or chaperone free at the same time as the students; but it would be better for a girl to show by her behaviour that she can be independent, and yet never forget that she is a lady in the truest sense of the word; as it must be very wearisome for anyone to spend two entire days out of every week with no occupation at all.

The students themselves are always an interesting study; many classes and types of English girls are to be seen—some working industriously all day, and others who talk from morning till night. Why the idle ones come is a source of conjecture to many. There are those who paint for the pleasure of it, and, alas! those whose daily bread depends on their art.

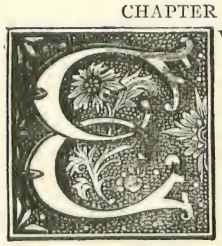
There are some very regular visitors to the National Gallery. One old man comes daily for two or three weeks at a time, and sits with opera-glasses in front of Francia's "Entombment of Christ" the entire day without moving from his seat. He expresses great disgust on the students' days, when he finds some difficulty in having a clear view of the picture, owing to the easels of the students who are copying it. He is well known to the curators, who call him a lunatic; but fortunately he seems quite a harmless one, and is infinitely less troublesome than the visitors who persist in questioning the students about their work. There is an amusing story told of a student who very much disliked being spoken to when she was painting. She was copying a very large picture, when two or three people paused behind her. One of them came forward and asked her how she painted the top part, as it was so high up; she briefly replied, "I jump," and went on with her painting. She was much amused to hear her answer gravely repeated to the others, who went off quite satisfied with this solution of the problem.

A STUDENT.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.



VERYONE who knew Lady Dacre was aware that she could not be happy without a whim in the ascendant. So long as she had a pet fancy strongly upon her, she was eager, amused, in good humour, determined to have her way, no matter at what cost, and quite unscrupulous as to how she got it. Difficulties only added to her zest, so long as she could triumph in the end. Of course she grew tired of her whim after a while; she got all the entertainment out of it which it contained for her, and then cast it aside, saying bitterly that everything failed her. She was quite sincere when she said this; it never occurred to her that the fault was in her own character.

There are natures, usually somewhat shallow ones, which are greedy of emotions, and hers was of this class. Being in her way a well-principled woman, and living in uneventful times, she could only satisfy this desire in comparatively small ways; but she found it a great resource to play on the nerves or feelings of other people. She took a sort of *scientific* pleasure in this kind of vivisection, even when she was really fond of the victim, and it was always a disagreeable surprise to her if she discovered that she had roused resentment, or alienated a friend. "They ought to know me better; I never mean any harm," she would say.

Just now the plan of getting Kathleen O'Kelly as a companion was uppermost in her mind, and even the unpleasant possibility that it might involve her, or, what might be much worse, her good-natured husband, in relations with Captain O'Kelly, weighed but little in the scale. It weighed so far, however, that she wanted to make further inquiries, and therefore sent for Kathleen, though it was not her regular evening for massage, under pretence that the east wind had brought back pain which would prevent her sleeping, unless Kathleen could charm it away.

Kathleen came, in her white apron, resolving once more to behave as a professional, and keep her distance, and as for quite half an hour her patient said nothing, and seemed very tired, she began to think the task would not be difficult, and breathed more freely.

Just as if Lady Dacre had divined that she was off her guard, she said suddenly in her kindest manner—

"My dear, I did not like to say anything more before the children, but I am really interested in you, so you must not think me merely curious and ill-bred if I ask a little more. Tell me nothing you do not wish."

"There is no mystery at all, Lady Dacre. You heard what the children said. That is all that there is to tell, if you mean about my father."

"Is he aware of your stepmother's death?"

"If he sees the *Times*, and if ——" The falter in Kathleen's voice filled up the sentence.

"Yes. The suspense must be very trying for you."

"I—I think it killed her," said Kathleen, with quivering lips.

"I suppose she could not go out with him?"

"She would have gone, only everyone told him it would ruin all chance of his getting on, and besides, she thought of us. So we just stayed behind and waited. As long as letters came ——" Lady Dacre's evident and sincere interest led Kathleen on unawares; it was easy to touch her warm Irish heart. "Oh, it was easy to wait, or it seemed so to us afterwards when we got none. We used to count the days to each mail, and hope; but none came, and at last we hated mail day."

"Do you mean that they stopped suddenly?"

"No, he wrote that he was going up the country, and warned us that we should not hear regularly, but we got letters after that, at long intervals, for a time."

"Surely, if anything had happened to him, someone would have written?"

"That is what we used to say to one another."

"And you had no means of learning anything? Your brother——"

"We were too uncertain where my father had gone, and he wrote a bad hand; often we could not guess what the names were of places which he mentioned."

"Suppose, after all, he should return?"

She threw out the suggestion as a feeler, still not absolutely sure that the

girl was as utterly ignorant as she appeared to be. She was not prepared for the effect of her words: Kathleen started upright, her face one beautiful glow of happiness.

"Ah, then, I see you have heard something! You have good news for us! Give it me, Lady Dacre, dear; I'm thirsting for it! Oh, I've been so unhappy!"

"My poor child!" exclaimed Lady Dacre, startled, but not a whit inclined to tell what she did know, "how should I have any news? Forgive me, my dear; I have misled you most unintentionally. You quite misunderstood me."

All the sweet glow went out of Kathleen's face; she hardly looked like the same girl as she stood there. She drew her hand away when Lady Dacre sought to take it.

"Yes, I misunderstood," she said, in a dull voice. "I suppose I was very stupid."

There were no tears in her eyes, but she looked as if something had died within her.

Lady Dacre studied her with great interest; she was really touched, but she instantly made up her mind that nothing could be worse for Kathleen than to fall into the hands of such a charming, unprincipled father as Captain O'Kelly, one, moreover, who had evidently cast off his family, and had no intention of resuming the burden, since he had deliberately lied to her that very day by asserting that Kathleen was with her brother. The girl was a great deal better without him. But what was he doing in St. Petrox? Fresh fields and pastures new for investigation opened before Lady Dacre, and rejoiced her. She put Kathleen gently away, saying—

"No, not any more massage to-night, my poor child; forgive me, if you can. Tell me only one thing more. What means would your father have of tracing you if after all he returned to England?"

"My brother, of course, could tell him where we are. James lives where he did when papa left England. Papa would write or go to him."

"True," said Lady Dacre, putting aside the question for after-consideration. "I suppose I am not wrong in thinking your brother would like you to live with him, if you had not the burden—forgive me, I mean the charge—of the children."

"I should not do it in any case. James would offer me a home, but he does not object to my working. He is far from well-off, and has been very hard-working and self-denying, and I ought not to be an expense to him, as I should be; though I have something of my own, it would not pay for clothes and board and journeys."

"He has children? Then you might teach them, and be a help rather than an expense."

"So James said, but I am sure it would not answer."

"No doubt it would be great drudgery."

"Yes, and besides——" Kathleen stopped short.

Lady Dacre filled up the pause.

"The sister-in-law?"

"She is a good wife, and suits James perfectly."

Kathleen did not add what was the real difficulty. She knew that her sister-in-law could not forget that James ought to have been beyond the need of hard work, nor forgive the father who had wasted his children's fortunes. Kathleen owned that it was natural she should feel thus, but she could not live under the roof of one who thus condemned her father.

"Suits James, but not Kathleen?"

"Perhaps it is Kathleen's fault, but I do not think it would be a good plan in any case. James and his wife are so happy together, they cannot want a third."

"Quite right, my dear; it would be an awkward position, no doubt; and when relations do not suit one another, and are not absolutely obliged to live together, it is a very foolish experiment. I suppose you would prefer being a governess or companion?"

"I do not know enough to be a governess, and I am afraid I have not a good enough temper for a companion."

"I should not object to you in that capacity, my dear. Will you try? Oh, those children! I forgot those brats. Well, good-night, my dear child; I could love you very much," said Lady Dacre, drawing Kathleen down and kissing her. The girl could not help returning the kiss warmly; she longed for kindness and friendship; it was very lonely to stand isolated as she did, and the mention of her father had stirred all her heart. Lady Dacre rang for her maid in excellent temper. She had had an exciting day, and a little scene which had really moved her in the evening, and there were investigations which she determined to make in the morning. She did not deceive herself by any pretence that she was acting for Kathleen's sake, for in most ways she was an unusually honest woman, and looked her motives in the face; but while acting for her own pleasure and benefit, she also considered that it would be desirable for Kathleen to have the children off her hands, and be out of the way before her father returned from Constantinople, so that, fortunately, Kathleen's advantage and her own coincided.

"My belief is that the sensible brother thinks exactly as I do, and has given no clue to the girl's whereabouts," she thought with her usual acuteness. "That charming rascal of a father probably enjoyed himself vastly out in South America, and never troubled his head about his family till something obliged him to come home. If I had her, and he did trace her, I could keep him off, or buy him off; and, at the worst, I could let the girl go. We might be quite ready to part by that time. I daresay she will turn out a disappointment, like everyone else. Anyhow, I will not be baffled."

She was so pleasantly excited and occupied by these thoughts that her maid had an unusually easy time, and remarked to Mrs. Palmer, after she had left her lady's room, "I can't think what has come to my lady to-night, she is so easy to please."

Mrs. Palmer said nothing, but her eight years' experience of her old mistress made her wonder how nearly this placable state was connected with those white looks of Kathleen, which had made her start when she met her coming out of her patient's room that night, but she kept her thoughts to herself. There was no doubt that Lady Dacre was an exhausting person, who took a great deal out of every one that came in contact with her, whether she liked or disliked them.

Looking out of her window the next morning, Lady Dacre saw that the *Swallow* had sailed. The question was, had O'Kelly sailed in her? She cast about as to who could give her any information, and bethought her of an old general who lived in St. Petrox, beating his sword, not into a ploughshare, but a spade, for he had become a noted gardener, and carried off the best prizes at the local flower shows. Every chrysanthemum grower knows that there is no more tiresome and exigeant plant, or one better calculated to occupy the long leisure of a retired warrior, who seeks to drill his regiment of young plants according to the rules of a candidate for prizes. The anxiety and vexations which General Massey went through on behalf of his chrysanthemums were the salt of his life. Unfortunately, he had another penchant, by no means as safe. Speculation had a perilous attraction for him; he was a ready-made victim to new companies and high interest. Recollecting this, Lady Dacre felt sure she had got hold of the right man to tell her what she wanted to know, and she ordered her carriage as early as the etiquette of calling hours allowed, and drove to the other side of the town to find her old friend at the Bungalow, as he had named his villa. He was in his garden, and though he came indoors to greet her, she had to return there with him and hear all about the long rows of chrysanthemums on which he spent his time and thoughts before she could introduce the subject which brought her.

"After this year I shall give up growing chrysanthemums," the old man said, as he did every season. "I'm tired of it, and I spend too much on it—a great deal too much. Now, everyone of those pots—four hundred, there are before you—cost me fourpence or fivepence. I can't afford it; and when you have brought your plant to perfection, the wind breaks off your shoots. I shall give it up."

"I daresay. Have you no speculations more costly than this on hand, General?"

The old gentleman made a rueful face, and shook his head guiltily.

"I have no doubt you have shares in this new company here. What is it? Some mineral springs they pretend to have discovered?"

"My dear lady, I assure you they will pay—they can't fail to pay. The shareholders are absolutely certain of seven per cent. as soon as the thing is fairly started. I found them a capital secretary—best fellow I ever knew. He dined here last week. O'Kelly his name is—calls himself Captain—no right to the

title, since *he has sold out*. Told him so, and what do you think he said? Wasn't going to give up his rank—distinguished him from Tom, Dick, and Harry; showed he wasn't a mere vulgar touter. Quite right, you know; quite right. Most amusing fellow!"

"You knew him then formerly, as you got him the secretaryship?"

"Well, no; I can't say I did. No. Met him at billiards one day. Astonishing player; beat every man who came in that afternoon. Poor fellow—looked shabby—very *shabby*. Just back from the Argentine Republic — or was it Chili? Can't remember. Anyhow, he had had bad luck; came home to a son, a wretched young parson, who shut his door on his own father, and no doubt went back to his study to write his sermon! I saw what Captain O'Kelly was made of, and recommended him at once to the company, and he's been the making of it, my dear lady—the making of it. The sharpest fellow! Has been up in London, working it, and got us some first-rate names as directors. Now if you have any spare cash, you couldn't do better than invest in as many shares as you can afford. I only wish I had never put my money in anything less safe."

"Well, I should like to know more about it," said Lady Dacre, thinking to herself that she had heard her old friend say exactly the same of each new venture in which he had embarked. He rose to the bait at once.

"No! would you? would you really? Then just drive me down to the company's office on South Parade, and we'll get all the information you can want."

"You know I shall have to hear what Sir John thinks of it," said Lady Dacre, who had not the least intention of risking her money.

"Quite so—quite so! I'll find you O'Kelly's pamphlet—never read anything better; a thing is bound to succeed with a man like that in it."

He was so eager to speculate with his friend's money, since just now he had none of his own, that he hurried her off, talking all the while as they drove down to the town about interest and shares, while Lady Dacre smiled over the pamphlet, setting forth in the most attractive manner the prospects and advantages of the new company. "Yes, Captain O'Kelly decidedly is an uncommonly clever man," she said as she closed it. "I should think he would be worth any salary to a bubble company."

"A bubble company, my dear lady!" The indignant general had no time to finish his remonstrance, for the carriage was stopping before the office, and he hurried to see if the secretary were within. After a few minutes he returned, looking exceedingly crestfallen.

"I don't understand it; I don't understand it at all!" he said, standing at the carriage door, looking much perplexed and disturbed. "O'Kelly is not here. I can't exactly learn what has happened; but he seems to have gone off at a moment's notice. Most unaccountable and unpardonable — quite unpardonable. Still, I am convinced that the company ——"

"I don't think I'll wait and hear more," said Lady Dacre, rather cruelly amused at his discomfiture. "Many thanks," and she left him to return into the office, and learn what more he could, while she drove back to her lodgings.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EIGHTEEN.—It is right to be kind to everyone; but although you may bow to the gentleman whom you see in the course of your business hours, if you chance to meet him in the street, you should not let the acquaintance go any further, unless with your mother's approval.

TITANIA.—*Noblesse oblige* is a very ancient French proverb. It means: "Nobility imposes the obligation of noble feelings and conduct."

LILLY M. S. W., JOY, PUSSIE, ON THE ICE, DREAMER, HORACE, MAUD L. B., FAIR SALOPIA.—We have read the verses sent in by all the above-named correspondents with great care, and think they all contain promise and some originality as well as feeling well expressed.

COREOPSIS TINCTORIA.—The seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords is called the Woolsack. It is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, and is covered with red cloth. In the reign of Elizabeth, an Act was passed to prevent the exportation of wool; and that this source of our national wealth might be kept constantly in mind, woolsacks were placed in the House of Peers, whereon the judges sat. Hence the Lord Chancellor is said to "sit on the Woolsack," or "to be appointed to the Woolsack."

LINUS.—The Perizzites, like the Jebusites and the Amorites, dwelt in the hill-country of Judea, southwards; and there also some of the Hittites. The Canaanites dwelt in the midland—westwards by the sea, and eastwards by the coast of Jordan. The Girgashites (or Gergesenes) along the eastern side of the sea of Galilee, and the Hivites in Mount Lebanon under Hermon, in the land of Mizpeh or Gilead, northwards.

LILY DE BURG.—Your violets are probably growing in too damp a place, where the soil is heavy and wet, and they have therefore run to leaves. They require a shady corner, but not a damp one.

FAIRY ECILA.—Of course, the puzzle, like many others, is a catch, and you have found the answer very cleverly.

AN INQUIRER (Isle of Wight).—The "Assignats" were a forced paper currency which were inaugurated by the National Assembly of France, to support public credit during the Revolution, April, 1790. They were superseded by "Mandats," in 1796. They are now worth a few shillings as curiosities. There were plenty of them, as Allison tells us "that there were nearly 350 millions of pounds sterling of them in circulation in France and its dependencies at one period."

KATHLEEN SE.—The word "weld" means "to press or beat into intimate and permanent union, as two pieces of iron when heated almost to fusion"; therefore the term "welding of the nations" would mean the process of formation and union. All ancient histories give an account of this process. The Latin phrase means "What bright stars!"

PUG DOG would do well to have the extra numbers bound together, waiting till she gets half a dozen, which makes a nice volume.

E. S. F. (Stanley).—The liability of the members of a "joint stock company" may be either limited or unlimited. In the former case the liability is limited to the amount (if any) unpaid on the shares; or such an amount as the members may guarantee in the event of the company being wound up. In the first case the limit is said to be "by shares"; in the second "by guarantee." You should be very careful, in the investment of money, to see that your company is "limited." Study the articles in vol. viii., called "Every Girl a Business Woman;" they run through the volume, and we wish all our readers would profit by them, for women think far too little of these things, and should be well acquainted with them.

OLIVE.—We accept your proffers of friendship with gladness, and we have read your dear little letter with great pleasure; and though we cannot promise that you will be a "poetess" when you grow up, we can promise you that, by God's blessing, you can be a good, loving, and pious woman, with a heart full of sympathy, and with helpful hands of pity, ready to aid all creatures on earth. Is not that a beautiful thing to look forward to?

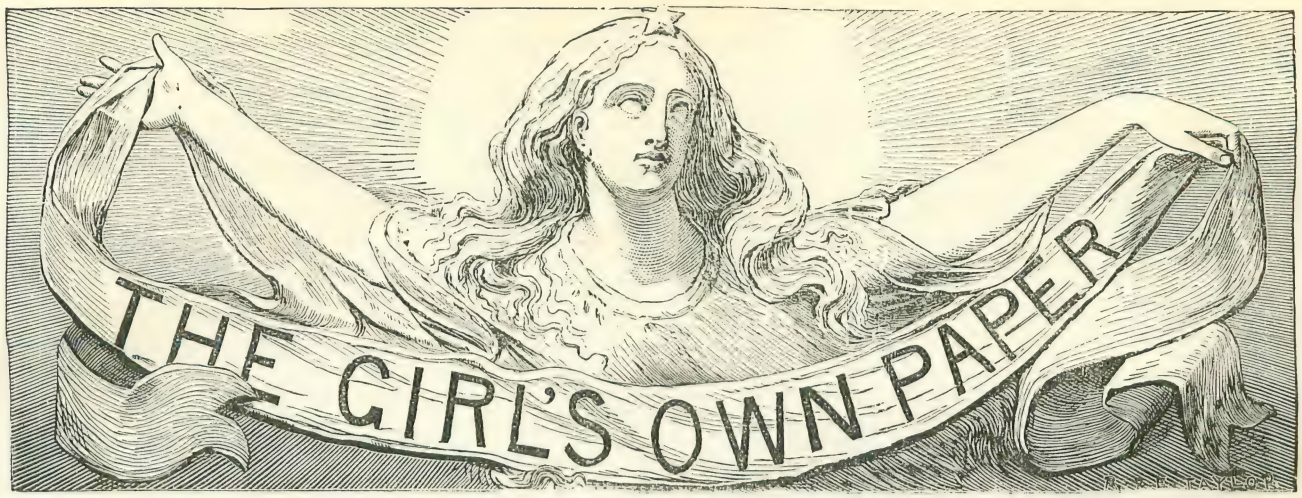
AN OXFORD MAID.—"Should you go if you were I?" You cannot say "Should me go?"

FELIX.—When you employ the conditional or subjunctive mood you cannot use the positive word "was." For instance, when you use the pronoun "if"—which is the sign of the subjunctive mood—you must not confound it with the imperfect or past tense; as "if I was in England," but "if I were in England." Your second question we fail to comprehend. The emphasis you lay on any word in a sentence does not depend on any letters which it contains, but on the sense. When, therefore, a word is so placed in a line of poetry as to be of necessity the word (or syllable) emphasised for the sake of the rythym, you should take care that it shall be one on which, for the sense sake also, it be the right one to emphasise.

ENGELTJE.—*Nom de plume* refers to a name you adopt for writing, or for answers to correspondence—in English it would be called the "pseudonym." *Nom de guerre* is a nickname, or more properly a travelling or assumed name. The word *alias* seems to answer best for it, though *incog.* or *incognito* is at present more generally used by the press for the "travelling name" by which royalty covers up its identity.

G. H. P.—We could not say, unless we knew the nature of your indenture of apprenticeship. Who has the paper? If there be any doubt on anything, that alone could set the question at rest.

A RESENTFUL ONE.—We are unable to help you to obtain French books to translate. You could only find them, we suppose, by visiting those houses which publish them, and inquiring whether you could obtain this work to do.



VOL. XI.—NO. 528.] FEBRUARY 8, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WORK, WAIT, WIN

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

THE SISTERS.

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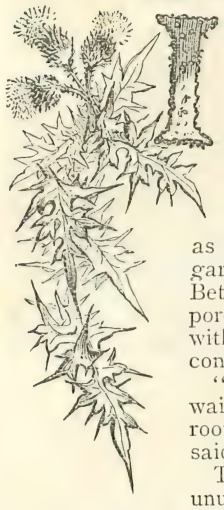
CHAPTER XVII.

WELCOME VISITORS.



IT was early summer when we removed, and soon afterwards, when our dwelling was looking its prettiest, I had a great surprise.

I was coming home to tea, and as I opened the little garden gate I saw Betsy standing in the porch, her face radiant with pleasure and ill-concealed importance.

"There's a visitor waiting for you in your room, Mr. John," she said.

The event was so unusual at that time of day that I felt half afraid, and asked—

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Burford," she replied; but I could hardly understand the peculiar look, which seemed to express more than her words.

I advanced to the door of my room, and there stood my friend, portly and pleasant to look upon, with hand outstretched to meet mine.

"Upon my word, Jack," said he, "you have done wonders. You have made Rose Cottage fit for a lady's bower. It does you great credit. We shall hear of your entertaining gentler guests one of these days. Tell me now, have you had no feminine help in arranging this room?"

"Mrs. Pritchard, who lives at the station, and who has very good taste, kindly gave me a few hints, but so far has not seen the full result of her help, as she is from home. I hope she and her husband will visit me together before long."

"Then you have had no lady within your walls as yet? That is a pity, Jack. We must mend that." And Mr. Burford laughed.

He was all the while filling the doorway of my room with his broad person, and I was on the point of saying, "Will you not go in and sit down?" when he stepped aside and revealed—Nelly!

Yes, there stood my old playmate, taller and more womanly-looking, but fairer and sweeter than ever. There was just the same frank, natural manner, just the same bright expression on the dear face; and as she saw me start back in dumb amazement at finding such an unexpected visitor, the same musical laugh came rippling on my ear that I had been accustomed to in the old days.

"Have you not a word of welcome for me, Jack?" she asked, as she held out her hand, her face all aglow with pleasure.

"No words can tell how welcome you are, or how glad I am to see you, Nelly," I said, as I clasped the little hand in mine, and felt very reluctant to let it go again, for her touch sent a thrill of happiness through my whole being.

Nelly was true; Nelly was unchanged, save that the slender growing girl had become more graceful. All the angularity belonging to the age at which she left home had disappeared, and everything about her that had been winsome and charming had become yet more so during those three years of absence.

To hear her say "Jack" from the first moment, to see her thorough naturalness of manner, revealed the precious truth that adversity, time, change, absence, had failed to deprive me of the friend I valued most of all.

I had drawn a seat forward for Mr. Burford, and Nelly had dropped into a cosy chair of wicker, covered with dainty cretonne, when I ventured to suggest a cup of afternoon tea.

"That will be delightful, Jack, and just what I was longing for. I am hot and thirsty, for my father and I have had a long walk together. I only came home last night, a few days earlier than was at first intended, because by anticipating my journey a little I could travel with an old friend."

"You did not come to Oakhill Station, Nelly, or I must have seen you," I said.

"No, Jack; we came to Waverton, and drove the four miles thence to Oakhill. I came upon my father unawares, found my mother and Rose from home, and likely to be for another week, so we are taking care of each other. Are we not, dear?"

She held out her hand as she asked the question, and Mr. Burford took it. As they exchanged glances both began to smile, then came a merry laugh which told a tale. Indeed, the father and daughter were very much like a couple of children who had escaped from their guardians and were bent on having a good time together, even if they paid for it afterwards.

"I am being tyrannised over, you mean, Nelly," remarked Mr. Burford, still holding her hand in his, and stroking it softly from time to time.

"This child came to the office, bade me throw work to the winds or wherever I chose, and dragged me out for a long walk with her. Who knows how many clients I may miss by running away at such a time?"

"You were not very busy, you know you were not, only you want me to feel very much obliged to you for being so obedient. I mean to have you nearly all to myself until my mother and Rose come, for even Magnus, poor boy! is away, grinding for an exam. It is something—indeed, it is a great deal to see you, Jack," added Nelly. "I feel a little girl again when I hear your voice, though you are sadly grown up now, like myself."

"Yes, Nelly; I am quite a young man of business. Stationmaster now, and hoping to rise still higher."

"Work, wait, win," quoted the girl. "After all, your patience has not been as sorely tried as that of many, but you have worked well, I know, for my father has told me, and to some extent you have already won."

As she spoke she glanced towards my watch-chain, and noted the short steel one without the appendages she used to see attached to that which had been my mother's.

"It is gone, Nelly," I said, answering the mute inquiry. "Gone, to my great regret, for I possessed nothing that I valued more than the little motto-coin."

Then, in a low voice—for Betsy was coming in and out with the tea-things—I told her the story of my loss. "But the motto abides, though the little coin that bore it is gone. It will never leave me, any more than I shall forget the giver."

Nelly gave me a bright look and a little nod of assent, as if agreeing to my words. Then she said, "I suppose you wonder how we happened to call here. My father had not told me a word about your removal, and when we came near this place, I began to ask him who lived in it now, for Rose Cottage was always an object of intense admiration to me as a child. I do not think you ever came here in the old days, Jack, but I did. I have spent many an hour in this very room with Mrs. Henderson, who was a darling old woman with a young heart, and loved to have children about her. I was so sorry when I heard of her death; and as we were going homeward to-day, I said to my father I should like to see the cottage, though the dear tenant was gone, and that I hoped the place was kept in order, and the roses pruned and trained. He said, 'Yes, the cottage is let again, and is in very good order. I know the tenants, and am sure they will let you have a look at it, if you wish.' When we reached the door, I saw Betsy Harwood, and guessed the rest. Then we thought it would be great fun to surprise you, Jack, as we found you were expected home soon, and I was glad at the thought of seeing you."

"Think what I am, if you can, Nelly," I replied. But somehow my words did not come so readily as hers, though my heart was full to overflowing with joy. She was so natural and girlish in spite of her womanly stature and elegant appearance. I began to ask myself whether I should not have been glad to see her more shy towards me, whom she had left a boy and found a man, with a man's work resting on his broad shoulders. It might have been pleasant to note just a shade of self-consciousness in her look, a little drooping of the shapely head, a casting down of the beautiful eyes when hers met mine; but there were none of these things. Her glance was as frank and open as ever, her manner just what a brother would have delighted in, just what I had thought would suffice for all happiness; yet now I had it, there crept into my mind a shade of dissatisfaction; and why? Nelly was too straightforwardly and unreservedly kind. That was all.

I did, however, see one bright flush covering her face during this visit. It came when, tea being quite ready—and a very prettily arranged meal it was—Mr. Burford said—

"Nelly, you must preside over Jack's

board, and make believe that you are mistress, as you used to do when you had make-believe teas, as children, in the summer-house."

She rose at once and went to the table, but she turned away to take off her gloves and lay aside her outdoor garment. She lingered a little over this, but not long enough for the glow to have faded from her face when she took her seat. She said something about the heat, but I was glad to think that it was not wholly to blame for the lovely colour that must have come so suddenly.

As Nelly looked at the table, on which were brown and white bread and butter, biscuits, jam, crisp cress, and a hot teacake, she turned to me and said—

"Pray, Jack, do you call this a cup of afternoon tea? What a luxurious individual you have become! Here is a perfect feast, and I am so hungry with my walk, I shall do justice to your spread."

"You must remember tea is a meal to me, not a make-believe, to be followed by dinner two hours later. Betsy arranges all for me, and she has only given us a little extra supply. If you are really hungry, and if you were not going to dine afterwards, Nelly, I think we might improve upon it still further."

Nelly was beginning with "Impossible!" and declaring that tea present was much to be preferred to dinner in prospect, when the appetite was ready; but Betsy proved that she had heard my last remark, and acted upon it. She entered at the moment with a little dish of pink ham, in delicate slices, and garnished with parsley.

Nelly laughed like a very child as she saw her, and exclaimed, "Oh, Betsy, this is so nice! The sight of your table has carried me back years and years, and made me feel really at home again. Is not this exactly like one of our old teas, Jack, when we had all been specially good, and were allowed a treat? You remember, of course!"

I did remember, and as I glanced back it seemed as though several years were blotted out, and Nelly and I were children again, as happy as ever.

We had the brightest little meal imaginable. No one enjoyed it more than Mr. Burford did, and I am afraid, judging from the way in which Betsy's dainties were appreciated, that the more elaborate home meal would receive scant justice. Never had tea tasted so delicious as that which Nelly poured out and handed to me; never had Lint Hall in its brightest days seemed so bright as did my little room for one short hour. Never until then had I responded unwillingly to the call of duty, which told me that I must return to Oakhill Station without delay.

Mr. Burford relieved me from a little embarrassment, for he knew what were my hours, and judged how sorry I should be to shorten such a meeting.

"Nelly, my dear," he said, "Jack has work to do of a different kind from that you compelled me to leave. You said mine might wait, and I have allowed it to do so; Jack's cannot, and his absence might involve serious consequences. He will have to go, and so must we, my dear."

"I will be ready directly," she replied, as she rose from the table. "I have not seen half your treasures, Jack, but I hope I may have another chance."

"Indeed, I hope so, too, Nelly," and then I dropped my voice a little as I added, "Do you know that your visit this afternoon has fulfilled the strongest desire of my heart in connection with my new home? I said to myself, 'If only Nelly could just come in and sit once at my table, and then go away able to picture her old playmate amid his everyday surroundings, I should be so contented.' Yet I never dared to hope that my desire would be fulfilled."

"But it has been, and very soon, fulfilling my great wish at the same time, for I did want to see you, Jack. I have thought about you in the old cottage, and grieved over your troubles; indeed, I have magnified them out of very sympathy. And all the while you have been making a steady progress in the right direction. I am so glad and thankful. What you have already done fills me with hope on your account, and I am sure you will attain a good place in the world. Once my single hope was that Miss Flint would see things in a right light, and devote some of her wealth to giving you back the lands of your fathers. But I do not feel like that now. You will be a happier and a better man for owing prosperity to your own efforts, and you will be able to hold your head the higher—I do not mean proudly, Jack—for having waited and worked patiently before you won it. I must not keep you longer."

"I only wish I could stay, Nelly."

"I know that. Well, we have this last hour to look back on, and we shall no more forget it than we have forgotten our early days during years of absence. Friends once, friends always, Jack."

"Always, Nelly. When we shall meet again, we cannot tell; but having met so unexpectedly, all things seem possible."

A hand-clasp from father and daughter, a hasty good-bye, and I was hurrying back to my work with a sense of such happiness as I had not known before since my father's death.

I laughed to myself from time to time as I thought of Mr. Burford's face and the reckless, boyish fashion in which he had dared to enjoy himself, and to bring Nelly under the roof that I called "home." What would Mrs. Burford say if she heard of this escapade? Surely no bird of the air would carry the matter, for if so, I feared both Nelly and her father would have an uncomfortable sequel to it. She could not touch me, but I should be grieved if these two kind friends experienced any unpleasantness on my account.

I had not asked Nelly who her travelling companion was, and I wondered if it could be Miss Flint, who had been absent for some time past. I hardly thought she would return by Waverton, and drive thence to Lint Hall; but who could account for any fresh whim of Cousin Dorothy's?

I should doubtless soon hear from the Cartwrights whether my relative had come home or not, for, as of old, they were often dropping in to see Jabez and Betsy. Cartwright had been saying that he should like cuttings from some of the roses at our new cottage, as many of them were exceptionally fine, their cultivation having been made quite a hobby of by Mrs. Henderson. He wanted to see them in full bloom, in order to mark the ones he wished to introduce to the Lint Hall gardens.

I had taken care that Nelly did not go without a sample, for whilst we were at tea I had asked Betsy to cut some of the best flowers. To these I hastily added others from those which clustered round the porch, and gave them to the girl as she was leaving.

"Thank you, Jack," she said, burying her face amongst the scented blossoms. "How lovely they are! We have none so fine at home."

I had felt glad to think that she had something to carry away as a remembrance of her visit, and I knew that, as roses, the neighbourhood could furnish nothing better than those I had to offer.

As I went about my duties during that evening I did not think of roses, however, but of a fairer picture still. It was delightful to go over the sayings and doings of that happy hour in my little sitting-room, which would henceforth be associated with the precious memory of a reunion longed for, but hardly hoped for. I had become suddenly rich with a new kind of wealth, better than even the worldly riches that had taken to themselves wings.

I was rich in friends—I who had thought myself all but alone, rich in hope for the future; and I said in my own mind, "I will not believe in the impossible. Rather will I cherish the conviction that nothing is unattainable to those who work and wait. Work in the right way, and as in God's sight; work with a right motive, and thinking of others' benefit as well as one's own, waiting the while God's time with patience, yet without fear or despondency."

But real duties had to be attended to as well as day-dreams. I was on the platform as the last train ran into the station, and as soon as it came to a stand and the carriage doors were opened, from one of them Rose Burford stepped lightly down. Then she held out her hand to assist another passenger, and this I saw was her mother.

Farewell to any hope of seeing Nelly during the next few days. Farewell to the hoped-for *tête-à-tête* between father and daughter.

Mr. Burford would subside into his ordinary routine, and neither he nor Nelly would dare to allude to Rose Cottage or Jack Simpson in her august presence.

I felt unfeignedly sorry, for I knew how strong was the bond between the father and daughter, and how much Nelly brightened Mr. Burford's life when at home, yet without neglecting her duty to her mother.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. WM. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN "THE FAYUM," EGYPT.

WITH SOMETHING OF BENEFICENT RULERS, CROCODILES, MUMMIES, AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

By Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT.

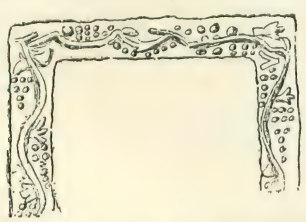
CHAPTER II.

THE CEMETERY OF HAWARA.

When one of us who is still in the flesh makes his way between a sad row of mummies, he may not escape the reflection that Alaric

was not altogether fanciful in his subtle device to turn the course of a river to conceal the place of his burial, nor Attila altogether reasonless in his triple coffin of gold, silver,

and iron. When brought face to face with the poor shrivelled relics of a man, in this Egyptian effort to perpetuate his identity, we have before our eyes the most eloquent proof



EMBOSSED FRAME IN GESSOWORK.

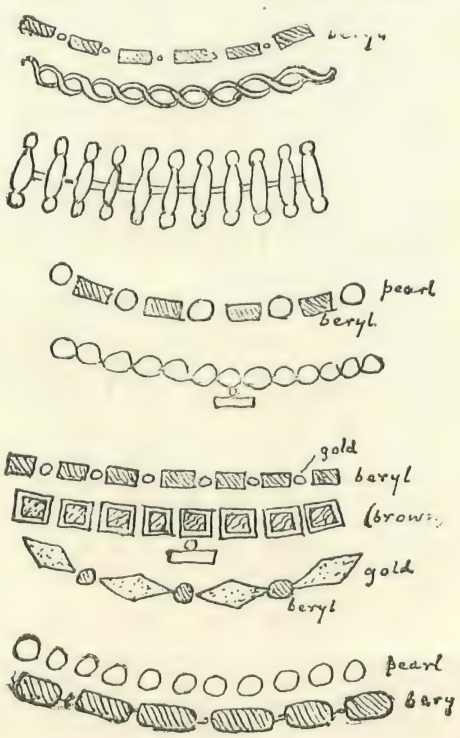
that good deeds are "the only balsam of our memories," and a noble life the sole "eternal habitation." The philosopher physician* says, "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh* is sold for balsam," and we in our turn must

say, "where research prompts, our age does not lack miners."

Lying round about the Labyrinth is the cemetery of Hawara, the field to which Mr. Petrie turned for the greater part of his discoveries.

Early Egyptian mummifying is not represented here, all such, with which it was the habit to bury treasures of ornament, having been plundered long ago.

After the arrival of the Ptolemies in Egypt,



SOME OF THE JEWELLERY IN THE PAINTINGS.

it is evident that the cemetery was in constant use by a people of a mixed nation, as is proved by the names inscribed, and, at a later date, by the portraits preserved so wonderfully in the dry sandy soil.

The ancient aversion to foreigners (who were in the earliest days forbidden even to touch at an Egyptian port) had been already shaken in the days when King Psammiticus invited

Greeks to settle on the coast, and now, with the arrival of the Ptolemies, the division wall began still further to give way, and the two peoples married together. One of the later results of this inroad of Europeans into Egypt is seen in the painted portraits which

GOLD EMBOSSED PATTERN ON MOUNT OF PICTURE FRAME.

at this era began to decorate their mummies. The custom (already known in parts of Egypt) had now risen in the Fayum of keeping the mummified remains, decorated according to

* Sir Thomas Browne.

* "Mummy" sold as artists' colour.

1. LATE PTOLEMAIC. 2. FIRST CENTURY, A.D.
3. ABOUT 120-140 A.D. 4. BANDAGING IN MANY LAYERS, 150-250 A.D.

the means of the survivors, either in the house or in a tomb chamber above-ground. Cicero tells us that some constructed a new apartment for the purpose in their own home. In the earlier days valuable relics had been interred with the mummy; but with those of a later date this is not found to have been the custom.

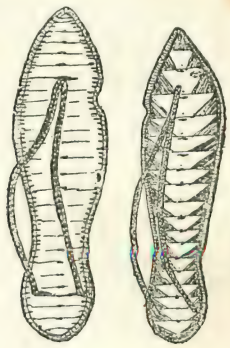
The magnificence of the mummy seems to

DOLL, 340 A.D.

have had with it a great element of vanity; to have a sumptuously decorated relative preserved above-ground lent itself to augment the importance of the survivors, and we are obliged to confess that in these degenerate days of Egypt, the object of decoration was not so much piety to the dead as satisfaction to the living. The poor embalmed remnant of a man was kept unburied while

DOLL.

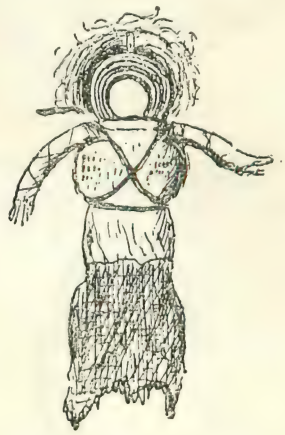
family interest attached to him, and when that waned, he, together with others of his time, was hidden away under ground to make room for persons of less remote interest. No treasures were buried with those for whom a generation cared too little to spare out of their



abundance, or their poverty, as the case might be. In many instances it is found that a mummy which has had the most lavish care bestowed upon it has become injured by careless usage before burial; and in the end it is horrible to find that the ruling thought has been to get it, together with a dozen other no longer-desired ancestors, out of the way in the easiest possible manner.

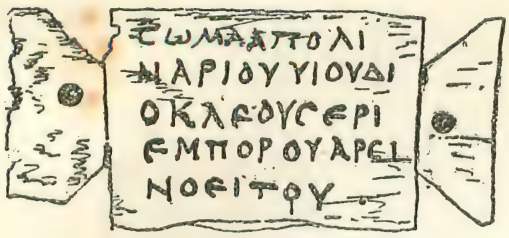
But amongst these less-regarded burials,

remains are found of some whose interment and mummification were alike magnificent. A prince amongst them, whose son writes over him—"O receive the libation sweet which I make to thee; may the gods grant that thou be established in thy seat in the future as are



DOLL WITH REAL HAIR.

established the gods on their thrones; may thy posterity exist for ever! I pour out libations of piety and love!" And the deities themselves pay their tribute, saying—"Thou hast come to me. Follow me, as thou didst to my 'Ka' upon the earth. My heart is



FUNERAL LABEL.

pleased *with it,*" *etc. And* the departed replies—"I spent my life in learning and teaching the ignorant," and so forth.

In most cases no names are given; but amongst the mummies some are found with

FUNERAL LABEL.

labels attached, these being chiefly the names of Greek merchants and Roman officials. "Denios, age 24;" "Isarois;" "Diogenes, musician."

COVERED LAMP OF BAKED CLAY, SIMILAR TO THOSE STILL IN USE.

In the mummies of a Ptolemaic date, of which so many have been found, the carpentry of the coverings is most perfect, and the

GREEK.

bandaging is of artistic perfection, being arranged in five or six layers, to give the effect of a sunken pattern; in some cases 700 yards of bandaging having been used. An ancient historian tells us that there were three prices, £250,

HAND MIRROR.

£60, and another, costing still less. When encased in painted coverings called "cartonage," the decoration was now often confided to Greek workmen, which caused hieroglyphic inscriptions to fall into disuse and a mixture of Greek ideas to creep in. The next departure from Egyptian conventionalism was in the attempt at real portraiture in the mummy cases, and this began about fifty years after Christ. This natural craving to retain the likeness of the departed is of very early date. From Mykene and Nineveh we have gold tissue masks pressed over the face of the dead, and in Egypt the same was the custom 1500 B.C.

Among the portraits discovered on these "cartonage," in one case realism has gone so

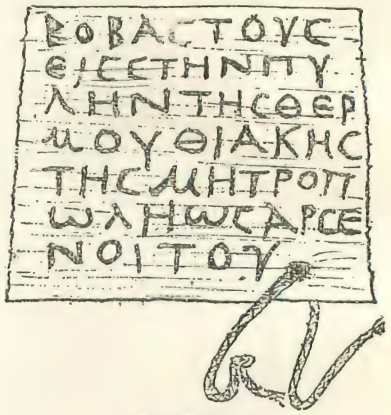
GREEK POTTERY FOUND IN TOMB.

far as to represent the white of the eyes flecked with red to suggest the ophthalmia from which the person suffered. Close upon these modelled

GREEK POTTERY.

FUNERAL LABEL.

portraits came those painted on panel or canvas, of which so many have been found at Hawara. It seems likely that the visit of the Emperor

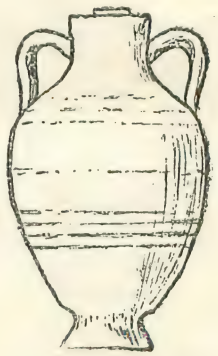


MUMMY LABEL.

Hadrian to Egypt 130 years after Christ gave a fresh impulse to this new art, for we are told that Antipholus, the painter of his time, rivalled the great Apelles himself!

"O ARTEMIDORUS, FAREWELL."

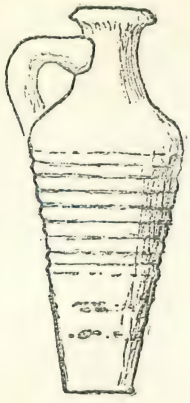
From a mummy case below a portrait in British Museum. The soul revisiting the body.



ROMAN.

The system of painting in wax which is adopted in these portraits was of old habit in Egypt, but probably unknown among the

Greeks until their intercourse with Egypt, after which it became general. St. Luke is said to have painted in this manner, and Eusebius and St. Chrysostom often refer to it.



ROMAN.

Among the inscriptions found are some of singular beauty. We wish we knew to which of the portraits we might attach them when we read, "Blameless among mortals, in business the best of men," "Diogenes who abode as the harp when he was alive" (a Syrian musician), "Denios, aged 24, never to be forgotten," "Sabinis Innocent," "Amytos unforgotten for ever," "Pray to Amubis on his mount in the divine abode; may he bury him in the beautiful and great west mountain;

ROMAN POTTERY.

PAPYRUS COVERED BOTTLE.

may he give to him funeral provisions in the opening of the year." And then one brief and strangely touching "Sole Friend." Many of the portraits were found without any outer covering a few feet buried in the sand, and in a nearly perfect condition. The custom of these painted likenesses appears to have lasted a little over 100 years, which makes their discovery the more precious. After those were given up the people returned to their earlier habit of

SEDAN CHAIR TOY, IN TERRA COTTA.

burying with the dead the objects which had been part of his life, such as toys, toilet vanities, and ornaments.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

How People Quarrel in China.

Among a population of such unexampled density as there is in China, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations with all the wives and children under one roof—occasions for quarrel are all pervasive. The sons' wives and children are prolific sources of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife strives to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannises over the younger ones, and the latter rebel.

The instinct of the Western with a grievance is to get it redressed straightway; that of the Oriental is first of all to let the world at large know that he has a grievance. A Chinaman who has been wronged will go on the street and roar at the top of his voice. This art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are sad adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues. Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse.

Women indulge in the practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time till their voices fail. Abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight. If the day is a hot one, the reviler bawls as long as he or she has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed fury.

The Melancholy Physician.

"What's the matter, George?" said the physician's wife. "You seem depressed to-night."

"I am, dear," answered the physician. "I have a most puzzling case on hand. Old Robinson, whom I have been treating for three years, is getting well in spite of all I can do."

Sugar in the Olden Time.

One of the earliest references to sugar in Great Britain is that of about forty-four tons of sugar being shipped to London in 1319 by a merchant of Venice to be exchanged for wool. In the same year there appears in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland a payment at the rate of one shilling and ninepence halfpenny per pound for sugar.

Throughout Europe it continued to be a costly luxury and article of medicine only till the increasing use of tea and coffee in the course of the eighteenth century brought it into the list of principal food staples. The increase in the consumption may be gathered from the fact that while in 1700 the amount used in Great Britain was 10,000 tons, in 1800 it had risen to 150,000 tons, and in 1885 the total quantity was almost 1,100,000 tons.

Laughing Girls.—"The laughter of girls," says De Quincey, "is and ever was among the most delightful sounds on earth." Judgment on that:—It depends on whether the girls are laughing at your best joke, or because you have just taken a header from your bicycle, and are trying to think which end of yourself to pick up first.

Best of All.—"The older I grow," says Lewes, "the more clearly I see that intellect is not the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Goodness, loving kindness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world."

The Frivolous Girl.

If thy foot were as light as thy mind, I declare,
In a course we should see thee outstripping the hare.

—*Sir Thomas More.*

On a Stupid Girl.

Nature detests a vacuum, it is said:
Then why did Nature form thine empty head?

Good Neighbours.

A country gentleman of Scotland—Hugh Rose of Kilravock—was asked by King James I.—

"How can you live amongst such ill, turbulent neighbours?"

"They are the best neighbours I can have," he answered, "for they make me thrice a day go to God on my knees, when perhaps otherwise I would not have gone once."

The Poetic Lover.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

—*From the Greek.*

In an Archbishop's Garden.

The Archbishop of Narbonne opened his fine garden to the citizens, but stuck up a notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all and not for any individual.

One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady who was destroying a whole parterre to make her dear self a nosegay. Calling a servant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown to enable her to buy flowers.

The damsel threw down her flowers and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another message from the Archbishop—

"That his garden was only open for those *qui savaient vivre.*"—*Walpoliana.*

When did the Temperance Movement Begin?—The modern temperance movement may be said to date from the publication, in 1785 at Philadelphia, of Dr. Benjamin Rush's essay on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," which was republished in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the following year, and had a wide circulation.

WHAT DOES THE THERMOMETER SAY?

How frequently does one hear one person complaining of the excessive heat of a room, and another saying, "Do you think so? I do not find it uncomfortably warm." How often do they refer to a little instrument hung up perhaps on one of the walls, which tells them at once whether the heat of the room is greater than it should be or not?

Yet few are aware of the physical laws which enable this little instrument to impart such valuable and trustworthy information to them, fewer still know how it has been constructed. It is an every-day, common-place thing; useful, cheap, and to them uninteresting. Attention may perhaps be drawn to the artistic carved frame in which it lies; but the work-a-day plain little thermometer comes in only for so much attention as is compelled by occasional discomfort or curiosity. Yet how essential is this little thing in one's daily life! Mr. Jones has a large house; some of his rooms are over-heated, and Mr. Jones on going out catches cold. "One really must have some guide to the heat of our rooms," says Mr. Jones, and as long as the little glass indicates 60 degrees Mr. Jones feels safe and comfortable. Where would Mr. Jones's hothouse fruit be if Mr. Jones's head gardener were not informed by the thermometer of the temperature of each of the hothouses? If by a little attention to this instrument we can contribute to the comforts of our life, and prevent illness when well, how much more is it necessary to have our little friend to hand when ill! Let us go into a hospital ward and see to what use the instrument is put. The ward, with its lines of clean beds, looks

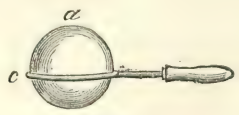


FIG. 1.

(*a*) *Iron Ball.* (*c*) *Ring.*

charming, and one feels neither too hot nor too cold. Presently in comes a fussy little man, a member, perhaps, of the Hospital Board, who has been attending a long committee meeting. "Very cold in here, sister," says the little man to the presiding deity of the ward. "Sister," for answer, conducts the fussy little man to a thermometer on the wall, which indicates 65 degrees, at which the little man collapses and retires.

There are several cases of "typhoid fever" in the ward, and the little thermometer tells the house physician on his arrival many important facts about his cases, and everyone knows that when the senior physician comes round one of his first questions in these cases will be, "What is the temperature?" One of the cases is worse, and must have a bath. The bath is ordered, in the language of the thermometer, to be of so many degrees.

So you see that the little thermometer, like a good minister or doctor, does its work with equal truth and conscientiousness in whatever circumstances or conditions of life it may happen to be placed. And surely it behoves us all to have some intelligent idea, however slight, of the working ways of things like the thermometer—so useful, so liable to be overlooked; to appreciate the great beauty of Nature's laws as interpreted by the scientific mind, and to see how that great creation of God, the mind of man, may control and utilise things under those laws to the end that they may be of the greatest possible service to himself and his fellow beings. You may say, "Oh, but one can always tell whether a thing is hot or cold by feeling it!" True; but to what degree can you determine it? Let us give you an example.

Supposing you took three basins, one having very hot water in it; the second, ice water; and the third, moderately tepid water. Now, if you placed your right hand in the cold water, and your left hand in the hottest water, and after holding them there some time put both your hands in the tepid water, to the right hand it would feel warm, to your left hand it would feel cold. Which hand are you to believe? Assuredly there is a failing somewhere, and it lies in the fact that you cannot be sure of the previous temperature of your hand before feeling a body. Now, the thermometer is not to be deceived in any way by sensation; it will always give the same record for the same degree of heat. And now I must just hint to you not to confuse "degree" with "amount" of heat. If you had a large basin full of boiling water and took a cupful away, the cup would contain water of the same "degree" of heat; but there would be very much less heat in the cup as regards "amount."

Perhaps you, many of you, already know that inanimate objects are divided into "solids," "liquids," and "gases." Now the effects of heat on solids are twofold. Bodies are said to be made up of elementary particles called atoms, and roughly these atoms are in the closest proximity in solids, less in liquids, and least of all in gases. The first effect of the application of heat to a solid such as iron, is to separate its atoms further from one another, and so make it larger. In other words, it expands. If heating be carried on to a greater degree, the solid becomes liquid, *i.e.*, adopts the shape of any vessel it may be in, having no shape of its own; and lastly, if the heating be carried on still further the liquid becomes a gas. The *rationale* of the thermometer depends on the expansion of bodies exposed to the varying conditions of heat. You know that when a thermometer encounters a high temperature the mercury rises in the tube and occupies more space. I daresay that many of you have noticed thermometers which had in them a reddish fluid instead of mercury. This is coloured alcohol, and we shall consider the comparative merits of this form of thermometer with the ordinary mercury one later on. I shall now tell you how these little thermometers are made; but before doing so let me refer to an experiment figured in Fig. 1. This is called Gravesand's experiment. *a* is an iron ball which will go through the circle *c* with ease; *a* is subjected to heat, and after a while it is found that it will no longer go through *c* as it did. *a* is therefore left resting on *c*, and as it cools it falls through. This serves very aptly to show the expansion of a body with heat, and its subsequent contraction on cooling. Of course, bodies which absorb moisture do not expand in heating—*e.g.*, wood—they rather contract.

It occurred to scientific men that as certain things expanded under the influence of heat, the amount of expansion might be made to represent the degree of heat applied. Solids change in too slight a degree to lend themselves to purposes of measurement of fine gradations of temperature; gases, on the other hand, are too much affected by variations of temperature to be useful for practical purposes. Liquids, however, present the happy means, and of these mercury is the liquid metal which expands most constantly equally for equal degrees of heat. How, then, are these little instruments made? I will tell you. A tube, having a fine bore known as a capillary bore, from the Latin "capilla," a hair, is taken, and at one end of this a small bulb is made by means of a very hot flame; at the other end a funnel is made (Fig. 2); into this funnel mercury is placed, and the bulb is heated. Some of the heated air rushes out through the mercury, and on cooling some mercury is forced into the tube to take the place of the air which has escaped. This mercury finds its way into the bulb and is in its turn heated; it becomes volatile, and the whole tube being full of mercury and mercury vapour, all the air is driven out, and, on cooling, the tube fills with mercury from the funnel. The whole thing is again heated, and whilst hot the funnel is removed, and the upper end of the tube is sealed, presenting the appearance seen in Fig. 3.

On cooling, of course, the mercury contracts, and leaves above it a perfect vacuum; the tube presenting now the appearance seen in Fig. 4. Our thermometer is now made, but we have to graduate it. Now it has been discovered that the temperature of melting ice is a constant one, that is to say, it is always the same. This temperature is known technically as the "freezing-point"; the first thing to be done

FIG. 2.

(*a*) *Funnel.* (*b*) *Bulb.* (*c*) *Capillary Tube.*

then with our thermometer is to see at what level its freezing-point stands, *i.e.*, how high the mercury rises when the bulb of the thermometer is plunged into melting ice. This point is scratched on the glass with a diamond; but this fact is not enough to have ascertained; it has also been demonstrated that, at a certain pressure of the air, steam given off from boiling water is always of a constant temperature; it is necessary to obtain these conditions to ascertain what is called the "boiling-point" of our thermometer. A special apparatus is used, which is so devised that the whole of the thermometer as well as the bulb is enveloped in steam. Of course the mercury rises to a certain height, and this level also is recorded on the glass tube in the same way as the "freezing-point."

Thus we have two fixed points from which to take a start in making our thermometer; but our own sensations are acute enough to distinguish between freezing and boiling, in the general acceptance of those terms, so we

A TOUCH OF PITY.

must subdivide the distance between the freezing and boiling point in our thermometer, and we may do so in various ways.

I daresay that many of you have noticed, on the thermometer at home, that the scale, as it is called, is printed on the frame of the thermometer, and the letter F. is placed at the top or bottom of the scale. This letter F. is distinctive; it is the first letter of the name of the chemist who invented the particular scale to which it is appended; his name was Fahrenheit. Now, Fahrenheit found that he could

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

artificially produce a much greater cold than that of melting ice, by means of a mixture of salt and snow. He therefore called the temperature of melting ice 32° and that of snow and salt 0°. Boiling-point on Fahrenheit's scale is 212°, so that between freezing-point and boiling-point in Fahrenheit's scale there are 180 degrees, or as it is written, 180°. This measurement of temperature is the one most in vogue in our own country; but amongst scientific men, and in most European countries, another scale is in use; this is the scale of Celsius, and is generally known as the "Centigrade" scale, from the following facts. Boiling-point and freezing-point are ascertained as already described, and freezing-point is called 0°, or zero, and boiling-point 100°; and the distance between 0° and 100° is equally divided into a hundred parts, each of which is called a degree centigrade.

Although these two scales of measurement are best known in this country, there is another which you will often see used in those little ornamental thermometers which the German Swiss make, and which is the scale for Russia and Sweden; this is the scale of Réaumur. In this, as in the Centigrade or Celsius scale, the freezing-point is 0°, but the distance from freezing to boiling point is only divided into eighty equal parts, so that boiling point Réaumur is 80°.

Thus then are the little thermometers which contribute so much to the domestic economy of man made. A glance at Fig. 5 will show at once the relation of the three scales to one another. We have noticed these thermometers which are made with a red fluid inside instead of metallic mercury. They are made with alcohol instead of mercury, and the alcohol is coloured with cochineal or carmine, sometimes with Prussian blue.

The method of making these thermometers is similar to that employed in those prepared with mercury, but they have a rather different character, which it is worth while for me to mention. Mercury at certain very low temperatures freezes, and therefore ceases to be of any service in recording low temperatures; alcohol has never been frozen yet, and therefore is of use in this way. Alcohol, however, boils at a lower temperature than water, and becomes a vapour; it cannot therefore be used for such high temperatures as mercury. The old-fashioned thermometers were made with a spherical bulb; these, however, are not the best in shape, and the bulbs are made larger and thinner, thus giving a larger surface of exposure. Of such a shape are the clinical thermometers used by physicians, which register from about 95° Fahrenheit to 113° Fahrenheit.

One often sees in a room the thermometer hung up against a wall. To do this is strictly speaking wrong, as, if the wall communicates with the outside, and it be a northern wall, the temperature on that wall will be lower than the temperature in the rest of the room. The proper way is to suspend the thermometer in the middle of the room, where it is free of any object likely to affect its temperature.

Similarly one often sees a thermometer outside a window, which is intended to take the temperature of the outer air, and on which a hot sun is shining; the thermometer, of course,

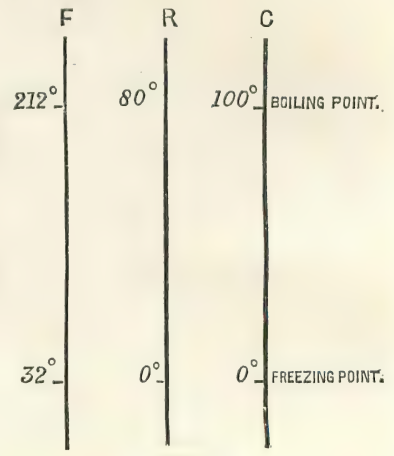


FIG. 5.

registers much too high a temperature; it should be suspended in the open air, and in the shade.

And now I hope that many of you know more about thermometers than you did, and can feel when you see one, "I know how you are made," "I know how you act." The little friend is, I hope, no longer a mystery to you, but a thing of familiar interest.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

MARY AYLMER;

OR,

RANCH LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER II.

AT MINNETONKA.

IN the dining-room some eight or ten men of the usual western type were assembled, rough as to externals, but excellent fellows enough, and all eating their meal as fast as possible, as if it were a business to be got through with the utmost speed, and no considerations of health or digestive powers ever entered their minds. At one table were three Englishmen, evidently gentlemen, for their speech betrayed them, as well as the cut of their very shabby clothes; one of them rose as Mrs. Elliott and her companion entered the room, and claiming acquaintance with her, begged them to sit at their table.

The speaker was a tall, powerful fellow of eight and twenty or so, perhaps, fair and blue-eyed, with a kindly expression, and his open glances of admiration at Mary's bright face gave her friend a good deal of amusement.

"It is so long since I have spoken to an English girl, Miss Aylmer," said he aside to her, as he observed Mrs. Elliott was in close conversation with another of the party, in whom she had discovered a cousin of her husband's. "I can see you are just from the Old Country, and I am so anxious to know what you think of us. Don't we seem a very shabby lot? And what about our manners—if we have any left? Our customs I know are detestable. If you will tell me in confidence I won't mention it."

"But suppose I am a Canadian myself?"

"I know very well you are not."

"Anyhow I have been fifteen years in the country, and have never seen England since I was five years old."

"I dare not doubt your word, though I should never have supposed it possible; you are dressed just like my own sister, whose photograph was sent me the other day."

"I have an aunt 'at home' who looks after my wardrobe, so I enjoy the proud distinction of wearing what I suppose to be the London fashions very soon after they come out. I cannot get her to understand that we require the useful only, not the ornamental out here."

"It appears to me that your costume is a happy combination of the two; of course I know it is the proper thing in this country to be as shabby as possible, but all the same it is a treat to see a lady dressed like one, with all the nice things about her that she would have in England, and yet not at all too fine to look after the house, as I hear you are going to do. I do not mean to say a word against my countrywomen out here, for I think them very courageous and good; they put their shoulder to the wheel in a way one cannot but admire, and it is not their fault that they have too much to do to have time to think of their appearance. But I am afraid your train is coming, for here is Wilson, the station-master. I shall be at Minnetonka very soon, on business, when I shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again."

During their journey that afternoon Mary took the opportunity of asking Mrs. Elliott if it had occurred to her that her style of dress was too smart for her mode of life.

"Certainly not, my dear girl. What could have put such an idea into your head? A plain grey serge and a close-fitting hat, without an inch of superfluous ornament, is the most suitable style you could adopt. That they are made and cut much better than our native

garments does not make them less neat or useful, and your mother's locket and ring are so plain that no one could find fault with you for wearing them. You have only to put on a large apron and sleeves, and you can make the pudding in that costume as well as in any other. Here we are at Metapedia Station; the coloured porter will lift the children out, and we will get supper at the inn, and go to bed at once. There is a Chinese cook here, just as at the last place, so we must not expect to enjoy supper much, but if the eggs and milk happen to be fresh, we shall do. There is Oolochan, the Indian, so we shall be able to start to-morrow morning nicely."

The inn at Metapedia was of the usual pattern, and after a good night's rest the travellers set off soon after seven in the morning, on horseback, as arranged. The air was fresh and sweet, though chilly, and the ladies were obliged to put on an extra garment over their habits; but the sun soon began to shine with considerable power, and they were able to enjoy themselves comfortably. The bush on each side of them was black and burnt, showing the ravages made by recent fires; these are usually caused by the camp fires of the Indians, who do not take the trouble, when they leave their camping-grounds, to see that the embers are extinct. The mischief and destruction they cause is indescribable, and though almost incredible, the fact is perfectly true that the smoke of some of the large bush fires is carried more than a hundred miles, and the air is often so heavy with it that the mountains are all blotted out, while an uncomfortable feeling pervades the neighbourhood until a heavy rain takes away all sense of danger for the time being. Should the fire reach one of the ranches, the hay might be consumed, and then ruin would ensue, for the cattle have nothing else for the winter in the way of food. Few indeed are those who have not had house, corral, or hayricks burned down some time or other; indeed, the pine-wood of which everything is built is so inflammable that a stray match or spark may end the life of a whole family in a few minutes.

At midday a halt was called, fires lit by the Indians, potatoes and bacon put on to boil in their respective "kettles"—the said "kettles" answering, as far as their use is concerned, to the European saucepan; they are frequently made from Chicago lard tins, or perhaps I should say the lard tin is converted to that use. Open fires, except when camping, are never used, the American stove being universally adopted all over the country. The camp bread is mixed with yeast powder, and cooked in a frying-pan; it is, as may be imagined, a somewhat indigestible article. A cup of coffee followed the dinner, and then, after a short rest, the party set out again. As soon as the afternoon began to draw in, the last meal of the day was cooked and eaten, and then the Indians proceeded to cut down a number of small fir-trees. The branches of these were chopped off and spread on the ground, covered with sail-cloth and buffalo robes, blankets, pillows and tent unpacked, and the whole party turned in. Whether or not a bear or a mountain lion (panther) paid them a visit during their slumbers it is impossible to say, but it is more than probable, as the mountain range through which they were then passing harbours many such creatures; and Mrs. Elliott whiled away the early part of the evening by telling Mary all the stories she could remember of her experiences under similar circumstances, notably one time when she had to ride through a terrible bush fire, with the flames on either side of her, singeing her horse and habit, and the great trees falling with a crash as the flames devoured them; her husband, too well used to it to fear for himself, but terribly uneasy as to its effect on her, not daring to halt on the journey for even one day, as the heavens were like brass, and there was not the smallest sign of rain. And there was a comic side to such journeys, too, sometimes. One Englishman who had lived out in Canada for many years, but had declined to fall into "up country" ways, used to carry all sorts of luxuries with him when he camped out, she related. One morning, when he was shaving by the aid of a small looking-glass which he had ingeniously fixed into a rock, he was somewhat startled when the head of a deer appeared over the ledge of it, calmly contemplating him for a few moments with much astonishment, and then scampering away.

No casualties occurred to our party, fortunately, and as one day was much like another, there is little use describing all of them. About three in the afternoon of the last day, however, Mr. Elliott appeared, and then his wife felt no more anxiety. The end of their ride took them through a valley covered, like the mountain sides, with the bunch grass, which the cattle love so well and thrive so splendidly upon. All was brown and bare-looking, except in the irrigated meadows, and it was difficult to believe that such dry, useless-looking stuff could be of the slightest use as food. Round the house were apple orchards, burdened with fruit, a few plum trees and yellow peach trees; nothing in the way of ornament, but all for use. The large vegetable garden had a clear trout stream running beside it, while over the front of the house, as usual only one storey high, the graceful tendrils of the hop vine clustered, the hops having been already gathered and dried for the winter's stock of yeast. At the back was the "corral" or farmyard, and the presence of fowls, pigs, cows, dogs, and other creatures was soon made known by the noises which reached the ear. An Indian woman, with long black hair, came forward to receive the party, and a half-breed girl, whose father belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and had married an Indian squaw, took charge of the two children.

Most of the Indian tribes in the part of British Columbia where Mr. Elliott lived are Roman Catholics, and have therefore received French names, the missionaries being French Canadians, or of Gallic birth. The two squaws employed by the family in question were known as Marie and Julie; both were very slow in their movements, but managed to get through a little hard work, such as scrubbing and washing; and Julie, the half-breed girl, could carry about the baby without coming to grief very often, though she was apt to stumble over everything in her way. The cooking, laying the table, and all the housemaid's work had to be done by the ladies, except the carrying of water and fetching of wood; this was the work of the master of the house, unless one of the farm men happened to be at leisure, a very rare thing, as labour of any kind is very costly and very scarce in these out-of-the-way places. All the furniture of the house, except a few things in the "parlour," had been made on the premises, and when a new inmate appeared, as now, a number of planks were ordered from the nearest sawmill, and a bedstead and a few simple necessaries put together for his or her use. It is surprising how little is actually necessary to keep life going, and how easy it is to do without many of the superfluities, which seem to be necessities in England, when one cannot get them.

The first two days after her return Mrs. Elliott declined to allow Mary to assist in any of the work of the household, alleging that she must unpack her belongings, and make herself thoroughly comfortable, as well as make acquaintance with her surroundings. The order of the day was as follows: the two servants were expected to rise at five o'clock all the year round, one to light the fire and the other to take the baby, the master getting up at the same hour. The rest of the household were called at six, and hot water brought to the rooms. Either the mistress of the house or Mary paid visits to the kitchen during the latter part of the process of dressing, to superintend the cooking of a hot breakfast, which is considered *de rigueur* at a Canadian table, and consisted of beef steak, mutton chops, and such like substantial dishes, also baked and fried potatoes. The hot bread and "biscuit"—a kind of soda scone—which are also expected to appear, were dispensed with at Minnetonka, the family being too English in their tastes to care for them.

Butter was made twice a week, bread every other day, the cooking for the men being done at the log house by the corral, in which they slept, by the wife of one of them who happened to be married, a rare case with "hired men," as there is no space or accommodation for a family on a ranch. Dinner was served at twelve, and the old English fashion of a joint and pudding—both fresh every day, for the amount of meat eaten (and wasted) in these places is almost incredible. The said joint always appeared in a cold form at "supper," a meal known in England as high tea, and eaten at six o'clock. Tea is brought on the table at dinner and supper, coffee at breakfast. The bacon cured in Canada is very inferior to that in the Old Country, but one or two of the settlers in some districts—Mr. Elliott being amongst the number—have made a study of this useful art, with very excellent results, and the ladies of the family found it a great convenience, as they rarely cared to begin the day with a large helping of fresh meat, and eggs were only procurable during spring and summer. Anyone who has travelled on the North American continent will have noticed that even children of five years old will take a good sized mutton chop, or its equivalent, on their plates at breakfast, and even an egg after that, not to speak of hot cakes and maple syrup to follow.

(*To be continued.*)

MY WORK BASKET

By MARY LAYBOURN.

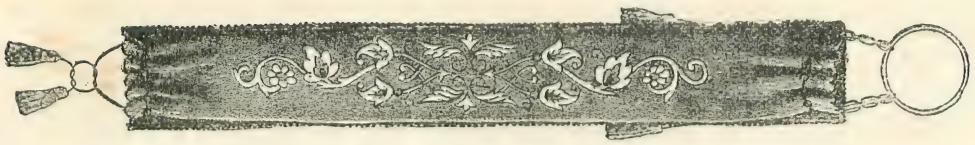


FIG. 1.

FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERED UMBRELLA CASE FOR TRAVELLING.

The material used for this case is cloth, or felt, on which the pattern about to be embroidered may be either drawn in chalks or perforated, as the worker may prefer.

Our model is a fine brown cloth, embroidered with filoselle silk. Three shades of linden green, two of blue, and a fine gold cord will be required.

The flowers are worked with the two shades of blue, edged with the gold cord. The leaves and tendrils are green with gold veining.

The stitches employed are the simple satin and outline stitches. The gold cord is kept carefully in place by sewing it on with fine gold-coloured silk, wherever required.

The size of the case depends on the umbrella, or umbrellas, for which it is intended.

Having measured the length, leaving about six inches at each end beyond the embroidery, cut two strips of the cloth the same length. The front embroidered part must be twice the width of the under side. Both pieces are pinked all round in very narrow dents.

When the embroidery is finished, each end of the upper or wider piece is laid in double plaits, and ironed down before stitching them across, to form a narrow frill. The two parts are then stitched together, either by machine or by hand, leaving about three-quarters of an inch loose beyond the seams, forming a flat, double frill down each side.

A runner is placed a short distance from the openings, through which a silk cord is drawn, ending with small tassels. At the lower end, the cord is formed into a loop, through which the end of the umbrella is inserted, whilst at the upper end a short steel chain, to which a large ring is attached, is fastened on each side. The ring must be large enough to allow the arm to pass through for the convenience of carrying the case when filled.

FIG. 2.—WORK BAG IN CROSS STITCH.

This pretty and useful bag is made of fine cream-coloured Java canvas, or any other material, the threads of which can be easily counted, on which the pattern is worked in crewel silks, the colours selected harmonising with the inner bag, which is made of good cotton-back satin, with an embroidered insertion on canvas stitched over the runner, through which the draw strings are carried. A rich red brown will be found a handsome and serviceable shade for the bag, and goes well with the shaded greens and pinks with gold-coloured stars and crosses dotted over the lower part of the bag. The insertion is worked on a strip of the canvas for the separating of the outer pockets and top of inner bag; but on the canvas bag itself on the top edge, leaving a sufficient margin on which an edging is worked in crochet. The inner bag of satin is three-quarters of a yard deep and a yard round.

The canvas for the outer pockets measures half a yard in depth and a yard and a half round. A round cut in cardboard, about a quarter of a yard in diameter, is covered with the satin, and the canvas bag lined with the same.

The canvas must be divided into six parts, on each of which the embroidered pattern is to be worked. The better plan to secure each

FIG. 2.

pocket equal in size is first to run a thread down each creased division, and finding the centre, commence the work in the middle of the pattern, working from that to either side. The design is sufficient guide, the stitches being easily counted, and the shading indicated.

The satin bag will be stronger, therefore more useful, for being lined with a firm cotton carried up to make the runner, the frill at top only being lined with satin. When the embroidery is finished the canvas bag is fastened to the satin bag at six equal parts under the dividing bands of embroidery, and the canvas drawn in at bottom to the size of the cardboard foundation. The satin and canvas bags are sewed together on the round, the seam being covered with a plush braid.

The top edges of the bag are trimmed with a narrow edging in crochet, worked with crochet silk. A firm medium-width satin ribbon is used for strings. A small buttonhole is left in the centre of the embroidery to meet a gilt button sewed on the satin bag, which secures the articles placed in the outer pockets.

This bag will not only be an ornament in the room, but be found most useful to carry about in summer weather, when work and small books are our companions at the seashore or in the garden.

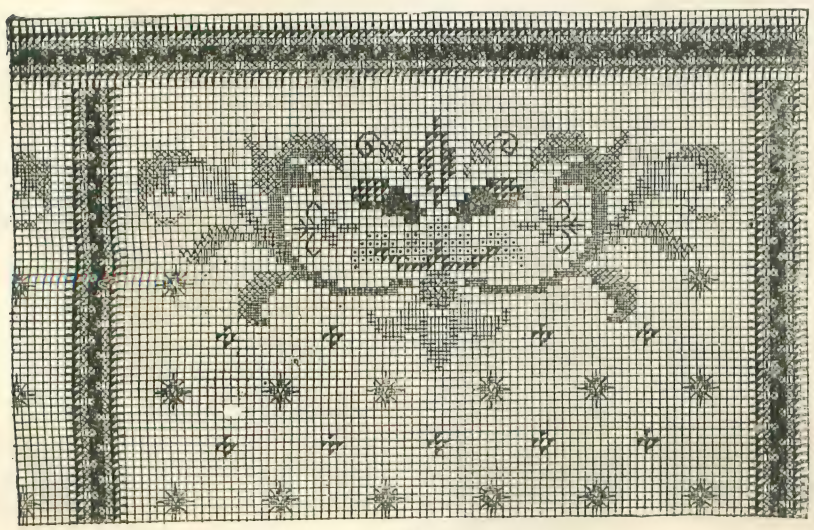


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.—SOFA CUSHION IN RAISED WORK WITH WOOLLEN CHENILLE.

Both silk and woollen chenille have lately been much used in a variety of ways. The appearance is very beautiful when the shades are well selected, and the *appliqué* carefully done. The material called

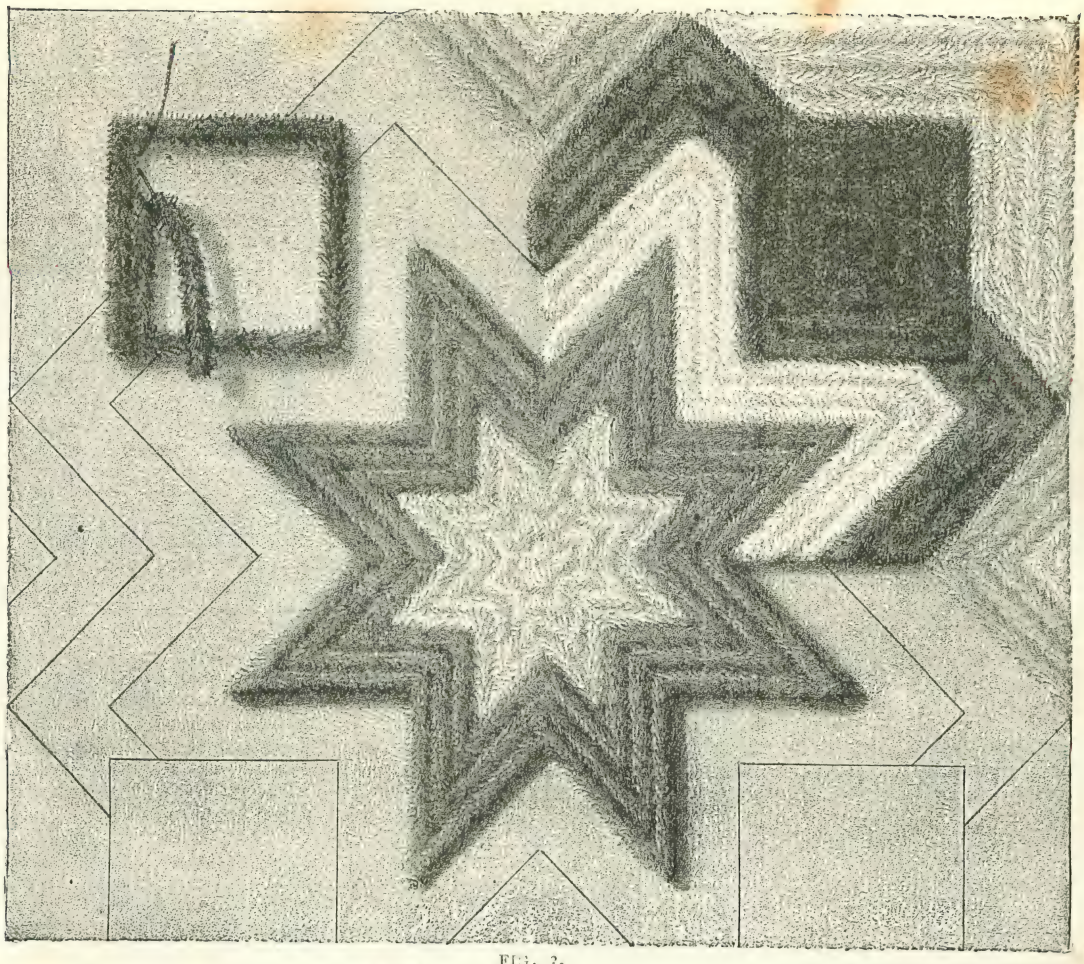


FIG. 2.

chenille wool is not so high in price as the ordinary chenille, yet produces a similar effect. This work is growing in favour; our readers will therefore be pleased to try it.

The advantage of being easily worked, with the necessary care to fasten off each end neatly and to keep the lines perfectly straight, is another inducement. The short hairs of the chenille, standing up, catch the reflection of the light and give it a velvety appearance, resembling the Persian work. The material upon which the work is done is a strong, thick linen. The chenille is sewed on with small stitches underneath, in even rows, with a fine cotton of the same shade as the chenille. The rows must be kept close together, and the contour strictly attended to.

Our model, when finished, is half a yard square, but the linen must be ten or twelve inches larger each way in order to have a good margin for making it up. The work may be done in the hand, but will be found easier when stretched on a frame.

Having drawn the pattern intended to be worked (geometrical designs are the most suitable), and selected the colours to be used, the first row is sewed round the outer edge; care must be taken to turn the corners with great exactness, and in fastening off of the ends with a few extra stitches to keep them secure and quite hidden.

In our pattern the grounding colours are dark brown, almost black, and a dark green. The colours for the design are light greenish blue, deep olive brown, pale and dark russet red, light olive, dead gold, cream, medium olive green, and rust yellow. The back of the cushion is made of russet red satin, and the edge is finished with a cord of the various shades in the chenille, with a cluster of four *pompons* at each corner to match.

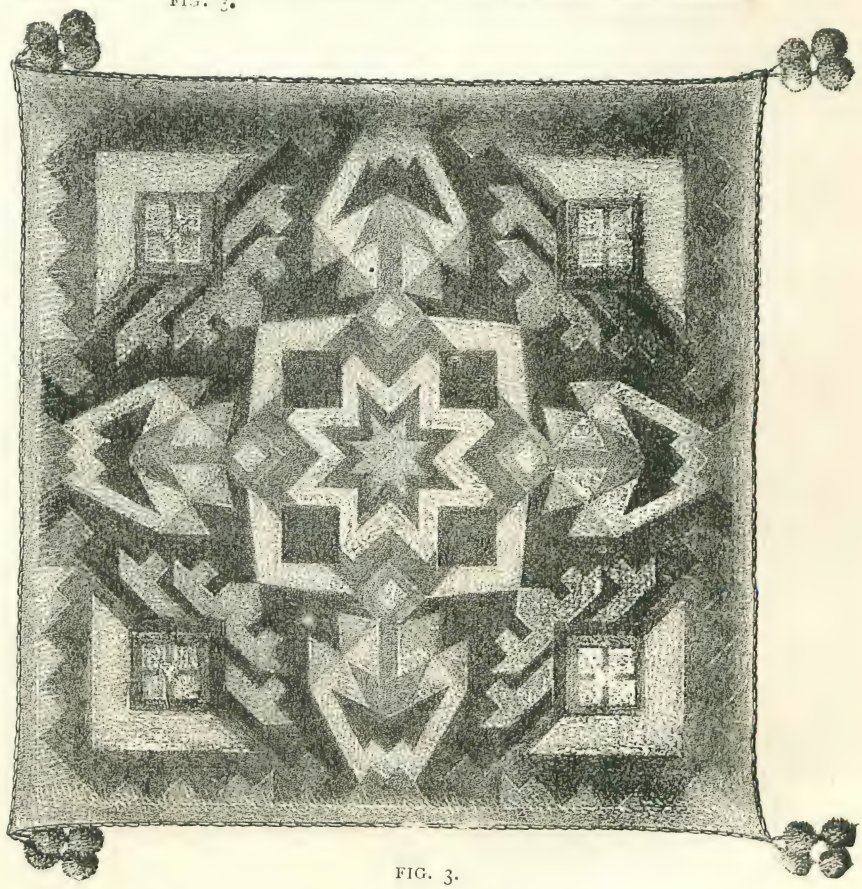


FIG. 3.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

LADY DACRE had learned a good deal that afternoon, and before she slept she had written a letter to Miss Leigh. She usually dashed off her correspondence at railroad speed, but she spent a long time over this epistle, weighing each word, sometimes pausing before she wrote down a sentence, sometimes smiling over something which occurred to her. She knew that Miss Leigh prized her good opinion, and that though she would be absolutely indifferent to the poverty of her great-nieces, yet that Lady Dacre should be aware of it, and know that she had refused to help them, would gall her.

"A weak-minded, vindictive, worldly woman!" said Lady Dacre to herself. "Mean, but ashamed that her meanness should be known. Anne Leigh's misfortunes were really the sin she can't pardon." Lady Dacre had a well-founded belief in her own power of putting things in a stinging way, and she knew the weak spots in Miss Leigh's armour. She felt confident that she could drive her into supporting Phyllis and Una, but the question still remained, how to deal with Kathleen.

Having shot her bolt, Lady Dacre was satisfied to bide her time; perhaps a little tired of all the trouble she had taken, and besides, some pleasant acquaintances returned to St. Petrox, and immediately called on her, and for a few days she was a good deal occupied with them, and little at home. She had also got tired of massage, and suspended Kathleen's visits, for which, in some ways, Kathleen was not sorry, though from the point of view of pounds, shillings, and pence such caprices mattered a great deal more to her than patients were apt to recollect. She had a good deal to do just now, however, which made the loss of Lady Dacre's payments less important. The autumn season was at hand, and invalids already began to return to their winter quarters, because there had been a sharp pinch of cold in other parts of England, hardly felt here, where heliotropes bloomed out of doors all winter, unless it were an exceptionally hard one, and geraniums and calceolarias remained in the gardens unprotected and unscathed.

Owing to her being extra busy, Kathleen had but little time for the children, and found it more difficult than she had yet done to hear their lessons, and take them out walking. Strong and young though she was, her work took a great deal of energy out of her, and when she came home, it would have been far pleasanter to sit still or have half an hour's rest on the sofa instead of immediately turning to some occupation, and it was not always easy to keep a sharp tone out of her voice when Phyllis was dull or Una flighty. She tried very hard to do so, and was heartily humiliated by her failures, and, however tired she might be at night, never omitted to pass the day in review, and ask pardon for the past and strength for the future. Happily for Kathleen, she had a very direct and simple faith, and could bring her troubles and difficulties into her prayers with no chilling doubts or questions. "And oh, let us know what has become of papa," she never failed to add, poor child, little guessing how unlike the answer to prayer often proves to what the petitioner expected.

This would, on the whole, have been a happy time to Kathleen but for the cloud which had come over Phyllis. It troubled her very much to feel as if the child were drifting away from her, and she asked herself in vain where the fault in herself was; for, like all generous natures, Kathleen was always ready to suppose herself rather than another was to blame. In reality, she had very little to do with the mood into which Phyllis had slid. At first sight it might have seemed that Una was a much more likely child to be discontented and unhappy than the grave and practical Phyllis; but while Una had a touch of creative power which made her little mind a very well-peopled kingdom to her, Phyllis, the matter of fact, had no power of getting away from herself and her surroundings, and, being pitched altogether in a minor key, small troubles were great to her, and she had a dangerous power of feeling ill-used and brooding over it which did not come to the surface, but lay near it, always ready to be reached. When Lady Dacre, occupied by her newly-arrived friends, did not call the children into her rooms and forgot entirely that she had promised to take them for a drive, Phyllis said nothing, but felt sure that Kathleen had prevented it; and when Kathleen, gladdened by Una's spring to her neck when she came in from her work, kissed her and not Phyllis, the sedate little face of the elder child took a more set expression, and she withdrew to her bedroom, until called down to supper, thinking over all that Lady Dacre had ever let fall about Miss Leigh and her fine old house, "where Kathleen will not let us go," Phyllis would think, resentfully.

Sometimes Lady Dacre would meet her, hanging about the stairs, and ask what she was doing there, and Phyllis would answer, sullenly, that she had nothing to do; Kathleen was never at home now. "Poor little, ill-used woman!" Lady Dacre would say, with irony unguessed by the little girl. Phyllis was rather an interesting study to Lady Dacre, who thought her curiously ungrateful, which she was not, being too young to realise that she owed Kathleen any particular gratitude; and, indeed, Kathleen herself would have been the first to deny it, and such ingratitude as she felt was greatly Lady Dacre's own work, since she amused herself with experimenting upon the child, with great indifference as to the result.

Phyllis would have thought that she had ample reason for resentment had she known how Kathleen received the proposition which by-and-by was made to her by Lady Dacre, not without some inward qualms which surprised her considerably. She could not have believed that she should be afraid to speak to anyone, least of all to a mere girl like Kathleen O'Kelly, about anything that she chose to suggest, yet, when the first flush of triumph on receiving Miss Leigh's letter had passed, she positively found herself rather dreading how what she had to say would be taken. She even felt the need of an ally, and determined to talk it over with Dr. Netley, and get him to back up her arguments, and sent a note to beg him to come in that evening if he possibly could, as she wanted to consult him in a little difficulty. He knew that he had been rather remiss in visiting her, and sent back a message promising to come. Some mixture of real kindness and her love for trying risky experiments made her also invite Kathleen to come after the children were in bed to have a little music; and as it happened to be a leisure evening she was glad to do so. It was a pleasant surprise to her when she entered the drawing-room to see Dr. Netley there, and she offered her hand with a frank cordiality which was reflected on his face; indeed, Lady Dacre thought there was more than cordiality in his expression—admiration, surprise, as if he suddenly saw Kathleen in a new light. Lady Dacre bit her lips, and was on the alert directly, doing her best to make the evening pass as pleasantly as possible, while watching all the while to catch the pair off their guard. She was an excellent hostess when she liked, and the time passed delightfully. Neither perceived her suspicions; Kathleen, because she was frankly happy, enjoying with all her heart the change from her usual way of spending the evening, and Dr. Netley, because he was entirely occupied with music and Kathleen. It was quite true that this sight of her had been a revelation. As yet he had only met her by sick-beds or in anxiety; now he saw her in the pretty drawing-room, full of Lady Dacre's books and knick-knacks, on the footing of a young guest, in the society to which she naturally belonged. He had seen something of her during the past months, and all which he saw raised his esteem and liking for the brave girl who worked so cheerfully and so well, and was so loving a sister; but Kathleen O'Kelly singing to Lady Dacre's accompaniment in an

evening dress, her eyes brilliant with pleasure, and her Irish tongue answering him with gay sauciness, as equal to equal, was a revelation. As Lady Dacre had once said, he knew a great deal of poetry by heart, and found it a resource when, as he often did, he sat up with a patient too ill to bear the rustle of a book, but he was very rarely known to quote it. A line of Tennyson's now ran in his head persistently:—

"Here by God's grace is the one voice for me."

This pregnant quotation suddenly came into his head while Kathleen was singing, to be replaced later in the evening by its fellow, with its even clearer conviction, "The one maid" for him. It seemed as if he had been coming to this perception ever since he had begun to know Kathleen O'Kelly, and yet it only became clear to him that night, when Lady Dacre invited him for a very different purpose.

In the course of the evening he found an opportunity of saying apart to Kathleen, while Lady Dacre was occupied in trying to find some piece which was astray among her piles of music—

"Do you know I am going to Ireland next month for a short holiday?"

The laughing eyes which had turned to him suddenly filled with a very dewy light.

"Ah, and it is you that are lucky!" she answered. "And shall you be anywhere near our old home in Antrim?"

"Close to it," he replied, suddenly resolving to visit the place, and bring back a report of it for her. "Give me any message or commission you will; they shall be faithfully remembered."

"It would be sending messages to every man, woman, or child in the glen. Tell anyone you meet that you know Kathleen O'Kelly and see how they'll welcome you. Ah, I'd like to be going there!"

"What are you two talking about?" asked Lady Dacre's voice from the piano. "Ireland? When you are at leisure, Kathleen and I will sing this duet. Come, child, you told me you knew it."

She gave no other chance for any more private talk, and when Kathleen said good-night, she replied with a little point in her tone—

"It is not worth while to bid me good-night, since I shall want my masseuse to-night. Come to me in half an hour, my dear."

"Thank you, I will," answered Kathleen.

If Lady Dacre had meant to administer a little snub by reminding her of her profession, she did not succeed. Kathleen had never imagined that to those who knew her it could at all affect her position; she had come as an invited guest, and was too well-bred herself to imagine that any slight was meant. Dr. Netley understood his godmother better, and it made him a little more certain than he had been before that he would offer Kathleen O'Kelly a position which should put her above all such impertinence. Having settled this with himself, he could stay and hear patiently what the "little difficulty" was which had made Lady Dacre summon him. She was silent for a little while after Kathleen shut the door, and then suddenly exclaimed—

"It is impossible to let that girl throw herself away as she is doing. What her brother can be thinking of!—though I gather, from something she let drop, that he is letting her find out by experience what a Quixotic attempt this is. How you can encourage it, Philip——"

"She seems likely to get on fairly well," said Dr. Netley, coolly.

Lady Dacre looked keenly at him.

"Philip, I ought to know you pretty well, but you are one of those reserved people on whom one can't count. I could fancy your being the victim of a *grande passion*. People like you are ten times hotter when you do care for anything than we demonstrative folk. I was rash in throwing that Irish witch in your way to-night."

"Was it to tell me this you sent for me?"

"No, no; I want your advice. Here is Pen Leigh writing that she cannot leave her great-nieces in the hands of a mere connection, and offering to pay for their schooling. Of course the proposal must be accepted, but how are we to get that little spitfire to see it?"

"May I see the letter?"

"Well, no, it is a private one."

Dr. Netley bowed acquiescence, and said nothing.

"Well, have you nothing to suggest?"

"I do not feel as if I knew enough about the matter, or had a right to say anything. It is no affair of mine; interference would be unpardonable impertinence!"

"But I want you here when I tell her; I should have done so to-night only time flew. You must see how much better it would be for them all—how wrongly she would act if she lost this chance of the children making a friend in Penelope, who is rolling in riches, and they her next heirs."

"What does she exactly propose to do?"

"Just what I told you."

"Without any conditions?"

"I suppose you may as well see the letter," said Lady Dacre, impatiently. Her colour deepened as he read it, and she saw his quiet smile, which turned to a very serious look before he finished it. He read it through again before he returned it.

"Yes, I understand," he said at last. "Your influence has brought this about."

"Well, is it not the best for all three?"

"I doubt if anything can make up to the children for the loss of their step-sister, who is to give them up absolutely if Miss Leigh is to do anything for them. I should say nothing would make her consent. I certainly could not advise it."

"Philip! I have no patience with you! A man of your age influenced by weak sentimentality, for that's what it is—milk and water sentiment!"

"What plan have you for Miss O'Kelly herself? Is she to go back to her brother, or find some new employment when you have spoiled her life?"

"Do not be ridiculous, Philip. Far from spoiling her life, this would enable me to be of some real use to her; I should be willing to take her to live with me, and give her a handsome salary. She would make a capital companion."

"Ah," said Dr. Netley, too much amused to be angry, especially with the consciousness that he was about to spring a mine on his godmother. "I quite see now; yes, I agree with you; Miss O'Kelly would be a charming companion to anyone fortunate enough to obtain her. I cannot help you, I am afraid, but you are quite clever enough to carry out your plans without my assistance, my dear godmother. Do not fail to let me know how they succeed. Thanks for a very pleasant evening. Good-night."

And he shook hands and left her with the amused expression on his face which had already puzzled and irritated her.

"I was a fool to have him here to-night," she thought to herself; "that girl would turn the head of any man in England. Of course he will be on her side, not mine; what did I expect? Upon my word, I believe I am nervous; I wish I had had it out with her; I shall burn my fingers no doubt. But she will have to hear reason; I won't be baffled by a mere chit of a girl like this! You shall see I get my own way, Master Philip, in spite of you—and her."

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADA.—Some words do not change in the plural number; as, for instance, a sheep, singular; sheep (not sheeps) plural. In French the word "chamois" is made singular or plural by the article prefixed to it: *le chamois, les chamois.*

THE VANDOLIA.—The horse of Castor was called "Cyllàros." Virgil, however, ascribes him to Pollux.

RESTITUTION.—The first duty is to obey your mother in things of this kind. When you are older you can make up your own mind; but we must be anxious to please our parents. This duty is of supreme obligation.

AN IRISH GIRL.—The "Girl's Own Indoor and Outdoor Books" are to be obtained at the Religious Tract Society's office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

FLORENCE.—The "inverted torch" is the symbol of life and breath extinct. It is a Greek emblem, and had its origin in the "torch race" of ancient Greece, in which the runners were expected to carry, in succession, a lighted torch, without allowing the flame to become extinguished. Plato compared the transmission of life to a "torch race," and Lucretius has the same idea. 2. "The three R's" was a toast said to be given at a public dinner by the late Alderman Sir William Curtis, who was a very illiterate man, but fully alive to the need of education; the three R's being "reading, writing, and arithmetic."

LUCY.—*Diotis maritima*, "Seaside cottonweed," is the only species. It grows on sandy seashores, and is rare. The stems and all the rest of the plant are covered with thick white cotton, which almost hides the small heads of yellow flowers which blow in August and September. It is a perennial.

TAXIDERMIST.—"Plaster of Paris" is the material to use for your mounts in the cages of stuffed birds. It hardens, and is easily manipulated. Use glue for the other things, or the strongest gum.

IVY.—1. Good "Standard" English works are certainly to be found in the Tauchnitz edition. 2. The complexion may be improved by sanitary habits, in thorough ablutions in soft water; wholesome light digestible diet, slow and thorough mastication; rest from study and work of any kind for an hour after dinner, good moderate exercise in the open air, and early hours—especially at night. A very pink and white delicate and transparent complexion, showing the blue veins under a thin and rather tightened skin, is a sign of delicacy of constitution.

ARRY must have made a mistake as to the locality of the railway. It could not be in Cape Colony, as that is an English possession. We think she had better purchase several postcards, and direct them to Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and anywhere else it is likely that the lost one may be; say on each how anxious she is to hear, and give her address in full. Sometimes this plan avails to find people.

AURELIA.—Many thanks for your letter of praise. The 14th July, 1869, was a Wednesday.

FLORA MCIVOR.—Palpitation of the heart may be caused by weakness of digestion and by nervousness also. Try a change of diet, take more milk and less meat, and do not eat after 7 p.m. Use rosemary tea, made from the leaves, with boiling water poured on them, covering up the jug, and letting it stand on the stove for a few hours. Then strain, and apply to the roots of the hair with a small sponge. Do not wet the hair, only the skin of the head. Your general health must be weak, and you had better consult a medical man.

A WORRIED ONE should paint the enlarged toe joint with iodine, and wear larger shoes and boots. A wet compress at night is also of much use in reducing inflammation.

BLUE EYES, BROWN HAIR'S letter is all composed of "I" from beginning to end; and that fact is, perhaps, the source of your extreme unhappiness at home. Suppose you begin to show love, tenderness, and thoughtfulness to those around you, and put yourself and your own interests aside for a time.

A CONSTANT READER.—We have heard the statement that tomatoes are harmful, but we do not believe it, because the diseases which it is said to cause existed long before the tomato was common in England, and they have not increased since that time. The principal effect of the tomato is on the liver.

J. E. B. G.—We cannot think it vulgar to offer half of your prayer book or hymn book to anyone; nor is there anything peculiar about your doing so.

MARGARET.—The reason why the mitre of the Bishop of Durham has a coronet encircling it is easily explained. The bishopric of that see was united with another dignity, that of "Count Palatine," and the temporal jurisdiction over Durham. But while the ancient symbol of this dignity and office still remains as a memorial of a historical fact, the bishop no longer exercises his temporal authority, which has been obsolete for some fifty years. Just in the same way the Papal tiara is decorated with coronets, denoting secular authority, the original one having been supplemented by another, due to Pope Boniface VIII., and the third to Pope Benedict XII.

HOPEFUL ONE.—We have no Emigration Society connected with our paper; but we have just given some information and advice on the subject to some other inquirers, which you can find amongst our "Answers."

LOVER OF LITERATURE.—We cannot give addresses (observe two "d's") nor recommendations of other magazines. If you look through a few you will see competitions for puzzles in some of them. Write on one side of a sheet only when for printing.

QUEENIE M.—We are glad that you are "a delighted reader" of our paper, and regret that we are unable to inform you of any "lucky days." Pray for Divine protection and blessing each day as it comes, and trust in that superhuman care and love, yielding your own will to His in all things. The idea of luck and chance is not consistent with our Christian belief in our heavenly Father's good providence.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER sends us a foolish question about the use of the term "right and left heart," in the "Wonderful Pump," by W. L. Liston. She had better read the article again, and try to comprehend it.

DARK EYES and DISCOURAGED GIRL.—A dark crimson or claret-coloured dress, with a hat to match it, might suit the former. See our articles on the "Care of the Hair." We cannot repeat the advice.

S. C. M.—The Sisterhoods are institutions conducted on what are called High Church principles; whereas the Deaconess Societies are what are called Evangelical. There is a Training Home for the latter at Mildmay Park, N., and a Branch Home at 9, 11, and 15, Effra Road, Brixton, S.W. Also one at Stepney Green, a branch of the East London Deaconess' Home.

M. E. JONES.—We are glad to know of a home where women and girls suffering from disease of the nerves can be received and treated. It will be encouraging to many to hear of such a case as that of the girl (aged eighteen) who suffered from hysteria in consequence of over-study, who has perfectly recovered, and desires that others should know of your home. To such we say, your address is Miss Jones, Alexandra Villa, Henry Road, New Barnet, N.

MISS BEILLETT. — The address of the Sea-shell Mission is, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton, S.W. It is the same as the Children's Scrap-book Mission.

EMMIE HAWKINS.—We sometimes take poems; but we find *poetry* exceedingly scarce, and our space for it small.

THE DREAMER.—You would not say the "Rev. Mr. Jones" in making the introduction, but "Mr. Jones,"—"Mrs. Smith." We think the rule may be different in each diocese, but there is but one in the highest society.

A BUSINESS GIRL could rise early in the morning and get her exercise, which is better than walking at night. She should try to sleep at night in a well-ventilated room—with the window a little way open.

E. J. FROST suffers much from chilblains. We have given a variety of suggestions, both for their prevention and their cure. Either she is not sufficiently well clothed, or does not eat enough, and possibly what she does take is not as nourishing as it ought to be. Gloves should be worn indoors and out, and the hands never put near the fire when cold. Suddenly to heat the surface of the skin when the blood is in a state of semi-stagnation and the flesh is cold all through, must cause chilblains in anyone at all disposed to suffer from them. Wear woollen garments ("combinations") next the skin, and woollen or worsted stockings.

ALEX.—The origin of the name Puritan—otherwise called by Andrew Fuller "Nonconformists"—was derived from the claim made by seceders from the "Established" Church of the Reformation, to reject all human and ecclesiastical traditions and interference in matters of religion, accepting, as they expressed it, "the pure Word of God, without note or comment." Their motto was, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." In regard to conduct, "Puritanism" is a term applied to more than usual strictness of life. "Nonconformist" simply means one who does not agree to the "Act of Uniformity."

DOLLY.—We do not know how you could earn money, either at home or away from it. Your education appears very indifferent, and a good training is needed in all branches of work; this costs money, which your parents could not afford.

WINIFRED LOVELL.—A salamander is a species of lizard, which the ancient Greeks invested with fabulous powers, *i.e.*, that they could exist in the hottest fire, and extinguish it. The fable was accepted in the Middle Ages, and Francis I. of France adopted the salamander as his badge. But Pliny experimented on the reptile, and the flames reduced it to powder immediately. Were it a fact that they could extinguish a fire, it would be desirable to keep a whole family of them in every dwelling, as household pets.

SYDNEY and Others.—In reply to your question respecting the "daily travel of pedestrians over the London bridges," it is estimated to be upwards of the following amounts:—London Bridge is about 110,525; Blackfriars, 79,198; Westminster, 44,460; Waterloo, 32,815. In Paris—quoting from a work entitled "Les Travaux Public de France" (Paris, 1873)—the number of passengers crossing the Pont Neuf daily in 1842 was estimated at about 150,000. According to a recently published statistical work of the City of Berlin, we find that in the Leipziger Strasse, between the Leipziger Platz and the Wilhelm Strasse, 43,014 persons passed every eighteen hours in February, 1878; and on the Jannowitz Bridge, during the same number of hours, 36,000 persons crossed over in December, 1863. At the same time, and during the same number of hours, 80,000 were passing over the Oranien Bridge. Doubtless these calculations, made some ten years ago, are far under the amount now of the pedestrian traffic in these foreign cities.

HESSIE.—1. To wash lace, sew a piece of flannel tightly round a long bottle, and tack or wind on the lace. Make a strong lather of white curd soap in hot rain or soft water. Place the bottle in this, and the vessel containing it on a hob. Let the lace simmer slowly for a quarter of an hour; take it out, rinse in several basins of clean cold water, adding to the last bath a drop or two of clear coffee. Prepare some weak gum-arabic and water, and pass the lace through it (still on the bottle), and clap it, to dry the lace, but avoid rubbing or squeezing it. Then remove from the bottle and flannel, and stretch it upon a board covered firmly with a linen cloth, to which it must be pinned. The raised parts, scallops, and edges should now be opened out carefully, and every part pinned down in place. When dry, turn the lace on the wrong side, put a piece of muslin over it, and iron it gently, but not it the surface be in high relief. 2. Your handwriting is good.

ETHEL CLIFFORD.—We regret that we cannot tell you the author of the poem you quote.

VOL. XI.—NO. 529.] FEBRUARY 15, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LACE:

I.—LACEMAKING BEFORE THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. CUT-WORK AND DRAWN THREAD-WORK.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.

ITALY and Belgium were the homes and nurseries of the art of lacemaking. The Italians are said to have learnt the art from the Greeks. Of the lace that was made before the sixteenth century we have no actual specimens, but in pictures of great ladies by Bellini, Carpaccio, and others, they are represented with collars and stomachers of white lace, and there is no doubt that bobbin and point laces were made in Venice and Genoa at least four hundred years ago. The laces and damasks of Venice figure in the descriptions of great and royal ceremonies of those times; but lacemaking was not then, as it became later, the favourite amusement of great ladies; the nuns were the chief makers, and the decoration of the altar or priestly robes was the object of their labours.

The making of lace by means of the pillow and bobbins was practised in Flanders in the fifteenth and probably in the fourteenth centuries, and it is from Flanders that the art spread all over Northern Europe. Some Flemish refugees, flying from the cruelties and persecutions of the Duke of Alva, found an asylum in England, and founded the Honiton and Buckinghamshire lace industries; and the great industry of the Torchon lace of Saxony was due to a Flemish refugee, who taught bobbin lacemaking to Barbara Uttmann.

Greece and the Greek Islands were celebrated in quite early times for their gold embroideries and silver net-work, which latter was probably a kind of lace. Much ancient Greek lace has been preserved to us in anything but an agreeable manner. Lace was used for the shrouds of great persons, and the catacombs have been searched for these relics of the past.

In Sweden, lacemaking seems to have been a very ancient art, and the Swedish nuns were celebrated for their netted caps of thread, worked in with gold and silver.

Lace, such as we now understand it, with its infinite variety of stitches and patterns, did not really become an art nor an industry till the sixteenth century. Isolated nuns in convents made special pieces of needlework, which approached lace more or less in character; but except in Flanders, where pillow-lace flourished at an early age, lacemaking was not, as it

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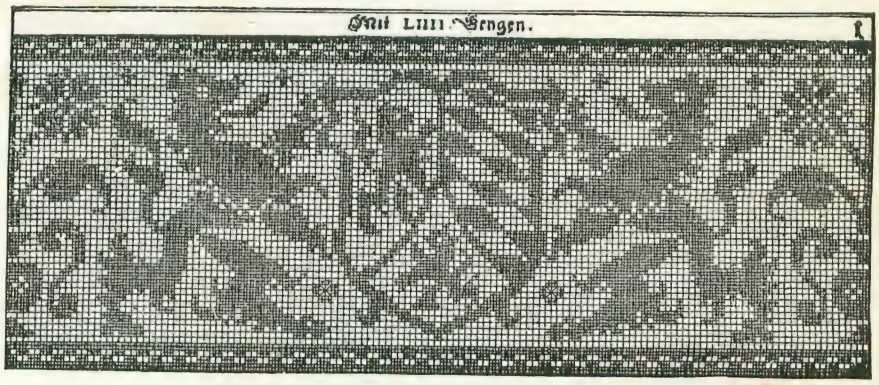


FIG. 1.—CUT-WORK.

FIG. 2.—DRAWN THREADWORK, PROBABLY FRENCH.

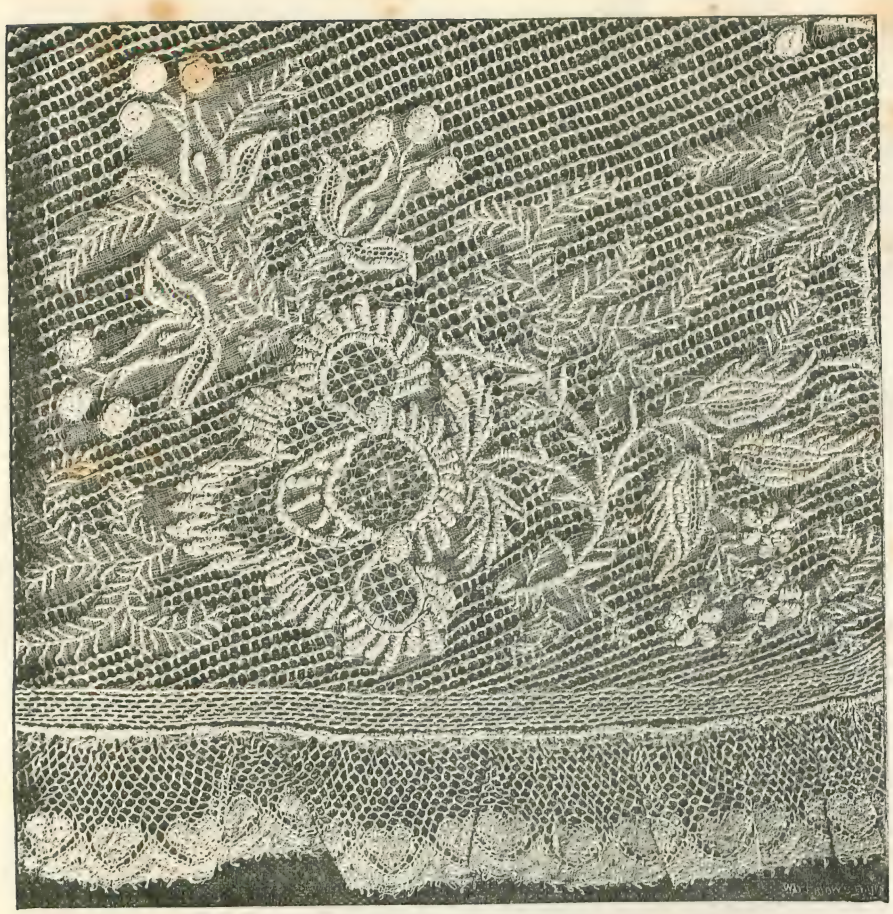


FIG. 3.—DRAWN THREAD-WORK—EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

became in the following century, an industry employing hundreds of thousands of workers.

Embroidery is evidently a more ancient art than lacemaking. Frequent mention is made in the Bible of embroidered ephods and other garments cunningly wrought with needlework; and there is no doubt that the Egyptians and Greeks valued and practised embroidery. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries Anglo-Saxon ladies were celebrated for their beautiful needlework; in fact, the gold weavings and scarlet and purple embroideries of English ladies of these far-away days were sought after by popes and kings.

It is obviously only a step which an ingenious worker would naturally take to draw out some of the threads of the linen on which the embroidery was being solidly worked, so as to give lightness and a lacet appearance to the interspaces. This is what was actually done, and at a very early period it was customary to draw out the threads or unravel the edges of sheets and towels, and work the threads together in geometric patterns. Linen shirts or smocks were decorated in this way in the most elaborate manner, and finally the most beautiful articles of dress and church decoration were made of cut lace and drawn thread-work. Fig. 1 is an example of cut-work, which is taken from an old German pattern-book, published in the year 1604.

Cut-work is usually made in this way. A net-work of thread is first made in a frame; beneath this net-work is gummed a piece of fine or coarse linen—generally a linen in which each thread is very distinct. The net-work is then sewn to the linen, and the pattern which is to remain thick is edged with the needle. When completed, the cloth not required is cut away from under the net, and the net also above the patterned linen. Sometimes no solid linen is used, but the pattern is made by darning, as is now the custom in the Azores. By varying the arrangement of the threads in the foundation net-work, a great variety of effects can be produced. Altar cloths and burial sheets are still preserved to us, edged with beautiful specimens of cut-work. I see no reason why this work should not be revived, not as an industry to be carried on on commercial principles, but as a hand industry for girls who like to make home beautiful.

Drawn thread-work reached such a pitch of perfection towards the end of the last century, that the specimens left us of the industry and skill of our great-grandmothers make us marvel at the strength of their eyesight. Fig. 2 represents a fine example of this kind of work. The flowers are embroidered on muslin, in buttonhole stitch, in polished flax; the petals and border are produced by drawing the threads, and elaborately overcasting and stitching those which are left into geometrical patterns; the variety of these is amazing, every half inch of the fichu being worked in a different design. Fig. 3 is another specimen of drawn thread-work. The base of this was originally muslin. The solid satin stitch embroidery was first worked on the muslin; the threads were then drawn, and the lace stitches worked in to form the petals; and what looks like net was made by drawing the threads of the muslin, and stitching those remaining into six-sided spaces. "What a labour to undertake, to make a piece of net!" we may well exclaim nowadays, when net may be bought for a few pence a yard; but these triumphs of needlework were made before the bobbin-net machine was invented, and when a yard of pillow-made net cost £5. Drawn thread-work forms an important part of the embroideries which reach us from Persia and Turkey, of which Figs. 4 and 5 are examples.

At the present time all fine specimens of underlinen made in France are decorated on the ruffles and collars with drawn thread-work or veining. Indeed, there has been quite a revival lately of drawn thread-work for sheets, towels, and all domestic and decorative linen, etc., but as coarse-made machine work is soon turned out, to suit those who require only what is at the same time cheap and fashionable, there is small chance of the old art of punto tirato being revived in all its glory, unless young ladies have the patience to excel in beautiful needlework.

Fig. 1.—Sample of cut-work from the pattern-book of Job Sibmacher, published 1604; republished in 1886, by Wasmuth, Berlin.

Fig. 2.—Fine example of drawn thread-work, from the collection of the author.

Fig. 3.—Interesting example of embroidery on muslin, with drawn thread net base and point stitches, from author's collection.

Fig. 4.—Turkish drawn thread-work and silk embroidery, from author's collection.

Fig. 5.—Edging of Turkish towel. Drawn thread-work, and silk and gold embroidery, from author's collection.

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARONY OF FAIRFAX.

It may be ranked, we imagine, among "things not generally known," that there is a Scottish peerage whose possessor does not own a single acre in Scotland, and has never been known to have visited this island, and whose ancestors have resided, by preference, for over a century and a half in Virginia and Maryland. This peerage is the Barony of Fairfax, which was conferred in 1627 by Charles I. on Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. His son, however, the second Lord Fairfax, did not feel very grateful to the king for that honour, for in the breaking out of the Civil War he became general of the Parliamentary forces in Yorkshire, and held the chief command at the battle of Marston Moor, where he routed the Royalist army under Prince Rupert. Dying shortly before the king, he was succeeded by his son, the third baron, who followed in his father's footsteps, was made by Cromwell general of the Parliament army, routed the king himself at Naseby, and afterwards drove him out of Oxford, while he forced his son,

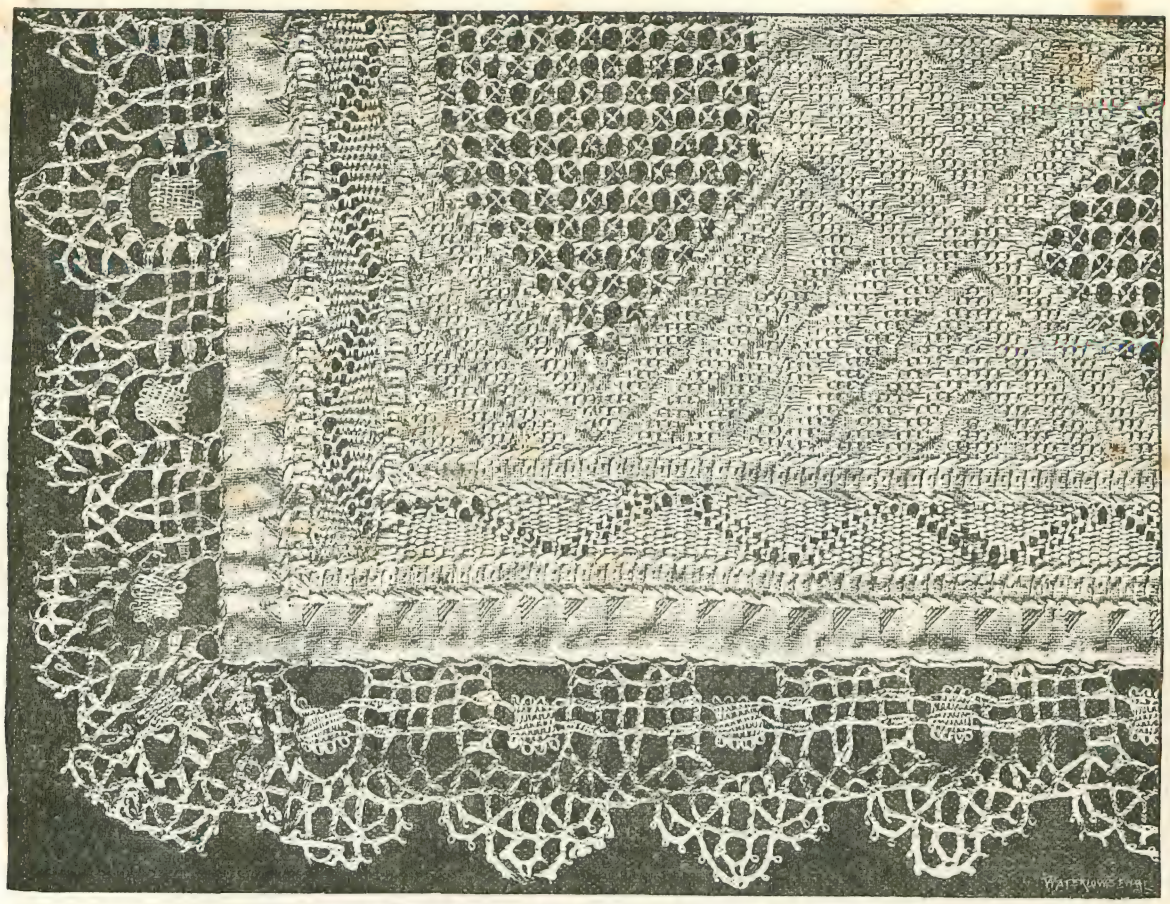


FIG. 4.—TURKISH DRAWN THREAD-WORK AND SILK EMBROIDERY.

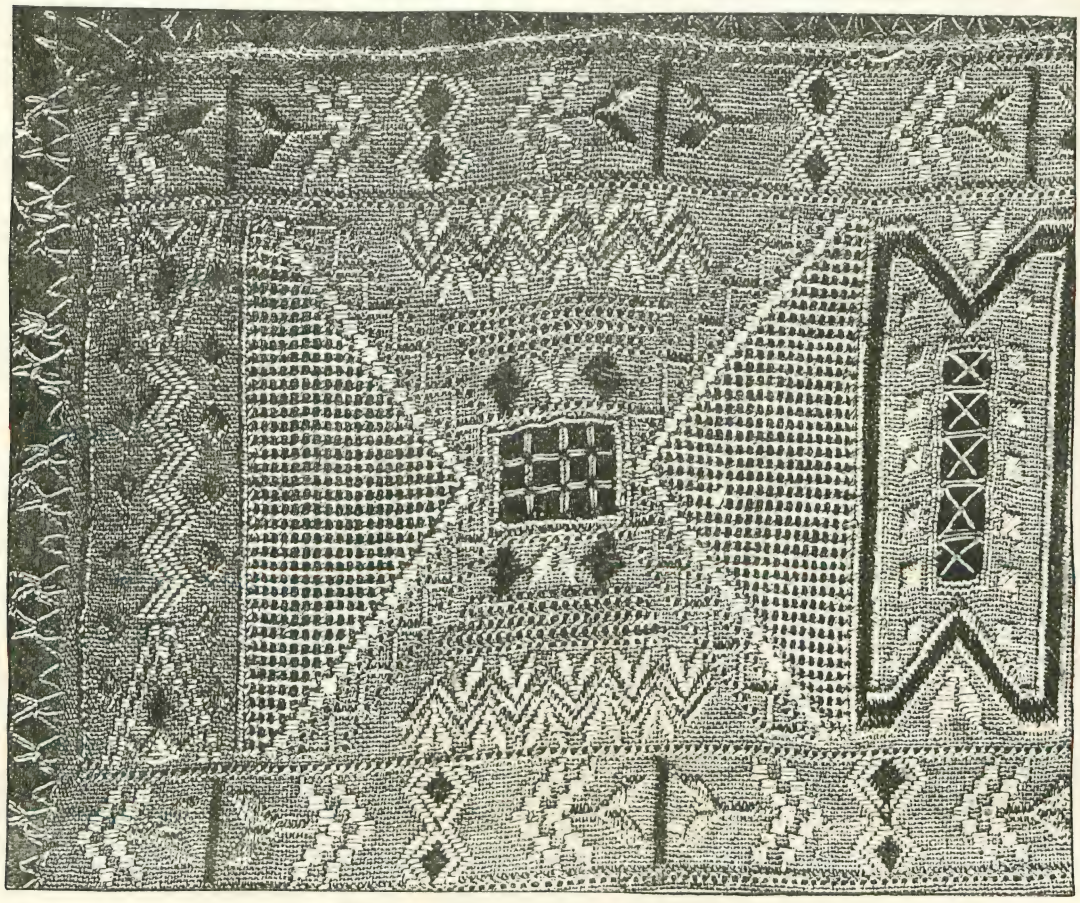


FIG. 5.—TURKISH DRAWN THREAD-WORK.

afterwards Charles II., to retire into France. He subsequently reduced Colchester; but after succeeding to his father's title, he appears to have faltered in his opinions, and to have gradually changed them; at all events, he resigned his command, and in the end joined with General Monk in bringing about the restoration of monarchy. He was more of a general than a statesman, and he spent his last years in retirement at his Yorkshire seat. He was perhaps the more easily reconciled to royalty as he had married a lady of the noble house of Vere, and had married his only child, a daughter, to no less a personage than Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He lived till 1671, when, for want of a son, his Scotch title passed away to a cousin, for whom he cared but little. This cousin's grandson, Thomas, who in due course of time became sixth holder of the Fairfax Barony, inheriting a large tract of land in Virginia, between the rivers Potomac and Rapahannoc, comprising not much less than six millions of acres, threw up his commission in the Horse Guards, and sold the Yorkshire estates of his family. Visiting America in 1739, he was so captivated with the soil, climate, and beauties of Virginia, that he resolved to settle down there and to spend his declining years in a land of freedom. He erected on his Virginian estates two mansions, in which he lived almost as a prince, in the exercise of unbounded hospitality, and devoting his life to the pleasures of the chase. In spite of his "baronial hospitality," writes Sir Bernard Burke, "his dress was plain and simple, his manners were modest and unaffected, and yet his style of living was magnificent. His principal amusement was hunting, and after the chase he was wont to invite the whole field to partake of his hospitality. He had been educated in revolutionary principles, and he had imbibed high notions of republican liberty." He died in the year 1782, and ten years later he was followed to the grave by his brother; and as both died without leaving a child, the title passed again to a kinsman, who came to England at the close of the last century, and who, though he had his title confirmed to him by the House of Lords, returned to Virginia, where he lived and died. Since that day the Fairfaxes have lived on in their home across the seas, and one of them held the office of Clerk to the Supreme Court of California.

But it is necessary here to go back a little in our narrative, and to take up the thread of the story of Thomas, the third baron, whom we have already mentioned as a noted Parliamentary general, and an ally of Monk in the work of the Restoration in 1660.

During the ten or eleven years which he lived after this date, the chief care and the darling wish of his heart was to provide for the interests of his daughter, the Duchess of Buckingham. For her, and for her only, he wished to live. Her marriage, as M. Guizot tells us in his work on "Monk's Contemporaries," was the occasion of his fulfilling a singular prediction of his grandfather, the founder of the family's fortunes. "Not many months before his death, walking in his great parlour at Denton, I only then being present," writes one of his sons, "he did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind, but after a few turns, broke into these or the like expressions: 'Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir male of my house, and I shall leave a competent estate to support it. My son Ferdinand will keep it and leave it to his son; but such is Tom's pride, led by his wife, that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy his house. . . . After some years,' he continues, 'when I was informed that the new lord, Thomas, had cut off the entail, made by his father and grandfather for the settlement of the estate upon the heir male, charging the land with a complete provision for a daughter or daughters, he, the new Lord Fairfax, being then at Denton, and in the very same room where I received my charge, I faithfully acquainted him with the passages, as above said.'"

Lord Fairfax was attached to his uncle, and had great respect for the memory of his grandfather; but still he persisted in the resolution which that grandfather had foreseen and prophesied; and so, abolishing by a stroke of his pen the entail of the estates on the heirs male, he left all his fortune in land and in money to his daughter, the wife of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, mentioned above.

And what was the result of this endeavour to aggrandise his daughter at the cost of his house and family? The answer is plain and brief: his "vaulting ambition overleaped itself." After having vexed and grieved his wife with every sort of insult in his lifetime, the Duke left her at his death so involved in debt that her estate in Yorkshire had to be sold in order to satisfy his creditors; and Lord Fairfax's loved and cherished daughter, the Lady Mary, whom he had moved heaven and earth to place on the highest pinnacle of this world's honours and wealth, passed away in an obscure lodging in London on the 20th of October, 1704, in circumstances of distress and of comparative penury.

It is well to be able to add one word of a redeeming character about a person so shifty in his politics, and so haughty and ambitious, as was this Lord Fairfax. He left behind him in manuscript, besides some religious poems, a translation of the Psalms and Canticles, and also some lay sermons, by which, however, probably he stood self-condemned. But while the Civil War was at its height, he afforded some protection to literature and art, was the patron of the antiquary Dodsworth, and helped on the publication of the great Polyglot Bible; and it is said to have been mainly owing to his influence as a Yorkshire magnate that the old painted glass which adorns the windows of York Minster was saved from being destroyed by the pikes of the Parliamentary soldiers, who were no respecters of church fabrics or of the beauties of Gothic architecture.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

II.—ELIZABETH OF YORK*—BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR.

ELIZABETH OF YORK, eldest daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, his Queen, was born at Westminster in 1466. In the varying fortunes of the house of York, during the Wars of the Roses, Princess Elizabeth, with her mother and sisters, was repeatedly driven to flee from the Palace of Shene, the royal children's usual home, and to take sanctuary within the shadow of the Abbey of Westminster. At one time it was in fear of the victorious Lancastrians, at another in dread of Richard Duke of Gloster—the ambitious uncle whom posterity has been accustomed to look back upon as a monster in human form, whom more authentic records bring before us as a great deal more crooked in mind than in body. He was merely a man of low stature, with possibly an inequality of shoulder so slight as to be imperceptible to most people's eyes, and a rather handsome, intellectual face; for he was a keen-witted, cultured man for his day, while he was bent on the attainment of his ends, and, in order to secure his object, capable of criminal violence and the most cold-blooded cruelty.

In the meantime Elizabeth's father, Edward, when his cause was in the ascendant, attempted to further it by means of a royal alliance. Having lost his own chance of achieving a powerful connection, and alienated the king-maker Warwick by marrying a subject to please his eye, rather than a princess to promote his interest, he tried to make use of his little daughter's hand by offering or promising it in marriage to a variety of eligible suitors. Perhaps never had a small damsel so many offers of matrimony—the Dauphin of France; the King of Scots; the hereditary foe, poor Prince Edward of Lancaster; the most powerful representative of the great barons, a young member of the mighty house of Neville; and the man who afterwards married her, Henry Earl of Richmond, were all at some time in the lists. Yet Elizabeth was still unwedded, a girl of seventeen, at the date of her father's death, 1483. She was tall and fair to see, with the blonde com-

* Agnes Strickland.

plexion, brilliant colour, and bright golden or reddish hair which were the personal attributes of nearly all the Tudor race in their young days. It is a popular type of beauty, and Elizabeth was styled in the doggrel verses of the time, "the fair Lady Bessy." The family characteristics, in her case, were rendered still more attractive by delicate regularity of feature, and the sweet expression which belonged to a mild temper and a kind heart. It is quite possible to conceive, even four hundred years afterwards, what a shock the affectionate, girlish nature must have received from the melancholy fate of the two little lads, her brothers, in their uncle the Duke of Gloster's keeping, and from her mother's despair at the catastrophe. It is necessary to remember that the reality must have been a great deal worse to the relations of the innocent victims than if the princely boys of thirteen and eleven years had been openly slain. They simply disappeared, and the mode of their disappearance, however strongly suspected, was kept a dark secret, and has never been clearly brought to light; their very bodies—or the skeletons supposed to represent them—were not found under the steps of the Tower Chapel till a century after the princes' death. At the time their poor mother, sisters, and remoter kindred were tried and tortured by the most terrible doubt and uncertainty. One can understand that the health of the young girl Elizabeth, apparently never robust, may have been permanently undermined by the horrors of the tragedy in the family; but what is simply incredible is, that a timid, tender creature such as she showed herself to be, could have given any encouragement, in the lifetime of the invalid Queen Anne, to the gruesome idea that King Richard, on his wife's death, should pay his addresses to his eldest niece, Princess Elizabeth. Her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, whom we might expect to be the less sensitive and the more hardened in the world's ways of the two, is said to have shrunk with unconquerable repugnance from the suggestion. It is still less likely that her young daughter would feel inclined to overlook the ghastly obstacle to the match. Yet it is just possible that, taken from her mother's custody and detained at Richard's Court, she may, in mortal terror of her suitor, have dissembled her loathing of him, so long as Richard himself entertained a scheme which, he had soon to see, was too unnatural in his people's eyes to be tenable.

Richard's defeat and death at Bosworth must have been a blessed release to Princess Elizabeth, and her transference to the wise guidance of the Lady Margaret a fortunate event in her history. Elizabeth was then a charming young woman of nineteen, a fit mate in every respect for Henry VII., the bridegroom who awaited her. The marriage was celebrated at Westminster in January, 1485, with great rejoicing on the part of the nation, because of the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and with no end of banquets, bonfires, and pageants, in which white and red roses figured prominently.

It is said that Henry's jealous temper took umbrage at his Queen's independent claim to the throne. If so, it was from no provocation on her part. Never was there princess or woman who asserted herself less, or who in all wifely deference appears to have been more willing to render her pretensions entirely subservient to those of her husband. The income settled on her was too small for her wants, though she was personally economical, well nigh to parsimony, and was only generous to relations and dependants. Henry helped her at intervals from his private purse; but there is no mention of any attempt on his part to get her inadequate allowance increased, or to prevent the humiliating anomaly of the Queen having sums doled out to her by the keeper of her purse, which, even when the difference in the value of money is taken into account, sound ludicrously small for her rank and needs. "The Queen was supplied with ten shillings," is sufficiently comical, but where the sum falls so low as "four and fourpence," the contradiction is still more mirth-provoking. Henry was a cold-mannered, undemonstrative man over whom the Queen possessed not the slightest influence; while it had been currently reported, at the time of their marriage, that if he had got his choice he would have wedded one of the daughters of the Countess of Pembroke, with whom he had spent ten years of his early youth. But he was a loyal husband; he gave his wife all the respect and affection which he had to bestow; he was "companionable" to her in Bacon's phrase; and she was happy in their kindred—both his and hers—his noble mother, her own mother, her lovely young sisters, to whom she was warmly attached; three of them became the wives of English noblemen, while one, Princess Bridget, was a nun. Above all, Elizabeth was destined to be the happy mother of several fine children. The heir, Arthur, was born at Winchester in September, 1486, and was hailed with as much gladness and triumph as had attended on his father and mother's marriage.

The attempted rebellions on the part of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be, respectively, Clarence's son Warwick, and Richard Duke of York, the younger of Elizabeth's brothers murdered in the Tower, disturbed the peace of the reign. In the case of the last the pretension must have been peculiarly trying to the Queen, though there is not the slightest evidence that she ever wavered with regard to the claimant's identity, far less passed over to his side, like his supporters her aunt the Duchess-Dowager of Burgundy, and James IV. of Scotland. The compassion which Elizabeth displayed towards Perkin Warbeck's young widow, Lady Catherine Gordon, who bore his cognomen, "the White Rose," to whom the Queen gave a place at Court, till Lady Catherine's second marriage to a Welsh knight, was due solely to an instinct of humanity, with which even the phlegmatic King sympathised, and to Elizabeth's gentle character.

The poor Queen was sorely tormented with ague, which passed into consumption, and must have rendered the burden of her royal rank, with all its ceremonious obligations, often a dire distress to her. She played her part in the arrangement of the marriages of three out of four of her princes and princesses. She welcomed Katherine of Arragon as the bride of Arthur, Prince of Wales, and five months afterwards she had to lament his untimely death in his nineteenth year, in 1502. There is much simple pathos in the scene (the details of which Miss Strickland industriously sought out) when the news was broken to the King and Queen. The King's confessor brought the grievous tidings to the King, prefacing his communication with the solemn words, "If we receive good at the hands of God, shall we not sustain the ill He sends us?" When the King knew the worst he sent for the Queen, saying, that he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together. On her arrival she forgot her own grief in striving to sustain and comfort him. Among other words she spoke, with loving tact, were these:—"And remember that my lady, your mother, had never no more children but you only. Yet God, by His grace, has ever preserved you, and brought you where you are; now, over and above, God has left you yet a fair prince and two fair princesses, and God is still where He was, and we are both young enough. As your Grace's wisdom is renowned all over Christendom, you must now give proof of it by the manner of taking this misfortune." The brave, ailing woman retired to her chamber, where her own sorrow, restrained till then, broke forth with such violence that her attendants, alarmed, sent for the King to console her in turn. He reminded her "what wise counsel she had given him," and that "if she would thank God for her dead son, he would do likewise."

Elizabeth's days were numbered; she lived to see the marriage, by proxy, of her elder daughter Margaret, a girl of twelve years, and then withdrew to the Tower, an ill-omened retreat, where Elizabeth's eighth child (she had lost a baby prince and princess in addition to Prince Arthur) was born, and in the course of a week the royal mother died on her thirty-seventh birthday, February 11th, 1502. Her death was bitterly lamented by all connected with her, who doubtless saw then, if they had not seen before, the full beauty of her unselfishness, modesty, and meekness, and by the people at large, who had learned in their homely sagacity to call her "the good Queen Elizabeth." She was laid, with all honour, in the goodly chapel which Henry VII. destined for his own resting-place, where he now lies by her side, under the joint monument designed by the Italian sculptor, Torrigiano. Perhaps it is one of the highest compliments which he paid to her memory, that though her King was not more than forty-nine when his Queen died, and although he survived her five years, he gave her no successor. This does not mean that fresh alliances were not thought of for Henry. It was said that he himself contemplated the perpetuating of the much-valued connection with Spain, by obtaining a Papal dispensation which would enable him to marry the nominal widow of his son Arthur; and when she and all others who were consulted protested against the unnatural project, he transferred his proposals to her widowed sister Joanna, who was then as mad a princess as was ever placed in durance. There was also an overture made for his marriage with a third widow, the Austrian Princess Margaret of Savoy. But after all these more or less languid suggestions began and ended in talk.

SARAH TYTLER.

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

IF Kathleen had known her patient better, she would have guessed that her silence during the first half-hour which they spent together in her bedroom was ominous of some blow to be struck later, for which Lady Dacre was bracing herself up. She was really a very nervous person; half her storms of angry words were a vent for nerves which had never been disciplined or restrained, and which now took their revenge upon herself and others. There were times when the charitable among her acquaintance could only hope that she did not know what she was saying. But, in fact, even while her temper was so far beyond her control that she was reckless as to what she uttered, she was always well aware of each cruel or stinging speech which she launched, and noted its effect with satisfaction, although later she might be full of remorse at the recollection. Fortunately for her husband, he was a cheery, hearty man, sorry when she was put out, but never considering her outbreaks as of any consequence, and getting quietly out of the way at such times as soon as he could. Nothing, when in these moods, exasperated her more than her inability to irritate Sir John.

"That I should have married a man who won't take me seriously!" she would exclaim. "There he is, riding off to Quarter Sessions; and when he comes back he will walk in and say, 'Better, my love!' as if I had had a fit of whooping cough! If he would only beat me, we should get on admirably!" Probably she had married the only man in England who would not at least have heartily wished to do so.

Kathleen, pursuing her task silently, with thoughts elsewhere, was quite startled by the sharp vibration in her voice when at length she spoke abruptly.

"There! I can't stand any more——. Your touch worries me to-night; I feel as if your fingers were full of electricity, and gave me little shocks when you handle me. Sit down; I want to talk to you. Yes, I see you are looking at the clock, but half an hour more is due to me; you can throw it into the five shillings—a ruinous price, my dear; one need be a millionaire to afford a masseuse."

There was something almost hostile in the way she spoke, and Kathleen was too sensitive not to be aware of it directly. Lady Dacre knew it too, and was conscious that this was hardly the way in which to approach a difficult subject, but she was getting excited and angry at her own nervousness, and therefore aggressive. Kathleen sat down, if not a little aggressive too, at least ready for battle. She was tired, and provoked at being kept up so late, if not really required.

"There is no use in beating about the bush," said Lady Dacre, in the same sharp, trenchant tone. "You are sure to resent what I have to say, so I may as well say it at once, and I hope you will take it as it is meant—at all events when you think it over. I have heard from Miss Leigh, who, on reflection, feels it her duty to do her share towards maintaining and educating her great nieces, and very kindly offers to undertake all the expense of sending them to a good school—the school, of course, to be chosen by her. Stop! you can answer presently; I see you are going to refuse; but do you know that these children are her next heirs, and that you may be doing them a vast injury if you reject this overture? Can you answer it to them when they grow up and learn it?"

A sudden vision of Phyllis standing before her, and calling her to account, flashed on Kathleen, and stopped the words rushing to her lips. She could not tell how it had suggested itself, but it remained persistently before her. Lady Dacre saw directly that her shot had told.

"Do you mean that Miss Leigh intends to make Phyllis and Una her heirs?" she asked, her voice very unsteady.

"Not in so many words," said Lady Dacre, conscious that she had pulled a very long bow indeed. "But it would be the probable result of her taking charge of them. So far she has never seen and hardly heard of them."

"Oh yes, she has heard of them!" said Kathleen, sarcastically; "and from what she said then I should hardly have expected this—overture, as you call it. Of course, we know we have you to thank for it."

"My dear Miss O'Kelly, allow me to tell you that this is hardly a becoming tone from you to me. I do not wish to remind you of differences of position and age, and I do not expect gratitude from anyone ——"

"Gratitude! I am glad you do not expect it from me just now. What need have you, has anyone to meddle with us? Mamma left her children to me; they are mine; we only ask people to let us alone."

"Left them to you that you might do the best you could for them, I presume?"

"It would not be the best to give them up to Miss Leigh, by all I ever heard of her. Did she make mamma so happy that I should let the little ones go to some place I know nothing of, away from me, where I could not see or know if they were well treated? perhaps not see them at all, for she'd make it come to that, and you know it, Lady Dacre. I won't do it—no, not for all the money or the Miss Leighs in the wide world!"

"Then, my dear, you are extremely selfish as well as foolish!"

"Maybe, but as long as I can keep them, I will. When it's clear that it is for their good, they shall go, and not till then."

"Just so; but when the time comes you will shut your eyes again, not that it ever will come a second time. You please yourself by romantically fancying you can mother these children; a real mother would see what is for their advantage, and sacrifice herself. Had poor Anne Leigh been alive she would do so."

"Mrs. O'Kelly, Lady Dacre."

"Ah, true; really, I quite forgot, she seems to have been so nominally Mrs. O'Kelly. How one woman could have had such ill-luck in her married life—dear me! I am thinking aloud, I believe. As for you, I have no patience with you, silly girl, with your playing at the devoted sister, while you fly in the face of a brother who gave you sensible advice—the only advice anyone less romantic and unreasonable than yourself could have given—take up a line most unbecoming for a girl of your age and looks, and that without the discretion and propriety which alone could have made it justifiable or seemly."

"Kindly state when I have been wanting in either," said Kathleen, ablaze with indignation.

"I won't have you look at me or speak to me in that manner," exclaimed Lady Dacre, losing all remnants of self-control, and hurling the first accusations she could think of at Kathleen. "Do you suppose I am deaf and blind, that I did not see how outrageously you flirted with Dr. Netley this evening, a man whom you have not even the excuse of admiring, since you called him insignificant-looking in a servant's presence; yet I believe you would gladly catch him if you could, and bring your needy father upon him. Dear me! it will throw him out of society to have it said he married his masseuse."

"Lady Dacre!" cried Kathleen, starting up, with dangerous fire in her eyes, "you have insulted me in every

possible way! Never speak to me again!" And she was gone before another word could be said.

Lady Dacre walked up and down the room, storming, and rang her bell repeatedly and violently for her maid, who had such a bad time of it that night that she gave warning, promptly accepted by her mistress, who, however, kept her long past midnight; indeed, dawn was breaking before she released her. Price escaped at last, muttering—

"I wouldn't stay for all the wages she could offer me. And to think of her wanting to part those dear young ladies!" for Lady Dacre had, as usual, forgotten all reticence in her passion. As Price passed Kathleen's door she was surprised and a little uneasy to see light stealing from under it, and to hear low voices. She paused, half inclined to knock and ask if anything were amiss, but disinclination "to meddle" prevailed, and she went on to her own room; but she did not feel comfortable about it. "I expect it's the little one," she said to herself; "I noticed she looked out of sorts yesterday. Well, children are soon up, soon down."

It was "the little one." When Kathleen, breathless and quivering all over, got to her bedroom, two eyes, much too bright and wakeful, met her, and a plaintive little voice said, "I thought you would never come. I am so thirsty, and my head does ache so."

"Drink some water," said Kathleen, longing for silence and darkness, and not particularly disquieted, since Una was apt to think a good deal of any small ailment, and had been known to stand with her large eyes full of tears, saying, "Sister, I don't feel quite well;" but, as the night went on, she became aware there was no fancy in this attack, and more and more uneasy at the hot skin and increasing headache, which she could not lessen by any of the simple means within her reach. She dressed as soon as she heard anyone moving, and went to find Mrs. Palmer, who heard her report with the dismay of a landlady who knows that any infectious disease would empty her house.

"I am afraid she's sickening for something," she said, after inspecting the child, whose delicate complexion glowed rosy pink, as if with inward flame, while her lips were dry and hot. "I must ask you to say nothing, Miss O'Kelly, till we know what it is, for it would scare my lodgers, and might ruin my season. You must have Dr. Netley as soon as possible; he's always at home till ten. I'll go myself, to save time."

"Certainly not—I will not have Dr. Netley," said Kathleen, crimsoning. "Do you really think we must have a doctor?"

"There's no question of that," said Mrs. Palmer, a little affronted at her offer being thus cavalierly rejected. "Even if it were not for my lodgers, you could not go to your houses without being sure you were not carrying fever or measles."

"That is true. Please fetch someone—nearer at hand."

"Now that's just nonsense," said Mrs. Palmer to herself. "If it's the expense, she may be sure that he'll make it come light for her, and he's been such a good friend too. I shall just get him and nobody else."

Both she and Lady Dacre could never forget how young Kathleen was, and fully believed that they knew better what to do for her than she did herself. When she came back she had some explanation or other as to how it was Dr. Netley that she had called in, and by then Kathleen was too anxious about Una to care much for anything else. Phyllis was in the sitting-room, banished until they knew whether it were safe for her to be with her sister, and Kathleen sat by the bed, thinking that the little one seemed worse every moment. She recollected now, with sad self-reproach, that for several days Una had been languid and dull, and that she had once or twice spoken sharply to her in consequence. No doubt she had been ill even then. "And I never saw it!" Kathleen thought.

Other things troubled her, too; the question of how they were to live if her work was stopped pressed on her; how any extra expense at all was to be met. She turned an eager, anxious face to Dr. Netley when he came, forgetting Lady Dacre's insulting words; what did they matter now? He looked at the child with the quiet, penetrating eyes which seemed to see a patient's case almost without the need of questions, and Una smiled at him, but then moved her head restlessly and moaned a little, and he turned to Kathleen, and made a few short inquiries, which seemed to extract all the information he needed before he sat down to write a prescription.

"What is it?" Kathleen asked, with dry lips.

"She has a kind of low fever, which has been coming on for some days. It is not catching; you need not be afraid for Phyllis."

He did not say "for yourself;" he knew that Kathleen would not think of that.

"And—and—our old doctor once said she had no stamina, and that if she had a bad illness, it would go hard with her," said Kathleen, with looks which implored him to contradict it. He would have given a great deal if he could; she did not guess how he longed to comfort her.

"That was some time ago; she is older now, and, I trust, stronger. You must not be too anxious, and be sure you save yourself as much as you can, for I am afraid you have a good deal of nursing before you."

"Oh, but my patients—you don't know——" She stopped, but he understood how pressing must be the need to work, if it could take her from this sick bed.

"She will want great care, the medicine I have ordered must be regularly given, and it will not be possible to leave her alone. Can no arrangement be made? You have no one to see to-day, I think? Let me see what we can do before evening; I shall look in again then, and see my little patient before she settles down for the night. Phyllis must sleep somewhere else."

Kathleen listened in dismay. She felt as if she did not know which way to turn, and hardly answered his kind farewell. Presently Mrs. Palmer came in, looking less uncomfortable, and found Phyllis with her hat on, about to carry the prescription to the chemist, as Dr. Netley had suggested, to give her some fresh air.

"Well, my dear," said the landlady to Kathleen, "things might be worse; I'm going to put Miss Phyllis in the little room next mine; I *can quite* manage it." She did not venture to own that Dr. Netley had arranged this with her, and bidden her say nothing. "And this evening, if you've anywhere to go, Mrs. Price says it will be a real pleasure to sit with the dear child, and she is a good nurse."

"I cannot let Lady Dacre's maid give her time to me."

"You need not worry about that. Mrs. Price gave warning last night, as she's done half-a-dozen times before, but this time she means to stick to it, though my lady begged her pardon this morning, and offered to raise her wages. She'll stay here for a bit, as she wants to find a situation in St. Petrox, and I daresay she will. So you must not refuse a good offer; you'll want help, I fear. Or, I was to say, she would gladly take Miss Phyllis out walking. Pretty dear!" looking at Una, "please God, she'll pull through, and Dr. Netley is wonderful with children."

Kathleen looked with tender anxiety towards the bed, where Una just then lay asleep.

"She is so like dear mamma," she said; and then, suddenly, "Mrs. Palmer, how much longer does Lady Dacre stay?"

"Only another week, I believe." Mrs. Palmer's "I believe," sounded very much as if it meant "I hope."

Kathleen breathed freer. Surely they need not meet in so short a time, when both must be equally anxious not to do so; but she reckoned without Lady Dacre, who lay in wait for her two days later, and said, quite kindly—"I am afraid your little Una is very ill." Kathleen was so unhappy by then that she could not even be resentful. "Yes," she answered. "Lady Dacre, I should be obliged if you would settle my account. There are things to get——"

"Exactly, illness is so expensive. Of course, I will settle it, though I warn you," with a touch of her old mockery, "people don't like to be dunned by creditors."

"I cannot help it. I will make out the account and send it."

"Yes, I suppose I must pay it; but it is astonishing what I have spent here," said Lady Dacre, who hated disbursing small sums. "I'm not going to say any more about what you quarrelled with me for," she added.

"I cannot think about that now," answered Kathleen, wearily; by which Lady Dacre knew, with secret triumph, that she did think of it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OBSTINATE LOVER.

By IDA J. LEMON.

THE sweetest woman I have seen
Of humble birth, but lofty mien,
And fair and gracious as a queen,
Is she my whole soul honoureth,
My future bride—Elizabeth.

I own the ivy-mantled tower,
Broad lands, the gold which gives men power;
But she—she brings a nobler dower:
That virtue, which the wise man saith
Is more than pearls—Elizabeth.

And when I marked her lovely life,
And wooed and won her for my wife,
The gossip of the town was rife;
And people talked, till out of breath,
Of me and of—Elizabeth.

My uncle, with uplifted hand,
States, "He is led to understand,"
And "explanations must demand."
"You might look high, sir," so he saith;
"And who is this—Elizabeth?"

My married sister drops a tear,
And hints at Miss Clarinda Clear,
Who has two thousand pounds a year.
Who dares to name her in a breath
With my sweetheart—Elizabeth?

My maiden aunts, with lips awry,
The charms of married life decry,
And prate of young men's whims, and sigh;
While one, the eldest, muttereth
About "that chit—Elizabeth."

My lisping cousin, taught the art
Of playing an affected part,
Has heard that I have lost my heart.
"'Tith true, then? Ah! I thought tho; yeth,
And ith her name—Elithabeth?"

My dearest mother thinks that none
Of all fair maids deserves the son
She loves too well—her only one;
But for his sake she welcometh
The one he loves—Elizabeth.

But spite of all that's done and said,
'Tis we ourselves who have to wed,
Not those whose gossip we have fed;
And I will love in life and death
But one, and she—Elizabeth.

And one there is who whispers low,
She thinks God meant this to be so;
And that our lives should mingled flow;
And I agree with all she saith;
That someone is—Elizabeth.

CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

LADY BERRY.

IT is very difficult, when walking through the shabby-looking streets of Stepney, to realise the fact that it was once a fashionable and favourite suburb of London. When, however, we come to inspect the fine old church, with its numerous handsome monuments, we see at once that in bygone times the neighbourhood must have been both prosperous and aristocratic, and a glimpse into its past history will reveal the fact that few parishes near London can boast of having possessed residences of nobler or more wealthy families. It seems to have been a favourite spot with the Lord Mayors of London, and we read that King Edward I. held a parliament in 1209 at the house of Henry Walleir, then Lord Mayor, in Stepney.

The Bishops of London also had a country house here. The Marquises of Worcester had a grand old mansion near the church, the gateway of which existed some years back.

Another fine house, called "Great Place," belonged to the Colets; and the celebrated Dr. Colet, the friend of Erasmus, and founder of St. Paul's School, was rector of the church. The Cobhams, the Poultneys, the Wentworths were also inhabitants of the parish. An "Archbishop of Thebes," and Pace, Dean of St. Paul's, are buried in the church, in the porch of which is a stone brought from Carthage in 1663.

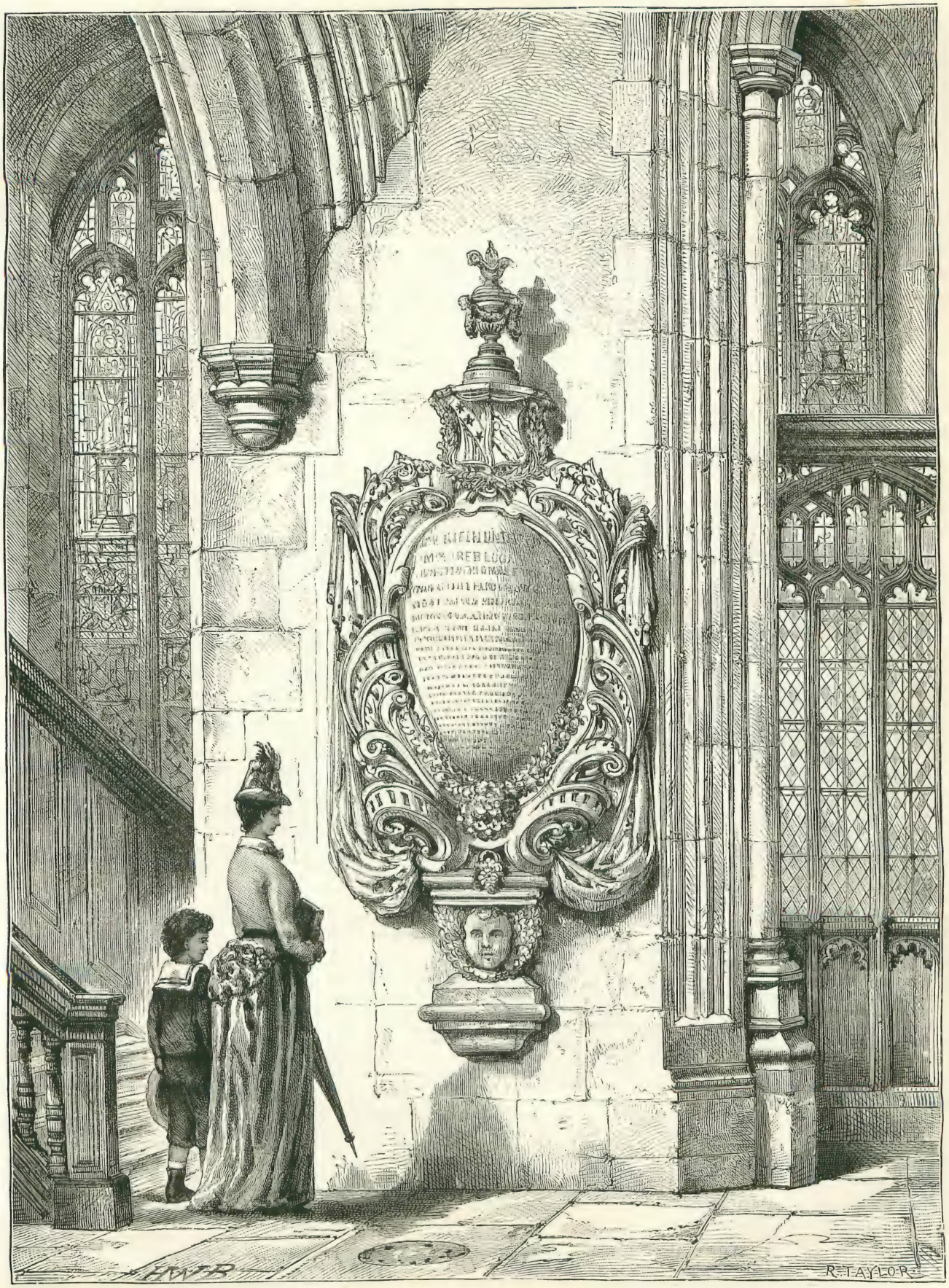
But what will, we think, most interest our girls is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, with its curious inscription, and the singular tradition which used to be attached to it. This monument is now placed inside the church against the wall at the west end of the nave, close to the arch leading into the tower; formerly it was outside the building, beneath the east window, but owing to the smoke and noxious gases arising from the numerous factories in the neighbourhood, it was getting so decayed that, when the church was restored some thirty years back, it was thought advisable to remove the tablet and place it inside. The monument is a very handsome piece of work, and, according to Maitland's "History of London," is of white marble—at present it is painted stone colour! The wreaths of flowers are very like Grinling Gibbons's work, and as that eminent sculptor was at the height of his prosperity in 1696 (the date of the monument), he, or one of his pupils, may have had a hand in its production. The inscription is as follows—

"Here lies interred the Body of Dame Rebecca Berry, the wife of Thomas Elton, of Stratford, Bow, Gent., who departed this life April 26th, 1696, aged 52."

And below is this curious epitaph:—

"Come, ladies, ye that would appear
Like angels fair, come dress you here:
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grace your own,
Which once adorned as fair a mind
As ere yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars
(Of human life, the civil wars);
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low and high estate;
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, and good as she,
Go learn of her humility."

The coat of arms is a very curious one. In the dexter chief, between two bends wavy, is



MONUMENT OF LADY BERRY.

a fish attempting to seize a ring, which has probably given rise to the singular tradition that *Lady Berry was the heroine* of the old ballad called "The Cruel Knight," or "Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," according to which a very proud and high-born knight, who was deeply versed in necromancy, happened one day to be passing a cottage, when he heard the crying of a newly-born infant. His skill in "the black art" caused him at once to know that that child was destined to become his wife! Being of so proud a descent, he was horrified at the idea that he was fated to bring this disgrace upon his family. Therefore he determined to do all in his power to avert the decree, and even, if driven to extremity, to take the life of the child. As our girls no doubt have already foreseen, the two meet when the girl has grown very beautiful, but is still in the humble condition of "a maiden of low degree." The meeting appears to have taken place on board ship. Naturally the knight, not knowing who she is, falls in love with her. When somehow or other it comes to his knowledge that she is the identical squalling baby who was destined by fate to have such a terrible influence over his proud nature, he is, as novelists say, "torn by conflicting emotions of love and pride." Unable to decide which course to pursue, he takes a gold ring from his finger, and throwing it into the sea, makes the remarkable declaration that if ever that ring is brought back to him, he will make the lowly maid his wife. The lady's prospects of filling that exalted position were certainly not encouraging, and so she takes the situation of cook or kitchenmaid. A codfish is brought to her to prepare for dinner, when the identical ring is discovered in the fish! The knight, finding that it is of no use attempting to escape the decree of fate, marries the maiden, and, let us hope, they lived happily together, though one may feel inclined to doubt about it. Whether there are any other reasons for connecting Lady Berry with this or some similar legend, beyond the fact that she was evidently, from her epitaph, a person of humble origin, who married a man much above her in social rank, we are unable to say. She certainly cannot have been the heroine of the original ballad, which must have been written long before she was born.

The armorial bearings, the ring and the fish, appear to belong to a Cambridgeshire family, and cannot be in any way personally connected with Lady Berry, who, as a woman of lowly origin, would naturally have no armorial bearings apart from those of her husband. Lady Berry, however, if her epitaph is to be trusted, offers an example which our girls will do well to follow. She certainly dressed quietly, was gentle, cheerful, humble, and, what is still more remarkable, being a person of humble origin, raised to a rank far above that in which she was born, she never was guilty of the offensive vulgarity so well described by the old-fashioned expression of "giving herself airs."

MARY AYLMER;

OR,

RANCH LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER III.

A VISITOR.

As soon as supper was over, everyone was disposed to retire as early as possible, for besides the cooking and general house work, the ironing, mending, and much of the making had to be done by the ladies, and the presence of two children in the house added considerably to this part of the labour, so that they were thoroughly tired out by the end of the day. Men out West do not wear the white shirt of English civilised life, but always a flannel one, collars also being usually forsworn, some people carrying their economy of labour so far as to use white American cloth for the dining-table instead of the orthodox damask.

Wonderful are many of the contrivances resorted to sometimes to make up for any deficiency, for the great difficulty of renewing any worn-out article leads the dwellers in such remote places to exercise their ingenuity in all sorts of ways, and things habitually thrown away at home are treasured up here for an indefinite period. Moccasins instead of boots are frequently worn by men; they require no cleaning, and are very soft and comfortable; the Indians make them of buckskin.

As the weather still continued warm, they had to depend on salt meat, game, or poultry for their supplies, as until it became cold enough to allow it to be kept until wanted, not even a pig or sheep, much less a cow or steer, could be killed. So the days wore on until a slight frost occurred one night, and Mr. Elliott requested the whole household to adjourn to the orchard and assist in gathering the apples; all who could spare the time did so, and one of the farm men was able to come down with a "team," and fetch them up to the apple house. It was a long and tiring business, owing to the enormous quantity of fruit, and just as they had reached their last day of it, a horseman was seen riding into the corral, and Mrs. Elliott and Mary recognised the friend who had begged them to join him at dinner the day they waited for their train.

"There is Mr. Musgrave," the former called out to her husband, who hastily descended the tree into which he had climbed, "and we have nothing fresh in the house but the crane you shot yesterday."

"The Indian with him has got some wild duck though, if I mistake not," replied Mr. Elliott. "Musgrave always brings some game along with him at this time of year; you must give us those to-night, Nelly; they will be much nicer than the crane."

By this time the traveller had dismounted and joined them, receiving a hearty welcome from all.

"I see you have not come empty-handed," said his hostess, "and what you have brought will be specially welcome, as it happens, for our larder is disgracefully empty; there is nothing but corned beef, bacon, and deer hams available, and you must be pretty well tired of that kind of thing. But I daresay you will excuse us now, and take our places in the orchard, while we go and see about preparations for supper."

Mrs. Elliott and Mary then hastened indoors to the kitchen, where Marie was immediately summoned to pluck the teal and widgeon which they found awaiting them, and then the ladies betook themselves to the one spare room to make things ready there. As it often happened that several such unexpected guests arrived on the same day, Mr. Elliott had built a house especially for their accommodation; though, of course, those who were not personal friends paid the man in charge for what they received there, just as in an hotel, this arrangement being almost a necessity in "up country" places, where Chinamen and white strangers pass through frequently.

At six o'clock the party assembled in the dining-room for supper, and listened to all their friend could tell them of the goings on in the outer world. This was always the pleasantest meal of the day, for the work was done, and the time of rest near.

Mary had been accustomed to spend the long evening with her father in her own home, but then her daily round had been an easy one, and there was no object in very early rising for such a small household; she would sing to him as he leant back in his easy chair, or worked while he read to her; but at Minnetonka no one felt the slightest wish to prolong the day, though on this special evening they adjourned to the "parlour" for an hour or two, in honour of the guest, who soon, however, showed by unmistakable yawns that his long ride in the open air had made him anything but wakeful, though he would willingly have disguised his fatigue, had it been possible, so pleased did he seem to be with his company.

The two gentlemen intended to go off very early in the morning for a long day's ride after cattle, and they would be absent till evening. On such occasions Mrs. Elliott and Mary would often manage to give themselves an hour or two of leisure, and go for a ride together, or possibly take up a book and indulge in some reading, doubly delightful to both on account of their enforced abstinence from such pleasures.

On the following evening, when Mr. Elliott returned, he confided to his wife that his companion had remarked that he thought it about time to think of getting married, and had followed up this remark by inquiring if Miss Aylmer was engaged to anybody—for a girl who is pleasant and good, a good housekeeper and pretty as well, rarely remains unmarried out West till she is twenty, unless she chooses to do so. He had been unable to give any information on the point, he said, but perhaps his wife might know, and to her he had referred Mr. Musgrave, who took the first opportunity to ask her the same question. But all his hostess could say was that she had heard some reports about a home at Laughing Water being always ready for Mary if she would only accept it, but whether there was

anything between her and Captain Burton it was impossible to say. She considered Mary to be a perfect treasure of a girl, but she was very reserved, and the last person in the world to own that she had refused anyone, if such was the case; if, on the contrary, she returned the affection he was supposed to feel for her, she was equally sure to keep the fact to herself until she became actually engaged.

Mr. Musgrave thought all this very unsatisfactory, and endeavoured to enlist his friend's sympathy on his behalf.

"I am going away on Saturday, Mrs. Elliott," said he; "your husband has, however, been kind enough to ask me to return next month. After so short an acquaintance I really have not the assurance to ask Miss Aylmer if she cares about me ever so little, but after I have paid another visit, don't you think I might? I wonder if you'll think me very bold if I beg you to feel the way for me ever such a little. It is so horrid, you know, to ask a girl to be your wife, and find out that she cares for some other fellow."

"No, I would gladly do anything for an old acquaintance like you, but I shall have to be very careful, or she will suspect me, and then she will immediately draw in her horns. What do you think about writing a line to her father, and asking him how the land lies? Everyone knows your position and antecedents out here, and he can have no objection to give his daughter to anyone so likely in every way to make her happy. It is very disinterested in me to give you all this good advice, for it is very much against my own interest; I shall never be able to replace her satisfactorily, and had been congratulating myself on such a delightful acquisition until you appeared on the scene."

"I don't think I quite like saying anything to anyone, not even her own father, before speaking to the girl herself—I mean in an official sort of way—for it is quite different talking to you; I know you will be discreet."

"Of course, I shall only tell my husband."

"That is what I mean."

Mr. Musgrave left shortly after this conversation, and Mrs. Elliott turned over in her mind what he had been saying. She was anxious for the happiness of both the young people, for whom she had a sincere regard, but disliked the idea of undertaking any responsibility in the matter, and her husband was quite of her opinion.

On the following Sunday the clergyman who was in the habit of paying three yearly visits to Minnetonka, to hold a service there, arrived somewhat unexpectedly, but fortunately found the guest-chamber empty. On these occasions any English people within reach would ride over the previous day to join in it, some taking a journey of nearly a hundred miles to have this privilege; Mr. Elwood had himself to travel over two hundred to see these distant parishioners, and usually stayed a few days to enjoy the comforts of a good house after all his camping out, also a little shooting when possible. He informed them that a ranch two days' journey off had just been sold to an Englishman from the North-West, who intended to live part of the year there, and this news caused considerable excitement in the family, as a pleasant new neighbour was always an acquisition, and the house was situated on the way to the railway line, thus making the journey easier, for hospitality, either given or paid for, was almost certain to be accorded, and the place had been empty for some time—that is to say, in the charge of a half-breed.

It was delightful to all to feel that Sunday was about to be celebrated in a suitable manner, though the service was always read in any case, but the opportunities of taking the Holy Communion were necessarily very rare, and therefore doubly precious. Several of the farm men attended, chairs being placed in the parlour for the purpose, and fortunately the piano-tuner, who visited the district once a year, had just paid his annual visit, so the hymns and chants could be played and sung with good effect, the service taking the form of a harvest thanksgiving. Some of the splendid fruit and vegetables were used as decorations, no flowers being available, though the leaves of some trees, notably the maple, accorded well with the fruits of autumn, for they were touched with the autumn tints.

Next week the mail came in, a time of great excitement, naturally, when it only arrives twelve times in a year, unless by some lucky chance of a personal friend passing the post-office on the railway, when bound for Minnetonka, and remembering to ask for letters. It brought one from Mr. Musgrave, stating that, to his great regret, he was absolutely obliged to defer his next visit, but that, in spite of the snows of winter, he should, if it were humanly possible, endeavour to come up in December. The husband and wife, when alone, could not help smiling a little at the epistle of the eager lover. There could be no doubt whatever as to his being in earnest, when he was willing to risk the discomfort he must encounter while travelling up country in cold weather. His friend had been faithful to her trust, but had been absolutely unable, during a conversation she held with Mary respecting his good qualities, to extract anything from her that could lead her to suppose he had made any lasting impression. It was on this wise, and the reader can deduce therefrom her own conclusion.

Mrs. Elliott, *loquitur:* "Talking of men, I must say I liked Mr. Musgrave very much. He is always so nice to women; so different from such people as the two Wilsons, for instance, who though quite as well-born and educated, and have not been out here as long, yet have quite lost their English manners."

Mary (with the utmost composure): "Yes, I thought him very nice; though I have known so few men at all well, I can hardly judge; we led such a very isolated life. My father did not care for such society as we had, and I only cared to be with him."

"That is all very proper and right, dear, but still I suppose you will leave him some day."

"Why, yes; have I not left him now?"

"I mean you might get married, dear."

"One does not talk about that, though. Did you remember to tell Marie the swan was to be plucked to-night?"

"I did, and as we don't like swan, it would not have mattered if I had forgotten it; they had better have it in the kitchen, we none of us care for it, and they do. I suppose you were too far from Laughing Water to see Captain Burton very often? Somebody told me he was so very agreeable."

"I think we saw him three or four times a year; he is very nice, as you say, and I feel I can never be grateful enough to him for his kindness to my father, who does not see, as I do, that Captain Burton's offer to him was only made because he did not dare to offer him help in any other way. The little boy is much too young to require tuition, except in the form of 'Reading Without Tears,' perhaps, but you should have seen the pile of literature the dear man had provided for his pupil; fortunately the little fellow has taken a fancy to have Scott read to him, and I hear my father is delighted to indulge him, the other books not having been yet unpacked. There is baby crying—I must go to her."

(*To be concluded.*)

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOREBODINGS AND HOPES.

THE Harwoods' old cottage was still standing empty as we left it. Mr. Burford had not quite made up his mind as to the kind and size of the dwelling which was to occupy the site of it, but in the meanwhile he would not let the place again.

I was rather sorry that the cottage was not promptly demolished, for I found out that the old people got into a way of haunting the scene of so many memories, and I was sure this would do them no good. They were very proud of Rose Cottage, which was a very palace in comparison, but they clung to the less attractive spot, in spite of being really satisfied with the change they had made, for my sake in the first instance.

Jabez would sometimes go out after working hours with his gardening tools, and on several occasions I caught him digging and delving in the old ground.

I ventured to remonstrate with him for spending the strength of which he had none to spare, on a place in which he had no beneficial interest.

He looked up wistfully, and replied—

"I can't help it, Mr. John. I have kept this garden in order for so many years, and never could abear to see a weed in it, that it goes to my heart to let it be neglected now."

"But when the men begin to pull the cottage down, and afterwards, whilst the building is going on, your work will be undone. There will be all the worthless materials from the old place, and the bricks and mortar, timber and slates for the new, upon the very beds that are costing you so much labour. Even at the best you will reap no benefit. Others will do that, wherever the garden is unoccupied by the things I have named."

"Well, Mr. John, I can't help that. As to doing a bit for other people to benefit, I shall never grieve over that. We didn't come into this world to think only of ourselves. If so be that little

hands pull the ripe berries from the trees I planted, the children, bless 'em! are welcome. And if older folk have a bit of green stuff ready to their hands through my doing an hour's work now and then in the old spot, I shall be no poorer for it."

"You show a truly neighbourly spirit, Jabez," I replied, admiring the unselfishness of character which he displayed even to the unknown neighbour who might call the garden "mine" at a future day; "but you are getting into years. I am sure your daily work, and the care of our garden at Rose Cottage, is quite enough for your strength."

"Maybe you are right. I'm not as young as I was by a long way; but, Master John, though you are young, you know what a labour of love means. Well, this is my labour of love. I cannot help doing it, and Mr. Burford does not mind my pottering about here when I have the time. You may be sure I did not take the liberty without asking leave first."

I was greatly touched by the old man's words and the sight of his earnest face. I could well enter into the feelings which prompted his work, and yet, for his own sake, I did wish that the demolition of the cottage had rendered it impossible. I was half-glad, half-sorry, when Mr. Burford gave Jabez a small weekly sum for keeping the little place in order "for the next people," as he expressed it.

Jabez was unwilling to receive anything, and seemed really distressed at the idea of payment; but Mr. Burford insisted.

"I am not going to have you toiling there, and spending your strength on what will do you no good," said he.

"It will do me good, sir, indeed," protested Jabez. "If you believe me, the working in the old garden freshens me up instead of tiring me."

"Work and welcome if you take my weekly half-crown."

"I can't, sir. It's a labour of love."

"Then I shall put a stout padlock on the garden gate and a board to warn off trespassers on pain of being prosecuted. You can take your choice, Jabez," said Mr. Burford.

"If I must take the money, I must," responded Jabez, ruefully; but his face brightened later on. "I'm not bound to spend the money on myself or you either, Betsy. There are more ways than one of getting rid of money, and the work may be a labour of love yet."

It proved doubly such, for the cash was handed to Betsy week by week, and she expended it for the benefit of a needy neighbour and her children. Still, I would rather have given Jabez the money, if it had been a question of payment, to keep quite away from the old cottage and garden.

I could hardly understand why I felt so strongly, but I was always haunted with a notion that some trouble would yet be connected with the place, and that the sorrows of its late tenants were not ended. I never could pass the deserted dwelling without casting curious glances into every corner that was visible. I used to look at my old room window, half expecting that the scarred face of George Harwood would meet my gaze from within.

I knew these were idle fancies, and strove to banish them; but from the time that Mr. Burford revealed the mystery which Jabez and Betsy had so carefully concealed in respect to their son's career, no day had passed without its crossing my mind. That the good-for-nothing would reappear sooner or later, I never doubted. That his coming would be the herald of renewed sorrow to the parents I was equally convinced, and in time my forebodings were fully justified.

At Oakhill Station we generally heard any news that might be stirring. In country towns, people take a vast interest in each other's affairs, and whilst they are generally more sympathetic than dwellers in busier centres, they are also more curious and more eager both to hear and spread every bit of gossip.

If Mrs. Burford's arrival had been unexpected on the evening after I entertained her husband and daughter, I was pretty sure that I should soon know the reason of her sudden home-coming. Nelly's words had led me to believe that she would be absent for another week, and when we were together neither she nor Mr. Burford looked for the immediate return of the mother and Rose. I knew afterwards that at the very time we were spending that bright hour in my little room, a telegram was awaiting Mr. Burford with news of the serious illness of his only son.

I have said little so far about Magnus Burford. He was the youngest of the family, two boys having been born between Nelly and him, but both had died in early infancy. Magnus was a quiet, studious lad, and of a gentle, retiring disposition. When the girls and I were ready for any amount of fun in our playfellow days, he would steal away into any quiet corner, and pore over a book. Our laughter seemed to pass unheeded, our sports were no temptation to him, and when obliged to leave his favourite volume, he would be like one awakened from a dream which was happier than the realities around him.

Mr. Burford used to say that Magnus was a mistake, and ought to have been a girl; that either Rose or Nelly would have made a better boy, albeit there was nothing unfeminine in the ways of either. They were just a pair of bonny girls, with the bright spirits that accompany healthy minds in healthy bodies.

Though Rose partook of her mother's prejudices, and was too fond of estimating people rather for what they possessed than for what they were in themselves, she was both admired and liked by her friends and associates. She was always worldly wise in her choice of these, and before entering on anything like familiar social intercourse with those she met, she was careful to ascertain that they possessed the requisite qualifications of property and position.

Let them have such and sufficiently refined manners, and Rose would be content, and make herself as charming and attractive as could be desired.

Nelly, on the contrary, troubled herself very little as to whether a friend's balance at the bank were large or small, or, indeed, whether he had coin enough to be worth banking. Her whole conduct towards myself proved that she was not to be influenced by adverse fortunes to forsake a friend.

When I heard of Magnus's illness I felt very sorry for his parents and sisters, to whom it would be a great trial. Mrs. Burford's anxiety for her children's welfare could not be doubted. She was not very tender or demonstrative, but I am sure she tried to promote their well-being to the best of her power and knowledge. Even in banishing Nelly from Oakhill for so long a time, I knew that she was actuated by a wish to benefit the girl, and thought the separating her from all her childish associations was the best way of doing this.

When Mrs. Burford received the news of Magnus's illness, she telegraphed to her husband and started for home, as it would be equally convenient to take Oakhill on her way, and to proceed thence to her boy's bedside, only fifteen miles further.

Nelly's home-coming was naturally greatly saddened by her brother's condition. Mr. Burford was too anxious about his boy to remain behind, so he and his wife drove the rest of the distance, after an hour's interval from the time of her arrival at home. There was no train available, and even had it not been too late to go from Oakhill by rail, they must have driven five miles of the distance, as the school was so far from a station.

Rose and Nelly were left alone together, and probably this increased their pleasure in meeting, in spite of the anxiety in which they were involved.

When I heard the sorrowful news I should have liked to inquire after the invalid, but my going to the house was out of the question; so until Mr. Burford's return I had to content myself with indirect information.

On the following day the Cartwrights came, Jane first to enjoy a cup of tea and a gossip with Betsy, her husband a little later to see and mark the roses for future operations. They brought the news that Mr. Burford had come back, but that his wife had remained with Magnus at the school.

The boy was in no immediate danger, but had broken down from over-study, and would need a long rest before he could resume his work.

"Always the way," said Jane; "when schoolmaster gets hold of a young gentleman that will learn, he isn't content with him doing as much as he ought to do, but wants to cram his head with everything at once. No wonder he can't carry it. I often feel sorry for the boys and girls now, with their lessons in school and out o' school, and no time to be children or have a good game, as is natural to them while they're of an age for it. And if it's so with poor folk's youngsters, what must it be with great people's children?"

"I ain't larned, though I can read and write and reckon up my money and how I spend it," said Jabez, by way of comment.

"That last has never given your

head very hard work," said Betsy, promptly.

"Except in getting ends to meet, and lap over a bit now and then," replied Jabez. "I was going to say that I got on very well without so much schooling; and I was glad I happened to be a boy before people got hold of so many new-fangled notions about it. I had a rare good time for a working lad," and Jabez laughed at the memory of his boyish days, with their scant allowance of schooling and large one of comparative freedom.

Cartwright's views were more advanced.

"After all, there's a deal to be said for new-fangled things; though you would never have missed or wanted most of 'em, Jabez," said Cartwright. "Look at the telegraph bringing word about Master Burford's illness, and taking a message back to say that his father and mother would be there the same night! He might have been dead under the old ways of doing things before they could have heard that aught was amiss with him."

"There's another side to look at," persisted Jabez, who was inclined to dispute whatever might be said in favour of modern inventions. "If there hadn't been a tallygraft, Mr. and Mrs. Burford might have stayed at home in peace, instead of driving off post haste last night, and not getting to their journey's end till after twelve o'clock. Master Magnus had fainted over his books, and no wonder, seeing the weather is so warm and the holidays just at hand. He came to again, by all accounts; but before there was time to see what was amiss with the boy, schoolmaster must send that message. If he hadn't tallygrafted, Mr. and Mrs. Burford wouldn't have been frightened out of their wits almost, and the young ladies left by themselves with a weight of trouble on their backs, wondering what word would come next. I say, 'Bad news always travels too fast, and good news always comes at right time, without tallygrafting.'"

Jabez looked round triumphantly, and as no one thought fit to contradict him, felt that he had quite the best of the argument this time.

"To think that Mr. Burford was in here only yesterday afternoon, taking a cup of tea with our Mr. John, and looking better and younger than I've seen him for years," said Betsy, proudly.

"Did he tell you Miss Nelly was back home?" asked Jane.

"No need to tell, and for why? Miss Nelly came with her father. She's prettier than ever, and she's not a bit proud or stuck up because she's been so long in foreign parts and can speak in foreign tongues."

"Well, you do astonish me!" exclaimed Jane, after a brief pause, for this piece of news had for the moment deprived her of the power to reply. "'When the cat's away'——"

Jane did not complete the old proverb, but nodded significantly at Betsy.

"Aye," said the latter, "you are about right, Jane. Mr. Burford is a kind gentleman, and has stood up well for Mr. John, but he would never have dared to come here and bring Miss Nelly if his lady had been at home or expected there so soon."

"I'm inclined to think that they were out for a walk, and they just dropped in here quite promisc'us, and did not think of coming here when they started," remarked Jabez.

"I make no doubt Miss Nelly knew, whatever Mr. Burford did," said Betsy, with a knowing look, and as if surprised at her partner's obtuseness.

She was mistaken. Our meeting was a glad surprise alike to Nelly and myself, though in the kindness of his heart Mr. Burford must have planned it.

Betsy's pride on my behalf, however, induced her to put another construction on the affair, and she took the first opportunity of imparting it to the Cartwrights.

Had I been present during the conversation I should have promptly contradicted such an assumption, but I came in later. I had carefully abstained from naming my visitors even to the Pritchards, who were most in my confidence, as I was not anxious for Mrs. Burford to hear that Nelly and I had met again on the old friendly terms. My mind was sufficiently exercised as to the possibility of future interviews, and I asked myself how I should act if my girl friend and I were to meet when she was with her mother.

After the manifestation of friendliness on Mr. Burford's part I neither could nor would avoid Nelly. Surely the father had an equal right with the mother, and though I would not have acted clandestinely for the world, neither should I have any qualms of conscience about meeting Nelly in future, when circumstances might permit me that happiness.

As to times and seasons, these mattered little in comparison. Nelly was within reach, and whenever we might meet I could be sure that the pleasure would not be one-sided.

(To be continued.)

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.

BEFORE entering on the subject of foreign distinctions, two more medals, instituted by H.M. the Queen, may have some notice, for which there was lack of space in my second article. I know that I am digressing from the primary subject of this series, that of "Orders," in entering on that of simple decorations bestowed for merit, and good service of special kinds. I trust, however, that the digression, by adding to the interest of these articles, may be excused, and that it may cause no misapprehension nor confusion in the minds of my readers. I would therefore point out the wide distinction between the admission to membership of a Royal Order, conferring (it may be) precedence and other privileges, and the simple bestowal of a star, a cross, or medal, however great a distinction and creditable to the recipient.

One of these decorations of honour is known as "the Albert Medal," instituted March 13, 1866, and specially inaugurated as a distinguishing badge, conferred on those (male or female) who, at their own peril, endeavour to save life at sea. For a maritime country such an order of merit was particularly desirable and well devised. The monogram is composed of an anchor and the two letters "V. and A."; also the coronet surmounting the initials was that of the Prince Consort. This design is executed both in silver and in bronze, and conferred respectively with reference to the merit to be rewarded.

The "Jubilee Commemoration Medal" is the last instituted by our Empress-Queen, and though not the badge of an Order, it is one of distinction to the recipient. All who read these articles will know as much about it as I could tell them; but all did not see the return of that excellent lady, worn and weary, from her many-hours' progress through this enormous city. To the extreme East-end she slowly travelled to show her appreciation of her subjects' loyalty, bowing right and left all the way, to and fro. Her self-control is well known; yet, under the protracted strain of the nerves, agitated by powerful emotions combined with great fatigue, by the time she reached home in the evening, her physical strength broke down and she wept.

The medal is not alone historically interesting as an heirloom to future generations, but specially as a memorial of one who has not only cared for the welfare of her subjects, but set an example of personally doing what she would inculcate to others. I refer to her having trained a large family to devote themselves to the encouragement of every good work. Time, personal exertion (with great

fatigue), as well as private means, have been perpetually at the service of the public, and devoted to homes, hospitals, schools, recreation grounds, and to the furtherance of the noble work of countless institutions for the benefit of trade and the arts and sciences; thus setting a splendid example to the Royal families of all Europe.

We must now pass on to orders of foreign origin, in the honours of which women have been thought worthy to participate. Some of these may be obsolete; but as connected with the history of the great and good, or at least of women of note, they must be included amongst those in present use. In so doing I shall not give precedence to those amongst the great nations, because I wish so to arrange my little histories as to divide their interest between the several articles as evenly as possible, there being but little to say about many of them.

The first I shall select is of special historical interest, though instituted for one particular locality, and in commemoration of a particular act of extraordinary heroism. I allude to "The Order of the Torch," which was amongst the earliest conferred on women, and exclusively created for them. It dates back to the year A.D. 1149, when Don Raymond of Barcelona took the city of Tortosa from the Moors. The latter very shortly recovered from their defeat and expulsion, and laid desperate siege to the city. The consequence was that the inhabitants were reduced to the severest extremities, and under this pressure, and the apparent hopelessness of holding out successfully to the end, the men convened a council of war, and deliberated over the terms on which they should surrender to the enemy. Seeing the miserable turn that events had taken, and in the face of all present suffering, and all future cruel retribution taken by the invaders in case of defeat, the women of the city rose *en masse*, and not only opposed such a project on the part of the men, but combined to take practical action in the matter themselves. So they exchanged their female attire for that of the stronger sex, and fought shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers, giving such material assistance, and stimulating their fading hopes so much by their zeal and heroism, that their besiegers were actually defeated, and gave up the apparently hopeless enterprise, unknowing of the desperate condition to which the gallant defenders were already reduced.

It was little to be wondered at that Don Raymond should have instituted an Order of high distinction, in honour of such service, rendered by those untrained to the science of war or practical deeds of arms. The conduct and gallant self-devotion of the women were regarded as a sort of beacon light to show the stronger sex the way of duty and honour, and so these heroic women were made members of the Order of the Torch, with the hereditary right of transmission of the honour to their descendants. Thus the memory of their splendid devotion was perpetuated. This honorary reward, however, the grateful Raymond did not regard as a fair and sufficient recompense for the service rendered, both morally and practically; so he ordered that these distinguished women should be awarded precedence of the men on all public occasions; that they should be exempt from taxes; and that all apparel (probably of a costly nature) and all jewels left by their husbands at their death should be their own exclusive property.

It is said that this was the first Order of knighthood conferred on women, and certainly in this instance most appropriately awarded.

According to the family traditions of the House of Hapsburg, a small piece of the supposed "true cross" has been in its possession from time immemorial. Enclosed in one of gold, this imaginary relic was worn by the Emperors Maximilian and Frederick III., and after the death of the latter was presented to the widowed Empress (daughter of Duke Charles of Mantua) by the successor to the throne, Leopold III. This was designed as a kindly act, with the idea that it would afford her consolation in her bereavement. Carefully treasured by her, she provided for it a beautiful enamelled casket, adorned with crystal, secured by lock and key, and covered with a wrapping of silk. But a fire broke out one night in the Imperial Castle at Vienna, and it would seem that, barely escaping with life, the Empress either forgot or was unable to save it, for the conflagration took place just under her sleeping apartment. A search was made the next day to rescue (if even but a few charred cinders) her treasure. Wonderful to relate, it was found, and although the gold was partially melted, the wood itself was in perfect preservation. So great was the joy of the Empress that, as an act of gratitude, she founded an Order for Women who should devote their lives to works of charity and religious exercises in general; and the Emperor Leopold confirmed the statutes of the new institution, which received the name of "The Starry Cross," from the constellation in the Southern Hemisphere. This was in the year 1668. The badge has passed through some variations since then, and at the present time consists of an oval medal, with a broad blue enamelled edging, enclosing an Austrian eagle, sable, with gold claws, upon which there is a green enamelled gold cross, mounted on brown wood or enamel, to represent the wood saved from the fire. Upon it is the motto of the order, *i.e.*, "*Salus et Gloria*," in black letters on a gold ground. The Order is worn on the left side, suspended to a bow of black silk ribbon.

In the year A.D. 1662, under the quaint-sounding title of "Ladies, Slaves of Virtue," an order was instituted by the Empress Eleanor, at Vienna. The name shows it to have been distinctly for women, and the object which the good Empress had in view was the promotion of piety and strict morality amongst the ladies of her court. So far at least as the highly respectable character of those brought under her immediate influence, we may conclude that the good Queen's most laudable efforts were rewarded with success; and the example she set still lives on for the benefit of long after generations in the historical record of this Order, of which I now give my readers the benefit.

In the same year which saw the institution of the Austrian Order, above described, one, with a title more gruesome than quaint, was created by Silvius, the Duke of Wurtemburg (A.D. 1652). It was designed for both sexes, and with an equally moral and religious intention, for the worthy Duke was minded to restrain all those whom he distinguished with the Order from every description of evil-doing. *Teste Morte*, or "The Death's Head," was the title which he conferred upon it, and I cannot but remark, in passing, that with the best intentions he mistook the nature of the motive power which should lead the aspirant to virtue and holiness. He bade them wear the badge, with its motto, "*Memento Mori*," to frighten them from sinful ways, by reminding them of the certainty of death. Better to have sought to restrain them from evil, through motives of love and of gratitude, to that Divine Master to whom they owed everything in this life, and all their hopes for the life to come.

There was an Order of the same name instituted upwards of some fifty years later, specially for women, by the widow Louisa Elizabeth, of Sax Masburg, A.D. 1709.

There were two "Orders of St. Anne"; that of Wurtzburg, founded in 1683, and that of Munich, founded in 1784. The former was instituted by the Countess Anne Maria of Dernbach, *née* Baroness Voit von Rieneck, designed for single women of the Franconian nobility, who were required to live in a convent under an abbess. Sixteen generations of nobility were essential to render the proposed lady eligible, *i.e.*, eight on the paternal and as many on the maternal side. All the members were to be Roman Catholics. "Adoration of God, celebration of the memory of the foundress, education in all noble virtues and spiritual sciences" (what this last clause in the requirements meant I am unable to explain), were the objects specially in view.

The second Order of the name, founded by Anne Maria Sophia, widow of Maximilian III., Elector of Bavaria, was, like its predecessor, designed for single women, sixteen generations of noble descent being essential to membership. In the first instance they were obliged to live in community under an abbess, and bound by certain rules, which were afterwards remitted. Great changes were made, and King Max Joseph IV. was induced to decree the abandonment of the conventual life—the benefices and pensions allotted to them being still continued—with permission to contract eligible marriages.

When Wurtzburg lost its independence and was incorporated with Bavaria, the Elector Joseph IV. first abolished this Order, and then after a few months united it with that of Munich, and allowed the combined branches of the Order a certain revenue. When the independence of Wurtzburg was restored, and it became a Grand Duchy under its sovereign, Prince Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, the Order was re-established as an independent society, under new statutes; and though the Duchy fell again to Bavaria, that independence of the Order was retained. Pensions were granted to the members of the Wurtzburg Order until marriage (as they were not required to be nuns), with the Royal consent, and one year's pension was allowed them as a dower. The form of the badges of these Orders was the usual one of a cross, but the mottoes were not the same, and the medallions in the centre of each respectively bore different devices. Also the colours of the Wurtzburg Order were red, white, and gold, sky-blue and white being those of the Order of Munich.

Before proceeding further it may be well to observe that a considerable proportion of the Orders anciently instituted for ladies of the aristocracy were designed for their personal protection, quite as much as to promote charitable work and religious feeling, according to their lights in those days. There were no police to whom single women could appeal for aid; no telegraph communication by which evil-doers and aggressors might be arrested in their flight, and the helpless abducted from their homes might be rescued. Even postal service was wretchedly carried out. And so, in lawless times, when highway robbers and outlaws infested the land, and fathers and brothers were out on military service, it became a matter of necessity that a considerable proportion of the young women of the nobility should be banded together, and placed under guardianship, directly under the eye and the patronage of the Crown. That the days of the Reformation had not dawned at the time of the institution of many of these Orders is also a fact that should be remembered by the reader.

Another point which may have attracted the notice of some of them is that the majority of the badges of Royal Orders are crosses of the Maltese shape, with sometimes slight variations. Why so? Simply because it is the oldest chivalric type; and according to Major J. H. Lawrence Archer, in "The Orders

of Chivalry," this had its apparent origin in the *Lychnis chalcedonicæ* of botanists, a flower of Palestine, doubtless familiar to the Crusaders, and like the naturalised Derbyshire plant, believed to have been introduced by a Crusader-Knight of that county.

With far less of religious advantages and of religious light than we are privileged to enjoy in these modern days, we may still take example from the grave and pious feeling which was in some respects very remarkable in those less-favoured days.

Like the bee that flies from flower to flower, seeking to gather the honey-drops wherever she can, and rejecting the poison with an instinct not to be misled by attractive appearances and brilliant hues, so in the reading of historic events and institutions, and of the people of an age gone by, we should do so with careful discrimination. Clear-sighted to note, and quick to repudiate the ignorance or the wrong-doing they exhibited, we should be equally so to profit by any example afforded of devout aspirations after personal holiness and active self-devotion for the good of others.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR EXAMPLE.—No woman is so insignificant as to be sure her example can do no hurt. —*Lord Clarendon.*

A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

Lady lawyer: "I demand the discharge of my client, your honour."

Counsel for plaintiff: "May I ask on what grounds?"

Lady lawyer: "Well—because."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Julia (with a dreamy look in her eyes): "Can you guess of what I am thinking, George?"

George (taking her hand tenderly): "No, dearest Julia; but I hope it is of me."

Julia: "Well, partly. But I was thinking of the cosy little room we will fit up for mother after we return from our wedding trip."

George didn't look so pleased.

THE RIDDLE OF THE YEAR.

There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a piece, parti-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.

This riddle is attributed to Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived about 570 years before the birth of Christ.

"OLD CROME."

John Crome, the landscape painter, familiarly known as "Old Crome," who died in 1821, used to teach in the open air, although he generally painted his pictures in his studio. Once a brother painter met him in a field surrounded by a number of young people, and remarked, "Why, I thought I had left you in the city, engaged in your school!"

"I am in my school," replied Crome, "and teaching my scholars from the only true examples. Do you think," pointing to a lovely distant view, "that either you or I can do better than that?"

On the day of his death he charged his eldest son, who was sitting by his bed, never to forget the dignity of art.

"Johnny, boy," said he, "paint, but paint for fame, and if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it."

THE WORTH OF RANK.

"Honours," says Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," "like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal, but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight."

Burns expressed the same idea in the lines—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

But these writers only adopted without improving the fair saying of one of the characters in an old English drama. "I weigh the man, and not his title. 'Tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier."

TWO IN ONE.

In the cathedral of Vienne in France on the united tomb of two friends are inscribed these words—

Mens una, cinis unus.
One mind, one dust.

IDLE FEARS.

"If evil come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain."

Sir Thomas More.

"THE STOLEN ROPE."

In a music-seller's. Claribel: "I'd like a copy of 'The Stolen Rope.'"

Assistant: "I don't know of any such song."

Claribel: "Why, it goes 'Tum, tum, tumty-tum'" (hums the air).

Assistant: "You mean the 'Lost Chord'?"

Claribel: "Oh yes; that's it."

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

"'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"
But how much better if by spells,
Others could see us as we see oursels.

EXPENSIVE RIGGING.—A lady asking a sailor why a ship was called "she," the son of Neptune ungallantly replied that it was "because the rigging cost so much."

PROUD OF THEIR BEAUTY.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest,
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem, but never care to be.

George Gascoigne.

TO WHAT END?—If we wish to test the merit of an action or a line of conduct, we must ever ask ourselves, To what end?

GOOD WOMEN.—A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven.—*Thackeray.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot with vegetables stored
Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board;
Unsavoury bread and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river bank or mountain brow—
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times when it is black once. You have troubles; so have others. None are free from them. Trouble gives sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom.

LIVING PLEASANTLY TOGETHER.—Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.—*Colton.*

AN INFALLIBLE SIGN.

"I wonder," said he, "which of those two young ladies is his sister?"

"Why," said she, "the brunette, of course. Didn't you notice that she had to put on her wrap herself?"

TRUE TO SELF.—By the side of "Know thyself" should be written *"Be thyself."*

TIME THE DESTROYER.—People sometimes talk of Time as Time the healer. It is a very old commonplace, and it is not at all true. Time cannot heal anything; Time can only destroy. Time destroys regret and remembrance and kindliness and affection, just as the dentist deadens the nerve.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LONGING TO BE USEFUL.—To join an ambulance class will be very useful to you previously to entering a hospital for training. You would also do well to study a small manual by one of our staff of writers, "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

MISS LANE, of Grove Park, Redland, Bristol, is secretary of a Half-hour Reading Club. She signs herself "A constant reader of the 'G.O.P.,'" and we are glad to name her effort to assist our girls in their education.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH and LOVER OF "G.O.P."—There are very few vacancies in our own hospitals for the training of nurses at present. As to the colonies, we understand that such appointments are reserved for their own people trained in their own country; and there is no encouragement given to any emigrant applicants for them from the mother country nor elsewhere.

LUCY NANETTE.—1. "Yggdrasil," the great ash-tree of Scandinavian mythology, was said to bind heaven, earth, and hell together. Its top reached heaven and its roots hell. The three Fates, or *Normas*, sit under this tree, weaving the events of man's life. Lord Lytton mentions this legendary tree in his "Harold," chapter viii., 1850—

> "By the Urdar fount dwelling,
> Day by day, from the rill
> The Normas besprinkle
> The ash Yggdrasil."

The tree is also mentioned by Carlyle. 2. Try to procure, second-hand, any of Mrs. Jameson's works on the subject. Perhaps you could get Ruskin's.

HOUSEKEEPING.

TINY.—The guests at a wedding breakfast are generally seated round the ends of the table. The bride and bridegroom with the bridesmaids at one side; and the fathers and mothers of both bride and bridegroom at the opposite side. The bride cake is placed in the centre. The bride's mother is taken in by the bridegroom's father, and *vice versâ*. If either of these parties are absent, an old friend of the family is selected for the office left vacant.

IVY and QUEENIE.—1. Full instructions for washing flannels and fine woollens will be found in "Outfits for the Colonies," the articles now being issued in the "G.O.P." There is no difficulty about "nun's veiling," which an ordinary good laundress can wash well. 2. Grey hairs are caused by nervous failure and severe headaches, and they are best cured and prevented by cultivating a quiet and contented frame of mind. Worry and needless fretting constitute a very fruitful source of grey hairs.

CAREFUL.—We hear that enamel has been used to dye and do up hats, but we never saw one so done. If the straw be a black one, it can be restored with any of the black glosses used for polishing kid shoes. If carefully done, we should think it might be accomplished without spoiling the lining of the hat.

ART.

NELL GWYNNE.—The example you have sent us gives very good promise indeed. For drawing on blocks you will need some lessons, and then home practice. When you have some good specimens of your artistic powers to show, take them to those publishers that bring out illustrated magazines and books, and ask for orders, or sell what you can spare.

MAGGIE.—It is quite impossible for us to guess what you could obtain for your painted birthday cards. The competition is great even between those who supply the best description of designs and of execution. To you, as to all our personally unknown correspondents, we can only say take the price offered you. If you go to respectable shops they will appraise your work at its fair "market value."

JANIE.—Write to Mr. Tarn, enclosing the price of what you want and the postage. The editor does nothing in the publisher's department.

A. L. M.—We think that you might perhaps make a little if you learned to colour photographs well. But we do not say even this much as the result of any personal observation. You could offer your services to photographers, and do a little private business in this way in addition.

MUSIC.

E. WOLF.—What you say of the nationality of the composers in question may be quite correct; nevertheless, what we stated was equally so, as it was copied from publications of their own.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We can only once more repeat what we have said to so many shy and nervous girls: try to forget yourself and your audience, and concentrate all your thoughts on the music; not only the clear and distinct touch and correct reading of the notes, but the rendering of the composer's idea, in the feeling with which you express it. If absorbed in this endeavour you will arrive at the abstraction of thought which is absolutely necessary in playing for others.

MARY B.—The great composer Frederick Chopin has

been long dead. He was born near Warsaw in 1810, and died in the autumn of 1849. His style was chiefly remarkable for its originality and a certain weird wildness and often grandeur.

W. M. M.—There is the Guildhall School or College of Music, which appears to be rather less expensive than some others. For this you must be nominated by an alderman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. C. E. A.—We are unacquainted with the verses you enclose. The writer is evidently a religiously-minded person, but one who mistook her vocation. The production is far below par, in point of metrical composition, and is utterly devoid of merit as such, showing no beauty of language nor originality of thought, and the print is blinding to the reader.

E. T. H.—Write the London Skin Disease Hospital, 52, Stamford Street, Blackfriars; and if they have any branch at the seaside you will be directed to it by the secretary, Samuel Hayman, Esq.

ELLA.—There is a Home of Recovery from Infectious or Malignant Illness at Carlisle, where adults are received at from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. a week, and children at half-price. Write to the superintendent.

SHROPSHIRE LASSIE.—Your engagement is one called "conditional," which means that under certain distinctly specified conditions you are bound in honour to marry the person who has made you the proposal. But should these conditions be unfulfilled you are free within some specified period. The nature of these conditions may include or be wholly comprised in the stipulation that on better and longer acquaintance you love and respect him sufficiently to marry him.

ANXIOUS ONE need feel no anxiety as to the way of presenting a friend with a wedding gift. No set phrase is to be used *de rigueur*. If given in person, ask her to accept it with your affectionate good wishes; and if you send it, write, "with the love and good wishes of," etc.; or else write a little friendly note, and say in simple words just what you feel.

FAE.—We are quite unable to tell you of any work of a lucrative character which you could do at home. You only speak of plain sewing. Perhaps your friends could employ you, or you could obtain trade orders from ready-made linen shops.

NORAH.—The author of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was Francis Scott Key. Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, bequeathed a sum of 150,000 dollars to raise a monument to him.

CONSTANT READER (aged 17).—The love-sick "young gentleman" who has been "ill for four weeks," in consequence of your having "snubbed him" on a one day's acquaintance, appears to be a rather feeble specimen of "the stronger sex." He should obtain a dispensary ticket, and get himself supplied with a nerve tonic. As for yourself, it is not to us, but rather to your mother, that you should have confided the mournful tale. You have nothing whatever "to do" in the matter, except to avoid meeting him.

MINNIE W.—The "Addled Parliament" was convened July 7th, 1615. It was so called because it remonstrated with the king on his levying "benevolences," but it passed no Acts.

RUTH.—1. The After Care Association for poor and friendless female convalescents on leaving asylums for the insane is the home which you require. It seems to be the only one of the kind. It is a most valuable charity, facilitating the re-admission of patients into social life, and assists them to obtain suitable employment. Sometimes they are boarded out for a while in the country under supervision and care, or placed in a convalescent home, and grants of clothing and money are likewise made to them. 2. The use of paraffin wax on linen, to produce an extra degree of gloss, is much in favour; but be careful not to use too much.

ADA.—You might apply to the Workgirls' Protection Society, which will alleviate the condition of those in real distress, before it is too late to undertake the case. Food and shelter is given, if one of destitution, and they have a School of Instruction for training those who need it. Address the secretary, New Kent Road, S.E. The society has a home at Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex, called St. Osyth's Home of Rest, where those who are invalided or convalescents from any attack of illness are provided with change of air free of cost.

MARGERY DAW.—You cannot marry without your parents' consent, as a respectable girl and Christian. In other countries a marriage contracted by either a man or a woman would be illegal and invalid without their consent. Their death alone leaves their children free. If the man whom you fancy, without being loved by him, were to marry you, poor as he is, it would be degrading to him to be supported on your money as a pensioner. As to your aspiring to a title, that is another matter; they are not yet as common as hips and haws.

MARGARET LAMB.—Your verses are not suitable for printing, we regret to say.

ELLA WARD.—We do not question the correctness of your own experiences of the treatment which you have tried, but see no reason for not holding our own opinions on the subject, and which we decline to discuss.

A SUBSCRIBER.—As a rule, a chaperone is very desirable on a long excursion taken by a number of young people. No man should be so familiar as to take a girl's arm in the street, nor anywhere else, unless engaged to her.

MARJORIE STEWART.—Amber is an exudation of many species of extinct conifers fossilised, and resembles certain gum resins, both in appearance and properties. By friction it becomes electrical, and is popularly supposed to benefit the wearer. There are two kinds—the transparent dark orange-coloured description is that worn for medical purposes; the other is of a pale straw-colour, opaque, or partially so, and clouded with white. This latter is the most esteemed, and is found under the sand in the bed of the sea; the dark and transparent kind is found more exposed in the sea-bed. The chief places for obtaining amber are the Baltic and the north coast of Prussia. Small scraps are picked up on our own eastern coast. Pale amber should be kept in a dark, cool place, as light and heat destroy the colour, and nothing can be more destructive to it than hanging necklaces of it in sunny shop windows. They should be carefully wiped when taken off by the wearer, and protected from grease of any kind.

H. E. WOOD.—Little girls of twelve ought to wear pinafores and make "sweethearts" of their dolls only, or of their baby brothers. There was a painting called "Ecce Homo," by Correggio, representing our Lord as crowned with thorns and bound before Pilate as the latter uttered those words to the by-standers (St. John xix. 5). But they likewise form the title of a very unorthodox book, published anonymously, but apparently written to deny our Divine Saviour's deity, which is utterly unsuitable for "little girls of twelve," or for anybody at all to read who has not been thoroughly instructed so as to know the refutation of the statements made. So long as girls are in their "teens," and busy over their lessons, they have no business to think of "sweethearts."

FLORA.—Plants require less water in the winter than at any other time, but should not be allowed to become too dry, nor be left without it till the soil separates from the side of the pot. If the soil feels dry when touched with the finger they should be watered.

VIOLET.—"They also serve who only stand and wait" is from Milton's poem "On His Blindness."

MYALGIA.—August 21st, 1868, was a Friday.

HOT POKER must go to the shops herself where they sell Christmas and other cards, and see whether they will undertake the sale of hand-painted ones.

A LOVER OF HORSES.—The simplest way of attaining a fresh complexion is by living a healthy life. Early hours, fresh air and exercise, eating no pastry, plenty of fruit, and washing the face in cold water are desirable.

SPIDER should never do anything of the kind "unknown to" her parents." The very fact that "she does not want them to know" proves there is something wrong about it. – – –

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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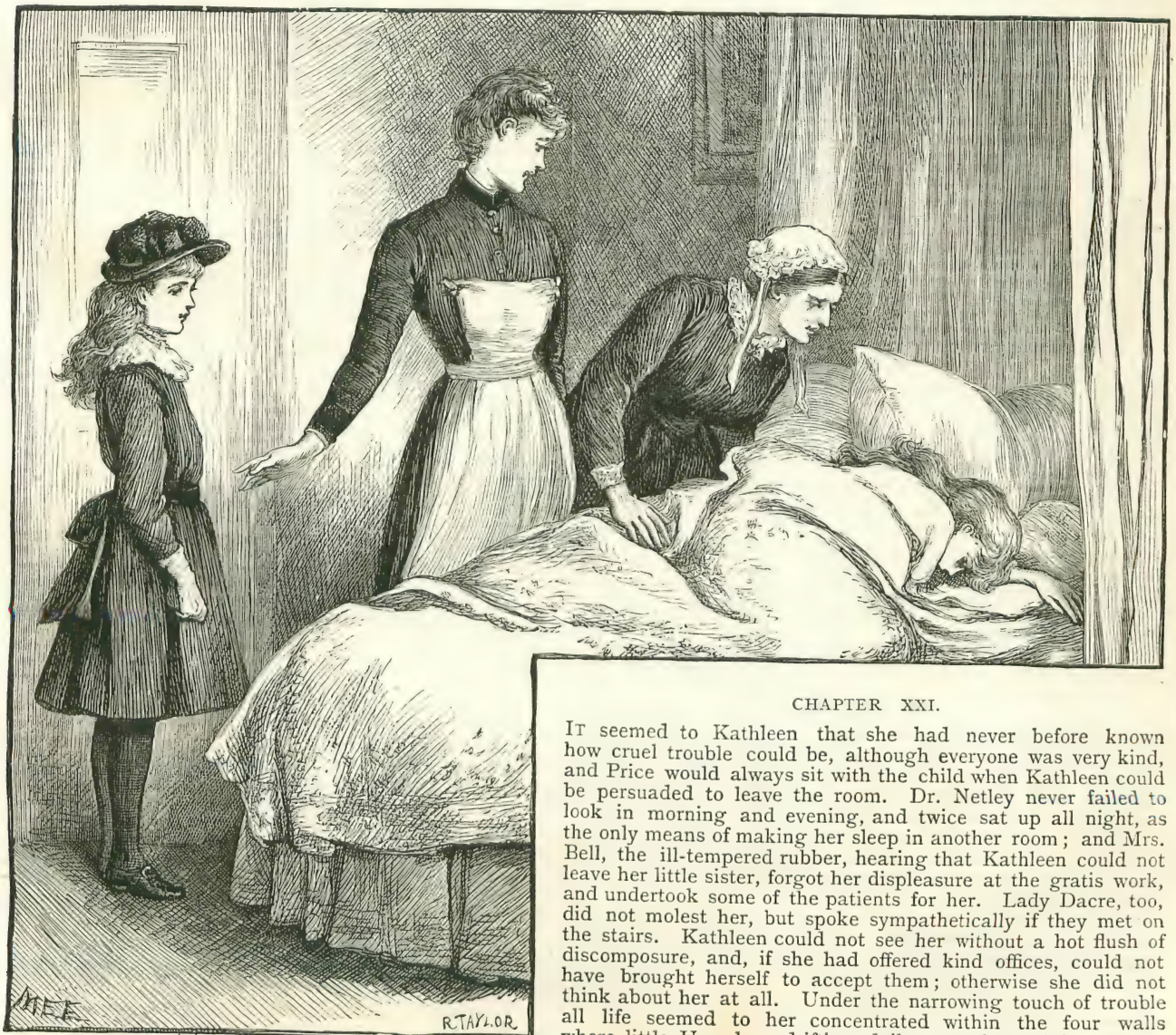
KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.



"'I DON'T QUITE LIKE HER LOOKS.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

IT seemed to Kathleen that she had never before known how cruel trouble could be, although everyone was very kind, and Price would always sit with the child when Kathleen could be persuaded to leave the room. Dr. Netley never failed to look in morning and evening, and twice sat up all night, as the only means of making her sleep in another room; and Mrs. Bell, the ill-tempered rubber, hearing that Kathleen could not leave her little sister, forgot her displeasure at the gratis work, and undertook some of the patients for her. Lady Dacre, too, did not molest her, but spoke sympathetically if they met on the stairs. Kathleen could not see her without a hot flush of discomposure, and, if she had offered kind offices, could not have brought herself to accept them; otherwise she did not think about her at all. Under the narrowing touch of trouble all life seemed to her concentrated within the four walls where little Una lay, drifting daily more beyond her reach,

hardly recognising her, slipping visibly from her hold.

In the terror of losing this treasured child, Kathleen's usual hopefulness quite deserted her.

"Her mother has called her," she said once to Mrs. Palmer. "She will go. I heard the banshee wailing last night—we O'Kellys know what that means." She looked so white and heart-broken that Mrs. Palmer's heart ached.

"Dear me!" she said, when it had been made clear to her what a banshee was; "I don't hold with that kind of thing; and anyhow, though the poor lamb is as much to you as your own kith and kin, she's not a born O'Kelly, so I don't see what your banshee has to say to it."

"She's all the same," said Kathleen; but the suggestion that Una was not absolutely an O'Kelly comforted her, though at another time she would have scouted it, and she began to hope that the wail which had dismayed her might have been only the wind through the chink of a window. When Mrs. Palmer looked at the child, however, her heart misgave her, and Kathleen instantly saw it.

"You think her worse," she said, and the landlady could only answer—

"I don't quite like her looks; but Dr. Netley will be here soon. If I were you I'd send Miss Phyllis out to get some air. I must go downstairs now." She went, very uneasy, and Kathleen bade Phyllis go. The child did not move, and when Kathleen repeated her order, answered sullenly—

"If Una is so ill, I think it is very hard I should be sent away and you stay. I'm her own sister."

Kathleen's answer was to take her by the shoulders and turn her out of the room, feeling as if Phyllis had struck her. She was nearer breaking down at that moment than she had been at all. Phyllis sat in the next room, deeply injured. Her naughtiness really was the outcome of fears for Una; she had been much more unhappy than anyone guessed; in fact, nobody had had time to think about her at all; and she was so undemonstrative that even Kathleen did not guess she was miserable. Dr. Netley found her sullen and idle when he came in.

"Well, little woman!" he said, cheerily, "how is Una?"

"I don't know. Kathleen sent me away."

"She is quite right to do so. Mind you keep well, for your sister says she does not know how she should have got through this hard time but for her helpful little *aide-de-camp*. I hear you carry all the cups and jugs up and down stairs, and do all the shopping." He put his hand kindly on the brown head. "Do you think you could be spared to take tea at my house to-day, and get some flowers?"

"I don't know if Katie will let me," said Phyllis, flushing red with mingled shame and pleasure. Kathleen came in as she spoke, and the invitation was repeated. She glanced at the child's anxious, pleading face, and consented, too generous to punish her for the pain she had given, and was rewarded by a look of penitent gratitude, and a shy kiss. Phyllis rarely offered a kiss; when she did, it meant a great deal.

Dr. Netley's face was grave when he saw his little patient, and Kathleen watched it as if her own life depended on his verdict.

"Yes, I am a little disappointed," he said. "Everything now depends on skilled nursing—experienced nursing, I mean. You must have someone from the Institute. I will see about it."

Kathleen knew this meant two guineas a week, and the nurse's food.

"Dr. Netley!" she exclaimed, and it was like a cry of pain, "we cannot afford it. I dare not get into debt, even for—for—this! I'll write to my brother; he may help me."

Poor Kathleen was brought very low when she came to this. Dr. Netley could not bear to see the look in her face, as she stood with her eyes on Una, lying unconscious of their presence. He was hurried on to speak sooner than he had intended; he had meant to make the ground sure first.

"Kathleen!" he said, and she started and turned to him, "I have loved you almost from the first day we met; give me a brother's right to help little Una."

Kathleen started away. She was unprepared for his words, and all that Lady Dacre had said came tingling back.

"I can't!—never speak of such a thing!" she cried. "You are very kind, I know, but it is absolutely impossible. Ah, don't let me lose my friend! I have nobody else to look to!"

"Then take me as a friend," he said, putting a strong force on himself for her sake; "forget what I have said, and believe only how heartily I wish to help you."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Kathleen, scarcely yet realising what had been offered and rejected. "Tell me again; if we were well off, what should you order for Una? Do you think the nurse could wait till James answers me? No? Ah!"

He could not understand the white despair in her face as she listened.

"Yes—yes—I see; for a long while she must have skilled nursing, and by-and-by the most nourishing food, and then change of air," she said, when he had replied. "With all that she may live, without it she will die. I am glad you told me quite plainly. And there is not any time to lose. Send the nurse, please."

He went away with a heartache for her even more than for himself, for he did not think his cause lost, though deferred *sine die*. She could think only of Una; he might have known that. But it was hard not to dare to take any of the heavy expenses on himself. What on earth was Lady Dacre about that she did not contrive to lend a helping hand?

Lady Dacre was preserving a masterly inaction, feeling that fate was working for her, and quite in good humour again with Kathleen, for whom she was really sorry, though she would not help her until she came to terms, for all Mrs. Palmer's broad hints. Hearing Dr. Netley go downstairs, she came out and asked his opinion of his patient, and was a little startled to find it so serious. She went up and tapped at Kathleen's door with an expression of condolence. Kathleen was as pale as a ghost—even her lips were white.

"Yes, she's very ill; and she ought to have so many things I can't get."

"Just so. The pinch has come, as I once told you it would, my poor child, and you cannot meet it. But we must not lose little Una; I will see she has everything she requires now, and change of air later, on condition—mind, on condition—you show yourself a reasonable creature, and accept Miss Leigh's offer."

Kathleen had looked up at first, divided between repugnance and gratitude; now the colour which had begun to return all faded out of her face, her hands dropped along her sides, she stood dumb, pallid, stricken to the heart.

"Now, my dear, be sensible for once," said Lady Dacre, smitten with a sudden pang at what she had done. "I am not going to reason; I have had enough of that. Accept or refuse, as you like, but remember you must take the consequences."

"'Tis you that must take the consequences," burst out Kathleen, flinging up her hands and clasping them above her head. "God forgive you for the strait you've put me in this day! If I break my word never to part with the children, it's my heart is breaking with it, mother dear, and that you know if you see me now. Oh, my little Una! my little Una! Yes, you'll get your way, Lady Dacre; but all that comes of it to me and the children is on your head—you'll think of that, maybe, one day."

She waited for no reply. Lady Dacre was more disturbed than she cared to own, but on the whole she was delighted with her victory, and kept to her conditions unstintingly, ringing immediately for Mrs. Palmer, and desiring her to procure everything the sick child could need, and she even succeeded in forgetting the look on Kathleen's face which had almost shaken her resolution, nor did any misgiving assail her until evening, when, as she had asked him to do, Dr. Netley came in with a report of the little invalid.

"A shade better; I think she may pull through if she has proper comforts. It was time to have a nurse; Miss O'Kelly looks to-night like breaking down."

"Worn out with fretting."

"And nursing night and day. She will want change as much as the child."

"Leave all that to me. I shall see to everything; I told Miss O'Kelly so."

"I am very glad indeed to hear it," said Dr. Netley, with surprise and pleasure.

"Of course I made my conditions. If I help, she must withdraw her absurd opposition to Miss Leigh's offer."

"Oh! Exactly! I understand better now. Well, it is your affair."

"Just so; but I don't see why you imply I am a hard-hearted tyrant," said Lady Dacre, testily, ruffled to see the approving look which had lighted up his face pass into cool disapproval.

"I imply nothing; but I tell you the child will want most careful nursing for the next two or three months."

"She shall have it."

"Very good." He rose to go, much to Lady Dacre's dissatisfaction.

"Can't you stay and tell me something fresh? Is nobody married or buried, or ruined? Nobody comes near me, and you as good as say I am a bore, which is not civil."

"If I said anything, it would be that you are only too clever."

He would not stay, pleading patients and letters to write, truly enough, but she knew that if he had not disapproved of her course of action he would have found time to stay a little longer.

"You would stay fast enough if Kathleen were here; 'her eyes are lode stars, and her tongue'—well, hardly sweet air. What a wild cat it can be! I would not advise anyone I know to marry that young lady, to say nothing of the papa—not absolutely a swindler, I daresay, but tarred with that brush, you know."

"Good-night. You are kinder at heart than you sometimes seem."

She held his hand so fast that he could not withdraw it without roughness.

"Yes, yes, you are out of temper because I have thwarted Miss O'Kelly. I know, I know! Have your cheque book ready for papa when he turns up; he will, I tell you he will, and you'll want it before he has been ten minutes in the house!" .

Meanwhile Kathleen was answering Phyllis's questions as to how the nurse was to be paid for by telling her the facts. She felt as if this cast off all power of retreat, but she had given her word and meant to keep it. Phyllis listened with wide-open eyes.

"You will let us go—to Aunt Penelope? Are we to come back for holidays?"

"How can I tell?" answered poor Kathleen.

"Perhaps we shall spend them with aunt," said Phyllis, whose deliberate mind had only taken in the bare fact, and did not yet realise what it meant to Kathleen.

She got no answer; Kathleen leant her head on Una's pillow, and fought through some of the worst minutes of her life. She was so beaten that she hardly looked up when the nurse and Mrs. Palmer came in together, but she heard Mrs. Palmer ask, in a whisper, "What do you think of her?" and the nurse reply, "I think we shall get her well," and then she started up exclaiming, "Do you? Do you really?"

"Yes, I can see she is taking a turn for the better," the nurse answered.

It seemed to Kathleen that her sacrifice was accepted; this was the reward. She must bear what it cost her, and say nothing, and by-and-by make the separation seem as light to Una as she could. Her heart went out in a passionate cry for strength for herself, and that it might all be for the best for the children she so loved, and then she put what was coming aside, and only thought of Una, who indeed for many a long day and night crept so slowly back to health that she seemed to make hardly any progress. Lady Dacre went away, directing that as soon as the invalid could be moved, Price should take her and Phyllis to her house, remaining in charge of them until Una was fit for school. She tried to make Kathleen promise to bring them, but Kathleen would not be her guest, even if she could have left her work or afforded the journey, and so far her ladyship was baffled; but she fully believed she would get her own way in this as in the other matter, and resolved to bait her trap by having the little girls in the Easter holidays, and inviting Kathleen to meet them. It was nearly Christmas before Una could be moved, but Kathleen saw each day slip by with a new pang. It seemed to her that she should have nothing to live for, and no excuse for declining James's renewed invitation, especially as he had written very kindly, and sent her a five-pound note unasked, "for necessary expenses." She looked at the children as if death itself were about to part them, and had to call up all her courage to reply cheerfully to Una's wistful "I do wish you were going to Lady Dacre's with us, sister." Kathleen had not dared yet to tell the fragile child of the longer parting in store for them. "Oh, if they will but take care of her! She might so easily be made very unhappy," she would think.

Phyllis said little, not quite sure whether living in her castle in the air would be as agreeable as she had fancied, and slowly perceiving that Kathleen had been everything to them. Only, when the last morning at St. Petrox came and they stood together on the platform of the railway station, Una in tears, Mrs. Price in a great fuss about luggage and foot-warmers, Kathleen bracing herself up with all the energy she had to smile and console the little one, who looked still so frail and pitiful, Phyllis held her hand tight and whispered, "I'll try to take care of her like you, Katie."

And then the guard hurried them into the carriage, the whistle shrieked, and the train moved off, so that Dr. Netley, driving up to the station, and hastening across the platform, had barely time, with no ticket, to jump into the carriage where the children were, and call back to Kathleen, "I'm going to Tilmouth—I'll bring you back news of them to-morrow!" If it had been anyone else, Kathleen could not have forgiven them for cheating her of a last look by blocking up the window, but as it was, the promise and the kindness let in a ray of light on the black troubles which seemed rising over her very head.

(To be continued.)

"WHY AM I SO PALE?"

By MEDICUS

The subject of this paper is one which I feel sure will be of great interest to only too many of our readers. But to commence with, let no girl imagine from the title that it is simply a question of complexion. It goes far deeper than the skin; it is a matter of constitution itself.

The word *anæmia* (literally, "bloodlessness)" is one that a few years ago might have been called a strictly medical term. Now it has become to a great measure "lay," and has come to be understood by thousands, from simply hearing it from the doctor's lips.

"'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that the struggle for bare existence gets harder year by year, as time goes on, and greater and greater grows the number of those who fall by the way, or, which is sometimes just as bad, fall to the rear in the fight for bread.

It is never my desire, however, to talk in a disheartening way. I dearly love to look at the bright side of things, and to encourage my readers to do the same. In the very darkest night there are always stars away behind the clouds, and often when we least expect it, there comes a rift in the sky, and light and hope shine through.

Now I will tell you what I trust this short paper may accomplish. I trust it may be the means—with the blessing of Providence—of guiding many an overworked and weary lassie back to the paths of health, and bringing the bloom once more to her cheeks, the brightness to her eyes, and the smile to her lips—without very much self-doctoring either. Indeed, it is well known that as a general rule I deprecate self-doctoring. It was only the other day I met two oh, such pale girls coming away from the dispensary, each hugging a bottle of medicine. I could not help sighing for them. Their hearts were in those bottles, hope was in those bottles, and they would probably trust to the medicine, and the medicine alone, to put nerve and strength once more into their work-worn frames. But ten to one they would be disappointed.

Why am I so pale? It is a question that girls ask themselves every day, not in London only, not in great cities only, such as Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool, or Manchester, but in towns and villages, aye, and in country parishes throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever indeed the well-known blue cover of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is seen on a railway bookstall, and that is putting it wide enough surely. Now the very fact that I have just mentioned makes the question all the more difficult for me to answer, that at the best

I can but generalise. But very much good can often be done even by generalisation.

Let me try if I cannot attain to that good.

There are thoughts, however, that tend in a measure to damp my energy in writing a thesis like the present, and cause my pen to move somewhat tardily even at the commencement. I cannot forget that girls who suffer from bloodlessness or anæmia are usually but little inclined to do much for themselves, although their restoration to health rests so much on their own end of the lever. They would prefer to hang on to the skirts of the doctor's *toga*. They resemble in one way a man whom I once saw saved from a watery grave through the exertions of a bold and energetic swimmer. The drowning man could swim a little himself, but made never a movement, as more than I can testify. He preferred resting all his weight on his rescuer, who got to the beach at last, completely "pumped," and lay like a dead thing on the shingle for a quarter of an hour.

I tell you, girls, that if you desire to be well—as well as you used to be in the bright days of yore—you must yourselves put a hand to the wheel.

There is a couplet running through my mind at this moment, which I cannot correctly quote. But this is somewhat near it—

"The remedies we from heaven implore
Ofttimes in ourselves do lie."

If paleness of the countenance be merely natural, there is something to be said even in favour of it, for an over-rosy face is seldom desirable, even from a health point of view. Depend upon it that the girl whose cheeks are so very red in fine weather as to turn bluish in cold, is very far indeed from being in a state of good health. She is making blood too fast, she eats well perhaps, but not wisely; she neglects her morning bath, and takes but little genuine, wholesome, pleasant exercise. Putting all things together, she is liable to internal congestions and external congestions, and mayhap to inflammations themselves. She will be more liable to catch cold too, and when she does so, it is very likely a most disagreeable cold indeed. She has so much spare blood, not to say tissue, in her body, that the cold finds itself quite at home, and may settle down on her chest or in her head, and remain there for a month.

A pale complexion, if an unhealthy one, is very easily diagnosed. It has its concomitants. There may be a dark semi-circle under the eyes, or there may *not* be; but you will nearly always find a blue or greenish or yellowish tint on the lower part of the nose close to the inner corners of the eyes. The lips also will be found paler than they should be, and even the gums and tongue—though this latter is not invariable—while in many cases the breath is very far indeed from being sweet. In the event of the breath being offensive in anæmia, the mouth may be gargled with water to which a little Sanitas toilet fluid has been added, or Condy's fluid may be used to tinge the mouth wash, but this is only a temporary palliative. We must get to the root of the mischief, and this lies in the impoverished blood. The anæmic countenance is marked also by less brilliancy of eye, and probably with a little drooping, if not swelling, of the upper eyelid. And just as the eye is less bright, so is there less animation of manner—more languor too than accords with a state of true healthfulness. This languor amounts at times to positive dulness and misery. Though easily roused, when with a companion, to either laughter or tears, the girl would often rather be alone, although when alone she will undoubtedly mope.

Well, there are a great many causes for paleness which I do not mean to treat of here. I shall say nothing, for example, about actual constitutional illness, such as disease of lungs or other internal organs. Illness such as this must be seen to by the nearest physician within reach of one's home.

In addition to the external signs of anæmia or blood poverty, there are often internal or constitutional symptoms, which are all too apparent to the sufferer herself, whatever they may be to others. One of these is the occasional occurrence of a dull, distressing headache, accompanied by general weariness and sleepy feeling about the eyes. It is but the plaint of a badly-nourished brain, for a good meal will often banish it, and it is worse when one is tired and hungry. It may be a throbbing, pulsating headache, which makes the sufferer long to lie down, because the prone position usually eases it. With this headache there may be different sorts of noises in the ears.

Backache, too, is very common.

There may sometimes be fluttering at the heart, which brings on uneasy thoughts about heart disease; there are specks before the eyes, little floating dark things in the air, like the ghosts of household flies. In summer even the girl is apt to suffer from chilliness, not only in feet and legs, but along the spine; in winter, chilblain is far from uncommon, and an attempt is made to cure it by means of outward applications, which at the best only give temporary relief.

When I add that such girls are easily startled into confusion of thought and idea, and that their nerves feel thoroughly unstrung, I believe I have said enough about the symptoms.

Although among other causes of anæmia the direct loss of blood in any way may rank high, the class of cases I have in my mind's eye at present is that in which grave errors in diet and mode of life have to account for the blood poverty.

The want of sufficient food on the one hand would cause it, while on the other, the want of ability to eat even the best of food would have the same results.

Let us take the first-named cause to begin with, and here I am aware I have to address the ill-paid work-weary girls who spend much of their time in shops or in factories. Their employments are of themselves unhealthy enough, but I can assure them that their lives can be made more happy and healthy too if they order them aright, and according to the rules that not even the richest noble in the land can afford to despise. A girl's pay is poor, but does she do the best with its outlay? I happen to know that many girls do not, nor many married women either. The great stumbling-block to a generous scale of diet is the health-crushing fallacy that meat, meat, meat, as often as it can be had, is necessary for existence.

Do I not see poor women on Saturday nights often and often spread around butchers' stalls, buying flesh that, from its stringiness, or its poverty, or age, is unfit for human food! Ten times better would they be in health if they left it alone; or that undigestible garbage, potted or tinned meats, are indulged in. Bad fish is worse even than bad meat. Bad meat and fish are expensive, and three times the amount of good blood can be made from pea-meal, oatmeal, good bread, lentils, and mealy potatoes, with a little butter and plenty of milk, for half the money. If a relish is needed with any of these flour foods, a morsel of wholesome bacon is better than a hundredweight of that awful Saturday-bought beef.

Tea, tea, tea is another health-destroying mistake. It would not matter so very much if the tea were good, but I have never seen or known good tea yet sold under half-a-crown, and that at three shillings is cheaper and better far in the long run than a mixed mess at 1s. 6d. Cocoa nibs are much better for a working girl's breakfast or dinner than either tea or coffee. They are easily prepared. But here is such a simple wholesome breakfast dish for the pale-faced girl. Get good peameal. Get it in bulk if possible, not in packets, which are dearer and no better. Put, say, a couple of large tablespoonfuls of the meal into a small basin with a teaspoonful of salt, and pour boiling water over it as if making starch. It ought to be very thick. When slightly cooled, place a piece of nice butter on it, and eat with milk to cool the mouth. This is a dish which keeps the roses on the cheeks of many an Aberdeen and Dundee work-a-day lassie, and it ought to be used in England.

Oatmeal—the medium, not the fine or coarse—can be treated in the same way. Or porridge of oatmeal may be made, with medium oatmeal, as fresh as you can get it, and with no "nip" to it. The coarse oatmeal requires half an hour to boil; the porridge made from the medium is ready three minutes after it is thick enough. Porridge made with milk instead of water is another blood-making dish. No girl, I say, need be pale from want of food if to an almost complete extent she abjures cheap meat, and uses flour-food like the above. Well, we have stale bread and milk, and mashed potatoes eaten with butter and milk. Girls, will you try some of these? Thank you. Now for medicine, for you will need that as a help.

Of course you may require some simple aperient now and then, but be careful, for opening medicine may weaken the frame still more.

Abjure all kinds of advertised remedies. For the most part they are but "booms" from the Yankee market; and the advertisers care nothing whether you live in a well-furnished room or die in a gutter, so long as they pocket the money.

Well, iron is the great remedy for anæmia. The simplest form is that usually called steel drops, and of this you ought to take from ten to fifteen drops in a wineglassful of water thrice a day, after meals, for, say, three weeks. Leave off for a time, and begin again. But this form of iron is apt to constipate the system. Well, there is the dialysed iron drops. Try these; the dose is just the same.

Could any remedy be more simple or less complicated? I think not; and assuredly none is better.

So now I have advised you about food and medicine, let me say a word about the second great cause of paleness, or anæmia—namely, inability to eat enough, even when you have good food to eat and plenty of it. Here again the remedy does not lie in clutching the doctor's toga-skirt, but in your own fair hands. You may tell me you have no time for exercise, no time for a morning sponge-bath, no time for this, that, or t'other. But I tell you that you must make time. A good long walk ought to be taken every day. Let it be a brisk walk, to secure good action of the body. It is far better for you to walk than to read.

Fresh air again is most essential to your recovery. Lower your window a few inches at night, and see that the chimney is not stuffed. Take a bath every morning, and rub down well with rough towels. Seek for cheerful society when you have a chance, but induce your companions to go for a healthful walk rather than stop in the house.

Dress warmly, but lightly. If you obey these rules your appetite will return. It may be aided, however, by getting a chemist to make you up a bitter vegetable tonic, with a few drops of diluted phosphoric acid to each dose, and take a dose a quarter of an hour before each meal.

In conclusion, let me remind my readers of one lamentable fact; it is this—thousands of girls suffer from paleness of countenance through tight-lacing.

SWEET MARJORAM.

By DARLEY DALE.

AUTUMN was early that year, the beeches and elms put on their golden crowns at the end of August; the air was chill, and filled with the autumnal spirit. It was a wet season, and the corn lay about in the fields till it seemed a new meaning might be read into the text "seed-time and harvest shall not cease," for impatient farmers feared harvest would never be over.

By the side of a reedy meadow, where the tall spikes of purple loose-strife and the handsome magenta flowers of the rose-bay threw a rosy tint over the pale glaucous leaves of the rushes, and made the pink feathery tufts of hemp agrimony look dingy and faded and washed out—by the side of these walked a man and a girl.

He was young and dark and handsome. She was tall and slight and fair; not beautiful, but very sweet-looking and graceful in all her movements.

They had just met, not for the first time, and unless some cruel fate intervened to prevent them, not for the last.

They walked slowly past the overgrown hedges, where the traveller's-joy spread its white feathery blossoms in beautiful confusion, and the wild briony twined its brilliant leaves and berries among the bushes, and the sweet marjoram shed its aromatic perfume far and wide; but they heeded not the autumnal tints and late wildflowers; they were absorbed in each other.

"I came to look for some sweet marjoram," said he, as she paused to gather a piece.

"Why don't you gather some, then? There is plenty," laughed she.

"I wish I could. Sweet Marjery, will you be gathered?" And he caught hold of her hand which held the fragrant flower.

And only a sedate old thrush and a perky little chaffinch, who were in the bush they stood by, and some swallows who soared overhead, saw what happened next. The thrush kept his own counsel, and the swallows soon went south, taking the secret with them, and the chaffinch never told anyone but his mate.

Presently the girl smoothed her pretty golden hair, and bent her head to adjust her hat, showing her admiring lover the pretty turn of her neck and the broad streak of gold like a sunbeam in her upturned hair, and then she turned to him, and said—

"I feel very selfish to be so happy, the very day Malcolm is sailing."

Malcolm was her twin-brother, and if report said true, rather a scapegrace; but to hint as much to Marjery, who loved him, would have been to forfeit her esteem for ever.

"How devoted you are to Malcolm!" said Edward Grey, jealously.

"Yes, I am; he is my twin-brother, you know. I believe I could die for Malcolm," said the girl, frankly, her sweet face kindling with devotion to this brother.

"And what would you do for me?" said he, eagerly.

"Oh, I'll live for you, my love," she whispered, shyly.

And he was satisfied.

Then the shadows lengthened, the day waned, the lovers parted; he went to his solitary lodgings, she to her still more solitary home; for the so-called loneliness of living alone is less than the loneliness of living with uncongenial companions.

Marjery and Malcolm Buchanan were orphans, and had lived with an uncle and aunt since their eighth year. This couple were childless, and neither liked nor understood children; they brought the twins up very strictly, ruling them by fear, not by love. This method, while it did no harm to Marjery, who was by nature sweet and gentle, obedient and easy to rule, was ruin to Malcolm, who, though easy to lead, was hard to drive, and but for Marjery's sake he would long ago have broken loose and run away.

Mr. Buchanan was a lawyer, and though Malcolm hated the law, his uncle insisted on his following the same profession; the boy refused, and, whether wilfully or not, failed to pass his preliminary examination, whereupon Mr. Buchanan sent him out to Manitoba to learn sheep-farming, and he was to sail the evening Marjery and Edward Grey became engaged.

Malcolm raised no objection to going to Manitoba; he was nearly of age, and he came in to two hundred a year on his twenty-first birthday; then he meant to be an artist; meanwhile he had no objection to seeing a little of the world. What he did object to was, his uncle refused to advance him any money, but sent him out with about ten pounds in his pocket when he reached his destination.

In vain Malcolm stormed and vowed he would have more; in vain Marjery begged her uncle to yield. Mr. Buchanan was obdurate. Malcolm would be boarded and lodged by the farmer to whom he was going; he took out plenty of clothes; he would only squander more money if he had it, so he should go without it.

Marjery offered Malcolm her little savings, but he refused to take them, telling her not to fear, he would be even with the old screw yet; and in this frame of mind he left his home.

When Marjery entered the house that evening, having left Dr. Grey with the intention of meeting him by the same meadow the next day, she was called into the dining-room by her aunt, in a tone which boded no good to her.

"I hope they are not going to bully me now Malcolm is gone; if they do I shall tell Edward," thought the girl, as she entered the room.

Mr. Buchanan was standing with his back to the fireplace, his coat-tails under his arm; he was short and stout, with a thick neck, a bullet-head, and red face; his red face was redder than ever, and his whole manner betokened violent anger. Mrs. Buchanan, a little, prim, thin woman, with a sharp pointed nose and a hard mouth, which contained a still harder tongue, was sitting by the dinner-table, working; in front of her stood an empty cash-box.

"Look here, Miss Marjery, look at your beautiful brother's fine doings, the young thief!"

"Uncle Tom," interrupted Marjery, "Malcolm is no thief."

"Hold your tongue, miss, and listen to what your uncle has to say," put in Mrs. Buchanan.

"How dare you contradict me? There was fifteen pounds in my cash-box last night; when I opened it just now it was empty. Who else but that young thief—thief, I say!—could have taken it?" And the angry lawyer roared out the word "thief" at the top of his voice.

"I am sure Malcolm didn't," said Marjery, gently.

"I say he did; but if either of you think he is going to get off unpunished, you are mistaken. I mean to prosecute him. If the ship has sailed before my message reaches Liverpool, he will be arrested on landing at New York, and he will get six months' hard labour for this job!"

"Uncle Tom, you would not be so cruel! Arrest Malcolm! You could not do it," cried Marjery, clasping her hands in agony, and turning her pale face, with the tears streaming down it, up to her angry uncle.

"I shall do it," stormed Mr. Buchanan.

"But Malcolm is innocent; I know he is innocent," pleaded Marjery.

"How do you know it?" demanded the lawyer.

"Did you do it yourself?" sneered his wife.

Marjery did not answer. She threw up her small head haughtily; and then a sudden thought came to her, and she smiled a smile which her uncle thought sweet and her aunt pronounced insolent.

"You did it, I see by your face. You can't deny it," said Mrs Buchanan, angrily.

Again Marjery smiled; and this time Mr. Buchanan thought there was triumph in the smile.

"Don't be absurd, wife. Marjery is as honest as you and I," said Mr. Buchanan, shortly.

"Why doesn't she deny the charge then? Because she cannot," said Mrs. Buchanan.

"I shall not attempt to," said Marjery.

"Then go to your own room and stay there until you confess your wickedness," said Mrs. Buchanan.

"Answer one way or the other, Marjery. Deny this accusation at once, or if you have really robbed me for that scamp's sake, confess it and I will forgive you," said Mr. Buchanan, more kindly than he had yet spoken.

"I cannot," cried Marjery.

"Will not, you mean. Marjery, I insist on an answer; tell me at once did you do it? Yes or no?" said her uncle.

"I will not say," said Marjery.

"Then go to your own room, as your aunt says, until you choose to answer," said Mr. Buchanan, losing patience with his niece's obstinacy.

And Marjery, with that strange smile on her face, went.

* * * *

The next evening Edward Grey wandered alone by their trysting-place; no Marjery appeared. He waited till the twilight was deepening into night, and then he went home, disappointed, but not alarmed. He knew she was not her own mistress; perhaps she had been hindered. But the next evening and the next Marjery failed to keep her tryst, and now he began to be a prey to lovers' fears; she could not be ill, or he would have been sent for, as he attended the house. Was she repenting of her engagement? If so, why didn't she write and tell him so? Why keep him in suspense when she might so easily send him a line?

At last, by the end of the week, he could bear it no longer, so he called at the house.

Mrs. Buchanan was at home and received him, but no Marjery appeared, and no mention was made of her, till at last Dr. Grey summoned up courage to ask if she were at home.

"Yes, she is at home," was the reply, briefly and snappishly given.

"She is not ill, I trust?"

"No, she is quite well, thank you."

This was said with a tremendous sigh, and in a tone implying it was more than Marjery deserved to be.

"May I see her?" he asked, pleadingly.

"I regret to say my niece can see no one, for some time to come—for months perhaps; for if I have my way she shall be punished after she has confessed her sin."

"See no one for months! Why, what has she done to be treated so severely?" asked Dr. Grey.

"That I cannot tell you."

"But I have the right to know. Miss Buchanan has promised to be my wife, subject to her guardian's consent; and as I am in a position to marry, I see no reason why that should be withheld."

"Marjery engaged to you!" interrupted Mrs. Buchanan.

"Only since Monday evening. We had no intention of keeping it a secret. I am surprised she has not told you," said Dr. Grey.

"You will be still more surprised when you hear we fear she has broken open her uncle's cash-box, and robbed him of fifteen pounds."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the young doctor, springing to his feet.

"She has virtually confessed it, for silence gives consent, and she will not deny it," said Mrs. Buchanan, coldly.

He sat down again and buried his face in his hands, without speaking. Presently he looked up, and, in an altered voice, and with a face ashen-grey with suppressed emotion, he said—

"I must see her, and hear the truth from her own lips."

And something in his voice and manner forced Mrs. Buchanan to yield and send for Marjery. Perhaps she wished to hear the truth herself also.

Presently the door opened, and Marjery walked in, pale and grave, but with a look of proud endurance on her face her lover had not thought her capable of. That she was suffering intensely was plain enough; but there was no sign of shame or penitence on that pale, sweet countenance.

"Marjery, my sweet Marjery, what is this I hear?" said Dr. Grey, going forward with outstretched hands to greet her.

She did not advance to meet him, nor put out her own clasped hands; but with bent head she said firmly, but in an unnatural voice, which sounded afar off—

"I am in disgrace with my uncle. You cannot marry me now; I release you from our engagement."

Then there was silence. Edward Grey was puzzled. If she were guilty, sweet as she was, and much as he loved her, he would hesitate to marry her; but in spite of her conduct he did not believe it possible she could have done such a thing; he guessed she was screening Malcolm.

"Marjery," he said at last, "I do not believe it; at any rate I will take the risk."

"No," said Marjery, proudly, raising her drooping head and looking him full in the face, "I love you too well to let you marry me while I am under a cloud."

"Be it so then," said the young doctor, abruptly, after a short pause, and without another word he left the house.

The next week Marjery was told by her aunt Dr. Grey had left the place, and another doctor bought the practice.

From that day Marjery's health began to fail. Till then she had borne her virtual imprisonment in her own room, which she never left except for meals and to go to church on Sundays, very well; she preferred it to her aunt's society. If only she had been allowed to go out-of-doors, the punishment would not have been severe; but her uncle had, in the hope of making her deny the charge, or if she were guilty confess it, made her punishment as severe as he could; the sharper it was the shorter it need last, he considered; and her obstinate refusal to answer provoked him greatly.

On one point he differed from his wife; he wished to release his niece at the end of a week, but Mrs. Buchanan would not hear of it; her punishment was light enough for such obstinacy if it lasted three months, she maintained, and being a henpecked husband, he yielded, always hoping Marjery would answer.

A week after Dr. Grey left, the change in Marjery was so marked that Mr. Buchanan was alarmed, and insisted on her going out with her aunt every day, either walking or driving for air and exercise. But the colour did not return to her cheeks; her eyes looked as if they were wide awake, as indeed they were, a greater part of the night, and her appetite was so bad that they had almost to force her to eat.

At the end of a fortnight the new doctor was sent for. He shook his head; he could do nothing; the girl had something on her mind, and unless she had it removed he would not answer for the consequences. This visit resulted in Mr. Buchanan formally forgiving his niece, and saying he wished the matter to be forgotten, also he was certain the girl was innocent; but Marjery was now too ill to leave her room except for an hour or two every day, and every day that time grew shorter, and before Dr. Grey had been gone a month Marjery had taken to her bed, from which the new doctor said it was more than doubtful if she would ever rise again.

"She has some secret trouble, and she is not strong enough to bear it; she has not the physical strength to support it, and all the drugs I can get her won't give it her."

It seemed to be a kind of atrophy from which Marjery was suffering. She had no pain, but she had no wish to live, and day by day she grew weaker and weaker, till it was evident to all around her the end was not far off.

Then there came a day when Mrs. Buchanan was called from her niece's bedside to see a visitor, which, to do her justice, she seldom left, for now that Marjery lay dying her aunt did all she could to atone for her past harshness, and on going downstairs she found Dr. Grey in the drawing-room.

"Mrs. Buchanan, I must see Marjery, as I know she is innocent. I have seen Malcolm; I went to Manitoba on purpose. He took the money, and has entrusted me to refund it; he considered it his due. Where is she?"

"Upstairs, dying; there is no hope."

"Dying! God in mercy forbid it. Take me to her."

Upstairs they went, and Dr. Grey stood by the bedside of the apparently dying girl; she was shrunk almost to a skeleton, and the only scrap of colour about her was in her blue eyes and her lovely golden hair, which lay in a mass on the pillow.

"Marjery, my sweet Marjery, I knew it before I went away. I know it all now, for I have been to Manitoba and seen Malcolm. He took the money, and he has repaid it."

"Dear Malcolm! Now I shall die happy," said Marjery, a faint tinge of pink coming into her pale cheeks as she laid one of her delicate little hands in Dr. Grey's.

"You must not die, Marjery; I cannot spare you," said the young doctor, in a broken voice.

"Yes, I think I shall. Do you remember I told you I would die for Malcolm?" she said, with a faint smile.

"I do, but I remember you also said you would live for me."

"So I did—I—I should like to keep my promise," said Marjery, with a faint smile.

This was music to the doctor's ears, for he knew the wish to live was a good sign. For some days Marjery lay at death's door, but the wish to live grew stronger every day, and with the wish the will, and with the will the power, till there came a day when she was pronounced out of danger; and a month after Dr. Grey's return they stood once more by the reedy meadow, now carpeted with fallen leaves, and no longer a blaze of colour, for the loose-strife was dead and the pink petals of the rose-bay had fallen; the meadow, too, had had its sorrows, for every blade and leaf and petal has its story like the rest of us. The sweet marjoram was dead, but the girl had survived her suffering, and was daily regaining health and strength.

"We are wiser than when we last walked here, my Marjery—at least I am, for you have taught me what true love is," said he.

"But I am not sure that I know. What is it?" said Marjery.

"Self-sacrifice."

Yes, it is hard to learn, but nevertheless it is true. Love is self-sacrifice.

It is not poetry; it is not sentiment; it is not a dream; it is not romance; it is not passion; it is not selfishness; it is not softness; nor sweetness, nor weakness. Love is none of these; love is strong and noble and true; love is a reality, stern and capable of enduring; in a word, love is self-sacrifice.

MARY AYLMER;

OR,

RANCH LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH ALL ENDS HAPPILY.

A MONTH passed by and the winter snow-storms commenced. Indoors stoves were lighted all over the house, and the only outdoor amusement possible was sleighing, as walking in snow-shoes is rather too fatiguing an exercise to be indulged in for long.

A letter arrived from Mary's father telling his daughter that in the following spring she might expect to see him, for Captain Burton wanted to send someone to represent him in British Columbia on a business matter, and had asked him to undertake the affair; of his welcome to Minnetonka he felt secure, for Mrs. Elliott had not failed to express to him her great satisfaction in the pleasant companion and valuable assistant she had found in Mary.

The mountains and surrounding country looked very beautiful in their snowy mantle, the dark fir-trees standing up like sentinels here and there; the "creeks"—rivers—were frozen. The deer came down in droves quite close to the house, while flocks of wild swans and geese kept flying overhead, and one day Mr. Elliott sent home two beautiful mountain sheep. The roof of the verandah at the back of the house looked like a poulterer's shop, with its rows of prairie chickens and other such

spoils, whenever any of the male friends of the master of the house came to stay for a day or two, for there was nothing else for them to do but shoot on such occasions.

As the season advanced, the cold became intense, the thermometer frequently going down twenty degrees below zero, but the snow became perfectly hard, and the time passed quickly enough, for no moment was left unoccupied. The death of Mr. Musgrave's father in Scotland had called him suddenly to Europe, but he took care to let Mrs. Elliott know that his visit was only deferred, and that his plans and hopes for the future remained unchanged.

One stormy day in April the first visitor of the year was seen approaching; the snow was disappearing fast, and the sun gaining power every day. The mistress of the house, who was looking out of the window, did not recognise the new comer, and her husband had gone after cattle, while Mary was out for a ride. He dismounted and entered, astonishing her greatly by announcing himself as Captain Burton. She at once feared that he had brought bad news for Mary, but could not bring herself to ask. His first words, however, reassured her, when he remarked that he was the purchaser of the ranch about which Mr. Ellwood, the clergyman, had spoken, but that for reasons of his own he had not wished his name to be mentioned at the time. He had been informed that the house was in excellent repair, and had, therefore, brought his household over from the North-West for three months; and as Mr. Aylmer was now so near his daughter, and could see her at any time, he had come in person to make the acquaintance of the Elliott family, his nearest neighbours, though he begged to be allowed to go over to the guest-house, so as not to incommode them in the matter of sleeping quarters. This, of course, was not allowed, and after some hesitation he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain where he was.

As Mrs. Elliott returned to the kitchen, on hospitable cares intent, she could not help pondering as to whether any new complications were about to arise respecting Mary's affairs. When the latter returned, her astonishment was great, but the pleasure of having her father near her again seemed to overcome every other feeling. The master of the house returned in the evening, and after all had retired, his wife asked him anxiously if he had any reason to suppose Captain Burton's visit had any relation to her friend.

"I have no idea," replied her husband; "I confess that I forgot all about her when we were talking together, and he did not allude to her, of course. I am extremely pleased to have him for a neighbour anyhow. He says he has had a very good offer for Laughing Water, and he is not at all sure, if he finds Bear Lake—where he now is—to his taste, whether he shall not accept it, as the idea of making a railway at the former place has been given up, and it is too far from civilisation altogether. At Bear Lake he can get to the railway in two days in summer."

"Then if Mary did marry him she would be near us, probably."

"My dear Nelly, you are becoming a match-maker; it is far better to leave such matters to the parties most concerned."

"I know it is, but then I cannot help feeling I am a traitor to Mr. Musgrave if I let her be carried off while he is so far away, after all he said to me; I cannot help it, I know, if it is to be, but I think I ought to give her a hint as to his intentions."

"He ought to have written to the girl herself if he could not come."

"I know I should never have married you if you had only made love to me by letter."

"Indeed! Well, I have the highest opinion of your judgment, and therefore decline to interfere; I am quite sure you will not fail to do the right thing."

The result was that Mrs. Elliott found some excuse for paying a visit to Mary's room, and finding her sitting by her open wood fire, drew up a chair also, and after a little preliminary skirmishing managed to approach the matter she had so much at heart.

"My husband has just told me Captain Burton has almost decided on selling Laughing Water and settling at Bear Lake."

"So my father says in his letter, but he asked me not to mention it."

"You will be glad, won't you, dear? You do not seem as pleased as I expected."

"Yes, indeed, he is all I have."

"I do not suppose he will always be that; girls out here are expected to marry. Mary, do not be angry with me or think I want to know anything you do not choose to tell, but did it never occur to you that the reason Mr. Musgrave is so anxious to return here is because he wants to see you, and get you to like him?"

Mary did not reply for a minute or two, and then she said with a sort of effort—

"A girl cannot possibly know such a thing unless a man tells her."

"The reason he did not tell you was that he was afraid you would think it impertinent after so short an acquaintance."

"He was quite right, and I respect him all the more for refraining."

"But I have to answer his letter next mail; it is not fair to let him come all this way if it is to be for nothing."

"Dearest Nelly, think for one moment. Can I possibly refuse or accept a man who has never asked me?"

"But if you are quite sure you never would accept him, it would only be kind to hint it to me. You know I would never say a word that could compromise you. If I promise to show you my letter, will you tell me?"

Mary laughed outright at her friend's persistence, and after remarking that Mr. Musgrave was fortunate to have such a faithful friend, declared she would say no more that night, but that when the letter had to be written they would speak of it again, if necessary, and with this Mrs. Elliott had to be content.

Next day the two men went off according to custom, and returned in the evening for supper and a chat by the fire. This went on for several days, and Mary had the opportunity of a good gallop on such afternoons. She was returning one day, about four o'clock, when she found a gate, hitherto always left open, had been for some reason shut; she had just dismounted to undo the fastening, when she heard footsteps approaching, and, turning round, found Captain Burton at her side.

"Somebody has come up the lake in a little steamer," he said to her, "and I have been despatched to find you and take you down there. The rest of the household started half an hour ago to see this infant prodigy, and we are to meet them there; the Indian is coming along to take the horses back, as it is a nasty place for you to ride. Shall you mind walking down in your habit?"

"Not in the least, but the other path is much shorter than this way," she replied, as he turned to follow a trail through the wood.

"It is very wet, there is so much snow still; there is no hurry, the steamer remains over-night."

Mary had taken the route she recommended only two days before, and on horseback, and had no recollection of finding it either very difficult to ride over or very wet, but followed where he led in silence.

After a desultory conversation about nothing in particular, he began to talk to her about her father, a subject on which she could be eloquent enough.

"I cannot tell you what a difference his coming has made in my life," he said; "it was so miserable not to have a soul to speak to in the evenings, for one can get through the day well enough; but now we have a really good time, and I think he is as happy as he could be without you. There are only seven years between us, but he is so much older and graver than his years, yet he is the most pleasant companion I have ever come across, and I think he feels as if he were a sort of elder brother of mine. I have not told you a certain piece of news, though, which I hope you will like to hear: a public appointment has been offered me, and I have accepted it on condition that he will become my secretary; at last he has said yes."

Mary felt almost certain the post had been accepted solely for her father's sake, in order to give him some employment which would ensure him an income, but she only murmured, "You are too good."

"Nonsense; it is a mere matter of dollars and cents. He will do a lot of work for me which I should never get through without his help, and I shall get the credit of it."

She did not speak for some moments, and when he glanced at her the tears were in her eyes.

"Mary, you are not vexed about it? You do not think I have done wrong to persuade him to stay with me?"

In her vexation that he should have noticed her tears, she hardly observed that he had used her christian name—an old habit that had been given up some years ago when she announced herself as grown up.

"I am so horribly lonely," he continued. "You refused to come yourself, Mary, therefore you need not grudge me his company. I have wondered sometimes, dear, whether you could not be brought to think that over again, and if there is no one you like better—for I have heard something about young Musgrave," he added emphatically—"why should you not try to like me a little?"

"I do like you, you know it; how could I help it when you have been so good to him? Do you think I do not see through it all, because I say nothing?"

He looked for one moment at her blushing but animated face, and the bright eyes still wet, but now boldly facing him, instead of being turned away, and then remarked in a quiet, grave tone, "Sit down here a few minutes; we cannot possibly get down to the lake in time to meet them now, and I want a quiet talk with you."

"I had rather walk on, if you do not mind."

"I do mind; however, if you will not sit down, perhaps you will allow me to lean over this fence and finish our talk thus; I will not go on, and I will not leave you." His tone had changed a little, for he had been quick to note that she only seemed to evade his remarks, not to reply to them.

"Look me in the face, dear, and tell me honestly whether you care for anyone else."

"No."

He came quickly to her side, and, taking her hand in his, said earnestly, "If there is any hope for me, I ought to know it."

Neither of them quite knew how it happened, but before she had any time to reply, her face was pressed against his shoulder, and something was whispered in her ear to which she managed to say "Yes," and then he was content.

When they returned, the happiness which could be plainly read in both faces told its own tale, and Mrs. Elliott remarked to Mary that evening that after all her letter to Mr. Musgrave would not give her much trouble, though for his sake she regretted the news she had to tell him.

Mary's wedding is to take place as soon as possible, and those who know both bride and bridegroom believe that their married life will be the happiest that can be imagined.

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

A WINTER WALK ACROSS THE PARK.

THOSE who are in the habit of noticing the photographs of royal and celebrated personages in the shop windows, and have consequently seen the latest one of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, will be perfectly prepared to hear that the dress bodices which have been worn short for the last ten years have suddenly lengthened by from four to six inches. The recent one of H.R.H. in a white dress gives this added length very clearly, and shows how becoming and pretty it is. These new bodices have lapels, turned back to show a vest, just as they were worn early last year. All kinds of figures will profit by this change, the young and the middle-aged as well, for in spite of the æsthetic idea that the true and natural waist-line is just under the arms, where it was placed in those early days when Waterloo was fought, and our grandfathers were wearing short waists as well, we still cling to the long waist as known in the days of Queen Elizabeth. In the evening, however, on young people we constantly see the short "Empire gown," with its plain full skirt, short-waisted bodice, and wide sash with a very large bow at the back. There is a very little flounce round the edge of the skirt, which is hemmed and put on with a beading about an inch wide.

I hear it reported that we are to leave off the use of foundation skirts, and return to single skirts without one. The new skirts made in this way are fuller at the back, a whole breadth, at least, being needed to make them look full enough. The newest skirts are perfectly plain in the front and sides, the back being set in gathers or large box-pleats. Tucks are in great favour as a finish to these skirts, and so is velvet ribbon, which is put on in graduated rows, from wide to narrow, both on the skirt and on the bodice and sleeves. Tucks are, as a general rule, better run-in by hand than sewn by machine, as the dust appears to make a permanent settlement in them when machine-run.

Bodices fasten in any and every way, save straight up the front; across the front, under the arms, and even buttoned up at the back (the latter an old style revived, which is rapidly coming again into favour); all these are more liked than the straight line of buttons so long worn. Even buttons are doomed as well, and it is difficult now to persuade one's dressmaker to make anything but the old eyelet-hole, with hooks to close up the front of the dress, even if she do not prefer the regular eye; and when you kick at the innovation, and say you hoped all such horrors as eyelet-holes had passed away for ever, she will probably assure you that she never uses buttons now, and that they, in their turn, are "out," while those horrid little holes and tiresome unhookable hooks are "in."

The large rosettes, which were first seen on the autumn millinery, have now extended themselves to dresses, and are used very largely. For millinery they are made by frilling-up one edge of the ribbon (which should be about two and a half inches wide) with a drawstring, which, when pulled up, draws the ribbon into a round shape like a flower. Two rosettes are usually worn, of different colours. The rosette when applied to dress goes under the name of "*chou*," and is generally made of the material of the dress, cut on the bias, folded in two, and pleated-up in single pleats, turned one way. A round piece of foundation net is needful, and on this the pleated-up stuff is sewn; beginning at the outer edge, and working to the centre round and round, and finishing off very neatly. They are used on the bodice as well as the skirt. For instance, a dress would have one on each shoulder at the top of the sleeve, and at the waist on the bodice, and three on the side of the skirt, drawing the side folds together.

Children's dresses show more than ever the influence of historic portraiture, and at present Sir Joshua Reynolds and perhaps Vandyke seem in the ascendant. These quaint little picture-gowns are made of velvet, plush, and Liberty silks. They are made with high or low necks, generally the first-named, short waists and plain skirts, with the orthodox large bow at the back, and wide folded sash. The shoes are usually rather high, with buckles, and the long skirt nearly touches the ground. The little pelisses for children, which are so easily donned and so quickly taken off, and conveniently cover the whole figure, have been extremely popular, and will continue so during the spring. They protect the whole dress, and are a most comfortable covering. The skirt is gathered on the basque, the sleeves are Bishop shaped, and a thick woollen girdle or cord and tassel is tied round the waist. There is sometimes also a little double cape, which can be taken on or off. The pelisse idea is also being carried out in cloaks for grown people, and I should not be surprised if we found pelisses again the rage for the coming winter of '90 and '91. They are more dressy and useful than the ulster, and can be worn on different occasions with any dress beneath them. The redingote was not so practical a garment, for it was made of cloth, and its tight fit rendered it unsuitable to many people.

The warm "Granny bonnets," of such thick materials as velvet, cloth, or plush, which have been so long in fashion for children's use, have been much found fault with of late by the doctors, who consider their use bad for the eyes, and over-heating to the head. So we see a very general tendency to return to the soft turban hats made of folded material, and edged with fur, either real or imitation. A fashionable children's modiste is showing a new style, called the "Princess Elizabeth," after the interesting but ill-fated young daughter of King Charles I., who is represented as wearing in her childhood a close caul-cap, with a horseshoe-shaped crown, with two rosettes on the side of the head, and tied under the chin with narrow ribbon. It is only to be expected that, after Stuart and Tudor exhibitions, we should find traces of the fashions of those gorgeous days appearing in the dress of our own. These close cauls have been worn by the tiny bridesmaids at several of the recent weddings. There is another shape for them also, which is much the same as the skull caps worn by old gentlemen, or those we see in pictures of the thirteenth century. For grown-up bridesmaids, hats are perhaps mostly worn, but there seems a likelihood of a return to the tulle veils of some years ago, and they are inexpensive, as well as pretty.

In "Two Braided Dresses" are shown the new ways of making up these much worn gowns, and also the latest methods of dressing the hair; the figure standing with her back to us wearing it in a loose knot, which is Greek in its style and form. The length of basques and bodices are plainly shown in our illustrations, and to what extent they fall over the hips. The new sleeve, as illustrated, is much worn, and looks almost like a small doll's petticoat in shape. It may be of lace, or of the material of the gown, and is sometimes pleated or fluted in "accordion pleats." The new way of making up plaided materials on the cross is shown here, in the left-hand figure, who wears a tweed tailor-made gown, with a waistcoat of crimson silk. The "Winter Walk" shows the three newest head coverings of the season, and one of the new sleeves applied to a tweed or cloth and velvet gown. Boas are as much worn as they have been for some time past, and even the high fur collars have not taken their places, perhaps because they give one the air of being rather muffled up, and the plain round collar seems really warm enough for the present very mild winter weather. Many more sealskins are seen this season than usual; but the favourite furs seem to be black fox and grey astrachan.

We are returning to kid gloves, and our fancy for Swede leather—though existing still—is transferred from our hands to our feet; at least, the newest shoes look like Swede, but, I believe, are really called "house leather," the surface being dressed to look like velvet. This can be dyed, it is said, to any hue; so perhaps we shall see a reign of coloured shoes to match the dress. No large bows are seen upon them, only small cut-steel or jet ornaments, with no ribbons. Patent leather is still used, and I hear of materials such as silk, velvet, and satins, which were in use during the Tudor period, being adopted, especially for the house, with rich embroidery and ornamentation. The

THE NEW SLEEVE EPAULETTE AND A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

TWO BRAIDED DRESSES, AND SENORITA JACKET.

stockings one sees seem all to be embroidered; but for all that, women of good taste cling to the plain and neat black stockings and shoes, and these, I fancy, will not soon go out of date. The excessively plain skirts appear to have brought in the need for flounces on the under petticoats, and three or even four are commonly seen. Satin, shot silk, and coloured sateens are the materials in favour, and the plain skirts are thus a little held out, and walking is rendered rather more comfortable through the fulness given by the flounces.

We have selected for our paper patterns this month two of small size, *i.e.*, the "Senorita jacket" and a gaiter; the latter now so much worn, and felt to be such a very comfortable addition to their winter dress, by many women and girls who are obliged to go out in all weathers, and face all kinds and conditions of walking, both in country and in town. They are generally worn over shoes, not boots, and button up as high on the leg as may be desired. If the pattern should be thought too high, it can be cut lower. There are three pieces in the pattern, one inside piece and two outside ones, *i.e.*, on the button side, and about one yard and a quarter of cloth, tweed, or serge is needed to make them. The lining is of stout black linen, and the buttons are also black. Black elastic or leather may be used for the straps beneath the instep, and they are finished all round by machine stitching, the edge of the cloth being cut, but that of the lining being turned in against the inside of the cloth. The buttons are hidden, and the button-holes should be close together. The "Senorita jacket" consists of two pieces, and may be adapted to any dress-bodice; it will take about one yard of material to make it, and can be lined or unlined, as preferred. The sketch is seen on the centre figure in the picture called "Two Braided Dresses, and Senorita Jacket." For mending an old dress it will be found invaluable. These two patterns will be given for 1s.

GAITER TO BE WORN WITH SHOES.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or indoor wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, and walking gaiter.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER II.

To keep well and do good work it is important that we eat nourishing food and get enough of it. Ill-fed means low-spirited and wanting in energy. There was a farmer who gave his hired haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and when he went to the field he heard the man singing in a drawling voice—

"B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day,"

his scythe keeping time to the tune.

Next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man, and when he went to see how he was getting on, he found him singing merrily—

"Bacon and eggs,
Take care of your legs,"

whilst his scythe went as if he meant to mow down whole acres at one stroke.

How much can a man eat? When Sir W. E. Parry was in the Arctic regions he took note of how much an Esquimaux lad, scarcely full grown, could consume in twenty-four hours. It was this—4 lb. 4 oz. frozen seahorse flesh, raw; 4 lb. 4 oz. seahorse flesh, boiled; 1 lb. 12 oz. bread and bread dust; 1¼ pint rich gravy soup; 1 tumbler of strong grog; 3 wine glasses of raw spirits, and 9 pints of water.

The greatest gluttons, however, on the face of the earth, Barrow states in his Travels in Southern Africa, are the Hottentots. Ten Hottentots ate a middling-sized ox in three days; and three Bosjesmans had a sheep given them about five in the evening, which was entirely consumed before noon of the next day. "They continued to eat all night, without sleep and without intermission, till they finished the whole animal." After this their lank forms were so distended that they looked less like human beings than before.

In our corner of the globe we can nowadays do nothing like that. At Sheffield fair a few years ago a boy died from gluttony, but he was far from coming up to the Esquimaux or Hottentot standard. All he had for dinner was a potato pie, a plum pudding, some gingerbread, a rice pudding, five squares of Yorkshire pudding, three basins of soup, and copious draughts of beer, lemonade, and water. This proved more than enough, and killed him.

One of the most remarkable gluttons of modern times lived down in Kent, early in the seventeenth century. His name was Nicholas Wood, and an amusing account of him is given by Taylor, the water poet. "Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal," Taylor says, "were but as three sprats to him." It is recorded that on one occasion he "ate as much as would have served and sufficed thirty men," at the end of which bountiful repast a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood caused him to be put for eight hours in the stocks as a warning to all other inordinate eaters.

A funny story is told about a great eater who made his appearance in the camp of Charles Gustavus of Sweden, when that monarch was besieging Prague. A boor of a most extraordinary countenance asked admittance to the king's tent, and on being allowed to enter, he offered by way of amusement to devour a whole hog in his presence. The old General Kœnigsmark, who stood by the king's side, hinted that the peasant ought to be burned as a sorcerer.

"Why," said the man, in a tone of irritation, "if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

General Kœnigsmark, who at the head of a body of Swedes performed wonders against the Austrians, could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth. Without uttering a word the veteran turned pale and suddenly ran out of the tent; nor did he think himself safe till he arrived at his quarters.

A nobleman with an extraordinary appetite is mentioned by Mr. Hayward in his "Art of Dining." One of his performances was made the subject of a caricature which enjoyed considerable popularity when this century was still young. He had been kept late in the City, and went into a celebrated beef shop in the Old Bailey on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens.

In the caricature he is shown at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on.

"Capital beef, landlord," says he between mouthfuls. "A man may cut and come again here."

"You may cut, sir," replies Boniface; "but catch me if you shall come again."

This nobleman, Mr. Hayward says, "would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a Solan goose, for a whet, and feel, like him, astonished if his appetite was not sharpened by the circumstance."

A well-known literary and political character astonished his contemporaries much in the same way. His exploits, when supping at Crockford's, were such that the founder of that institution "more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and was only prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in 'Roderick Random,' as received by the master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment."

It does not always follow that great eaters are fat men, though that, no doubt, is the rule. Amongst the aldermen of the City of London in the days of George IV. there were two valiant trenchermen, and one of them was fat enough, but the other was little better than a sackful of bones. For all his eating he grew thinner and thinner, like the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's "History of New York," who pined away so gradually that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury.

According to Brillat-Savarin, however, if a great eater does not grow fat, it is because he does not eat the right things. "Men," he says, "fatten sheep, calves, oxen, poultry, carp, crayfish, oysters; and hence I derive the general maxim:—Whatever eats can be fattened, provided the food is well and suitably chosen."

The chief cause of corpulence is the flour and other farinaceous stuffs which form the basis of man's daily food. Farinaceous matter is quite as fattening when conveyed by means of drinks—beer, for example—as when taken in a solid form. In 1817 several Parisian families took to drinking beer from motives of economy, and in the end they grew so fat that they scarcely knew themselves.

A notable instance of a man who, by his proportions, did justice to his keep, was Caius Marius, one of the most remarkable figures in Roman history. Being of short stature, he became as broad as he was high, and it has been suggested that it was this disproportionate growth, quite as much as the fire of his eye, that frightened the Gallic trooper who was sent to strike off his head.

John Sobieski, King of Poland, was another fat man, and his corpulence on one occasion nearly cost him his life. Having fallen among a troop of Turkish cavalry, before whom he was obliged to fly, he got out of breath, and would to a certainty have been killed, if several of his staff had not kept him up, almost fainting, on the saddle, whilst others generously sacrificed themselves in order to hinder the enemy.

In this country, one of the most conspicuous examples of stoutness was Edward Bright, who belonged to Essex. He came of a family the members of which were remarkable for their great size and great appetite. When he died in 1750, at the age of thirty, his weight was no less than six hundred and sixteen pounds. A wager was once laid that five men, each twenty-one years of age, could be buttoned in his waistcoat. On its being decided, not only five, as proposed, but seven men were enclosed in it "without breaking a stitch or straining a button."

A still heavier man was Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, who, on being exhibited in London in 1806, was described as the "heaviest man that ever lived." When he died at Stamford, in 1809, his weight was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Round the waist he measured three yards four inches.

A Mr. Palmer, landlord of an inn at Brampton, in Kent, used to pride himself on his size—he weighed twenty-five stone. Hearing about Lambert, he came to London to see him, and found that beside the great Leicestershire man he was but a pigmy. The superior fatness of his rival so preyed on his mind that he died three weeks after his journey to London.

A healthy and natural stoutness is not unbecoming, but many girls think otherwise, and look on every additional ounce added to their weight as something to get rid of as quickly as possible. For their special benefit we quote the following passage from Savarin's "Gastronomy as a Fine Art."

"There is a fatal doctrine," he says, "prevalent amongst women that all acids, and especially vinegar, are useful for preventing stoutness. No doubt they cause leanness, but it is at the expense of the freshness of youth, health, and life, and to prove this statement of a truth which I think cannot be too widely known, I give an instance from my own personal observation. In 1776, when a student at Dijon, I

formed an intimate acquaintance with a young lady, one of the prettiest girls I have ever known, and all the better looking from her having a healthy fulness of figure.

"One evening I said to her, 'My dear Louise, you are surely ill, you look thinner.'

"'Oh, no,' she answered, with a sort of melancholy smile, 'I am quite well, and if I am a little thinner I can very well afford it.'

"'Afford it!' said I, angrily; 'there is no need for your being either thinner or stouter; you are uncommonly nice as you are,' and other phrases of that sort suitable to a youth of twenty.

"Watching the young girl from that time I soon noticed a loss of colour, the cheeks growing hollow, and her charms gradually fading away. Alas, what a frail and fleeting thing beauty is!

"At last, meeting her at an evening party, she confessed to me that after feeling annoyed by some of her companions making fun of her and saying that in two years she would be too fat for anything, she had for a month past been drinking a glass of vinegar every morning.

"At this confession a shudder ran through me. I felt the extent of the danger, and the following morning told her mother, whose alarm was as great as mine, for she was dotingly fond of her daughter. No time was lost; the best doctors were called in, consultations were held, and remedies tried. But it was all too late; at the age of eighteen Louise fell asleep for evermore."

Without professional cooks, what Montaigne nicknamed "the gullet science" would be a rude and primitive affair. It is they who have been the enterprising geniuses to push the territory of cookery beyond the region of boiled rabbits and baked potatoes. Udes, Carèmes, Soyers, and Francatellis have by their inventive genius made large additions to the innocent pleasures of life, and done much to make the wheels go smoothly of our complex civilisation. The discovery of a new dish, according to a famous French judge, is a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes.

As a rule, cooks know their value, and are inclined not only to magnify their office, but to treat of the affairs of the kitchen as if they were dealing with the concerns of an empire. To bring out their best qualities they must find situations with masters who know how to enjoy the fine fare they provide. Unless they are appreciated they do not thrive.

The famous Duke of Wellington once asked one of his friends to recommend a *chef* to him. This friend said he could think of no one better than Felix, who was then with Lord Seaford, but with whom his lordship was reluctantly parting, solely on economical grounds.

The Duke engaged Felix, and a few months afterwards the gentleman who had recommended him happened to be dining with Lord Seaford. Before the first course was over he said—

"I see you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner."

"I have got Felix," replied his lordship, "but he is no longer the Duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me to take him back again at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the Duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh, no, my lord; I would stay if he had, as he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed, by the cook-maid, and he says nothing. I cannot live with such a master if he were a hundred times a hero!'"

A master who by his appreciation of their efforts used to rouse the enthusiasm and bring out all the best points of those employed in his kitchen was a late Duke of Beaufort. He had a Neapolitan confectioner who was thoroughly impressed with the dignity and imbued with the spirit of his art. One night his grace was in bed soundly sleeping. A knock at his door wakened him. Then came another knock—very impatient this time.

"Who is there?"

"It is only me, Signor Duc," said the confectioner; "I was at the opera, and I have been dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti's, and I have got an idea. I have this instant invented a sorbet; I have named it after that divine composer, and I hastened to inform your grace."

Charles de Rohan, Prince of Soubise, whose name, by the way, has been given to a well-known sauce, had a cook, Bertrand, as much an enthusiast in his profession as the duke's confectioner. He cooked on scientific principles, but, unfortunately for the prince, laboured under the belief that his master had wealth inexhaustible.

One day the prince told him he intended to give a supper, and asked for a *menu*. The *menu* was presented with an estimate of the expense.

The first item the prince read was "Fifty hams."

"What!" cried he, "you must be out of your senses, Bertrand!' Are you going to feast my whole regiment?"

"No, monseigneur! only one ham will appear at supper; but the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnoles*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my——"

"Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass."

"Oh, my lord," replied the *chef* with indignation, "you do not comprehend our resources. Only say the word, and these fifty hams which amaze you, I shall put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb."

What could the Prince reply to that? Nothing. He passed the article, and in the end paid for the fifty hams.

However good cooks may be, they seldom stay long in one place. "It is a curious fact," says one writer, "that almost all the great artists in this line are erratic, restless, and inconstant. They seldom stay long with the same employer, be he as liberal, indulgent, and discriminating as he may. Is it that they sigh, like the Macedonian, for new worlds to conquer, or that—extending the principle of the German *Wanderjahr* to the whole of human life—they fancy that knowledge and intellect are cramped and restricted by becoming stationary? The phenomenon well merits the serious attention of the metaphysician."

Amongst famous cooks, the head of what has been called the classical school is Beauvilliers, who began the practice of his profession about 1782, though it was not till the beginning of the present century that his name became a household word amongst lovers of good feeding. For many years he was the principal *restaurateur* in Paris.

He had a prodigious memory, and was known to recognise and welcome by name persons who had dined in his house only once or twice some twenty years previously. When paying attention to a party of distinction, Savarin tells us, he used to point out, with apparently the warmest interest in their gratification, any dish that might be passed over, or some one they would regret for even not ordering; or he would, perhaps, order a third, of which no one had thought, at the same time sending for wine from a cellar of which he alone kept the key. He assumed, in fact, so amiable and engaging a tone, that these directions seemed to be so many benefactions from himself. On his withdrawal, however, the bloated bill of costs and the bitterness of the *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais* gave ample proof that the party had been dining in a Parisian restaurant.

The "romantic school" of cookery had the famous Carème for its head. At one period in his career this distinguished artist was induced, by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of £1,000, to become *chef* to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. He left the prince, however, at the end of a few months. Whilst he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices, it is told, were given by aldermen for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table.

A *maître d'hôtel* who came to a tragic end was Vatel, who was in the service of the Prince of Condé, usually known as Condé the Great. Louis XIV. has come to visit the prince, and at the banquet held on the evening of his arrival the supply of roast meat had fallen short at two of the tables, more guests having arrived than were expected.

This deficiency deeply affected Vatel. "I am dishonoured," he was heard saying several times; "this is a disgrace that I cannot endure."

The prince was told how much he was troubled, and to cheer him up went to his room and said, "Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the King."

"Monseigneur," he answered, "your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables."

"Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself; all is going well."

Next morning he got up early and in low spirits. Another misfortune happened. The salt fish did not arrive as he wished; there was neither enough of it, nor did it come soon enough.

"Monsieur," said he to one of his assistants, "I shall never survive this disgrace."

He went upstairs to his room, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart.

"The fanaticism of honour," says a French writer, alluding to this incident, "can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and Vatel has proved that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses."

Another *maître d'hôtel* who died a victim to gastronomy, though he did not kill himself, was the Duc d'Escars. He was in the service of Louis XVIII., a gastronome of the first water. When he and his royal master were closeted together to talk over some new dish, the Ministers of State were kept humbly waiting in the ante-chamber, and the next day the following announcement used to appear in the official journal:—"*M. le Duc a travaillé dans le Cabinet.*"

A fine invention in the line of cookery of his majesty was *truffes à la purée d'ortolans*. Wishing to keep the secret of preparation from the vulgar world, the King invariably prepared the dish with his own hands, assisted by the Duc. One fine day the two of them composed a dish of more than usual size, and with great relish they consumed the whole of it.

In the dead of night a fit of indigestion seized the Duc, and the doctors, who were hastily summoned, declared his case hopeless. Whenever he knew that he was a doomed man, the Duc, loyal to the last, sent an attendant to rouse and inform the King, who might be exposed to a similar attack.

They wakened his majesty, and told him that his faithful servant was dying of his invention.

"Dying!" cried Louis; "dying of my *truffes à la purée?* I was right then; I always said I had the better digestion of the two."

OUR WILD CREATURES.—V. THE MARTEN.

By A NATURALIST.

THE marten, pine marten, sweet marten, or marten cat, as he is variously called, according to the locality in which he is found, is now a very rare animal in England. In point of fact he has been almost exterminated. Not so very many years ago he was to be found in the forests that spread over the greater part of Sussex. A marten was killed there to my knowledge some time back.

So common was he in the olden time that his skin furnished the principal fur worn by ladies of rank; a very beautiful one it is too, when properly prepared. Nearly all that is in use now comes from the Continent, where the marten holds his own, and is likely to do, in spite of traps and trappers. He thrives there, like the wolf, because the vast tracts of forest are still, comparatively speaking, thinly populated; food is there in plenty, and he makes it his special study to exact toll from all small deer. Hares, rabbits, squirrels contribute to the furnishing of his larder, and for game birds he has a violent affection. Capercailzie, black grouse, hazel hen, and willow grouse, all in turn come into his death grip. On the ground, or in the trees, it is all the same to him. Lady marten frequently rears her beautiful kittens in the nest of some large bird of prey that has left it of its own accord, or has had notice to quit.

The general appearance of the marten is that of a small, low-legged fox, and the fur is of a rich warm brown hue. He is remarkably active and very strong. When he has his home near gardens he will eat and enjoy fruit. If let alone he would still increase and do well with us in England, but, being such a foe to game, he gets little quarter given him. When he makes his home on the ground it is under rocks or cairns of stone. In the Highlands of Scotland he is still to be found, in larger or smaller numbers, according to the district and the population. In the so-called deer forests he holds his own well. In some cases he has been very wisely protected, for he kills the Alpine hares, or blue hares, as they are generally called, which turn white in winter, and which have increased to such an extent, since orders were given for the destruction of all animals and birds of prey, as to become a perfect nuisance in the deer forests. For the same reason the eagle has had the mantle of protection thrown over him.

Unless the tod-hunter, as the fox-shooter is called, routs him out with his fierce pack of dogs, of all sorts and conditions, or the lonely shepherd puts his swift collies on to him, because he has the credit of killing lambs, there is not much to disturb the marten. From his cairn of huge stones he peers out and watches the stags and hinds as they graze on the green strip of land beside the rocky burn. He has seen them many times before, and knows well that, if he shows himself, sharp hoofs will cut him down and trample on him, for some of the hinds have calves at foot. Both stags and hinds strike with amazing force and precision with their fore-feet; and the sharp edges of the hoofs cut like a knife.

The marten is wise, and confines himself chiefly to blue hares, grouse, and ptarmigan. That wary bird, the black cock or black grouse, gets into his clutches sometimes, through the bird's own vanity. A rare bird to show himself off is the full-plumaged black cock. Spring and summer are the seasons when he comes to grief, for then he bubbles and croons, with his tail spread over his back, and wings drooped, to his heart's content, and to the admiration of the grey hens all gathered round him. The wattle or comb over his eyes shows vividly out; his eyes are half-closed, and the white patches on the wings are plainly shown as he struts and jumps about. He mounts on some dead pine roots to give more effect to the crooning and bubbling expression of his love song; a flash of brown shoots up, and has him by the throat; it is the marten. The black cock's music has had charms for him as well as for the grey hens that have taken their hurried departure.

Destroyer of the feathered race though he is, there is one of them that even he must hold in dread. Keepers of the deer forest and the Highland foresters have stated, and also proved their statement, that the golden eagle will pounce on and kill the marten; in fact, that it is his favourite prey whenever he can get it. In captivity the golden eagle will also kill and eat any cat that comes within reach of his chain when he is on perch.

The marten in a captive state is a very pleasant-looking creature. I remember a fine pair for whom some large limbs of trees were placed in their house, over which they frisked and bounded with the ease and gracefulness of squirrels.

The skin of the marten has one very good quality, independently of its beauty, and that is sweetness—hence its name of sweet marten. Other members of the same family have a most abominable odour, which prevents their fur from being used. The smell can be got rid of, but the process is a long one.

To the small farmer in some lonely Scottish glen or mountain strath, the marten is a plague, and a very destructive one to boot. He will enter the sheiling, and murder the small but valuable stock of poultry, with all the ferociousness of his tribe. Still they have been tamed, the whole of the tribe, but they are not to be depended on. Ladies have brought up weasels from the nest—weasel kittens—and sometimes all has gone well; but I have known accidents happen of a very unpleasant nature. At times their natural thirst for blood will come back without any warning.

The love for living creatures as pets has increased of late to a great extent, and more is known now about the animals and birds of our native land than has ever been known before. What was often said to me in my childhood rings in my ears still: "A place for everything, and everything in its place." It is an old saw, but a wise one. From the marten downwards, his whole tribe in their own place act as natural police, and keep within due bounds other creatures that otherwise would seriously inconvenience man himself. The very creatures he protects—game of all kinds, for instance—would, if not killed, become a pest to those who cultivate the land. I can remember vast tracts of land, at one time uncultivated, where the whole tribe we allude to—the marten alone excepted—had free range, and no harm was done by them there; since these tracts have been cultivated the animals have been cleared out, the order of things has changed, and the natural police of that once wild country have passed away.

"MARCH VIOLETS."

From the German of the Tyrolese poet, Hermann von Gilm (Born 1813, died 1864).

SOME violets of deepest blue
Lay on a grave in evening dew;
A little maid knelt at its head,
And clasped her tiny hands and said—

At night, ye flowers, to mother say
What father does below by day:
That I have learnt to knit, and love
And kisses send to her above.

* * * * * *

Once didst thou say, and even now I hear,
That poetry and songs to thee are dear;
Then must thou in the violets delight—
For lo! are they not poems writ by God,
With His own hand, upon the verdant sod,
In the pure blue of His celestial light?

* * * * * *

One day I asked the violets
How do ye pass the night?
Ye, doubtless, go to sleep awhile
Till dawns the morning light.

Then from a thousand throats they said—
We never need to sleep,
The stars above us tell us things,
And open ears we keep.

We love each other, oh—so much!
We part not night nor day;
We violets are also stars,
And violets are they.

We then come forth—we then appear,
When shine the stars so bright;
And if we ever weep at all,
We do it in the night.

And if a violet e'er fades,
It's life is not in vain;
God kindles many thousand lights
To shine for it again.

We love each other, oh—so much!
We part not night nor day;
We violets are also stars,
And violets are they.

JOHN KELLY.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A "SORT OF RELATION" AT LINT HALL.

I SAW the Cartwrights at Rose Cottage that evening, and heard further particulars about Magnus Burford's illness and of plans for promoting his restoration to health.

"The mistress will bring the young gentleman home first," said Jane; "but as soon as he is strong enough, the whole family will go to the seaside as usual for a few weeks. Miss Ellen is looking bonnier than ever. Our old lady brought her back from Germany."

I assented to Jane's remark about Nelly's good looks, and said—

"I knew she travelled with some friend, but not that it was my cousin."

"There were two friends," said Jane; "our lady, and a young gentleman that she picked up somewhere in foreign parts. Miss Flint makes out that he is a sort of relation of hers; but he is neither a Simpson nor a Flint. She would be hard set to show what kin he is, but, anyway, it can only be by marriage; there is no relationship worth naming. However, the mistress can make him stand instead of those that are her own flesh and blood, if she chooses; and she is likely enough to do it, for I have heard her say, plain out, 'I will never leave a shilling to John Simpson.'"

"More shame for her!" said Betsy, wrathfully.

"Not at all," I remarked. "Miss Flint's property is her own, and she has a right to do as she likes with it. I have not the slightest claim upon it, for my father's branch of the family had their full share of what belonged to those who were born before them. Our part has been scattered to the winds, Miss Flint is in the enjoyment of hers, and I trust she will long be so. Let her property pass into what other hands it may, I shall feel no disappointment, for my cousin has never made any secret of her sentiments towards me."

"She has not, Mr. John. She says what she means, and I have no doubt she will stick to it; though there's many a one has kept hoping that she would put you back at Lint Hall when she saw how you had worked your way and made yourself respected by all sorts of people," said Jane.

"Is Miss Flint at the Hall now?" I asked.

"She is coming to-morrow, and bringing the young gentleman to stay with her for a week or two. It is a good thing we are used to her ways, and keep the place aired and in order, or we could not be ready when she gives such little notice. But this time there is more preparing than usual. It looks as if she were going to have company, for all the covers are to be off the furniture, the ornaments set out, and a lot of plate to be sent from the bank where it is kept. It has never seen daylight before, since Miss Flint came to the Hall. She must think a great deal of her visitor, or she would never make so many preparations for him. When she is here by herself any old odd fork and spoon will serve her."

This news of Jane's set me wondering; not that I was surprised to hear of any whim of cousin Dorothy's, but I began to speculate as to her object in bringing this newly-discovered connection to Lint Hall. She must have already introduced him to Nelly, for they had travelled in company for some days. She always journeyed leisurely and comfortably, and declined to rush over the ground in the shortest possible time.

I could fancy her stopping by the way at any specially interesting places, and proving the most delightful of guides to Nelly and this new male favourite.

With all her peculiarities, cousin Dorothy was exceptionally well-informed, and much travel and unlimited leisure had enabled her to make continual additions to her store of knowledge.

I indulged in many speculations that night; for in the course of conversation I learned from the Cartwrights that Miss Flint had not met this Mr. Herbert Kenningham for the first time during her recent tour. He had been much with the Burfords a year before, when they joined Nelly on the Continent, instead of allowing her to spend the summer holidays at Oakhill. It was Mrs. Burford who had ferreted out the connection, which did not amount to relationship between Mr. Kenningham and cousin Dorothy, and had effected the introduction, for which I owed that lady another grudge.

Not because my relative would probably endow him with a portion of her worldly goods. I had never expected that, either while she lived or afterwards, any part would come to me. She might leave him every penny, and her doing so would not cost me a sigh of regret. But Cousin Dorothy usually went dead against any plan of Mrs. Burford's, and an individual favoured by the latter was almost certain to be anything but a favourite with the former.

I had hitherto believed that they were in accord only on one point—dislike of myself. Now they were agreed in their liking for this stranger picked up, only themselves knew where or how.

I was very angry at both, for I at once jumped to the conclusion that Miss Flint had purposely brought my own one girl friend and Mr. Kenningham together a second time, and that she had invited him to Lint Hall to give him a better opportunity of cultivating Nelly's acquaintance.

"Have you seen the young gentleman?" I asked Jane Cartwright, when her husband had gone into the garden.

"No, Mr. John; but I have seen his 'p'oto,' and if he is like it, he must be most uncommon handsome. Miss Flint had it with her the last time she was at the Hall, and she showed it to me and asked me what I thought of it. I said what I have told you about his looks, and Miss Flint nodded and seemed pleased."

"'He is a fine fellow, Jane,' she said. 'You would not meet two such as he in a long day's walk. I am glad I can claim a sort of relationship with him, and I wish it were nearer.' Then she went on as if she were thinking out loud, and I heard her muttering for a good while after. So far as I could make out, she said—'Yes; if I had got married, I might have had such a son as he is, instead of being a lonely old woman, with nobody to care about me except for what they can get.' I ventured to say that, after all, marrying was a great lottery. You might get a husband that was steady, and worth cooking and washing for when he is well, and waiting on when he is sick. Or you might chance upon quite another sort, and wish you had been like Miss Flint, your own mistress, with nobody to say you nay. There was a deal to be said on both sides. You see, Mr. John, I wanted to cheer her up a bit, if she really was feeling downhearted because she had outstood her market."

"What do you mean by that, Jane?" I asked.

"Why surely, Mr. John, you have heard the saying many a time! It happens now and then that a farmer's wife finds herself with all her wares unsold, and the buyers gone, because she has stood out for the highest price, and nobody has been willing to give it. Then she has been forced to take her butter and eggs to a shop, and content herself with less than she has refused often enough during the day, or else she must carry home full baskets and an empty purse. So they say of a girl who has turned up her nose at one suitor after another, in the expectation that somebody grander and better would come, until she has grown old whilst she waited, that she has 'outstood her market.' I cannot say for certain, but I have heard that Miss Flint had plenty of offers in her young days; and it is

likely enough, for she was both pretty and rich."

"Yet she outstood her market," I said, with a smile.

"Or, maybe, Mr. Right was not amongst them. There was a story, but I have forgotten the ins and outs of it, that there was one she cared about, only he was poor and proud, and afraid that he might be looked on as being only after Miss Flint's money. Anyway, she is Miss Flint to-day, so we know the end of the story. It was not getting married and being happy ever after," replied Jane.

At this moment Cartwright and Jabez returned from the garden, and Jane at once rose from her seat.

"We must be going," she said. "I have ever so many little things to see to, for the Hall is not ready for the mistress yet."

"I thought we were pretty straight before we came out," replied Cartwright, as he cast a longing look in the direction of his favourite chair. "Do you want my help?"

"No. All the heavy work is done; it is only the little things that are left to finish—the tittivating part, as we call it. You can stay and have a pipe and a chat with Jabez. You will be home by bedtime, I daresay."

Cartwright nodded and dropped into his chair, and for a long time he and Jabez talked on gardening subjects to their hearts' content.

I did not stay with them, but went to my own room, where I must acknowledge I thought of Miss Flint's new departure with considerable bitterness. I felt convinced that she and Mrs. Burford were conspiring to rob me of Nelly's friendship by creating for her a new and lasting interest.

I could imagine the pleasure with which cousin Dorothy would parade this new favourite of hers, and, if only to indulge her ill-will towards myself, boast of the sham relationship in the ears of Oakhill people. She would have a grim satisfaction in noting the effect of his personal endowments on the feminine portion of her country neighbours, amongst whom young bachelors with cultured minds, polished manners, and good looks were not too plentiful.

This Mr. Kenningham might not possess that other qualification, a full purse, which prudent parents would desire as an accompaniment to the rest, but here again Miss Flint could step in triumphantly, and make good the deficiency.

She was just the one to do it, and I felt would stand at nothing in order to carry to a successful issue any scheme on which she had set her mind.

Miss Flint was fond of Nelly, and probably thought that by introducing her to Herbert Kenningham she would be doing her a real service, always provided that this first acquaintance ripened into a closer tie, and proved the means of parting her finally from me.

I have made this confession as to the state of my feelings that evening, in order to show how capable of self-torment I was, and how foolish it is in any person to build up a wall of trouble in front of him, when its only foundation is an imaginary one. I might have spared myself many anxious hours, if, instead of doing this, I had let my mind rest on all the unmerited and unlooked-for good that had come to me already. Even if I had remembered the whole of Jane Cartwright's talk, I might have bethought myself that, according to her account, the whole Burford family would be going away from Oakhill on account of Magnus. But self-tormentors are always sure to bear in mind every circumstance likely to increase their trouble, and to leave unnoticed such as would tend to lessen or remove it.

When thinking over what I had heard about Mr. Kenningham's good looks, I might have found some consolation by a glance at my own reflection in the mirror. Though not quite twenty-one, I was fully six feet high, well built, and manly-looking. My simple habits and regular life had doubtless helped to lay a foundation of health, and I had not been a day absent from my duties on account of illness since I first went to Oakhill Station. As to my looks, I would rather not attempt a description of these; but it will be remembered that even my fair foe, Rose Burford, had declared to her mother that I was handsome, though I only knew this years afterwards. But what did these things signify? Of what value would looks, health, a good name, and an unblemished character be in the eyes of Mrs. Burford and Miss Flint, so long as the possessor was called John Simpson and was poor?

I had felt quite rich a little while ago—rich in having a quiet home, a few faithful friends, a sufficient income earned by honest work, and a trifle laid by to fall back upon in addition to my five hundred pounds, the interest of which now went to increase my capital. Rich, but yesterday in sweetest realities and most precious memories; I had held Nelly's hand in mine; she had occupied my cosiest chair, and played the hostess in my little room. We had laughed and talked like a couple of children, as we recalled the days when we were such, and Mr. Burford had laughed with us, and seemed as young as ourselves and no less happy.

My little room but yesterday had been all aglow with golden sunshine when Nelly sat there, and every article in it had seemed brighter and more tasteful, because she had touched and admired each in turn. Later on I had sat in the gloaming, recalling every kind word of hers, and the bright looks from those sweet true eyes, and as I thought of them all, it mattered not that the sun had gone down and the stars were twinkling faintly in the summer sky. Memory still showed me Nelly. I should always be able to picture her again as she had looked during that one delightful hour. I could close my eyes, and memory would flood the room with golden sunlight, the chair would have its tenant at my will, and loneliness would be for the future a matter of choice. And this was yesterday.

Now I sat in gloom, conjuring up dark shadows which, though only shadows, proved powerful enough to chase away the substantial good which I could call my own, and the memories and hopes that had cast a rosy hue over my past, and pictured for me yet better things to come.

On the following day I heard of two arrivals. Magnus Burford was brought home, and Miss Flint reached Lint Hall with Mr. Kenningham. Though they did not come to Oakhill Station, the luggage did, and certainly the quantity which bore Mr. Kenningham's name suggested that a long visit was intended.

"He is going to take up his abode at cousin Dorothy's," I thought, as package after package was handed out of the van. I did not consider that Mr. Kenningham was returning from the Continent, and probably had more than his mere personal luggage along with him.

Betsy told me of Magnus Burford's home-coming.

"He looks real bad, poor boy!" she said, with a sigh of regret. "I saw the carriage driven up very gently as I was passing the house this afternoon. He was nearly lifted out, and his limbs seemed to tremble under him as he walked to the door, leaning on his mother's arm. Better have had him strong with a bit less book learning, than worn out with too much."

I told Betsy that his parents had never wished Magnus to be overworked, and that it was the boy's own love of study that had made him do too much.

"He will soon be all right. Rest and change will work wonders," I said.

"Never, Mr. John!" replied Betsy, solemnly. "I can read something in that boy's face—a look that tells me his illness will have only one ending. As to his going away, he will not leave his home yet awhile. It is well Mrs. Burford has got him safe there."

In one respect Betsy's prophecy proved correct. There was no question of a journey to the seaside. The two best doctors in the neighbourhood agreed that until Magnus gained strength no further change would prove beneficial or could be attempted without risk.

I was truly sorry to hear this. I knew how great a trial the dear lad's illness would be, not only to Mrs. Burford, but to his father and sisters; and I fervently trusted they would be spared the still greater sorrow hinted at by Betsy's foreboding words. I thought even more about Magnus's condition than I did of its probable results, though now Rose and Nelly would perforce remain at home, and no doubt Miss Flint would insist on having them with her as often as Mrs. Burford could be induced to spare them.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS CHAPMAN.—We have received your letter and papers on the subject of the "Sloyd system" of manual work, and are glad to hear that our article has already raised an interest in it. We have pleasure in informing our readers that Miss Nyström and yourself have established an institute at 115, Vassall Road, S.W., for adults as well as children.

L. A.—We have before told our readers the simple rule to decide the respective places of the "e" and "i" when placed side by side; it is that after the letter "c" the "e" must precede the "i." After any other consonant their respective places must be reversed. The study of spelling and the derivation of words is exceedingly interesting, and we advise you and the majority of our readers to make it a careful one; and not, as too often, to be content with guessing at correct spelling, and making a letter vulgar by taking chance as to its being right or wrong.

GIPSY QUEEN.—If you give two hours a week to a young girl, in the ordinary branches of a simple English education, your salary will be comparatively small. You do not say whether certificated, your age, nor give any particulars—such as the position and circumstances of your employers; all of which must bear upon the question of salary. Take what you can get. A teacher should know better than to write, "Excuse *me* taking up so much time." You should substitute "my" for "me."

M. F. W.—We think that your Girls' Club, for the supply of really moral as well as interesting French books, is a very useful one, and much needed. It is somewhat difficult to obtain such, really suitable for young girls who, having left school, desire to keep up their proficiency in that language. We give the name of your society with pleasure, viz., The Ever-Circulating French Library: hon. sec., *E.C.F.L. Gazette* Office, Sydenham, S.E.

WORK.

U. M. P.—We know of no inexpensive method of obtaining work in dressmaking, except through the recommendation of friends and of those to whom your work has given satisfaction; and having your cards and terms placed in the windows of as many shops as you can, through the kindness of your acquaintances who have them.

E. N. BAILEY.—1. Yes; there is a society for the teaching of plain sewing and cutting out, which holds classes for ladies; it is called the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework. In these lessons instruction is given in the cutting out of all garments, on the principles that obtain amongst tailors. Address the principal, Morley Hall, 316, Regent Street, W. 2. Of course, if you do not attend to the washing of your dog, and see that his place for sleeeping be clean, he will always be in a dirty condition from fleas, and prove an annoyance to all the family. First wash him with Naldire's Soap, with an infusion of quassia chips. Put one ounce to a quart of boiling water, and allow it to cool before use; this we think you will find efficacious. Of course the process must be repeated from time to time, because, though the vermin will be destroyed on each occasion, they will be replaced by another swarm, if not continually guarded against. A weak solution of carbolic acid should be brushed all over the woodwork of his box or kennel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. M. B.—The washing in water of brushes for the hair or clothes is a mistake; the bristles lose their spring and stiffness, and the backs are warped and the polish removed. Put a handful of flour into a washhand basin, and rub it into the bristles with your fingers, applying it also to the sides of the brush. After a careful cleaning the brush will look like new, and prove quite satisfactory.

MADGE.—If you refer to vol. vii., p. 727, you will see a very simple recipe for cleaning brass ornaments, Oriental or ordinary English. It is to remove the peel and pips of a lemon, and then rub the metal thoroughly with it, to wash off the juice and dirt with tepid water, dry the article with a soft cloth, and polish it with a clean leather.

CACTUS and JANE FOSTER.—Many people believe that it is injurious to keep plants in a bedroom; but we are of a different opinion. They absorb what may be unhealthful in the atmosphere, on which account, as well as for beauty, trees and flowers are so much planted in churchyards. We do not mean to say that there are none that would be objectionable in a bedroom, especially flowers with a very strong odour. A plant of eucalyptus would be of real advantage.

NORAH.—Even rain water is not absolutely pure—though the purest we can get—because it contains carbonic acid gas derived from the air. Of course, what you catch in tubs or cisterns (however clean these receptacles may be made to receive it), if dropping from gutters on the eaves of the roof, cannot be fit for drinking—excellent as it is for purposes of washing. If the rain water should pass through a limestone district, or chalky rocks or soil, the carbonic acid dissolves some of the chalk, and thus it is rendered hard, bad for drinking and washing, and making the skin rough. If, however, the rain water should pass through a granite locality, where there is no chalk nor gypsum, then it remains as it was before it fell from the clouds, as it cannot take up granite as it can chalk, and so remains soft. This is all the explanation we can give in so limited a space. You had better boil all drinking water.

GRATEFUL ALLIE.—In July you would have a fair chance of a good passage to Quebec, and would probably make it in about a week in a fast steamer. If so, and allowing for a rather slower passage, either going or returning, you might count on three or even possibly four days with your brother out of the three weeks. But it would be rather a chance, depending on weather and the natural sailing power of the ship. Before starting you should have a clear understanding with your employers, as to their willingness to excuse delay of a few days, owing to possible difficulties arising through wind, weather and accidents, and unforeseen casualties. You should have a good rough or wet weather cloak and rug for the voyage; but you will find it very hot in July and August, and light summer clothing would be required for the days you are in Canada. All outer or under clothing should be marked and worn by someone before packing. Inquire as to the respective expenses of the "intermediate" and the "steerage" passages.

MARIE DE VILLEBRESMY.—Rosemary tea, such as that employed for washing the hair, is produced from the leaves, not the blossoms, and prepared just as you would make tea for drinking.

WINIFRED.—We prefer declining to advertise hair washes; besides, what suits one person is not always satisfactory to another. We have given an article on the "Care of the Hair," vol. vi., page 631. We have found a solution of borax and camphor an agreeable wash. Take an ounce of each, and dissolve them in a quart of boiling water. Your writing is good and free. We are glad that you are "specially" pleased with our "Answers."

J. B.—We should be happy to answer your daughter's questions, if we knew what they were, always reserving to ourselves the right to decline so doing, if considered expedient. Some put queries many times repeated, others are impertinent, imputing our silence to the supposition that we have "no genuine correspondence" (thus evincing a sad deficiency in the power of discrimination). Moreover, there are lazy girls who, to save themselves *bonâ fide* study, apply to us for direct answers, to enable them to pass exams. without trouble; under such circumstances we decline to reply. Our space for correspondence is very small, and the letters come in by hundreds from all parts of the world, and we owe no apology to the writers if some have to wait and some remain unanswered. We are glad to oblige and instruct our girls, and do so of our own free grace and without charge.

MADGE W. F.—Unless we knew more particulars respecting the MS. you wish to publish at your own expense we could not answer your question. It is a very costly undertaking; advertising is dear. A book of moderate size might cost £40 or £50. But the style in which it was got up—the paper and binding, etc.—would regulate the expenses a good deal.

ANNIE.—The "younger Pliny" was a nephew, not the son, of "Pliny the Elder," his sister's son. He was concerned in the persecution of the Christians. You will find a letter of his on the subject to the Emperor Trajan, asking for directions as to how he should deal with them, in a small work by the Rev. J. Copland, "Reasons why we Believe the Bible." He had the appointment of consul, and had distinguished himself at the bar at the early age of nineteen. It was the elder Pliny who witnessed the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum; and sailing for the scene of the eruption (being commander of the fleet at Misenum), he was suffocated by the vapours emitted. He was not a persecutor like his nephew.

NELLY.—The letters "*id*," or "*idem*," signify "the same," and the letters "*i.e.*," or "*id est*," mean "that is," and "*viz.*," or "*videlicet*," to wit, namely. You will find all such abbreviations in common use at the beginning or end of most dictionaries. Still, we are glad to answer all questions, that are not too long, of such a kind.

ROB ROY.—There are nine of the bishops of the English Church who are called by the Latin equivalents to the English names of their sees, viz., *Cantuar*, for Canterbury; *Ebor*, for York; *Londin*, for London; *Dunelm*, for Durham; *Winton*, for Winchester; *Cicester*, for Chichester; *Exon*, for Exeter; *Oxon*, for Oxford; and *Roffen*, for Rochester. You write a good hand.

IGNORAMUS.—The depth of the several oceans varies as much as the surface of the dry land does, which variates in mountains, hills, plains, and valleys. A great part of the sea or ocean must be one or two miles deep. It is more shallow near land, as a rule. For example, Dr. Geikie informs us that our English Channel is so shallow just in the centre, between Dover and Calais, that were St. Paul's Cathedral planted there, upwards of half of the structure would rear up above the surface. In form, the bed of the ocean has all the characteristics of the dry land.

NIHIL SINE LABARE and "RUDDIGORE."—We must refer you to our series of articles, entitled "The Fairy of the Family," the last of which is devoted to the subject of "Spots and Stains," vol. iv., p. 807.

LOIS ROSET.—If you have "earnestly desired for years to be reconciled to God through Christ," and are "constantly praying for the gift of the Holy Ghost," and "would do anything to have your heart filled with the love of God," then be quite assured that you are "reconciled to God." His Spirit alone has given you these desires and kept them alive in your heart all these years. Remember that "He first loved you," and "gave Himself for you"; and you have only to cast yourself at His feet, and say—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me."

You know the rest of that beautiful hymn. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Think more of Him, and do not dwell on yourself.

F. E. W.—August 17th, 1861, was a Saturday. We must refer you to our indexes for the several means of removing inkstains from various materials.

KEITHY.—Your friend expresses good religious feeling, and shows an affectionate sympathetic disposition; but the lines are not poetry, only spoilt prose.

L. R.—You must have a very hot pan when you fry bacon. If the latter be very closely streaked, with little fat, it will not curl. Toasting it on a fork is the best plan, we think.

A. Y. S.—The bridegroom provides the house linen in England. The marking of the clothes is now very generally put off till after the marriage has taken place.

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FAR-AWAY DAYS.

BY R. S. HICHENS.

IN the long winter evenings
When snow lies around,
And night closes in
With its darkness profound,
I sit all alone
In the fire's bright ray,
My fancy roams back
To the days far away.
Sweet far-away days,
Will they e'er come again?
I have sought them so long,
Yet I seek them in vain.

The dear days when my eyes
Shone with youth's happy light,
When my heart beat with joy,
And the world all seemed bright;
Loved ones gathered around me,
No day seemed too long,
Every man was a friend,
Every bird sang a song.
Sweet far-away days,
Will they e'er come again
I have sought them so long,
Yet I seek them in vain.

Yet sometimes I fancy
I need not despair,
For hopes I thought buried
Spring up everywhere,
And I trust that in heaven,
Beyond the sun's rays,
The angels are keeping
My far-away days.
Sweet far-away days,
I have sought them in vain;
In heaven may I live them
All over again!

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KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

KATHLEEN had had a great deal of trouble in her young life, yet it still seemed to her an unnatural, incredible thing to be unhappy. When she woke that morning, she really did not think she could live to come back from the station. And yet she did, though stunned and bruised with pain and blind with tears, so that she hardly knew how she reached home, or how the next hours passed. She heard Mrs. Palmer knock more than once, and gave no answer; she felt as if everything had come to an end as she sat in the empty room, and heard no child voices nor patter of little feet anywhere; the silence seemed to break her heart. Towards evening she opened her door, and the kind landlady could hardly suppress her distress at the sight of her blanched face.

"Don't—don't speak to me," was Kathleen's cry, the tears welling up again; "I can't bear it."

"My dear, I won't; and if you're wanted ever so you can't go."

"Go! Where? Who wants me? I can't go anywhere to-night."

"No, no. It was only that poor chemist; he came to say his wife was wild with pain, and nothing would do but to see you. But of course you can't go."

Kathleen put back her hair, and passed her hand across her tired eyes, hardly able to understand.

"No—only I suppose I must," she said, wearily. "It won't make it better for me if I think I might have helped her and did not."

"Well, if you really can, only you must eat something first," said Mrs. Palmer, thinking anything was better for her than grieving at home; and thus, when Dr. Netley, returning sooner than he expected, came to see Kathleen, he found, to his astonishment, that she was with a patient in the town.

"I'll go and meet her; it is a pity she should not know the little one was standing the journey capitally," he said, and walked off in search of her. The lamps were lighted by now, and sent long, trembling reflections out on the dark olive-green water heaving in the harbour; the closed shops gave a dull look to the streets, which were nearly empty, for fine rain was falling from a grey sky; fine, but likely to wet anyone thoroughly who had neglected to take an umbrella, as Dr. Netley perceived that Kathleen had, when he saw her coming down one of the flights of steps from the upper part of the town, which helped to give it that picturesque and foreign air which even a local board could not quite improve away. She did not see him, and he had full opportunity to notice how different every movement was from her usual elastic bearing; she had evidently the "sad heart which tires in a mile-a." Even in all the last four months she had hardly looked so spiritless.

"You ought to have an umbrella," was his greeting, as he stepped forward and held his own over her. "No waterproof, too! You should know better than that."

"Oh, have you come back? And—and——?"

"I wonder I ever did, with all the load of messages with which I am charged." And then he told her every little incident he could, assuring her of Price's care of the children, and of his conviction that change of air and scene would be Una's best tonic.

"How good you are to me!" Kathleen said from her heart. There was a short silence; she was thinking of the children, and he of her. He had dropped so entirely into the friend that she was quite at ease with him, grateful to the kind and generous heart which had offered her a refuge in dire trouble, but not at all realising that he had given it once for all. It was the best proof that he could have given of his love thus to have put himself aside to give her the support she needed in Una's illness; he had his reward in seeing her learn to turn to him for help, and in turning aside much that would else have fallen heavily upon her. But now things were changed; Una would no longer be a link, and explain his constant visits.

"And you?" he said, with a tender anxiety which she felt gratefully.

"I—I don't know. It does not matter much."

"I cannot conceive how you made up your mind to let them go," Dr. Netley said, involuntarily.

"There was no choice; it was for Una's sake, and when I had given my word, there was no more to be said."

"Lady Dacre wants you to spend Easter with her."

"I cannot go, for every reason. Dr. Netley," she said, turning vehemently to him, "I could not bear another parting. I believe it would kill me."

"Yes, I told her you would feel so. I am glad you are not going to her."

"Did you? Thank you. No, it would be like dying twice over."

She had spent all her tears that afternoon, and spoke with a desolate weariness that moved him more than she guessed; but she smiled in spite of herself as she added—

"I daresay you know that Lady Dacre has asked me to come as her companion." It seemed almost incredible that even Lady Dacre should have such audacity after all that had passed. "But I think I shall stay here till Easter, and then, if I have no other work, go to my brother."

"Stay here? Alone?" he said, surprised, but very glad she would not be immediately out of reach.

"Yes. I want to work and pay some bills," she answered, simply. "Please send me patients if you can. Good-night."

"Good-night; but recollect there is a home nearer only waiting for you to take it."

"Oh, Dr. Netley, we agreed never to speak of that again!"

"I must this once. Kathleen, why can't you love me?"

"Ah, 'tis not that! But I don't know how to say no to anything you ask me, if you really wish it, after all you've done for me; but it can't be—never, never. Ah, I wish it could!" The sweet eyes turned to him were only sad and beseeching, not displeased, though she was not a whit moved to yield. "There's everything against it. I knew that without being told."

Then Dr. Netley knew that Lady Dacre had a hand in the matter, and he did not exactly bless his godmother.

"What have you been told? Dear, this is life and death to me; answer like your own candid self."

"Do you think I don't know how people would talk if they heard you had married your masseuse?" said Kathleen, vehemently, as she recalled Lady Dacre's stinging words. "And—and—my father; I love him with all my heart; but 'tis no use pretending that he's one of your steady English kind; he is lavish and thoughtless, and always believes he can repay a loan—and he's unlucky." She was blushing all over with shame and pain. "I'll never bring him on anyone, and never belong to any who would be ashamed of him, not if I loved them better than my life, and that's my last word. He's alive, I'm sure; James's last letter showed me he knew it."

She fled indoors sobbing, and Dr. Netley returned home thoughtful. For the first time he feared he should be wrecked on her indomitable pride, a pride which he could not disapprove, whatever difficulties it threw in his way. He was a great deal too much in love to admit that the existence of O'Kelly was the bar to marriage which she held it to be, though no doubt he was a strong objection; nor was Dr. Netley indifferent to the gossip which he knew, even better than Kathleen did, would arise if he married her; but that he would gladly risk, if only he could win her. He had been a man absorbed in his profession, and unusually indifferent to pretty faces; had never once fancied himself in love till now, and was quite astonished to find how small other things appeared beside this one desire to gain Kathleen O'Kelly, who on her side was thinking much more than she wished about him; for the discovery that he had not taken her refusal as final had altered all their relations. How good and kind he was, and always had been! Had she ever thought him insignificant? She could not believe it, forgetting that long ago she had said something of the kind to her stepmother, in Mrs. Palmer's hearing, which the landlady had repeated with the best intentions, when Lady

Dacre had declared that Kathleen was setting her cap at Dr. Netley. Now she could only think what a pleasant face he had, what a refined and agreeable voice; it had soothed Una when nothing else would. "Ah, if I had the children I should want nobody else," thought poor Kathleen, unconscious of how much she admitted. Well, she must go as soon as the debts were paid, which had gathered in spite of James's five pounds and Lady Dacre's tardy help.

Letters came from the children, over which Kathleen laughed and cried, but felt that they were prospering. She could bear anything if sure of that. After Christmas they were to go to a school near Shrewsbury. Lady Dacre was very kind, and Price played with them, but they both wanted sister very much. Writing to them filled the evenings when she was not engaged with a patient, and she would have been fairly happy had she had any hope of seeing them, but in her lonely life a new, restless feeling crept in—a fear and longing oddly mingled to see Dr. Netley; and yet she could have beaten herself, because if they did meet her heart fluttered, and she could hardly maintain the tone which their professional relations required. James further unsettled her by writing that he had the offer of another pupil, whom he evidently wished to accept, but who would crowd her out, and she knew that such small use as she could be would very far from compensate for losing two hundred a year. She sat and puzzled herself as to what she should do, feeling that James ought not to object to her continuing her work at St. Petrox unless he had resolved to give her a home. She mused over the past, over recollections of the English mother so like James, and the Irish home, and her father, who she felt convinced would reappear penniless—yet how welcome!—over impossible plans for getting back the children, more impossible still after she heard they had been sent to school. They seemed further off than ever, for she learned little from the formal, well-written notes occasionally received from Phyllis, evidently composed under supervision; Una's fluent pen seemed unaccountably arrested, and they had not seen Miss Leigh at all, but then Phyllis mentioned that "our kind grand-aunt" was ill, which might be the reason.

Kathleen grew seriously unhappy; she was persuaded that the children were not prosperous, yet she could do nothing, and her indignation was boundless on receiving a stiff note from the Lady Principal, stating that she felt it better not to give the children Miss O'Kelly's letters, as they unsettled them. Kathleen was so exasperated that she enclosed it to Lady Dacre, demanding particulars of the school, to which she got three lines of reply, in each word of which she could hear Lady Dacre's mocking tones, saying that if she would come to her, as had been suggested, she would meet the children in the Easter holidays. Kathleen was in a fever of helpless irritation and alarm, the more that now she did not hear at all from Shrewsbury. Had she chanced to meet Dr. Netley, she must have poured it all out, but they did not happen to cross one another's path, which added to her trouble. She dreamed of the children by night, and fretted about them by day, not knowing where or to whom to turn. The last touch was put by an unpaid scrap of a note, without an envelope, from Una, blotted and tear-stained.

"Darling Sister," it ran, "do, do come for us; we are so miserruble here. Mrs. Steer has cut our hair short, and there is not enuff to eat, and the girls plague us and have such nasty ways. We do want you so.—Your own little UNA."

Probably the poor little note had been dropped into a post-box when the girls were out walking.

Kathleen's heart swelled with pain and helplessness. She did not notice another letter, from James, but flung on her hat and cloak, and did what she would never have dreamed of doing at a less excited moment—hurried off to Dr. Netley's house, to find him before he went out on his usual rounds. She would not go in, but her card brought him instantly to the door.

"Read that!" she cried, before he could speak, and then catching it from him. "You laugh at that! You!"

Her indignation was so boundless that he could hardly make her wait to hear his apology. He was grave enough when he saw how she took his smile over Una's orthography, and even his promise to write at once both to Lady Dacre and to a medical friend in Shrewsbury, and learn all about the school, hardly mollified her. She evidently felt that he had failed her, and it would be hard to pacify her.

He loved her none the less for her unreasonableness, and made time to send his two letters by the early post. Though he did not attribute as much weight to Una's missive as she did, he wished extremely to tranquilise Kathleen, and atone for his lack of seriousness.

Kathleen went home thoroughly angry with him and herself. "It served me right," she thought; and then she kissed and cried over Una's note, and almost wrung her hands over the impossibility of answering it. She opened James's letter languidly. James was prosperous, he did not need her; it would only be a few lines about the new pupil. There were, as she expected, a few lines only from James; but he sent an enclosure, w ose handwriting made her cry out with startled joy, and "Papa! papa! I shall see him again!" she cried, clasping it to her breast, and then eagerly read it, her eyes opening wider as she did so, her face expressing indescribable wonder, anger, amusement, perhaps a touch of shame. She had so often pictured Captain O'Kelly's return, his shabby poverty, the questions what to do, what Mrs. Palmer would say, how they should live, how happy a day it would be, all the same; and now he wrote from Cairo, to announce his third marriage, this time to a wealthy American, with whom he had made acquaintance at Constantinople.

"I hope she will tie her money up safely," was James's sole comment.

"Ah, mamma dear!" murmured Kathleen. She felt this marriage as an affront, not to her own mother, but to the gentle second wife, whose loss was still so present to her. No doubt it was much better news than they could have expected, and yet . . . And then Kathleen bethought herself that her father was no longer "needy," as Lady Dacre had said, and if he had a son-in-law—and she smiled with something of her old blitheness, and wished it were possible to tell her news to Dr. Netley. Of course she could not, but he must come soon to tell her the result of his inquiries.

Instead of Dr. Netley came a hasty note a few days later, to say that he should be away from St. Petrox for a couple of days, and would call on his return. Kathleen felt very ill-used.

"It's nothing to him," she thought, very ungratefully, for he had arranged this absence at a very busy time, with much difficulty, to go to Shrewsbury, having had no answer from Lady Dacre, and one which startled him from his friend. It seemed to him monstrous that the children should have been sent to an orphanage, where girls were trained as servants and pupil teachers, yet so it seemed to be. Miss Leigh had reluctantly accepted the burden forced on her by Lady Dacre; Lady Dacre, with her usual cool indifference to anything but the whim of the moment, made no inquiries as to her arrangements, and really had no notion what kind of education she intended to give her great-nieces. The school was a fairly good one in its way, but too rough for such children as Phyllis and Una, who were truly what Una called "miserruble" there—Una unable to eat the very plain food, nor strong enough to bear the discipline; Phyllis offended by the manners of her companions, and bitterly disappointed at such an end to her castle in the air, while a kind of remorse awoke with the perception of what Kathleen had been to them, and a longing for her even greater than Una's. Dr. Netley's card procured him admission at once, and the children's sobbing joy at the sight of him told its own tale. He did not know how to leave them, nor how to answer their imploring "When can we go back to Kathleen?" But he spoke strongly in their favour to the Principal, a sensible, hard, strong woman, with small sympathy for delicate children, and he wrote a very plain-spoken letter to Lady Dacre, telling her the state of the case, and his opinion of Una's fragile health, to which he got no reply any more than to a former letter. He actually dared not face Kathleen, but wrote such details as were least unsatisfactory; at all events, she would be glad that he had seen the little girls.

A week later he chanced to see, as he took up a newspaper, and glanced at the list of births, marriages and deaths, the name of Penelope Leigh, aged eighty.

"I'll have those children back," was his comment, "and if she's put it in her will that they are to be brought up as housemaids, I'll go to law and have it set aside!"

(*To be concluded.*)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

III.—MARGARET TUDOR—QUEEN OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.*

NEVER was granddaughter more unlike her grandmother, godmother, and name-mother than Margaret Tudor was unlike the Lady Margaret, who, on the infant's christening, on St. Andrew's Day (in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in token of her future destination, already settled), bestowed on the unconscious object of her favour a silver and gilt coffer full of gold pieces. Young Margaret was equally unlike her gentle mother and her silent, cautious father, for if she had a great desire to acquire money, like Henry VII., she had an equal talent for spending it, which he certainly never exhibited. Even the luxuriant fair hair and bright bloom, which were the attributes of the Tudors in youth, took in Margaret Tudor the style of a barndoor beauty, if one may apply such a description to a princess. The eldest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York was born at Westminster, in November, 1489. After a brief and not very well-spent girlhood, considering that she managed to make as little use as she possibly could of every advantage of education offered to her, she was married by proxy at the age of twelve years, a few days before the death of her mother, to James IV. of Scotland, a man of thirty, one of the most gallant and accomplished princes of his day.

A deputation of men of the highest rank in Scotland had come south to claim their King's bride. Among them was a gentleman who was paid an allowance for his services, under the curious title of "The Rhymer of Scotland." This was not an older rhymer—"Wise Thomas" of Ercildoune, already long lost in fairyland—but one of the gently-born Scotch poets of the generation. Two of them celebrated the King's marriage and the budding charms of Margaret: Gavin Douglas, the priest, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, son of the all-powerful Angus, in his "Palace of Honour"; and William Dunbar, the aforesaid rhymer, by profession as well as by taste.

Three months before the King's marriage Dunbar wrote his poem of "The Thrissel (thistle) and the Rois" (rose); so much satisfaction did it give in high quarters, that he is understood to have been appointed, in his literary capacity, to accompany the royal commission which went to accomplish the King's marriage and bring home the Queen.

"The Thistle and the Rose" is a quaintly beautiful allegory, in which a nymph, the spirit of the May, introduces the poet to a wonderfully fair and mystic world. The lion, king of beasts, figures in it; so does the eagle, king of fowls; but fair flowers and singing birds are its most significant symbols. The nymph takes Dunbar into "a lusty garden," where among other herbs he sees—

"The aweful thistle,*
. . . kept with a bush of spears,
Considering him so able for the warrs,
A radius crown of rubies she him gave,
And said he should go forth to find the lave" (rest).

The thistle, of course, represents King James, and soon the poet and his guide encounter the rose, the emblem of Margaret.

"None other flower in such dainty
As the fresh rose, in colours red and white,
. . . no flower is so perfyte (perfect),
So full of virtue, pleasure, and delight,
So full of blissful angels' beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

To identify the rose still more closely with the Princess Margaret, we have the lines—

"A costly crown, with clarified stones bright,
This comely queen did on her head enclose;
While all the land illumined of the light,
Wherefore methought the flowers did rejoice,
Crying . . . Hail to the richest rose!
Hail herbs' empress! Hail freshest queen of flowers!
To thee be glory and honour at all hours."

The mavis (thrush) hails her; the merle (blackbird) hails her, and all the other birds follow suit, singing her welcome.

In the end Margaret was a rose full of thorns to Scotland. But there was little expectation of such misadventure, when, very little subdued by the sad death of her best friend, which had darkened the marriage rejoicings, the girl princess set out with "a noble and magnificent retinue," under the charge of the Earl of Surrey. She was to make the long journey on her two white palfreys, and in her litter, through the northern counties and over the borders.

In truth it was a triumphal progress, the strong-willed, giddy-brained heroine of which was received with acclamation at every stage of her route, lodged sumptuously each night in manor house, castle, and abbey; greeted as she passed through the larger towns with gifts and largesses.

James came to Dalkeith to meet his young Queen, standing before her bonnet in hand. It is quite in character that the girl of twelve, far from her family, in a strange country, received, without embarrassment or emotion, the grown man, who was already her husband, on whom so much of her future welfare depended. She was perfectly able to exhibit her chief accomplishments of playing on the lute and dancing with Lady Surrey a *basse* dance, whatever that might have been.† He in his turn played on the clavichord (a miniature piano) for her gratification. Lord Surrey delivered over his charge, who was to be a pledge of peace between the sister countries, but as the old historian, Pinkerton, was tempted to add, in striking antithesis, the earl gave "a blooming bride to James, whom he afterwards defeated and slew."

One would have had more faith in the chivalrous homage paid by "the Squire of Dames," if it were easier to forget the fact that he had passed, with small delay, to his wooing of an empty-headed, self-confident child, from his mourning for Margaret Drummond, the fair, unhappy woman whom he had privately married in his romantic youth, who, with her sisters Sybella and Euphemia, had been foully murdered by an unknown murderer to prevent the King's open acknowledgment of her as his wife.

There is a touch of nature and of girlish feeling on the part of Margaret, in the account of the fire which broke out at Dalkeith on the night of Margaret's arrival. The young girl's cherished white palfreys perished in the flames, and she was so inconsolable for their loss, that the King paid her a second visit to divert her thoughts and entertain her, before her public entrance into Edinburgh, which she made with much magnificence and in a picturesque Darby and Joan fashion; the King, superbly attired, riding on a palfrey, with Margaret in an equally rich and gay dress on a pillion behind him. So the royal couple passed through the narrow crowded streets of tall houses, every window full of noble company, the castle on its rock frowning down on them, and Arthur's Seat keeping stern guard over the whole stirring scene.

In the early years of Margaret's married life she lost three infant children, and was "sore vexed with sickness," like her mother; but she was not prevented from entering into hot contention with her husband, from allying herself with the Douglas faction against his wishes and interests, and from starting the grumbling begging letters—about the payment of her legacy from her late brother, Prince Arthur, in the first place—for which she was conspicuous. Not even a play in which "Davie Lindesay" played before her taught her sense and contentment. Margaret's fourth child—the first which lived beyond a few months—was "ane fair prince," born in Linlithgow Palace in 1512, and immediately committed, by day and night, to the same stout, sagacious Davie Lindesay, whose loving tales of the royal boy's childhood are still preserved in the tutor's verses.

Our next view of Margaret is when she was passionately opposing James's reckless invasion of England and march on Flodden. In reality Queen Margaret had right and reason on her side in this dispute, though the argument which she used that he had but one son, "which was but a weak warrant to the realm of Scotland," was not a particularly lofty one. She so won the gratitude of her adopted countrymen, by her excellent advice on this occasion, that they at once gave her credit for an amount of prudence and good judgment which her subsequent conduct did not by any means justify. Margaret was not supposed to confine her urgent remonstrances to words. She was believed to have been concerned in the dreams and visions and midnight proclamation at the Market Cross of Edinburgh—womanly enough devices all intended to turn James from his resolution, and scare him from his headlong course.

In fair Linlithgow Palace, by its peaceful lake, there was long shown a turret-chamber called "Queen Margaret's Bower," in which she is said to have spent, in tears of bitter mortification, the day of her husband's departure to invade her brother Henry VIII.'s kingdom; and where she awaited, through a long and terrible night, the news of how James lay, stiff and stark, the centre of a knightly ring, on the fatal battle-field by the Till. Lamentable as the tidings were, Margaret was not overwhelmed or even deeply

* Bohn's edition of Agnes Strickland for 1888, with the latest additions—"Pinkerton," "Lindesay of Pitscottie," "William Dunbar."

* The spelling is for the most part modernised to render the words intelligible to Southern readers.

† *Basses* dances were slow and stately measures in the style of minuets.

depressed by them. At the same time, there is not the slightest evidence that she then, if ever, shared in the doubt with regard to the lifeless body of her husband, which caused some of his subjects to cling fondly to the belief that he was not slain with so many of his faithful nobles, but would one day return. It is not difficult to imagine such a woman as Margaret rising up hastily from her passing dismay at Scotland's desolation, and her baby prince's ruin, wiping away her few fleeting tears for the death, in his manly prime, of the husband whom she had never greatly loved, who had not loved her much, and taking refuge in elation at finding herself mistress of the situation, with the Regency of Scotland within her grasp.

She retreated at once with her son to the strong northern town of Perth, wrote to her victorious brother, begging him to spare her "little king, very small and tender, being then only one year and five months old." She presided over "the mourning coronation," 1513, when the crown was held by strong hands, amid sighs and sobs, above the soft brows, too feeble to bear its weight.

The Lords in Council confirmed James IV.'s will, by which he left Margaret Regent of the country during James V.'s minority. She was then in her twenty-fourth year. A description of her by Pinkerton, when she was supposed to have "merited and possessed the admiration of all ranks," is life-like and in keeping with much which we know of her. "Her youthful beauty and graces rather proclaimed the bride than the widow. Her circular countenance displaying gaiety, her vivacious eyes, her person rather rustic than delicate, were accompanied with a corresponding vigour of health." Her "vigour of health," like what the historian says further of "the talents which threw her faults into the shade," existed mainly in the writer's imagination, for Margaret was frequently seriously ailing, and though she acted, as might have been expected, with dauntless audacity, there is little other indication of her showing any capacity to rule. She had spirit enough at this time to refuse the asylum which her brother Henry speciously offered to her and her little king, making the refusal on the plausible ground that she was surrounded by guards and spies. But she added, "An I were such a woman that I might go with my bairn on my arm, I trow I should not be long from you."

Yet one of her first acts was to conceal and appropriate, for her own use, the sum of money found in her late husband's treasury, and one of her next, four months after she had given birth to a posthumous son, named Alexander, and created Duke of Ross, was to marry the grandson of the great Earl of Angus (Bell-the-Cat). No doubt the path which Margaret would have to tread was rough and full of pitfalls. She was a young, defenceless woman among Scotchmen, whom, with certain exceptions, she persisted in regarding to the end of her days as her natural enemies, while to marry the Scotchman of foremost rank of his time was to take the bull by the horns. Still, young Angus was one of those haughty Douglases whose over-weening pretensions threatened the throne. He was a mere lad of nineteen, though he was already a widower and troth-plighted for the second time to a girl he loved, Lady Janet Stewart, of the house of Traquhair, and he was simple and weak, totally unfitted for the post to which he was elevated. His principal recommendations were openly said to be his lofty stature and handsome face.

On the announcement of Margaret's marriage, the Lords in Council deposed her from the Regency, and invited the little king's kinsman, the Duke of Albany, to come over from France and assume the guidance of affairs. Then began the tug of war between Margaret, to retain possession of her children, and the well-bred man of the world, Albany, to foil her in her purpose. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, for the pair met each other with the most disarming courtesy, while neither was inclined to yield a jot. However, Margaret succumbed so far as to weep and beseech grace from Albany for her husband's grandfather, Lord Drummond, and his uncle Gavin Douglas, who had both been cast into prison, the first for striking a blow at Lord Lion King-at-Arms, when he was delivering a message from the Council to the Queen; and the second because Margaret had appointed him, without proper authority, to the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's. As for Albany, he granted the prayer with courtly grace.

Four peers were sent from the Parliament House to Edinburgh Castle, where Margaret and her children were established, that she might select three out of the four to whom she would confide her sons. The peers proceeded with great state, amidst a concourse of people, to accomplish their delicate mission. When they reached their destination, they discovered that a fine spectacle had been provided for them and the public, since Margaret had a decided eye for dramatic effect.

"The gates were thrown open, and the people beheld with sympathy and admiration the young and beautiful Queen standing at the entrance, with the infant king by her side, his hand locked in hers; behind was the nurse with the other royal babe in her arms; around appeared Angus and a few attendants."

Margaret then challenged her visitors, "Stand and declare the cause of your coming."

The peers, answering that they were sent by the Parliament to demand their King and his brother, were struck with awe and confusion when the Queen's command resounded through the hum of voices, "Drop the portcullis," the massy grate of iron being immediately let down.

Behind the barrier, Margaret, in a short dignified harangue, told her assailants that the castle was part of her enfeoffment of which the King, her late husband, had made her sole governess. She would give up the command to no mortal, but she respected the Parliament and the nation, so she requested six days to consider their mandate, for her charge was of infinite consequence and her counsellers were now, alas! few. Having spoken her mind, she retired, and the baffled peers withdrew, doubtless comparing notes on a woman's wit and *dourness*.

Margaret maintained the same defiant attitude after her young husband had deserted her in her strait, and retreated to the Douglas fastnesses, when Albany followed her and her children to Stirling, to which town she had fled.

The Regent required her to give up the fortress in which, as being the strongest castle on its rock in Scotland, the princes were to be lodged, for their greater safety, with the Forth winding its links at their feet, the green Ochils helping to fence them in, and the blue Grampians forming a solid rampart in the background. Again Margaret met the foe at the gate, and saved her pride by putting the huge keys of the keep into the little king's hand, and bidding him resign them to Albany, who received them kneeling, and treated both mother and child with the utmost forbearance and kindness.

But the Queen was not to be baulked in her intention of keeping the power in her own hand, if an unscrupulous woman's determination to carry her point would win the day. She engaged in a scheme to carry off her sons to her brother's Court, and conducted it with a singular mixture of courage and craft, in spite of the very halting support afforded her by Lord Angus, and of her own delicate state of health. She went with her ladies to the Palace of Linlithgow, in preparation for the birth of her sixth child, and professed to practise the utmost seclusion.

Under the plea of illness she summoned "My Lord of *Anguish*," as she and her country people generally persisted in calling the lukewarm young peer. Under cover of night she stole out with him, attended only by a handful of servants, met by appointment an escort of horse under Lord Home, and succeeded in gaining the Douglas's strong square castle of Tantallon on the Firth of Forth, not very far from Berwick and the English border.

This was but half of the bold plot. It included further unhesitating details: Home was to "fire a town" in order to attract Albany's attention from Stirling, when Home, who as Lord Chamberlain could command access to the little princes, was to carry them off in the confusion, and take them to their mother at Blackadder Castle, a step nearer to England. The unprincipled enterprise failed in consequence of Albany's declining to be decoyed away from his charge. In fear of the vengeance of the Regent, and of the whole Scotch nation, wife and husband fled in different directions, Margaret withdrawing in such haste to the sanctuary of Coldstream Nunnery, that she left her jewels and plate behind—spoil politely sent after her by her lordly enemy.

The Queen was in dire distress. She could not venture to enter England without her brother's permission, and under the circumstances of her defeat it was doubtful whether Henry and his minister Wolsey would come to her aid. Henry did at last send her an invitation to Morpeth Castle, but she became so ill on the road that she was taken "in a fainting state" to the rude border Tower of Harbottle. Its master, Lord Dacre, one of the Wardens of the Marches, admitted his sovereign's sister in her extremity, but flatly refused to allow "any Scot, man or woman, to follow her." There, not very far from the tragic field of Flodden, in connection with which Margaret must surely have had some mournful memories, her daughter "Lady Margaret Douglas" was born, while the Queen lay in peril of her life. It was not till after several weeks that she was able to quit her uncomfortable quarters and resume her journey to Morpeth. In the meanwhile the Scotch Lords of the Council besought Margaret to return to Scotland, even promising her the guardianship of her children, provided she would pledge herself not to remove them from the kingdom.

But such limited privileges did not suit her imperious ideas. She doggedly declined to come to terms with her son's subjects. She professed to see in the position which James V. and the Duke of Ross held with regard to their kinsman Albany a remarkable resemblance to the situation of her maternal uncles Edward V. and the Duke of York when they were in the keeping of her grand-uncle Richard, Duke of Gloster. Unfortunately for Margaret's recovering a more rational and charitable frame of mind, as she still lay ill in Morpeth Castle, the poor little Duke of Ross was attacked with some children's ailment, and died at Stirling, when his mother, in her wretchedness, did not refrain from saying in plain terms that he had been poisoned by Albany. She was seized with typhus fever, and while she lay at death's door was the unseemly moment which "my Lord of Anguish" took to make terms with Albany, and forsake the Queen's cause.

At last Margaret was able to travel to London, under very different circumstances from those under which she had journeyed north, some thirteen years before, a much-thought-of thoughtless bride, not yet in her teens. She was now in her twenty-sixth year, a woman who had been buffeted by fortune, who had suffered many trials, who had also

made, to a great extent, her own by no means enviable reputation.

The Queen was received with apparent sympathy and cordiality by Henry and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon, and saw again her beautiful sister Mary, still in the flower of her youth, from whom Margaret had been parted when the younger princess was a little child. In the interval she also had married, been widowed, and had married for the second time.

Margaret has been accused of deliberate treachery in furnishing the King and Wolsey with information in reference to the state of Scotch affairs, and in pledging herself to support the English interest in Scotland. Her payment is believed to have been the powerful support and the grants of money she received from Henry VIII. But, though it may well have been that she stood more in awe of her redoubtable brother than of her other relations, she does not seem to have taken much pains to keep on good terms with him; and as to her devotion to English interests, it was not found incompatible with her subsequent wish to marry Albany, who held a French peerage and great possessions in France, and was French in all his proclivities.

Margaret returned to Scotland the following year, and encountered at Berwick the recreant Angus, of whom she was, not without reason, heartily tired, and from whom she sought a divorce. The evil facility with which royal and noble marriages were dissolved in that generation recommended itself to Margaret. She tried to show, on tenable grounds, that Angus had been not merely troth-plighted but married to Lady Janet Stewart, his early love. When the Queen was at a loss for any other plea, she had the audacity to bring forward the extraordinary argument that there had been no satisfactory evidence of the death of her first husband James IV. at Flodden, and that he had been seen alive three years after the battle. Her efforts to free herself from her second husband were violently opposed by Henry VIII., who sent a Roman Catholic priest, high in the favour of the Court in England, down to Scotland to remonstrate with the insubordinate wife, in vain.

Margaret was fain to welcome the return of Albany, who had been absent in France, to defend her from the claims of Angus. Perhaps the most detested of these was that she had settled upon him at the time of their marriage some of the dower lands, which she had no mind that he should continue to enjoy. It was with regard to this matter that the lamentable grammar and orthography which Margaret displayed in her letters reached their climax. She declared that there should be "no peace till I is done justice."

The Queen had never been personally hostile to Albany, the handsome, gracious Regent. Her foolish vanity had been persuaded that had it not been for her hasty marriage to Angus, he, Albany, would have been a suitor for her hand, in spite of the fact that one of the richest heiresses in France was already his wife. Margaret owed to him the respite afforded to her by his sending "my Lord of Anguish" to France to act as Scotch ambassador there. When he returned from France he went to the English Court, where it was Henry VIII.'s cue to receive him cordially. There Angus and Margaret's little daughter was reared, as standing in near relation to the English throne, her mother having given her up, apparently without the smallest difficulty.

In 1522, when Margaret was thirty-three years of age, she was attacked with smallpox, and lost what beauty remained to her. Her features and skin were thenceforth blurred and roughened. In addition she had the growth which is called "a pearl" on one eye.

Still her incorrigible levity kept her from being satisfied with the sincere affection of her son, a boy of fourteen, and caused her to project another alliance for herself, should she succeed in divorcing Angus. She hankered still after an ambitious marriage with the mature Albany, whose French wife had just died. When he did not avail himself of his freedom, she reverted to her old discreditable preference for very young men. She fixed on a gay, swaggering lad named Harry Stewart, a younger son of Lord Avondale, and the captain of her son's guards, for her future husband. In every way—in age, rank, and character—he was an utterly unsuitable husband for the Queen, even more unsuitable than Angus had been, and her choice aroused a tempest of opposition.

Henry VIII., of all men, was most indignant, and threatened to send back Angus to capture his wife. Strange to say, Margaret was not altogether unwilling to take a reunion with Angus into consideration, when so far talked over by the specious tongue of the prelate sent down to remonstrate with her. He enlarged cunningly on the improvement in Angus's manners effected by his stay in France, and on the sensation which his magnificent stature and fine looks created in the English Court. Margaret wavered. When Angus arrived in Edinburgh, though she professed to be under the necessity of taking refuge in the castle, she consented to see her second husband, and to talk with him in a familiar, friendly way over their separation. But probably she did not find the improvement in his manners which had been promised, or still more possibly the whole proceeding was a deceitful farce, for the impression prevailed that she was by this time privately married to Harry Stewart.

The Queen was doing her utmost to alienate her son. However, she shared with the boy the glory of his first Parliament, while she so impressed him by her "*haught*" words, that the poor, perplexed young King would "gloom and *glower*" at his lieges.

Hostile as he was, with a kind of hereditary antagonism, to the whole Douglas race, James V. made common cause with Angus, when the King summoned his mother to surrender the Castle of Edinburgh, where she and Harry Stewart, at last openly acknowledged as her husband, were residing. Here Margaret availed herself of another chance for scenic effect by flinging herself at her son's feet, in order to implore pardon for her third husband and his brother, who were nevertheless kept in durance for a season.

Eventually King James showed himself merciful and generous. He gave his mother the barony of Methven in Perthshire, in order that she might bestow it on her landless husband, and created him Lord Methven—a title which fared no better on English lips than that of Angus. Henry VIII., who refused to acknowledge his third Scotch brother-in-law, and treated him with great disdain, set the example of styling him contemptuously "Lord Muffin." *

Margaret's residence was thenceforth Methven Castle, but she still retained apartments in Stirling Castle and Holyrood, which she sometimes occupied. She continued to appear occasionally in public, in great state, with her son, as when they went together on a grand Highland hunt, given in their honour by the Earl of Athole, and when there was a royal shooting match at St. Andrew's, described with much relish by Lindesay of Pitscottie. Lord William Howard had come on an embassy from England, accompanied by a bishop and other gentlemen, whom Pitscottie is careful to say were able men and "waled" (picked) men for all kinds of games, shooting, running, "louping" (leaping), etc.; but even they "tint" (lost). The King's mother favoured the Englishmen, and wagered on their side against her son in a trial of archery between six of these English gentlemen and six Scotch archers. The wager on either side was a hundred crowns and a tun of wine. The place of contest was the wind-swept sea-braes of St. Andrew's, part of them known to this day as "The Scores," the bow-butts having been erected there, where soon, in grim contrast, was to blaze the funeral pile of noble Patrick Hamilton, the first martyr of the Scotch Reformation. The Scotch archers—the surnames of three of them are still familiar sounds in the neighbourhood of the old University town—"shot very near and warred (defeated) the Englishmen," as their historian puts it with innocent triumph, "which made the King very merry that his men should have the victory." He spent his winnings on a grand banquet, in which both victors and vanquished shared.

Margaret lived nearly twenty years after her declared marriage with Harry Stewart, Lord Methven, and bore him a son and a daughter, who are understood to have died in childhood. She tired of her last husband—who appears to have been a better husband than she deserved—as she had tired of his predecessors, her first quarrel with him having arisen from his transfer of the estate or barony of Doune, which she had got for him from the King, to his penniless brother. She was as greedy and untrustworthy as ever. She actually proposed, in one of her quarrels with Lord Methven, to repair to England and there be re-married to Lord Angus. "Though I be forgotten in England, never shall I forget England," she wrote effusively, while she was almost as great a thorn in the side of England as in that of Scotland.

Margaret was still living when Magdalene of Lorraine came, a dying bride, to Scotland, but by that time the Queen-mother had fairly worn out the patience of her long-suffering son. She was struck with palsy at Methven Castle, during a temporary reconciliation with Lord Methven, and died in November, 1541, when she was fifty-two years of age, before King James, who had been summoned from Falkland Palace, could arrive in time to see her alive. Her chief concern during her last hours was for her conduct to Lord Angus, to whom she begged her son, through the priests in attendance on her death-bed, to be gracious. She requested her goods to be given to her daughter "Lady Margaret Douglas," as she "had never done anything for her." (In fact, beyond an expression of lively indignation that a daughter of hers should be sent to the Tower, as Lady Margaret had been sent, for receiving the suit of Lord Thomas Howard, the Queen had largely ignored this child's existence.) In spite of her avarice Margaret seems to have died comparatively poor.

Thus Queen Margaret ended, with little honour, a life which had begun so fairly. She had spent it in a persistent determination to gratify her own inclinations, however mean and low, in utter disregard of the claims of others. She was rapacious, passionate, faithless, and one of those brawling women of whom the wise man gave it as his verdict that it were better to live on the housetop than to dwell in her company. The grand funeral at Perth which Margaret's son decreed to her did not include much lamentation for the princess of high estate, with magnificent opportunities for good, who had squandered all on the basest forms of selfishness.

SARAH TYTLER.

* The Scotch pronunciation of Methven is "Meffen."

WOMAN—A MAN'S IDEAL.

By J. ROGERS REES, Author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," etc.

THERE are few things so nobly pure as a true man's ideal of a maiden. We are optimistic enough to look upon the formation of such an ideal as indicative of the present existence of much that is sweet and good, and prophetic of infinite development in the direction of what is of undoubted worth to the future.

Our ideal is, after all, but a mental creation, in which are focussed the varied qualities we consider highest, the possession of which would make our own being rounded and complete;

"For I hold
That what we seek is but our other self,
Other and higher, neither wholly like
Nor wholly different, the half-life the gods
Retained when half was given."

Plato speaks of us as half-creatures wandering in search of ourselves through the world. How true then is it that one who looks around him for the maiden who shall answer heart with heart, is but seeking for his other half, making the while his "unconscious protest against the incompleteness of each separate nature."

Nothing more truly reveals a man's character than the picture he forms of the maiden he would find and win. It is hardly necessary to say that to him she is high above all others, "as a green leek growing above the grass, or a high-footed hart above wild beasts, or plum-bright gold above grey silver." It is of no manner of use to pooh-pooh this matter of the ideal, and to say that a man never finds a woman equal to one-half his dream. I honestly believe that where a pure and healthy heart cries out for one of like purity, the answer is generally forthcoming. One may not always find

"The fairest woman that the poet's dream
Or artist hand has fashioned;"

and I think it a blessed arrangement that he doesn't. A man's ideal, when qualified by the saving grace of common sense, is often the truest truth. Though poets may sing of beauty, rare and divine, their song is mostly meant for those who read their verse, not for themselves.

I do not remember any sweeter picture of its kind than the one made by Lewis Morris out of these few simple words:—

"I knew
A woman perfect as a young man's dream,
And breathing as it seemed the old sweet air
Of the fair days of old, when man was young
And life an epic."

It is a sorry thing to have to add, just here, another to the many reasons already existing against indiscriminate reading of modern novels. But in truth we discover in their pictures of women, little for our sisters and daughters to imitate in their lives, or for our young men to appropriate in their formation of an ideal. How few pure and unselfish women do we find created by our novelists! but alas! how many that are either crafty or coldly clever, not to name the unnumbered multitude standing out as blots on God's fair universe! Let us turn rather to such a song of unfaltering trust in the existence of sweet purity, as "My Queen." Well-known as I believe it to be in some quarters, it certainly is worthy a place here:—

"Where and how shall I earliest meet her;
What are the words she first shall say;
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets' sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,
She that I wait for, my Queen, my Queen.

"I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
And she may be humble, or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen.

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen."

There is a beautiful suggestiveness here of symmetry of soul — an altogether different thing from the laborious cataloguing of bodily perfections which we find in the trashy pages of much of our so-called literature. Even where it is necessary to draw the actual picture of a heroine, true art often borrows more from reticence than fulness; and in this direction we may gather many a lesson from the productions of the past. Chriemhild (or Kriemhilt) is thus portrayed in the "Nibelungen Lied":—

"A right noble maiden
Did grow in Burgundy,
That in all lands of earth,
Nought fairer mote there be:
Chriemhild of Worms she hight."

Elsewhere she is described as "shapely to a wish." Then again, in an old chap-book version we find "Patient Grissell":—

"A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a-spinning
* * * *
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
Although in simple attire."

She is addressed as—

"Thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue
Dwell with sweet content."

Many of the noblest deeds of chivalry that men have done, and the purest emotions they have felt, have been prompted by the belief that women are pure, and true, and unselfish. We find the same characteristics of womanhood in Holy Writ: the Bible history is full of the noble lives of good women. In the "Laws of Manou" it is set down that wherever women are honoured the gods are satisfied. It certainly is a well-established truth that no man can sneer against the true woman, without showing himself to be impure and depraved: for does she not maintain God's work in man—"all that is lasting, noble, and truly human in the race, poetry, religion, virtue, tenderness"? Amiel contended that she does, and it seems scarcely possible to recognise her worth in any higher manner.

There is, however, a daily responsibility resting on women to preserve themselves ever worthy of this homage we men pay so ungrudgingly to them. "Men are quite willing," says a thoughtful author, "to admire and respect, and almost worship women, so long as they are genuine; but when the claim to respect is laid for them on false grounds, much of the enthusiasm vanishes." The same writer adds: "The age of chivalry is indeed past, in one sense; that is to say, the homage which men pay to women is not so demonstrative as it used to be. . . . It is not that men are more apt to sneer at women than they used to be, but that women nowadays fairly lay themselves open to attack."

O maidens! fair to behold, tender and true, see to it then that you maintain yourselves ever worthy of this worship we men hunger and thirst to pay you—this devotion of our best thoughts, our choicest imaginings, our highest achievements. By your own priceless truth and purity—your womanhood, in short—continue to hold power over us, as the moon o'er the mighty waters of the deep.

"O woman! . . .
. . . . We had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of heaven:
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

In the light of the high ideal of womanhood which pure-minded men possess, it is pleasant to read the responsive declaration made by the late Mrs. S. C. Hall: "I am quite sure," she says, "that the leading, guiding, and controlling impulse of women is to render themselves agreeable and helpful to men, whether by beauty, gentleness, forethought, energy, intelligence, domestic cares, home-virtues, toil—assistance, in 'hours of ease,' in sickness, or amid the perplexities, anxieties, disappointments, and labours that environ life; it is so, and ever will be so, in spite of the 'strong-minded' who consider and describe as humiliation that which is woman's glory, and should be her boast."

TREASURE TROVE.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—St. Matthew xiii. 45, 46.

In an old treasure-room a lassie sits
'Mid relics quaint and rare,
And through a narrow pane a sunbeam flits
And dances in her hair.

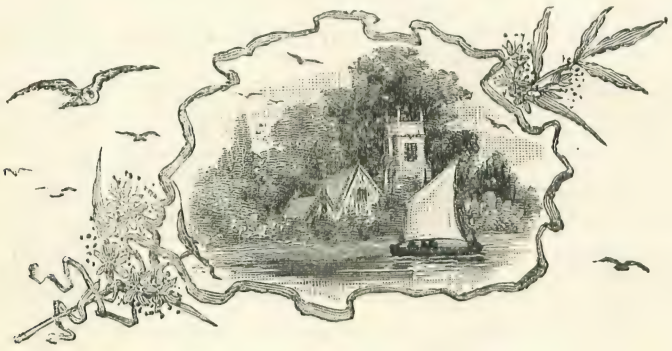
Helmets and casques of many a long-past day,
Rich glass and strange old books,
Are scattered all around in disarray,
Dragged forth from dusty nooks.

But to such things as these the lassie's blind;
Small charm have they for girls!
In an old cabinet she's chanced to find
A wondrous string of pearls.

Passing through golden locks, the sunny beam
Lights up the necklet too;
Pearls of great price in truth, that flash and gleam
With rich and varied hue.

Ah! little maiden, searching carefully
For gems of worldly worth,
Will you to seek that pearl of price which we
May each one seek on earth?

That pearl beyond all other gems that fills
With love our wondering eyes:
Christ's righteousness on earth, and when He wills,
His kingdom in the skies.



ELSIE'S VICTORY.

By E. CHILTON, Author of "The Story of Rose," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Elsie Ward was a country parson's eldest child—a dreamy girl, full of fancies. Some two or three years before the time when our story opens, her friend Hilda Legh had married the young squire of Restrigg—an ancient hall, high on a wooded hill, surmounting the valley of Elsie's home. Here her dreams found free scope. Her mother was dead, and she could not be spared for long visits; but her friend's fleet ponies would often fetch her to spend a few hours—a day, or a day and night, as the case might be—at the beautiful old house.

Elsie would wander round the oak-panelled hall, looking up at the ancient pictures, and the still more ancient armour, with which it was hung. She would invent stories, which afterwards she repeated to the children at home, about the portraits in the winding passages, the tapestried rooms, the garden, stiffly laid out in circles—the fashion of its day. She would sit in a deep window and gaze over the valley, while Hilda sang to her; she would watch with delight the mutual devotion of Hilda and her husband, Hilda's beauty and grace as a hostess, and as the mistress of Restrigg Hall.

Life at the grey vicarage in the village below appeared a commonplace life, full of commonplace cares and duties. But life at Restrigg was a poem. It seemed to Elsie that directly those ponies began to climb the steep road, from which the valley looked transfigured and glorified, which wound ever higher until it lost itself in the avenue of hoary oaks, she entered another atmosphere; not the road alone, but her thoughts seemed to rise. That everyday existence whence she came was creeping; this was soaring.

What would she have been without Restrigg? she asked herself sometimes. Just a busy bee of a country clergyman's daughter; useful, doubtless, in her own hive, but beyond it nothing. Her father had ever been grave and silent, easily depressed, and now increasingly absorbed in his parochial cares and his sermons. He was a good father, and Elsie would have laid down her life for him. But the "gleams from another world," which at times had flashed around her dead mother's head, were not vouchsafed to him. They shone on him also, while she lived, as reflected light; but with her they had vanished. Elsie must have contented herself with what she could glean of them from books and her own fancies, save for Restrigg. She had a tender heart, warm to all around her—to the cottagers, the children in the Sunday-school, the servants, the animals. But the world and her ideals were wide. She would have had many a struggle with discontent but for that blessed Restrigg.

Here, at certain seasons, Guy and Hilda Courtenay kept open house; Elsie met people celebrated in art, politics, or literature; people such as hitherto she had only known in books or in newspapers. She watched, listened with increasing interest as her young spirit developed, and gathered many new ideas—unconscious education. At nineteen she was to all intents more highly cultivated than many girls who from their cradle have formed the occupation of masters and governesses. In society she was diffident and silent; but her dark eyes were more eloquent than speech, and those who took pains to draw her out found that her mind was full of thoughts. Her face changed with her feelings; its features were not like Hilda's, regularly beautiful, but it had heights and depths which regular beauty often lacks, and some who loved it thought it a face in ten thousand.

"Elsie," said Hilda suddenly, one day, "what do you think of this photograph?"

It was a glorious day in early August; the friends, from their seat at the foot of an ancient cedar, saw in the valley, far below, great wagons piled with late loads of hay, and fields where the first fruits of the corn were falling beneath the old-fashioned sickles. The sky beneath the layers of cedar was of a deep and cloudless blue; somewhere near a lark was singing and soaring. Elsie was looking up, thinking of Shelley's poem, and trying to trace the vanishing speck, when Hilda spoke. She took the photograph dreamily, her mind elsewhere.

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine,"

she was murmuring half aloud.

"A WONDROUS STRING OF PEARLS."

"Now, come, Elsie, wake up! What do you *think of it?*" *repeated* Hilda.

"Who is it?" asked Elsie, her attention fixed at length. The portrait was a vignette, the head of a young man; the features clearly, somewhat coldly cut, but pervaded by an indefinable impression of power. The eyes, beneath level brows, gazed resolutely, a little proudly into the girlish eyes by which they were scanned.

"He looks as if he could do anything—conquer the world," said impulsive Elsie. "But would he? that is the question. Or would he stand aloof and despise? Hilda, who *is he?*"

CHAPTER II.

NOEL WILTON had been a spoiled child all his life: taught what was right, and trained in it, learning also to love it, yet spoiled. His father died before he was born, and his mother idolised him; in his home, from his earliest years, his will was paramount. Fortunately he had deep affections, and thus was saved from irretrievable selfishness. He was fortunate, moreover, in his friends: first among whom was Guy Courtenay, Hilda's husband. Noel had been young Courtenay's fag at Harrow, and from those early days dated a strong attachment, which had been a redeeming influence in Noel's life. Since he left Oxford he had lived much abroad with his mother, whose health was delicate; and he had never yet stayed at Restrigg. Hilda, however, knew him well, having met him in London and on the Continent. She had felt an interest in him, at first for Guy's sake, but speedily for his own; and Hilda was not singular in this interest.

"He is thought highly of in London," she observed, while Elsie still gazed at the photograph; "I have heard many clever people say that he ought to make his mark in the world. You have discovered the same from his face, you penetrating child. And directly he speaks, one feels that he is no ordinary man. But somehow I doubt whether he will ever do anything, after all."

"Is he indolent?" asked Elsie.

"I don't know if it can be called indolence exactly. He seems sick of things in general—ridiculous as that sounds, at his age; he gives the impression of thinking them hardly worth trying to mend. Guy says he is too rich. Perhaps that is true; he is very rich, and, poor fellow, so lonely! His mother died last winter; he had just, by her special wish, got into Parliament, and when she died Guy could barely persuade him not to throw up his seat forthwith. Afterwards he entered rather hotly into that scheme for the improvement of cottages, and made a remarkable speech—his maiden speech—which caused quite a sensation. Some of the first men in London praised it. But because the bill did not pass he was disgusted, and said that the public mind was too corrupt to be healed, and went away to his place in the country. Well, there he found various things out of order, and began to set them to rights; but directly he met with opposition he was disgusted again. When next we heard of him he was yachting in the Hebrides. Now Guy has invited him to join our shooting-party, and he is coming here next week, for a month at least, Guy hopes, but I don't know. If anything should offend his fastidiousness he will straightway be off to some other part of the globe."

"What a pity; what a terrible pity!" said Elsie, meditatively, her eyes on the photograph; "when so many clever people are poor, and so many rich ones stupid; and he has talent and riches both, and strength—he looks very strong—and there is so much to do in the world! Oh, Hilda, I wish I could change places with him! I cannot tell you how I long to do some real work in the great world."

"You had better say that to him when you see him, and try the effect. By the bye, Elsie, I want you for a long visit, to help me with my shooting-party; you are such a useful little thing, you know. Couldn't you come to us when your people go to the sea?"

"Oh, Hilda!" cried Elsie, her face crimson. "Oh, if I could!"

"I shall drive down and talk to your father. The children will find plenty at Whitby to amuse them without you; and if Mr. Ward meets his old college friend, he won't miss you either. Then Miss Lowndes will be with them, of course?"

"Yes; only—— Miss Lowndes is very good, but somehow she and Bobbie don't get on together. I am so afraid he might not be happy."

"That is the objection you always make, and that is my reason for asking you just now. Bobbie can't help being happy at Whitby, especially with his tastes. You must give him a little hammer, to hunt for jet."

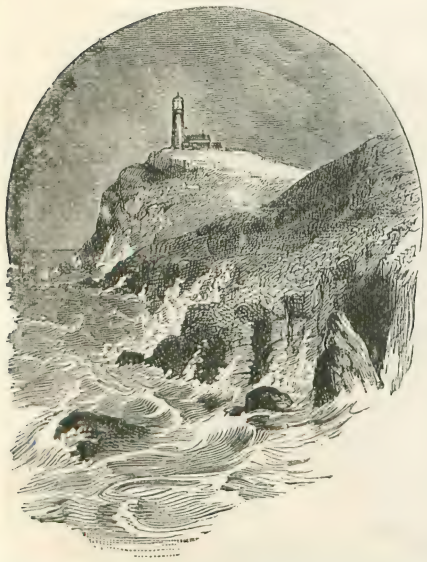
"Well, I will see," said Elsie; "I will talk to him."

"And I will talk to your father," said Hilda, significantly.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY STUDIES.

WHAT IS REALISM?



THERE are certain words which, springing up quickly to meet some special need of the moment, are rooted into firm ground of meaning, but may be easily bent to his purpose by every careless passer-by. We cannot follow any form of art very far without coming upon such a word—realism. Not all who glibly use the term clearly understand its meaning, for much vague talking and writing have created an atmosphere of mists about the subject, in which it is difficult to find one's way without being misled. While art is passing through a fresh phase of development, it cannot explain itself to its critics in words at the time; that it will do, afterwards, by its works. But naturally the critics, fond as they are of names, rules, and carefully arranged systems, find themselves at fault here, and seek to be precise and definite by throwing out new words to hit the new truth, which new words, lacking the dignity of ancient reputation, are liable to have liberties taken with them.

The better the critic, the more concerned will he be with watching the efforts of art to express its new meaning, and the less bent upon labelling those efforts with a high-sounding title, that may serve but to conceal the meaning. For such titles are certain to stand for different things with different people, and the only way to get at the reality behind the phrase is to sift all the different meanings and half meanings which usage has attached to it.

Realism originated in the criticism of painting, but it has been borrowed by the critics of literature, as of the other arts. As intelligent students of literature, we meet constantly with this half-understood something, and the admiration of its strong partisans, or the enmity of its sworn foes. Let us find out a little more about it, and discover for ourselves whether it is to be welcomed as a good, or shunned as an evil thing. Much of the division of opinion arises from a confusion of ideas; the thing discussed is like the colour of the chameleon, and no two disputants see alike what they are attacking or defending.

All art is the attempt to represent Nature, but absolutely exact representation is impossible. There must always be a compromise between Nature as it is and Nature as it can be represented. The artist enters into a convention or agreement with Nature as to what shall be taken for granted in the imitation. For instance, a painter has to represent a tree; absolute fidelity to the literal facts of the tree as to height, breadth, shape, colour, and so on, would be impossible, and if followed up as far as possible, would result in anything but artistic truth. The tree must not be confused with the picture of the tree, and in that picture much must be taken for granted.

In the drama, which is the representation of real life upon the stage, absolute fidelity being impossible, much is taken for granted to secure imaginative truth. Imitation is not art, and a convention is necessary as to what shall be represented and what shall be left. To borrow a familiar example, the dramatic spectator accepts without any disturbing sense of unfitness a wooden floor for the scene of a battle, a wreck, or a picnic in the woods.

In fiction or in history, the delineation of character and incident is not to be achieved by precise delineation. Much must be taken for granted, in order to produce the effect of faithful representation. In no way will Nature lend herself to be photographed by art. She will cheerfully sit for her portrait, which needs colour and sentiment, but the lifeless sunstain excludes imagination, without which art perishes.

The province of art, then, lies between that which can be portrayed and that which cannot be portrayed, but must be taken for granted, and there is no hard-and-fast line, no scientific frontier to divide these two. They are always

shifting their positions, the one encroaching upon the other, according to the conditions of the art in question at any given time. The question of how much is to be taken for granted is answered in one way by conventional treatment, linking closely that which is representable, in another way by realistic treatment, tending always to enlarge the representable. Here is one distinct meaning of realism —the element in art which opposes and resists conventionalism. Bear in mind these two tendencies: on the one hand towards the nearest possible approach to Nature as she really is; on the other towards an agreement that beyond certain limits it is impossible to approach her. Now turn to another colour of our chameleon: realism as that which opposes and resists and contrasts with idealism. Art, worthy of the name, does not content itself with mere representation, more or less correct, of Nature: it expresses always in that representation a sense of beauty, or admiration, which is linked with the love of goodness. Not that art must choose only subjects of the loftiest kind, heroic or beautiful; nor that it must treat them always with a consciously moral purpose. By no means; but admitting as worthy all art which works in singleness and purity at the faithful representation of Nature, however high or humble, beautiful or ugly, we shall invariably find the love of goodness underlying its power, shall find also that that art is the highest and the greatest which is based most firmly, although it may be most unconsciously, upon moral enthusiasm.

That instinctive yearning for something higher than the natural life, that faith in perfection as possible, although so far off, that imperious and constant sense of Divine realities behind the snows of time, are what we sum up in one word as idealism. This forms the soul of true art, as it is under another name the soul of true life.

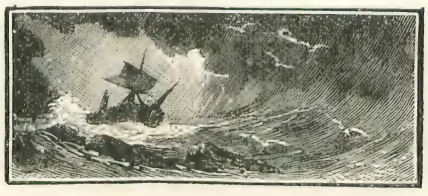
But just as in this world every soul needs a body to keep in touch with other souls, so art needs its body of realism to get its idealism expressed. It is a condition of our being, here and now, that the higher and lower are dependent upon each other. Real things, Nature's facts of the visible world, are not only themselves, but they are symbols of spiritual facts. Art points out this symbolism. Everything is a sign for those who have insight to perceive it, and the artists are the interpreters of the signs. Idealism values things only for the sake of the higher truth, and in its extreme tends to separate itself from Nature; while realism values things for their own sake, and in its extreme tends to content itself with simple imitation of Nature.

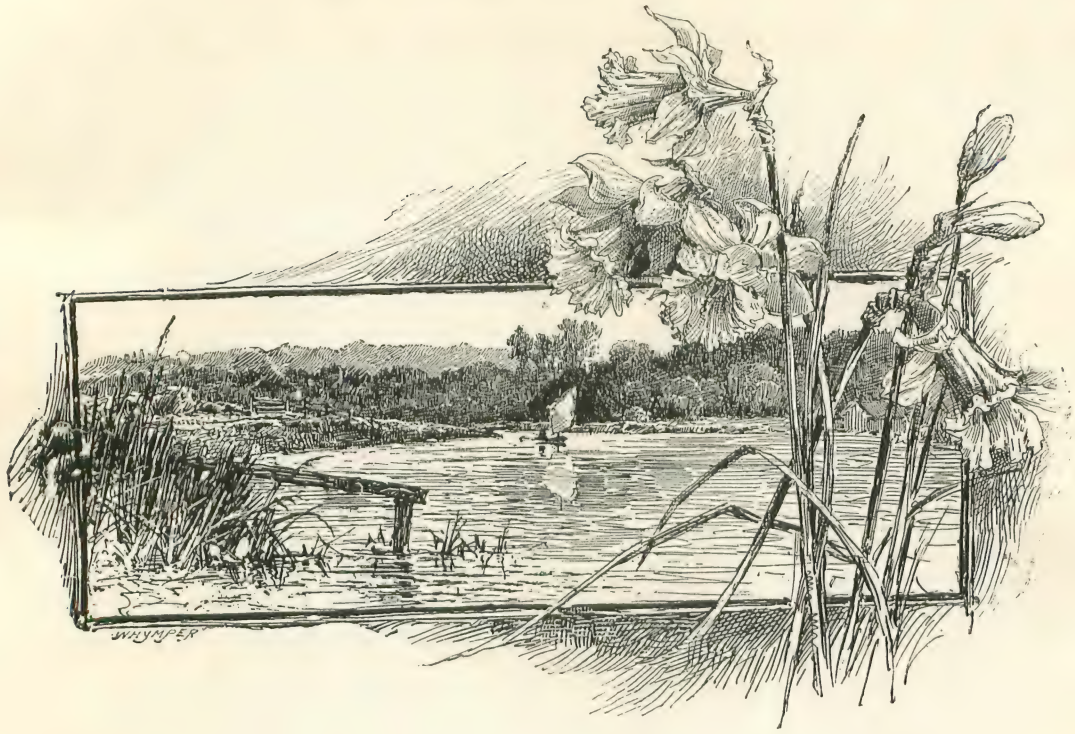
Is realism, then, a good or a bad thing? Are we to form our taste in accordance with those who uphold the closest companionship with Nature—the worship of the actual, as the highest good; or with those who regard the ideal as the only worthy aim, and treat the real with contempt? With neither, and yet, up to a certain point, with both. In respect to this, as to most other problems, the solution is to reconcile two opposites, to hit the golden mean. Realism in itself is neither good nor bad, but it may be either, according to the aim of the artist. As opposed to conventionalism, it often means naturalism—a sitting humbly at the feet of Nature to learn of her, instead of vainly imagining, in presumptuous ignorance, how far she may be dispensed with. In so far as realism means humble fidelity and patient striving to get at the truth of common and familiar things, it means surely what is wholly admirable, whether in picture, poem, or story. As opposed to idealism, it often means a ready renunciation of the higher for the lower, an eager grasping of and delight in all things, for no other reason than that they are real, however vile or mean or repulsive. And so far as it means this, it means surely a thing most fatal, the evil spell of the wicked magician overcoming the charms of the great enchantress. But it may also mean, as opposed to idealism, that just and necessary restraint without which the ideal becomes the unreal, a wasted straining after impossibilities, or a narrow and false perception of Nature. And it may also mean, as opposed to conventionalism, not a wholesome veracity in material things, but the deadness of limitation to the material and the unideal, a satisfaction in these things for what they are, and not for what they reveal. What in any case realism does mean depends entirely upon the moral tone of the artist and author. If he paints or writes realistically, simply to show that he can overcome difficulties, his realism will do the world no good, for it is the outcome of clever presumption; if he paints or writes of real things from sheer love of their reality, and not because their reality in its very completeness reveals to him the incompleteness which must always be felt by spiritual creatures, then his realism can only injure and depress those who contemplate it.

In literature, the dangers of the realist school are not to be denied, and yet realism is here, as naturalism in painting, a wholesome influence on the whole, so long as it be kept in subjection to idealism—a means, but never an end in itself. The aim which may be discovered in all fine literature is the revelation of the ideal by means of the real. Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe concern themselves with real men and women, not with abstract imaginations, yet although they set forth with perfect lucidity and fidelity the special and peculiar quality which makes an individual of each man and woman, this is only half their power; the other half lies in their showing the relation of the special and peculiar to the general and universal, that sum of qualities which makes the individual a type. As the picturesque point of view in a landscape is that which sums up its beauties into a whole that suggests its variety, and is therefore the best to be painted, so in literature the true artist will hit instinctively upon the type of character. Bagehot, a critic who ought to be better known, remarks: "We often meet people, and say of them, sometimes meaning well and sometimes ill, 'How well So-and-So would do in a book?' Such are by no means the best people, but they are the most effective people, the most rememberable people. Frequently when we first know them, we like them because they explain to us so much of our experience—we have known people 'like that' in one way or another, but we did not seem to understand them. They were nothing to us, for their traits were indistinct; we forgot them, for they hitched on to nothing, and we could not classify them. But when we see the type of the genus, at once we seem to comprehend its character, the inferior appearances are explained by the perfect embodiment, the approximations are definable, when we know the ideal to which they draw near. There are an infinite number of classes of human beings, but in each of these classes there is a distinctive type, which if it could be expressed in words, would define the class." This is what the literary artist does for character: he not only copies form and feature accurately in his portrait, but he produces the likeness by painting the characteristic expression, the typical form, and the very essence of the original. Our modern fiction is useful in its realism, in proportion as it reconciles this with idealism—the true end of all imaginative work. The whole world of real life lies open to it, including much that is painful, sordid, loathsome, and unnatural; from this it must select, and select that which will be helpful in some way by its delineation. Having selected, then whatever it has chosen to use as material cannot be represented with too much veracity. No amount of imaginative idealism can excuse misty or slurred treatment of the details of reality, if they are to appear at all. In a picture of real life, much may and must be left out, but never inaccurately drawn or falsely coloured.

The realism of modern art is part of the great current of the nineteenth century which set against shams of all kinds. Carlyle points the direction of that current in political and social thought, Ruskin in painting, Browning in poetry. So far as it means death to shams and unreal conventionalities, it is something to glory in. But we must never forget that it alone cannot content us—that a right perception of the truth of things includes and implies a right perception of the ideas of those things. Every leader of thought forms a school, which, reflecting his influence in one direction, is very apt to exaggerate his teaching, and take as absolute the fresh side of relative truth to which he gave a necessary prominence. The host of disciples and imitators bring down to their own level what was high and right in its true application. In the reaction against the "insecure shows and cloudy wreaths of imagination," small men have been carried on by the current till they have found a refuge for themselves in "the fleshly school." Not from such men as these must we learn what realism is—they do not lead, but mislead, thought. Learn its right meaning rather from one of the noblest realists of our age—one who shows us in her work its value and its limitations, Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

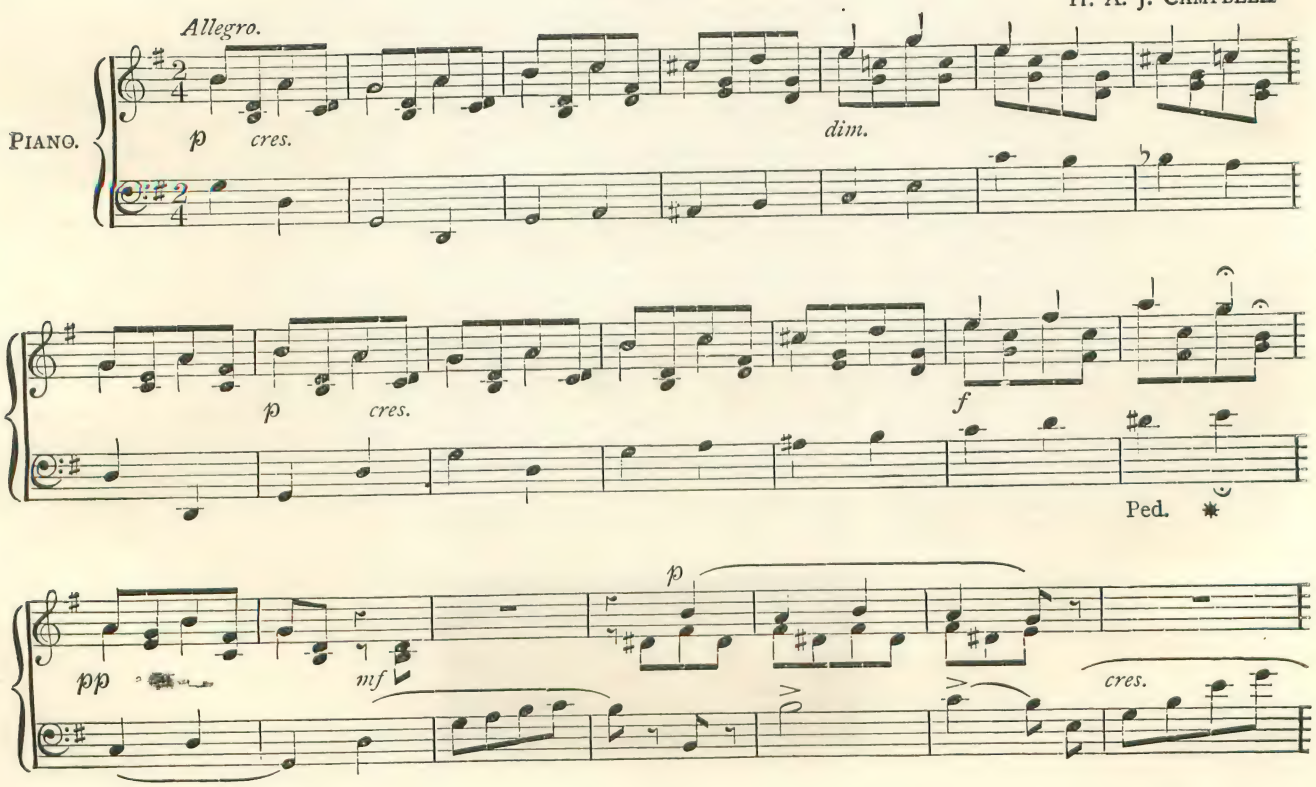
> "Natural things
> And spiritual—who separates those two
> In art, in morals, or the social drift,
> Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
> Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
> Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
> Is wrong, in short, at all points. . . .
> . . . Without the spiritual, observe,
> The natural's impossible—no form,
> No motion: without sensuous, spiritual
> Is inappreciable—no beauty or power:
> And in this twofold sphere, the twofold man
> (For still the artist is intensely a man)
> Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
> The spiritual beyond it—fixes still
> The type with mortal vision, to pierce through
> With eyes immortal, to the antetype
> Some call the ideal—better called the real,
> And certain to be called so presently
> When things shall have their names."
>
> *Aurora Leigh.*

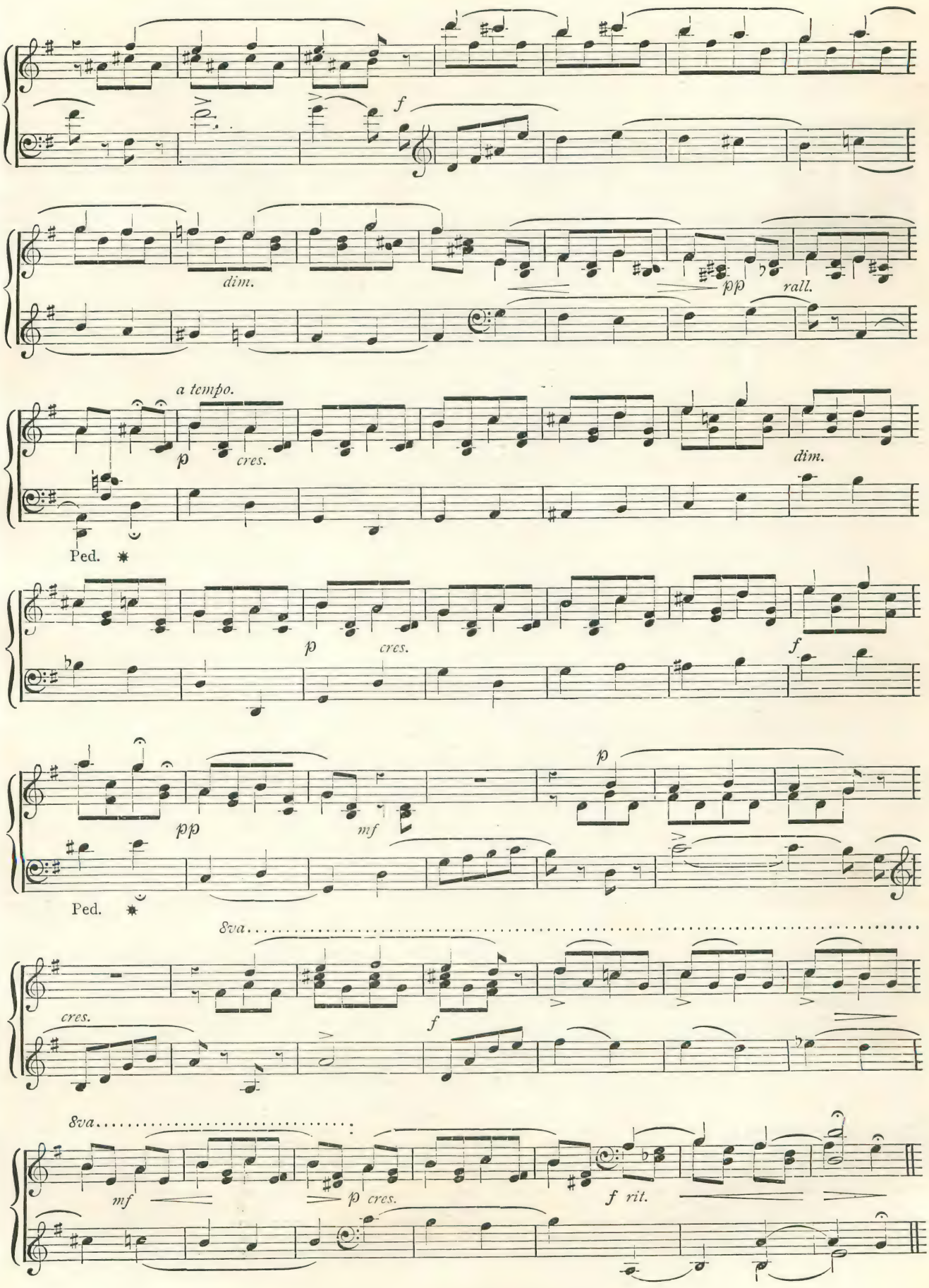




ALLEGRO.

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

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WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

MISS FLINT'S ROMANCE.

N after days I knew that cousin Dorothy's regard for Herbert Kenningham was neither owing to Mrs. Burford's introduction, nor to the very distant relationship which really could be traced between Miss Flint and her guest.

The truth was that my cousin's fair girlhood had not been without its romantic episode, though no one looking at the elderly spinster of to-day, with her eccentricities of dress, speech, and manner, would have suspected this.

The visitor in whose honour the plate had been brought from the bank, and the Hall turned its best side out, could not have connected any memory of Miss Flint's young days with her evident partiality for himself. Had he known all he might have done so.

As cousin Dorothy looked in the face of her young guest, she saw the living semblance of another Herbert Kenningham, his uncle and her distant cousin. Looking at the young man of to-day, her thoughts went back over long years, and she pictured herself as a girl of nineteen, an only child, a rich heiress, followed, flattered, sought by many, who all pleaded in vain.

Apart from the crowd stood one—that far-away cousin—just five years older than herself, a model of brave young manhood, with a nature equally strong and tender.

Cousin Dorothy could call to mind how his elders trusted him, how little children haunted his steps and tried to coax him into companionship, and how dogs would follow him uninvited, happy in being near him. She remembered his patience with the pertinacious youngsters, his courtesy to the old and unattractive, his kindness to animals, for the veriest mongrel was sure of a pat and a kind word.

Cousin Dorothy was just the one to appreciate all that was good and noble in this only individual who kept aloof from her. But she could not understand why he ever lingered near, yet never asked for what her heart told her was indeed his already. She did not dream that poverty sealed his lips, and that, whilst she joyfully thought, "I have enough for both," his feeling was, "Were I to ask Dorothy to become my wife, she might judge that I was only one amongst the fortune-hunters who are always besieging her, and speak of me as she has done of others."

So the words which might have changed the future of two lives were never spoken, and the paths of Dorothy Flint and Herbert Kenningham crossed no more.

Neither married, but he died in a foreign land at six and thirty, and just when fortune was favouring him after twelve years of hard work. From his sick-bed he wrote to cousin Dorothy, and told her that, through all this time, she had held the chief place in his thoughts and had been the one love of his life.

He told her of his struggles, made easy through long years by the hope of seeing her again, and of telling the tale which so often trembled on his lips during his days of poverty. He sent her a ring, only a plain gold one, with the motto, "True till death," inside it, and asked her to wear it for his sake.

Cousin Dorothy placed the ring on her wedding finger, and from that moment never removed it. She would have gone to the bedside of the sender had this been possible; but the news of his death followed so immediately after his letter announcing his serious illness, that there was no chance of this.

From that time began those eccentricities of speech, dress, and manner which had grown with her years, and made her the Dorothy Flint whom I have endeavoured to picture as I knew her.

People imagined that she loved money, and hoarded it for its own sake; but they were mistaken. Cousin Dorothy regarded her wealth as the thing which had stood between her and Herbert Kenningham, and proved a misfortune instead of a blessing.

"Why should I care to spend on myself what has robbed me of him?" she asked herself in the time of her great sorrow. "My wealth sealed his lips and hindered him from telling, in time, the story of his true, pure love. What could rich clothing or rich jewels do to make amends for the loss of a faithful heart? They are less than nothing to me now, and I will have none of them. But I have one source of joy and comfort. Though we were parted by a mere shadow, I know that through all those years the noblest nature I ever met with placed me first in its esteem, the kindliest heart beat true to me!"

In this thought cousin Dorothy found her best consolation. All that the world values or wealth can buy would never have given comfort to a nature like hers. Had I known these particulars when the namesake of cousin Dorothy's dead love first came to Lint Hall, the knowledge would have spared me some of the jealous feeling which his presence engendered in my mind; though I should still have made myself fairly miserable on account of his being thrown so much into Nelly Burford's society. Miss Flint's openly expressed hostility to myself made me put the worst construction on her motives in bringing him to the Hall.

I cannot tell how Betsy Harwood obtained her information, except on the principle which I have named as peculiar to country towns in general, namely, that everybody knows everything about everybody else. Betsy it was who told me that there had been "a fine to do about Miss Nelly coming to Rose Cottage."

"The master might have no right to take his daughter out with him or to call on a friend, by the way Mrs. Burford lectured him," said Betsy.

"But how did Mrs. Burford know that they had been here?" I asked. "She only came home that evening, and went away directly with her husband to fetch Magnus."

"It was the roses that told. You know we have some here different from any in the town, and finer too. You remember, Master John, how you gathered the very best for Miss Nelly. Well, she carried them home and took the greatest care of them; but she was wearing some the day her brother came. He is such a boy for flowers, and directly he saw the roses he called out, 'Nelly, those are from Rose Cottage. Mrs. Henderson used to give me such when I called upon her with my mother. Let me smell them. There are none so sweet.'

"Miss Nelly had the roses fastened near her throat, and she bent over Magnus for him to smell them. He laid his hand on them as if to pull them away, but she said, 'I have more, dear, fresher than these, and only half open. I will fetch them for you.'

"The boy loosed his hold of the roses, and Miss Nelly ran to fetch the others. He had these in his hand when Mrs. Burford came in, and he called to her, 'See what Nelly has brought to me! They are from my favourite bush at Rose Cottage.'

"Though the lad is so ill, and he had only just got into the house, as one may say, Mrs. Burford's face went as red as fire, and she turned to Miss Nelly.

"'How did you get flowers from Rose Cottage, Ellen?' she asked, in that stern voice of hers, enough to frighten one.

"Miss Ellen went white and red, but she looked up in her honest way, and said—

"'I called there with my father, the day you came back before you fetched Magnus from school. I had no chance of telling you before.'

"'You called at Rose Cottage! Your father took you! And pray what business had you there? I suppose you planned this disgraceful visit purposely when I was away.'

"Mrs. Burford was angry, though I don't see myself there was any disgrace about calling here, if even you had been out of the way, Mr. John. I take it there's no disgrace in being plain working folks and living in a little house, so as you pay your way and do what's right to the best of your power.

"Miss Ellen answered that there was no planning about it. That she was out walking with her father, and he called at Rose Cottage to speak to me, and

afterwards they stopped and had tea with you, Mr. John. She said she did not know we all lived here till then, but she was very glad we had left the old house, which was not good enough for her friend and playfellow Jack; but now everything about him was fit for a gentleman born, like you are, Mr. John, though it might not be grand or have cost such a lot of money as their furniture had done.

"I can't tell you all that was said, only that there was a great disturbance, and Mrs. Burford raked up all the ill-natured things that she used to be so fond of saying soon after your father died, and had them over again. She told Miss Nelly that she had low tastes that nothing would cure, and she should go away again till she learned to know better. That if ever she disgraced herself by again speaking to young Simpson, she should pay for it in a way she little counted on.

"The more angry Mrs. Burford got the calmer Miss Nelly was. She answered her, quite firm and steady, and said—

"'Mother, I am sorry that I cannot agree with you, but I should be grieved indeed if I could feel anything but regard and esteem for my dear friend Jack. It seems so strange that you who once could not say enough in his favour should speak so harshly and cruelly about him, and for no fault. My father and grandfather say that Jack is a good, brave fellow, whom everybody honours, not for what he has, but for what he is. Nobody speaks ill of Jack but you, mother, and surely everyone else cannot be wrong. His life is open for all to see, and he has proved by it that he can be as thorough a gentleman, whilst earning his bread at Oakhill Station, as he could ever have been at Lint Hall. Father is as proud of Jack as ever.'

"'Gentleman or not, I insist upon it that you never speak to John Simpson again,' says Mrs. Burford; for, poor body, I believe she was just at her wits' end to find something ill-natured to fling at Miss Nelly about you, only she couldn't, and for a good reason.

"'Do you hear, miss?' she went on. 'I expect you will give me your word never willingly to see that wretched young man for the future.'

"'I hear, mother,' said Miss Nelly, 'but I can give no such promise, for I should not keep it. I hope I shall see Jack, and much oftener than I have done of late years, but I will promise this, that when father and grandfather Burford forbid my speaking to him, and agree with your opinion of him, I will give up my old friend.'"

"Poor Nelly. I am sorry for the unpleasantness between her and Mrs. Burford. It would be very hard for her to oppose her mother, but Mr. Burford has always favoured our continuing friends, and he brought Nelly here quite unexpectedly to me," said I to Betsy.

"And very glad the young lady was to come, Mr. John, and nobody could say wrong there was, except just her cross-grained mamma. Not that Mrs. Burford will get her own way about sending Miss Nelly away again. I know better than that," and Betsy nodded sagaciously. "I have not quite done my story about the roses," she added, "for after Miss Nelly as good as said she should always keep friends with you, Mrs. Burford just scolded right and left, as one may say. Then she snatched the roses from her daughter's dress and crushed them in her hand, thereby getting more than she bargained for, seeing they were fastened with a big pin that buried itself deep in the palm, and gave her something else to talk about for a while after. She had more than that, too, for the poor boy was so overdone by the noise and the scolding that he went off in a dead faint, and it took some time to bring him to his senses again. I daresay Mrs. Burford would be sorry enough when she saw her poor boy so upset through her going on. But being sorry cannot always mend mischief. Master Magnus had to be taken to bed, and seems likely to stop there, by all accounts."

I was very much grieved to hear this about the sick boy, and I could not help echoing Betsy's subsequent wish, that ill-tempered people might be forced to carry on their own shoulders the whole weight of trouble caused by their hard words.

"Yes, Master John," said she, "that would teach them to think before they speak. But the mischief is they trouble other people too. I've often said that 'hard words break no bones,' and mostly these old sayings have a deal of good sense in them. I am beginning to think that they sometimes do worse than break bones."

"Aye, Betsy, they wound tender hearts, they break friendships, they lay up sorrowful memories. Sometimes the wounds are never healed; friends meet no more as such, and the bitter words will not leave the memory through the long years that follow," I replied.

"And those that have made all the mischief blame everybody but themselves. I daresay if one could know the truth, Mrs. Burford blames you for Master Magnus being worse."

"Blames me!" I cried, amazed that Betsy could imagine that possible. "How could she blame me, when I have neither seen nor spoken to Magnus for years?"

"When people want somebody else to take the blame of their faults, they can always find a way. Didn't you give those roses to Miss Nelly?"

"Of course I did."

"And wasn't it the sight of them that made Mrs. Burford find out that the young lady had been here with her father?"

"Certainly, but they came of their own accord."

"That's true enough; but the coming made Mrs. Burford angry, and depend on it, she says it was all through you stopping at Oakhill when she thought by rights you should have gone away where nobody knew you. If you had gone to Australia or America, you would not have been here; and if you had not been here, nobody could have come having tea with you, and carrying home roses to vex Mrs. Burford. You can see, Mr. John. It is all as plain as *A B C*. It was through your roses that the lady got in a temper and made her son ill."

There was a humorous twinkle in Betsy's eyes as she made out the case against me on Mrs. Burford's behalf.

"You are right," I replied. "If anyone is determined to make out a case against another, a way will be found, though it may be a crooked one."

Mrs. Burford subsequently attacked her husband on the subject of that visit to Rose Cottage, but found herself hopelessly worsted. Mr. Burford showed sufficient firmness, and frankly told his wife that he should use his own judgment with regard to the places to which he might take his children.

"As to Nelly going abroad again," he said, "she will do nothing of the kind. She is going to stay at home to be a comfort to me, and I trust to you also. I have been deprived of my dear girl's sunny presence far too long already, and I mean to enjoy as much of it as possible in future. Where Nelly goes, I go. I am most thankful that she has returned home unspoiled, and that she has remained faithful alike to home affections and outside friendships. I was delighted to know this in regard to Jack Simpson, her old playfellow. It quite brought back old happy times to be Jack's guest in his little nest. I thought of his poor father, at whose table you and I sat many a time in bygone years, and how glad he would have been to see his lad what he is in spite of changed fortunes. I tell you, I have not had such a pleasant hour for years as that which Nelly and I spent at Rose Cottage. The memory of it, and of those young bright faces, is like a poem, and I hope to repeat it before long."

There were times when even Mrs. Burford had to own herself vanquished, not in so many words, but to herself. Her husband, good, easygoing, and indulgent as a rule, could be firm enough at times, and when he was in such a mood, there was nothing for her but tacit submission.

Naturally I did not know of this conversation when it took place, but I heard the particulars from Mr. Burford himself, when I saw him about another matter which troubled me not a little shortly afterwards.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAISY.—If you go to afternoon tea at a friend's house and they give you bread and butter, or hot buttered cakes, we certainly should recommend the removal of your glove. If you call anywhere, and the persons you go to see be at home, you should not leave a card. Give your name, not your card, distinctly to the servant, who will announce you.

QUÆSITOR.—The coin you describe is a Swiss one, worth five centimes—about a halfpenny. It is of nickel, not copper.

"A POLL PARROT."—We thank you for the prescription you give for those who suffer from chapped hands and cracks in the skin, which has afforded you so much relief. Take one tablespoonful of cider, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. Mix well together and bottle. Apply once, in the middle of the day (after the chief house work is over), before washing the hands, and again at night, the last thing, when it is wise to wear white gloves, but without washing the hands on this occasion. The mid-day washing is only desirable to get rid of the sticky feeling, which is disagreeable. 2. Besides wearing broad-toed shoes, you should put on a compress of cold water, covering the wet bandage with a piece of oil silk, every night. This may reduce the inflammation as well as the swelling. The doctors also prescribe painting with iodine for three days, and then three days' rest, alternately.

A LANCASHIRE LASS.—The name of the widow on the visiting card should be exactly the same as during her husband's lifetime, *i.e.*, "Mrs. John Smith"; for legal and business purposes she is "Mrs. Alice Smith," but not otherwise. Your writing is beautifully neat and legible.

OUR FAVOURITE.—There are many old book shops where you would get second-hand numbers of all magazines much cheaper.

FAIRY.—There is a very good but simple new game for four persons called "Tiddleywinks," which is amusing, and requires some little practice and skill.

A FAITHFUL INQUIRER.—We should naturally think you might rely on the opinion of "Medicus," one of our own staff of writers.

DISTRESSED MELLIE should consult a doctor.

A READER has our best thanks for her kindness in sending us the interesting notice of Bampfylde Moore-Carew.

W. F. T.—We are pleased to hear that our first article on "Orders Conferred on Women" has so much interested you. That of the "Knights Templars" was never one for women. It was an exclusively warlike institution, not including the nursing of the sick and wounded in their duties; although they, like the "Tudor Knights" and other knightly communities, assisted the "Knights Hospitalers" when under arms.

ROUGH DIAMOND does not require copies, but will do better to look round for some handwriting which she admires, and copy that for a time.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE.—This poor "lassie" bought some professedly "golden hair dye," and, behold! instead of the hue of the sunshine, it turned her dark locks "green!" How very green she must have felt!—mentally, as well as physically. Use warm soft water and soap, and try to wash out the dye; and on each occasion roll your head up in a soft bath towel till dry. Otherwise you had better go to the barber who recommended and sold the wash, show him your mermaid locks, make him cut them off, and supply you with a wig, or "fronts," at a considerable reduction if you can.

IGNORANT ADA should show her shawl to a good dyer, and he will judge from its shade as well as colour to what hue it could best be changed. He will show her his dyes, and could advise her far better than we could, who have not seen it. She would probably ruin her shawl if she tried her inexperienced hand on it.

S. P.—Francis Gomar, or Gomarus, was a Protestant divine, born at Bruges in 1563, but was educated at Cambridge and Oxford. He became a theological professor at Leyden in 1594, and subsequently of Hebrew and divinity at Groningen. He was a great opponent of Arminius, a fellow professor, and in 1618 he took part in the discussions of the famous Synod of Dort, as the result of which the doctrine of Arminius was condemned. He died in 1641, and his partisans in Holland were called after him "Gomarites."

G. TAYLER.—The quotations you give are taken from the Apocrypha. You write very well, and need make no apology on that score.

"TWO MONTHS' SUBSCRIBER."—August 25th, 1871, was a Friday.

M. E. IRWIN.—February 19th, 1842, was a Saturday. February 11th, 1875, was a Thursday. January 20th, 1879, was a Monday.

MAPLE BROWNE.—March 6th, 1866, was a Tuesday. June 13th, 1871, was a Tuesday. We are glad you found our article on the "Careful Treatment of the Voice" in the number for October last so useful, after beginning with Alberto Randegger's primer, entitled "Singing."

DOROTHY C., ADA B.—The only way to find employment such as you require is to advertise for it. The trade journals would probably be the best medium. Inquire at any good newspaper vendor's.

ON THIS SIDE THE BORDER would do better to go to some good London shop and look over the dresses, and choose one of the kind she needs. This would be the cheapest and best plan, we think. A black lace over black silk or black sateen is a very good useful dress.

L. A. L.—The reference occurs in "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne.

MATER.—The spelling of the proper name "Nathalie" would differ in various countries. "Nathalie" would be German, "Natalie" would be French or Italian. There would be no bad spelling, only a difference of language.

A HUNGRY READER.—Volumes iv. to x. are in stock, and can be got at the office of the "G.O.P."

ANXIOUS ALICE.—The position is one that demands unflinching loyalty to your knowledge of *Right*. You would be doing grievous wrong to go, and there is the greatest danger in corresponding with him or holding the least intercourse with one who has treated you so scandalously. Think of your own honour and reputation, and forget not to use the petition of our Master, "Lead us not into temptation." You have our sympathy and prayers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOPSEY should not keep her gloves on during dinner. Although it is sometimes done when people have chilblains, it is not a nice custom. 2. The "law of kindness" is to be considered in every case, and you should certainly write a civil note of congratulation.

A. K. H.—Sir John Littler, whose photograph you have and admire, was a general officer of the British Army, and distinguished himself in some of our late wars. He is not now living.

IGNORAMUS.—Girton College (as well as Newnham) is at Cambridge, and they were both instituted for women.

FLORRIE should write for the list of publications of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and in it she will find plenty of nice books suitable for little girls to read.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

"VERY MUCH AT HER EASE."

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CHAPTER I.

THE BLAND FAMILY.

MRS. BLAND'S house stood in the High Street of the little town of Woodham. It was an old-fashioned, sedate-looking house, with a bow window projecting on each side the front door, and two rows of white curtained windows above; but there was nothing prim about the garden which lay at the back of the house. This garden, with its wealth of sweet-scented flowers, its fruit trees, its sunflowers and hollyhocks standing out in rich contrast to the mellow red of the old walls, was a delightful place in which to spend a warm September afternoon. About the middle of the garden, and bordering at its lower end the portion which, though not devoid of beauty, was obviously devoted to utility, was a strip of lawn shaded by trees. Here, on such an afternoon, Hilda Bland was lying, very much at her ease, in a hammock suspended between two sturdy trunks. She had a book in her hand, but reading was impossible, since Kate was on the path close by, chattering fast as she gathered flowers, and Gwen, her younger sister, was displaying great energy in her attempts to shake or knock down some of the ripe greengages that were visible at the top of the tall tree to which one end of the hammock was fastened.

"You won't get them that way, Gwen," cried Kate, as her sister threw a rake handle at the top of the tree and it came rattling down through the branches.

"You are far more likely to break my head," said Hilda, from the hammock, "and you shake me dreadfully. You might have a little respect for my feelings."

"Nonsense; you are so lazy, Hilda! If you were anything of a sister you would come and help me."

"Thanks for the suggestion, dear," said Hilda, sweetly, "but I prefer remaining where I am." And she threw herself back upon the cushions with an air of indolent grace. At all times Hilda had rather a languid air. Of slender form, below the middle height, with a colourless complexion, and features regular and delicately formed, she had a frail appearance beside her more robust-looking sisters, but, in truth, her health was as good as theirs. Mrs. Bland used to boast that her girls were never ill, thanks to the care with which she had followed the common-sense rules for the rearing of his children laid down by her deceased husband, who had practised as a surgeon at Woodham. There was a dreamy, absent look in Hilda's large blue eyes, which some persons found interesting, and others quite the reverse. To the unimaginative it was a sleepy, stupid look; but the more discerning saw in it the sign of a thoughtful, reflective nature.

There was but the faintest resemblance between Hilda and Kate, who was eighteen months older. No one could be less dreamy or indolent than Kate, or, as she was more often called, Kitty. With black hair, keen dark eyes, and a warm brown complexion, now, at the end of the summer, deepened to a gipsy-like hue, she looked very much alive. Her form was sturdy, though trim, her features of a decided character, the nose of the Roman type, the chin well rounded and somewhat prominent, the mouth firm, though ready enough to break into smiles. She was the eldest of Mrs. Bland's family of four, and had passed her twenty-second birthday, but strangers often took her for younger than Hilda, there was so much of the child about Kitty still. Hilda was the quiet one of the family, fond of reading and dreaming. Kitty was seldom still. She seemed made for a country life, and was as happy in the rigours of winter as in the summer's prime. Riding, rowing, skating, there were few healthy exercises in which she did not excel. Of the liveliest temperament, she was a great talker and rather satirical, but happily her nature was too sound and warm for her satire to be tinged with malice or envy.

"I wish Charlie would come," she said presently, as she flitted to and fro amongst the flowers; "it chimed four ever so long ago. There, the quarter is striking now."

"Did you ever know Charlie come straight home from school?" asked Hilda, as she turned over the leaves of her "Browning." "Why are you in such a hurry to see him?"

"Oh, you know! I am dying to hear about that new master. The arrival of a stranger at Woodham is such an event."

"Is there a new master?" asked Hilda, indifferently.

"Oh, Hilda! How stupid you are! Don't you know that Mr. Ferris was to leave at the end of last term, and did you not hear Miss Lorraine say the other day that a gentleman from London was coming to take his place—a B.A. of Cambridge, she said he was?"

"I did not hear it," said Hilda; "but Miss Lorraine has always so much to say, I cannot pretend to listen to every word."

"Well, I should think you might have listened to that," returned Kate, whilst Gwen paused for a moment in her futile efforts to bring down the greengages, and turned to hear what her sisters were saying.

"Why? What about him? What is his name, and what has he to do with us?" asked Hilda, anxious to get information as speedily as possible, that she might resume her reading.

"I have not heard his name, and I do not know that he has anything to do with us," said Kate, rather lamely; "but I hope, for Charlie's sake, that he is nice; and, of course, I should like to know whether he goes in for boating and that sort of thing, and would be likely to join our tennis club."

"Oh, you are thinking of the tennis," said Hilda, languidly; but the next moment she started up with an exclamation of pleasure, as she saw who was coming down the path from the house, accompanied by Mrs. Bland.

The visitor was a tall, slight girl, wearing a fresh cotton gown and a wide straw hat, as simply dressed as a girl could be, yet with a certain becoming grace peculiar to the wearer. You might not have known at first sight whether Aldyth Lorraine was to be considered pretty; but you would have felt in an instant that she was charming.

Her features were neither regular nor delicately moulded. The chin was too long, the mouth too large, the lips perhaps a trifle too full for beauty; but when the lips parted they displayed the most white and perfect teeth, and her smile revealed the sweetness of a frank and loving nature. The large brimmed hat hid the broad, finely-arched brow and the dark brown hair which rippled back from it, but could not dim the merry, happy light that shone in the grey eyes. There could be no question as to the beauty of those eyes, long in shape, of a deep violet-grey hue, and shaded by long dark lashes. But, whilst we may attempt to describe features, what words can give the charm of a sweet girl's face? Aldyth's had a charm which won many hearts. But perhaps the charm was rather in herself than in her face. That was winsome, because her heart was tender and true and sympathetic, full of kind feelings towards everyone she met.

"To think of my finding you all at home!" exclaimed Aldyth. "I felt sure you would be at tennis this lovely afternoon, and that I should have a quiet chat with Mrs. Bland."

"I am sorry for your disappointment," said Kitty; "but there has been nothing to hinder your having a quiet talk with mother. The fact is, Clara Dawtrey has a party of her friends on the ground this afternoon."

Kitty's lip curled as she spoke. Aldyth's quick little nod expressed perfect comprehension.

"What a pity that girl is so loud in her manners," she remarked. "I feel sometimes as if I should like to give her a little hint, but I suppose it would do more harm than good. Aunt says that if she only knew the things that are said of her, even by the gentlemen she counts her admirers, she would alter her ways."

As she spoke Aldyth was lifting a chair out of the summer-house at the end of the lawn for Mrs. Bland.

"Gwen," cried Kitty, who had her hands too full of flowers to render assistance, "do you see what Aldyth is doing? How rude you are! It is time you went back to school."

"Never mind, Gwen," said Aldyth, laughing, as the girl rushed up too late to be of use; "it won't kill me to lift a chair. And it is cruel of Kitty to remind you that Monday is so near. Charlie has gone back to school to-day, has he not?"

"Oh, that is nothing; I wish I only went to a day-school," said Gwen, a big girl of fifteen; "but is not Kitty curious? She is dying to question Charlie about the new master. Do you know anything about him?"

"Someone else is curious, I think," said Aldyth, merrily. "All I know of him is that he is named John Glynne, and Aunt Lucy is trying to persuade herself that he is one of the Glynnes of Norfolk, and that she went to school with his mother. Ah, here is Charlie; now we shall hear."

A boy of twelve, satchel in hand, came bounding down the garden. But, boy like, Charlie would yield but meagre replies to the questions with which the girls plied him.

Yes, he had seen Mr. Glynne, of course. He had taken their class for Latin, and they were to read Shakespeare with him on Friday afternoons. He did not know that Mr. Glynne was any different from other masters; he did not like him so well as Mr. Ferris. He had given them a lot to prepare, and he had come down "like a load of bricks" on one boy, whom he had caught with a book open beneath his desk. He said it was as bad as stealing to take the credit of knowing a lesson which had not been studied, and that he had hoped he was going to teach manly boys and not "sneaks."

"He is quite right," said Mrs. Bland, warmly, "I hate to hear of boys doing such deceitful things. Charlie, it would grieve me beyond words to express if I thought you could act in such a way. But I am not afraid. I believe that my boy will always be true and straightforward in his conduct."

"All right, mother," said Charlie, hastily. "But, please, I want that half-crown you promised me. I'm off to Stubbs' now, about those rabbits." And no more information concerning the new master was to be drawn from him.

"Tiresome young monkey!" cried Kate, as Charlie ran off with his half-crown. "Aldyth, you have no idea how provoking a young brother can be. You have no brothers or sisters to trouble you."

"I have a brother and sisters," said Aldyth, "though they cannot certainly be said to trouble me."

"To be sure! I always forget those relatives of yours on the other side of the world," said Kate, carelessly. "I must say I could not feel much affection for half-brothers and sisters whom I had never seen."

"But I hope to see them some day," said Aldyth, colouring as she spoke; "and I write to them and they write to me sometimes. I should be sorry to feel as if I did not belong to them. But I must be going. I only looked in to ask Mrs. Bland if I had bought the right kind of wool that mother wants me to send her."

"Oh, Aldyth, don't go yet!" exclaimed Hilda, springing up in the hammock, and well-nigh overbalancing herself. "Do try the hammock; it's delicious this afternoon. A thousand apologies for not asking you before."

"Not now, thank you, Hilda," said Aldyth; "I have my letter to finish for the mail."

Though Aldyth was on the friendliest terms with all the Bland family, Hilda was especially her friend. The two girls walked arm-in-arm to the garden door, and after a prolonged good-bye there, Hilda came back to her mother and sisters.

"Kitty," she said, "you should not have said that about Aldyth's relations. I am sure you hurt her, for she thinks so much of them all. She is always writing to them, and she never forgets one of their birthdays, though they sometimes forget hers."

"I am very sorry," said Kitty; "but really it is absurd to suppose that she can care as much for her brother and sisters as if they had been brought up together."

"She may not care in the same way, but she certainly loves them; and as for the mother, it seems to me that Aldyth simply worships the mother whom she has never seen."

"She must have seen her," said Kate.

"Of course; but you need not be so absurdly literal, Kate. Aldyth was only two years old when her mother went to Australia. She cannot remember her."

"It always seems to me that Miss Lorraine is more truly Aldyth's mother," said Mrs. Bland. "She has had the care of her ever since she was a few months old, for shortly after Aldyth was born, Captain Lorraine's health began to fail, and then Mrs. Lorraine travelled about with him, and the baby was left with her aunt. I am sure Miss Lorraine feels that Aldyth is her child, and I believe she provides for her almost entirely."

"Yes, but Aldyth does not feel like that," said Hilda. "She is fond of her aunt, and very grateful to her; but she loves her mother best. She is always looking forward to her mother's coming to England. I wonder if she ever will come!"

"Poor Aldyth!" said Mrs. Bland, with a sigh.

"Why do you always say 'Poor Aldyth' when we speak of Aldyth's mother?" asked Hilda, quickly.

"Do I always say it?" asked Mrs. Bland.

"Yes, you do, mother, and I want to know why. I believe it is because you think that Aldyth's mother loves her eldest child less than her eldest child loves her. Is that it?"

"Well, perhaps," Mrs. Bland admitted. "I must confess I find it hard to understand how a mother could leave such a tiny child behind her in England, and let her grow up to womanhood without making an effort to see her. I can only suppose that the other children, born to her in Melbourne, have taken Aldyth's place in her heart, and that, absorbed in her home life, she thinks but little of her eldest daughter, and regards her rather as Miss Lorraine's adopted child than as her own."

"But she wants to come home, and her coming has often been talked of," said Hilda. "She tells Aldyth in her letters how she longs to see her."

"I daresay," said Mrs. Bland, drily; "but a mother's passionate yearning to see her child would have found out a way for them to meet before now, I think."

"You knew Aldyth's mother when she was a girl, did you not?" asked Kate. "Is Aldyth like her?"

"Yes and no," said Mrs. Bland; "Aldyth's mother was a lovely girl, and had most fascinating ways. Aldyth is more of a Lorraine, and yet she often reminds me of her mother. But there is a great difference—I hardly know how to explain it—but there is a great difference between them. Aldyth seems to have inherited her father's frank, loving nature together with her mother's brightness."

"Had not Mrs. Lorraine a loving nature?" Hilda asked.

"Well, not as a girl. She was the belle of this neighbourhood, and had many admirers, and that sort of thing makes some girls callous. Then her parents were poor and designing, and they hurried her into a marriage with Captain Lorraine, because they thought he was to be his uncle's heir. I do not believe she loved him, and she was too young to have an idea of the serious duties and responsibilities of married life. You know I think no girl should be married before she is one and twenty."

"And the marriage proved an unhappy one, I suppose?" said Kate.

"I fear so," said Mrs. Bland. "Stephen Lorraine strongly disapproved of it, and when his nephew married in spite of his disapproval, he would have nothing more to do with him. The Captain was harassed with money difficulties, and, as his health failed, he grew morbid and depressed. I heard Mrs. Lorraine say once that living with him was like being continually with a wet blanket. She was easily consoled after his death, for within a year she married Mr. Stanton, and sailed for Australia."

"Poor Aldyth!" sighed Hilda. "It seems hard that her mother should desert her like that. Miss Lorraine is very kind; but she is so fussy and talkative; I should not like to live with her."

"I wonder if Aldyth will ever join her family," said Kitty, "and how she will like them if she does!"

"I almost hope that may never happen," said Mrs. Bland, "for I fancy it would mean disappointment for Aldyth."

"She will never know what it is to have such a dear little mother as you," cried Gwen, suddenly bestowing a warm hug on her mother. Mrs. Bland laughed at Gwen's vehemence, but tears came into her eyes as she kissed Gwen.

The death of her husband, followed a year later by that of her eldest boy, three years younger than Hilda, had intensified the anxiety that almost invariably attends a mother's love; but Mrs. Bland was a wise woman, and kept most of her fears to herself, taking care not to worry

her children. Thus it was that her girls grew up with the feeling that their mother was their best friend, and there was no constraint between them, though Hilda at times evinced a certain reserve of character which caused her mother some uneasiness.

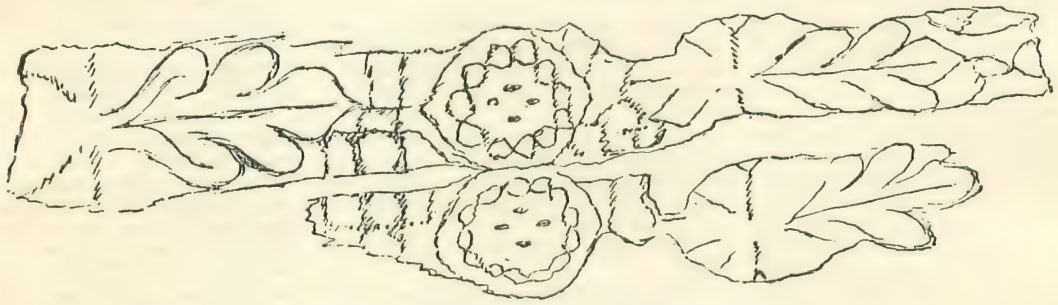
Mrs. Bland's heart was so essentially that of a mother that its sympathies could not be bounded by her own home circle. The friends of her girls were her friends also, and responded gratefully to the kindness she showed them. As for Aldyth Lorraine, she was well-nigh as dear to Mrs. Bland as one of her own children. She had grown up with Kate and Hilda. They had been separated only during their school-terms, Aldyth having been sent to a more expensive school than Mrs. Bland could afford for her daughters. Aldyth often said that Mrs. Bland was the most motherly woman she knew, and unconsciously the girl's thoughts of her absent mother, and her dreams of what their meeting would be, were largely coloured by what she saw of the love and confidence existing between Mrs. Bland and her daughters.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. WM. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN "THE FAYUM, EGYPT.

WITH SOMETHING OF BENEFICENT RULERS, CROCODILES, MUMMIES, AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

By Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT.



EMBROIDERY—WHITE THREAD ON PURPLE FABRIC.

CHAPTER III.

By the darned and patched condition of the embroideries worn by the dead, we see what precious fabrics were in general use by the well-to-do people of that day.

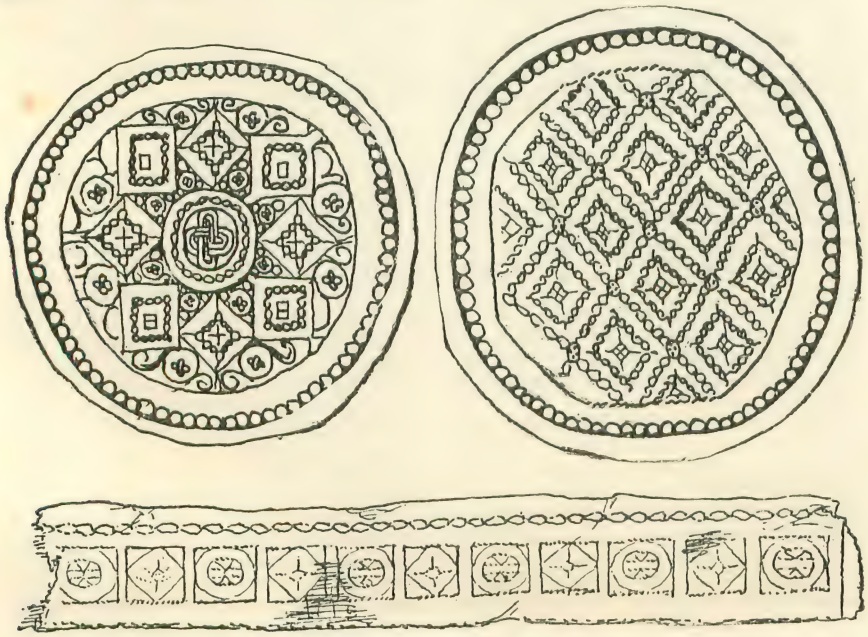
Very modern appears a knitted crimson hair-net, and a "digitated" brown sock, seemingly made almost exactly as those of the present day. Also a glass magnifying lens used by the Egyptians to intensify the feeble light of their oil lamps.

One of the most interesting objects found is a picture frame of wood painted brown, with a groove to let in a glass, and remains of a wax portrait on a panel, with cord attached, by which it had been hung up, probably in some home, for a considerable time, as shown by the dent in the cord. This is the only known example of an ancient picture frame, and reminds us strangely of a modern "Oxford" frame.

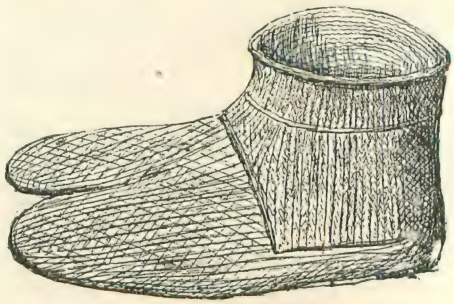
In another tomb was found a set of painter's colour saucers, with two water-pots beside them; and it sounds painfully when we hear that the poor artist has been divorced from his colours, which have been taken to the British Museum, while his head lies in the Natural History Department!

Workmen's tools are found in great numbers; many of these probably belonged to poor people who took up their abode in the deserted tombs.

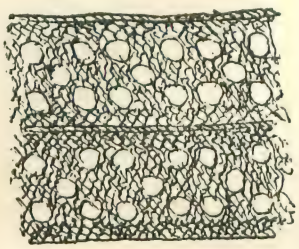
The leather-workers' needles were so bright when found, that had it not been for the ancient leather in which they were wrapped, and the palm fibre string in the eyes of them, it had been almost incredible that they were of such ancient use. Together with these were found a thumb-stall laced up, and a whipping-top, and bird on wheels, to be drawn along by a string. These are all of Roman use.



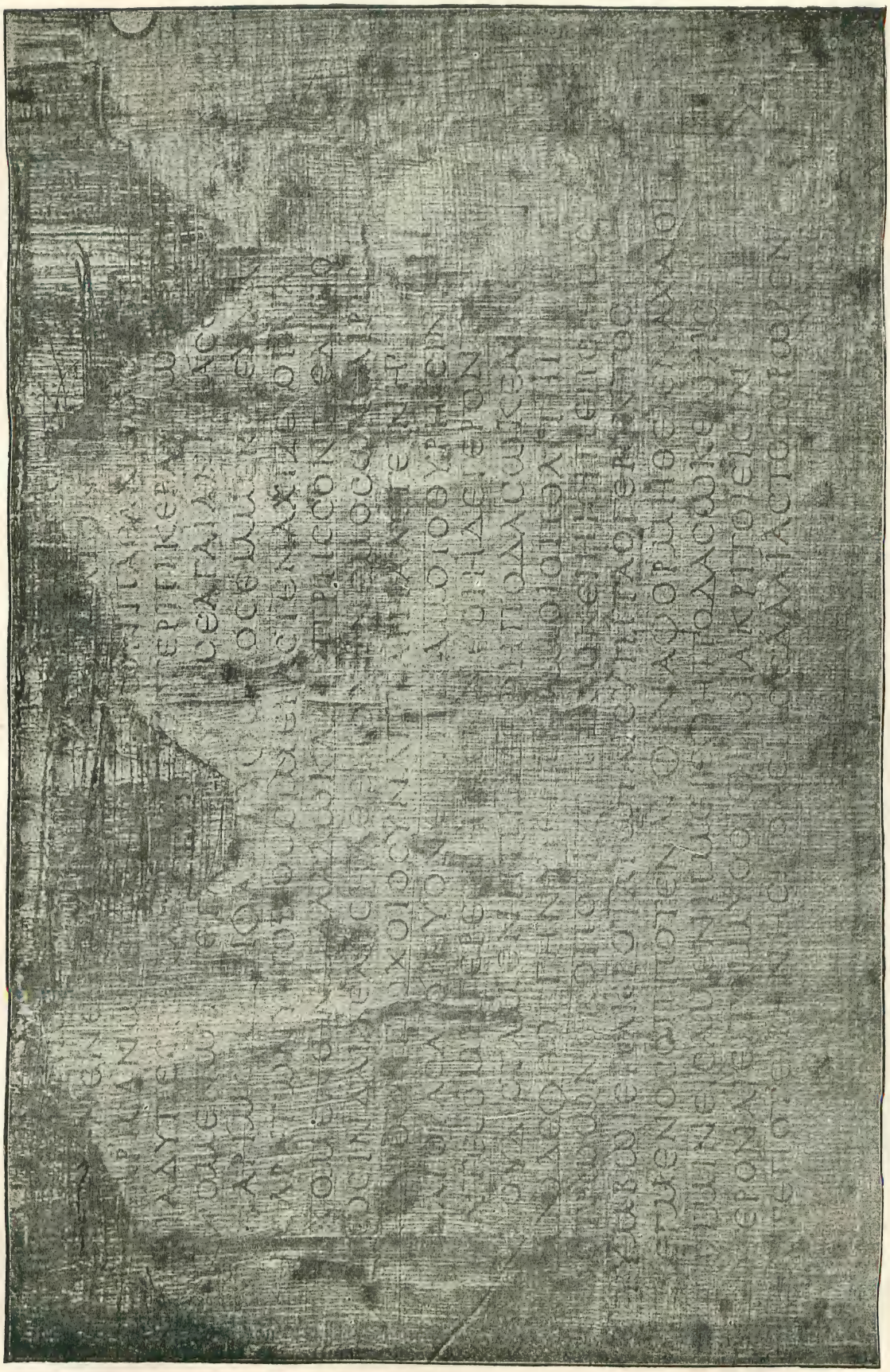
EMBROIDERY, ABOUT 340 A.D.



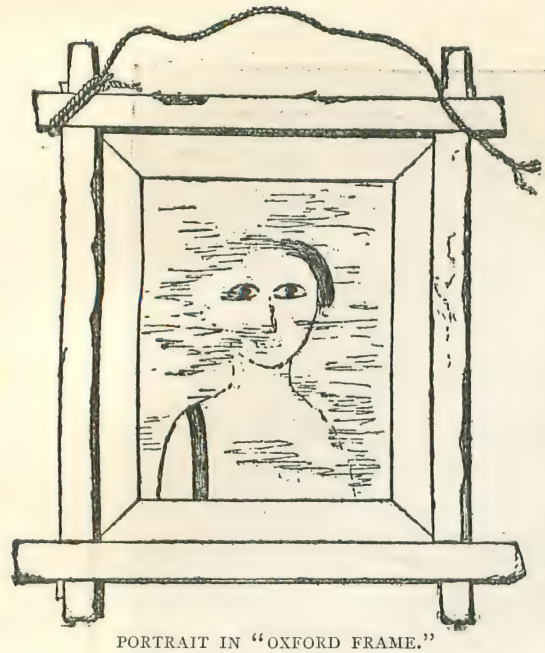
KNITTED SOCK OF THICK BROWN WOOL.



CRIMSON HAIR-NET.



PAPYRUS OF THE "ILIAD" FOUND LYING UNDER THE HEAD OF A MUMMY AT HAWARA.

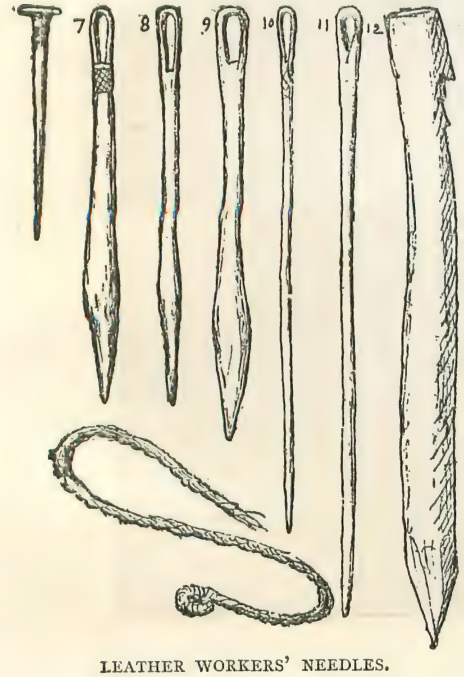


PORTRAIT IN "OXFORD FRAME."

We learn that with the Egyptians, as with ourselves, it was the custom to make gardens at the entrance to their tombs, where they reared flowers (the use of which at all ceremonies was highly valued), and nourished them with water drawn daily from the river.

FLINT KNIFE.

There were also, above ground, sepulchral chambers, where the friends of the dead assembled, bringing with them food and flowers; remnants of their funeral feasts, as enjoyed by the Egyptians of long ago, have been found in great quantities at Hawara. Here are the papyrus baskets and remnants of dried corn, dates, and peaches, together with mysterious little bags of sawdust, which were either scent bags sold by the custodians to mourning friends, or possibly bags of sawdust from the floor of the room where the mummies had been prepared, and treasured by the survivors.



LEATHER WORKERS' NEEDLES.

A PAGE FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

From the papyrus manuscripts which have been found in the Fayum, we learn that Egyptian housekeeping has changed but little during 1,400 years. Here in a careless handwriting is a chapter of accounts made by one of the scribes who superintended a public office; it opens with this primitive statement:—

"You have received 20 drachmæ, and I have received from you 35 drachmæ; and from 20 drachmæ are subtracted 4, according to agreement, 8 for paper.

"First day: Meat, 1 drachmæ 2 obols (an obol said to be about 2d.), paper 4 obols, beans 4 obols, liver 1 obol.

"Second day: Chuck peas 2 obols, reeds for fuel 2 obols, oil 3 obols, beans 3 obols, fuel 3 obols; in all 25 drachmæ.

"Third day: Meat 1 obol, sheep's head 1 obol, flour 1 obol, beans 3 obols, fuel 2 obols, oil 3 obols; in all 28 drachmæ.

"Fourth day: Meat 1 drachmæ, lentils 3 obols, fuel 2 obols, bread 1 obol, glue

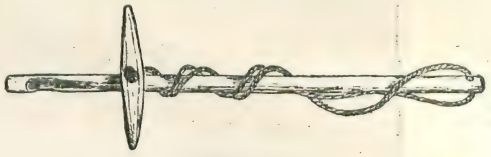
THUMB-STALL LACED UP.

½ obol, 1 reed ½ obol, figs 1 obol, oil 3 obols; the whole sum is 3 drachmæ 2 obols.

"Fifth day: Birds 1 drachmæ 1 obol, sundries 1½ obol, paper 1 obol, a pot 1 obol, salt ½ obol, lentils 3 obols."

WHIPPING-TOP.

And so on from day to day with items of "seasoning eggs" "for myself." "A pet dog 3 obols, and a man with it 3 obols; an ass, a cloakbearer, collecting the donkeys, fish, rice, beetroots, a garland, 2 obols." Lentils appear oftener in the account than any other item; from the earliest times this beneficent grain has been valued in the East, a mess of it having been found amongst funeral offerings, 2400 B.C. By the price paid for a garland we are reminded of the important part flowers occupied



TWIST DRILL.

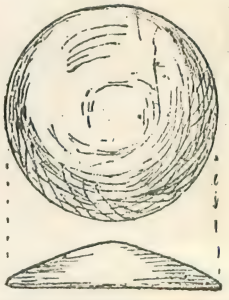
at all Egyptian feasts, where not only the cups and tables were decorated, but the guests themselves were wreathed with garlands by the host, and from the repeated item "oil," we can picture the dishes, as in Egypt at the present day, floated in oil, both hot and cold.

Persons who have lived in the East will remember how the oil in daily housekeeping is a serious difficulty to contend with, for when night comes it may be found that the "serage" or lamp oil has been pressed into the service of the kitchen dinner, and when this involves an hour seated in the dusk, while man and donkey make a journey over bad

BOW DRILL.

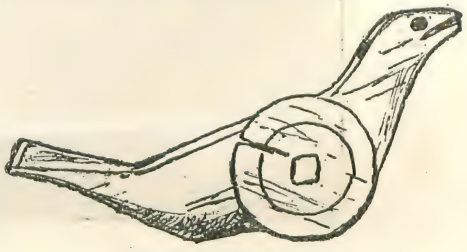
roads into the city to buy more, the consequences are not a little serious.*

But in that sunny land the domestic roseleaf is but little rumpled by daily cares of bread, for to this day six pounds of clustering yellow grapes, aromatic and sweet, may be bought for fourpence, with profit also to the marketer; and we may be sure that the Egyptian scribe



GLASS CONDENSING LENSES.

* My own experience of housekeeping in Syria had this great difficulty superadded, that neither could I write my servant's language nor could he read it, so I adopted the plan of picture writing, hoping by this means to secure the dinner I expected; but this too was a failure, for Ibrahim persisted with smiling assurance in calling all my pictures "beans"; it made no difference if it were a leg of mutton or a winged animal that I had drawn, "Beans, oh, lady!" was always the response, so I gave it up, and ate contentedly what Ibrahim saw fit to bring me.



TOY BIRD ON WHEELS.

of 1,500 years ago did not forget this last part of the transaction.

"A BOOK LOVER AND A LADY."

It has been wisely spoken, "Not what I have, but what I am, is my kingdom," and well we may believe might this have been said by the unknown lady who was laid to rest more than 1,800 years ago, her head pillowed upon the "Iliad." How she must have loved her Homer! We can picture her with her finely-chiselled features, and aspect full of intellectual light, seated on a chair inlaid with ivory, her hand resting on her black hair, with the treasured papyrus unrolled before her, appealing to the poet's wisdom "when her own knowledge and power of thought failed her, led on into wider light and purer conception," as one of our own great teachers has taught us we should be by the right use of great books. The instinct to give to lady and poem renewed and decent burial is strong as we look at both; but we may be comforted for the dead lady in reflecting that a book so dearly loved had been well used, leaving her the possessor of high thoughts and noble memories which *no time can touch*; and although, for the benefit of scholars, her skull and the Homer papyrus now rest in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the soul that "wonned on high" has carried with it a treasure that neither tomb-breaker nor antiquarian can take from it.

[THE END.]

DOVES' DOWN;

OR,

PIGEON LIFE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

MAN'S LOVE OF PIGEONS, AND THE RETURN THEY MAKE.

"He springs from his trap, he sails through the air,
Loud clapping his wings as he goes;
Now he's down on the roof, playing up to his hen,
See how neatly he trips on his toes.
They're off now together, and as they wheel round
You may hear the wind sigh through their wings,
Like the zephyrs so sweet through Æolus his harp
As they murmur their song through the strings." —*J. C. Lyell.*

"Written legibly all over the resplendent beauty of the dove is the love of God."
—*Rev. J. Lucas.*

IT may have been a subject of wonder to those who interest themselves in pigeons, why they should sometimes be called doves and at other times pigeons, and whether there is any real difference between one and the other.

It has been decided that there is no real distinction between them, but that they are one and the same, having derived the name of dove from the Anglo-Saxons, and pigeons from the Normans. One branch of the family has, however, never taken the name of dove, and that is the passenger pigeon of North America.

The French, in speaking of the dove, always use the Norman term "pigeon," the Italians evidently use the same "piccioni" and "pipione," while the Latin term for it is "pipio," a nestling that pipes or cries; the Germans, on the contrary, use the Anglo-Saxon* term, viz., "taube," or dove.

A great pigeon fancier has divided mankind into two classes, those who keep pigeons and those who do not. The former, he says, though in the minority, are by far the most important and the most to be envied, for from them the temptations to idleness are withdrawn, and while riding their hobby they gather strength and freshness to grapple with the real work of life.

A large number of pigeon fanciers love the birds for their own sake, and for the pure gratification they afford. "If I get worried in business during the day, and I often do," said a lover of pigeons, "I come home in the evening and interest myself with the birds, and I forget the day's trouble in their company, and find a good night's rest when other men would miss it."

It is certain that the keeping of pigeons affords pure amusement to a great many people of all sorts and conditions. It is an inexpensive and an ennobling recreation when not carried to excess. Ure, who had as large an acquaintance among pigeon fanciers as any man living, says: "In the whole of my experience I never saw an instance of a real fancier being a degraded or an immoral man."

It is very much the same as being fond of flowers and cultivating them, for are not doves living flowers, beautiful in form and rich in colour. "Both the love of flowers and the love of doves is something akin to poetry: it must be born in one," says Mr. Lucas. "Pigeon-breeding is a consummate art, and the fancier is an artist."

Like most artists, too, he is enthusiastic, and of this we have proofs which extend back many centuries. "The Romans," said Pliny, "are mad with the love of these birds; they build towers for them on the tops of their roofs, and relate the high breeding and ancestry of each."

Then there was Akbar Khan of India (1600), a most extravagant fancier. He had over 20,000 pigeons, many of which he carried on his visits; indeed, he never went anywhere without them. It is believed he was the originator of crossing the breeds. In the present day Lyell, the great authority on pigeons, says: "I have seen the pigeons of the King of Oude, who is probably owner of the greatest number of choice pigeons in the world, his stock numbering thousands."

Many a poor man whom I know, being possessed of a few pigeons, would rather starve than sell them, let the need be ever so great. Pigeon fancying is not an unprofitable recreation either, for with patience, perseverance, and prudence on the part of the fancier, the birds multiply so fast that they outgrow their dwellings, and then some of them must perforce be parted with and frequently at a good price. Mr. Lucas relates an instance of a blind fancier of pigeons. "The birds and he were great friends and constant companions. He sat in his loft, and they alighted on his head, his shoulders, and his knees. He could not see them, but he heard them. He would sit quietly thus for hours, the sun shining upon his sightless eyes and silvery head, surrounded by his feathered friends, listening to the flutter of their wings and the language of their cooings. He was content and joyous. If one of his children entered the loft they caught a bird, described it, and put it into the father's hand. He fondled it a short time and let it go."

While they are kept for love they keep the harp of life in tune, but when money enters into the calculation the love recedes into the background, or altogether disappears; the birds are then like any other article of commerce.

Spitalfields, not a very romantic place, seems to have been the cradle of the fancy, and is thus explained. After the massacre of the Huguenots in France, many silk weavers, to escape persecution, came to London and settled in Spitalfields, bringing with them their two hobbies of cultivating tulips and breeding pigeons, as well as their trade of silk-weaving.

To love flowers and birds is to be made better by loving them, and certainly this love was the one refining feature in their hard, monotonous lives. "If you have not something to enjoy in life you are a living grave," says Charles Kingsley. In 1824 these poor French weavers fell into depressed circumstances, and their tulips and doves had to go to the highest bidder, leaving Spitalfields desolate, for up to that time every house and tavern had pens for pouters. It is said that the light seemed to go out of the lives of these French refugees with the departure of the objects of their love and care.

Of course another condition of things obtains where the birds are kept and trained for money, for then, no matter how graceful and ornamental a creature may be, or how poetic and sacred its associations, man has no scruple in subjecting it to his will and making it subservient to his use.

He learns its habits, its weak points, and the proper time to come in with power, and it is even so between man and pigeons. It is nothing to him that the harmony and brilliant colouring of the dove's plumage surpasses the utmost efforts of human artists, or that it is the image of the innocent and graceful—it has a commercial value which absorbs the interest and excites the energies of the man who possesses it.

Of course there is nothing wrong about this—it is one way of earning daily bread; but it is not keeping them for love, nor does it have the same recreative and reposeful influence upon those who keep them.

The first public show of pigeons in London was held at the Baker Street Bazaar, in 1852, under the patronage of Prince Albert. I have heard that the Queen has a beautiful collection of doves.

Doves have in all ages been mixed up with history, and their influence and appearance have ever been accounted good, gentle, and fortunate.

It is stated as an historical fact that at the coronation of King Arthur of England, four kings walked before him each holding a sword of gold, whilst before the queen walked four more kings each carrying a white pigeon, according to custom; white pigeons being esteemed a happy omen.

* Anglo-Saxon is the mother tongue of the present English.

During the coronation of the French kings in the Cathedral of Rheims a number of white pigeons were liberated within the sacred edifice. This custom continued down to the coronation of Charles X.

It is a curious fact that the rude Hungarian warriors of the tenth century dreaded pigeons, and were very superstitious concerning them. It seems in one instance that a band of these men approached the Abbey of Lobbes for the purpose of plunder. The monks and the villagers took refuge in the church of St. Mary, which they fortified, resolving to defend themselves valiantly. In vain, however, for the besiegers were many in number, and monks and villagers saw themselves threatened with captivity or death. "All at once, by Divine goodness," says the historian, "two pigeons came out of the church and flew three times round the Hungarian forces." At the same time a heavy shower fell, relaxing their strings, and preventing the barbarian forces from accomplishing their purpose. Panic-struck they fled, and the chiefs used their whips on the few who desired to continue the conflict.

It does not surprise us that so beautiful and gentle a creature as the dove should be drawn into taking part in pageants of coronations and processions, for they give grace and poetry to the occasions; but it does astonish us to hear that one of our health-giving cities owes its celebrity to the sagacity of pigeons.

It appears* that when Cheltenham was but small and little known, one of its streams attracted a constant and numerous band of pigeons. This roused the curiosity of some clever people residing in the neighbourhood, who observed that the attraction consisted of certain white crystals left on the banks by the evaporation of the water. On being examined, these crystals were found to possess valuable medicinal properties, and the water which held them in solution soon became famous, and drew the sick thither from all parts of the kingdom.

The pigeon, which is associated in our minds with the idea of a messenger, has been turned to the most varied uses by the ingenuity and caprice of man. It has been impressed into the cause of love, into the horrors of war, in saving life and preserving public safety, as well as being made the instrument of affording wealth to a large number of people in various quarters of the world. Even the great family of the Rothschilds owe something of their wealth to this gentle bird, who brought them news of the battle of Waterloo and informed them of the defeat of Napoleon three days before the British Government were aware of it, and they were thus enabled to buy up a large portion of national securities, which stood at a very low figure.

In the future it is impossible to say how important a part they will play. It will be quite within their powers to decide the fate of great armies and powerful nations by their speed, accuracy, and instinct. The work on which they are now engaged, viz., of communicating between vessels at sea and people on land, is of no slight benefit, for if one thinks of it a ship on the high seas stands utterly alone, and is cut off from all communication with the land. It has been proved that a pigeon despatched seventy miles from land will fly direct to its home, and it will cover a distance in three or four hours that would take a ship fourteen or fifteen.

Both in England and Germany they are largely used to insure the safety of coasting vessels, while in Spain they are employed for the prevention of smuggling; but the most extensive and important use to which they have been and are being put is that of military communication. The work that pigeons did in the siege of Paris was enormous. Three hundred and sixty-three were employed, but only seventy-three out of this number returned to Paris, and they traversed backward and forward five or six times. The number of official despatches alone sent by them was 156,000, besides a million of letters sent through them by private individuals at fifty centimes (5d.) a word.

The method of conveying the messages has varied from time to time. We have seen that Taurosthenes tied a purple band round the neck of his pigeon when he desired to convey his success in the Olympian games to his father. Later on messages were written on parchment and fastened under the wing of the bird. Not until 1840 was the message written on paper, and inserted into the quill of one of the feathers of the tail, which had to be cut for the purpose. Somewhat later silk, being a little lighter, took the place of paper, but even this was at times too heavy, for the pigeon can only carry the weight of one gramme. The experiments of clever men like Barnesville and Dagron have resulted in this, that fifteen hundred lines of print need not weigh more than a gramme.

Every town of importance in Germany has now its pigeon stations; France also has eight, and Russia three.

A pathetic adventure was related lately * of a pigeon which had been trained for service at the Arsenal of Pola. The Empress of Austria, in sailing from Pola to Corfu, took this pigeon on board her yacht, having arranged to let it fly at a certain distance from the coast with a letter for her daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie, who was living some distance inland.

It was supposed that the bird would return to its home in Pola, and orders were given to forward the contents of the letter by telegraph to the young Duchess.

Unfortunately, a peasant with a gun saw the pigeon in its flight, and shot it. He did not notice the letter, which was no doubt blown off by the shot, and so, while he bore home the Empress's winged messenger for supper, the letter remained on the ground. It was accidentally found a few days afterward.

* Holiday number of *Medical Record*.

* *The Times*, Nov. 15th, 1889.

(*To be continued.*)

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

By E. CHILTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun had gone down, and the harvest fields lay lonely in the twilight, when the Restrigg carriage rolled up to the grey old vicarage.

"Good-night," cried Elsie, cheerily, to the coachman. Her heart felt like the skylark which she had watched as it soared into the heights. The world and her youth were beautiful; the past had known dark days, but the future, oh, that was golden! Who could tell what lay hidden in its haze? And meanwhile, perhaps, a month at Restrigg!

She looked into the drawing-room. Her sisters, with their governess, Miss Lowndes, were sitting round the table engaged in needlework, while the boys by turns read aloud. Elsie softly closed the door, and knocked at the neighbouring door of the study.

"Come in," said her father's resigned tones. He looked up from his great book beside the shaded lamp.

"It is you, Elsie! I am glad to see you back. Bobbie has been in trouble again."

Elsie's bright countenance fell.

"He was rude to Miss Lowndes, and I have punished him by her desire. No doubt she was right; the rest are perfectly happy with her. Your friend Hilda, too, thinks no one like her. It must be the child's own fault, and yet—I never had this trouble with the elder boys. But they had their mother."

He sighed heavily, resting his head upon his hand; and in that moment Elsie resolved—

"I will be Bobbie's mother."

"I'll go up to him," she said. Already in the place of that vague Eden of her fancy stood Bobbie's little figure, all alone, and she heard a dead voice repeating anxious words which it had uttered in reality years ago—

"I fear that some day there will be a terrible fight between the angel and the devil in Bobbie!"

"But the angel shall win," said Elsie, in her heart, as she ran upstairs.

Bobbie slept in a tiny chamber opening from her own. She stole in the soft twilight to his bedside. He was still under seven, and small of his age; but his little face was strangely hard and shrewd.

"Why, my Bobbie! Not asleep yet? What has been the matter?"

"The matter? Nuffin," said Bobbie.

If he were glad to see her he did not show it. He lay staring straight before him at the darkening window-panes. Elsie rested her cheek against his white head, and clasped his passive little hand.

"Father is so grieved about you, darling. How can you bear to grieve dear father?"

"It's old Lowndes what grieved him."

"Oh, Bobbie!"

"Well, her name is Lowndes! I can't be always saying 'Miss'; it tires my tongue!"

"But what did you do to vex her?"

"I didn't do nuffin. I only asked her if she'd ever been up in the stars."

"It couldn't have been only that."

"Well, she was teaching us nonsense, and I told her she made it up out of her own head."

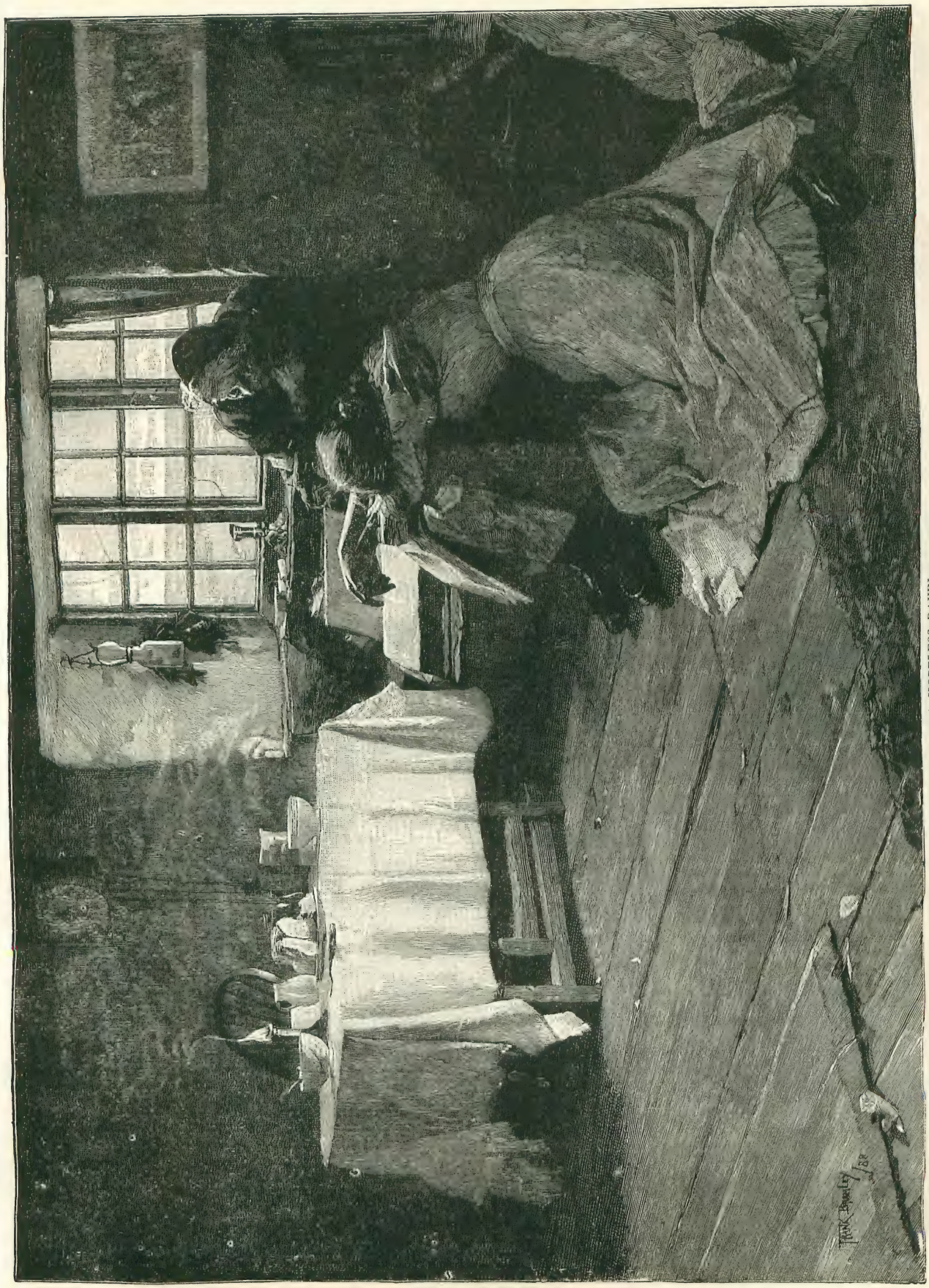
"Bobbie, I don't wonder she was angry."

"But how can she know about the stars? She hasn't ever been up there."

"Her brother is very learned; he's what is called an astronomer. When you are old enough you shall read his book. He has found out all kinds of wonderful things."

"I know. She told me. And I saw his photograph. And I don't like his face. He purtends. He tells old Lowndes for fun, because she's silly. I don't care what silly women says. I mean to find out everyfin for myself when I'm a man."

"When you are a man you'll be wiser. You are only such a foolish little boy now, my Bobbie."



A HOPELESS DAWN.

(From the Painting by Frank Bramley, exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

"But I'd be foolisher if I believed about the stars, when no one's been up there. And she needn't have told father, and got me whipped. But I don't care."

"Shall I go and tell him you're sorry, darling?"

"No. I don't care one bit."

"Have you said your prayers, Bobbie?"

"No."

"Then get up, dear, and say them now. Perhaps you'll feel differently after that."

"Suppose God won't hear me?" said Bobbie.

"But if you wish to feel sorry, I am sure He will hear you. He is always ready to help us to be good."

"I meant—suppose God can't hear me! I've never seen Him. How do I know that He sees or hears me?"

"Oh, Bobbie!" cried Elsie, horrified. She gathered him in her arms. Such a little thin childish form—and yet what thoughts were stirring the soul enshrined in it!

"Oh, don't talk like that, my Bobbie! You frighten me; you make me so unhappy! Do you want to make me unhappy, Bobbie?"

"No; 'cause I love you. I don't love nobody else."

"What! not father?"

"Oh, o' course—father! but father doesn't listen like you. I don't love no one like you, Elsie."

The frozen little heart seemed at length to thaw. His arms met in a tight hug around her neck.

"Bobbie," she said, her cheek against his, "you must never let such a thought stay in your mind one moment. You are very young, and you can't understand much; but remember—Jesus Christ came and lived in this world; and though you were not alive then, and so could not see Him, many little boys like you did see Him—and He had seen God."

The child was silent, as if struck by the solemnity of that thought; and Elsie was silent, praying for him in her heart.

"Now," she whispered, after a while, "get up, darling, and kneel by me, and we will say 'Gentle Jesus' together; that will help you."

"One God, and one Mediator between God and man." Elsie had never so felt the power of that verse, as when she knelt beside this motherless child, upon whose infant mind the doubt spirit of the age seemed to have cast its shadow. Afterwards, as she tucked him up again, and was leaving him to sleep, he said, in his hard little voice—

"You can tell father I am sorry if I vexed him."

She went thankfully, yet sadly, downstairs, repeating to herself—

"Henceforward I am Bobbie's mother!"

CHAPTER IV.

ALL had been satisfactorily arranged. Mr. Ward and his family were safe at Whitby: Mr. Ward enjoying long rambles over cliff and beach, with an old friend who had come thither to meet him; the friend's wife forming, in her turn, a friendship with Miss Lowndes; the children in happy companionship with the friend's children. Bobbie had been provided, as suggested by Hilda, with a hammer, and was quite consoled for his temporary separation from Elsie, by the prospect of discoveries in jet; for Elsie had been left at Restrigg, to spend a whole month in that enchanted land. There she was, no longer an anxious young mother, weighted with cares which had come upon her before their time; but a happy girl, her eyes shining, her heart dancing, to whom all the world was young, and all the trees were green.

The old house was not now, as she had been wont to find it, a silent shrine for dreams and memories, but bright with life and stir; ancient chambers, generally closed, thrown open, flooded with sunshine, sweet with flowers; gay young voices resounding through winding passages; at night the great drawing-rooms brilliantly lighted, and transformed, by music, pleasant talk, grace, beauty, to a kind of fairy palace; so at least they seemed to Elsie.

"I should very much like to penetrate your secret," said a voice beside her, one evening, as she sat absorbed in her favourite occupations of watching and listening.

"My secret!" repeated Elsie, and looked up. A young man was standing beside her. She had been introduced to this young man, Mr. Noel Wilton, before dinner; but had hardly had time to glance at him. Now, as she raised her eyes, they were met by the eyes of the photograph—intellectual, grave, and cold, even colder than she had imagined. His manner was likewise cold, but had a finished courtesy, hardly less attractive than rare. Elsie thought suddenly of Sir Charles Grandison.

"The secret of such intense interest as I have observed—excuse me—in your face for the last ten minutes. What strange charm do you find, may I ask, in this very ordinary scene?"

"Ordinary, do you call it?" said Elsie.

"Would you mind telling me what you see in it?"

"I see no end; only I couldn't put it into words. It is like a story touched with a fairy's wand, so that all the figures come out, and move and speak."

"Now to me it is just an assemblage of commonplace men and women; most of whom I have met so often that I know by heart, not only their faces, but their probable topics of conversation and tricks of manner in discussing the same. How pleasant it must be to view the tiresome world through a medium of such *couleur de rose!*"

"You know the outside, but how can you be certain that you know the inside?" said Elsie. "In point of fact, I suspect you don't."

"Perhaps not; and in return, how can you be certain that the inside is worth the trouble of knowing? I am far from certain myself of anything of the kind, and I fear I am wanting in the happy faculty that you evidently possess—imagination, which may dispense with certainty."

"I suppose you are not talking in earnest? If you were——"

"Yes?" said the young man, with sudden eagerness, drawing a chair to her side and sitting down.

"I beg your pardon—I was forgetting," said Elsie, vaguely. She had been too familiar, she feared.

"Do go on. I am so curious to know what you meant to say, and it is so long since I have been curious about anything."

"If that is the case I must finish my sentence out of charity," she responded, laughing. "It was only, if you were in earnest I should pity you very much."

"Well, I was completely in earnest; so pity me to the full. But why?"

"Because such a cynical state of mind seems to be worthy of pity."

"Indeed! Can you suggest a remedy?"

"I know what I should suggest to myself."

"Pray tell me. How refreshing this curiosity is. Pray say what you would suggest."

"Work," replied Elsie, concisely.

"Hedging and ditching?" said the young man, with an amused expression.

"Work among one's fellow-creatures. If we work for them we shall love them."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Now I, from my experience, should say just the opposite. One never knows how ungrateful people can be until one tries to work for them."

"Have you tried, then?"

"Yes, and failed."

"How do you know that you failed?" said Elsie.

"How does anyone know anything? I didn't succeed, at all events; in fact, they wouldn't let me."

"Ah, that shows you stopped trying too soon."

"What do you call too soon?"

"Any time before death," said Elsie.

He looked at her as if struck by a new thought.

"You believe in sticking to a forlorn hope then?" he said, after a pause of some moments.

"I certainly do. But——" she stopped again, laughing.

"I see. You think the forlorn hope a delusion in my case?"

"I think you must have been a little—easily discouraged," she replied, blushing at her own temerity.

"Say cowardly, at once," said the young man. "That is the thought in your mind."

"No, indeed," cried Elsie; "I shouldn't presume to think anything of the sort. It is only——"

"Well?"

"Hilda—Mrs. Courtenay—was speaking of you one day, and a sudden thought struck me—I don't know how—of what possibilities lay before you, and of what some workers would give for only half of them. And then to hear you talk like this!"

"I suspect the *couleur de rose* had its share in tinting those possibilities," said the young man, lightly.

But though a smile, also bright, played around those lips which Elsie thought so cold, his manner had a new animation. She felt somewhat uneasy, fearing lest he should think her pedantic or presuming; but as he passed to other subjects this fear vanished, she forgot all but his charm of manner, and that indefinable sense of power in reserve which had impressed her when she saw his photograph.

"If he could only be stirred up in earnest!" she thought. "Could I do it myself, if I knew him better, and tried hard enough?"

She was alone in her own room when this thought occurred to her, but the colour rose even to her temples.

"How vain I am!" she said, reproaching herself.

(*To be continued.*)

KATHLEEN'S "HANDFUL."

By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "A Little Stepdaughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS LEIGH had not left directions that Phyllis and Una should be brought up as housemaids; she had not named them in her will at all. It had been made when their mother married Captain O'Kelly, and she had never altered it. Unforgiving in life, she was unforgiving in death. It had been against her will that she did anything at all for her grandnieces, and in fact they would have been much better off had she left them altogether alone, except that, unintentionally, she taught Phyllis a lesson which she was not likely to forget. But Kathleen knew nothing of all this; she did not see a newspaper, and Dr. Netley would not tell her anything until he had matured his plans, which were less easy to carry out than he had anticipated. After all, he could not lay hands on the little girls, or take them to live with him, unless Kathleen would come too, nor had he even the right or power to send them to another school. He wrote to the orphanage, asking what was now the destination of the children, and learned only that payment for the next half-year had been made in advance, and nothing further had been settled with regard to them.

"I wonder who has that old hag's money?" he thought; "whoever it is ought to do something for those children."

He found the newspaper unusually interesting just then, for that same day a notice caught his eye, this time in the marriage column, which concerned him nearly, or he hoped so:—"'Cairo.—Captain O'Kelly, R.N.' It must be—surely it must be. Well, good luck to Miss Lucinda P. Minot, whoever she may be! and I hope if she has money that she has trustees and settlements," he said, as James had done, or anyone else would who knew Terence O'Kelly. "I wonder if Kathleen knows? I'll go in and see this evening."

He went off on his daily round, during which more than one person observed that Dr. Netley looked as if he had had good news, which spread gradually into the report that he was going to be married. Rumours spread readily in St. Petrox, as, for that matter, they do in most places; he actually was congratulated before night, and was so much taken by surprise as to blush. After that no contradiction would have availed; it only remained to make the report fact, and this he was so heartily desirous to do that he set aside his rule of never visiting Kathleen of an evening, and resolved to put his fate to the touch once for all that night. But when he rang at the door and asked for her he found she had other visitors.

It had been a bad day with Kathleen, and yet her father's letter, received that morning, was overflowing with affection, and his new wife wrote kindly enough, inviting her to join them; but Kathleen thought there was an effort in the friendliness, and she feared that her existence had been a considerable surprise to Miss Minot. Kathleen did not like to think it, but she was forced to perceive that until the marriage was decided her father had not mentioned his daughter, or her age. And the only word about the little girls was a slight mention of them by Captain O'Kelly, assuming that their mother's relations had the charge of them.

"He who would not hear of it when Miss Leigh wrote that time!" thought Kathleen, her eyes hot with tears that she would not shed. "But it is so long now since he saw them."

Unconsciously she had summed up the whole truth. While his pretty little stepdaughters had been before his eyes, nobody could have been fonder of them than Captain O'Kelly, but out of sight was always out of mind with him. Had he not temporarily forgotten Kathleen herself, though now he wrote, and quite believed what he wrote, that he was marrying chiefly for her sake?

She felt downhearted and weary. The monotony of her life was telling on her, and the dulness and want of beauty in her surroundings, to which she was very sensitive, especially now that winter weather kept her more indoors, and deprived her of the lovely glimpses of sea and sky and cliff, which had refreshed her earlier in the year whenever she went out. The pictures which her father drew of a luxurious life in America did not allure her at all; she could not like the idea of living on Miss Minot's money; yet, perhaps, it was her duty to go and live with her father and his wife, even though she could not be really wanted, and it would put her and the children more hopelessly apart than ever. She should be very sorry to leave St. Petrox and some people there. It was a gloomy day, and she had nothing particular to do, and Dr. Netley neither came nor wrote, nor ever seemed to be in any house where she had to go. Perhaps here lay more of the secret of her depression than she chose to own. The gleam of possible joy which she had allowed to shine when she heard of her father's marriage seemed to have gone out.

"If I only had the children!" she thought, and laid her arms on the table and her head upon them. So she sat when the door opened softly. She raised her face slowly, not knowing whether or not someone had come in, looked languidly up, and sprang to her feet with a cry. For a minute she did not know what was happening—everything swam round her indistinctly. Lady Dacre stood in the doorway, with Phyllis and Una on either side, all waiting in smiling silence till she saw them.

The clasp of little arms, the sweet Babel of child voices made Kathleen know it was real; she sat down holding her two fast, not yet able to speak.

"We settled to surprise you," Una was exclaiming. "You *were* surprised, sister? Lady Dacre brought us from Shrewsbury this morning—it is such a long way, and Shrewsbury is such a *horrid* place!"

Shrewsbury stood for school to Una.

"And we have come home to stay, sister," said Phyllis, in a lower tone. "You'll keep us, won't you?" There was a quiver in her voice, and she laid her cheek to Kathleen's.

"Keep you!" Kathleen found voice at that. "Oh, my darlings! my darlings! I don't know how I've lived till now without you!"

She put them a little way from her, looking first at one smiling face then the other, as if her eyes had hungered for them.

"My own *little* girls! But how you have grown, Una!" noting with dismay the child's height and thinness. "And —and you are in black? Oh, and they have cut off your hair!" she cried, indignantly; she had been so proud of Una's silken mane.

"I told you so in my note, sister dear —you got my note? Do you know they would not let us have yours; they kept them; was it not wicked?"

"I suppose nobody has a word for me?" said Lady Dacre, who had enjoyed her *coup de théâtre* quite as much as she had promised herself, and Kathleen forgot all her grievances against her, since she had restored the children, and rose up to welcome her with sweet, sincere apologies.

"Spare your words, my dear; if anybody has to make excuses, it will be someone else, not you," said Lady Dacre, good-humouredly. "We'll talk over that by-and-by. I'm going to the nearest hotel for to-night; I must be off to-morrow, for I came away with no maid, and left a houseful of guests on poor Sir John's hands; but I'm coming when these plagues are in bed for a business talk. No, don't be afraid—" reading Kathleen's face with her usual quickness—"it is peace, not war, that brings me. I suppose you know that Miss Leigh is dead? No? Well, she is, and has not left a penny to those unfortunate brats."

"I am sorry for their sakes," said Kathleen.

"Don't tell fibs, child; you can feel nothing but that you've got them back. And so I see your father is married again to an American—an heiress, no doubt? I thought so. Shall you go to him, and live in the lap of luxury?"

"Oh no, not now; we should be rather a formidable party."

"Well, I'll leave you for the present; you want nothing but your children, and they are crazy to pour out their experiences, which, I hope you will believe, I was not by any means aware of till quite lately."

She withdrew, and Kathleen, still all dizzy with joy, held out her arms, and heaped both children on her lap, hugged and kissed by Una, and feeling Phyllis cling as she had never clung before.

"Oh, Katie! oh, Katie! I did not know," she whispered, while Una poured out her story, and Kathleen glowed with anger and astonishment, mingled with a great deal of gratitude and joy when she heard of that personal visit of which Dr. Netley had told her so little.

"We told him to go the very minute he got back and tell you all about it," cried Una, much injured; and Phyllis observed—

"I believe he thought it would only make Katie too sorry about us."

"You'll never let us go again," Una said, with another hug, and in the midst of Kathleen's emphatic "Never; we've got one another, and nobody shall ever come between us," someone knocked unheard, and Dr. Netley walked in. He stood confounded; the children shrieked with joy at the sight of his surprise, and ran to him.

"We've come home, doctor dear," they cried; "Lady Dacre brought us. Aren't you glad?"

"Very much disappointed," he said, smiling.

"Oh, that's only fun," said Una, climbing on his knee.

"Not quite," looking at Kathleen. "I had promised myself the pleasure of bringing you back to your sister myself."

"This is just as good," said Phyllis, but he shook his head, and perhaps Kathleen agreed with him. "And you went to Shrewsbury when you were so busy," she said in a low voice, with a look which thanked him amply.

"Did you write to Lady Dacre about us?" asked Phyllis. "She said you had scolded her terribly. Did you?"

"Well, perhaps I did. Is she here? I must call and make my peace. Yes, I am going—nobody wants me here."

"Oh, we do; we don't mind you, do we, sister dear? Tell him to stay and have supper with us, and we are so hungry!" cried Una.

"Then I must go and order it," said Kathleen, avoiding a direct answer; and she slipped away, first into her own room, to fall on her knees and give glad, humble thanks for all which this day had brought her, and then to find Mrs. Palmer, who was kind and sympathetic, but rather dismayed.

"Dear me, Miss O'Kelly, you'll have a greater handful than ever!" she said. And Kathleen laughed as she had never done since Una first fell ill. She was all impatience to return, and yet she was shy of going back to the sitting-room where the children were entertaining Dr. Netley with the history of their life at Lady Dacre's, and then at the orphanage—poured out chiefly by Una, pell-mell, "in most admired disorder," after the usual fashion of childish reminiscences. She was in wild spirits, dancing about the room, too excited to sit still. Phyllis made far less outward sign of gladness, yet her "I am glad to be back" was more heartfelt even than Una's boundless satisfaction. She let Una chatter through the supper, filling up all the pauses which might otherwise have occurred; for Dr. Netley did not seem inclined to talk, and Kathleen was still so shaken by surprise and joy that she was scarcely herself. Perhaps, too, she was aware that Dr. Netley meant mischief. When she carried the children off to bed, they would hardly let her go; and she stayed so long, hearing all they had to tell, that she had no expectation of still finding him there when she returned to the sitting-room, leaving the brown head of Phyllis pillowed in the little bed whose emptiness had cost her such a pang every evening all these past months, and the fair one of Una in her own. But he was still there, and Lady Dacre too.

Kathleen flushed crimson at the conjunction, and her manner was a little cold as she advanced.

"I am sorry I have been so long upstairs. I did not know you were here," she said to Lady Dacre.

"It does not matter, my dear. Philip and I had a good deal to say to one another. Now, have you no curiosity as to how I come to be here with your two plagues?"

"I suppose that no one wants them but myself."

"Satirical? Well, you may safely say that no one wants them so much. I told you how Miss Leigh, after all, left them nothing; but whom do you suppose she did leave her money to? Having done nothing for her nearest relations, who wanted it badly, she bequeathed considerable sums to charities, and all the rest—forty thousand pounds, not a penny less—to your humble servant here!"

"To you?" said Kathleen, surprised, but indifferent.

"Upon my word, you take it coolly. Are you aware that it is a monstrous piece of injustice?"

"Yes, I suppose it was; but it is not your fault."

"My fault! My dear child, no! I never wanted or wished for it, nor do I choose to be made a tool for posthumous spite. So as soon as I heard of it from her man of business, I told Sir John I should not keep it, to which he said, 'All right, my love; do as you like; I shouldn't in your place.' So I wrote to my lawyer, and got rid of it. Don't you understand? You are not generally so slow."

"But what did you do with it?"

"Do! Desired him to invest twenty thousand pounds for each of those children, with you and Philip as trustees, and then I set off and fetched them from that school to which Penelope had packed them off, and that is all about it."

Kathleen looked from Lady Dacre to Dr. Netley, and back again, amazed. He smiled encouragement.

"I have accepted the trusteeship," he said. "Have you any objection?"

"I! Objection! Ah, I'm glad you've done this, Lady Dacre!"

"It was the only honourable thing to do, my dear, and I'm an honourable woman, I hope. Yes, I believe I'm both honourable and honest, though people say of me that I am stingy and mean, I'm sure I don't know why, but every one is so hard on me. Well, that matter is settled. You must have a proper allowance for the children, and give them an education to fit them for their position, of course. Now, let me congratulate you on your father's marriage. I have met the lady in London, not too young, wealthy, good-looking enough, a twang, but not noticeable, very keen as to money matters—fortunately. I don't fancy you would care to live with her. What shall you do?"

"We have not had time to think of that."

"Why don't you marry my godson?" said Lady Dacre, leaning forward, persuasively. "You have disappointed me in every other plan; can't you gratify me in this? Hold your tongue, Philip, and don't interfere. You tell me it's my fault she won't have you; I can't stand that. I'm really fond of Philip, my dear, and it vexes me to have this cloud between us. Come, why not?"

"I think you can answer that for yourself, Lady Dacre," said Kathleen, crimson and angry, and carefully avoiding looking at Dr. Netley, who was as unprepared for this move as herself, and anything but grateful to his godmother.

"Because you were a masseuse? Oh, my dear, everyone will suppose you have inherited a fortune instead of the children, and think him a lucky man. I said a great deal I did not mean, because I wanted you myself; but if I can't have you, I should like Philip to do so."

"Really, Lady Dacre," remonstrated Dr. Netley, unable to help laughing.

She gave him no time to finish.

"And the wedding shall be from my house; you can go to Cairo for your honeymoon, and see the new wife. Yes, and Price can come back and look after the children. Now, could anything be better?"

She spoke with such conviction that both laughed and looked at one another.

"I cannot imagine any plan that could possibly be as good," said Dr. Netley, and Kathleen did not contradict him.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

By J. WILLIAMS.

To paint the female heart devoid
Of Christian love and grace,
And praise the beauty of a shape,
Or a bewitching face,

May please the thoughtless and the gay,
And fill the trifling mind
With evanescent joys, which are
As empty as the wind.

What is their worth whose only good
Consists in fashion's show?
The rouge may give a rose-like tint,
But not a virtuous glow.

Who would prefer the painted vase
To what it should contain?
Or prize an empty casket, where
No jewel doth remain?

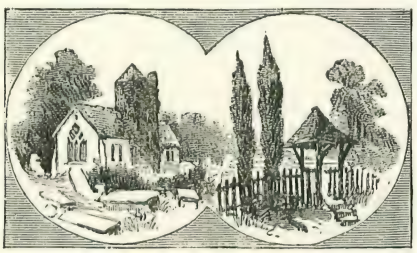
Like some tall barque with crowded sail,
Which thoughtless puts to sea
Without her ballast in the hold,
To keep her steadily:

She drifts before the Northern blast,
All out of course, and tossed
Like foam upon the waters, till
She founders and is lost!

Such is the mind which only has
External dress to wear,
The present life a fearful blank,
And in the end—despair.

But let the hand of God light up
Within her breast the flame
Of His undying, hallowed love,
And Eden blooms again!

Upon creation's platform then
She stands in beauty dressed;
Of all God's earthly gifts to man
The fairest and the best!



WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. BURFORD'S SELF-COMMUNINGS.

"THERE is something below the surface. He will not tell me because it is a professional matter, but I am convinced that he knows of circumstances which make it desirable to be friendly with John Simpson. I wish I knew, but it would be useless to ask, and especially at present."

Thus cogitated Mrs. Burford, after listening to those decisive words from the lips of her husband. She had convinced herself that there was something below the surface which she would not be allowed to penetrate, and she felt that silence and patience would be advisable under the circumstances.

Mrs. Burford was quite unable to understand her husband's larger, kindlier nature. If he showed special goodwill to any person, she measured him by herself, and judged that he expected some benefit, professional or otherwise, to be the result of showing it.

"If I could but know it, I have little doubt that Dorothy Flint has made her will at last," thought she. "My husband will say nothing, of course, but he will act on the knowledge. If she has left anything substantial to that young Simpson, there would be no harm in being decently civil to him. Dorothy has always declared she would never leave him a penny, but if she changed her mind, she is just the woman to find twenty excuses for carrying out a new whim. I have been daily expecting her to say that she meant to adopt young Kenningham. However, my husband knows what he is about, and he is, I believe, Dorothy's only confidant."

Mrs. Burford smiled at her own thoughts, and persuaded herself that by carefully noting her husband's conduct she should be able to form some notion of Miss Flint's intentions. That lady's voice interrupted her cogitations, and she turned quickly to receive and welcome her visitor.

"I am so sorry the girls are both out," she said, after the first greetings were over. "Are you quite alone?"

Mrs. Burford looked beyond Miss Flint as if expecting to find that she had a companion.

"I came alone, if that is what you wish to ask, but I am no longer so, for you are with me. I want no one else. Not likely, when I come to visit the child-friend of my youthful days," responded Miss Flint.

"It is always sweet to recall those old days," said Mrs. Burford. "You know, dear, I always enjoy a talk with you alone."

"I shall not trouble you to go back so far as the old days, my dear. I think the present more interesting. I am gathering bright faces round me in *my* old days, and I find that more agreeable than trying to see myself as I was more than forty years ago, and then going to my glass to note the difference between the picture memory paints and the one reflected by the mirror."

"We seldom have much satisfaction in anything it shows us when we are growing old. I feel this." And Mrs. Burford sighed as she answered.

"I do not," said Miss Flint. "I never expected to look young and handsome when more than half a century had passed over my head, and if you did, I am sorry for you. Stay, I think I will leave out the word handsome. Good looks are as compatible with old age as with youth. It is when the old try to look young, and trick themselves out in unbecoming finery which apes youth, that age becomes alike hideous and contemptible."

Miss Flint spoke with no little dignity

as well as feeling. "I am growing old," she added, after a brief pause, "and I am afraid I shall not make the most amiable of old women, seeing that tempers rarely improve as infirmities grow upon us. But I do trust I shall have sense enough to dress and act in accordance with my years, and never be ashamed of people knowing them."

"You can never be accused of dressing too youthfully," said Mrs. Burford. "You have gone into the other extreme; and if you would fall in just a little with the fashion of the day you would look years and years younger, without the aping of youth you spoke of just now."

"That is just like Nelly. She and I agree on most subjects, but the child harries me now and again in the matter of dress, in this one respect agreeing with yourself. I have promised Nelly that one day she shall choose me a gown and accompaniments. She has long wished me to fix the date, and now I have gone so far as to name the occasion on which I will be attired in accordance with her views."

"Do tell me what that is to be?" said Mrs. Burford, in a tone of entreaty.

"On Nelly's own wedding-day. As to the date or any other particular in connection therewith, I am as ignorant as the child herself. But she will tell me in good time, I am sure, and in the meanwhile I wait patiently for my new gown."

"I hope to see you in it long before that event takes place," said Mrs. Burford, with a look almost of displeasure. "Ellen is too young to talk about getting married—a girl just home from school; and I do hope, dear, that you will not sanction any foolish jesting on such a subject now she is so often with you at Lint Hall."

Mrs. Burford spoke warmly, and in a tone she seldom adopted towards Miss Flint; but the latter showed no resentment, and replied—

"You may trust me. Surely you do not think me capable of making the most sacred of all human ties a subject for idle jests? It was a shadow, not a reality, that we laughed about. Nelly was pressing me to fulfil an old promise made before she went to Germany. It was that she should choose me a gown and other articles without any restriction as to cost or material. Again and again she has urged me to say when, and at last I told her it should be for her wedding-day, let it come whenever it might.

"'That will not be for years and years,' she said, 'if ever, and I shall be only too glad to stay at home after so long a banishment. If it were not for poor Magnus, I should rejoice that we cannot go as usual to the seaside. You must let me choose the gown though, seeing how long I have waited for the chance. It will be your dinner-party gown, for, of course, now you are settling down at Lint Hall, you will invite people, and go in and out amongst your neighbours.' This was what Nelly said, and you may be thankful that, all things considered, the girl wants to stay at home."

"Are you really going to settle down, as Nelly says?" asked Mrs. Burford, who had become in a moment more eager to hear about cousin Dorothy's intentions than her daughter's.

"For a while, certainly; probably till spring, if I can manage to rest for seven or eight months in a place after being such a rolling stone for thirty years. Only I shall want you to spare me the girls a great deal, or I shall run away without saying good-bye to anybody."

"You have young Kenningham with you at present."

"Yes. If he were like most young men, I should be sorry I had persuaded him to be the guest of a solitary old woman, but he is not, and I find the entertaining of this youth a pleasant experience. I indulge in all sorts of fancies. I make believe that he is my nephew, and he has adopted me as his maiden aunt. He is a fine, honest, single-hearted lad, and he has very real enjoyment in the quiet life he is leading with me at the Hall. The worst of it is, he cannot stay very long. But we are going to be quite gay for us, and have tennis at home, boating on the mere, country drives and excursions, in addition to other hospitalities. My new carriages will be here to-morrow."

Miss Flint enjoyed the astonishment shown on Mrs. Burford's face. She had purposely said nothing about the coming vehicles, or her plans for entertaining her neighbours, and Mrs. Burford thought that one or two solemn dinner parties would be the only attempts at festivity. Then the fine plate would be deposited in the cases and returned to the bank, and the Hall resume its usual condition.

"I do not know whether I am more surprised or pleased," she said. "I have always wished you would settle down somewhere near us and give up your——"

"Vagabond habits," said Miss Flint, taking advantage of a momentary pause.

"I did not use or intend to use such words."

"I am sure of it, my dear; but they are the right ones. I was going to say I am a born vagabond, but that would hardly be correct. I became one through force of circumstances and a thirst for knowledge, which I did not care to satisfy by study. It is so much nicer to see for one's self than through the eyes of other people, and travellers' tales are not always to be trusted," said Miss Flint, promptly.

"When you spoke of drives just now, I began to wonder where you would find a decent carriage for hire in the town, and I was about to offer you ours."

"That was very good of you. Now I can offer you the choice of two, or I will do when I get them and circumstances are favourable."

"That means," thought Mrs. Burford, "when you cannot by any possibility use them yourself." Her words, however, expressed thanks for so kind an offer, of which she was little likely to be able to avail herself.

"I cannot bear to leave my boy for long. I shall hear of your hospitalities, but shall not share them." Mrs. Burford's eyes filled and her voice trembled as she alluded to Magnus, whose condition was a sore trial to the mother.

"You must not leave him, of course. He can bear to drive with you, and, if I may, I want to see Magnus. I have something for him in the hall."

Miss Flint bustled out of the room and brought in a dainty basket, in which some of the Lint Hall grapes made a perfect picture resting on their own beautiful leaves. Then she followed Mrs. Burford to the boy's room.

"He cannot bear much excitement. You will be tender with him," whispered the mother, who would not have invited her visitor to Magnus's bedside unless almost compelled to do it.

"You need not fear," was the answer, and truly any looker-on who knew her, would have wondered where the every-day Miss Flint was gone to, had she been seen in that sick room.

Magnus was unfeignedly glad to see her, and when she bent over him he clasped his thin arms round her neck and kissed her heartily. The quiet lad could understand cousin Dorothy better than Mrs. Burford could.

The woman whose experience dated from childhood as yet knew only one side of the old maid's character. All her children realised that, beneath the rugged surface, something better was concealed.

Mrs. Burford had never felt so kindly towards cousin Dorothy in her life as she did after seeing her with Magnus. She coaxed him to take some of the grapes; she talked cheerily to him—told him stories of wonders she had seen in her travels, to which he listened with eager interest. She took him, as it were, out of himself for a whole happy hour, and finished with an account of the new carriage, in which she declared he should take the first drive, with the doctor's leave, as it was specially built for the comfort of invalids and old women. She left him looking and feeling better than she found him, and Mrs. Burford knew it, and thanked her with all her heart.

"You would not believe how much Magnus enjoyed Miss Flint's company this morning," she said to her husband. "I asked him afterwards if he were tired, and he told me, 'No, indeed. I was weary before of lying so still and doing nothing. She is an old darling. I want her as often as ever she can come.' Dorothy Flint is the strangest mixture of qualities I ever knew. She is so terribly bitter, almost revengeful where she takes a dislike to a person, and her likes and dislikes are equally unreasoning, so far as outsiders can judge."

"Her partiality for young Kenningham, and her antipathy to my friend Jack Simpson, for instance," said Mr. Burford, slyly.

"Why do you persist in dragging John Simpson's name in? You know so well my feelings towards him."

"Because I could think of no more apt illustration of your remark about Miss Flint's likes and dislikes. You cannot understand either; and, dear wife, let me ask you to look into your own heart, and see whether you have any reasonable ground for some of your own. It has given me pain, more than I can express,

to notice your hardness towards our old friend's son, and for no cause, except that, without any wrong doing on his part, he found himself in poverty, when he had until then every cause to count on riches and——"

"You need not tell me what John Simpson expected; surely all these things are as familiar to me as to yourself. It was no fault of mine that he lost his money."

"But was it your fault that the lad's sore heart was wounded yet more deeply? Was not the change in your conduct towards him as unreasoning as Miss Flint's hostility?"

"No. I had a very good reason for the course I took. Was it likely that I could permit the intimacy between him and our own children to continue on the old footing? They were passing beyond childhood, and pray would it have been a fitting thing for the ticket boy at the station to parade up and down with my daughters at will? If there were any romantic nonsense in the young man's head, I think it was really kinder on my part to nip it in the bud. Half measures would have been ridiculous, and would have failed. I wanted to touch John Simpson's pride, as the best means of separating him from our girls, and I did it. Events have proved that I acted rightly, though I am sometimes afraid that your indiscretion—or shall I call it tender-heartedness—will yet spoil everything. Whatever happens, my conscience will not reproach me for having neglected to watch over the interests of my children."

"We take different views of things, and I am sorry it should be so. I cannot see that it is right to try and advance the worldly interests of your own children by being hard, cold, and unfeeling towards an orphan lad in his hour of need, and by ignoring old friendships. At this moment, dear wife, I grieve for you. It hurts me to see you cherish a causeless animosity, and as I grieve, I fear that your heart will be wounded in its tenderest affections before you realise what is in it, what bitterness needs to be expelled therefrom. As to Jack, I have no concern for his future. He has surmounted many difficulties, and though he may still fill a comparatively humble position, mark my words he is on the high road to——"

Mr. Burford checked himself and paused.

"The high road to what?" asked Mrs. Burford, eagerly. "Has Dorothy changed her mind and made a new will in his favour?"

"On second thoughts I will not finish my sentence. To hear of good to Jack would give you no pleasure."

Mr. Burford left the room without further comment, and, much to his wife's chagrin, the secret that had been trembling on his lips remained unspoken.

For some time afterwards she was in a state of combined annoyance, curiosity, and fear. Angry that Mr. Burford should have hinted at some secret without imparting it, and curious to penetrate it by other means. Her feeling of fear was on her own boy's account. What had her husband meant when he said that her heart would be wounded in its tenderest affections before she realised what was in it?

Could it be that he thought the condition of her darling boy was a punishment upon her for having been so hard on John Simpson?

Mrs. Burford's heart sank within her at the thought. The arrow had been shot at random, but it had reached a mark often aimed at in previous conversations, but always missed until now. Mrs. Burford had been so accustomed to defend her conduct and to assure herself that she had acted rightly, that it was a new thing for even a momentary doubt to find a place in her mind. She had now, however, begun to look back at the real motives which actuated her, and this review was far from satisfactory, though she would not have owned as much to any human being.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

RETTA.—See the summer number, called "Silver Sails." 2. Crystoleum pictures are painted with oil colours.

A. R. P.—If you wish to transfer a design you should get some red carbonised paper, and rub it well over with bread before using it, trying it upon a spare piece of material first of all, to ascertain that it be perfectly free from impurities. Then use a very fine knitting-needle for the tracing, and a hand-rest to keep the heat of the hand from the satin.

HENRIETTA should procure a shilling manual to give her instruction in perspective, as it would be impossible for us to answer such a number of questions, and we do not propose to teach any art in our correspondence columns.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Crayon rubbers, or "stumps," as they used formerly to be called, can be made at home by rolling soft blotting paper up into tight, hard, cigar-like rolls, and gumming them firmly at the last winding, and then cutting them carefully to a point with a very sharp penknife. But the best plan is to select a few ready made, both small and thick, at an artist's colourman's.

ROB ROY.—You should size the surface of mother-o'-pearl if you wish to paint upon it in water colours, using a strong solution of isinglass. To paint on it in oils would be better. 2. Greenhouse plants should be re-potted in March and July, with the exception of hardy ferns, which should be re-potted earlier in the spring and later in the autumn. The general rule is to move a plant at a season when it is not growing.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—The work that you describe is known as "Burnt Wood Engraving," otherwise "Poker Work." The instrument employed is pointed with platinum, which is heated and kept red-hot by means of vapour passed over benzoline by the use of a small hand-pump. The apparatus is to be had at the Army and Navy Stores, at a cost of 18s. 6d. The work is not difficult to anyone with artistic taste, and accustomed to the use of a pencil or paint brush.

SPIDER'S WEB.—Water colours should not be varnished. 2. The 8th September, 1863, was a Tuesday.

SEAWEED.—Dessert d'oyleys in satin are usually painted in water colours. You should lay a coating of white of egg over the parts to be coloured, and mix a little with the colours. Use Chinese white as a foundation, and then colour with very little "working up." The clearer and purer the colours the better.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"A QUIET, SHY GIRL" had better give up the vulgar practice of "playing tricks on other people, and leading her friends into mischief." If "shy," she had better try to forget herself when with others, and devote all her attention to obliging and entertaining them, yet in as unostentatious a manner as possible. Her letter betrays that she is too much taken up with self—what she does and thinks, and what others think of her. This is unwholesome. When we think of self it should be as a strict judge of all that is faulty, with a view of improvement by the help of Divine grace, obtained by prayer in the name of our Blessed Redeemer.

ELLIE.—October 28th, 1870, was a Friday.

FRITZIE'S poetry is very unpoetic indeed, but full of youth's unrest; and we are sure she was the better for writing it, and so finding a vent for her feelings.

UNEASY.—The double work was amply sufficient to try your back. Long hours of dressmaking, and then a week's family washing and leaning over a tub, is fully explanatory of your suffering state. You need perfect rest for a time; and the extra fatigue of using dumb-bells, now that your back is already so much the worse for the strain upon it, is likely to increase rather than lessen your trouble. We think that a medical man would tell you the same thing.

A. R.—Before drying your hands, after washing them in rain-water or bran and water, use a little glycerine, and then dry thoroughly; and when you go to bed grease them with vaseline, and wear loose wash-leather gloves. We cannot recommend anything further, as needlework will not admit of your wearing gloves in the day. But you may have some constitutional delicacy which might be dealt with with advantage by a doctor, by means of diet, cod-liver oil, or a tonic.

MAVOURNEEN.—We can neither advertise nor recommend "soothing syrups," they are so often of an objectionable character. If the infant be suffering much in teething, consult a doctor. If you go to the consulting-room in the morning you will (very generally) obtain the advice free of charge. Take the child with you, selecting a fine day.

V. H. HARE.—Your poem is much above the average merit of the verses we usually receive. Whether we could find space for it we could not tell you at present, but if you had any idea that we might, you should have named your age, and your poem should have been certified as being your own, unaided—in the usual way.

MARION.—Chilblains do not proceed from the bad habit of biting the nails. If a dutiful spirit of obedience and of grateful love do not suffice to make the child endeavour to break off the trick with hearty resolution, the continuance of the habit should be punished as an aggravated case of disobedience. We could not suggest the nature of the punishment, as that must depend on the age and the disposition of the child, and all corroction should be a matter of most careful consideration, and never be resorted to until all the best and noblest feelings have been appealed to.

ONE WISHING TO DO GOOD.—We think you could be employed in parish work by certain societies at a small salary. The Church of England has such, and probably at work in your own parish. But to whatever Christian denomination you belong you had better consult your minister.

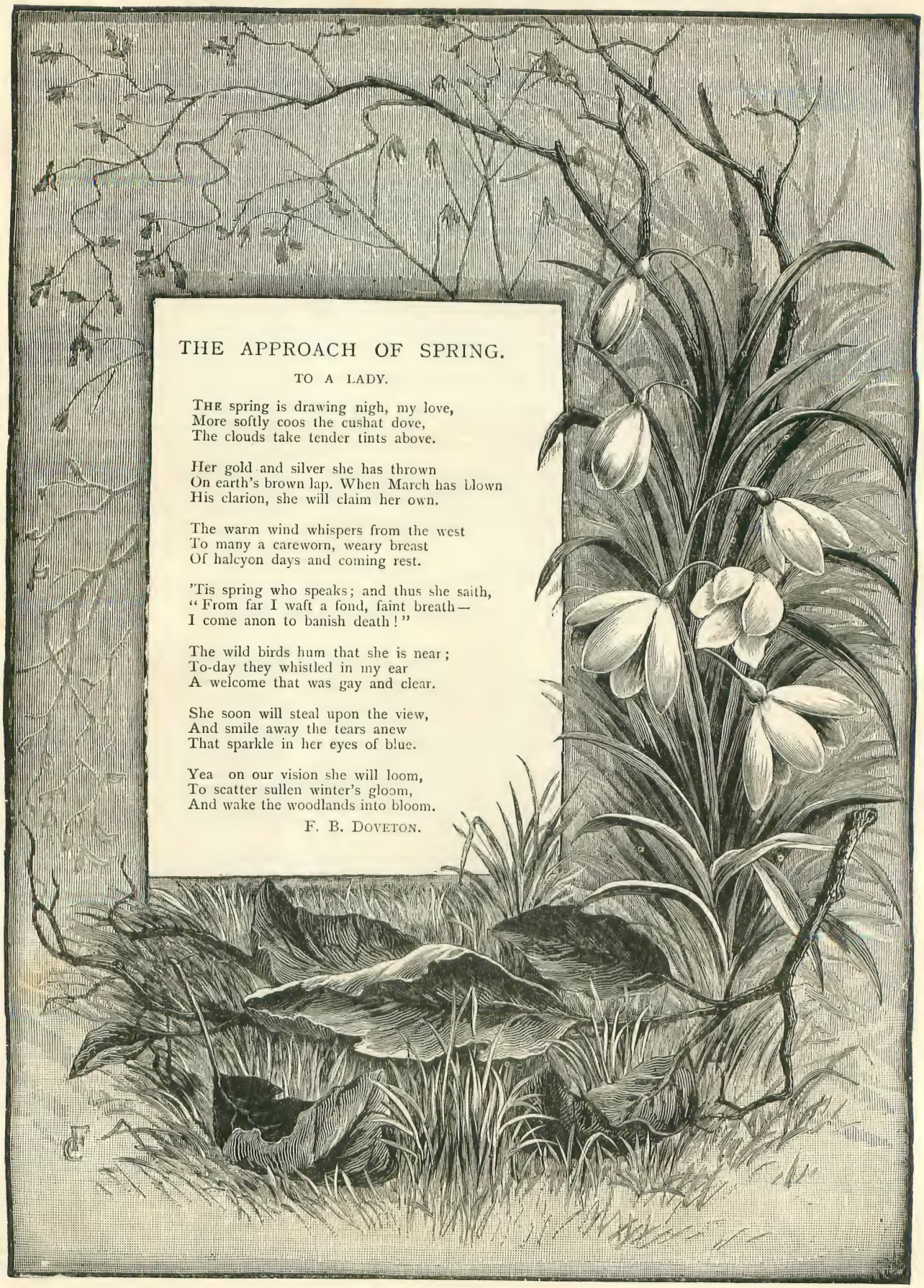
A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.—The doctor (not "dokter") should see that arrangements are made by your parents for the daily walk which he prescribes for you. Of course you could not go far alone at your age, nor for a long walk into the country, even with a girl friend. As a doctor's prescription, some plan should be arranged for you with some neighbour, if you cannot be accompanied by a maid.

MARMADUKE.—Your best plan would be to look through some of the daily papers for advertisements of shipping lines of passenger steamers, take the addresses, and write, applying for a situation as stewardess. But it is to be hoped that you have had some experience of the sea, and that you have proved yourself to be a really good sailor; otherwise you will not be "the right woman in the right place," and will be of no service to the passengers.

E. W. S.—Gargle your throat with a weak solution of alum and water. If you find that too astringent take glycerine lozenges.

JEANIE DEANS.—You should refer to Burke's "Landed Gentry"—an old one of your grandfather's time—for the information you require. Women have no right to a crest, naturally, as it surmounted a helmet which they were not required to wear. They do not wear their family arms on a shield for the same reason, but on what is called a lozenge, shaped like a "hatchment," or a diamond pane of glass. In olden times they worked these devices of the family escutcheon both on the inner dress and on the outer robe or cloak. Read our articles on "Heraldry" and "The Days of Chivalry."

A GIRL.—We regret that we cannot publish your poem, which needs considerable revision. You should study Dr. Angus' "Handbook of the English Tongue."



THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

TO A LADY.

THE spring is drawing nigh, my love,
More softly coos the cushat dove,
The clouds take tender tints above.

Her gold and silver she has thrown
On earth's brown lap. When March has blown
His clarion, she will claim her own.

The warm wind whispers from the west
To many a careworn, weary breast
Of halcyon days and coming rest.

'Tis spring who speaks; and thus she saith,
"From far I waft a fond, faint breath—
I come anon to banish death!"

The wild birds hum that she is near;
To-day they whistled in my ear
A welcome that was gay and clear.

She soon will steal upon the view,
And smile away the tears anew
That sparkle in her eyes of blue.

Yea on our vision she will loom,
To scatter sullen winter's gloom,
And wake the woodlands into bloom.

F. B. DOVETON.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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WORK, WAIT, WIN.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

"MRS. BURFORD CAME OUT OF A SHOP AND TOWARDS US."

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CHAPTER XXII.

A COTTAGE MYSTERY.

DURING the weeks which followed Miss Flint's return, I saw little either of herself or her visitor, but I heard of the gaieties in my old home.

Sometimes one of the new carriages would whirl past me, and its owner would be accompanied by both or one of the Burford girls. Herbert Kenningham usually occupied another place. He stayed on until September, and his presence filled me with unrest.

There was gossip enough at Oakhill, and everybody said there would be a wedding by-and-by, yet no person seemed able to decide which of the Miss Burfords would be a principal actor in it.

I never doubted that Nelly must be the attraction Despite Rose's charms, I never imagined that she would inspire a second thought where Nelly came.

Sometimes I noticed the more luxurious of Miss Flint's carriages proceeding gently countrywards, and then I had no occasion to raise my head in order to ascertain who occupied it, for I was sure that cousin Dorothy, Mrs. Burford, and Magnus were going for a drive together. Needless to say, I received no gracious greeting from any of them. Nor did I seek it.

Once, and only once, did I meet Rose and Nelly Burford face to face when in company with young Kenningham. He was walking between the girls, but it seemed to me that he had no eyes save for Nelly. I thought her face had never looked so fair, for it was full of animation, and she was speaking with evident earnestness, whilst Mr. Kenningham listened as if completely absorbed by the subject, whatever it might be.

Rose was the first to see me, and, somewhat to my annoyance, she gave a little shrug of the shoulders and glanced, first at me, then with an amused look in the direction of the other two, as if bidding me note the good understanding between them.

For a long time before, Rose had not even deigned to notice me, and though now there seemed more of mockery than friendliness in a little movement of the head which accompanied her look, I lifted my hat in return without appearing to notice her manner.

This movement on my part attracted Nelly's notice. In a moment she left the others and advanced towards me with outstretched hand and a beaming face.

"How are you, Jack? I am so glad to see you," she said, and her looks proved this.

"And I to see you, Nelly," I replied, as I clasped the kind hand in mine.

"I have only a moment now, but I hope we shall meet again before long. We are so near and yet so far," she added, ruefully.

I echoed the wish with all my heart, and had just time to ask after Magnus and hear that he was improving in health, but very slowly, when Mrs. Burford came out of a shop and towards us.

Nelly looked neither ashamed nor afraid of being seen in friendly converse with me, but again extended her hand as she said, "Good-bye, Jack."

I could hardly believe that my eyes told the truth when I saw Mrs. Burford give me a slight bow of recognition, to which I could only respond, in spite of all that had passed.

She was Nelly's mother, and Nelly was looking on approvingly. I could have forgiven anything for her sweet sake, and rather than bring a look of pain to her face.

This interview again stirred contending feelings.

I could only be glad at the thought of the dear girl's kindness, but Mrs. Burford's slight civility filled me with anxiety. What could it mean? Was it possible that she no longer objected to my seeing Nelly and exchanging friendly greetings with her; and, if so, what had brought about such a change?

I could find but one reply to my own questions. It must be because she was satisfied that Nelly's dearest affections had been won by another, and therefore she need no longer grudge me a shake of my darling's hand and a few kindly words.

"My darling!" Yes, Nelly had been nearest and dearest to me from the time I could remember anything. All the circumstances of my life and hers—even the means used to induce forgetfulness—had only made childish memories more precious, and intensified my feelings of affection. I had no kindred to love me or to love. I had so many quiet hours to devote to memories of the past and day-dreams of future happiness to be mine when I had climbed to a higher place in the social ladder.

"Come what may, I pray that she may be happy!" I said, from my very heart; and I tried to drive away every selfish feeling and think only of her. I had felt that her unembarrassed manner was simply suggestive of sisterly regard. I was angry with myself for expecting more, yet disappointed at the same time.

I have told how Jabez and Betsy Harwood were accustomed to haunt their old home after we removed to Rose Cottage, and of the manner in which Mr. Burford sanctioned the old man's efforts to keep its surroundings in order. Jabez's reasoning on the subject touched me deeply, without convincing me that it was good for him to be so often in a place with which many painful associations were connected.

Betsy and he might argue that they had spent most of their lives there, and loved every bit that formed the old roof-tree. I sympathised, but at the same time wished that the cottage had been pulled down and every trace of it removed.

Yet the place had its fascination for me also, and I often caught myself going a little out of my way in order to pass it. I did this on the night after my meeting with Nelly Burford. I was just in the mood for dwelling upon the time when we were first parted, and I found humble, faithful friends in the old couple, whilst those who might have been kind stood aloof.

The latter part of the day had been gloomy, and darkness had come on early. A drizzling rain was falling, but in spite of this I determined to take a brisk walk after leaving the office, and on my homeward way I came up the lane at the side of the old cottage. I stood for an instant facing the window of what was my room when I lodged there, and naturally my thoughts went back to the night of the robbery.

As I stood, the rain began to fall in a perfect downpour, and I remained under the shelter of a large horse chestnut, which protected me from a drenching whilst it lasted.

All at once I was amazed to notice a little flash of light in that room, and I was almost certain that it showed me a man's figure within. The light had probably been caused by the striking of a match, and quickly vanished.

I crossed the road, taking care first to creep along below the trees to some little distance, and cautiously approached the cottage. After waiting for a few moments, I became convinced that there were at least two persons in the old building One of these, a female, came out, and the door was closed behind her, and locked by someone within.

There were two ways leading from the old place to Rose Cottage. I took the longer, but walked rapidly. I felt that I should have my suspicions verified when I reached home, and found Jabez alone.

I had been in the house three or four minutes, and had lingered beside the old man, taking off my wet boots and coat, when Betsy entered.

I had never before noticed Jabez show an anxiety to get rid of me, but he told me more than once that I should find a bit of fire in my room, on account of the night being damp and chilly for early September.

"Damp enough," I answered, "but not cold. I felt it rather close than otherwise, but it was very thoughtful of Betsy to light a fire. I hope she is not out on such a night."

Jabez's face went pale, and his voice quavered as he answered—

"Betsy is out. She's gone to see a person that wanted her, that isn't alto-

gether well. I wish she were safe back," and the old man sighed wearily.

"I do not wonder at anybody who is ill or in trouble wanting to see Betsy's kind face beside them," I replied. "But it is getting almost time for Betsy to consider herself as well as other people. This is no night for her to be out. Can I fetch her from any place?"

Jabez looked terrified at the suggestion, and began—

"There isn't the least occasion to trouble. She will come as soon as she can."

Before the sentence was ended Betsy entered, and I again saw on her face the same expression that came there when I described the listener at the railway station, after the robbery took place.

"You are both wet and weary, Betsy," said I. "You are so kind to others that you forget self altogether."

"I am getting old, Mr. John, and no mistake about it. I have been thinking I could do as much and as well as I used to do twenty years since, and I am finding out that I am all those years older."

She was making an effort to untie the strings of her bonnet as she spoke, but her hands shook so much that she dropped them on her lap, and added—

"I must rest a little before I do anything."

Jabez seemed completely scared at Betsy's condition, and murmured something about her having caught cold.

I noticed that she shivered from time to time, though I did not think this was the effect of cold, for the night was murky, and the air close and warm.

"Let me help you," I said, and I succeeded in removing her bonnet and shawl.

She could scarcely put on her cap, her hands still trembled so much, and Jabez was no less agitated.

"You must have some of your own brew to-night, Betsy, and get quickly to bed. Where can I find some?" I asked.

My old landlady was famous for elderberry wine of her own making. It was highly spiced, and regarded as a sovereign remedy for a cold, if promptly administered. Many a time had she given it to me when I came in, cold and weary; and I determined to attribute her symptoms to exposure to the rain, and insisted that hot elder wine was the right thing for her to take.

Jabez eagerly adopted the suggestion, and seemed quite relieved that nothing else was said about his wife's unusual condition.

Betsy took some of the hot wine, and by degrees the colour came back to her cheeks, and she gave me a wan smile along with her thanks and regret for having caused so much trouble.

Feeling that my absence would be a relief, I left the old couple together and went to my own room, after advising Betsy to go to bed as soon as possible.

As may be imagined, I was extremely concerned at what I had witnessed. I could only come to the conclusion that the someone hiding in the old cottage was the worthless son of the Harwoods. That his being in the neighbourhood boded good to no one, least of all to his unhappy parents. That they were suffering acutely I could not doubt, and not merely on account of the past, but of what might be the outcome of his return to Oakhill.

I felt sure that Betsy had gone to the old cottage under cover of the darkness to carry necessaries to her son. What a wretched errand it would be for her! She who was so upright and true in word and deed, would be miserable at the need for concealment, and fancy that every footstep meant danger, every movement of her own was calculated to arouse suspicion.

No one would have suspected Betsy. Her going to the empty cottage to open and close windows and sweep it occasionally, was thought nothing of. Jabez's love for digging and tidying in the garden had become so much a matter of course that it was not noticed.

It was only the consciousness of carrying a miserable secret that made them cowards, ever in dread of discovery, poor souls! I grieved for them, but hesitated as to the course I should take.

After much thought I resolved not to give them the slightest hint of what I had seen, but to keep on the alert, and find out if possible whether their worthless son was indeed hiding in the cottage, and with what object.

There was only one person to whom I could speak on the subject, and that was Mr. Burford. Unfortunately he had been called from home on very important business, and would not return for three or four days. I ascertained this by inquiry on the morning after my discovery that the cottage had a hidden tenant.

I felt the weight of this secret almost more than I could bear, but for the sake of the old couple I resolved to watch and wait, and to entrust it only to Mr. Burford, who was their kind friend as well as mine.

I was never much at home during the day, but I easily noted that there was more cooking done, without a corresponding consumption at Rose Cottage; that the daylight visits to the old place became less frequent; but either Betsy or Jabez was sure to slip out in the gloaming, basket in hand, professedly on some trivial errand, never heretofore left till night.

I had not been used to play the spy or the eavesdropper; but I did keep a close watch on their movements, without seeming to do it, and I succeeded in appearing unconscious that anything unusual was going on.

Naturally Jane Cartwright's visits had been few and far between since Miss Flint took up her abode at Lint Hall, but she called the evening before Mr. Burford was expected home. She was brimful of gossip, and had very little time in which to tell it.

"You're not looking so well as I should like, Betsy," she said. "The weather has been telling on you—first hot, then cold. How changeable it has been! I should have been in before, but for being so busy. Our old lady has renewed her youth, I think; and really, she can be wonderfully pleasant when she has a mind. It has been a deal livelier for everybody since she took a new turn, though I am nearly worn out with work."

"You have servants enough, I expect," said Betsy.

"Of a sort, but they nearly drive me out of my senses with their ways nowadays. They get up hours later than we used to do when you and I were in service, and when they are up they take twice the time to do half the work. As to saving out of their wages, they never think of such a thing. Every penny is spent beforehand, and more than they have to come in, on their unbecoming finery."

Jane spent a good deal of breath in denouncing the ways of young domestics, the finery, frizzled hair, improvidence, and sluttishness of the whole tribe. Then she concentrated her wrath on one specimen, a new girl whom Miss Flint had engaged, it seemed to Jane, out of sheer contrariness and in opposition to her advice.

"Not that she is bad at her work, for she is sharper than most. But the airs she gives herself and her giddiness make me certain she'll come to no good. The worst of it is she has got some stranger man running after her. If it were one of the Oakhill lads, I would soon settle him; but I cannot make this man out, or find where he is living."

I was present during this conversation, and at this point I noted that meaning, frightened glances were exchanged between Jabez and Betsy, but neither spoke. I believed they could not, so I interposed.

"You should get Miss Flint to settle the young man," I said. "I think she would frighten him off the premises."

"The worst of it is, Mr. John, that she only makes fun of me when I mention it, and asks if I never stole out at night to see my young man, or if I think there ought to have been an end put to marrying after I got a husband for myself. It is pure contradiction of the mistress. If she had been the one to find out the girl's goings on, there would have been no peace in the place till she was bundled off, and without an hour's warning. But because it was me, she stays, and is encouraged into the bargain."

"Is he a young man that is after the girl?" asked Jabez.

"I've never been able to get a look at his face, but I should say he isn't by his figure. He has more the build of a man of forty than five and twenty, which would be a natural age for Sarah's young man. But he takes care to keep out of sight, and only comes hanging round after dark, when nobody could see enough of him to know him again. I only got a notion of his build through coming upon the two of them unawares. My gentleman was off like a shot, and Sarah, who did not know that I was close by, gave a scream and ran off into the house before I could say a word. I gave her a good talking to afterwards, and specially about being so foolish as to take up with a stranger. But I might as well have held my tongue, for she first asked me how I knew he was a stranger, and not an Oakhill man, and

then told me plainly that Miss Flint was her mistress, and not me, and when she wanted my advice she would ask for it."

I felt almost afraid to look at Jabez and Betsy whilst Jane Cartwright was telling her story.

Betsy made no answer, but her husband managed to say that these young things were so wilful there was no guiding them, more's the pity.

I was sure that the same thought was passing through their minds that crossed my own, and it sorely increased my perplexity.

I was not in the habit of asking questions about cousin Dorothy and her guest, but, to turn the conversation, I did inquire if Mr. Kenningham were still at the Hall.

"He is, Mr. John, but he is to leave to-morrow. I hear he is to come back for Christmas, and then we shall see what will happen."

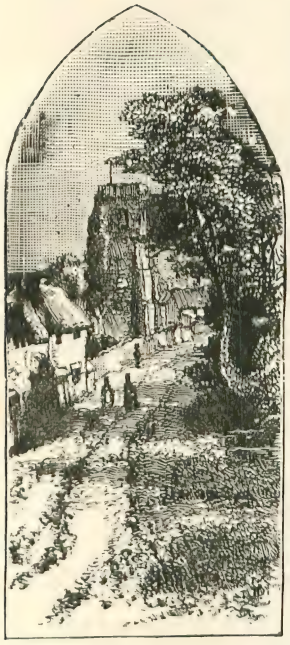
Jane looked most knowing, and was evidently so interested in something to come, that she made no further allusion to Sarah's iniquities.

She left the house immediately afterwards, saying that she had outstayed her time, and should be wanted at the Hall; and I went for a short stroll in order to give Jabez and Betsy time to recover from the shock which I was sure Jane's gossip would have given them. In my own mind I associated Sarah's lover and the man in hiding at the old cottage, and I could not doubt that he was George Harwood.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. BERNARD'S AT BRIGHTON.

By ANNE BEALE.



EVERYONE who visits Brighton knows that it is well furnished with churches and chapels of all creeds and denominations. But everyone does not know of a quiet afternoon service that takes place Sunday after Sunday at the Invalid Gentlewomen's Home in Dyke Road. Week by week the Rev. Snowdon Smith officiates, and reads the Church of England service, and gives a suitable address to the inmates of the Home. On the first Sunday of every month he administers the Holy Communion, and if the heart is attuned to sympathy, it must be awakened by the simple but solemn service.

We were privileged to attend it more than once, and felt that if ever the consolations of religion were welcome and gratefully received, it was here. Although there was much pathos in the thought that the little congregation was composed chiefly of the sick, suffering, or wearied women who came to the home in search of health or rest, there was nothing melancholy. The music and hymns were bright and cheerful, and the responses and singing in which all joined might have shamed many a large congregation where they are occasionally performed by clergyman and choir alone. With the open Bible before him, the kindly pastor spoke, so to say, to his little audience, and when his words were ended and the blessing pronounced, he remained awhile to talk face to face with such as chose to linger. It was truly a *bon quart d'heure*. Cheerfulness prevailed, and the flowers on the table of the large dining-room where the service was held seemed to whisper of peace and hope.

Indeed, cheerfulness seems the keynote of the instrument. When we all adjourned to the good-sized drawing-room for afternoon tea, always ready punctually at five o'clock, the buzz of voices betokened it. Said one lady who had arrived the previous evening, and who looked depressed and ill, "I do not understand how they can all be so cheerful." But we understood. It was because there was a homelike feeling in the house, and the spirit of true religion brooded over it. The invalids were invited to interest themselves in such small details as the arrangement of the flowers; and, at the moment, one was presiding at the tea-table. She had been long in the Home, and was daily at her cheerful post, surrounded by her friends. There was, apparently, no chief to overlook them, for the lady who superintends the establishment came and went without special recognition, and mingled with her household as a member.

After tea, such as were inclined for music returned to the dining-room, where a piano and pianist were ready, and joined in singing "hymns and spiritual songs" until the supper hour, which is half-past seven. Here again cheerful conversation beguiled the meal. It was succeeded by prayers, and as early hours are one of the rules of the establishment, all lights were duly extinguished by half-past ten.

Perhaps not "all lights," since there are patients who need light and watchful care by night as well as by day. All the dwellers of St. Bernard's are not capable of joining in the Sunday services below stairs, but are not unfrequently confined to their beds above. Here all is done to alleviate suffering and restore health that a good nurse and two kind medical men can do. It is called an "Invalid Gentlewomen's Home," and the name speaks for itself. It can receive twelve ladies, whose payments vary from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per week, according to the room occupied. During the nineteen years of the existence of the Home it has witnessed a great variety of suffering, and, happily, numerous cases of restoration to health. It was founded for the "medical and surgical treatment of gentlewomen by birth and education;" in other words, for refined ladies whose means will not admit of more expensive change of air, together with care, nursing, and doctoring. Although not near the sea, the house is situated in a very healthy part of Brighton, and has the air from the downs blowing upon it, and mingling with the sea air from below. It stands high, and is so near the Children's Hospital that the invalids are permitted to walk in the spacious grounds of that Institution. It is essentially a convalescent home, though, as we said above, death sometimes creeps into it. Where does he not come, "with stealthy step and slow"? Several daughters of clergymen have died here, some without homes. One, whose father was dead, Ethel by Christian name, was attended with loving care to the last moment of life, and passed away rejoicing in her Saviour. Another, the orphan of a dignitary of the church, died with such relatives as could be summoned around her, and amid the tears of her friends of the Home.

But we would rather instance the numerous cures, and the benefits both to soul and body of a residence at St. Bernard's. We allude to the vital part of our complex system advisedly, since young people come here with strange notions of religion, and have often left with faith strengthened by prayer and teaching. A friend and patient who has lain for many years on her couch in spinal complaint in the Home, is instrumental in this. Strong in faith herself, she is ever ready to help others. So is the Lady Superintendent. It seems unnatural to use the word agnostic in connection with youth; but sometimes governesses or lady clerks, or girls educating for doctors, arrive, who know and believe nothing of eternal truths. One, overworked and tired of harass and worry, said she "felt as if she had no faith, and was forgotten by God." But she went back to her work, hopeful and cheered, because, she said, "God has provided me with this resting-place, where I have had breathing time to learn of Him." Another, weak and languid, had no Bible with her. One was lent to her, marked in various passages, which she read, and after she had left the Home, strengthened for renewed work, she wrote, saying she had never before realised how little she knew of the Bible. This induced occasional letters on the study of the sacred volume, which proved that she was seeking the truth for herself. After awhile news came of her death, "peacefully resting on the Saviour." A lady doctor from America came to recruit her health, after undergoing an operation. She was very entertaining, and had much to say of her life and adventures. She also spoke of religion, and of the difficulty of carrying out Christianity in the daily round of her professional duties. She joined a little Bible study in the Home, and till her death in America sometime afterwards, wrote openly on spiritual matters, acknowledging the help she had received both in soul and body.

"I shall never be afraid again, since I know I can come here when I am ill," said a homeless girl, when she left the other day, throwing her arms round the friend to whom numbers turn as to a mother.

And this is the general feeling. Sectarianism is avoided, indeed, not permitted, since women of any sect are welcome, and dogmatic disputations do not tend to the peace of an establishment, or the recovery of an invalid. The Bible is the rule of faith, and if there are any who are so unhappy as to question its doctrines, they can quietly make their doubts

known to the steadfast believer already alluded to, who has helped to dispel similar doubts from many a halting mind. In these times when people are wandering in a labyrinthine maze of speculation, it is refreshing to find oneself in a straightforward path, where the inspiration of Holy Scripture is unquestioned, and the Sunday kept as a "day holy to the Lord."

Some years ago there came a widow lady to the Home, halting between many opinions. She was aging, sick, and unhappy. Youth she could not recover; but health returned to her, and she has since found peace. She writes frequently, and expresses thankfulness not only for bodily relief, but for that far greater boon—spiritual freedom. Say what one will, the atmosphere of a dwelling, whether moral or physical, affects the mind imperceptibly, and we should all strive after good sanitary arrangements whether for soul or body.

But we are straying from our text, which is that St. Bernard's, like its great Alpine namesake, is a pleasant refuge for weary wanderers, or toilers up the heights of difficulty and labour. Even those who have encountered what seem insurmountable obstacles, and are arrested in their climb, unable to proceed or turn back, have been helped on their way by the rest and treatment of the Home. Many cases of special complaint have been effectively relieved, if not absolutely cured. One young girl was here for six months, who was engaged in an occupation injurious to the spine. She was wholly dependent on her own exertions for support, and could not have remained but for the prayers and efforts of the principals of the Home. They and the invalid lady already alluded to collected money from time to time to pay for her, and the last large sum sent appeared to come as a direct answer to prayer—was indeed a direct answer; for why should we doubt His promise, who said, "Ask, and ye shall receive?" This young lady is now engaged in teaching, and is a living and standing proof of the efficacy of Brighton air, and the care of Brighton medical men. It is needless to say that the attendance of the latter is voluntary, and that they, like their brethren all over the world, and following the example of the Great Physician, give their aid "without money and without price." So do other generous friends, who would not like their names made public.

This is always a difficulty, for we are positively forbidden to name one who is the mainspring of the machinery, and who, like most mainsprings, lies in the very heart of the work. It has kept going nearly twenty years, having been begun in 1870. Many hundreds of ladies requiring rest or medical attendance have benefited by it during that time. The rules are simple. The period of residence is to commence with one month, and not exceed three without a renewal of the application. Payments must be made weekly in advance. As has been before stated, patients of all religious denominations are eligible, but religious controversy is strictly forbidden. The Lady Superintendent accompanies the medical attendant in his visits to the patients. It is, however, unnecessary to transcribe all the rules, since a report will be sent on application to Miss Draper, St Bernard's, 67, Dyke Road, Brighton. The overworked or suffering lady, of whatever profession, will be welcomed, kindly treated, and probably restored to health. That most trying of ailments, neuralgia, sends numbers to the Home, and one is heart-wrung by the pitiful details of the aches and pains of suffering womankind.

We began this sketch with a sacred service; we will end it with a secular entertainment. Invalids need mental distraction, as well as physical care, so our friend on the couch organises concerts from time to time, for the amusement of the inmates. The one we came in for was very entertaining. We all met at afternoon tea as usual, and in the midst of that social meal a fine baby was brought in. "This is our baby, and this our bride," was the cry; and it turned out that a former patient, who had been cured at the Home, was afterwards married from it. She and her year-old baby had come from their abode in the country to see their true and constant friends at St. Bernard's, and came in for the concert. This began punctually at six, and ended at seven; for not even the charms of music must interfere with the clockwork regularity of meals.

The originator, manager, and director of the concert was the "invalid in the corner," and she contrived to wheel herself or be wheeled to the piano, and to become accompanist as well. Happily, and for a wonder, all the inmates of the Home, servants and nurse inclusive, were present, and we all forgot our "sicknesses and sorrows" for awhile. Not quite all, perhaps. There was one lady slightly paralysed, to whose dulled senses even music failed to penetrate. Hers was a sad story of neglect and desertion, but there was hope of her recovery. Two or three who had arrived the previous day were evidently astonished at this novel method of cure, for laughter is curative, and often proves the best of medicine. And how we all laughed! The more ridiculous the ditty, the more hearty the chorus. One of the servants was *prima donna*, and had been trained for similar performances, which would have gladdened the heart of a child, while they amused us all by their fun and simplicity. No vulgar comic songs, but innocent, childlike selections from many sources, which recalled youth and joy to the depressed soul. Long may the "Director" be permitted to infuse some of her Christ-inspired life and hope into the minds of her sisters in affliction!

While contemplating the happy party, it was difficult to believe that each member of it was an invalid, seeking health beneath the protecting roof-tree of the Home, or to realise that a weight of grave anxiety rested on the shoulders of her who sat in their midst as one of them. There were several bright and pretty girls who laughed and sang heartily, yet who had maladies more or less grave, and whose future livelihood would depend on their cure. How impossible it is to realise fully what our nearest neighbours suffer! We try to sympathise, but fail to understand, unless we are, or have been, similarly afflicted. We should all pray for that Divine spirit of love which was and is in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that so we may console the sorrowful and uphold the weak. This, we believe, is the spirit that moves in St. Bernard's.

CHEAP AND PRETTY.

It is not that which costs the most that is the most productive of pleasure. The truth of this remark one sees every day, and in nothing more clearly than in the matter of flowers.

We all love flowers in our rooms, or at all events, something green, whether we be rich or poor, idle or hard-working. I have often seen men and women trying to spare a penny on Saturday nights from their hard-earned and scanty wages to buy a few flowers or a bunch of green leaves at a street stall to brighten up their living room, and it always interests me. It is for this reason that I mention what I have very frequently seen in the rooms of sick ladies and on the dinner-tables of well-to-do people, but never in the cottage of the artisan or in the lodging of the poor, and I think it must be that they do not know of it, otherwise at no cost whatever they could always have something green and graceful about them.

The crowns of carrots, beet, turnips, and other like roots if cut about half an inch in thickness and placed in a saucer of water and exposed to the light, will in a few days send out young leaves, green or coloured, which will grow into pretty sprays six or eight inches in height, and in the case of turnips flower buds are produced.

Dr. Cogswell, speaking of the beauty and grace of these productions at the Botanic Gardens the other day, said he thought the tops of these roots were nothing like so much used as they deserved to be, and people were unaware of the pretty and ornamental combinations which could be produced from them.

In the time of Charles II. the young leaves of the carrot so produced were used as personal ornaments by ladies, and I could add that many girls of my acquaintance use them still for personal adornment.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A NOVEL INTRODUCTION.

THE house in which Aldyth Lorraine lived with her aunt was scarcely ten minutes' walk from Mrs. Bland's. The High Street took a turn just above the Blands' door, and winding round to the left, ended at an open space where three roads met. To the left diverged the Tolleshunt and Longbridge roads. The road, which was almost a continuation of the High Street, was known as the London Road, and was the more fashionable part of Woodham. Here were the newest and smartest villas that the little town could boast; but here and there amongst them stood a house with a history, a history which went back through many generations, so that one might imagine the old dwelling to look with contempt on its modern, upstart neighbours.

Miss Lorraine's house was one of the old ones, and was known as Myrtle Cottage. It was not very convenient, but it was picturesque, having a thatched roof, and walls tapestried with ivy. It stood in a pretty garden, sheltered by a thick hawthorn hedge, and, as it was the last of the houses, and the road dipped sharply on the other side, it had a fine view of a wide expanse of flat country, green meadows and hedgerows, cornfields and copses, melting away into the exquisite blue of distance.

Leaving the Blands, Aldyth walked quickly to the cottage, but her haste did not prevent her pausing for a moment with her hand on the gate to gaze at the far-reaching prospect bathed in the mellow light of the lovely September afternoon. There was something to Aldyth very heart-satisfying in that broad, fair landscape, and she never wearied of looking at it.

But as she gazed now she became aware that a young man was seated on the low bank at the other side of the road. For a moment she imagined that he was merely sitting there to enjoy the prospect, but another glance showed her that he was very pale, and there was blood on the handkerchief he was pressing to his temple; his cap lay in the dust, and leaning against the hedge, a few paces down the hill, was a bicycle, which seemed to have come to grief. Instantly Aldyth crossed the road, saying, kindly—

"I fear you have had an accident. Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, it is nothing, thank you," said the stranger, in refined, courteous tones; "I have had an awkward fall and cut my forehead, but the pain is nothing, if only it would stop bleeding."

"Won't you come in and let my aunt see what she can do for you?" said Aldyth. "This is her house, and she is rather clever at dressing wounds."

"You are very kind," said the young man, meeting Aldyth's glance with a pair of clear blue eyes that had a very penetrative gaze; "but I think there is no need to trouble your aunt; I shall be all right in a few minutes."

But a fresh spurt of blood from the wound made him press the handkerchief closer to his face, and the colour which had returned to it died away.

"Indeed, you had better come in," said Aldyth, earnestly. "You know you really cannot go home like that. People would stare at you so."

The last words had their effect. The young man's face broke into a merry smile.

"They would indeed," he said. "I had not thought of that. And the boys! What entertainment for them! Thank you, I will avail myself of your kindness."

"That is right," said Aldyth, making a movement as though she would pick up his cap, but he saw her intention and was before her, though stooping brought a return of the giddiness which he had at first experienced. She had to help him bring his bicycle within the garden, then she hurried on to the house, the stranger following with a slow and somewhat uncertain step.

Happily Miss Lorraine was at home. She was seated at her desk in the little drawing-room which opened at one side of the front door. A great talker, Miss Lorraine was not less great as a correspondent. When not paying calls or entertaining visitors, she was generally to be found writing letters.

"Aunt Lucy, here is a gentleman I met at the gate. He has had an accident; he fell from his bicycle. Do come and see what you can do for him."

"My dear! An accident?" cried Miss Lorraine, springing up with alacrity. She came bustling into the hall, a comely little woman, whose age it would have been difficult to determine, for her black hair was scarce touched with grey, her eyes bright; she moved and spoke briskly, and was always dressed in a dainty, becoming style. Of great energy, she loved to be of use in any way, and, as Aldyth knew well, was delighted by this unexpected call to render surgical aid.

Aldyth had not given a thought to the individuality of the stranger, but Miss Lorraine recognised the gentleman who had been pointed out to her that morning as the new master at the Woodham Grammar School. She welcomed him heartily, took him in hand at once in her quick, energetic fashion, and had soon sponged the wound and dressed it, not unskilfully, with lint and plaster.

"Now, Mr. Glynne, you must stay and take tea with me and Aldyth. Yes, indeed, you must rest after such a shock, and the quieter you keep the sooner the wound will heal."

"You are very kind," said John Glynne, feeling the attraction of the bright little home in which he found himself, and inclined to accept the invitation; "but you have the advantage of me, since you know my name, whilst I have yet to learn to whom I am indebted for such kind services."

"Oh, no one can be long a stranger at Woodham," said Miss Lorraine; "we have a curious faculty—have we not, Aldyth?—of finding out the history of everybody, and if you had been here more than one day, Mr. Glynne, you would have learned that I am Miss Lorraine, and this is my niece Aldyth. I am pretty well known, having lived at Woodham all my life. And there are few persons in the neighbourhood who have not heard of my father, Dr. Lorraine, who practised as a physician here for many years. People would come miles to consult him."

"And did he leave no son to succeed to his practice?" asked Mr. Glynne.

"No," said Miss Lorraine, a shadow falling on her face; "I had but one brother, Aldyth's father, and he chose the army as his profession. Charlie Bland was my father's partner, and he succeeded him; but he died, poor fellow, a few years later. His widow and family live in that large house with bow windows at the top of the High Street."

But Mr. Glynne had to confess that he was so new to Woodham that he had not yet observed the Blands' house.

"I fancy the name Bland has come before me to-day," he said. "Is there a boy at the school belonging to the family?"

"Yes, Charlie Bland goes to the school," said Aldyth. "He is a nice boy. I know him well, for the Blands are great friends of mine."

Miss Lorraine was moving to and fro between dining-room and drawing-room on hospitable thoughts intent. Nothing could please her better than that she should be the first lady at Woodham to make the acquaintance of the new master. As for John Glynne, he was beginning to regard his accident as a fortunate occurrence, since it had introduced him to this bright, good-natured woman and her charming niece. Aldyth felt considerable inward amusement as she talked to this wholly unexpected visitor.

"What will Kitty say?" she thought. "She will wish he had fallen from his bicycle at their door."

"Tea is ready. Will you come into the next room, Mr. Glynne?" said Miss Lorraine, rising to lead the way. "Now, had you not better rest on the sofa? No, won't you really? Then you must take this easy chair. There! You look quite interesting with your head bandaged."

At this remark the young man sprang to his feet and looked at himself in the mirror above the mantelshelf. He coloured, and laughed as he saw the effect of the bandage.

"I hope it will not be necessary to appear before my pupils in this head-gear," he said.

Catching his half-rueful, half-humorous expression, Aldyth broke into a merry laugh, in which her aunt joined.

"You need not fear that," said Miss Lorraine. "The wound will have stanched by-and-by, and I can remove that unsightly bandage. It really makes you look as if you had been fighting."

And the three laughed again.

"It is a punishment for reckless riding," said Mr. Glynne. "But I was unprepared for such a sudden descent. I thought Essex roads were guiltless of hills."

"So many persons suppose," said Miss Lorraine. "But Essex is really not so flat as it is represented to be. They are many hills about Woodham, are there not, Aldyth?"

"They seem considerable hills to us," replied Aldyth. "But I daresay people coming from hilly districts would not think much of them. From what part of the country do you come, Mr. Glynne?"

"I was brought up in Norfolk," he said, "but we have lived in London now for many years."

"Norfolk!" exclaimed Miss Lorraine, eagerly. "Was your father a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth?"

"He was," said Mr. Glynne, looking surprised; "did you know him?"

"And your mother's name was Susan Staines before she married?" said Miss Lorraine, in her eagerness passing by his question.

"It was—then you know my mother!" said the young man, his face lighting up with pleasure; "how strange!"

"We were girls at school together; she was my great friend in those days," said Miss Lorraine; "but she went abroad to perfect herself in the foreign languages, and gradually our correspondence dropped. I heard some years later that she had married a clergyman, and was living near Yarmouth; then, after a while, I heard that her husband was dead. I have often longed to see her again. And now I see her son. How strange it seems!"

"My mother will be delighted to hear that I have met with an old friend of hers," said John Glynne. "I will tell her when I write to-morrow."

"Yes, do," said Miss Lorraine, "and give her my love—Lucy Lorraine's love. Tell her I mean to be your friend, if you will let me, for your mother's sake. For, indeed, you seem no stranger now."

"You have shown yourself a good friend to me already," said John Glynne; "but I am glad that you know my mother. It makes me feel at home with you."

"Are you her only child?" asked Miss Lorraine.

"No; there are three of us. I have a brother and a sister. I am the eldest. My mother was left with very limited means, and she has had a struggle to bring us up. But things are easier for her now, I am thankful to say."

"You have helped to make them easier," was Aldyth's quick thought, as she saw the expression his face wore when he spoke of his mother. It was a good face, and more and more it won on her, despite the ugly bandage which concealed the square, compact forehead, betokening a high order of intellect. The features were not handsome, but they were strong; the blue eyes had the kindest, frankest look in them, and the curves of the mouth and the peculiarly sweet smile told of a warm, true heart.

"He is a good son," was the conclusion at which Aldyth arrived intuitively, and the thought deepened the friendly regard in which she already held him. His age she judged to be about seven-and-twenty.

"So you have come to the Grammar School," said Miss Lorraine, after a moment's reflection. "Are you fond of teaching?"

"Yes," he said; but Aldyth saw that his face clouded a little. "I believe I like teaching, but I cannot say that I am very fond of the drudgery of teaching small boys. I had hoped to obtain a different kind of appointment, but it fell to another, and, being offered this post at the Woodham School, I thought it right to take it. My mother does not like it for me, but I tell her the experience will be very salutary. I have lately been attempting University Extension lectures."

"Have you?" exclaimed Aldyth, greatly interested. "Oh, I have heard of them—lectures on literature and science, with classes afterwards for those who are earnest students. How I wish we could have something of the kind here!"

"Why should you not?" he asked. "Surely there are enough people at Woodham to form a centre."

"There are people enough, no doubt," said Aldyth; "but I fear they are not sufficiently intellectual. They would not care to improve their minds. On what subjects do you lecture, Mr. Glynne?"

"Literature is my subject," he said. "I have lectured chiefly on Shakespeare and the poets."

"On Shakespeare! *How delightful!*" exclaimed Aldyth. "I would give anything to study Shakespeare with one who really understood him. I always feel my own narrowness and ignorance when I come to Shakespeare. And Wordsworth, I long to read him intelligently. I have always loved his poetry, though I hardly know why I love it so much. I should like to be able to appreciate it rightly. Some of his poems seem to me so much grander than others."

"There is *no doubt that his work* was unequal, and it is curious how unable he was to discern his own highest work," said Mr. Glynne; "but I am glad you love Wordsworth, Miss Lorraine, for I have a great enthusiasm for him, and it is but rarely I meet anyone who shares the feeling. It is a bond of sympathy between us."

He looked at her with frank, boyish pleasure in his clear, bright eyes. Aldyth met his gaze unshrinkingly, but she too was conscious of a thrill of pleasure. To one whose life is bounded by a narrow circle it is a great gain to find a friend who shares one's intellectual tastes and predilections.

"We must have some lectures this winter; I see no reason why we should not," said Miss Lorraine, in her quick, decisive way. "It would be a capital thing for the young people. Tell me how to set about it, Mr. Glynne, and I will see what I can do."

"Auntie!" cried Aldyth, in a tone of delight.

"You must get together a committee of ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Glynne. "Appoint a local secretary, hire a room for the lectures, choose your subject, and apply to the University Extension Society for a lecturer, arrange the terms for the course of lectures, making them as low as you can without incurring debt, and issue bills and circulars announcing the lectures."

"All that is not difficult," said Miss Lorraine. "I will speak to some of my friends on the subject to-morrow. But you must give the lectures, Mr. Glynne. I will only move in the matter on that condition."

But Mr. Glynne would make no promise, though he appeared not unwilling to fill the post of lecturer if he found that his other engagements would permit him to do so. He sat talking to Miss Lorraine and her niece till long after it grew dusk, and when at last he walked away to his lodgings there was no fear of anyone's seeing the patch upon his temple. The day's incident had given a brighter colour to the prospect of his sojourn at Woodham. Already he had made friends in the little town, and he felt sure that its inhabitants were simple-hearted, good-natured people, acquaintance with whom could yield only pleasure.

As for Aldyth, after he had gone she awoke to the fact that she had quite forgotten the long letter to her mother, which should have been finished that evening.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRIMROSE.

By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

I LOVE the early primrose
That lightens up the lane,
So radiant in the sunshine,
So cheerful in the rain;
Good-bye to dreary winter
How gladly doth it sing,
And tells of milder weather,
And hopeful, happy spring.

I wish that like the primrose
My life was always bright,
And shone in darkest pathways
With mild and constant light;
I wish that I reflected
Each sun-ray from above,
I wish that 'neath the storm-cloud
I always smiled with love.

I wish that in the valley,
As on the swelling hill,
Seen or unseen, with beauty
I did my task fulfil;
In life's retiréd copses
As in the garden gay,
Beside the forest foot-track
As by the broad highway.

I would be ever showing
That winter's reign is o'er;
A happy pledge and promise
Of joys for evermore;
I would be like the primrose,
And sing in sun or shade,
Of spring that's everlasting,
Of flowers that never fade.

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

By E. CHILTON, Author of "The Story of Rose," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day, while the gentlemen were shooting, Hilda and Elsie had a *tête-à-tête* drive.

"I am quite angry," said Hilda, as her white ponies trotted peacefully through the lanes, Elsie beside her gazing at the passing hedges, with their tall elm trees casting long shadows across the road, their blackberry blossoms interspersed with clusters of hard green fruit, their trailing bryony and honeysuckle, their masses of fern, homely toadflax, and brilliant ragged-robin showing here and there amid the verdure. "I am quite angry with Noel Wilton, and so is Guy. What do you think he talks of doing?"

"Accepting the Chiltern Hundreds," said Elsie.

"Why, child, were you listening at the library door yesterday when he arrived? I thought you were with baby in the nursery. But you are right; and not only that, he says he shall let his place and go back to Florence. Just because one or two of his farmers, who have been left to their own sweet will for years, choose to grumble at his sudden reforms, and the labourers don't appreciate his new reading-room. That is about all Guy could get out of him as to his reasons. He expects every one to bow down at once, like his poor mother, before him; and when they don't, he is too proud to try and convince them. Guy has said all he can to him, but you have no idea of his obstinacy."

"And yet he wants to be good, doesn't he?" said Elsie, simply.

"I suppose he does. He has strong religious principles, I know. If he were not in some degree religious, he would be unbearable at times, he is so proud. And yet, with all, he can be so delightful. You liked him very much last night, Elsie, didn't you?"

"I thought he was very pleasant," said Elsie, looking at the bank on her left hand.

"I saw you did, and I suspect he thought the same of you. I have seldom seen him talk so long to one girl. He knows he is a 'catch,' and is very careful to encourage no vain expectations; he always says that he is not a marrying man."

"'Nobody axed him, sir, she said,'" returned Elsie.

She remembered this indefinite caution afterwards, and had cause to remember it. Otherwise, she thought she might have misinterpreted Noel Wilton's manner. As the month went on—that happy month, actually even happier than she had expected—he was more and more in her company, singling her out in a way which, had she been less simple, might at times have caused her pain, for other visitors began to remark it, and to ask Hilda, in significant terms, who she was; and some of them, when they found her to be only a poor clergyman's daughter—a little girl who had no experience of society, and had never even left her native county—were apt to look surprised. But Elsie, fortified by the assurance that he was not a marrying man, drew no conclusions. She had not as yet discovered how far her happiness depended upon the tone of Noel Wilton's voice when he spoke to her, upon the expression of his eyes when he looked at her. She knew only that every day was a new delight, that a new fascination was added even to Restrigg. And, in her imagination, the idea of all that he might do, might become, reigned with increasing power.

"'There's a crown and a throne for thee, Charlie,'" she sang often, to herself. Half consciously, half unconsciously, she had set her mind upon inspiring him to win that crown and throne.

Towards the end of her last week she received a letter from her father.

"I shall be glad when we are all together once more," he wrote. "We have again had much trouble with Bobbie. I don't know how it is, but you seem to be the only person who can manage him, and I am the more anxious since the doctor here tells me that his brain is in an irritable condition, and that he must on no account be crossed unnecessarily."

Elsie felt as though a sudden cloud had overshadowed her horizon.

"Dear father!" she thought; "I have been forgetting his cares—thinking only of my own enjoyment. How easily one grows to be selfish! I should be terribly selfish soon, if I lived at Restrigg. Well, I am going back now, and I must be thankful for what I have had. His path and mine lie—oh, how wide apart! I shall be able to watch him from afar. If he succeeds, as I know he may, I shall read his speeches, and hear of the good that he is doing. And perhaps he will marry someone who will spur him up, and work with him, as—as——"

Here the thread of her meditations broke off on a sudden; a sharp pain, almost physical, pierced her heart.

Hilda was engaged that afternoon, and Elsie wandered alone into the park. She sat down under one of the great oaks and drank in the mellow beauty around her. Summer was fading into autumn; here and there already showed the tints which foretold decay.

PRIMROSES.

Yet the atmosphere was still balmy, and a lark was soaring upward, just as on that day when she had first heard, first thought, of Noel Wilton. Could it be only five weeks ago?

"Ah, you are here! I was afraid I should miss you. May I speak to you one moment?"

Noel himself had come up, unheard, over the soft, short grass. His face was strangely flushed; his eyes shone; indolence and coldness had vanished. In another instant he was telling her—oh, what? She started to her feet. Was she dreaming? Was she suddenly transformed?

CHAPTER VI.

THERE had been a great dinner party, and directly it was over, Hilda, tired out, had gone to bed. Elsie could not talk to her that night; she must submit to be shut up all alone with her wonderful news. For it was wonderful—oh, yes—that he, her prince, her possible hero, should love her, Elsie, so insignificant, so uncultivated! And he had never loved anyone before, he said; had never known what love was: and now, her! She put out her candles, and sat in her window, looking out at the stars. Had not he risen like a star—like that brilliant star yonder, which outshone all the rest upon her world? And now he wanted to transplant her into his! To think that, instead of watching his career, as she had anticipated, in patient twilight, from afar, she was to shine there too by his side, never to be parted from him! She knew now how she had dreaded that parting.

And more, could it be true, or had she dreamed, that he had told her she had inspired him, had given him new motives, had changed the whole current of his thoughts; that he was ready and eager to throw himself into the breach which he had shunned before, to work and fight, to face the difficulties and discouragements; that he would take her colours, like a knight of old, and go forth—to conquer now?

She had thought it to be God's will for her to toil on patiently, through day after day, year after year of commonplace cares and duties, of the monotony of a country parish, among people of low culture, of bounded aims; it had not occurred to her to murmur or to expect anything beyond. Other, higher lots she had dreamed of, and those dreams had been her delight; but not for herself. But now, when God Himself destined her for such a lot, to be the wife, the fellow worker of such a man! God had given her to him; God had sent her. She could only fall on her knees and thank Him silently, and pray for strength to be, to do, all to which He was calling her.

She had fancied that she could not sleep; but when she laid down sleep came speedily. And with it came a dream. She dreamed of a world of light, of forms transfigured therein, and soaring, soaring, as the lark had soared. She was soaring with them, she thought; and suddenly she saw her mother's face smiling down from the higher radiance, and heard her voice, so clearly that, when she awoke, she believed that voice had spoken to her indeed. The loving eyes which she remembered, looked first at her, as in welcome, but then past her, downward, searching amid the ascending crowd.

"Where is Bobbie?" said the voice. "Elsie! Elsie! did you not bring Bobbie?"

Despite her late vigils, Elsie was early downstairs. Only one other person had preceded her, hanging restlessly about the hall. He drew her into the library.

"I was hoping you would come; I have been watching this hour. I wanted to be sure that yesterday was not too good to be true. You haven't changed your mind?"

"No," said Elsie; but it seemed to Noel that she hesitated.

"What is it?" he said, sharply.

"Oh, I am thinking that perhaps I have done wrong; perhaps, when you know, you would rather have nothing to do with me. I've not told anyone yet; you can go away and forget it; all you said yesterday can be as if you had never said it."

"What do you mean?" said Noel, dropping her hand. He looked suddenly so proud and stiff that she was afraid.

"Bobbie—my little brother. I forgot yesterday that I had resolved never to leave him while he wants me. I resolved to be his mother; our real mother is dead, you know. He is very young, and not strong; he won't be able to go to school for years yet, and I must not leave him, even for—for you."

Her voice trembled; but the young man laughed, relieved; the stiffness vanished. He took her hand again, and drew her to a seat at his side.

"Is that all?" he said. "If you can't leave him, you must bring him with you."

But Elsie shook her head.

"I thought you might say that; you are so generous. But if I were your—your wife, my first duty would be to you. And it is not as though your position were different; I should not have enough time. I could not do the work I have to do for him. No, I must give it up. I ought not to have listened to you. Unless"—the words slipped out unawares—"you cared for me enough to wait."

"Cared for you!" cried the young man, passionately; "I care for you too much to wait, Elsie. You don't know what you are saying, child; you have no notion of the wear and tear of an indefinite engagement. I should be a monster of selfishness to subject you to it."

"Not if it were my own choice," said Elsie, timidly.

"You are not in a position to choose. You have had no experience. It would be like a weight round both our necks. You have talked often about my work; how could I work in such an unsettled state—always thinking about you and longing for you? And all from a mere chimera," he said, starting up. "When 'Bobbie' went to school at last, you would find some other insurmountable duty. Oh, Elsie!" and his tone changed, "I see how it is; you don't love me—not as I love you. Yes, it will be better, as you said just now, that I should go away and forget."

(*To be concluded.*)

ABOUT PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

By MEDICUS.

I HAD an experience one day last autumn which presented one or two features of novelty. I was interviewed. But stay; it isn't here where the novelty comes in. Like other hard-working authors, I am interviewed at least half a dozen times a year, by all sorts and conditions of reporters. But on this particular occasion I was interviewed in my native woods. I was sitting in what I call "my woodland study"—far removed from the busy haunts of man, with no sound to distract my attention except the murmur of insect life, the song of happy birds, or the whisper of the wind in the giant oak-tree that forms my canopy, shielding me alike from sun and rain—I was sitting here with my portfolio on my knee, the grass around me for yards carpeted with sheets of manuscript, when my Newfoundland, Queen, who lay near my tricycle, growled low and ominously.

"Excuse me, sir," said an elderly-looking young gentleman, approaching hesitatingly, with his eyes on the dog and his hands on his Safety bicycle; "your dog won't bite, will he?"

"It all depends on who you are," I replied. "If you are a lightning-conductor man, the County Directory agent, or a book canvasser, no power can save you from Queen's fury."

The elderly-looking young gentleman turned pale, but smiled feebly.

"I'm a reporter," he said. "I trust Queen doesn't object to reporters. My name is Scratcher. I belong to the *Quid Nunc Review*. I'm down here for a holiday, and being in your neighbourhood, I thought I'd call and write you up."

"Thank you, Mr. Scratcher. In plain English, you thought you could make a little literary capital out of me. Lie down, Queen."

"That's it, sir," said the man, as cool as an icicle. "The *Quid Nunc* pays two guineas a column, and——"

He did not complete his sentence, but squatted down in front of me, and pulling out his note-book, proceeded, figuratively speaking, to turn me inside out.

"What a wildly beautiful spot for a study!" he began.

"Yes," I acquiesced; "and if I didn't know what reporters are, I should imagine you must have had a difficulty in——"

"In finding my way here? So I had. Now what time do you get up in the morning?"

I told him humbly, and also what I had for breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner; my place of birth, my age, my politics and religion; when I worked, how I worked, and what I wrote. I had even to confess to my afternoon forty winks, and that mild cigar I enjoy in the evening, and a deal more besides, that I never thought anyone would care to know.

"Now, tell me," he said, "aren't you 'Medicus' of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER?"

"I have the distinguished honour to be that individual," I replied, with a bow.

"Well, sir, your papers please immensely; they are replete with common sense, and free from technicalities. How do the Editor and you always manage to find subjects that are *à propos?*"

"Because," I said somewhat severely, "we are constantly thinking about our readers, and we always choose health subjects that will appeal to many of them. We know and study our readers, sir, and, figuratively speaking, go hand in hand with them through life."

"Now, sir," I added. But the *Quid Nunc* man had disappeared among the trees, trundling his Safety over the rutty ground, and honest Queen came and licked my face.

"A good riddance, master," she seemed to say, "and had you only winked to me he would have been gone long ago."

But what I told that interviewer about study-

ing our readers is strictly true, and I feel certain that the subject of this paper will have interest for not a few; only I shall have to address two different constituencies, as it were, and the question is, what shall I call them? I must not say the stout and the lean; I would not offend anyone for the empire of India.

"Stout, indeed, Mr. Medicus!" I think I hear some lady say with impressive dignity; "I am not stout for me; I am just in fairly good condition."

"Lean, doctor!" says another. "Why there are many, many ladies leaner far than I."

"To be sure, to be sure!" I cry in desperation. "You, Miss A., are certainly not stout; the idea is absurd; you have simply a slight and pretty inclination to *embonpoint;* and your sister there is—is—well, she is somewhat different, that is all."

Embonpoint is a nice word; I thank France for it. But the question now to be asked and answered is, how far one may incline towards this condition, and still retain good health, to say nothing of—a figure?

Dear me! what dangerous ground I am on! I feel as if waking on ice. Yet I must be brave.

Happy thought! I shall shift the onus of my argument on to the shoulders of my fair readers. *I* am not going to suggest *embonpoint,* or the reverse; but you, reader, have been and are at times a little concerned about your condition of body. Now we shall get on.

Embonpoint, then, sometimes runs in families, and it often comes on with alarming suddenness. There is something to be said for it and against it, for although it enables those who are beyond their twenties to look younger, it causes girls in their "teens" to appear considerably older. There is something else to be remembered also; a girl who is rather full in condition when young may afterwards become thin, and if she does she will look old, because wrinkles will come, and cannot be kept away when there is no longer anything under the facial epidermis to fill it out and support it.

So that in treating a case of obesity—no, I must not put it like that—I meant to say, in giving advice to a lady who is slightly inclined to *embonpoint,* one is met with many difficulties at the outset. Too quick a reduction of adipose tissue, you see, would result in those ugly tell-tale wrinkles. That would never do; so we fall back on the old proverb, *in mediis tutissimus ibis,* and try to steer clear of extremes.

The advice I'm going to give, therefore, is based upon a physiological fact, namely, that muscle (that is, flesh) and adipose tissue (that is, fat) cannot both exist in healthful proportion in the same individual. Well, now, suppose that in reducing the latter we increase the former, does it not stand to reason that we should, to a great extent, avoid the danger of, or obviate the tendency to, a wrinkled condition of skin, crow's-feet about the eyes, or anything of that disagreeable nature? I think so.

How can this be done, then, with safety, for safety is to be considered above all things? I'm going to try to answer this and other questions bearing on my subject. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing, as it assuredly is a mistake, to associate contentment and happiness with *embonpoint.* A man, for instance, who "hath a lean and hungry look" is not so pleasant to behold as one who carries himself with a John-Bull or Henry-the-Eighth air. The latter, we sometimes say, looks as jolly as a miller, and we expect him to be always on the best of terms with himself and all the world around him. Stout men, on the contrary, are very often nervous and peevish in the extreme, unable to bear the brunt of life, unable to be knocked down by fate, and yet reappear smiling, and, as they say in Scotland, "always dead before they are half sick." In a word, they lack nervous resiliency, and they do not bear trouble well, nor, let me add, cold; in other words, they are not hardy, and they get old before their time.

Exercise.—There is a deal of nonsense talked about this in connection with *embonpoint.* "I want more exercise, and I have no opportunity of getting it." This is a bitter cry a medical man hears very often. "Dear lady," I reply, "could you take the exercise you crave if you had the coveted opportunity? No, you could not, or you would not. Exercise must be taken on the very first appearance of fulness. When you have an extra ounce of adipose tissue, and before you have two, then exercise alone may retain good condition, but not after; although, as we shall presently see, exercise is an adjunct to the cure. Supposing that one has got already slightly obese, and has begun to worry about corsets, let me say—well, perhaps she prescribes for herself a course of walking exercise or tricycling; and let us suppose that she has courage enough to keep it up, in spite of many a wearying ache and pain and fag combined. Why, to her utter astonishment, she finds at the month's end that she is no better, but worse—that another new style of corset must be tried. Yes, she is astonished at the result; but a medical man would not be so, for the exercise has simply increased the muscles without diminishing the adipose tissue. So, taken in this way, exercise is a failure.

It is about this stage that the eye usually falls upon some newspaper advertisement, and this I pass over with only one remark—it is a pity that that newspaper ever came into the house where the lady lives.

In the next sentence I am going to write is the whole pith of this paper. Believe you must that extra adipose tissue is composed of just that portion of nutrition which the body has no earthly use for; in other words, the person inclined to *embonpoint* eats more than is good for her. Very rude of me to say so, perhaps, and I have only one excuse—I speak the truth.

Now we get closer to the root of the evil, and I say boldly that, even without medicine—which, however, may come in as an auxiliary—any ordinary case of obesity may be cured by adherence to a well-chosen scale of diet and to a judicious course of exercise.

Without going into the physiology of diet, you must take it here for granted that starchy foods and sugar form fat, and good meat makes muscle—that is, flesh.

Everyone has heard of Banting. Well, his scale of diet was upon the same principle as that which I now recommend. Anyone who tries the following mode of living for six weeks, or even less, may, if so inclined, write to our Editor and state the result—it will be a happy one, I know—and our Editor will hand the letter to his "Medicus."

The spring is waning fast, as the song says, so a better time for adopting new rules of life could not be conceived. Early to bed and early to rise—that is, bed at ten and up at seven. Dress leisurely after the bath, which is imperative. The bath is of course "The Girls' Own Bath," from which so much good has accrued to weakly young ladies adopting it. Wash down rapidly with hot water and the mildest soap; then sponge the body all over with water, cold if possible, in the bath. Dry with roughish towels. Do not dawdle over dressing. Perhaps I ought not to have used the adverb "leisurely." By "leisurely" let me be supposed to mean twenty minutes. Take a little walk before breakfast, and drink a glass of water, cold or hot, with the juice of half a lemon in it. Breakfast at eight; a little meat (beef or mutton), fowl, or game, or white fish—no bacon, no salmon, sardines, plaice, herring, or mackerel—just a little slice of toast, or an "extra toast" biscuit or two, and some not too strong tea, no sugar and no milk, unless the latter be skimmed. If sugar cannot comfortably be done without, sweeten the tea with a tablet or two of "saccharine." Dinner at two, principally meat—not pork, of course—a very little stale bread, fish or game, but nothing oily; no potatoes, no pastry or pudding of any kind, but a little green vegetables and fruit may be taken. Avoid beer or stout, or wine, except a little claret; but ginger ale is better than all. No condiments, except salt, mustard, and black pepper. The meat to be rather underdone. Eat slowly and sparingly. Tea at five, with a rusk; no sugar, as before. Supper at half-past eight; meat again, and a little toast, with a cup of coffee, but not cocoa.

Stimulants to be abjured. If thirsty, a little of some cooling drink, but never a large draught.

Sleep on a hard mattress, and open the window about five inches at the bottom, substituting a piece of board. Ventilation without a draught is thus secured, as the air blows upwards between the two window-sashes.

With a *régime* of this sort exercise may well be coupled, and the best sort by far and away is that taken on the tricycle. Two hours every day is little enough, the best times being forenoon and evening, but never either immediately before or after a meal. On days when cycling is out of the question, owing to the state of the roads, walking must be substituted. Whether it rains or shines, walk, and walk well and briskly. Never mind about getting wet; damp clothes do no harm while walking, only you must change when you come in.

As to medicine, it really is not required as a rule, and I am averse to prescribe any when writing in a general way thus. But, under proper medical advice, the bromide of ammonium sometimes acts like magic in the reduction of *embonpoint.*

And now a word or two to our leaner sister. She needs more rotundity; but how is she to obtain it? The first consideration is to find out the cause. If it be simply constitutional, I think I could undertake to prove, had I more space at command, that nothing can produce actual plumpness. But at least one-half of such cases are amenable to treatment. If there be any ailment, that must first be removed; probably a course of the ammoniated citrate of iron may do much good; but the system must not be dry when taking a tonic, so that some mild antibilious pills should be taken twice a week; Cockle's is about the safest and best. Now we must regulate the diet and mode of life. A change to the seaside, or to mountain or country air, is often very beneficial, and during the stay at the health resort, cod-liver oil and Kepler's malt extract should be taken; the morning tub daily. Plenty of exercise and good food, in which starchy foods predominate. Good milk is an excellent thing in such cases, and ought to form the ordinary drink; a tablespoonful of lime water should be added to each pint, to aid its digestion.

Worry should be avoided. Nervous people make the worst of everything, but it is positively sinful to meet trouble half way. Sufficient for the day is, alas! the evil thereof.

I shall, with our Editor's kind permission, take an early opportunity of returning to this subject, and try to give advice for special cases.

CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

LADY BANKES' MONUMENT IN RISELIP CHURCH.

OUR girls who live in London and want a charming country walk cannot do better than take the Metropolitan train to Pinner, and walk from thence to Riselip. There is, perhaps, no part of the country within a circuit of many miles round London which retains its old rural characteristics to the same extent as does the neighbourhood which is enclosed within a triangle, the three points of which are taken as Pinner, Watford, and Riselip. The walk from the Metropolitan station at Pinner is through a series of the most charming lanes shaded by oak and beech trees, or by footpaths across fields from which most delightful views of the surrounding country are everywhere to be obtained. Beautiful little old cottages and picturesque farmhouses, which will tempt those who have sketch-books, are passed on the way, and when Pinner Church is at last reached, its situation will charm all those who delight in a genuine old-fashioned English village. The churchyard is surrounded with the quaintest red-brick cottages, and a singular range of buildings, partly constructed of timber, which probably date from the reign of Henry VII., and may have originally formed either the clergy-house or a college belonging to the church.

The church itself is an excellent example of Gothic architecture, for the most part in the Perpendicular style; but the columns and arches which divide the nave from its aisles are of a much earlier date, and may be as old as the time of Henry III. The old oak roofs, which cover every portion of the building, are interesting and beautiful examples of open timber work, and in the north aisle especially have excellent carving attached to them. The walls are in many places covered with very precious remains of old mural paintings, some of which prove distinctly that we had an excellent school of painters in this country in the fifteenth century. The drawing of the figures in the subject of St. Michael weighing souls, at the end of the north aisle, is remarkably graceful and beautiful; and on the north side of the chancel, the fragment of a large subject, which would appear to have been the Resvrrection, displays the heads of two angels, which for grace and dignity are worthy of Francesca. The church is full of interesting monuments, and over a grave in the chancel is an inscription in old French to "Roger de Suthcot," which certainly dates from the commencement of the thirteenth century. The most interesting memorial, however, in the church is that to Lady Mary Bankes; it is a fine large tablet of white marble, handsomely carved and adorned with angels, emblems of mortality, and armorial bearings. There is a long epitaph, which is as follows:—

To the Memory of
The LADY MARY BANKES, ye onely
Daughter of —— Hawtrey of Rislipp,
in the County of Middx. Esquir.
The wife & widow of Honble. Sr.
John Bankes, Knight, late Lord Chiefe
Justice of his Late Maiestye's Court of
Comon Pleas, & of the Privy Councell
to his Late Majesty King Charles the first
of Blessed Memory,
Who having had the Honnor to have borne with
a constancy and courage above her sex, a
Noble proporcon of the Late Calamities, and
the happiness to have outlived them so farr
As to have seene the restitution of the
Government, with great peace of mind,
laid downe her most desired life the 11th day
of April, 1661.
Sr. Ralph Bankes, her Sonne & heire, hath
dedicated this.
She left 4 sonnes—1 Sr. Ralph, 2 Jerom,
3 Charles, 4 William (since dead without issue),
and 6 daughters.

The late troubles referred to are, of course, the establishment of the Commonwealth; as Lady Bankes was a very determined and enthusiastic Royalist, and whatever opinions may be entertained upon that subject, no one can withhold their admiration for the great courage displayed by this lady in her noble defence of Corfe Castle, which came about in the following way. In the year 1642, her husband, Sir John Bankes, the Lord Chief Justice, had to join the king, leaving his lady at Corfe Castle, their chief residence. She remained unmolested by the Parliamentary party until May, 1643, when she was called upon to surrender by a small force of the enemy. The place was ill-supplied for a siege, and slenderly stocked with provisions; there were only four cannons, and, with the exception of the servants, a garrison of five men. The gallant lady, however, determined to defend her husband's property, and managed to hold out until all the provisions were exhausted; she then entered into a parley, and agreed to deliver up her guns upon the condition of her being allowed to retain the castle. The enemy appear to have accepted the conditions, and probably, considering that the castle, though not taken, was silenced, seemed to have neglected keeping a proper watch, for the lady was able not only to re-victual it, but to introduce a small garrison, commanded by Captain Lawrence. When it was too late, the besiegers discovered what had been done, and made several unsuccessful endeavours to capture the place. Lady Bankes, with her daughters and maidservants, was herself present at the defence, and urged on her garrison and servants to acts of bravery and courage. At last an assault was made with a much larger force, but good fortune still befriended the besieged, and the assailants were driven away with the loss of a hundred men killed and wounded. Thus, though, unfortunately, for a very short time only, Corfe Castle escaped. Two years afterwards the magnificent residence, perhaps the finest in England after Windsor, was taken by the Parliamentary forces, blown up by gunpowder, and reduced to the ruin in which we now see it. Good, loyal Lady Bankes lived, however, to see the restoration of the Monarchy, though not of the castle which she had so bravely defended.

In fact, it may be doubted whether her courage and determination in defending it did not in reality cause its eventual destruction, and, what is worse, bring down the vengeance of the Parliamentary party upon her husband.

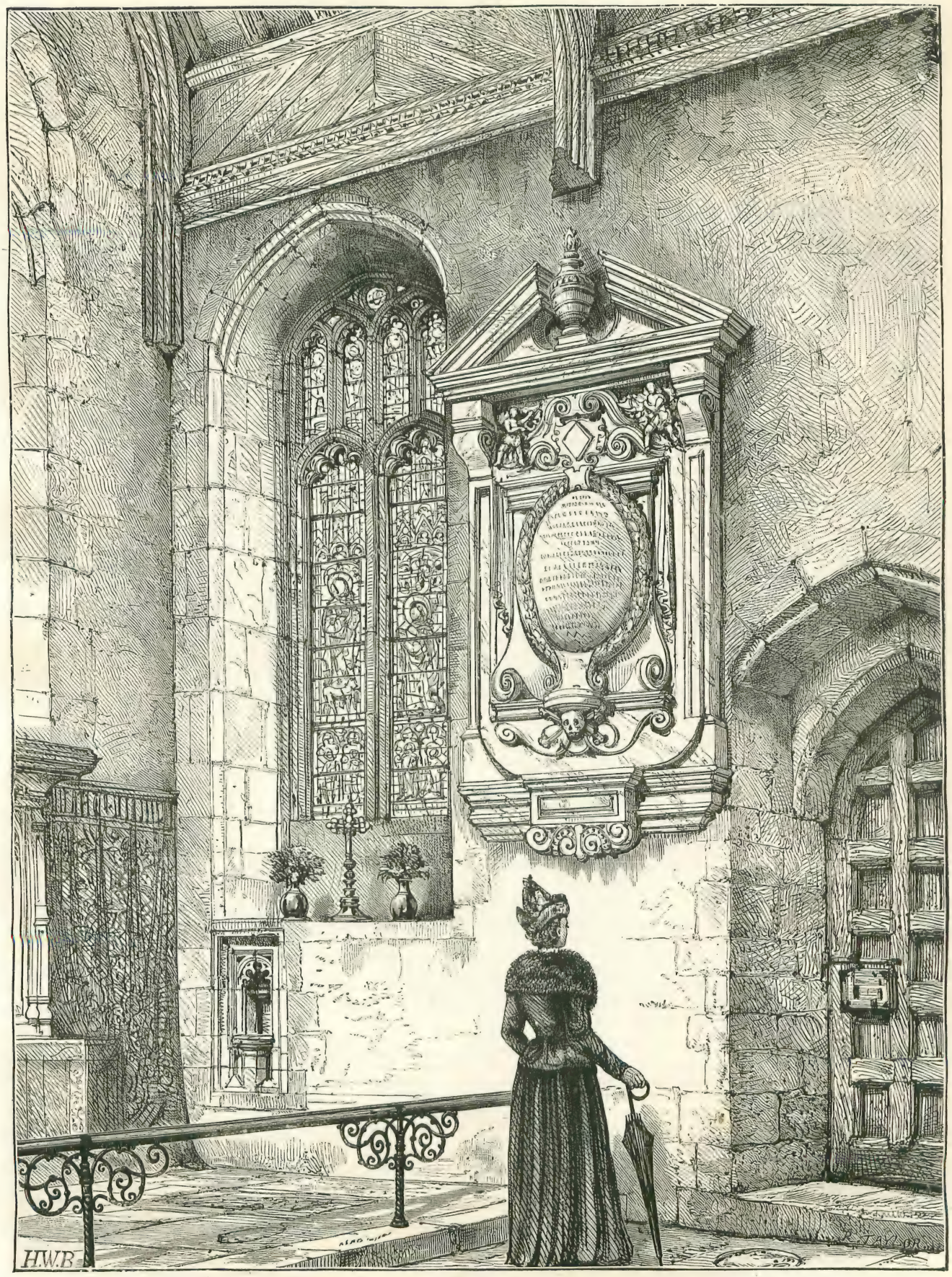
Sir John Bankes is described by Clarendon in his "History of the Rebellion" as "a man of unblemished integrity and great abilities." He was made Attorney-General 1634, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1640. His straightforwardness and honourable character made him popular with both parties—the Royalists and the Roundheads—so much so that when in 1642 a number of Royalist judges and officials were deprived of their appointments, exception seems to have been taken in his case. After, however, the defence of Corfe Castle he became so unpopular with the Parliamentary party that they confiscated all his property, and included his name in a list of those who were excluded from pardon. Sir John died in 1644 at Oxford, and was buried in Christchurch Cathedral.

In the chancel of Riselip Church are several interesting monuments to the Hawtreys, of which family Lady Bankes was a member. An interesting brass on the floor, representing a man and his wife, is inscribed to John Hawtrey:—"On of our Majestey's justices of the Peace, and Brigget his wyfe, he being of the age lxviii. died 11 of May, 1593." A fine marble monument adorned with two busts is erected to the memory of Ralph Hawtrey and Mary his wife—he died in 1635, and she in 1647. Just beneath the monument, inscribed upon a stone, is the following inscription:—

"Heere Resteth Mary the wife
Of Ralphe Hawtrey Esquier
Until Both shall Arise.
My Pilgrimadge Beegan the 21 of
December 1578 and ended the 4th of April
1647."

Another slab bears the following quaint inscription:—

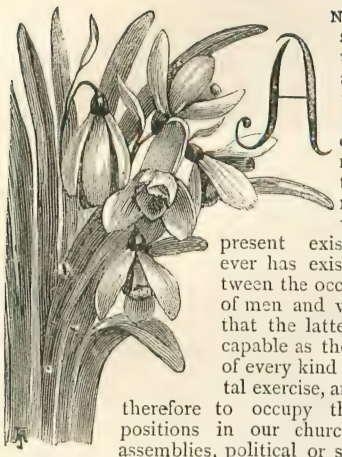
"December 8th, 1680.
The vertuous Barbara 3 Daughter of
Ralph Hawtrey of Ruislip Esq.
And his Deare Consort of that
Name having restord
The Breath borrow'd for 15
Yeares then Desposed the Chast
Relique in the Cold Ground
Beneath hoping, Though
Now A sleepe, To be Found
Among the Watchfuil and
Wise Virgins at the coming
Of the Great Bride Groome
And her Body with a little change
Made spiritual to enter in to the
Marriage, at the Resurrection
Of the undefild. Amen."



LADY BANKES' MONUMENT IN RISELIP CHURCH.

THE VOCATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

By the Rev. Dr. TREMLETT.



An idea sprang up years ago to the effect that we ought to remove the barrier which at present exists, and ever has existed, between the occupations of men and women—that the latter are as capable as the former of every kind of mental exercise, and ought therefore to occupy the same positions in our churches, our assemblies, political or scientific, our lecture halls, and our meetings, as have hitherto been occupied by men exclusively. But Christ chose only men for His apostolate; He never selected a woman to preach the Gospel, nor sent out one among the seventy disciples whom He commissioned to teach and preach in the villages of Judea. But it was from no lack of such fellow-helpers that He refrained.

We are told expressly that women were among His first and most devoted converts; that they ministered to Him of their substance; that they remained faithful and true when others grew fearful and deserted. And yet He never appointed one to occupy any public post or employed one in any prominent capacity whatever, and surely if there were not some natural principle which this idea would invert, women would, of all of humankind, be most fitted for such a purpose; for Christianity has a peculiar affinity for their nature. Its qualities of meekness, gentleness, mercy, and benevolence at once assimilate with feminine instincts. Its mysteries are no hindrances. They are to men at times; but very rarely to women.

Hence the latter are seldom sceptical. An infidel woman in a Christian community is a most abnormal phenomenon. You see the contrast between the ready faith of the one, and the doubting, inquiring hesitancy of the other, strikingly illustrated in the cases of Zacharias and the Virgin mother of our Lord. When the angel Gabriel came to Zacharias and announced to him the, as he supposed, impossible birth of St. John the Baptist, he hesitated, he doubted; in fact, he disbelieved, and was struck dumb, as you know, for his scepticism. But when the same angel announced to the Virgin the apparently more impossible birth of the Saviour, did she doubt or disbelieve? On the contrary, her memorable reply, so characteristic of the believing feminine mind, accustomed to matters beyond its comprehension, is worthy of all admiration for its sweetness and humility: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word."

And yet there are some who wish to destroy this characteristic entirely—who wish to convert this gentle, yielding, believing mind into the hard, unyielding, reluctant mind of a man. And when they have done it, what then? Have they raised the nature of woman? Nay, have they not rather lowered and perverted it? Depend upon it, man cannot alter what God has designed, and surely it is both unreasonable and unchristian to attempt it. One thing is quite certain: that neither Christ nor His apostles ever sought to reform the world by any inversion of nature, and if such had been wise or possible, do you not think He would have given us some indication of His wisdom when He selected the large number of eighty-two disciples and sent them forth to teach and prepare others for His ministry? This is not a question of mere intellectual capacity; there can be no doubt on that score, since we have abundant proof that the intellect of the one sex is capable of as much penetration as the other; but it is a question of nature and of law—of God's law—the law of order and design, the law of Christ.

When the Creator designed the universe He filled it with various natures, not one and the same, but divers; hence we have angelic natures, human natures, animal natures, vegetable nature; and these natures He sub-divided into varieties and correspondencies, each having its objective side and each its subjective. In human nature the objective is man, the subjective woman; the one impels, the other accepts; in other words, the activeness of the one side corresponds to the receptivity of the other, each perfect in its kind, the one in no sense a higher order of being than the other, nor a lower order; but each the complement of the other, and both therefore on a necessary equality.

Now Christ, in the same way that He developed whatever else was good in the world, brought prominently out this duality of our nature; He united in His own person the attributes of both sides—viz., the courage, justice, power, and prudence of man with the mercy, gentleness, and humility of woman, and exalted both to the same level, which was a new idea to the world. Thus it was Christ who gave to woman her proper sphere and placed her in the high position which under Christianity she has occupied.

The Pagan never conceived such an idea. With him woman was merely a weaker, and therefore an inferior, man. She was made to do the work of inferior men, and is still among all savages and heathen.

VARIETIES.

A Great Rudeness.—There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.—*Locke.*

A Forbidding Expression.

"I think we shall have to try again," remarked the photographer, as he critically examined the negative; "the expression is too stern and forbidding."

"The negative is all right," said the customer, picking up his hat. "All I wanted was a portrait to send to my wife's aunt. She is thinking of visiting us this summer."

Rings for the Thumb.—Thumb rings were commonly worn from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was slender enough to creep into any alderman's thumb ring.

Uncomplimentary.

It may be taken for granted that it was not a woman who wrote this motto on a looking-glass:—

"I change, and so do women too;
But I reflect, which women never do."

The Perfect Balance.—Justice weighs atoms in the same scale that it weighs worlds.

Trials made Useful.—How we should welcome the trials of our daily life did we understand their significance and appreciate their use! Only by trial do we learn our insufficiency. Only by pain, which follows the touch of the Great Physician, do we learn that we are diseased and in need of cure. Every trial is an angel in disguise, with some special lesson to impart, and only in proportion to our readiness to learn will life be to us a success, and individual excellence be evolved.

Sham Latin.

Perhaps one of the best of the numerous class of sham Latin inscriptions was one which appeared some time ago in a Dublin paper. It was in antique "Latin," as follows:—

"I 'sabillihæres' ago, 'fortibus' es in aro. Nosces 'Mari thæbe' trux, votis 'innem' . . . 'pes' an 'dux.'"

This purported to have been found near the site of a church dedicated to "the saint known to the old chroniclers as Uncatus Ambulans."

The "Latin" inscription was in reality an absurd rhyme—

"'I say, Billy! here's a go, forty 'buses in a row.'
"'No,' says Mary, 'they be trucks; what is in 'em?—peas and ducks.'"

The Long and the Short Months.—An ingenious method of finding the long and the short months is to close the hand and begin with the knuckle of the forefinger, and take the knuckles and hollows in order, returning from the little finger towards the forefinger. All the long months land on knuckles, and the short months in the hollows between.

Wasted Sympathy.

Ethel: "When does your breach of promise suit take place, Clara?"

Clara (sobbing): "I—to-morrow."

Ethel (sympathisingly): "I am sorry to see you so overcome, Clara, dear."

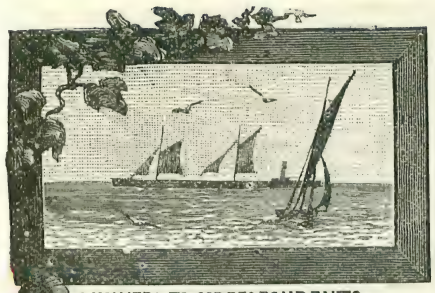
Clara: "Oh, it is nothing, Ethel; I am simply practising for the jury!"

The Traveller with a Fire-escape.

"Your luggage," said the hotel clerk, suspiciously, "has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?"

"This," said the guest, "is a new patent fire-escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window."

"I see," said the clerk, thoughtfully. "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes are invariably cash in advance."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

MARY A. S. and ARIADNE.—There is a school in Chancery Lane where "type-writing" may be learnt. The age you name would constitute no obstacle to admittance as a pupil. If quick and intelligent, and likewise a good speller, a pupil could attain proficiency in six weeks. The requisite qualifications to enable you to make a living by the art are a knowledge of modern languages, of shorthand writing, of grammar, orthography, and habits of great neatness and exactness. There are some who, having a good legal or theatrical connection, can make a little money by copying deeds and actor's parts only. Type-writing machines cost from £5 to £20. Work may be obtained from the school itself by a really efficient pupil.

READY TO WORK.—Even if you have attained the age of twenty-five, you will find some difficulty in obtaining admission into any of the London Hospitals, as such multitudes of young women have latterly pressed into this service. If you wish to know every particular respecting the terms of entering, read our continually repeated answers to the same question in the correspondence columns of this paper.

USIE.—German is a more difficult language than French on account of the declensions; yet to an English person it would be easier to make himself understood, speaking very ungrammatically, than it would be in French, on account of a certain rough similarity between multitudes of words in common use and those in English. The pronunciation also is easier to us than French, on account, more especially, of the nasal sounds that abound in that language, and that find no parallel in ours.

VARIAN.—You do not name the university you have selected. The matriculation exams. of the University of London are held in January and June, the age of the intending competitor "sixteen years complete." For the syllabus and all information desired, address Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. The matriculation fee is £2. The exams. for the same are held at many provincial centres.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—You would be refused admission as a probationer in any hospital at eighteen. In a children's hospital you might be received at twenty-one; but not so young as that at those for adults. At so early an age you would be much more liable to catch the diseases you were appointed to nurse than you would be later in life. Your hand promises well.

WORK.

EMILIE.—To knit in the foreign manner is a great saving of time and much to be recommended. To do so hold the hands over the needles, and these between the first finger and thumb of each hand, and the thread over the first, second, and third fingers of the left hand, and held tightly between the little and third fingers. Put the right hand pin through the middle of the stitch (not in the usual way), open out the stitch with a turn of the wrist, twist the pin round the thread held tightly on the left fingers, drawing it through the stitch, and with a movement of the left wrist bring the right hand pin to the front. Push the left pin down, and drop the stitch on it. To purl in the foreign manner you must hold the hands over both pins, and the pins between the thumb and forefingers of both hands. Then bring the thread to the front of the work, and pass it over both pins, holding it tightly over the left hand. Put the right pin through the stitch, and before the left pin, and with a jerk of the left hand bring the thread behind it. Then draw the pin out behind the left pin, and with the stitch upon it.

DOT.—The address of the London Needlework Guild is 50, Princes Gate—the residence of the hon. sec., the Honourable Mrs. Halford. Homes, prisons, hospitals, and the poorer districts of London are aided with supplies of clothing from this society.

ELSIE and LILLIAN.—To trace patterns for embroidery on velvet, use Francis' carbonised linen cloth and tracing paper. Place the velvet, cloth, and tracing paper upon a sheet of plate glass, and follow the lines of the pattern with a sharp knitting-needle.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—For making Honiton lace, all suitable patterns, together with the pillow and bobbins, can be obtained at Exeter, from Mrs. Treadwin.

DOUGLAS—Flags are cut out of a material called "bunting," the ground is most generally blue, and the embellishments white, red, or yellow. As both sides must be identically alike, the materials are inserted one into another, hemmed and felled. The shading can be worked in with black silk, or a little oil paint might be used for the purpose; but as the flag must be weatherproof, the several materials of which it is made must be selected with that characteristic in view.

A. M. L.—We think that if a lover of artistic work, and more especially as an intending settler in a distant colony, the best and most comprehensive work for you to take out, on plain sewing, cutting-out, crochet, knitting, lacemaking, and embroidery is the "Dictionary of Needlework," second edition, (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). Every description of textile manufactured, and every appliance for work, are also described in this book.

ART.

M. FRIPPS, M. S., and AMATEUR.—Paints, and all appliances for tapestry painting, are to be had at all artists' colourmen. Oil paintings upon satin or plush do not require varnishing. They would be sticky were they varnished. A little of Miss Turck's Florentine medium will be found very satisfactory mixed with the paints while applying them, as they will then adhere without difficulty, and the oil will not run beyond the colours 2. There is no substitute for spirits in an orthodox plum pudding, but an excellent variety of the kind of pudding may be made by substituting one or two eggs to supply the lack of moisture, according, of course, to its weight.

CISSIE. — Gustave Doré, the distinguished French artist, was born in 1833. You should visit the gallery of his paintings in Bond Street. The most of his large and remarkable sacred subjects are there; besides very clever landscapes and engravings in illustration of Dante's "Inferno," "The Wandering Jew," and Tennyson's poems. His last great work is called "The Vale of Tears," which was scarcely completed when he died.

AN AMATEUR and ARTIST.—You can obtain a fixative for preserving pencil drawings at an artist's colourman's. There are such shops in both Regent and Oxford Streets. We rarely give addresses.

M. P.—We cannot but complain of the laziness of a large proportion of our girls. Instead of referring to the indexes we have been at the great trouble of supplying for their convenience, or of reading the columns of Answers on the subject upon which they desire information, they give us the extra trouble of searching the indexes for them, or finding out all again from books of reference. If you mean "Painting on Mirrors," consult vol. vii., page 148; but if you mean "Glass Staining," see vol. v., pages 136 and 176.

SPES BONA had better go to Dresden if her parents approve of her so doing, and can make suitable arrangements both for her journey and her board and lodging there. She will find living rather dear, but instruction in oil-painting cheap, and the galleries splendid.

ALICE.—We must refer you to the directions already given in vol. iii., page 183. We have not space for repeating ourselves.

BAUP.—It is not necessary to varnish paintings in oils on wood if you employ "Roberson's medium" with the paint. There is quite sufficient varnish in them to bring up the delicate tints of colour without the use of any other varnish.

REGINA.—No preparation is needed for mill-board to be used for painting upon; but a very slight coating of the medium above-named is sometimes applied and left until perfectly dry before the painting is begun. No. 2 varnish is not necessary for terra-cotta painting. White spirit varnish, or the very palest copal, are the most suitable.

CRAYON and CHARCOAL, S. S. M. B., ANNA, and KATHERINE.—To fix a crayon drawing we only know of one good preparation. It is a carbon fixative, and is squirted through a sprayer upon the design. You can procure it in Regent Street, and any artist's colourman would doubtless procure it for you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITH C. THOMSON, who appears to have studied the subject of postage stamps, states that "English red penny ones, of the year 1864, have four letters, one in each corner, and also figures on the sides called 'plate numbers,' ranging from 71 to 225. With four exceptions the last number is rare, and worth, if unused, 7s. 6d.; if used, 2s. 6d. There are several of the high numbers nearly as rare, while good specimens are fetching twopence to fourpence apiece. Most of the British stamps have 'plate numbers.'"

TOOTSIE.—We do not know of any cure for permanent "goose-skin on the arms." Perhaps the historical "Goosey Goosey Gander" might supply some information to the little "Tootsie."

SIGNA.—We think you must advertise for a Continental school of the kind.

ANITA.—No. 1 is a good child's hand—we mean, not a "running hand" (and from what you say of the length of time it took you to do it, we need not explain that the term employed does not apply to it). No. 2 is faulty, being too upright, and the use of capital instead of small "e's" is in bad taste. According to Lord Chesterfield (a notable authority), it is a vulgarism in writing of which many well-bred people are not aware.

TEAPOT probably suffered from headaches when she rose early in the summer for the purpose of study, simply because she did not make friends with her namesake, or provide herself with a small supply from the bread-basket and butter-dish, to fortify herself after her morning ablutions before working her poor brains. If you get up early you need a slight repast—long fasting while taxing the brain power is quite sufficient to settle a good stunning headache on you for the rest of the day. Even a small cup of milk and a crust of bread would strengthen the nerves of the head and stomach till the late breakfast of the family. Miss Ellman (The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex) is the secretary of an Early Rising Society, as well as of several other good Girls' Clubs.

HEATHER.—The prevailing fashion at the present time is to dress the hair high on the top of the head. But it is not conducive to the benefit of the hair, as it is drawn in a direction contrary to which Nature intended. You should dress it as loosely as you can without risk of its falling down, so as not to strain the delicate roots, nor bruise the skin with the hard pressure of many hairpins. Your writing is spoilt by the extravagant thickness and length of the down-strokes commencing such letters as "h," "b," and "t."

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Sea-water does not improve a rough skin, nor does sitting over the fire, more especially after exposure to cold, outdoor air, or frost. Use distilled or rain water. A little bran would soften hard water sufficiently for use in washing the face and hands. We have given articles on the subject of "Care of the Complexion." Refer to them, and our many answers to similar questions.

LATUS SORTE MEA.—"Sin bitterly repented of" and persistently "striven against" is sin forgiven, through the Atonement made for it by the blood shed for its remission, and for the cleansing of the soul. Falls will recur, doubtless, so long as we live here below. We must not presume on the grace of God by carelessness in striving against them, or laxity in praying for more strength and grace. 2. Your writing is good. We are glad that you enjoy our paper so much.

E. A. M.—The question you ask of us is one that should be decided by your parents. They know the respective ages and characters of their children, and the description of country or seaside place to which they wish to go, and the sort of lodging-house in which they will reside. It would be well to have a recommendation of some thoroughly respectable lodging-house keeper, and not to find a place at random. This is essential on more grounds than one. When young people are deprived of the chaperonage and watchful guardianship and advice of their parents, they must be doubly circumspect in their behaviour, especially out of doors; grave and quiet in demeanour, and always at home before dusk. Your writing is not very legible, and too much like that of a schoolboy.

FOLIUM.—Steep the leaves that you wish to skeletonise in rain-water until the thick pulp be decayed, and then remove them to a bath consisting of a weak solution of lime-water, for the purpose of whitening them.

EDNA FORREST.—The place for an only daughter is at home. The neighbourhood may be dull and offering little outside employment; but there is always enough indoors to occupy the willing, active, loving heart and hands. If ever at a loss, place yourself under the direction of your mother, and help her, or of your father if you have no mother. Happiness must accompany every act of a dutiful daughter. It is a great mistake to imagine that the position of a "companion" would introduce you into good society, for the position is not one that presupposes either high family connections or independent means. Besides, the situation is rarely to be found, and as only aged people who are without near relatives and live alone, and need to be nursed as well as otherwise attended, require companions, it is very rarely that either they or their attendants go "into society" at any time. Surely it is more agreeable to do a parent's bidding than a stranger's, whom you have to obey for pay, instead of for loving duty's sake? If afraid of giving way to selfishness, examine your conduct daily, and ask for the grace you need to correct all that is not lovely and dutiful to those to whom (under God) you owe everything.

MADGE B.—Your verses need revision, as the composition is faulty, There is no original thought in them.

JOSEPHINE.—The "John Philip Kemble" whose name is inscribed on your brooch does not appear to have been born on the same date as the celebrated actor of that name. The latter was born at Prescot, Lancaster, 1757, and died at Lausanne, February 26th, 1823.

FRANKIE and BERTIE.—If you desire your father's approbation on his return home, you should be obedient and respectful to your grandfather and governess, and certainly never go out without leave from one or other. You need not expect to get strong and well if you do not take the medicine prescribed for you. Your being "tall" is no advantage if unable to walk. Better for yourself and others to be a little dump and strong enough to be useful, as well as to cause no anxiety and trouble to anyone.

POWIS.—Crape that has been creased may be restored by steaming over a basin of boiling water.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—No. 534.] MARCH 22, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LACE.

BY MRS. ERNEST HART.

PART II.

VENETIAN POINT LACES.

VENICE, which was in the Middle Ages the nursery of so many arts, and the home of so much magnificence and luxury, was also the seat of origin and manufacture of many of the most beautiful needle laces of the seventeenth century. At what period the Venetians first began to make point lace is a disputed question; but that Venice was the city to which other nations looked for beautiful trimmings and laces before they learnt to make them themselves, there can be no doubt. At the coronation of our King Richard III., it is stated that there were worn "fringes of Venice, and mantel laces of white silk and Venice gold." In the inventory of Queen Elizabeth's wonderful wardrobe, frequent mention is made of Venetian laces, which are often spoken of as made of gold thread and coloured silk.

The cut lace and drawn thread-work, described in a former article, had been brought to such perfection, and the patterns worked were so elaborate and intricate, that it was a natural step for the workers to take to dispense with the foundation of lace or muslin, used in them, and to make the whole of the lace *in aria*, or in the air, as it was called. Point laces are those which are made with the needle. Laces can be broadly distinguished into point laces and pillow laces; but the distinction cannot always be maintained, as some of the most beautiful laces are combinations of pillow-work and point-lace stitches. These we shall describe later on. The laces for which Venice was famous were strictly point laces.

Point lace is, like many beautiful things, exceedingly simple in its fundamental idea; its beauty consisting in the design and in the minute care and patient zeal with which the handiwork is executed.

There is but one stitch used in Venetian point lace, and that is button-hole stitch; but the variety of ways in which this simple stitch is treated gives the lace a most elaborate and rich appearance. Venice point was made in this way. The pattern was first drawn on green or white paper, and under the paper was tacked a piece of stout linen. The outlines of the design were then edged with two or three strands of thread, which were attached by transverse stitches to the linen beneath. These threads were covered with close button-holing, and the *cordonet* or edge was thus made. The space between the *cordonet* was then filled in with button-hole stitch, treated so as to form a variety of fancy fillings. The connecting

FIG. I.—VENETIAN ROSE POINT (PUNTO A RELIEVO). *From Lace the property of Mr. Biddle.*

All rights reserved.]

brides or bands were finally worked. The raised *loops and circles, which* give so much richness to Venice rose point, as in figs. 1 and 2 were made afterwards, and sewn on to the fillings and *cordonet*. The lace when finished was detached from the paper and linen by cutting through the stitches which bound down the outlining threads.

Any girl who will pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum, to see the wonderful collection of laces there shown on large screens in a good light, so that they may be carefully examined and studied, will find not only the most splendid examples of Venetian point lace, but also pieces in every stage of incompletion, so that she can study, and, if she likes, copy the exquisite and apparently simple methods of working.

The great period of Venetian lace was the first half of the seventeenth century. Lace was worn at that time by the great and wealthy for the large collars, which were then the fashion, as well as for ruffles and stomachers. It was looked upon as a sign of good breeding not only to wear fine lace, but to know the difference in the working and value of the various points in vogue;

"To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders and Venise,"

as Hudibras says. Queen Elizabeth delighted in a present of lace from Venice, and among a list of her Christmas presents it is mentioned that she received "a smock of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with black silk; the ruffe wrought with Venice gold, and edged with a small bone lace of Venice gold." The trade of Venice in lace must have been enormous. Lace-making is said to have occupied the whole of the working female population of the city, and the fine thread of which the lace was made was spun by the nuns. A great deal of this lace went to France, where it became the fashion to wear ruffles of point lace, not only round the wrists and neck, but round the knees, and along the edge of the boots, and on the rosettes of the shoes. Such extravagant sums were spent on these laces that laws were passed prohibiting their use, but to no avail. Fashion will generally contrive to drive a coach and four through any law made for its suppression. Colbert, the wise minister of Louis XIV., found (as will be told when talking of French laces) a way of suppressing the use of Italian laces, by teaching the French how to make as good and better. This was a great blow to the Venice lace-makers; but they suffered still more severely in the following century, when the gauzy pillow laces of the Netherlands became the rage. The Venetian point lace trade lingered on and then died, and nothing now remains of it but the treasured specimens of a lost and beautiful art. One of the most splendid and perfect examples of fine Venetian rose point extant is an alb which was presented to Cardinal Wiseman, and which is now the property of Cardinal Manning, who kindly lent it last summer to be shown at the Ecclesiastical Exhibition. This alb is of the same character of lace as fig. 3.

A few words must be said about Genoese laces, which are often mistaken for Venetian points. They were, however, all pillow laces, though very splendid and costly, and much sought after. They were often made of gold and silver thread, for the manufacture of which Genoa was celebrated. Fig. 4 is an example of Genoese guipure lace. Macramé lace also emanated from Genoa.

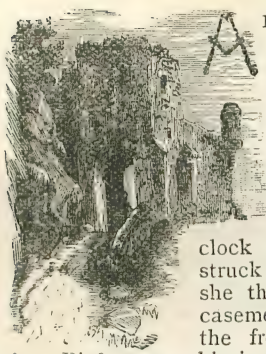
(To be continued.)

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER III.

GUY LORRAINE.



ALDYTH rose early the next morning, that her letter might be finished and posted ere the morning mail went out. The clock had not long struck seven, when she threw wide her casement, and let in the fresh, delicious air. Birds were chirping beneath the eaves, and fluttering to and fro; the dewy grass was sparkling in the sun, and the garden looked most tempting; but Aldyth turned resolutely from the window, and seated herself at her writing-table.

One may often gain insight into a girl's character by a glance round her room. Aldyth's room, in which she took some pride, as girls do in a place that is their very own, revealed that she had a refined and cultured mind. There was nothing luxurious in its arrangements, but it was a pretty room despite the disadvantage, that, owing to the old-fashioned construction of the house, the ceiling sloped sharply on one side. Flowers stood in glasses on the dressing-table, and bees were buzzing over the mignonette planted in a box on the window sill; water-colour drawings adorned the walls, some of them painted by Aldyth, and some the gifts of school friends, and here and there were photographs of Aldyth's favourite heroes—Carlyle, Ruskin, and Charles Kingsley, Tennyson and Browning. The little wooden bookcase held a selection of books any girl might be proud to possess. There were daintily-bound editions of all our greatest poets, with some of our noblest works of fiction, and standard works of prose, too, showing that Aldyth did not read for mere entertainment, though in reading she found one of the highest pleasures of her life. For Aldyth loved books; she stinted herself of many of the pretty things girls love, that she might spend her pocket money on books, and at any time a bookshop had more attraction for her than a milliner's.

In a handsome frame on the mantel-shelf stood the latest portrait of her mother which Aldyth had received. A similar one, reduced in size, Aldyth wore constantly in a gold locket, suspended by a slender chain from her neck. It was the photograph of a lady who might have been thirty years of age, but looked no older, with a beautiful face, faultless in form and feature, and luxuriant masses of hair dressed high on the crown of the head, after the fashion of the day. The pose of the head was queenly, the exquisite lips had a somewhat disdainful curl, as though conscious of their beauty. It was a face which demanded admiration; whether it would as readily call forth love the portrait did not reveal. It is never safe to judge a person from a photograph.

This was Aldyth's beautiful mother, of whom she had dreamed all her life. Often did her eyes rest on the portrait with a sense of hungry, yearning love, and she longed for the time when she could lean her head on her mother's bosom, and meet the kiss of her sweet lips. With passing years the longing came to have somewhat of the bitterness of a deferred hope. There were hours when it was positive pain to Aldyth to think of the love she had missed through the long separation from her mother. But her nature was too bright and hopeful for this thought to sadden her long. She was more wont to look forward to the perfect joy of the long-deferred meeting, and dream of the happiness that would then be hers.

Near Mrs. Stanton's portrait were portraits of the two daughters who had been born to her in Australia. They were taken as children, but even these juvenile portraits showed that the elder one, a girl about thirteen, had inherited the beauty of her mother, while the little one, dark, heavy-browed, and somewhat stolid-looking, was unlikely to develop good looks.

Aldyth's eyes turned instinctively to her mother's picture as she laid down her pen, after signing herself, "Your ever-loving daughter."

"Oh, mother! when will you come to me?" she cried in her heart.

If she could have had her own way, Aldyth would long ago have sailed to join her mother at Melbourne, but Mrs. Stanton had reasons for wishing that Aldyth should remain at Woodham with her aunt. Five miles from Woodham lay Wyndham, the family estate of the Lorraines, and at Wyndham Hall lived

Aldyth's granduncle, an old bachelor, strong-willed, crotchety, eccentric, and possessed of considerable wealth.

Stephen Lorraine was the eldest and the last of three brothers, who had been well known in the neighbourhood of Woodham. His brother William had practised as a medical man there, winning much love and honour, but he died at the age of fifty, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. The son, a handsome young fellow, was a great favourite with his uncle Stephen, and was looked upon as his heir. With his uncle's approval he made the army his profession. Stephen Lorraine had a decided notion that his heir must conform to his will in everything, and as long as the young man did so all went well. But a time came in Captain Lorraine's history when love proved stronger than expediency, and he dared his uncle's anger by marrying into an Essex family, for which old Stephen had a particular dislike. It was an offence not to be condoned, and Stephen Lorraine at once announced his intention of leaving his property to the only son of his brother James, who had entered the church, and after officiating for a while as a curate at Woodham, had been presented to a living in the north of England. At his uncle's request this young man, Guy Lorraine by name, came to Woodham, and took up his abode at the Hall. He brought with him a delicate young wife and a bright boy of two years. Meanwhile Captain Lorraine, the discarded heir, disappointed in his married life and depressed by disease, was wandering from place to place, seeking health, and vainly hoping that his uncle would relent towards him. If the news of his death stirred a too late regret within the heart of old Stephen Lorraine, he showed no sign of it, unless the increased bitterness of feeling he manifested towards his nephew's widow might be so regarded. He hated the very name of Aldyth's mother, but he expressed a wish to see the little girl who had been left in the care of her father's sister at Woodham, and as soon as he saw her Aldyth won her way to his heart.

A few months after the death of Captain Lorraine, Guy Lorraine's young wife also passed away, so that when Aldyth's mother finally left her to her aunt's care, Miss Lorraine—or Lucy Lorraine, as everyone called her in those days—had as good as two motherless children to love and cherish. Little Guy and Aldyth were constantly together. If Guy were not spending the day at Miss Lorraine's cottage, Aldyth would be playing with him at the Hall, to her childish mind the most delightful place in the world; for Stephen Lorraine made a great pet of the tiny daughter of his favourite nephew. He would walk about the house and garden with the little damsel seated on his shoulder, clinging to his rough, wiry locks; and Aldyth's earliest rides were taken on a little Shetland pony, attached by a rein to the stout cob ridden by her granduncle. The servants at the Hall whispered to each other that the Squire cared more for the girl than for the boy, and they found the cause in Aldyth's strong resemblance to her father.

But as young Guy grew into a robust, high-spirited boy, he too won his granduncle's affection; and when by his father's sudden death from an accident in the hunting-field he was made, as it seemed, the heir to Wyndham, most persons in the neighbourhood believed that it was Stephen Lorraine's intention that the cousins should marry, and Wyndham thus become the home and inheritance of them both. But up to the time at which our story commences, when the young people were both of age, no one had heard old Stephen give the least hint of any such intention. So far he had been content to let things take their course, judging perhaps from his past experience that by active interference he might defeat his own ends.

The old man had long outlived his two brothers, and he had seen several of the younger generation of his family pass away; but he was still hale and hearty, though in his eightieth year. Aldyth continued very dear to him, and he liked to have her often at the Hall. And it was because of her uncle's affection for her that Mrs. Stanton wished Aldyth to remain at Woodham. When the girl in her letters pleaded to be allowed to join her mother, Mrs. Stanton would reply that she felt it would be wrong to take Aldyth from the poor old man, who evidently found such comfort in her society. "Do all you can to please your uncle, darling," her mother wrote. "Make it your duty to cheer his old age, and by so doing you may atone for the harm I did when I married your father, and so deprived him of his uncle's favour. Who knows? He may even come to forgive poor me for your dear sake."

But as yet Stephen Lorraine had shown no sign of forgiving Mrs. Stanton. He preferred to regard her as one who had no connection with him whatever, having passed out of his family when she married her second husband. To Aldyth he never named her mother.

As Aldyth, having finished her letter, ran downstairs, a young man was entering the house with the air of one who felt at home there. He was a tall, broad-chested fellow, and his shooting suit well became his fine proportions. Of fair complexion, which the sun had brought to a warm hue, with light hair curling crisply over his forehead, well-cut features, and eyes that might pass for blue, he was a typical specimen of an English country gentleman, and most persons considered him very good-looking. He was carrying several brace of partridges strung together. At the sight of Aldyth he smiled brightly, and lifted his cap with easy grace.

"Good morning, Aldyth," he said; "I'm an early visitor. I had to drive a fellow up to catch the first train, so I took the opportunity to bring cousin some birds. There are some for Mrs. Bland too, but I could hardly call on them before breakfast."

"No, really? I should have thought your audacity might have carried you so far," said Aldyth, merrily. "However, in consideration of your bringing us those birds, we'll give you some breakfast, and then, if you like, I will walk down with you to the Blands', for I want to see Kitty."

"Kitty! I thought Hilda was your particular friend."

"So she may be, but Kitty is my friend too. I have something to tell her that will interest her very much." And Aldyth's eyes shone with amusement as she pictured Kitty's excitement when she heard her news.

"What's up? What has happened?" asked Guy, looking at her with curiosity. But Aldyth only laughed in a tantalising manner, and at that moment Miss Lorraine made her appearance.

"This is good of you, Guy," she said, lifting her face for him to kiss, for Guy had the place of a nephew in Miss Lorraine's heart; "I thought we should see nothing of you whilst you had such a shooting-party at the Hall. What fine partridges! You must be having good sport."

"Pretty fair," replied the young man; "the birds are not so plentiful as last year; the wet spring thinned the broods. Still, we made tolerable bags yesterday."

"So it seems," said Miss Lorraine, eyeing the birds with admiration, and immediately beginning to plan a little supper-party, to which Mr. Glynne should be invited. "How good of you to remember me! But here is the coffee—come in and get your breakfast. You must need it after your drive."

"When are you and Aldyth coming to Wyndham again?" inquired Guy, as he helped himself to some of Miss Lorraine's excellent ham; "uncle was saying yesterday what a time it was since we had seen you."

"Well, you see, Guy, we feel rather shy of coming whilst you have a house full of gentlemen," said Miss Lorraine; "you don't want ladies about when you're so busy with the shooting."

"You forget that we do not shoot in the evenings," replied Guy; "why can't you and Aldyth come down to dinner one evening? I should like you to see Captain Walker and Marriott. Marriott's awfully fond of music, and sings well. You might ask the Blands to come with you, and then we could have quite a musical evening."

"Well, perhaps; I must think about it," said Miss Lorraine, dubiously. "But you must ask the Blands, Guy, not I."

"All right; that's easily managed," said Guy.

"Why should you not bring Captain Walker and young Marriott here one evening?" asked Miss Lorraine. "Then I would invite the Blands and Mr. Glynne to meet you."

"Who in the world is Mr. Glynne?" asked Guy, opening his eyes.

"The new master just come to the school," explained Miss Lorraine. "Aldyth and I made his acquaintance yesterday." And she related the circumstances that had led to the introduction.

Guy's lips curled satirically as he listened. To him the whole story was

absurd, and his comments on the incident were not entirely agreeable to Miss Lorraine, who had taken a great fancy to John Glynne.

"How any man can make himself so ridiculous as to go grinding about the country on one of those trumpery machines is beyond my comprehension," he said. "A good horse is worth fifty of them. I should be very sorry to sit astride such a thing."

"There is no reason why you should, you have always a horse at your command," said Aldyth. "I have no doubt Mr. Glynne would think a horse preferable, if he could afford one; but a horse is expensive to buy and expensive to keep, whilst a bicycle is no trouble at all, and its rider is delightfully independent."

"Yes, especially when he falls off and cuts his head open," said Guy, laughing.

"Now, Guy, I will not have you laugh at Mr. Glynne's misfortune," said Miss Lorraine. "For my part I was glad the accident happened when and where it did, since it made us acquainted with so nice a man. He is not one to ridicule, I assure you. He is a B.A. of the Cambridge University, and a highly-cultured man. I hope we may be able to induce him to give us a course of lectures during the winter."

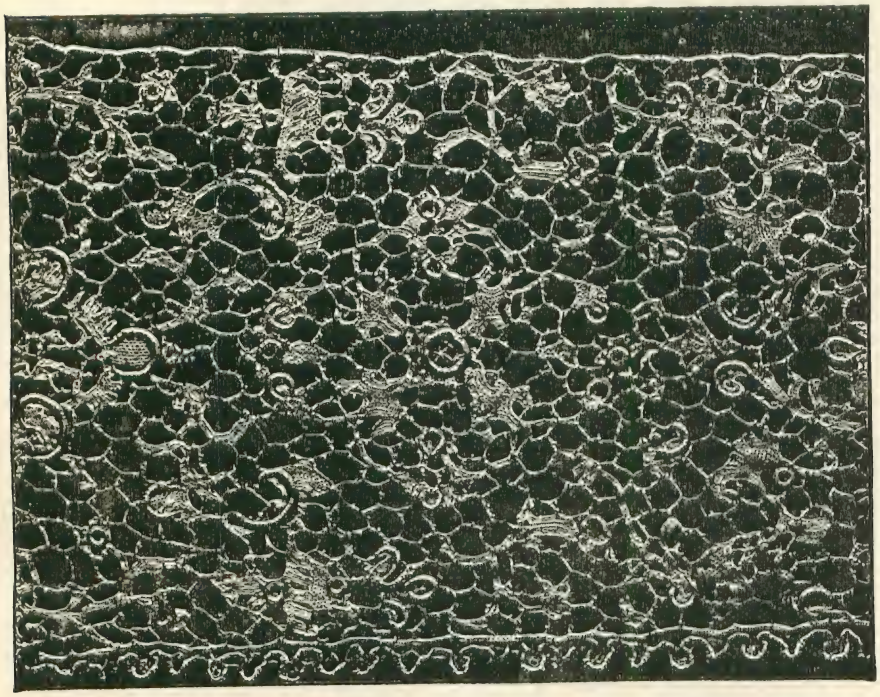


FIG. 3.—FINE VENETIAN ROSE POINT. (*From a specimen belonging to Mrs. Ashley.*)

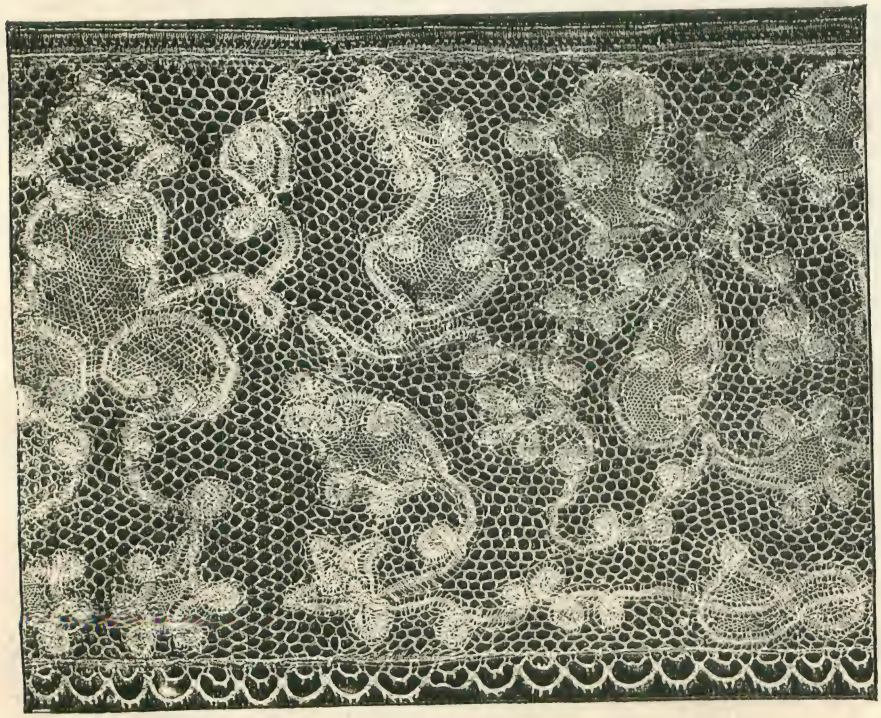


FIG. 4.—GENOESE GUIPURE. (*From Mrs. Ernest Hart's collection.*)

"Lectures!" exclaimed Guy, lifting his brows; "what—to you and poor dear Aldyth?"

"Don't be absurd; you know that is not my meaning. We want him to give a course of lectures on literature at the Town Hall, or some such place, which any lady or gentleman may attend, who chooses to take a ticket."

"Whatever is the good of that?" asked Guy, with a simplicity which made Aldyth laugh.

"The good is that we shall have a chance of improving our minds and gaining some fresh ideas," said Miss Lorraine. "It will be a great advantage to the young people, if we can arrange for such lectures. You must take a ticket, Guy."

"I will take a ticket with pleasure to oblige you," he said. "But please do not ask me to sit for an hour on one of those hard benches in the Town Hall, and listen to a dry lecture. I could not do it really. What is the good of it?"

"Guy, you are shockingly lazy!" said Aldyth. "I am just longing for the lectures to begin; and I know that Hilda and Kitty Bland will be delighted when they hear of our grand scheme. I have no fear that the ladies of Woodham will not muster strong at the lectures. I believe we read and think more than the men do."

"Of course; you have nothing else to do," said Guy, who, like many persons who enjoy unlimited leisure, was able to persuade himself that he led a busy life. "But why women want to study so hard, I cannot think. They are no more attractive, in my eyes, for knowing a good deal. Indeed, I dislike learned women."

"They are so much more difficult to talk to, are they not, Guy?" said Aldyth, mischievously. "But I see you want to be off, so I will get my hat."

As they walked to the Blands', Aldyth and her cousin met Mr. Glynne hurrying along on his way to the school. It was but a few steps from his lodgings, and he wore his gown and college cap, which made him rather an imposing spectacle in the High Street. As he lifted his cap the patch of plaster on his brow was plainly visible. Aldyth smiled frankly as their eyes met, and received a bright smile in response. Guy looked at the new master with cold, critical eyes

"How ridiculous to wear that mortar-board!" he said. "If that's your grand lecturer, I don't think much of his appearance."

"I never said that he was handsome," replied Aldyth; "but I think he looks strong in every way."

Breakfast was still on the table in the Blands' dining-room, and Hilda sprang up with rather a shame-faced look as the Lorraines entered the room.

"Yes, Aldyth, it is very shocking, I know," she exclaimed, as her friend

FIG. 2.—VENETIAN ROSE POINT (PUNTO TAGLIATO A FOGLIAMI). *From Lace the property of Mr. Biddle.*

shook her head with affected gravity. "But everyone *cannot have* your energy, and it is really mamma's fault that I am late, for she did not call me this morning."

"Oh, of course; it is always someone else's fault," remarked Kitty, running in from the garden with a basket of pears in her hand.

"And a very satisfactory thing that is," said Guy. "I never care as long as I can find someone to bear the blame of *my misdeeds*. Why should people make such a fuss about early rising? It is all very well to get up if there is shooting or anything to get up for; but otherwise I would rather stay in bed."

Everyone laughed at this candid confession, and Hilda's face brightened. They strolled out through the open door into the garden.

"Aldyth has prime news for you, Kitty," said Guy. "It seems there is a new tutor come to the school, and he must needs prostrate himself at my cousin's gate last evening. Aldyth found him there—a gory spectacle. Being, as you know, one of the most strong-minded of her sex, she did not faint, but promptly conveyed him into the house, where she and cousin Lucy devoted themselves to binding up his wounds."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Kitty. "I never heard such a rigmarole. Aldyth, what does he mean?"

"It is quite true, I assure you," said Guy. "We met the wounded knight not five minutes ago, with his forehead plastered up, looking like the hero of a hundred fights."

"Do be sensible and tell me what you mean," pleaded Kitty. "Aldyth, is there a word of truth in what he says?"

"It is remotely 'founded on fact,' like the stories auntie used to read when she was a girl," said Aldyth, "and the facts are these: Mr. Glynne had a fall from his bicycle near our gate yesterday afternoon. His cut his forehead rather badly, and I persuaded him to come in and let aunt attend to it."

"You don't mean it! What a joke!" cried Kitty. "Do tell me about it, Aldyth."

"Indeed, I will not, if you are going to make a joke of another's suffering—you unfeeling creature!" said Aldyth.

"Why, was he much hurt?" asked Kitty, quickly. "You might tell me, Aldyth."

"I think he will get over it," said Aldyth, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "He recovered sufficiently to talk a good deal to aunt and me before he left. And what do you think, girls? He is perhaps going to give a course of lectures during the winter."

"A course of lectures?" said Hilda, quickly. "On what subject?"

"Oh, on literature—the poets perhaps," said Aldyth, vaguely. "Aunt is delighted with the idea; she means to do all she can to realise it."

"Then she will succeed," said Kitty. "I never yet knew Miss Lorraine fail to carry through any plan she had set her heart upon."

"The poets! That will be lovely," cried Hilda.

"Then you will go to these lectures?" said Guy, his face clouding a little as he spoke. They walked on down the garden path, leaving the others a little way behind. Hilda's slender form looked more fairylike than usual in contrast to Guy's height and breadth.

"Of course, if they are held, I shall attend them," said Hilda; "I would not miss them on any account. It will be a grand opportunity for self-improvement."

"Some persons do not need improvement," said Guy, in a low voice, as his eyes rested admiringly on her. "I like you just as you are. You would be spoiled if you became very learned."

His look and words brought a warm flush to Hilda's face. She was embarrassed but not annoyed. She gave a little nervous laugh, and said—

"I am sure I ought to feel much flattered. Fortunately there is little danger of my ever becoming very learned."

Aldyth was replying as best she could to a volley of questions from Kitty concerning Mr. Glynne. She stayed talking for a while after Guy had excused himself and gone off to his shooting. As she quitted the house she glanced down the High Street, and saw her aunt coming out of the bank. Aldyth went to meet her. Miss Lorraine's face was radiant with satisfaction.

"It is all right, Aldyth," she said. "Mr. Greenwood quite approves of the lectures, and he has promised me his support."

Aldyth could fully sympathise with her aunt's satisfaction. Mr. Greenwood, the banker, and his brother, Mr. Ralph Greenwood, the solicitor, were highly influential members of Woodham society.

(*To be continued.*)

PRIMROSES AND VIOLETS.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

WHERE the primroses lie as a carpet,
Down in the dell;
And the violets peep out from amongst them,
Coyly pell-mell;
I love to wander, to watch and ponder.

There they grow in each other's company,
So fair and free;
With no jealousy, strife or dissension;
'Tis good to see
Such grand profusion without confusion.

They have beauty and fragrance and colour;
And if we but knew,
They are grateful and loving and tender,
And unselfish too;
And their lives they ply thus sweetly and shy.

And it seems they are there to teach and show
This lesson to man:
How our lives might be fraught with more union,
And in simpler plan
We might fairer grow, and more gladness know.

And I care not to pluck nor disturb them;
It is for me
Full sufficient enjoyment to see them,
And there to be
Amongst them wandering, watching and pondering.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

ONE'S OWN SELF FOR AN ENEMY.

If a girl stood out in the playground and began throwing stones up into the air so that they might fall back and crack her own crown, it would be rather an astonishing proceeding. She would be praised by no one for wisdom; most of us, indeed, would doubt her being in her sober senses.

And yet who amongst us can lay her hand on her heart and solemnly declare that she never in all her life acted in the spirit of that foolish girl? There are more ways than one of being an enemy to ourselves, resulting, too, in much more serious injuries than that of a broken pate. We do not say that the injuries are as conspicuous; that is the worst of them. If they were, the lunacy of acting as our own foe would not be so ordinary.

What makes it so odd is that everybody naturally wants to be her own best friend. Even Agnes—she whom we call the East Wind, and who has made more personal enemies than any other in the whole school—sits in a corner, finding consolation in her "dear little, good little me," and never thinking that of all the blows directed against her the most knock-down ones are delivered by herself.

Her sister Rose used to be of the same sort, and had a favourite maxim that "it is more pleasure to spite your enemies than to please your friends;" but she changed her tune, and became the nice girl she is, all, she says, through reflecting on a curious thing that happened in our neighbourhood a twelvemonth ago. A man, well known as a spiteful fellow, had an ill-will against a farmer. So he climbed an elm tree at the farmer's gate, with a big stone, meaning to drop the stone on the farmer's head. Whilst waiting there he slipped off the branch, came rattling to the ground, stone and all, and was found by the farmer lying in the road with a broken leg. "After that," says Rose, "I came to the conclusion that the way to be friendly to oneself was not to injure, but to cultivate kindly relations with other people."

Some girls would be more friendly to themselves if they had less conceit. "Conceit," says Pope, "is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve." There is Gloriana, quite puffed up with it, proud as a peacock, and always speaking about her family as if it were the most important in the whole world. Her own enemy? We should think she is! Self-love blinds our eyes to our follies, or she would see it herself.

But with all her faults—not the least of these being her using words much larger than fit her mouth—Gloriana has never got herself so much laughed at on account of her pride as Cecilia, who gave an exhibition of her quality only the other day, by taking great offence because she had not the first place in her friend Winnie's album. Cecilia is the one who, when she writes home, feels it essential, for the support of her dignity, to address her letters always to Something-or-other Hall, though her father's house is no more a hall than it is a cart-shed or a bathing machine.

There never was a truer saying than that "pride goeth before destruction," whether it be pride of intellect or pride of place, or any other form of that unseemly vice. Think of the end, girls, and cultivate humility, "that low sweet root from which spring all heavenly virtues."

"Humble we must be if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low."

Other girls who are their own enemies are those who aim only at getting through life with the utmost possible ease and comfort. They want their bread buttered on both sides, and shirk all difficult tasks, even those they were sent to school to learn. Living laborious days is quite out of their line. They would like well enough, for example, to be great players on the piano, but have no chance of arriving at that distinction, unless a royal method is discovered of teaching notation, fingering, and all the rest of it in about three lessons. French and German in a fortnight would just suit them.

Now, it is as certain as anything can be, that things worth having are not to be gained without hard labour, and a girl who has the opportunity of learning, and neglects through indolence to take advantage of it, deserves a good deal of scolding; she is simply marring her future life.

She who neglects her tasks at school will, ten to one, give the go-by to her duties when she comes to govern a household. Young men before committing themselves would do well to inquire what sort of schoolgirls their sweethearts made; it would often save the trouble of thinking anything more about them.

Some, however, err on the side of trying to do too much. They hunt several hares at once, and end in catching none. This is a lesson that youth in its enthusiasm is ever slow to learn. We think we can accomplish everything, whilst the truth is that with our short lives and limited faculties we can do but little. True wisdom then consists in devoting ourselves to the mastery of those few things which are most in harmony with the talents that have been given us, and with the station in life we are called to occupy. To try to do more is often to do ourselves about as great an injury as if we attempted nothing.

We are our own enemies again when we cease to be cheerful and contented. To be depressed and fretful is always great folly. It is the merry heart, you know, that goes all the day, whilst the sad tires in a mile. Melancholy is food of little nourishment, but the diet of good humour enables us to accomplish anything. "A cheerful temper joined with innocence," says the famous essayist, Addison, "will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable."

The secret of cheerfulness was once given by an Italian bishop to a friend who asked how, in spite of no end of difficulties, opposition, and discouragement, he had always such an easy mind.

"Yes, I can teach you my secret," said he. "It consists in nothing more than in making great use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain.

"Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

It need hardly be said that those who are intemperate in either eating or drinking are very much their own enemies. The sick headaches of which Janet so constantly complains would very speedily disappear if she would only resist her prodigious appetite for cheese-cakes, currant buns, and melted butter. When we think of it, however, the last headache was the result of her eating at a single sitting in the retirement of her own room two large cakes of Scotch shortbread, which an injudicious mother had sent her all the way from Aberdeen.

If knowing things to disagree with us we yet persist in eating them, what can we expect? It is enough to make a horse laugh to hear a girl complain of wretched nights and fearful dreams, who had revelled when out at supper in pickled salmon, beefsteak pudding, and two helpings of apple pie. Talk about men putting an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! Girls forgetting in their gluttony that temperance is a bridle of gold are often just as bad.

A good many girls prove their own enemies through not cultivating the grace of gentleness in their relations with their fellows. Moderation and gentleness, these are two things without which we cannot get pleasantly through the world or secure the goodwill of anybody worth mentioning.

Just listen to a girl in argument who makes light of these desirable qualities. Why, it is like being in the thick of a thunderstorm. One does not, surely, need to grow very old to find out that the language of truth is that of the still small voice, and that of all offensive things an overbearing manner is one of the most offensive. Sarah and Beatrice got on the subject of cremation the other day, and because Beatrice was of another mind Sarah spoke to her as if she were a disgrace to humanity, and with no right to an opinion upon anything, instead of being, as she is, one of the best and most intelligent girls that ever sat in a school. But she did not lower Beatrice, Sarah only degraded herself and proved her own enemy so much that she will find fewer girls inclined to be friendly with her than ever before.

One might think that to be selfish was a way to prove one's own friend. But it is quite the reverse. "If you want to spoil all that God gives you," says Charles Kingsley; "if you want to be miserable yourself and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once. Think about yourself, and then to you nothing will go well."

There are a great many more ways than those we have named of being our own enemies. But enough, girls, has been said to put you in the way of being true to yourselves, and so of proving true and kind and serviceable to all about you.

It acts, you see, in two ways. Everyone who is her own enemy is, through being so, an enemy to other people. If the human race lived as in a menagerie, each one of us in a separate cage, it might not matter so much; our tempers, follies, and whimsicalities would have little chance then of travelling beyond our own bars. But so long as the world is as it is everything we do has an influence, helping others or hindering them, raising them in virtue and commonsense, or assisting to make them worse than they would otherwise become.

Is not this a reason why we should be on our guard? Our own self for an enemy means doing harm, and perhaps a great deal of it, where we ought to do good, whilst one's own self for a friend is the way to be true and helpful friend of all with whom we come in contact.

(*To be continued.*)

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

By E. CHILTON, Author of "The Story of Rosa," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"GUY, I don't think that I can ever forgive Noel Wilton," said Hilda.

"Why, what has he done?" said Guy, smiling.

All their guests were gone; and in a day or two they themselves were to go. The old house, lately so full of life, would be deserted.

"He has done nothing," said Hilda. "That's just it. There was something he ought to have done."

"Proposed to little Elsie, do you mean, romantic person?"

"Why romantic? Of course it would be a better match than we could expect for her, in a worldly point of view, if you mean that. But when an honourable man pays marked attentions to a girl—especially a girl like Elsie—he should take the consequences."

"How do you know he didn't?"

"She would have told me, of course. Besides, she would have accepted him. Why did the poor little thing go away, looking so white and sad? She was as happy as the day was long till yesterday morning."

"And why did Noel go away, looking so glum and miserable, two days sooner than he intended? Moreover, you have made a mistake for once, Madam Hilda! It is my belief that he proposed and was refused."

"That I never can believe," cried Hilda, impetuously; "Elsie has no more idea of flirting than a baby. How I wish there were time to see her again before we start!"

"Well, there's not, so you must make the best of it. We shall be back in a month; and meanwhile it would be worse than useless to interfere."

So Hilda had to resign herself to temporary ignorance; and Elsie's burden had to be borne alone. It was a sore burden. Her beautiful bubble had evaporated. Her prince had rushed away in a rage, refusing to believe in her or to understand. He had given her a London address, that, should she change her mind, she might write to him. He would remain in England another fortnight, he said, in the hope of her writing—if but one line, he would fly to her at once. At the end of that fortnight—unless, indeed, she had written—he should go away, to Italy, to Spain, to Nova Zembla. If any one, only a child, were more to her than he, it were best that he should see her no more.

She was already in the thick of the home routine. Everything there was as usual. The travelling trunks had been put away, the lesson books and workboxes brought forth again. Elsie was glad to see her father and the children, and Miss Lowndes also; and they had all seemed overjoyed at her return; but her young heart, instead of dreaming and soaring, as was its wont, lay heavy and cold, like a stone. She plodded patiently through her daily work, and no particular change was observed in her; she was a little pale and silent, that was all.

"I have come to a humiliating conclusion, Elsie, my dear," said Miss Lowndes, confidentially, on the first evening. "I do not understand Bobbie. He is certainly a most peculiar child; and since you seem to have the knack of managing him, I have told your father that I resign him altogether to your charge."

"Then you wish me to teach him?" said Elsie.

"If you please. The doctor says that he must not be crossed. And I must confess to you, my dear, though I should not wish it generally mentioned, that I feel incompetent to teach him without crossing him. We shall see if you succeed better."

So Bobbie's lesson books were removed to Elsie's room; and she found herself installed as his nurse, his governess, and his mental physician, all in one.

"What should I have felt now," she thought, "if I had promised to marry and leave him?" And for the moment a ray of comfort shone on her. Bobbie looked smaller, more weird, more hard and shrewd than ever, as she gathered him in her motherly young arms. He would not long submit to be embraced, even by her; but struggled himself free, and ran to fetch his fragments of rock, supposed to enclose jet.

"Look at my spes'mons!" he said. "When I'm a man, I shall bore a passage through the cliffs, and find out all about them. I'll never do nuffin' to make me ill, so that I mayn't die till I've had plenty of time to find out everyfin' for myself."

Her cross lay unmistakable before her. She had only to shoulder it bravely, and toil on. But it was very heavy. As the monotonous days went by, and nothing happened—no letter came for her, no tidings from the bright world so suddenly closed to her, it grew constantly more heavy, she thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the fortnight of which Noel had spoken was nearly over, a mighty conflict arose in Elsie's mind. Why, after all, should she not write to him? Her father, she knew, would rejoice at her happiness. This notion binding her to Bobbie, was it not, perhaps, a chimera, as he had said? Bobbie, at the worst, would be well taken care of; and she could correspond with him, and he could come and stay with her. Whereas Noel, how lonely he was! No wonder he lacked heart to work. Who had given her this strange influence over him? Could it be God's will that a cross, sickly little child should be preferred before one like Noel? What a noble life, bringing blessing, perhaps, to thousands, his might be! And she had power to inspire it.

He had been so often disheartened—his plans had so often failed. Ought she to fail him—to leave him to drift back into that indifferent indolence which would become a fixed habit ere long? She might help him to be great, to be glorious! And she was not in her element here. Oh, she was so tired of this dull life! New hopes had flashed before her, new worlds had opened. Her present home could never again content her. This was not life—it was vegetabilism. And beyond, above all that, she wanted him; she loved him! Oh, if she could give herself up to this love, this transforming power! Just to write three lines, and drop them through that dull, familiar little slit, and then, what blessedness! And, after all, how much more good she might do there than here; how many more lives she might reach!

It was Sunday afternoon, a peaceful autumnal Sunday. All through the service that conflict had been raging. She had tried to pray, even to praise; she had spoken and sung with her lips; but her heart had been far away. But when her father gave out the text of his sermon, her attention was suddenly arrested. What words were these, embodying her own vague aspirations?

"All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them. . . . If Thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be Thine."

Wherein had lain the allurement? Could vulgar ambitions attract that pure and heavenly mind? No, surely, as her father now explained, it was the illusive prospect of influence—influence to be used for good—to result from that power, that glory and worship, which made them, even to the Holy One, a temptation to be resisted.

And was not something of the same enticement now assailing her? To leave the quiet corner of her lot—the quiet guardianship which she had undertaken, before any bright prospect dazzled her, of the orphaned child—for whom, as his dead mother had said, an angel and a devil were striving; to go forth into the enchanting world, and gain power and glory under the guise of love and influence—she saw all now in its true light; a temptation—sent by whom? Not by God; for God tempteth not any man.

After church, the others went, as was the family custom, for a walk; but Elsie, saying truly that she was tired, stole instead to her mother's grave. She sat down upon the soft turf, resting her head against the cold, white stone.

"Oh, mother!" she murmured, "if I might have died with you! I never knew how hard life would be."

The words which had haunted her at Restrigg rang in her ears again; this time with their sad ending—

"There's a crown and a throne for thee,
Charlie.
For me a lonely grave!"

"He will go on in his bright path—its depending on me was all imagination and vanity. He will go on, and I shall hear of him, as I thought before; and I shall be hidden here; and in a little while he will forget me. But I can never forget him—never till the end comes, and I am lying under this grass, by your side, mother. Oh, if it might come soon!"

She hid her face, and hot tears fell fast upon the unresponsive stone. But gradually other thoughts dawned on her.

"'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.'"

"Is it following Him to sink down, and be idle, and want to die? Oh, He conquered, He fought His way through. He didn't pray for death because things were not as He would have them. He 'despised the pain;' and so must I. 'Him only shalt thou serve.' Lord Jesus, help me to serve Thee only henceforth! That will be even better than serving Noel."

Her heart still ached; but the victory was won.

SPRING

CHAPTER IX.

"ELSIE, *who is come?*"

"Only someone to see father on business."

"Because whoever it is came in a fly."

"Did he?" said Elsie, listlessly, astonishing her young sister, who was much excited by this unusual event.

But Elsie felt as if nothing could ever excite her again. A week ago she had read in the paper that Mr. Wilton, M.P., had sailed for the Continent; and now, as she sat with the others in the lamplit drawing-room, waiting for Miss Lowndes to come downstairs and read aloud, her mind was far away—striving to realise the scenes upon which *his* eyes were resting. She saw the bright foreign skies, the vineyards, the mountains—or, again, the picturesque cities, with their treasures of art, their gaiety and stir.

"Oh, he will soon forget—he will find it only too easy," she thought; then roused herself, with a prick of conscience, and joined in the girlish chatter.

"Hark! what was that?" she cried, starting to her feet, as Miss Lowndes opened the door.

"Only your father, my dear, calling you. Elsie is here, Mr. Ward."

"I heard another voice——" began Elsie, and stopped, crimson to the roots of her hair. She went into the hall to her father.

"Elsie, my darling, can you bear a surprise? I always knew you were a good child, Elsie; but never till to-night what cause I have to thank God for you. I wish your mother were alive."

He led her on to the study.

"Here she is. You must plead your own cause," he said; and shut her in alone with the person to whom he had spoken.

Oh, if earth has many dark hours it has bright ones too; and a bright hour had dawned now upon Elsie. Her joy was almost more than she could bear, as she looked up once again into Noel Wilton's face, as his strong fingers clasped her girlish hands, and his voice, strangely eager and imploring, told her that he had come to ask her pardon—to beg her to take him back.

"If you are not afraid, now that you know what I am?" he said.

Afraid! Elsie made no answer to this; she just glanced up and smiled, and an instant later her head was resting on his shoulder. Like little children, they had "kissed and made friends."

* * * * *

"I am sorry in one way, Guy," said Hilda, "that Noel and Elsie must have rather a long engagement; but in another way I am glad. I suspect he will do far more work in the world, and that far better, than if he had had all he wanted at the instant. He was never really obliged before to exercise either patience or self-denial; and those qualities have seemed to me just what he needed to make him one in ten thousand."

"Yes, it is first-rate discipline for him," said Guy. "I fancy that we may see some fruit from it already. I was quite struck the other day by his changed tone, when we were discussing his plans for his tenants. And did you read his speech last night in the House? That little Elsie confesses that she longed from the first to stir him up. She has done it more effectually than she intended."

Yes, in a deeper sense than in those first days Elsie dreamed of, she has been her future husband's inspiration. She laid down her heart's desire to take up her cross, and that cross is transformed into a crown!

[THE END.]

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

ROMANCE OF THE EARLDOM OF PERTH.

is written in the pages of Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage," that with the death of Edward Drummond, youngest and last surviving son of James, by succession fourth Earl, and by creation first Duke, of Perth, ended all the male representatives of the elder branch of the house of Drummond; and that in consequence a younger branch, who had followed the Stuarts to St. Germains on the abdication of King James II., petitioned for the revival of the earldom in their favour. After several vain attempts, they gained their point in June, 1853, when an Act of Parliament was passed restoring them to that forfeited honour, and the earl who was thus restored is still alive, at the age of eighty-two.

But there are strong grounds for believing that all the descendants of the elder line are not extinct; at all events, such is the strong belief of the miners who dwell along the banks of the Wear, between Sunderland and Durham; and possibly when Lord Perth's death occurs, as he has no surviving son or grandson of the name of Drummond, the next earl may be discovered among the pitmen of that district. The following is an outline of the story, which reads as a page out of a novel or romance.

In the sequestered village of South Biddick, near Sunderland, there stands, or stood till lately, a small cottage on the banks of the Wear, which a century or so ago was the abode of a man known among his neighbours as James Drummond. There was a mystery about him, and his manners and appearance showed traces of good birth and gentle if not noble blood. Under the influence of his mother, Lady Jean Gordon, a daughter of the Duke of Gordon, he had joined the second and abortive effort on behalf of exiled Stuarts, which was crushed on the field of Culloden in 1745. He commanded a regiment under the flag of Bonnie Prince Charlie's army at Prestonpans, and afterwards took part in the sieges of Carlisle and Stirling; at Culloden he held command of the left wing, and was so severely wounded that he was left for dead on the field, but subsequently obtained shelter in a neighbouring wood, and a few weeks later found a berth on board a coasting vessel, which landed him safely at Sunderland. In order to lull suspicion and to prevent any search being made for him by the authorities, who had set a price on his head and attainted him as a rebel, he caused a report to be spread that he had died from his wounds on board a vessel bound for France; and Sir Bernard Burke even goes so far as to say that he died on his passage to France, on board the frigate *Bellone*, May 13, 1746, adding that the attainder passed on him had no effect on his younger brother, by whom the line of Earls of Perth was continued.

Be this as it may, the story, as told in the North, along Wear-side and Tyne-side, runs that this James Drummond proceeded, for further security, up the Wear to South Biddick, where he found a home with a pitman, John Armstrong by name. It was a wild and sequestered spot, and the cottages around were all tenanted by colliers and keelmen, who were rather a lawless set of men, and persons of such dispositions that they would sympathise with, and shelter and harbour anyone who was pursued by justice for offences short of murder. Here, if anywhere, he thought, and rightly too, that he would be able to stay unknown and unnoticed, and that in case of a surprise that he would be able to conceal himself in one or other of the coal-pits, and that he could be lowered in a few minutes several hundred feet underground into a sort of rabbit warren, whither the dogs of the law would find it hard to follow him. Added to this, the spot which he chose was at a convenient distance from both Shields and Sunderland, from either of which ports it would not be difficult, if hard pressed, to escape into France or Holland, while, in case the Stuart cause should even yet succeed, he was so placed that he could soon join his friends once more.

But the Stuart cause was dead after Culloden, and the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland took good care that no attempt should be made in the North to revive it. Accordingly weeks passed into months, and months into years, and James Drummond was still an inmate of John Armstrong's cottage. Now John Armstrong had an only child, a daughter, Elizabeth, who as she grew up to womanhood showed such beauty and grace that she won the heart of her father's mysterious guest, and was married to him at Houghton le Spring, when only in her seventeenth year, in the month of November, 1749. Not long after the newly-married pair removed to a cottage called "The Boat House," which was given to them rent free by one of the Lambtons, the Squire of Biddick Hall, who seems to have known, or at all events to have suspected, some of the antecedents of the mysterious stranger who had settled among his tenantry, for he said to him after his marriage, "I know you well enough; you are one of the rebels, those Drummonds of the North country, but you shall have the cottage for all that, and you need not pay me any rent." Attached to the cottage was a ferry and a ferry boat, and for many years James Drummond earned an honest livelihood by ferrying passengers across the river Wear, while his wife kept a shop or small store on its banks.

In the course of time children were born to the worthy pair; besides daughters, they had two sons, of whom the younger, named William, often went down to Sunderland in the keels, took a fancy to a seafaring life, and was placed on board a trading vessel of Sunderland, where he passed into the merchant service. The other boy, James, of a more quiet and steady disposition, helped his father

at his ferry work, or went down to work in the coal mines along with his grandfather, through whom he found constant employment underground, and proud indeed did he feel when he brought his weekly wages home to add to the household stores.

And so years wore on. All search for James Drummond, and almost all remembrance of him, had ceased; for the story of his having been lost on his voyage to France had gained general belief, and was accepted everywhere without contradiction. He was himself long since dead to the law, through the attainder that had been passed on him, and he was now fairly dead to the world at large, for only two or three friends of the Stuart cause in Scotland and a few more at the Court of St. Germains in France were aware of his existence in the flesh. He had long resigned himself to the condition of affairs as they were, and had despaired of living to see any change in his own destiny. But he did not give up all hope for his children, and both he and his wife, to whom he had only gradually unfolded the history of his birth and past life, were dotingly fond of their children, and grieved at the blight which fate had cast upon their prospects.

To add to their troubles, the year 1771 was made memorable by a disastrous flood, which did infinite damage all along the Wear, as well as on the Tyne, where it swept away the ancient bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead. In the valley of the Wear it was no less violent, and it carried away the Boat House in which Drummond and his family resided, and it was with difficulty that they escaped with their lives, all their furniture and stock-in-trade being carried down the stream. This was soon replaced by the kindness of their friends, the Lambtons; but there were some things which it was not in the power of the best of friends to restore. Among the articles carried away by the pitiless flood were a wooden chest in which was kept a valuable diamond ring, which had belonged to his father when Chancellor of Scotland, and a variety of family papers, letters, and documents of priceless value to himself, including the original royal patent granted by James II. at St. Germains, to his grandfather, advancing him to the Dukedom of Perth. For this loss James Drummond was unconsolable, not for his own sake, but for that of his children. His daughter, a Mrs. Peters, who lived on long into the present century, and is still remembered by old people in the neighbourhood of Biddick, used to say that after the flood had subsided her father would wander day after day along the banks of the Wear, in the vain hope of finding, among the drift of its channel, the chest or some of its contents, and more particularly the little box which contained the ducal patent, thinking that perhaps some day or other it might be of service in assisting his children or his grandchildren in regaining the position which they had lost through the treachery of fortune. But in spite of all possible searches, the chest was never recovered, and no trace was found of the family papers, which doubtless were floated down the river into the open sea.

Towards the close of his life, and some thirty years or more after he had first sought an asylum at Biddick, Drummond conceived the idea to revisit his native Perthshire hills, and of taking a last farewell of his father's fair domains and of his proud castle, which had passed into strangers' hands. It is part of the tradition that on first leaving Perthshire, he had turned round at a pass between the hills where he could see it, and cried out, "Farewell, my bonny castle and bonny lands; I shall never see you again," as if he anticipated the result of Culloden. And the old feeling of love for the home of his forefathers was still as strong as ever. In disguise which no one could recognise, he walked through the lowlands, past Edinburgh and Stirling into Perthshire, took a long walk about the park of Drummond Castle, almost up to its walls, said farewell to it a second time, and returned to Biddick, but not till he had divulged the secret of his birth and life to a friend of the name of Grame, who accommodated him for a day or two with suitable clothes, when his wife declared that "the Duke looks like his ane self again!" Under the roof of this same Mr. Grame he made himself known to one or two other trusty friends of the Stuart cause; then putting on once more his habiliments as a working man, set off on his return journey southwards. The memory of this visit still lingers round Drummond Castle and the wide district of Strathearn.

Drummond survived this painful visit only a few years, and died in his lowly adopted home at Biddick in 1782, at the age of seventy. He lies interred at the little chapel of Penshaw, so that his dust has not mingled with those of his kinsmen, the Drummonds so long exiles at St. Germains. His younger son, after his father's death, enjoyed a momentary gleam of sunshine, hearing that there was a chance of the restoration of the Drummond property to the heirs of its former owners; but in a voyage to London, undertaken on account of this rumour, the vessel in which he sailed was run down at sea, when all the papers that had escaped the flood on the Wear in 1771 were lost. His elder son, James Drummond, however, continued to work in the pit, and would occasionally talk of moving in the matter of the recovery of his family estates; but he, too, died about the same age as his father, in February, 1823, and sleeps in the same little churchyard where he had buried his father. He left a numerous family, and his eldest son Thomas, born in 1792, and brought up as a pitman at Biddick, became the undoubted heir of such shadowy hopes and rights as had belonged to his grandfather. On one occasion he went so far as to put in a claim publicly for the Earldom; at all events it is on record that on April 28, 1830, a petition which he presented to the House of Lords for its restoration in his favour was referred to a Committee of Privileges, but nothing further was done at Westminster. On the 20th of June, 1831, however, at the Canongate Court House, Edinburgh, Thomas Drummond, of Biddick, in the County of Durham, grandson and last heir male of the body of James, sixth Earl of Perth, commonly called the Duke of Perth, "was, by a respectable jury, unanimously deemed nearest and lawful heir of his deceased great-grand-uncle, Lord Edward Drummond, who took upon him the title of Earl of Perth, and who himself was the youngest and last surviving son, and last heir male of the body of James, the fourth Earl of Perth."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me, I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds."

And Maud said she would keep the ring.

SELF-TRUST.—To have talent one must be convinced one has it; and to keep the conscience pure we must put it above the consciences of all other people.—*Flaubert.*

PLEASANT PEOPLE.—It is not the people who shine in society, but the people who brighten up the back parlour; not the people who are charming when they are out, but the people who are charming when they are in, that are good to live with.

POETRY IN ALL THINGS.—Formerly people believed that the sugar-cane alone yielded sugar; nowadays it is extracted from almost everything. It is the same with poetry. Let us draw it, no matter whence, for it lies everywhere and in all things.

NEEDLES PAST AND PRESENT.—Needles in early times were made of fish bone, bone, or ivory, and their first form was probably that of a rude eyeless bodkin. Since the time of the discovery of bronze, however, metal needles have been in use in civilised communities. It is on record that needles of steel were made at Nuremberg towards the end of the fourteenth century. For upwards of two hundred years the manufacture has been established in England; Redditch in Worcestershire, with several other small towns in Warwickshire, being the centre of the industry, first planted there by Germans.

IMPERFECT SPEECH.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depths
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice,
As something dimmer."

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—If we take from the words *La Révolution Française* the word *veto*, known as the first prerogative of Louis XVI., the remaining letters will form "*Un Corse la finira*" (A Corsican shall end it); and this may be regarded as an extraordinary coincidence, if nothing more.

DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

"Can you shoot a revolver?" she asked, in a whisper, of the girl next to her on the car.

"Yes; but don't you never, never tell anybody."

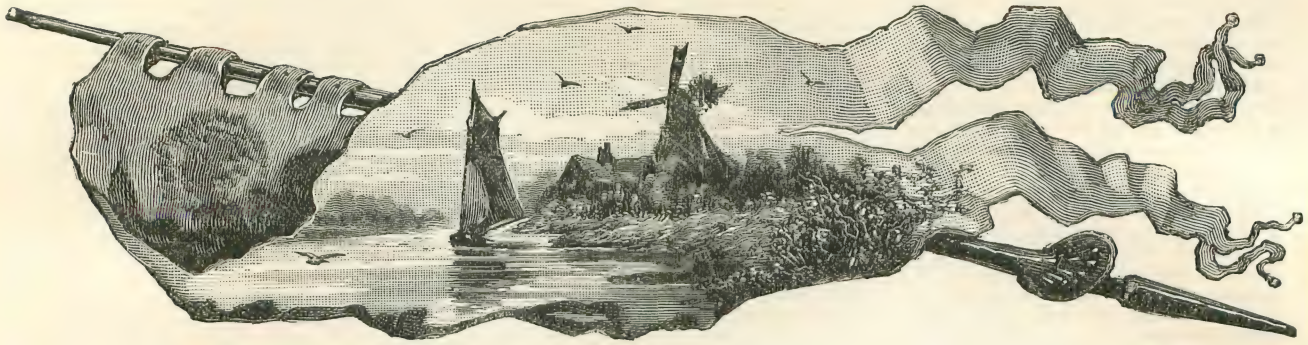
"Why?"

"You know Annie Blank? Well, she learned to shoot a revolver, and it got out, and after that she didn't have one flirtation a month. I'm not going to tell anybody until after I'm married."

THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.—A few years ago it was estimated that in the United Kingdom there were made daily 50,000,000 pins, of which 37,000,000 were produced in Birmingham, and the weight of brass and iron wire then annually consumed in their manufacture was stated at 1,275½ tons, of which one-eighth part was iron wire.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—Success depends even more upon correct methods than upon hard work.

THE END OF RICHES.—Of all the riches that people make so much of, they carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.



WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WATCHINGS AND PERPLEXITIES.

WHEN I left the house I had no intention of going to the old cottage, but I was drawn towards it by a species of fascination. The night was moonless, dark, and cloudy. I wanted to find out more about the man who was in hiding, and I was convinced that, knowing every bush as I did, I should be able to watch the place without being discovered.

There were no visible signs of life or habitation about the dwelling, and I thought it not unlikely that the man might be keeping tryst with Sarah at the Hall during Jane Cartwright's absence. Perhaps I should see him, or, I might better say, discern him, if he returned soon; for though I had become accustomed to the darkness, anything like distinct sight was out of the question.

An old thorn tree, beneath whose bent trunk and boughs, nearly touching the ground, I had often sat, now afforded me a capital hiding-place, and there I waited for whatever might happen.

This tree was in the part of the garden next the lane, and after standing some little time, I heard stealthy footsteps on the other side of the hedge, which ceased as the pedestrian came abreast of the window by which the burglar had entered my old room, and succeeded in carrying off my money.

To my intense astonishment, the new comer swung back the window-frame quite noiselessly, climbed into the room, and closed it after him. It had evidently been made to open again to its full size, and was doubtless intended to afford the means of escape to the present occupant if discovered.

It was well known that, after the robbery, the window had been securely fastened into its framework, so that only the single pane would open, as was supposed to be the case before the burglary revealed the secret.

No doubt this man, who was in hiding, had made the alteration, and probably in the night-time.

My adventure was not quite over. I was on the point of leaving my place of concealment, when a slight click of the garden gate warned me that someone was approaching. It was poor Betsy. She gave a light tap at the window which fronted the garden. In a moment the lattice was opened, and a hand extended for something, I could not tell what.

There was not a sound in the lane or on the road; passers-by there were none, for the few people who lived in that neighbourhood were working folk, who went to rest early, and there was no other cottage within a hundred yards or thereabouts. This fact probably emboldened the man to speak roughly to my poor old landlady, and to raise his voice sufficiently for me to catch part of what he said.

From what I did hear I concluded that he was demanding a considerable sum of money from the weeping woman, and threatening her with certain consequences if it were not forthcoming.

I could hear Betsy say—"It would take every penny we have saved, and more—all that we have scraped to keep us from the workhouse, when we cannot do a hand stroke for ourselves."

"No fear of the workhouse for you. Your fine friends will take care of that. Why, you are living like gentlefolks in your old days, and this place, that had served you when you were young, isn't good enough. Not but what it has come in handy for me."

"I wish it had been pulled down, stick and stone," said Betsy, "then you could not have been here."

"Then don't you see I should have come to Rose Cottage; for I had an eye to business at Oakhill, though I don't suppose your gentleman lodger would have wanted another call. Hows'ever, it's not too late, and when I make up my mind I'm not easy to turn."

The poor old woman moaned in her distress, and for a few moments I heard no sound except her half-smothered sobs.

"You couldn't—you couldn't be so wicked as to try to rob him again? Besides, he takes care not to keep money by him now. I would rather my last penny went than he should suffer again."

"Then you've only got to buy him off with your spare cash, and keep your only son's neck out of danger at the same time. A nice affectionate mother you are, to care more for your money than for him. You will have to choose between the two, for I am getting desperate. How long do you think I shall stay here, cooped up all the day through, and only stealing out like a bat or an owl when it is dark? I had enough of that life whilst I was serving my time in one of her Majesty's retreats, I can tell you. Do you think it is very nice to have my victuals anyhow, and mostly cold? I was just famished to-night, and dursn't buy a morsel, for fear anybody should remember my face after all these years. If it hadn't been for that girl at the Hall, I should have broken into somebody's pantry and helped myself; but she brought me some nicer bits than you do. It was like a picnic, eating them under the trees," and the speaker gave a low laugh.

"Why do you entice that silly girl to come and meet you? If she brings you food she brings what is not hers to give, and may get into trouble through it. You have always had plenty to eat, and good food too, though you may have waited for it sometimes. Leave the girl alone, I say. You have done harm enough in your life. Have you no shame?—do you never feel sorry?"

"Not I. Who feels sorry for me? Nobody cares enough for me to do that, and nobody need be ashamed on my account. As to the girl—it's the one bit of amusement I have to go meeting her and hearing the news. The old maid at the Hall will be none the poorer for the few bites I have had at her expense."

The wretch muttered something else which I did not hear. It seemed, however, to amuse him immensely, for he gave a chuckling laugh, whilst Betsy appeared to be excited to greater terror and distress by his words.

"I will not listen to such talk!" she

said. "If I were not sure that you cannot mean what you say, I would warn——"

It was well that Betsy stood outside the window and that the man was within, for he aimed a blow at the old woman, which happily did not reach her. She waited for no more, but turned and rushed out of the garden as fast as her trembling feet would carry her.

The man muttered something, but he made no attempt to follow. Then he shut the window and fastened it inside.

I waited until I thought it would be safe to leave my hiding-place, and then stole softly away. I reached home after Betsy, and found Jabez standing in the doorway at the back of Rose Cottage.

"It's a very dull night, Mr. John," he said. "I was just looking out for you. You'll excuse Betsy; she's got a bit of a headache, and is gone straight to bed, without waiting till you came in."

"Say good-night to her for me, and tell her I hope she will be better in the morning," I replied, and passed on to my own room.

"Poor soul!" I thought; "she has heart-ache which a night's rest would not cure if she could have it. But I fear there is little hope of quiet sleep either for Betsy or Jabez to-night."

I knew that the old man had waited at the door for my coming, in order that I might not see his own face, and that he might make an excuse for his wife's unusual absence.

I, too, lay down with little expectation of rest. My mind was too full of what I had witnessed, and of fear as to what would be the outcome of that wretched man's presence at Oakhill.

No doubt he had come with the intention of extorting money from his parents, and would not rest satisfied until he had robbed them of the savings of their lives. It was plain that the punishment inflicted for that former offence had wrought no improvement; it must have had rather a hardening effect, for according to Mr. Burford, George Harwood had been considered, as a youth, rather weak than wicked—one who could not resist the temptations of evil companions, but most unlikely to be ringleader in any deed of darkness, and, in spite of all, retaining a strong affection for his parents.

Mr. Burford's picture bore no resemblance to the hardened ruffian who kept these poor old folk in constant terror, and felt no compunction for the past, or hesitation about causing them further suffering. Knowing them as I did, I felt that the very fact of their son's presence would make them miserable. They would shrink with horror from the revelation of such a character as his had developed into, and yet their hearts would yearn after the one only creature who had a right to call them by the sacred names of father and mother.

"Oh that Mr. Burford were home," thought I. "If I could but speak to him, this dreadful weight of responsibility would be lifted from my shoulders. I have no other friend to whom I can go."

The thought had scarcely crossed my mind when it was followed by a remorseful one. Had I not the Best of Friends, ever present, ever willing to hear and answer, aye, and to make my way plain before me?

I said to myself, "He knows;" and yet I told Him all, and humbly asked that my good old friends might be relieved from their present trouble, and I guided as to the best mode of helping them.

I felt happier after this, and I was further comforted by the thought that Mr. Burford would be home on the morrow, and I could take counsel with him.

When the morrow came I was doomed to further disappointment. I knew that Mr. Burford was not expected until the evening, and the day passed sufficiently slowly in the meanwhile. I had some hope of seeing him on his arrival at the station, for I knew whence he was coming, and I was on the platform as each train came in; but I vainly looked for the well-known face.

He would not go to the office after his return, of that I felt assured; but I thought his principal clerk would go to the house to see him there. Acting on this belief, I wrote a few lines to Mr. Burford, and addressed it to the office. It was marked "Private and Urgent," and would only be opened by the lawyer himself. In it I stated that I wished to see him on a matter of great importance, and begged him to grant me an immediate interview in case I failed to see him at the station.

Mr. Burford knew me too well to suppose that I should write in such terms unless there was a needs-be for so doing, and I confidently expected to see him before I slept. However, as no message came, and I could ill endure the suspense, I called at the house of Mr. Gordon, Mr. Burford's chief clerk, to inquire if he had come home.

"I am sorry to say he has not," was the reply; "and it is most unfortunate in all ways. He is wanted by two important clients, whose business is of a nature to require Mr. Burford's personal supervision; and there are several other clients, for whom I could act equally well, who insist on waiting for his return. Can I do anything for you?" asked he. "If it be a legal matter I have no doubt I could be of some use."

Mr. Gordon was a qualified lawyer, and stood high in the esteem of his employer; but Oakhill folk, as a rule, were stubbornly attached to Mr. Burford, and persisted in going to what they called the fountain-head.

"If it had been a legal matter I should have consulted you at once," I said; "but it is one which involves the private affairs of others, and of which I am at liberty to speak only to Mr. Burford. I wish I were not bound to silence, as it would be a great relief to open my mind to someone else, and take counsel from a wiser head than my own."

"Mr. Burford will be in great trouble just now. He had to go away at a most inconvenient time, and now that his presence here is doubly necessary, he has been prevented from returning at the appointed date by his father's illness," said Mr. Gordon.

"Is the dear old man seriously ill?" I asked. "I hope not. I know he is from home, for I helped him into the railway carriage a week ago, and he was then looking wonderfully well. We had quite a pleasant talk, for he kept me standing by the carriage door as long as possible. He was going to visit his only sister and her husband; both, he said, younger than himself, but less hale for their years."

"He was wonderfully well, and might have been so still but for an accident—a fall, I think; but I do not know particulars. I have only heard that the injury is not a serious one, but the shock to the system is likely to prove so."

It was of no use asking when Mr. Burford would be home, for Mr. Gordon could add little to what he had already told me, and he kindly promised to let me have further news as soon as possible.

I could see that his day's work was by no means done, for his table was covered with papers. By way of apology for not asking me to stay, he pointed to them, and said—

"I shall scarcely finish what must be done on this side midnight. I have brought my work home, because if I remained at the office I should be constantly interrupted."

I had gone to Mr. Gordon's hoping to leave part of my weight of anxiety behind me; I came away with an additional load, and little prospect of ridding myself of any. I could not count on seeing Mr. Burford at any particular time. I was distressed when I thought of the heavy cloud hanging over Jabez and Betsy, and at its manifest effect on the health and spirits of both. I was in hourly dread that they would be terrified into giving up their little savings in order to buy their son's departure, or that they would be heartbroken by hearing that he had committed some new outrage.

The result of such evil doing on themselves would be the same whether he was detected or not, as they would guess the author, and suffer accordingly.

I was keeping my knowledge to myself for their sakes, and all the while I was harassed with doubts as to whether secrecy was advisable even on their account.

On the one hand, they were living in a state of perpetual terror; on the other, the shame which would follow the exposure of their secret would, I feared, overwhelm them altogether. For my hand to inflict such a blow would be too terrible; and yet it was surely wrong to screen such a man as George Harwood.

In addition to perplexity on these accounts, I had heard of old Mr. Burford's accident and consequent illness. He had been my kind, unvarying friend, and though we rarely met, he never lost an opportunity of speaking a good word for me and a kind one to me.

He had kept my hand in his up to the last moment that morning at the station, and had whispered—

"I have been thanking God on your behalf, Jack. I was very fond of your poor father and mother, and it makes me glad to know that the son of my old friends is keeping on the right path. Go

on and prosper, my boy. Never be ashamed of honest work. The man is to be alike envied and honoured who finds more sweetness in the bread he has earned than in the dainties offered at the tables of the rich who never knew a like luxury. The clothes that have been paid for by the fruits of daily toil wear well, Jack, and well become the wearer too. What was that motto you used to talk about—the one on the sixpence?"

"'Work, wait, win,'" I replied.

"Aye, I remember now. You lost the coin and kept the motto. Do not forget the words; I always liked the ring of them myself, Jack. Keep on working, and whilst working and waiting, look to Him who has led you so far, and rest in Him. As to the last word, you may not win great wealth or a high position, but God is sure to give you what is best, and enough of it, to satisfy you that those who trust Him can never work or patiently wait in vain. Good-bye, my boy, and may God bless and keep you."

The kindly face and the sound of those farewell words were very present with me as I returned to Rose Cottage, tired and disheartened, after my interview with Mr. Gordon.

The old couple were at home when I entered, and neither Jabez nor Betsy left the house again. I thought they looked a little more cheerful, and I wondered whether they had succeeded in making some bargain with George and were rid of his haunting presence. Not that I hoped the departure would be final, if he had been induced to go; I felt sure that he would come again when he had spent the money extorted from them; but I resolved that they should not be harassed repeatedly, for, come what might, I would interfere for their protection.

"You have deserted an old friend lately, Mr. John," said Betsy, pointing to the piano, as she cleared away the supper tray. "Now the nights are getting long again maybe we shall have more music."

"You shall have some to-night, if you like," I said, delighted that I could do anything to give them pleasure. I would not tell them of old Mr. Burford's illness, for I wished to keep away whatever might darken the little brightness I had noticed in both.

So I played their favourite tunes, and though Jabez did not join in with his quavering voice, his lips repeated the words of hymns that suited them, and I had no doubt he was back, in imagination, in the village choir with Betsy as a listener.

"It has been like old times to-night, Mr. John," she said. "You don't know how nice it has been. It has done us good," and she looked and smiled at Jabez and me in turns, with a happier expression on her face than I had seen there for some time past.

(*To be continued.*)

AMOR VINCIT.

A CONVERSATION.

Miss Hunter's little drawing-room was the most restful place in the world; just as Miss Hunter was the most restful person.

She was never in too much of a hurry to listen to your worries and difficulties, and although she had her hands full of every sort of business herself, she was always ready to sit quietly down in her pretty room and listen to all your troubles. Her room was, so all her friends averred, perfect. The colours were soft and subdued, the chairs comfortable; a few engravings and photographs of well-known pictures hung upon the walls, the tables were covered with books, there were flowers everywhere; and indeed the whole room gave one a restful harmonious sensation.

This is what Gertrude Manning felt as she came into it one April morning, a troubled expression upon her usually bright young face, and a ring of pain in the clear young voice, which said—

"Miss Hunter, I have come to ask your advice, as usual. Will you help me?"

Miss Hunter took the girl's hands into hers, and kissed her softly, saying—

"My dear, you know I will help you, if I possibly can; come and tell me all about it;" and without even a backward glance at the papers which covered her writing-table, and which must be worked at some time to-day, she sat down in her own particular chair, and drew Gertrude down to a stool at her feet—a favourite position with her numerous girl-friends. Then she gently took off the girl's hat, and passed her hand softly over the bright, waving hair. "And now, dear, tell me all about it. What has brought these little sad lines here?" and she touched the drooping curves of the sensitive mouth.

"It is something that hurts me dreadfully, and I don't quite know how I'm going to bear it;" and the girl's blue eyes looked so wistfully into the clear ones above her, that the elder woman's heart ached.

"Tell me what it is you can't bear," she said gently.

"I think most likely you will tell me that I am making too much fuss about sentimental nonsense. Everyone seems to think if a girl is very fond of another girl or woman, there must be something silly or sentimental about it."

"I don't think that is everyone's view at all; it certainly is not mine. Of course sometimes one woman may be very foolish and sentimental about another, but a real friendship between two women is one of the most beautiful helpful things I know. We single women know what a difference the love of another woman makes in our lives, so you need not be afraid of making an unnecessary fuss. What is it that hurts?"

"It is someone whom I love very much who has hurt me, and I thought she cared for me just as I did for her, and I have found she doesn't; and oh, it hurts, for I love her so!"

The soft hand stroked back the girl's hair again, as Miss Hunter replied—

"Has your trust been betrayed in any way, dear?"

"Oh no, not that. It is only that she made me think she loved me as I do her, and it is a mistake."

Just for a minute there was silence. Then Miss Hunter said very gently—

"I don't want you to think I am hard on you, Gertrude, but are you not thinking too much of the selfish side of love? Are you not thinking how much you can get, instead of how much you can give? It is so hard, harder than we know, to love really unselfishly, to give the best that is in us, without a thought of return. We have such human hearts, and they do crave to be loved back again; but I do believe, and some day think you will believe it too, that the highest sort of love is that which can give itself freely, without a thought of what it can get."

"But, Miss Hunter, must there not be any equality in friendship? May one not look for help from a person one cares about?"

"I fancy if you think over that, dear, you will find again that there is selfishness at the bottom of it. You are looking for what help you can get, whilst if you loved with the best sort of love, you would only be thinking what help you can give. Do you know these lines? Once, long ago, they helped me very much:

'What we love perfectly for its own sake
We love, and not our own; being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is asked to make,
That which is best for it is best for us.'

That is the view I think you will take yourself soon. 'That which is best for it is best for us.'"

"I wonder if I shall feel that in time? Just now everything seems to hurt, and it is so hard not to be bitter."

"Don't get bitter, whatever you do, child," and again the firm hand stroked back the soft hair. "Bitterness can do no one any good, and if you really love your friend, you will forgive whatever wrong she has done you. Who is it who says: 'If we love much we always forgive, for we ourselves are nothing, and what we love is all;' and 'It is only love that can keep from bitterness.' Love—love—love. I don't see how I can tell you anything better or safer than that."

"But then, you say I am to help her; but how can I help her, when you see she does not care very much about me, and isn't likely to come to me for help?"

"I have believed for a long time that by the mere fact of loving a person you help them. Of course you must not force your love and help upon your friend, but she will know that your love is there, and some day, my dear, she may need your help, and then will it not be worth while to have kept your love faithful and strong through everything? 'Pure love can't be wasted, it's an impossibility.' And I believe very strongly too, that when we love a person very much, our love, whether that person is conscious of it or not, influences him or her. The better and purer your life is, the better your influence will be. I recall some words to that effect, spoken of a woman's love for a man: 'The more pure and unselfish and trustful you become, the better you will be able to help him, even if you never see him again.' Surely those same words might equally apply to your love for another woman. And there is a still greater power in your love than either of those I have spoken about—

'The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;'

and the more you love anyone, the better will your prayers for them be. The strength of love makes the strength of prayer. Is it not to be something able to think that we are doing the very best thing we can do for the person we love—in praying for them?"

"You do put things so nicely, Miss Hunter. I seem to see it all in such a different light now. Only of course it won't be easy to work it out."

"No, it won't be easy. Love often brings us hard things to do; but to love with perfect unselfishness is the perfection of love. I can put my little sermon into very few words for you. 'Love and help.' When you feel inclined, as perhaps you will, to be bitter and recriminate, and ask for countless explanations, then think to yourself, 'Will what I am going to do help the person I love?' and if it will not help, then refrain from doing it, even if you feel as though it would bring some satisfaction to yourself. Try and make your love a helpful one. Is it not George Eliot who says—

'I will not count
On aught but being faithful; I will take
This yearning self of mine, and strangle it.'

Once when I was hurt, much as you are being hurt now, these words of George Macdonald haunted me—

'Love may be hurt; but shall not love be brave?'

'Do not be afraid of loving, if you only love deep enough.'

But am I sermonising too much?"

"No, oh no! You have helped me so much." Gertrude rose slowly from her place.

Miss Hunter laid her hands on the girl's shoulder.

"Well, my dear, I have given you a bit of my own experience, thinking that what helped me long ago, may help you now. I have never repented of loving with the full strength of my nature, even if I got little or no return. It is the giving, not the getting, that makes us happy. It is more blessed to give than to receive. And, oh! my dear," and the elder woman kissed the girl tenderly, "when you have lived as long as I have, I think you will find, as I do, that loving, just loving, whether you are loved or not, is an abiding joy. I think you will feel, as I do, that there are few words more great or beautiful than those two short ones that are yet so full of triumph—'*Amor vincit.*'"

VERA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

FLORENTINE.—Use pale copal picture varnish for the oil painting. It should be done in a small, well-warmed room, free from draughts and the movement of persons about it. You should cover the whole surface with a very thin coat of varnish, evenly laid on, and with a broad flat brush. Do not re-touch any part, but cover the whole surface at one sitting, and then give it time to dry before applying a second coat. Leave this also to dry before laying on a third—should it be necessary. Beware of making lines, which will be the case if you employ too much at a time. You had better practise on some worthless picture before attempting to work on one you value.

LEONORA S.—Embroidery paste is made by boiling some of the best flour, stirring it well all the time, and then pouring in a (diluted) lump of alum. Stir both well in, and when the paste is as thick as cream strain it through coarse muslin, and keep it in a wide-mouthed bottle.

PENSEZ A MOI.—The best way to trace upon plush or velvet is to use the carbonised linen, either white or coloured; the price is one shilling, and you can get it in Hanway Street. First trace the design on the ordinary tracing paper, then place the velvet on a sheet of glass, the carbonised linen above it, and upon that the design. Then take a blunt bone knitting-needle, and carefully follow every line, pressing the needle rather strongly down. This method is the only one that will prove efficient in marking rough materials.

LOVER OF ART.—The invention of oil painting is claimed for Jan Van Eyck (1410) by Van Mander; but Tatilo, a monk of the Convent of St. Gall, Switzerland, was one of the most celebrated painters, as well as gold-workers of his time, and published a "Treatise on Painting," giving directions for painting in oil, about the close of the ninth century, and this was about 500 years prior to the supposed discovery by Van Eyck. But of course you know that pictures have been discovered in Egypt, considerably more than 300 years old, preserved in all their brightness of colouring through the dryness of the atmosphere in that country. The earliest painted portrait of this description is that of Amasis, the King of Egypt, which was presented to the Greeks of Cyrene, 600 years before Christ. We have not space to enter further upon so wide a subject. You must study for yourself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEVONSHIRE ROSE.—There are several sorts of daphne, and you omit to mention of what description yours is. So we can only tell you to cut away from it all straggling branches; and if it be the evergreen daphne, to re-pot it, mixing plenty of sandy peat with the mould. If, on the contrary, it be deciduous, then re-pot it in pure loam.

H. S.—There is a good Reading Club at St. Leonards-on-Sea. Address Miss Gabb, secretary, Warrior Square, for the rules, enclosing a stamped envelope.

ETIQUETTE AND LOGAN.—The lady of the house should not accompany a gentleman visitor to the hall door. She should ring the bell, which will notify the termination of the visit to the servant, who will open the door. Men can go downstairs unattended; they wait on women, not women on men. At a dinner party the host goes down first, leading the lady of highest rank; or if there be no question of special precedence, the eldest lady present. The hostess must send out all her guests, according to rank or age, before her, the young people of the house following them. Last of all she follows herself, having retained the gentleman of highest position to escort her down, and to take his place at her right hand at table. Why do you not read our articles on "Etiquette," "Rules of Good Breeding," and especially "Dinners in Society"? Ladies do not leave cards at gentlemen's houses.

L. S. S.—Try the use of spirits of ammonia for restoring the coral. Place the latter in water sufficient to cover it, and add a dessertspoonful of the spirits to the water. Soak the coral for twelve hours, then remove it, and rub off the dirt with a linen rag. You should not put the ammoniated water in a painted vessel, as it will burn and take off both paint and varnish; and beware where you throw it away. There is no use in your adding anything to a particular preparation; but we should recommend your warming the varnish before using it.

S. E. M.—You are living the sort of life that your Heavenly Father has appointed for you, in taking your late mother's place and attending to your father and sisters. You say that God has helped you hitherto; be assured that He will continue to do so if you seek and trust in His aid and guidance. Do not feel anxious and worried, if trying steadfastly day by day to do your best; nothing more can be expected of you. Be of good courage. Do you know the hymn beginning—

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide"—

that "Guide" to whom you may commit yourself and your daily work and future well-being with the utmost confidence?

CASSY.—The man-servant or parlourmaid may enter the drawing or dining room without knocking, but not a boudoir; and not even the lady's-maid and housemaid may enter a bedroom or dressing-room without knocking.

CHIQUITA.—Your quotation, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand," etc., is from Tennyson's poem, "Break, break," etc. We have no space for the insertion of crochet patterns; and if we had, it would not be fair to other readers. In our earlier volumes we have given many, and you can procure little manuals at 6d. and even 2d. each.

A YOUNG "MARRIED LADY."—Those whose right it is to make the first call should follow it up by giving the first invitation to dinner, garden party, or evening reception. If not in a position to do as much, they should ask the husband to an "at home" in the afternoon, as an indication that they wish to improve the acquaintance.

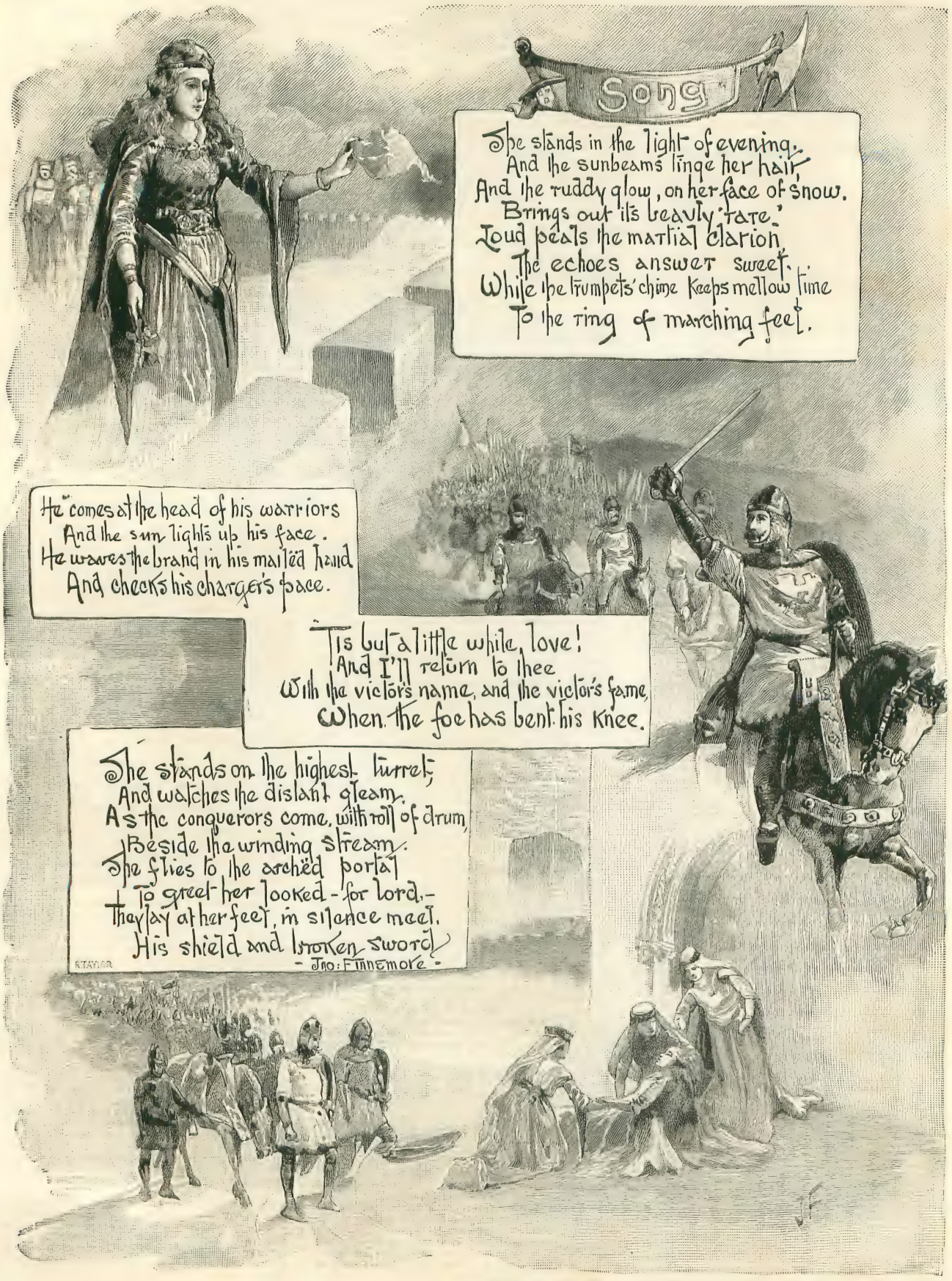
A. M.—There is no real difficulty in the question of salvation through faith in the death and merits of our Redeemer. Faith, regarded as a meritorious act, could not save you any more than your best works; it is only the means by which you lay hold on the merits of your Saviour, "His righteousness, which is unto all and upon all them that believe." "All our righteousness is as filthy rags;" and even the holy angels "are not clean in His sight." A finite being could not be infinite in any respect, and therefore could not be justified in His eyes. Thus you see that while "faith without works is dead," and only a living faith that "brings forth fruits meet for repentance" can be accepted of Him, you need not only sanctification in your heart and conduct, but that perfect righteousness of Christ, to be "imputed" to you, laid, as it were, to your account to cover you as the "wedding garment," and faith to ask for, accept, and trust wholly in it, to render you "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

MARIA.—Money is not "invested in Chancery"; it is "held in trust" by the Lord Chancellor for children under age, or in cases where the heirship or right to it is disputed. By stating the name of the deceased, and the month and year in which the will was proved, any person can obtain leave to read the copy of it in Somerset House, Strand. For every year through which the search is made (should you be uncertain as to the date) you pay a fee of one shilling.

A BRITISH LADY.—The undergraduates who wear gold tassels on their college caps at Oxford are either noblemen or their sons, belonging to Christ Church College. It is from the usage of thus distinguishing the nobility, the term "tuft-hunter" had its origin, being applied to those who obsequiously ingratiate themselves and run after those above them in rank, not from personal attraction and disinterested motives, but from the desire to be credited with associating with the aristocracy. Your verses are not "poetry." Surnames are made subservient to words rhyming with them; and they lack originality, not only in ideas, but in the mere rendering of worn-out ones. We regret that we have to be so plainspoken.

ONE UNUSED TO SOCIETY.—We object to a continual repetition of our answers. If our girls read the correspondence pages they would not be so unreasonable as to ask the same question twice—not to say a dozen times. When a gentleman enters the room no lady rises (in the best society), nor should he be thanked for opening the door. Of course there may be exceptions, as in that of your father, or any aged man, or a member of the Royal family. You should not take notice of a servant when waiting at table.

ANXIOUS TO WORK.—You can do service faithfully to your Divine Master *without leaving the threshold* of your home. This we have often tried to demonstrate to our girls. The work placed by Him just at your hands you cannot mistake, and all may be done "as unto the Lord, and not (merely) unto men."


Song
She stands in the light of evening,
And the sunbeams tinge her hair,
And the ruddy glow, on her face of snow,
Brings out its beauty rare.
Loud peals the martial clarion,
The echoes answer sweet,
While the trumpets' chime keeps mellow time
To the ring of marching feet.
He comes at the head of his warriors
And the sun lights up his face.
He waves the brand in his mailèd hand
And checks his charger's pace.
'Tis but a little while, love!
And I'll return to thee
With the victor's name, and the victor's fame,
When the foe has bent his knee.
She stands on the highest turret,
And watches the distant gleam,
As the conquerors come, with roll of drum,
Beside the winding stream.
She flies to the arched portal
To greet her looked-for lord,—
They lay at her feet, in silence meet,
His shield and broken sword.
— Jno: Finnemore —
R. TAYLOR

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THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA:

A SKETCH OF HER LIFE AND WORK.

BY THE COUNTESS A. VON BOTHMER.

THE Princess Marie Louise Augusta Catharine of Saxe-Weimar, born at Weimar on the 30th September, 1811, was the second daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, by his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna of Russia. She was the last link which connected the house of Hohenzollern with the days of its adversity and comparative obscurity. At the time of her birth, Germany was still groaning under the yoke of the first Napoleon, and it certainly could have never entered into her wildest girlish dreams that she could possibly one day be Empress of a united Germany. Her father, the Grand Duke, was one of the most cultured men of his day, and in consequence Weimar was, at that time, the centre of all that was refined and intellectual in Germany, and the resort of men of genius. It was no wonder that in such an atmosphere the young princess became a most talented woman, with strong literary and artistic tendencies. Amongst the earliest teachers of the princess and her sister Marie were Goethe and his friend, Karl August. Goethe took a great deal of interest in the development of their intellects, but his favourite was the Princess Augusta, of whom he said that her quickness in learning and comprehension, even as a child, of all that is noble and good, was perfectly wonderful. As she grew older, it was plainly seen that she had fully inherited her father's intellect and artistic tastes. She became a most accomplished musician and composer, and many of her compositions were very highly thought of. Those most known are a battle march, which is extremely popular in the Prussian Army; "The Masquerade," and an overture, besides numerous smaller pieces.

The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar was a most affectionate and careful mother, and herself superintended the education of her daughters, who she was anxious should receive perfect moral as well as intellectual training, to enable them to pass through life with honour to themselves and others.

It was a very happy life that the young princesses had in their home in Weimar, full of interest and enjoyment. Goethe and Herder, Wieland and Schiller, had all, in their time, helped to make Weimar celebrated, and the rich dowry which the Russian Princess brought with her enabled the Grand Duke to

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THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

make great improvements in his rather impoverished Court and town.

William von Humboldt, who visited Weimar when the Princess Augusta was in her sixteenth year, wrote the following about her to a friend:—

"The Princess Augusta has already left childhood behind her, and one can see plainly that her character is firm and reliable; her clear, penetrating spirit shines through her eyes, and her expression is most intelligent; if she does not become too tall she will be a most beautiful woman."

This expectation was fully realised, as can be seen by the paintings of her taken in the early days of her marriage.

The elder princess, Marie, married Prince Charles of Prussia, and not very long afterwards on the 11th of February, 1829, Princess Augusta became engaged to Prince William, the second son of Frederick William III. of Prussia, and they were married the following 11th of June.

It was in many ways a very sad marriage for the young princess, for her husband's heart was not hers, and although he treated her always with never-failing kindness and respect, she must have had many lonely and sorrowful hours, especially in the first part of her married life.

Their union was entirely one of dynastic interest, for, until it was seen that the Crown Prince was unlikely to leave issue, Prince William had expressed his determination to remain single.

At last, when it was evidently a necessity that he should marry, he gave a reluctant consent, and his betrothal to the Princess Augusta was shortly afterwards announced. He had been deeply in love with his cousin, the beautiful Princess Elise Radizwill, and for a long time he had hoped that the permission for their marriage might be given, but to his lasting sorrow it was, for State reasons, withheld, the Princess Elise not being thought of sufficiently high birth to become the bride of the future heir to the throne.

READING THE NEWS OF THE EMPRESS'S DEATH.

It was a great change for the Princess William to come from Weimar, so famous for its intellectual life, to the somewhat humdrum Court of Berlin, where military matters were the chief subject of conversation. Her husband, although good and estimable in every way, was so thoroughly in heart and soul a soldier, that he had neither time nor inclination to interest himself in other matters, and so the young wife was obliged to live her intellectual life alone. She strove, however, to interest all around her in art, and to raise their ideal.

During her whole life she retained a great affection and sympathy for the home of her childhood, and for the liberal policy of her father. It was this which in later years caused Bismarck to fear her influence with her husband, and which led to their partial separation for a time.

Although she never willingly interfered in political matters, still a clever woman's influence is always more or less insensibly felt, even in Germany, where a woman's intellect and opinion are thought less of than in England. Baron von Sternberg, who visited Berlin in the early years of her marriage, said that the Princess appeared to him and to others as the brightest and most intelligent spirit in the otherwise dull Court of Frederick William III.

The birth of a son to the Prince and Princess William was a source of great happiness to them and of satisfaction to the nation; he was named Frederick William, and was born on the 18th of October, 1829; seven years later a daughter gladdened her mother's heart; the child received the name of Louise in remembrance of her grandmother, and is now the Grand Duchess of Baden.

After the accession of Frederick William IV. to the throne, the Princess William, who had very little in common with her brother-in-law, remained almost entirely at home with her children, and devoted herself to their education, and that her teaching has brought forth good fruit, has been clearly proved by the noble, unselfish lives of her son and daughter.

The Emperor Frederick had always great sympathy with his mother, and it was from her that he first learnt those broad, enlightened views which, had he been spared, would have brought so much good to Germany and all Europe; and there has also always been a close companionship and affection between the Grand Duchess of Baden and her mother during their whole lives.

The year 1848 was a time of great trouble for the Prince and Princess William. All Prussia, and especially Berlin, was in a state of revolt, and the chief fury of the populace was directed against Prince William, who, on account of his political opinions, had become exceedingly unpopular. It was at last thought necessary, for the sake of public peace, that he should leave the country. He accordingly went, very unwillingly, at the King's command, to England, where he was most kindly received by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. It was by his consistent holding to these same unpopular opinions during his whole life, without wavering through bad and good report, that he ultimately earned the respect of his people, and afterwards their affection.

Looking at him when he was King of Prussia, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, one of the most popular monarchs who ever lived, it is difficult to realise that, as Prince of Prussia and heir-apparent to the throne, he was compelled, on account of his unpopularity, to leave his country.

The Princess William, at the time of the riots, rendered a great service to Prussia. Prince William had some valuable State papers in his possession, which, had they fallen into the hands of the mob, might have done untold mischief. Princess William dared not trust them to anyone, and therefore dressed herself in the uniform of an officer of artillery, and so attired conveyed them to the King's palace. Fortunately the people soon became quieter, although for some time it was uncertain how things would end.

During her husband's absence the Princess William remained at Potsdam, and on his happy return on the 4th June she went with her son and daughter to meet him at Magdeburg. During all these years of her married life the Princess had been indefatigable in working for the good of her people. She did all in her power to encourage genius of every kind, and anyone who had done good work could obtain a free entrance to her presence. She never cared whether people belonged to the nobility or possessed riches, but only considered their intellectual and moral qualities, and to this end she held receptions every Thursday, at which lectures and readings by celebrated men were very often given.

In every way she endeavoured to raise the tone of the Court of Berlin, and she has certainly done more for the intellectual good of her people than any other princess of her time in Germany. On the 20th of September, 1856, the Princess Louise was married to the Grand Duke of Baden, and the following year, on the 9th of July, the Princess William held her first grandson in her arms.

In the year 1858 the marriage of her beloved son with the Princess Royal of England took place, a marriage which gave her and Prince William great satisfaction; and a year later, on the 27th of January, 1859, the present Kaiser was born.

In the year 1858 King Frederick William IV. became so ill mentally that Prince William was proclaimed Prince Regent, and in 1861 he succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother, and by this turn of circumstances a wider field was now open to Queen Augusta, who made a noble use of her influence, especially during the years 1864, '66, and '70, times of great anxiety to the Queen and her husband.

After the war of 1864, she saw that some new method of procuring nurses for the sick and wounded was very necessary in Germany, and she therefore used all her influence to form societies or guilds for the voluntary attendance on the sick. She at first met with considerable opposition, but with the King's help, who stood firmly by her, she at last attained her end, and before the war of 1866 broke out, the societies were in working order.

These guilds were formed under the Red Cross standard all over Prussia, the central organisation being at Berlin, and had for their common object the care of the sick and wounded in public hospitals and private

dwellings, the relief of families of absent soldiers, and the support of the widows and orphans.

The Empress saw clearly the necessity of placing these institutions on a firm and lasting foundation, so as to serve in times of peace as well as in war, during epidemics, calamities, inundations, or famines.

The badge of the order is a red cross on a white ground, with the motto "*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*," or, "In essential things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in everything charity"; and these societies have proved a great blessing to Germany, and have increased immensely, so that in 1881 they numbered five hundred branch societies and fifty thousand members.

King William appointed the Queen patroness of the Guild, and at the same time instituted the Louisen Order, and made Count Eberhard von Stolberg Military Inspector of the hospitals, with voluntary attendants. During the war with Austria, and the epidemic of cholera which followed, the good results of these institutions were seen, and many poor sick and wounded men blessed the name of Queen Augusta; and again, later on, in the war with France in 1870, the Queen, helped by her daughter-in-law, undertook to superintend the sending out of nurses to the battle-fields. Her efforts on the part of humanity were crowned by the triumphant ending of this war, and the unanimous proclamation of her husband as German Emperor by the Princes of Germany.

When the Queen married Prince William, Prussia was not more than a third-rate power, the youngest kingdom in Germany; and now it had become the first military power in Europe, and its King ruler of a mighty empire, and all this owing to the consistent policy of her husband, and to the wisdom of his great ministers.

The following years were spent quietly and peacefully by the Empress Augusta, until 1878, when the Emperor's life was attempted. This gave her a great shock, and she at once went with her daughter to Berlin, and nursed him until he recovered his health.

In the year 1887, the anxiety about the Crown Prince's health became very grave. The Empress Augusta, who had for some years suffered from an incurable disease, was very much upset by this; she had for a long time been obliged to live the life of a semi-invalid, and had passed her time at Berlin, Coblenz, and numerous German watering-places, Baden-Baden being an especially favourite resort of hers.

It was often reported in Germany that she wished to join the Church of Rome, but this was quite untrue, and the only thing which gave colour to it was, that as she spent a great deal of her time at Coblenz, and was considered a patroness of the Rhine provinces, she thought it only right to select some of her personal attendants from those districts where the Church of Rome is much more popular than in any other part of Prussia, which fact proves that although deeply religious, she was by no means a bigot.

The Empress's life was strictly regulated almost to monotony. When in Berlin she drove out every day for an hour, generally to the Bellevue Castle, and walked for a short time in the enclosed part of the park, which is laid out as a garden.

On her return she received people of rank and representatives of charitable institutions, and in the evening only had a few people with her, when there was either reading or music; at nine she invariably went to bed.

She had always very rigid ideas about etiquette, even concerning her son's children, and the following remark is recorded as having been made by one of the Emperor Frederick's daughters: "Grandmamma Victoria embraces us, but Grandmamma Augusta only allows us to kiss her hand."

This strict formality prevented her being so thoroughly understood by the people as might otherwise have been the case, but she was nevertheless very much beloved by all her personal attendants, and by those whom she knew intimately, as her manner was very kindly, and her habits of the most simple nature.

The year 1888 brought deep sorrow to her and to the whole German nation; the loss of her husband and son in rapid succession was overwhelming, and for some time it was thought she would sink under these terrible blows, but in spite of all she lived on and endeavoured, by works of charity, to obtain relief from her deep grief.

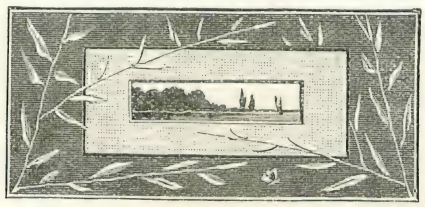
It is curious to note that she had constantly said that she would die in January, 1890; and remarked to one of her attendants, shortly before her last illness, "January always brings trouble to monarchies," and she was most uneasy during the slight illness of the Emperor's children. It was when she first became ill that she said to one of her ladies-in-waiting: "Did I not tell you so?—we are now in the month of January." That illness, which had already proved fatal to so many valuable lives, the influenza, seized her in the first week of January, and on Tuesday, the 7th, all hope was given up.

In the afternoon, at 4.29, she passed away unconsciously, her daughter's hand in hers, while the Emperor and Empress, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen stood around her bed; the Empress Frederick and her daughters had not time to reach Berlin before the end.

The funeral took place the following Saturday, and she was laid in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, by her husband's side, where a suitable monument will be erected to her memory. By her will she left one million marks, or £50,000, to charitable institutions; five million marks to the Grand Duchess of Baden; and to her grandson, Prince Henry of Prussia, a large sum; and her palace at Berlin and the Castle at Babelsberg go to the present Emperor. She has also left legacies to her attendants.

Her fortune was valued at twelve million marks, of which no less than one million was left towards charitable works. Two institutions will always bless her name—the Augusta establishment at Charlottenburg, where the daughters of officers killed on the field of battle receive a good education free of charge, and the Augusta Hospital in Berlin.

She has left a noble record behind her of good deeds accomplished and duties fulfilled, and as one of the German newspapers said, "She will always be thought of with love and thankfulness, for she gave her people 'Unser Fritz.'"



THE THREE MARYS.

"There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His mother and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalen."—St. John.

LORD, when I see the Marys there,
O give me grace their woes to share;
For sins which aye to Thee are bare,
May *I* be crucified! *

Be crucified upon the tree—
The only cross Thou givest me—
Past wilful ways and deeds to see,
May I be crucified!

Lord, let my agonies abound;
Let pierced heart and mind thorn-crowned
Lead on to peace and love profound
Until I rest in Thee!—

Until my Easter morn arise,
When with my namesakes in the skies
I share in heaven th' eternal joys
Thou hast prepared for me!

MARY W.

* "I am crucified with Christ."—St. Paul.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

A STORY OF LONDON BOARDING-SCHOOL LIFE.

By Mrs. R. H. READE, Author of "Dora," "Silver Mill," "Puck's Hall," etc.

"I WOULDN'T endure it if I were you, Grace."

"If you were me you would have to endure it," Grace replied.

Grace Halliday was a tall slender girl of about fifteen, with a clear, well-cut face, pale and thoughtful. There was a quivering about the sensitive lips now, and the soft hazel eyes were filled with tears as she stood talking to her friend in the comfortless little room she called her own.

Both girls were pupils at a fashionable boarding-school in the West-end of London, where the higher education was afforded; its circular recorded the names of former pupils who had graduated at Oxford and Cambridge.

"I can't see why Madam should stop you from competing," went on the younger girl, indignantly. "Unless, indeed, she wants Selina Dixon to get the prize."

"That may be one reason, no doubt, Elsie; but the chief one is, that I am not a profitable pupil," and she gave a little hysterical laugh. "You know my dear mother is a widow, and she has made a great effort to give me an education, so that I may be able to make my living by keeping a school like this, after I take my degree. But mine shall not be like this; it shall be much better." Her face flushed and she wiped her eyes. "It shall, for I could never be mean enough to show favour to a girl simply because her father happened to be a baronet, and influential." Her soft eyes brightened as she went on: "I would do my best to help a good, honest, clever girl, I——" She paused suddenly, and burst into a laugh. "Can't you see, Elsie, I am illogical? A governess ought to be quite impartial; I blame Madam, and yet I would imitate her."

Elsie shook her head; she failed to see the point, and she said, simply—

"You are very clever, Grace, but I think a governess ought to help a girl like you, who has no rich papa, and who is working away bravely."

"I suppose Madam thinks she helps me sufficiently, Elsie; you see I have the benefit of the classical and mathematical masters, and only pay the ordinary fee."

"Yes, but don't you give the young ones music lessons?" put in Elsie; "she takes it out of you twice over."

"It was an arrangement; mamma very gladly accepted the terms, and I oughtn't to complain. Only I did think it rather hard, when the English master told me I should certainly take the prize, that I might not be allowed to compete. But let us say no more about it, Elsie; only thank you, dear, for your kind sympathy." And Grace kissed her champion warmly. "Now run away and brush your hair; the dinner bell rings in a few minutes."

But after Elsie had gone, Grace was not to be left in peace, for very soon a girl with a round, rosy face and reddish hair stepped in without the ceremony of a knock, and closed the door behind her. She looked extremely amiable, and her lips wore a perennial smile.

"So you're not to compete for the prize in English literature, Grace?" she said.

"And if I am not, pray what does it matter to you?" asked Grace, in an irritated tone. She was not prepared to discuss her misfortune with anyone except her true friend Elsie.

"It matters a lot to me," replied the girl, with her unchanging smile. "My pa's rich, as you know, and I've never won a prize; they'd be so proud at home."

"But what in the world has that to do with me, Maria?" asked Grace, fastening up her hair, and turning to look at the girl in sheer astonishment.

"Well, it has this to do with you. You know Selina Dixon hates you because you're cleverer than she is, and we all know you would take the prize if you went in for it, and it's real mean of governess to hinder you, and Selina—no, I mean it would be fine to disappoint Selina, wouldn't it, now?" she asked, coming over to Grace and speaking coaxingly. "You know she called you all sorts of names, and says that old cashmere gown you wear has belonged to your great-grandmother, and that no poor girls like you ought to be admitted to a ladies' college."

The blood leaped to Grace's pale cheeks, and a dangerous light gleamed in her eyes, as she asked, fiercely—

"Do you want to insult me when you come to tell me all this?"

"No, no; pray don't get angry, Grace. Of course no one minds what the spiteful thing says. I only tell you that you may do what I want you to do, and that is, give me your essay; I'll copy it out before the competition, and pass it for my own. No one has seen it. The prize is nothing to me. You can have the two guineas, just as if you competed, and I can have the certificate and the honour; and think what a sell it will be for Selina!"

Maria had a trick of degenerating into slang when much excited, and she was excited now.

"But it would be cheating," said Grace, after a pause. Her first impulse had been to refuse indignantly; but she hesitated, and was lost.

How much falsehood and dishonour is poverty answerable for! The two guineas would purchase a new gown, which she sadly needed, no one should be the wiser, and she would disappoint the girl who had openly and covertly insulted her. It would be a sweet revenge. She knew that Maria was of very indifferent character in the school, and she also knew that this very girl was known as the willing slave and flatterer of Selina Dixon; but a worm will turn. Still she hesitated.

"If there's any cheating," went on Maria, seeing her hesitation, "I do that part of it, not you; and I can't see that it would be cheating at all. The essay no doubt deserves a prize, and is sure to get it. You wrote the essay, you get the prize; I am only the humble instrument."

"How do you know but that your own might be successful?" suggested Grace.

"I know well enough, because I haven't written a line of mine, and we all know what you can do in the form. Aren't you so far ahead of us all that Madam gave that as an excuse for turning you out? 'No chance for the others,' she said to one who told me."

"But it might be suspected," said Grace, putting forward her very weakest plea.

"It can't; who's to know? I'll copy it this afternoon."

The clang of the dinner-bell interrupted them.

"Give it to me now, there's a dear," insisted Maria, seeing her advantage.

Grace pulled open a drawer, and handed Maria a roll of manuscript.

"Thank you, thank you," said Maria, as she hastily pushed the roll into her capacious pocket, and darted out of the room.

Grace followed her slowly with an uneasy feeling at her heart. For the first time in her life she had been deliberately guilty of an action which her conscience protested against.

Somehow during that afternoon everything seemed to go wrong; her little music pupils were more tiresome and stupid; her own lessons for her masters were done in half-hearted fashion. Her conscience whispered, and would not be stifled. Several times she was on the point of demanding her essay back again, but as often she put aside the impulse with the specious arguments: What would Maria think of me? What is done cannot be undone. And so that miserable afternoon drifted on, while Grace discovered by experience the truth of the words, "The way of transgressors is hard."

When she found herself alone in her room that night, instead of retiring to rest, Grace sat down to reflect, and after about twenty minutes of this exercise she started to her feet, exclaiming—

"It is mean and unworthy; what would mother think? I can't be such a hypocrite as to say my prayers, and I won't either, after doing wrong, just for petty revenge and for money."

She opened her bedroom door, looked out, and, finding the coast clear, she descended the stairs with a light, rapid step, stopped opposite a door in the corridor below, turned the handle, and entered. Two girls occupied this room, one of them Maria Clifton. Already they were both in their beds and asleep. Grace shook Maria, and spoke to her quietly. The girl started up with a frightened face, looking paler than its wont in the moonlight.

"What is it; what do you want, Selina?" Then suddenly recognising Grace, she went on—"Oh, it is only you!"

"Where have you put the essay I gave you to-day?" asked Grace.

"I—I haven't copied it yet," she replied, stifling a yawn. "I've only done half of it; I'll finish it to-morrow, time enough. They're to be given in to-morrow afternoon you know."

"I know; but I must have it back," insisted Grace. "I am sorry I gave it to you; it is not honest on your part, nor on mine."

"Oh, never mind the honesty; I don't."

"But I do," went on Grace, steadily. "I gave it to you for money and for revenge; I couldn't sleep to-night with the sin and shame of it upon me. I must have it, I tell you."

"Pray, don't be so fierce!" said Maria, with another yawn, to gain time. "You'll

wake her," glancing at the other bed. "It's downstairs in the class-room in my own desk. If anyone finds you about, I hope you won't get me into trouble."

"No, I certainly will not, Maria; I thought you might have it here."

"Well, you see I haven't; and now that you have done your best to get it back, the fault will lie with me, and not with you."

Grace would not accept this sophistry; she feared her own weakness, and determined to temporise no longer with conscience, so, returning to her room, she procured a candle and matches, and swiftly descending the stairs, she reached the door of the class-room and entered.

Meantime Maria slipped out of bed and turned the key in the door, as she said to herself—

"She shan't come in to frighten me again; what a fuss about nothing! She won't find it in my desk, at all events; I hope Selina has got it in her room."

Then after a great upheaval of the bed clothes, so as to tuck them in comfortably, Maria yawned again, and in a few minutes was asleep.

Never doubting Maria's word, Grace lit the candle when she entered the class-room, and proceeded to examine the desk which she believed belonged to her, but no manuscript was to be found. She stood for an instant puzzled, then remembering that since the arrival of some new pupils changes had been made, she began to search carefully in desk after desk. Some were locked, but the keys were in them.

At length she found her essay, and beside it a very fair copy of about five pages; she ran her eye over this to make certain that it was a copy, then she put it with her own essay in the grate, and set the pile alight. It should offer no more temptation to her, or anyone else. A little qualm of pity for Maria crossed her mind for the moment, but as rapidly passed when she recalled how regardless of place or prize the girl had always been formerly.

So much was Grace engrossed by her search and its conclusion that she failed to observe the class-room door pushed slightly open, and an anxious, horrified face thrust half in. When the papers were quite consumed the watcher withdrew, closing the door softly.

Grace extinguished her candle and left the class-room, gaining her own room, as she supposed, unobserved.

On the following morning Grace had no opportunity of speaking with Maria, had she wished it, being engaged with her classical master. In the afternoon she gave the usual music lessons to her pupils, and as she was almost concluding, a maid came with a message; Madam wished to see her in the class-room as soon as she had finished.

Grace was aware that at this hour the girls would assemble to give up their prize essays. It just crossed her mind that it was odd she should be sent for.

In the class-room she found the fifth-form girls assembled, as she expected, and at the upper end of the room the English master and Madam sat conversing earnestly together. As Grace took her seat she had no premonition of the storm which was about to burst upon her; in fact, her spirits had been lighter that morning than usual.

After a few minutes had passed, Madam looked up and said, as if she had just observed her—

"Grace Halliday, come forward to the table; I have something to say to you."

Grace obeyed, as unconscious of the curious looks on the faces of the girls as of the pitying expression on the face of the English master.

"This morning," went on Madam, in a chilling tone, "I learned from Selina Dixon that the essay she has been conscientiously preparing for the past week has disappeared. Someone must have taken it from her desk, we conclude, for after searching in every probable place it cannot be found. Now I ask you, Grace Halliday, in the presence of your form and on your honour, if you know anything of it, or if you have maliciously destroyed it? Stop," she said, seeing Grace about to speak, "stop and consider, before you utter a falsehood. More is known about the matter than you imagine."

During this speech a rapid look passed between Selina Dixon and Maria Clifton. Indeed, the latter half rose from her seat, and sank down again without attracting observation.

Grace spoke clearly and fearlessly—

"I know nothing of the essay, Madam. I would not maliciously destroy anyone's work."

"If I had not seen it with my own eyes, I might be deceived by her," said Madam, in a low tone to the professor. Then aloud: "It is a pity you should add falsehood to your other crime. For your mother's sake I am sorry; but as I have proof positive of your guilt, I can only do an act of justice by expelling you publicly from this college, and I trust you may take up some other calling for a living. Your morals certainly render you unfit to be an instructor of youth."

While the governess spoke, every word seemed to burn itself into Grace's brain; her head swam, she turned pale and trembled like a guilty thing, made an attempt to speak, and then burst into tears.

"You may go to your room and prepare to depart the first thing in the morning; I will write and explain the cause to your mother," said Madam.

Grace waited for no second bidding; she stifled her sobs, and left the class-room.

There was an awful silence after she had gone; the girls looked at each other awe-stricken, and not a few had tears in their eyes, for Grace was a favourite with many. Madam cleared her throat, and spoke.

"I may tell you, young ladies, that I have not condemned Grace Halliday without good cause; I, with my own eyes, saw her burn the essay at about eleven o'clock last night."

A murmur of astonishment went up from the girls, but Maria Clifton's red face grew redder than ever, her smile widened into a half hysterical laugh, and she attempted to speak; but Selina Dixon held her arm firmly.

"Take care," she whispered, and Maria sat silent, but trembling with excitement.

Then the business of the form was resumed as if nothing particular had happened.

In her own room Grace knelt by the bedside, sobbing convulsively; her mother's pale, patient face rose before her, and almost maddened her. The heavens were brass; she could turn nowhere for help to clear herself of the terrible charge. A faint tap came upon her door, and her friend Elsie entered. She had already heard all about it, and came to say she didn't believe it—wouldn't believe it if an angel told her. Somehow the girl's faith helped the wretched Grace to dry her tears, and she set about mechanically packing up her simple wardrobe, for her dry, burning eyes saw nothing but a haze of darkness before them.

About two hours later a gentleman called to see Madam, and after she had read his letter of introduction, she said—

"I find by this that you are a friend of the late Captain Halliday."

"Yes, Madam," he replied. "Or rather he was my friend, and a few days ago I called upon his widow to find how I could best repay the debt of gratitude I owe him. After some little difficulty I discovered that his daughter Grace wishes to take a degree. Oddly enough, my only daughter is bent upon the same object; they can go to the university together as sisters; I will bear the expense for both; that is, if you can assure me Grace Halliday is everything she ought to be—ladylike, amiable, and, above all, a truthful and honourable girl."

"I am very sorry to say that I could not advise you to take Grace Halliday as a companion for your daughter," said Madam, stiffly. "She is both viciously revengeful and untruthful. Without a blush she ——"

Here the door was flung violently open, and Maria Clifton, her face nearly purple with excitement, burst into the room, and taking no notice of the stranger she at once addressed Madam.

"I—I—couldn't stand it any longer; you may expel me if you like, and I don't care what Selina says; you must hear the right way of it!"

"What do you mean, miss, by this unseemly intrusion?" asked Madam, rising from her chair in wrath.

"I daren't wait, or Selina would have hindered me," went on Maria, breathlessly. "That paper Grace burned was her own essay. I begged it from her for Selina, because Selina promised to have me at her birthday party if I got it; and—and Grace was sorry she gave it to me, and came to my bedroom for it last night, and I told her it was in my desk, to put her off; but she went down and found it in Selina's desk, and burnt it. You see, I tempted her to give it to me, because you wouldn't let her compete, and we all knew her essay would take the prize, and—and Selina wanted to copy it, and pass it for her own, without Grace knowing——"

"Stay, stay! you run on too fast," said Madam, looking perplexed; "I scarcely understand you."

"It seems to me, Madam, that you have been somehow misjudging Grace Halliday," said the stranger. "If she at all resembles her father, she could scarcely deserve the character you gave her before this young lady came in."

"I should be very sorry to wrong her," said Madam, stiffly, as she proceeded to cross-examine Maria. Next Grace herself was summoned.

"Don't be frightened for me, Grace; I have told all," put in Maria, as the girl entered.

Thus at liberty, Grace replied honestly to the questions which the governess put to her, and after introducing Grace to her father's friend, Madam summoned the fifth-form girls, explained the circumstances, apologised handsomely to Grace, forgave Maria, whom she called a catspaw, and dismissed Selina to solitary confinement and her own thoughts. There was a great clapping of hands and a hum of applause. Then the girls pressed round Grace with congratulations.

In due course Grace graduated with honours at Cambridge. I have the outlines of this tale from herself, and shall conclude with her own words:

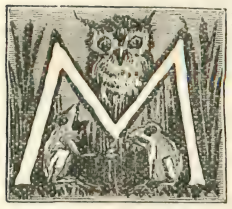
"I should like other girls to know how very nearly that one dishonourable action of mine went to ruining my whole life. I had always acted honourably, because I had no temptation. My punishment was short, but very sharp, and I hope it may serve as a warning to others."

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A LECTURE ON POETRY.



ISS LORRAINE succeeded in creating an interest in the literature lectures, and carried out her project with little difficulty, though not without encountering opposition. There were various individuals who, like Guy Lorraine, could not see what good the lectures were to do. Some of the elders declared that there were excitements enough for the young people as it was. If they wanted to improve their minds, why could they not read quietly at home instead of gadding out to lectures at the Town Hall? And the mention of Shakespeare in connection with the lectures alarmed these good people. Study Shakespeare, indeed! What could that foster but a love of play-acting and theatre-going?

Happily Miss Lorraine was not wanting in tact. She persuaded the friends who had formed themselves into a committee that Shakespeare must stand aside for the present. They must not begin by riding rough-shod over people's prejudices. No one could object to a course of lectures on Wordsworth and the poets of the Lake School. Let them begin with Wordsworth, and trust that in time the minds of certain persons at Woodham would become enlightened with respect to the value of Shakespeare as a teacher of truth.

Her advice was followed, and by the beginning of October every available wall or hoarding about Woodham bore posters announcing the course of lectures on literature to be given at the Town Hall, on Thursday evenings, by John Glynne, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. The novelty of the idea caused considerable excitement in the little town. Everyone talked about the lectures, and the tickets were sold with a rapidity that surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the projectors of the scheme.

The first lecture proved a grand success. The Town Hall was full. Every person of importance at Woodham seemed to be there. Conspicuous in the front rank of seats, reserved for the committee, sat Miss Lorraine, her eyes sparkling with excitement, her whole face radiating satisfaction, as, with head turned towards the door, she watched the people pressing in, and welcomed her friends with nods and smiles. Not far from her sat Aldyth, between Kitty and Hilda Bland. Aldyth's satisfaction was more quietly evinced; but her face was bright with subdued pleasure. She rather shrank from the eager whispers in which Kitty, whose head was turning in all directions, made her observations on everyone who appeared.

To the no small astonishment of his cousin, Guy Lorraine was present, seated at the other side of Hilda, on whom he was bestowing a good deal of attention. Miss Lorraine had given her little musical party a fortnight earlier, and Guy had made Mr. Glynne's acquaintance. But the new tutor did not seem to have made a more favourable impression on him on that occasion than at first sight. Guy continued to find much to ridicule in him. Perhaps the interest which Aldyth and her friends manifested in Mr. Glynne, and their enthusiasm about the lectures, kindled in Guy some unconscious jealousy.

The lecturer had stepped on to the low platform; he had placed his manuscript on the reading desk, and was about to begin his lecture, when the arrival of a late-comer created such a stir in the audience as obliged him to wait for a few moments. A young lady, dressed in the most extreme style of fashionable attire, came sweeping down the room. She would have been pretty but for the elaborate "get up" by which she endeavoured to attract attention to herself. The mass of light, frizzy hair which shaded her eyes completely concealed any intellectual attraction her countenance might possess, and the pearl powder lavishly applied to it reduced her complexion to an unnatural deadness of hue, and rendered invisible the quick changes of colour, the subtle play of expression on which the charm of a woman's face largely depends.

But however others might criticise her, Miss Clara Dawtrey seemed fully satisfied with the result of the pains devoted to her toilet. It gave her pleasure to feel that all eyes were fixed on her as she passed down the room, pushing her way to the front, though it was obvious that there were no vacant seats in that direction. When at last she halted, with a dramatic air of dismay, within a few paces of the lecturer, a gentleman rose to give her his chair, and after a faint protest she dropped languidly into it. The lecturer, who had been somewhat anxiously watching the movements of the young lady, cleared his brow and began to address the audience.

"Well," whispered Kitty, in Aldyth's ear, "I do hope Clara Dawtrey is satisfied with the sensation she has created. The idea of her coming to literature lectures!"

But Aldyth's eyes were on Mr. Glynne, and she was too anxious to lose no word to pay much heed to Kitty.

John Glynne was a good speaker. He had a full, deep, musical voice. He began his lecture in a calm, quiet manner, which was nevertheless impressive; but as he went on he soon began to display the fire and energy of one who was keenly interested in the subject with which he had to deal. He was a young man, and might be expected to display some timidity in addressing a strange audience; but his manner was singularly fearless and unaffected. He appeared too much in earnest to be troubled with self-consciousness. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, no matter what the subject, and that one lecture was, to Aldyth Lorraine, at least, a revelation of the man. It showed her that John Glynne was a religious man—religious in the highest and deepest meaning of the term—a large-hearted man, to whom all life was dear, one who could enjoy much, but one ever actuated by a strong, inflexible sense of duty.

The first lecture was introductory, dealing with the general character of the poetry of the age preceding the era of Wordsworth and Coleridge. There were a few earnest words concerning poetry, which stirred Aldyth's heart with delight.

"I will not attempt a definition of poetry," the lecturer said. "All definitions are alike inadequate; the subtle essence which makes the preciousness of poetry seems to escape us when we try to define it. But let it be said, once for all, that that cannot be poetry which is artificial in its nature, stilted, and affected. True poetry has an intimate relation to human life. It appeals to every heart of man, to the wayfarer as well as to the scholar; it touches the simplest details of homely life; it illumines the joys and sorrows which are the heritage of our common humanity. What would our life be worth if there were no poetry in it?

"Yet, even now, there are those who regard the poets as dreamers, and depreciate their value in comparison with that of the so-called 'men of action.' Dreamers! Yea, verily; but their visions uplift and strengthen us, and make our life more beautiful because more true. 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on.' We 'live in dreams'; and who shall say how much the great heroes of history and men of action in all ages have owed to the 'vision glorious' by which their poets stimulated them to noblest endeavour! Poetry is the highest possible expression of truth, and the true poet is the seer, the inspirer, the teacher of men. Let no one fear that the study of poetry will unfit men for practical life; it should rather make life more real and earnest, as it reveals the grand and the awful possibilities that lie before every soul of man."

Aldyth listened with joy to these words. Was the lecturer conscious of the soft liquid glow in the grey eyes fixed so earnestly on him? Did he see how absolutely beautiful Aldyth's countenance became as it caught and reflected his thought? Yes, for now and again his eyes met the full flash of glad intelligence that leaped into Aldyth's, and he spoke the better for knowing that he had one perfect listener.

The lecture over, the stir and bustle of departure arose in the hall. Everybody was discussing the lecture, and the general feeling seemed one of satisfaction. Guy Lorraine indeed yawned and stretched himself, and professed to be glad that the lecture was ended, thereby exciting the indignation of Hilda Bland, whose reproofs he seemed to enjoy.

"I am glad you were pleased," he said, "but for my part I found it dull."

"Dull! I cannot believe you," said Hilda. "It was the greatest intellectual treat I have had for a long time."

"Well, I do not profess to be intellectual," replied Guy, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking as if he prided himself on the fact. "I suppose you are going to write the essay for Mr. Glynne."

"I shall try, certainly," said Hilda, "and I hope Aldyth will. I cannot answer for Kitty."

"I should think you might," said Kitty, overhearing her words. "*I* write an essay on the 'Character of Eighteenth Century Poetry!' I should pity Mr. Glynne if he had to read it. No, I am like you, Guy. I go in for what is practical. I am not a bookworm, like Hilda and Aldyth."

"Kitty, how *can* you talk like that after what you have heard to-night?" cried Hilda, in a tone of disgust.

But Kitty only laughed, and said that though she had enjoyed the lecture, she was not prepared to give her days and nights to the study of poetry for the sake of Mr. Glynne or anyone else. Clara Dawtrey was professing herself delighted with the lecture in loud tones, intended to reach the ear of the lecturer. But she saw to her annoyance that he was paying no attention to her. He had stepped from the platform and, having shaken hands with Miss Lorraine and received her congratulations, he was leaning across a bench to talk to her niece. Aldyth's face still wore the glow of excitement. She was looking her best at that moment, when her face was radiant with spiritual light. Clara saw the beauty, and it vexed her. She could have given no good reason for disliking Aldyth, but dislike her she did. Perhaps she was dimly conscious of the contrast that Aldyth in her simplicity and refinement presented to herself. Perhaps it was because Aldyth belonged to a different set—for the society of Woodham, like that of most little country towns, was composed of several cliques—and she suspected her of looking down upon herself. But she had no cause to think so of Aldyth. Kitty and Hilda Bland had not always been careful to veil their scorn of Clara Dawtrey's vulgarity and fastness; but Aldyth invariably treated the girl with faultless though distant courtesy.

It annoyed Clara that Mr. Glynne should stand talking to Aldyth for some minutes.

"It is easy to see that Miss Aldyth Lorraine means to be Mr. Glynne's pet pupil," she observed to a young man with whom she was talking. "I write papers? No, thank you. I have no wish to compete with Miss Aldyth Lorraine."

Mr. Greenwood had invited Mr. Glynne to sup at his house after the lecture—suppers, and not late dinners, were the fashion at Woodham. Mrs. Greenwood, who had no daughter, was pressing Miss Lorraine to come with Aldyth and make the supper more cheerful. Miss Lorraine yielded to her persuasions, so Clara Dawtrey, lingering about the hall to the last, had the chagrin of seeing Aldyth walk down the High Street to the banker's house accompanied by John Glynne, who sheltered her with his umbrella from the slight shower that was falling.

"Mr. Glynne," said Aldyth, as they walked together, "I am so glad you said what you did about poetry to-night. So many persons have the idea that poetry renders us dreamy and unpractical. Even my aunt, though, as you know, she is no enemy to culture, talks in that way sometimes. And Mrs. Bland vexes Hilda by trying to check her love of poetry; she seems to think it makes her sentimental and idle. And really Hilda is rather——"

Aldyth broke off suddenly. Loyalty to her friend seemed to forbid her to speak of her defects.

"I am glad you think I spoke to the point," said John Glynne, without appearing to observe Aldyth's abrupt pause. "Perhaps it is my mission here to teach some of my hearers the right use of poetry. Like every other blessing, it may be misused. It is the wine of life; but we may let it strengthen only our selfishness and vanity. There is always danger to the reflective mind of becoming absorbed in abstractions and notions which are never made fruitful—in a word, of cherishing sentimentality instead of true sentiments."

"That is it," said Aldyth, eagerly; "you have expressed what I have often thought."

"Yes," continued John Glynne, thoughtfully. "Poetry should not make us dreamy, useless, inert; it should rather stimulate us to the highest service, by making clear to us the true meaning of life, that man's blessedness does not consist in any material happiness, but in service, in doing his duty."

"Duty, ah, yes," said Aldyth, earnestly. "Do you know, I think I am beginning to understand the meaning of Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty.' It used to puzzle me, but now I see the beauty of those words—

"'Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.'"

They were passing beneath a street lamp, and looking up, Aldyth caught the strange, wistful glance with which her companion regarded her, ere he said in low, grave tones—

"Are you indeed beginning to understand it? It takes a deal of learning. No one can rightly understand the poem who has not realised the whole force of that word 'stern' that the poet so aptly uses—'stern daughter,' 'stern lawgiver,' nor how essential to the bondman of duty is 'the spirit of self-sacrifice.'"

He spoke so seriously that Aldyth felt awed, and for a moment the gladness of her mood was checked. Would a time come in her life when Duty would wear no smile upon her face, but assume the attitude of a stern, inexorable lawgiver, demanding the renunciation of happiness? They were at Mr. Greenwood's house. The light from the opening door fell on Aldyth's face, and showed the shadow there. But as she met John Glynne's quick, comprehensive glance and reassuring smile, the shadow vanished, and Aldyth ran lightly up the steps.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

SILENCE IN LOVE.—In love there are two periods of silence—the one the outcome of fear, the other of perfect confidence. The first occurs in the early spring-time of love, when a look seems to speak too loudly, when each soul matures its fruit for the other in the silent shadow of the rich foliage; the second, when two beings, with perfect confidence in one another, stand together on the still heights to which they have attained. Silent are they, full of recollection and enjoyment as when, standing in the spring-time on the top of a high mountain, we see the sun rise over the glistening plain, and mark not the morning call of the birds as they flutter to and fro in the fresh breeze.—*Jean Paul.*

A DOMESTIC POEM.

She hit the nail a fearful whack—
I meant to say she tried;
She bathed her thumb in arnica,
And then sat down and cried.

WHAT IS A REBUS?—A rebus is an enigmatical representation of some name or thing by using figures or pictures instead of words or parts of words. Camden mentions an instance of this kind of wit in a gallant, who expressed his love to a woman named Rose Hill, by painting in the border of his gown a rose, a hill, an eye, a loaf, and a well; this, in the style of the rebus, reads, "Rose Hill, I love thee well."

A NOTE ABOUT MUSLINS.—The most delicate muslins are made at Dacca, in British India. A web of muslin manufactured there, measuring 10 yards 1 foot in length, by 3 feet in breadth, and having 104 threads of warp, and 100 of weft per inch, was found to weigh no more than 1,565 grains.

"IT WILL DO VERY WELL."—Oh, that terrible phrase! The foundation-stone of all the bad dressings, the bad cookery, the bad music, the bad art, the bad government, and, in fact, of all untidiness of mind as well as body, under which the world at large groans daily, is that expression—"It will do very well."

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

GREEK STYLE OF HAIRDRESSING, AND TWO MORNING DRESSES.

THE Rational Dress Society is again to the fore; and on Thursday, the 13th February, they once more lifted up their voices to denounce the old errors in dress. This time the "added voices" were those of some of our best-known doctors—Dr. Lennox Browne, Dr. Wilberforce Smith, and Dr. Garson, all of whom spoke. The most sensible of all, and the most quietly reasonable speech, came from Dr. Lennox Browne, the chairman, who seemed to think that many undoubted improvements were quietly evolving themselves, and that the great problem to solve was to find garments which distributed warmth more evenly. He was very strongly opposed to suspending all weight from the shoulders, and said that the hips were the natural weight-carriers, and that they too should have their proper share of work. Although we have had the weight of the doctors' presence and opinions to these meetings, they did not add anything either to our knowledge on the main subject or to our ideas; and indeed it is difficult to know what the Rational Dress Society does want, when it goes beyond introducing all new and fresh patterns of dress, for the idea of meddling with our outside garments seems quite absurd. No woman would consent to wear a uniform, even if a "Rational Dress" were invented, which composed a perfect walking dress. Lady Harberton urges the adoption of the Japanese dress for the home, which, she says, is the best for grace and modesty in the world. I think as regards corsets, that if a comfortable one be not worn, some other form of bodice must be used, that is, so long as we continue to wear our present tight-fitting style, and there is no need of tight lacing. If some women choose to be idiots, that is no reason why the sensible women should discard their comfortable corset, which is merely a fit and not a squeeze. Of course if we reject the corset entirely, a loosely-fitting costume like the Japanese must be adopted; and though after some years' rejection of their national costume, the Japanese are beginning to adopt it again, I am very doubtful if we should find it at all suitable for our far more active life. The true solution of the "Rational Dress" question seems to be that every woman should think out the matter for herself, and discover what sort of undergarment she likes, and then adopt it. I do not think the outside raiment worth discussion, so long as fashion dictates, and we all follow. But even here fashion grows more reasonable with her tailor-made gowns, lawn-tennis costumes, waterproofs, and ulsters; and the woman who wants to be sensible will find sensible dress if she takes the trouble to look for it everywhere. As for high heels, they are quite the exception, and one rarely sees any of them in the street. Before I conclude my little chat I must copy, for the benefit of all my readers, Madame Patti's recipe for good health, which certainly seems to answer in her case: "Take plenty of exercise; take it in the open air, take it alone, and breathe with the mouth closed. Live on simple food, very little pastry, never a sip of beer, because it thickens the voice and stupefies the senses. Keep regular hours for work, meals, rest, and recreation, and never under any circumstances indulge in the fashionable habit of late suppers. If you want to preserve beauty of face and the priceless beauty of youth, keep well, keep clean, keep erect, and keep cool."

From this it is evident that the great songstress does not lace tight, and does not wear high-heeled boots, or she could not walk, and does not wear heavy dresses or too long ones to impede her movements.

We are gradually being enabled to judge of the coming styles by those which we see worn by well-dressed women at the "at homes" which are being held so largely since Parliament opened. These show us that cloth is as popular as ever, and that velvet seems to be resuming its long-abdicated sway over us. Some of the handsomest new dresses which have come under my notice have been of this material or velveteen. The bonnets are very tiny, and are made of a few folds of the dress and a little velvet only, such as we illustrate in the "Newest bonnets and hat." They are quite within the powers of the home

MUSLIN FICHU.

EVENING DRESS OF LACE, NEW BODICE AND SLEEVE, RUCHED SKIRT.

milliner; and the more simple they are the better. Strings are most generally made of the same velvet as the bonnet, and have a bow under the chin, like those of our illustration. These strings and bow are made of velvet, cut on the bias, and hemmed with slip-stitches. The cloth or velvet for the bonnet should also be on the bias. Many of these new cloth costumes are trimmed with bands of fur. One that I saw was a very pretty one of white cloth, with bands of black fox, and a deep collar and cuffs of the same. Cloth and velvet gowns, made in two shades of grey, for instance, would have an under-gown of a dark-grey velvet, and an over-dress of a lighter grey cloth.

The new ladies' cloth is more beautiful than ever, and the colours in which it is manufactured are soft and most pure in tone. It is so glossy, fine, and pliable that it is a pleasure even to touch it, and now that it is made in pale hues it combines better than anything else with velvet. The best colours are réséda, Eiffel-red, Gobelin-blue, dove-grey, natural camel's-hair colour, mouse, wood, and grey-blues. In the new cheviots the colours are generally neutral grounds and streaks of colour. In brown cheviot the colour is a warm brown or a reddish yellow, and we find also tartans in it.

The newest colours that have been brought out at this early moment are buttercup and daffodil in yellows, plum-colour, and reddish violet. Prune de Monsieur is a purple; in reds we find grenat and claret; and browns under the names of chestnut, mahogany, nasturtium, pheasant, cigar, and chocolate. Then there are grey-greens, olives, and résédas, and a number of rather dull blues. I must not forget the Eiffel-reds which still prevail, though I find that many people call them terra-cottas, and confound them with that colour, but the Eiffel-red seems to me more like rust colour or the hue of fireproof paint.

There is no doubt about the popularity of velvet sleeves, which are much liked, and are an admirable finish to gowns of ladies' cloth, or of cheviot serge or tweed. They are worn much puffed at the shoulders, the lower part of the sleeve being quite tight. This sleeve will be found represented in our illustrations. They are rather an uncomfortable fashion, however, as the coat or mantle cannot be drawn over them without greater exertion of strength than we usually like during the operation of dressing ourselves. If they should continue in fashion, we shall find fur capes and collars much used in the spring, in order to give the needful warmth. I saw in the Park, one very cold day last week, that many girls had been compelled by their velvet sleeves to leave off their warm coats, and wore their cloth dresses without covering, and one could only pity their feelings and look with sorrow on their red noses. The button-holes worn in the Row are very pretty this year, and consist of the double "Parma violet," showing its two shades—light and dark—on a spray of brown ivy leaves; they are long in shape and pointed at the top—not round, as they were worn some time ago.

The following paragraph from a daily paper will be interesting to all who ride, and all who are interested in the subject of women's dress:—"It seems curious that the subject of women riding like men, on men's saddles, should be seriously discussed. The reason given for suggesting that they should do so, is the number of accidents constantly happening in the hunting field through women being dragged by their habits, or injured, when horse and all come to grief, by the pommels of their side-saddles. A lady who has had wide experience in hunting in Ireland and England assures us that she could not take a restive horse for a canter in the Row, were she obliged to ride like a man, without endangering her life. As to going over a fence on a man's

WALKING DRESSES IN THE PARK.

NEW BONNETS AND HAT.

saddle, she says that would be an original method of committing suicide. Men ride, depending for the stability of their seat in a great measure on the grip of their knees. Women have not sufficient muscular power to secure this grip, nor are their limbs formed properly for it. Putting aside all other objections, and there are many, men's saddles will not do for women because they cannot ride on them. The lady rider whose opinion we quote, tried it privately, and found that she could ride fairly well by balance on a man's saddle sitting in her usual position, but sitting like a man she could not ride at all. Lady Harberton gave it as her opinion, on one occasion at a 'rational dress' meeting, that the man's position in riding is right and natural for women also. It is difficult to conceive how a hunting woman would, thus seated, stick on over water. As to baulking horses, they would land their riders over their heads every time, and the management of a bucking animal would be quite impossible to a woman on a man's saddle. The danger of dragging by the stirrup is doubled by the use of two instead of one, and the risk of dragging by the skirt may be quite obviated by wearing a properly constructed safety habit. As to injury from the pommels, this is not often sustained. A woman who can ride well knows enough to fall clear, if her skirt be a safety one. A woman who goes down with her mount and is rolled on, will hardly be in worse case with the pommels than without."

This subject of woman's position in riding has been more discussed than usual, in consequence of several severe accidents in riding.

I give an illustration of a simple dress of lace for evening wear; and a foundation of either silk or sateen, which may be in black, or some pretty colour. The striped dress in the same picture shows a style that will probably be much seen this spring. The belt

is what is called "Bernhardt," being a loose one, coming a little lower than the natural waist, and arranged in folds. The belt, cuffs, and collar are all of velvet.

The Greek mode of dressing the hair, which I have endeavoured to show, is very graceful, and suits fair hair admirably, especially if it be naturally curly. But little hair is needed to dress it in this manner; and it has the advantage of suiting the present style of bonnet very well. The next figure shows one of the new dresses of cloth and velvet, the underskirt velvet, with a leather border; the princesse overdress in cloth, and the jacket in velvet, edged with leather bands.

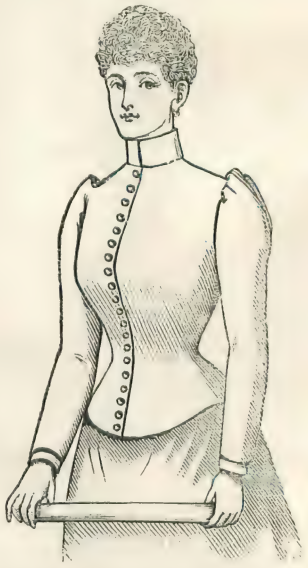
In the walking dresses worn in the Park will be found a demi-long jacket, such as the ladies' tailors are trying to introduce; the old name for them was "paletôt." They are not, I think, very becoming, and lack the smart, tidy effect of the short jacket worn by the next figure. The loose redingote, with its "accordion pleated" cape, is a garment called *le Moine* (or the monk) by the Parisians. It is an imitation of a monk's robe, and is a very comfortable shape for a walking cloak. It is made in a light woollen material, and has a woollen cord and tassels round the waist. The figure with her back to us wears a gown trimmed with bands of velvet; the material being vigogne, or ladies' cloth.

One of the new old ideas is cording the seams of bodices as well as of the skirts of dresses. This is admired by many people, as adding style to the figure, but unless the cording be well put in it is not pretty. Another idea is to overlap one selvedge on another in making up the skirt, and to sew them flat with machine stitching. Then there are some new dresses that are fringed at the hem—a very graceful style—and others where the hem is turned up and hemmed, or rather machine-stitched, on the right side. If not finished in this manner they are sometimes piped and sewn down.

Braiding is still much used for bodices, a favourite way being to braid the little "Senorita jacket" all over on the bodice; the *plastron* and *revers* are also braided as well as the deep cuffs to the sleeves, if these be worn. I hear that we are to see fringe brought back as a trimming to dresses again this spring, and some yoked bodices are already seen with deep fringes at the edge of them. The height of the sleeves grows very remarkable, and we have also the little "Tudor roll," which the Exhibition has brought into vogue. This is more seen on hanging-sleeves than on plain sleeves of the coat kind.

The pattern selected for the paper pattern is one of a tailor-made bodice, to which *revers* can be added, if preferred, or velvet trimmings. It is really a basque bodice, and will be found very useful and becoming. It consists of two sleeve pieces, cuff, collars, fronts, back, and two side pieces. The amount of material will be about four and a half yards of yard-wide stuff.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress,



TAILOR-MADE BODICE (PAPER PATTERN).

new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new Amercian bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers* Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or indoor wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, and tailor-made bodice.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—VI. HARES AND RABBITS.

By A NATURALIST.

In most of the quaint sayings that have been handed down from generation to generation, there is at any rate a foundation of truth, but they are specially true when they relate to the tricks and habits of birds and animals. We say, "As mad as a March hare," because it is in March that the hare is liveliest; he frolics about then, goes hither and thither, and enjoys his life most heartily. Although he is one of the commonest objects in the game-dealers' shops, perhaps few who look at him as he hangs abjectly there, have seen and studied the beautiful creature in his haunts, which are many.

On the edge of the wood and on the bleak hillside he has his seat or form. In the fields of standing corn, or when the last load has been carried, on the fallows, or crouched in the stubbles, you will find the merry-hearted brown hare. On the wild marshes, too, separated from the lonely beach where the curlews wail and the ring-dotterels pipe. By the sea wall of our North Kent marshlands he thrives and multiplies, growing large there.

"Timid as any hare" is a term of reproach which he does not merit, for in his own way he is a most courageous creature; his speed is proverbial; add to this his swimming and his boxing, to say nothing of his feats as a jumper, and few could say with truth and justice that he was behind other creatures in gifts and gallantry. If a couple of hares fall out, they settle the matter by sitting up and punching each other in the most scientific manner imaginable. The poet Cowper, as most of us are aware, kept some hares as pets, and they defended themselves or showed their displeasure in that way.

As an article of food he is, of course, in great request, sought for by those who are without a licence to hunt him, as well as by those who have one, so he need be wary and watchful.

He varies in size and weight, according to local surroundings. The marshland hares and those found in southern park lands, where the herbage is rich, are much larger than those that have their living to get in less favourable localities. His wild enemies are the fox and the stoat, but they do not catch him very often. Sometimes the fox will chase him in the open, but he must be sharp set to do it. Man is his chief foe, and in one form or another all manner of devices are employed for his destruction. Hares are certainly not so numerous as they once were, even in the most favourable places. Farmers complain of the damage done to the crops by them; there is some reason in their grumblings; but that is only when the creatures have been preserved by artificial means for coursing purposes.

The cry of the hare when caught is very startling, almost human. The keepers make for the spot at once if they hear it at night, for they are quite certain poaching is going on.

There are three varieties of hares, the difference being the result of food or climate—our common hare, the Irish hare, and the Scotch or Alpine hare, which turns white, like the ptarmigan, in winter.

I know them all, but from the marked difference in weight and form shown by some of our own English hares, according to the county they have come from, I should not be prepared to give a decided opinion on the vexed question of species or varieties.

Like most game animals, he has been the innocent cause of much trouble; on that subject we will not touch. One thing is certain, if laws had not been made for the protection of our native wild creatures, they would have been exterminated long ago. The hare is one of our most interesting sylvan creatures; he has his wits about him, and, as I said before, he needs them all. The young come into the world with their eyes open, and begin to dot about after their parents very quickly.

The well-known wild rabbit can be found in all localities suitable to him—any wild spot that can give enough nourishment for a furze bush will keep a rabbit. He is a playful creature, now here, now there; suddenly coming to a dead stop, sitting up and listening, and looking round, then just as suddenly starting off to play again. The same conditions that affect the hare affect the rabbit—locality and food.

In some places they are not much better than vermin, not worth the shooting or trapping for food; in other more favoured parts they are eagerly sought for, and fetch a good price in the market; in fact, from some estates the rabbits alone bring large sums of money to the owners. There are large links and warrens on or close to the seashore, where the rabbits dot along and eat the seaweed to such an extent as to spoil them as marketable commodities.

In spite of many enemies, the rabbit flourishes if he can only once get a settlement. First on the list of his foes is man, who kills him for food by thousands; next come foxes, badgers, otters, stoats, weasels, and polecats. With these may be included all our birds of prey, from the eagle to the brown owl.

In the Australian colonies, where he has been introduced, the rabbit has increased to such an extent as to become a perfect pest; many, and as yet unsuccessful, means have been employed for his destruction.

The rabbit does not sit in a form like the hare, but burrows in the ground, making long and intricate tunnelling in all directions. Chalk hills or sandy heaths, hedgerows or copse tangle, all suit him when he has been allowed to rest for a few years. On a large estate, small farms have been ruined, or rather the farmers have, from the crops being eaten up by them; this took place before the rabbits were in such demand as a food supply.

The skins are quite an article of value, and yet some years ago you might have had a cart-load of them at the rate of three for a shilling—from some estates at least. But that is a thing of the past when people did not care to eat them; they are now eagerly sought for.

The most deadly of all the rabbit's foes is the stoat, which will hunt him like a dog; no matter how he turns and winds about, his pursuer is sure to come on him, and kill him at last.

As pets, wild rabbits are most amusing; one that I owned before he could see plainly—for they are born with their eyes closed—was brought up on new milk till his teeth came. He quite made one of the family, and would jump on our knees, if we were sitting down, and play all manner of tricks to attract notice. No matter where one went, he would follow, unless measures were taken to prevent him. It was his affectionate disposition that caused me at last to part with him; for not wanting his company, one day when I was going out I left him in one of our rooms with food and other comforts. On my return, after having been absent for about three hours, I found he had nearly gnawed through the bottom part of a door; in a very short time he would have been able to get out, to go and see where his friend had got to.

On and about the wealds of Surrey and Sussex, fourteen to sixteen years ago, on some estates rabbits were bred in the warrens for their skins alone. They were wild ones; the rustics said that they were called silver-grey rabbits, and that cloaks were made from their skins for the ladies.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Night Hymn at Sea. Vocal duet; by Goring Thomas. We have not many compositions specially written for mezzo-sopranos and baritones, and on this account alone the above duet would be welcome, but it is, in addition, the work of a true musician, and a setting of fine words by Mrs. Hemans.

Operatic Pieces for Violin and Piano. By Henry Farmer.—No. 10 is before us, containing a selection of themes from Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle." It is gratifying to notice that nearly all the operas in this series are by native composers. Small as this recognition of British music is, it is better than the studied neglect and apathy which, until lately, have prevailed in our country.

Aus der Jugendzeit (Youthful Days). By Theodor Kirchner.—A collection of ten little pieces for the youthful pianist, full of good exercise in rhythm and style, and containing simple forms of true music. This is as it should be; why should children be supposed to be content with blatant rubbish?

Impromptu for Piano. By Hamilton Robinson.—A capital, melodious study in arpeggios, with an evident admiration for Chopin underlying it all. We can recommend it as an excellent teaching piece.

CURWEN AND SONS.

The Child Pianist. Grade II. By Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen.—We have already referred to this excellent course of combined theory and practice for children. Grade II. quite comes up to the standard of the first grade, and the two make a most excellent system of elementary musical education. A guide for the teacher, full of useful hints, accompanies each part.

The Children's Sacred Wreath. Twelve sacred songs, by different writers. Set to music by Mary Carmichael.—This forms the third shilling volume of the Kindergarten Series, and is as valuable a contribution as the first number, already recommended to our young ones and their instructors.

Pianoforte Album of pieces. By the celebrated Russian composer, Tschaïkowsky.—A capital album, forming No. 1895 of the Litolff collection. You will find pieces of varying difficulty.

No. 1.—Write an Essay, a Dialogue, a Story, or a Poem on Self-Control.

What is self-control? The government of the thoughts, words, and actions by the will.

I will mention some of the chief ways in which we exercise this self-government: Over our mental and physical pain; passions, such as love and hatred; nervousness, fear, laughter, and high spirits.

But there is something in me behind my will, and that is my conscience—that image of Himself which God has planted in my soul. If I will but listen to its voice, then it will guide my will, and teach it to govern myself in the right way. But if I turn a deaf ear to my conscience, and refuse to listen to it or be guided by it, then my passions will come in and push it to one side, and my will will be guided by them instead of by my conscience.

It seems to me that there are two kinds of self-control: the control of pride and the control of unselfishness. Of course, every character should have its share of proper pride, but that is not what I mean by the control of pride. If I have the control of pride it is likely to be injurious to my character, for it will wrap me round in a cold and hard reserve which will repel others from drawing near. On the other hand, if I have the control of unselfishness I shall so govern myself, my sufferings, my sorrows, or even sometimes my sense of the ludicrous, that I shall force them into the background, and try to think of others before myself. So that instead of repelling others I shall draw them towards me by my sympathy and forgetfulness of myself.

Let me illustrate my meaning by the following story:—

There were two ladies living in the same village. Upon each had fallen a great sorrow. Both had been engaged to be married to officers in the army, and just before my story begins the news came that they had been shot down side by side while fighting for their country in the last Egyptian War.

Ellen is a very proud lady, and when the dreadful blow is dealt to her she will not bend, but veils her sorrow from the gaze of others by a hard and cold reserve. Her heart is very bitter, and shuts itself up from the sympathy which fond relations and kind friends fain would offer.

When in church the rector alludes in a touching, simple manner to those brave fellows who have fallen doing their duty in serving their country, she sits still and upright, with not a muscle of her face moving, while the people whisper to each other—

"How brave she is! How she must have suffered! What control she must be putting on herself!"

Yes, but it is her pride that is forcing her to sit so still and icy; within are bitter, hard thoughts, and unjust murmurings, for she has set herself up against the storm, and will not bow to the Almighty Hand which is laid upon her, or acknowledge that God's will is best. Ellen has plenty of self-command and self-control, but it is the command and control of pride.

Let us turn to Mary, the other lady who has been bowed down by sorrow. When first the news comes to her, she goes to her own room. It is not necessary to tell of all that passed there; sufficient it is to say that there a great battle was fought out, as great, in a different way, as that which the one whose loss she mourns has fought. It was the fight of her will against that of God's. But when she arose from her knees the victory was won, for she had bent her will to His, and whispered "Thy will be done." Yes; and from henceforth she resolved, even more earnestly than before, to do good to others, and to put herself with her sorrow in the background, and try to be "all things to all," but to herself least of all.

There was another sorrowing woman in the village at that time—a poor mother weeping over the death of her eldest boy. Both ladies had been used to visit among the poor, and on the day of which I am speaking Ellen comes to see this poor mother. The woman, as soon as they are seated, begins to pour out her tale of sorrow to the lady. But though Ellen says she is sorry and all that, the woman somehow feels no comfort. For Ellen, as she sits there, thinks, "This woman has lost one of her children, and I have lost all that makes my life dear to me. How far more controlled am I, who have so far the greater trial to bear!" And as she thinks this, there comes a sort of feeling of contempt for this poor woman who has not pride enough to hide her tears. The woman instinctively feels something of this, and dries her eyes and tries to talk of other things. When Ellen rises to go she puts a shilling into the woman's hands, who smiles and curtseys, for they are very poor, and the money will be a little help to them. And Ellen goes away thinking, with a hard smile, "Money soon stops the sorrow of that woman."

But when the poor mother went back again

to her fireside, and saw the knife that Willy used to use, and his slate with all sorts of queer-shaped pigs and cows upon it, and the woolly bunny given him by the kind lady up at the Hall, then she sat down again in a chair, and seizing the poor bunny, smothered it with tears and kisses. "Oh, why did God take away my boy, my little Willy!" Just then a rap was heard at the door, and Mary came in. She saw the mother and the bunny, and understood, and she put her own sorrow into the background, and went up to the mother, and said simply, as she took her hands, "Poor Sarah, I am sorry." That was all she said: but the woman, raising her face to Mary's, read in it such sympathy that she poured forth to her her sorrow and grief for her darling, knowing she would not be rebuked. She told of his last words and looks, his love for her and the baby; how often he had said to her, "Mother, don't you put yourself out about the baby; I'll tell her a beautiful story; won't I, darling?" And baby, she was so fond of him, and would be as good as gold with him. As she talked the tears came into Mary's eyes—tears not for her own sorrow, for, for the time, she had forgotten that, but tears for this poor mother and her child. Then the woman looked at her wonderingly, and said, "Miss, you never have got them tears for me, when you need them for yourself? Poor dear, poor dear!" And then, "Miss, if I might make so bold as to ask you one thing. When you think of that fine young man as you kept company with, as was blown up by them nasty guns, can you say to yourself, 'God's will be done?'" And Mary answered quietly, while she bent her head down over Willy's bunny, "Yes, I can now, Mrs. Smith." "Then," answered the woman, "I will try to say 'Thy will be done' when I think of my little Willy, God bless him, who is singing with the angels up in heaven." Then Mary rose and said good-bye, and returned to her home. On her way there a very little girl was seen kicking and screaming with all her small might, because Jane had just told her that her "darlin' brother Willy, who always brought her back from school, was gone into the churchyard, and would never come back no more." So Mary stooped down to the little girl, and told her how Willy had gone where there was no pain; and she stroked the little one's hair, and comforted her as best she could, till baby's little face grew bright again, and she said—

"I will try to be dood, and den when I are a great girl, I sall go to the beau'ful land where our Willy is." And then she trotted off home to tell "mover" all about it.

Mary looked after her with a bright smile on her face, for to be a comfort to any living creature was always a pleasure to her.

Two people happening to pass by at that minute, said one to the other, "Look, there is Mary Dawnley actually smiling, as if that poor young officer had not been shot down only three weeks ago. I expect the other girl, Ellen, feels it the most, though she is so wonderfully brave and self-controlled about it."

If they had seen Mary that night when all was quiet, I do not think they would have thought her unfeeling. For at night her great sorrow, which she had pushed to the background all day, would come forward and make itself felt. If they had seen her face, then they would have read (if they had been capable of reading) of great sorrow, but no bitterness; for her will was controlled and bent to her Maker's; and all through those hours of darkness the sense of "the everlasting arms" being underneath and around her never left her, and at last when she sank to sleep her face was quiet and sweet, for she had the peace of God in her heart.

Ellen, too, night by night in the darkness, laid aside her self-control, but in her sorrow were mingled hard and bitter thoughts, for she, like a tulip in a storm, held up her head, and refused to bend to His will, "who doeth all things well."

Now, I ask you, which was the best self-control: that of pride, or that of unselfishness and love?

MARGARET EMILY ROBERTS,
Aged 19.

(Certified by LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.)

THE LEGEND OF THE CHILD'S WELL.

IN her little chamber kneeling
By a small white-curtained bed,
Daily prayed a little maiden,
These the simple words she said:

"Lord, I love Thee very dearly,
And I want to serve Thee, too;
Give me, then, some little corner
Of Thy own great work to do."

Then all day she did her utmost
Gentle, kind, and true to be;
And no face than hers was brighter,
And no laugh more full of glee.

Every little act of kindness
With a willing heart was done,
Even though 'twas minding baby
While the rest enjoyed their fun.

But she did not think such wee things
To the Lord's work could belong,
And she longed to do some great deed
When she should be old and strong.

* * * * *

One bright holiday in summer,
All the village children went
To a meadow at some distance,
All on play and fun intent.

Ere they'd gone far from the village,
On the hot and dusty way,
An old man, footsore and weary,
Stayed the long procession gay.

"For dear pity's sake, my children,
Give me just one drop to drink
Of fresh water, else I fear me
On my journey I must sink."

All, except the little maiden,
Bade the old man further go;
"There's a plenty in the village—
Keep straight on; you'll find it so."

But she stayed behind the others;
"Do sit down, you poor old man,
While I bring a cup of water,"
So she said, and quickly ran.

Spite of heat and dust, she stopped not
Till she reached the village well,
Filled a cup with cool clear water,
Brought it so that no drop fell.

But, oh, wonder! That poor beggar
Whom she left is there no more,
But a white-robed radiant being,
Such as she'd ne'er seen before.

To His lips the cup He lifted,
Then, with voice most wondrous clear,
Like the rush of many waters,
Spake while she stood trembling near.

"E'en a simple cup of water
Given to the very least,
For the sake of Him who loves you,
Gains its share in heavenly feast."

Then upon the ground He pours forth
What was left within the cup;
Straightway from the ground a fountain,
Pure and sparkling, bubbles up.

In the cloudless summer sunshine
Flashed the spring, and brilliant shone;
Wondering gazed the child, then upwards
Turned her glance—but He was gone.

* * * * *

Some assert it was an angel,
Christ Himself, doth legend say;
Still the spring flows cool, refreshing,
By that hot and dusty way.

Thirsty travellers, when they taste it,
Bless that little deed of love,
Which, in simple mercy rendered,
Drew such blessing from above.

BEATRICE AMY N. NEVILLE (age 17).

I certify this to be the unaided work of the above.

(Signed) FRANCES L. COOKE, Governess.

THE LEGEND OF THE PINK-TIPPED DAISY.

"HOW hot it is here!" murmured a little daisy-root, at the side of a dusty road, not far out of a large city. "I do wish I could do something, instead of staying here all day doing nothing! Mr. Sun, what would you do if you were in my place?" "I should be patient," said the sun, and went on his way.

Presently a dark cloud came over the sky, and the rain began to fall. "This is refreshing," said the daisy. "But yet I have nothing to do. Can you tell me, little raindrops, what I must do?" The raindrops pattered on her snow-white petals, from which they washed the dust, and said—"Wait, and do not complain; work will be found for you all in good time." They went on gently falling, but they had given their message, and remained silent.

The day wore on, and evening came; the daisies all began to prepare for sleep. In the clear solemn sky the moon rose, and smiled peacefully down on all around. "What must I do?" the daisy asked of it, in a sleepy voice. "Go to sleep," said the moon. So the daisy followed her advice, and as she had only one eye to shut she was soon fast asleep.

* * * *

In a house, in the city near which our daisy dwelt, in a wretched room, was a little boy of about ten years old, watching beside his sister who was dead; the first rays of the morning sun were struggling to shine through the dust and dirt of the attic window. The day the little girl was to be buried the little boy fell asleep. He smiled as though he had a sweet dream, and as a sunbeam fell across his face he woke, exclaiming—"I will follow you, dear sun, and you will tell me where to find the flowers of which I dreamt!"

He rose and went out, following, as he thought, where the sun led him.

At last his eye was attracted by something white, on which a bright ray fell. He sprang forward and stooped down to where, fresh and bright, our daisy smiled.

"You are the very flower I dreamt of!" he cried. "You shall be planted on her grave, and she will not be forgotten!" He kissed its petals; the daisy blushed and hung her head for joy; she had at last found something to do.

* * * *

Away in a dark cemetery, on the outskirts of a large city, in the shade of an ivy-covered wall, there is a grave covered with pink-tipped daisies.

That little daisy has done its work well, for not only has the grave been covered, but seeds have been sent to other countries to tell of the happiness that turned a white daisy into a blushing pink-tipped one.

Written and composed by FANNIE WARD, age 15.

I, the undersigned, certify the above to be the unaided work of Fannie Ward.—MARY H. PAGE, head mistress Clapham Middle School.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORS JANUA VITA.

N the following morning, as I was glancing at the newspaper, I noticed a paragraph, headed "Death of Mr. Harcourt Whinney, the millionaire stockbroker."

The sight of this name brought to my mind an almost forgotten incident. Amongst my father's papers I had found a copy of a letter addressed to this Mr. Whinney. It was a somewhat singular composition—an appeal, indeed, to this man whose death had just taken place. In it, my father wrote respecting a large sum of money which he had been induced to lend on security of shares nominally of great value, but really almost worthless. Mr. Harcourt Whinney was the sharebroker who had obtained the money for a railway contractor on the verge of bankruptcy, and when this man failed, my father was left with scrip apparently representing ten times the amount of his loan, but not marketable at any price.

He must have been almost desperate when he wrote in these terms to Mr. Whinney: "You well knew the circumstances of the man for whom you borrowed my money, and were also well aware that had I known his position, or the true nature of the so-called securities placed in my hands, I should not have advanced a farthing. I was grossly, cruelly deceived, and—must I add this?—intentionally, for you could not be ignorant of what you were doing, though I was. You ruined me and made my son a beggar, only to stave off the exposure from another client, which you knew could only be delayed, not averted. I can compel no restitution. If I were to speak of your conduct, I should gain only a contemptuous pity, and be told that a simple countryman like myself should not have dabbled in things of this kind, and of which he knew nothing. You, I hear, have become rich; but though it would cost you little to restore that of which I have been robbed, you treat my letters with contempt and silence. It was not so when I first made your acquaintance. I have no expectation of present redress at your hands; but I hope and pray that when your days are drawing to a close, and you can no longer hold the wealth you have accumulated, you will be moved to make restitution wherever you have acted as you have done to me."

Mr. Burford had explained the meaning of this letter to me when we read it over together. He knew all about the loan. It was what deprived me of my patrimony. I asked if he thought Mr. Whinney had really done wrong in the matter, and he replied, "I have no doubt he pocketed an immense percentage on the amount; probably one half, for obtaining the other."

"But if he really knew how worthless the scrip was, the whole affair was a conspiracy to defraud," I said.

"As you and I would look at it, Jack, it was. But I have no doubt Mr. Whinney would merely regard it as a good stroke of business. Your father was not the only one who suffered at the same time, and even to a greater extent."

"Did no one try to get their money back?" I asked.

"How could they? The actual borrower became bankrupt, and died soon after. Mr. Whinney was only an agent; and, depend on it, no one *knew* what remuneration he received, though many might guess, as I have done."

"My poor father wrote this letter to try and move him; but of course he would make no restitution."

"He has not done so far, Jack, and, unless it should come as a proof of a death-bed repentance, I am afraid you will never be the richer for this effort."

"I should be foolish indeed to spend a thought on the man," I replied; "but I shall keep this copy of the letter. It is in my father's handwriting, and it was just an outcome of his own upright nature."

As I read the newspaper paragraph which enlarged on the splendid business talents of Mr. Harcourt Whinney, my thoughts naturally reverted to my father's dealings with him. The one had lost all, according to the world's verdict. The other had died a millionaire; and yet I would rather have cast in my lot with the poor than with the rich man.

My quiet life helped to make me thoughtful and observant, and very often I took stock, so to speak, of the surroundings and circumstances of the rich whom I knew. I invariably came to one conclusion, which was, that if I must take all that accompanied the wealth in any single case—age, health, position, family, and responsibility—I would refuse the money, if it were offered me.

These cogitations did not make me less contented with my lot, humble though it might be; and indeed I had great cause not only for contentment, but thankfulness.

I heard the same evening that, so far as guests were concerned, Miss Flint was once more alone. The Burford girls had been staying with her for some days before Herbert Kenningham left, and Nelly was to have remained, but her grandfather's illness prevented this.

Jane Cartwright told us, she having taken early advantage of the lull at the Hall to visit the cottage.

"I was bound to come as soon as I could, Betsy," said Jane, "for you were looking so poorly the last time I called that I could not get you out of my head. I am glad you are so much better."

"Yes, I am better, thank you; but, well or ill, you always come at the right time, Jane."

"I shall get in oftener now, unless our lady takes a fresh fancy," replied Jane. "I doubt she'll feel lonesome, losing all her visitors at once; but I'm thinking she must be going to have more, for the covers are to be kept off the furniture, and she keeps on using the best plate. I sometimes wish we hadn't so much silver about, for it's a great charge. You know Miss Flint bought all the plate that belonged to your father, Mr. John, so as it might not go out of the family."

I assented, and then asked Jane if she had heard anything about old Mr. Burford.

"He is not expected to get better, and I am sorry to hear it, for such like men are scarce. Mrs. Burford and Miss Nelly are gone to him, and Miss Rose is staying with her brother, for he could not be left by himself. The boy is really mending, they say. Our old miss will have him to fuss after whilst his mother is away; and a good thing too. She is kind enough where she takes, and she has taken to him for certain; indeed, she seems fond of all Mrs. Burford's young people now."

"Have you managed to drive away Sarah's young man?" I inquired.

"I had no hand in driving him, Mr. John. I could never get near enough for that; but I think he must be gone, seeing that Sarah stops in of a night now. He was no young man. Any way she is not fretting after him, though she has sulked with me for two days because of what I said. She is trimming up her Sunday bonnet, and will be showing off in it by daylight, instead of going out at dark to meet that vagabond under the trees."

This news was welcome to me, and I was sure it was equally so to Jabez and Betsy. Perhaps after all I might not have occasion to speak to Mr. Burford about George Harwood's visit, until I could mention it as a matter that had made me uneasy, but was now a thing of the past.

I left Jane Cartwright with the Harwoods, and went to the piano, where my happier mood found vent in lively music. According to custom, the doors of my room and the kitchen were left ajar, so that the old people and their visitor could hear it.

The next day I passed the old cottage on my way home to tea, and found Jabez in the garden.

I went to him; but he showed no uneasiness at my presence, except when I said, "I should like to go into my old home, Jabez. I believe I have not crossed the threshold since the last night we slept here. Have you the key?"

"No, Mr. John. I am only the gardener. Betsy keeps the key, and goes in and out now and then. There's nothing to see inside."

"It was only a fancy. I will come with Betsy, some day," I answered carelessly, and turned away, but did not at once leave the garden.

I was not surprised that the key was in Betsy's possession, for there would probably be traces of recent occupancy in the nondescript apartment formerly used as a bedroom by her and Jabez; or some tell-tale articles of bedding might still be there.

As I strolled round the garden I looked keenly into every corner for something that might help me to understand the new aspect of affairs. At length I caught sight of a strip of note-paper, partly hidden in the hedge, and held fast by its thorns. It was only half a page, which had been unequally torn across; but I quickly detached and pocketed it for future examination. I then resumed my stroll, in the hope of finding the remainder of the sheet, for some words on that which I had secured were sufficiently suggestive.

I sought in vain, however, for the other part of the sheet of paper from which mine had been torn; and when I reached home I tried to decipher the writing on the soiled piece taken from the hedge. This was not very easy, as one side had been washed by the rain, and only a few words were legible on the other. Of these I could make no sense, as the writing and spelling were equally bad; but the signature left no doubt as to the authorship.

"Yure affecshanut Sarah" pointed to the girl at the Hall, whose doings had excited Jane Cartwright's wrath. There were allusions to a "cross old cat," probably Jane, since Miss Flint had chosen to take an opposite view of Sarah's doings; and a promise to be "ready in good time" and go "tords the stashun."

These words caused me no uneasiness. They had probably been written to the stranger man at a time when Jane's vigilance rendered meetings under the trees near the Hall less easy, and very likely to be interrupted. For the foolish girl's sake I hoped this unwise correspondence had been closed, and that Sarah might see George Harwood's ill-favoured face no more.

Since I witnessed that cruel attempt to strike at poor old Betsy from the open window, I had felt more indignant than ever against the wretch, and would have given much to insure his perpetual absence from the neighbourhood.

For nearly a week all went on as usual. I saw Mr. Burford at the station, when he paid a hurried visit to the office to transact important business.

I heard from him of the hopeless condition of his father and of the steady improvement in that of Magnus. "We believe now that our dear boy will be spared, though I suppose he can hardly be counted 'out of the wood' yet. He may not go to see his grandfather, as the double excitement of the journey and the meeting might do him harm. It is rather hard for his mother, who wants to be in two places at once. Rose will return with me, but only for a night, after which it is not unlikely that she and Magnus will go to Miss Flint for a while. He is quite at home with her, and she has been very good to him."

I knew this, and had always felt glad to think that Cousin Dorothy's hardness was but partial, and that, if she showed a stern front to me, she could display a kindly one to those she liked.

"How is Nelly?" I asked. "I suppose she is with her grandfather still?"

"Yes, and she must remain. My father cannot spare Nelly. He says he has lost far too much out of her girl life by her long absence at school. They are great friends, and it is really beautiful to see how the dear old face brightens as she approaches his bedside. His room is a little heaven, Jack. If you young folk want to know the value of religion, you should stand by the death-bed of a man like my father. There is no test like this."

I could well believe it, and I said so. Then I sent messages to Nelly and her grandfather, which Mr. Burford promised to deliver.

"My father is always pleased to have good news of you, my boy. I suppose everything is going on satisfactorily at your place. We must try to get you a further rise in due time, but it is too soon yet."

"I do not expect any further advance for some time," I replied. "There was a matter about which I wanted badly to see you a few days ago, but——"

"I would never defer anything of real consequence to you, Jack; but if this can be put off, I should prefer its waiting," said Mr. Burford.

"It can *now*, I am glad to say; indeed, I hope it is done with altogether."

"That is well. By the way, did you see that Mr. Harcourt Whinney is dead? I fear you will not come into a fortune by way of restitution."

"As I never hoped for anything, I shall not be disappointed, Mr. Burford. I have often wondered that my father should have been sanguine enough to write in the hope of moving Mr. Whinney to do anything either for himself or me."

"Most people would agree with you, but it is wonderful how such an appeal will sometimes work on the superstitious nature of a man when conscience fails utterly. I have known very curious results in the course of my practice as a maker of wills."

At this moment a gentleman, for whom Mr. Burford had been waiting on the platform, joined him, and they went away together. This was on Friday. On Monday I heard that my kind old friend was dead, and would be interred at Oakhill on the Thursday following.

It was from Mr. Burford himself I received the news, and to my great surprise an invitation to attend the funeral.

"It was my father's wish that you should come and represent your father, who was his friend and mine. He talked about you, Jack, not very long before the end came, and in referring to those he loved, and asking for them all good, he did not forget you. He said, too, that I must always be your friend—a needless injunction, perhaps, but one that you will not think lightly of."

I was not likely to do that. When I heard of it, I felt as a son of one of the old patriarchs must have done when his father's hands were laid on his head and his dying lips blessed him.

I attended the funeral, and was paired with Mr. Gordon. Then, without exchanging any after-word with a member of the Burford family, I went back to my duties, though I found subsequently that I had been expected to return to the house with the rest. Mr. Gordon said as much, but I thought he must be mistaken.

"I know Mr. Burford's goodwill towards me, but I should never presume upon that to intrude upon the rest of the family at such a time," I replied.

I did not hint that I was sure my presence would be most unwelcome to Mrs. Burford, but I felt it none the less, and resolved to keep out of her sight.

There were many friends and a few relatives from a distance who had attended the funeral, and these returned by train later in the day.

Mr. Burford came to the station with two of the latter, and after they left, spared a minute or two for me.

"I should have been glad to see you at the house, Jack," he said. "Had you come you would have received a little piece of good news the sooner. My poor father has left you a small legacy—a thousand pounds."

"How very kind of him!" I exclaimed. "But I hardly feel as if it would be right to take it when there are so many of his own family."

"You can do nothing else, my dear boy; and you may be sure no member of the family will wish to deprive you of it. My father was very rich, and though he gave largely, his quiet mode of life favoured accumulation. He has left thirty thousand pounds to each of my children, to be theirs absolutely as they come of age, and more at my death. So you see your odd thousand is a mere drop in the bucket, about which you need have no conscientious qualms. My father knew about your nest egg of five hundred, and that you were prudently saving a little in addition, so he wished this sum to be added to your capital, in the hope that you might see an opening to use the whole advantageously some day."

What I said may be easily imagined, and perhaps some who read this will realise that I went home that night feeling both richer and poorer. Richer by a thousand pounds; poorer for Nelly's wealth, which would separate us and leave us further apart than ever. In a year's time she would be absolute mistress of a large sum, with the prospect of much more. I was creeping up the ladder of fortune far more rapidly than I could have expected; but Nelly had been lifted to the topmost rung at one bound, and I could never hope to stand beside her on equal terms. If an attachment existed between her and Herbert Kenningham, whose means were not large, and who hoped to make his way as a professional man, this legacy would smooth all obstacles; and I doubted not that Miss Flint would do her best to facilitate their union.

As I look back I can see what an ungrateful fellow I was to indulge in such thoughts, and that I deserved to

suffer for being so ingenious in self-torment, both at this and at other times.

I did, however, tell Jabez and Betsy of my legacy, and their comments brought me to a better state of mind.

"Eh, Mr. John, I am glad and thankful for you. A thousand pounds! What a fortune that is when you come to think about it!" exclaimed Betsy. "Why, you would be so full when you heard about it, you wouldn't know how to speak to Mr. Burford. You would be just thanking God with all your heart."

I hope I had not been unthankful, and yet poor Betsy had rather pictured what ought to have been, than what was filling my heart, for the other wretched thoughts that I have told about occupied too great a share of my mind.

"Yes, Mr. John," said Jabez. "You are getting rich fast, and I begin to hope that I may be spared to see you at Lint Hall again. This money will take you a step nearer."

I smiled and said, "I have learned to be very happy at Rose Cottage. For me to think of Lint Hall again would be like a child stretching out its hands for the moon. My father had at one time several thousands a year."

"Mr. John," said Betsy, after a pause, "would you mind doing a sum for me?"

"What is it? I will do it if I can."

"Just reckon up how many weeks it would take Jabez to earn a thousand pounds, at fifteen shillings a week."

I did so, and told her it would be 1,333 weeks and a day or two over.

"Eh, but that is a many. I can't quite get hold of the time when the figures are so big. Could you put them into years, Mr. John?"

"Twenty-five years and about thirty-three weeks towards another," I replied.

"Hear that, Jabez? It would take you more than five and twenty years, with never a day off, to earn the thousand pounds that are coming to Mr. John all at once. We've got something to thank God for, haven't we?"

Dear unselfish soul, which overleaped every thought of discontent in connection with a life of ceaseless toil, and all envy of my better fortune, and thanked God on my behalf, as if the legacy had come straight to her and her old partner instead of to me.

I was glad that Betsy had set me that sum to do. It did more than satisfy her thirst for information. It set me thinking much of the good providence of God, and how it had been manifested on my behalf, and made me alike more humble and grateful.

Could Betsy have guessed what was in my mind? It may be. Unselfish souls are far sighted. She may have wished to draw my attention to two sides of the subject uppermost in my thoughts. Any way, I had cause to thank her for that question in arithmetic.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

NQUIRER.—The pictures you mean are the several conceptions formed by the various painters of the Marriage of St. Catherine. She was a native of Alexandria, distinguished for her learning, revelations, and for her supposititious marriage with our blessed Lord, her wedding-ring on this occasion being preserved. But whatever fables have obscured her real history, they had their origin in her exalted piety, for she suffered martyrdom under Maximinus, and her body is said to have been discovered on Mount Sinai. A military order, called "The Knights of St. Catherine," was instituted, whose rules obliged them to observe those of St. Basil, and to keep the roads clear for the safe passage of pilgrims.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—As a rule most of the wedding presents are given to the bride, but the special friends of the bridegroom give them to him, and large "presentation" gifts from tenantry and others are usually given to both. You may leave your present at the door yourself, or send by a servant or carrier, or by post; that is a question of no importance; but you had better not make a call at the same time, or the thanks may make you feel uncomfortable.

PORCUPINE and CURLS.—Yours is another case of asking a repetition of answer to old questions revived. A "rector" receives both the large and small tithes (when his parishioners are honest people); a vicar the small tithes only; the largest part go to the patron, who is the lay proprietor of a portion of the lands attached as an endowment to the church. A rural dean has a jurisdiction over the country clergy of the diocese.

ANNIE.—It is a mistake to make a hard and fast rule as to colour being wholly dependent upon light. You may grow hyacinths, for instance, in a perfectly dark cellar, where they will expand their leaves and blossoms; and though the former will be pale, the flowers will be found to develop their proper colours. At the same time, light, as well as water, earth or sand, and heat (at least, above freezing-point), are essential to the life of plants, as a general rule. The few exceptions are to be found amongst fungi, and the minute red snow-plant. According to J. D. Hooker (F.R.S. and C.B.) "no plants except these continue to live in health (although retaining some colour) in the absence of light." Many amongst our root vegetables are white, being grown under ground, such as seakale, turnips, and salsify. Amber, that is of so beautiful a pale gold-colour, is found buried in the sand under water and in darkness.

FIREFLY.—Although Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" is not a true story, some of the incidents are taken from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a native of Scotland, who was left by his captain on the Island of Juan Fernandez, A.D. 1704, and lived alone there for five years. He was afterwards promoted to be a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy, and died on board the *Weymouth* in 1723. 2. For the eruption on the skin you appear to need a tonic and plain wholesome food, which should be well masticated.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—The immediate life annuities granted by the Post Office depend entirely upon the age of the receiver; and as the amount you have to invest is only £40, and you seem to be young, we fear you will not receive any substantial sum. A woman aged twenty-five must pay £47 10s. to obtain an annuity of £2 per annum. Should she be thirty, she would only have to pay £45 3s. 6d.; in fact, the older she is the less she has to pay. A table of ages, and the cost of buying annuities, will be supplied at any post office. As you are in bad health, and your mother needs you, we advise you to place your money in the Post Office Savings Bank; by so doing you will get the interest of £1 a year for it, and can add to the sum until better worth while to buy an annuity. You could draw out a little money when in immediate want. Another plan would be to buy a share in some small business, and work at it yourself, and thus make still more of the capital. But you should be very cautious in making such a venture, and in point of safety it would be better in the Post Office.

E. M.—If a man should die intestate, his widow is entitled to one-third of his property, and the rest is divided evenly between his children, unless there be an entailed estate on the eldest son. The son-in-law has no claim whatever on the property, unless his wife (the daughter) has been given a charge on the estate in her marriage settlement. The business must be sold and the money obtained from it divided in the way above-named.

SYBIL HONORIA.—You are an Anglo-Australian, as your father is an English settler, and children derive their nationality from their father. But they may become naturalised in any country they please after they are of age.

THE ORPHAN'S EASTER HYMN.

BY ANNE BEALE.

RISEN Saviour, look on me
From Thy throne eternal.
Make pure unto Thee
This my hymn diurnal.
I my grateful voice would blend
With Nature's loud oblation,
Praises through the earth would send,
For Thy great salvation.
On the wings of morning,
With songs of birds upsoaring,
I address Thee,
Praise and bless Thee,
Joying and adoring.

Dear Lord, bless this day
All my thoughts and doings.
Oh! keep my heart away
From all vain pursuings.
Shield me with Thy tender wings
From every wild temptation;
Let the daily course of things
Work for my salvation.
With the hymns of flowers,
And streams and fountains blending,
I implore Thee,
And adore Thee,
Prayer and praise upsending.

Imp. Draeger et Lesieur. Paris.

The Orphans' Easter Hymn.

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ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

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"'LECTURES! PSHAW, WHAT GOOD CAN THEY DO YOU?'"

"The question is rather—what does Guy contemplate?" she said, quickly.

"Oh, as to that," said her uncle, coolly, "where could he find a more charming wife than Aldyth would make him? And would it not be the best thing possible for her?"

Miss Lorraine did not reply. As she followed her uncle across the wide oaken hall she said to herself that many women would like to be the mistress of such a fine old house. What better position could she desire for Aldyth than that which she would win if she married her cousin, the heir of Wyndham? And yet there was something repugnant to her in the idea. Guy did not seem to her to possess the qualities that could make him a good husband for Aldyth.

They went back into the dining-room. It was a large, handsome room; but its dark oaken furniture, dark hangings, and dark carpet made it appear gloomy. The whole house, indeed, had the dingy, uncared-for look that a home generally gets that has no lady as its presiding genius. The drawing-room, a long, narrow room facing the garden, was rarely used.

Old Stephen stirred the fire into a blaze, seated himself in his armchair, folded his hands before him, and looked deliberately at his niece.

"You do not like the idea, it seems; but what better thing could there be for Aldyth?"

"That depends on how she would regard it," said Miss Lorraine, drily.

"She has no fortune," he continued, without heeding his niece's words. "Her mother has given her up; but if she had not done so, she has nothing to leave her daughter."

"Aldyth will not be penniless," said her aunt, quietly. "All that I have to leave will be hers when I am no more."

Stephen Lorraine made no comment on this statement. Evidently he thought the £300 a year Miss Lorraine had inherited from her father a poor thing in comparison with the joint possession of Wyndham and the fortune he had accumulated.

"It seems to me," said Miss Lorraine, with sudden boldness, "it seems to me a dangerous thing to make plans of this kind. If the two are drawn to each other, all well and good; but you cannot be sure that Aldyth would be Guy's choice, or, supposing it were so, that she could love him."

"Nonsense!" said the old man sharply. "I tell you she does love him. She'll be all right if you do not stuff her head with rubbish. What's all this about the literature lectures? Who's that young fellow they tell me is constantly at your house?"

Miss Lorraine coloured.

"Oh, Tabitha Rudkin!" she said within herself, "this is your doing."

But she replied calmly—

"I suppose you mean Mr. Glynne, the gentleman who is giving the lectures. He is not more often at my house than he is at other people's. He is a young man of good family, well bred and highly cultured. I went to school with his mother."

"Whose nonsensical idea was it, having these lectures? What good can they do?"

Miss Lorraine thought it vain to argue that question with her uncle.

"Aldyth enjoys them," she said; "she is very fond of poetry."

"More's the pity," returned the old man. "I don't approve of stuffing a girl's head with poetry and rubbish! There's Byron, for instance. Now what good can it do a girl to read Byron, I should like to know."

Miss Lorraine was silent. She thought it probable that Byron was the only poet with whose writings her uncle was acquainted; but she did not dare to hint that he was perhaps hardly competent to judge of the value of poetry.

"No," he added; "I object to those lectures. They will do her no good. Tell her so from me; tell her that I wish her to give them up."

"Uncle!" His niece looked blankly at him. She could hardly believe that he was in earnest.

"I mean it," he said; "I wish her to give them up. Guy does not care for them; he does not attend them, and I would rather she did not."

"But Aldyth cares very much for them," said her aunt. "You cannot think what a disappointment it would be to her."

"Nonsense!" he said impatiently; "Aldyth is a good girl; she will do what I wish. You tell her what I say—do you hear?"

"I hear, certainly," said Miss Lorraine, greatly annoyed, "but I think you had better speak to her about it yourself."

"You refuse to do so?"

Miss Lorraine hesitated.

"I would rather not," she said; "but if you insist upon it I will."

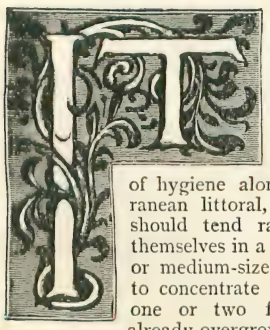
"Very well, then; I do insist upon it. Now I shall see whether Aldyth really cares to please me. There has been talk about her at Woodham, which has displeased me. I wish to put it down."

"Oh, Tabitha Rudkin!" inwardly groaned Miss Lorraine.

Stephen Lorraine said little more to his niece as they sat together. Presently he took up his newspaper, and nodded a little behind it, though he would have scouted the idea of sleeping in the afternoon. She sat knitting diligently, but stealing many a glance the while at the clock on the mantelpiece. She hated the disagreeable task imposed on her. What would Aldyth say? At last the long, dull afternoon wore to its close, and she heard Aldyth's happy voice as she dismounted at the front door.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.—OSPEDALETTI.



is the opinion of the most eminent and widely experienced of our Riviera medical men, that to maintain a high standard of hygiene along the Mediterranean littoral, winter visitors should tend rather to spread themselves in a number of small or medium-sized stations than to concentrate their numbers in one or two fashionable and already overgrown towns. The difficulties of drainage make this apparent. The Mediterranean is an almost tideless sea, and to make it at any one or two points the receptacle for the refuse of a large community cannot but tend to seriously impair the healthfulness of the immediate neighbourhood. There is another evil attendant upon the increasing and fashionable resort, which is a question of importance to many whose health necessitates or inclination suggests a sojourn on the Riviera, and that is the constant upward movement of hotel prices. The good old days when the inns of Mentone received their guests *en pension* at five francs a day, *vin compris*, are, alas! thirty years behind us. The guest of to-day in Cannes, Nice, or Mentone will find that in decent hotels his most modest requirements, and a south room, will not be satisfied under twelve francs a day, *vin apart*. The advantages, therefore, of constantly breaking new ground are apparent; and if the would-be denizen of the Sunny South has a soul capable of soaring above hotel waxworks, lounging on the Boulevard des Anglais or des Etrangers, as the case may be, he or she may be safely promised, that in addition to the suggested advantages to health and pocket, time will never hang heavily, but a constant source of enjoyment be found in delightful rambles through olive and lemon groves; in the exploration of the courses of mountain torrents, with their picturesque tumble-down olive-mills, or in more ambitious excursions to the top of neighbouring hills or villages.

Such at least was the writer's experience of last winter at Ospedaletti. Health necessitated a warm, dry climate, and desiring to avoid the older resorts, I came by chance to try Ospedaletti. Its geographical position seemed all that could be desired—it was not too far west, and so exposed to that uncomfortable wind known as the mistral, nor too far east and so exposed to the biting *tramontano* so rife in the neighbourhood of Genoa, and to too high a degree of humidity, for the rainfall is much heavier on the eastern than on the western Riviera. It was not unduly isolated, being midway between San Remo and Bordighera; and lastly, it possessed a comfortable and clean hotel, with an obliging Swiss host and hostess, capable of making their guests very comfortable at seven francs to eight francs a day.

A French banking company seems to have first conceived the idea of converting the quiet little village of Ospedaletti into a winter health station. This company purchased a large area of land in the rear of the old Italian village, and, at an enormous cost, laid out some miles of new roads, built bridges, three rows of buildings to be used as shops, a large hotel, and a magnificent building for purposes of

recreation, and passing under the name of a casino. The Corso Regina Margherita, a deviation from the old Corniche Road, is planted with rare and beautiful palms, and plentifully supplied with seats, making a delightful resort when the weather is hot, or the mood too lazy to prompt a stroll in the olive woods. But the reader may object that she has been led to expect a quiet rural retreat, and is here confronted with a casino, rows of shops, and the like. Let her not be dismayed. The doors of the casino have never been opened. It stands there with its mosaics and golden frescoes lighted up by the bright sunlight, and its white walls, graceful columns, and gilded pinnacles glistening in the pure atmosphere, in the charge of one sad custodian; a fitting reproof to the men who would have converted this peaceful spot into a second Monte Carlo, a resort for the gambler and the dissolute. The shops, too, are without shopkeepers, and are mostly let out as apartments, and the foreign population perhaps seldom exceeds one hundred, all told. But this is not the fault of Ospedaletti, for its situation and surroundings are, perhaps, unsurpassed at any other point on the Riviera. Its site is on a sweet little bay, bounded on the west by the point of land on which Bordighera is situated, and on the east by Cap Nero, a huge block of rock running down to the sea, and shutting off even a view of San Remo, which is only distant three miles.

This bay is said to have been an old resort of the Knights of Malta, who used it as a sanatorium, and they are also credited with the foundation of the quaint little mountain village, Col di Rodi, perched on the hill above. From the centre point of old Ospedaletti, a paved mule path leads up a valley, luxuriant with lemon trees, to Col di Rodi. What delightful reminiscences this old pathway revives! It is always out of the wind, and the bright sun is tempered, but not too much shaded, by the overhanging olives and lemons. Here and there quaint shrines, built in the walls by devout peasants, attract attention; a brawling mountain stream rushes down the valley below. Numberless little aqueducts convey the water of this stream for purposes of irrigation, or to turn the wheels of the primitive olive-mills that extract the sweet olive oil from the olive-berry. No prettier point is there on this old path than at the bridge which spans the stream. Seated on its ledge you look down upon an aqueduct connected with the olive-mill before you—a tumble-down, picturesque building covered with tangled, matted briar, the water rushing over its crazy mill-wheel in a delicious white foam. Behind is a series of large stone-built water tanks, for what purpose I could never discover, but pleasantly imagined they were used by the monks of the little ruined monastery, which stands hard by, to keep their fish in. Now they are the home of the little green frogs, whose welcome croak is the sure signal of approaching spring. And the scene never wants life. From Col di Rodi, driven by olive-skinned, dark-eyed maidens, or by their more swarthy and bronzed brothers or sires, come the mules laden with sacks of lemons or other produce of the land, and men and maidens smilingly bestow upon the stranger their salutation, *Buono giorno!*

From Ospedaletti the same beasts toil slowly back up the hill, urged on by the shouts of their drivers and an occasional resounding whack from the driver's stick. In the olive groves, on either side, the voices of men and women engaged in olive picking are heard, whilst here and there some solitary labourer croning over a lugubrious ditty (the songs of the peasantry seem to be always Gregorian in character) adds a variety to the sounds which reach the ear.

But the Coli road is only the beginning of most excursions. Soon some tempting path draws the wanderer from the highway into the byways. Clumps of sweet violets are met with, and in the early days of January the hands may be filled in a few minutes. Under the dripping archway of the old mill the maidenhair fern is seen in profusion, and when we get down to the little stream, and cross the stepping-stones, a few roses may be gathered from the deserted garden of the house and mill that were ruined in the earthquake, and, further on, the ground is covered with wild lavender and thyme.

Do we wish to quit these sylvan nooks and gaze upon scenes more majestic, we must climb higher. Until a height of nearly a thousand feet above the sea level is reached, the way, of necessity, lies through lemons and olives; for so warm and sheltered is Ospedaletti that these delicate trees grow luxuriantly to the elevation mentioned. But at length the open ground is gained—a dry, sterile mountain slope; but what a view meets the eye! The still blue Mediterranean lies at our feet, glistening tranquilly in the afternoon sun; the horizon has been pushed back by our elevated standpoint, till the great flat expanse of blue water looks twice as broad as it did from the village. Half a dozen steamships may be seen (English, of course) making steadily for the port of Genoa, and occasionally one is so close in shore that signs of life on deck are apparent. To the east the mountains beyond San Remo are plainly visible. But these are best seen from the Corniche Road, and a twelve minutes' walk to Cap Nero, after coffee in the morning, is repaid by a view of these mountains steeped in a soft azure-tinted light, a light whose softness and beauty are purely Italian. We can never descend from these heights without taking the old monastery on our way. Service is still held in its church once a year, but as this is in summer, it is only given to us to look through open windows upon the interior.

This, however, is not what brings us to the old monastery. It is the quaintness of the building, and the view. The tower of the church is built so as to span the road on a vaulted arch. A charming panorama of lemons presents itself on either side, and from the stone seat built into the arch this may be pleasantly contemplated. On the road home it is impossible to resist another halt at the house presently reached. The lemon grove there is of exceptional luxuriance, the trees literally groaning under the load of their golden-tinted fruit. The vista of blue sea seen through the leafy foreground never loses its beauty, and never fails to secure a visit as we pass down the old mule path to the road below. Before regaining the Corso Regina Margherita, we come upon a characteristic flock of poor, thin, hairy rather than woolly sheep. Their shepherd, clad in picturesque rags, with his knee-breeches and rough yarn stockings, keeps them slowly moving through the olive groves, picking up the scant herbage that grows there. On the road we meet another old friend, the San Remo and Bordighera omnibus, with its two poor, decrepit old horses, painfully but patiently transporting the creaking, rattling, wheezing old vehicle back to the latter-mentioned place whence it came. But the sun is fast sinking behind the old church at Bordighera, and we hurry home to watch it disappear like a ball of fire in the blue waters beyond.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

FORTUNE SMILES.—AN ADVENTURE WITH BURGLARS.

IF misfortunes seldom come singly, it is equally true that fortune's gifts often arrive in pairs, or close on the heels of each other.

On the day after old Mr. Burford's funeral, a most astounding piece of news reached me—news which I hardly dared to believe, it seemed so utterly incredible. The loss of means and the clouding over of my early prospects did not unhinge me more than this did, in spite of the fact that good news is said never to harm the recipient.

I longed to tell mine; but to whom must I speak, seeing that I wished to confine the intelligence to a single friend, and to pledge that one to absolute secrecy? Betsy and Jabez had enough to think of already, and besides, it would have been so hard for them to carry such a weighty burden, and be compelled to bear it alone.

There was only Mr. Burford, and yet how could I trouble him on the day after his father's funeral, and when he must be overweighted with business that had accumulated during his absence? However, I remembered his words, spoken that day at the station: "I would never defer any business that was of real consequence to you, Jack."

He would know how unwilling I should be to trouble him at such a time, so I sent a line to the office, and asked him to see me for a few minutes, adding that the matter was indeed urgent, or I would not ask him. I had a prompt reply, bidding me come to him at a time when I should have an hour free.

"What is it, my boy?" he asked, after a shake of the hand.

For answer I placed in his hand a letter I had that morning received from a firm of solicitors in London. Mr. Burford read the contents with no less surprise than I had done, then said: "My dear Jack, how wonderful this is! I could not have believed it, though, as I told you, such things have been brought about by a superstitious fear, when conscience had long lost its power. I congratulate you with all my heart," and again he grasped my hand with a friend's warmth, whilst his face expressed the genuineness of his pleasure.

"Do you think it is true?" I asked.

"True! Of course it is. I have had

dealings with this firm often enough. This is the signature of 'Deedes and Willes.' I had correspondence with them on your poor father's behalf in that very affair with Harcourt Whinney which lost him so many thousands. That letter has preyed on the man's mind, and driven him to make restitution, almost at the last, for your bequest is contained in a codicil executed only a few days before he died. I ran over a newspaper notice of his will, in which it said the personalty was valued at £1,600,000. What fortunes men do leave now-a-days! It seems a trifle to be a millionaire. You perhaps read the paragraph in which we were told who was to have the bulk of the property, and that there were many legacies. Hoping against hope, I searched for your name without success, and put down the paper disgusted. There is no mistake about this," said Mr. Burford, laying his hand on the letter; "shall I act for you, and write to Messrs. Deedes and Willes?"

"If you please, Mr. Burford. That is what I wanted to ask. And just another favour. Do not mention this affair to any human being."

"Not to one at my house, or to Miss Flint, that she may be ready with her felicitations?"

"Not to Miss Flint. Not even to Nelly; and you know I would rather tell her, the faithful friend of storm and sunshine, than any other. You will keep my secret?"

"I will, Jack. I will hug it closely, and rejoice over it."

I was sure the promise would be kept. Then I asked one more question, on a subject which had not puzzled me as a boy, but which perplexed me now.

"I cannot understand how my father could have so large a sum to spare at a time when he had been borrowing money to meet the calls on his own speculative ventures."

"He had borrowed from me, but at a very moderate interest. That twenty-five thousand had been settled on your mother, in case she should be the longer liver of the two. It was well invested when her death took place, and your father did not wish to disturb it, especially as I could accommodate him with the sums he wanted. Later on the principal was repaid, and, beguiled by Mr. Harcourt Whinney, he lent it, as you know, with the idea of improving his income. The result of all your father's money transactions may be summed up in one word—ruin."

It seemed very strange to think that, after a lapse of years, I should be made comparatively rich by the man who had helped to bring the ruin about, for under Mr. Harcourt Whinney's will I was a legatee to the extent of £30,000, a sum identical with that left to Mr. Burford's children by their grandfather. No wonder I found it hard to realise my good fortune! Its truth was, however, soon confirmed by further correspondence between the lawyers.

Mr. Burford had said, "It will seem strange for you to act the stationmaster at Oakhill, with the knowledge of coming wealth uppermost in your mind."

It was strange, but I resolved to keep duty uppermost, and to be as faithful as ever in the discharge of it until I should resign my trust. I should keep my secret and wait until—well, I could not yet fix a date for revealing it, and I rejoiced that my name had not appeared in print as one of Mr. Whinney's legatees.

I met Nelly Burford walking alone early in the following week, and had the hardest work possible to keep from telling my secret after all. And no wonder. Nothing made any change in Nelly's manner towards myself, and I thought she looked lovelier than ever in her deep mourning, and in spite of her paleness.

"You have been grieving, Nelly," I said. "I have been so sorry for you, and for all. You will feel the loss of your grandfather very deeply, I know."

"Yes, Jack. No one would believe what a sad blank the death of an old man has caused amongst us. When I looked at his empty chair I quite broke down. Not that I grieve for him, only for the loss of him."

I understood her meaning. I felt the same myself. Then she continued—

"You never guessed who sent you the little piano, did you, Jack?"

"No. I have puzzled my brains many a time, but always in vain."

"I may tell you now. It was Grandfather Burford. He wanted to give you pleasure, Jack, but not to be thanked for his gift. He was very fond of you. And, Jack, just hear me out. He has left me a great deal of money, not to be mine for over a year, but mine when I am of age. I think if I could have had the whole sum placed in my hands, I should have liked to run and offer it to you, just like old times."

"When you came with your five pounds, your grandfather's gift too, to say, 'Take it Jack.' Nelly, what can I say to you except that you are the dearest and most faithful of friends, and that I am more proud, glad, thankful, than words can tell for all your goodness."

"Yes, Jack, always your friend, though one who is ever wanting to do something to prove it, yet never able to serve you. I hope I may be one day. If you need anything I can do or give, you will come to me first, will you not?"

With hope once more springing in my heart, and the thought of my secret, I promised.

"Trust me, Nelly; I will come to you first of all."

She gave me back the same bright smile and little quick movement of the head that was characteristic of her childish days, and seemed abundantly content. I asked after Magnus, and then inquired if the family would be going away before the winter.

"Not all of us. My mother will go to Devonshire with Magnus for about a fortnight. They will stay with dear friends, and have all the quiet, restful surroundings that are best for my brother. Rose and I will be mostly at Lint Hall with your cousin. Oh, Jack! if you could only have your old home again! I should dearly love to buy it back for you!"

"I shall feel as if you had made me a present of it, Nelly, because you would do it if you could. But I shall never own it again. Without the broad acres that once went with it, the house would be of little use."

I had forgotten for the moment that Mr. Burford owned them, but I was reminded of this by seeing the flush which rose to the girl's very forehead.

"I feel so sorry my father owns the land," she said.

"And I am very glad, for it is in worthy hands, those of my best friend—next to yourself."

"Mother is not nearly so set against you as she was. Magnus's illness and dear grandfather's death have had a softening effect on her, and she has several times named you with something of the old goodwill. I should not be afraid if she were to come in sight just now, Jack," and Nelly lifted her head as if ready to face the whole world, and still keep her place by my side.

To think I should have to shorten such a meeting in order to return to Oakhill Station! Yet I had to say that I was due there, and must leave her.

"Thank you for telling me who gave the piano," I said. "I have always valued it greatly, and it has been such a source of pleasure, such a companion to me! I can never value it enough now I know whence it came."

Afterwards I found out that old Mr. Burford sent the piano at Nelly's instigation; though it did not strike me at the time that I owed his act to her kind thought.

The week which followed this meeting was a very busy one. I saw Mrs. Burford and Magnus set out for the south, and I knew that the girls were backwards and forwards between Lint Hall and their own home, one sleeping under each roof in turn.

I had become comparatively easy in my mind on Jabez and Betsy's account, for the latter paid no stealthy visits to the old cottage; and both were fairly cheerful, and looking well again, all things considered.

Jane Cartwright found more time to visit her cronies, and had much to say as to the way in which her old lady was wrapped up in Rose and Nelly.

"I had used not to care for Miss Rose," she said; "but Miss Flint has done her good by her plain talk. She thinks less of herself and more of other folks now, and before her grandfather died she kept us alive at the Hall. It is Miss Ellen's turn to stay the night. Whatever the mistress would do without these young people I don't know."

I heard little of Jane's gossip, for I had to return to the station after the usual time. A large annual fair was being held at our county town, and during the week there were daily excursion trains from Oakhill. Some of these did not return until a late hour, and the passenger traffic was thrown a good deal out of order by them. The last of these was timed to reach our station at midnight, but I hardly hoped that it would be punctual. Of course my duties would not be over until the last train had passed through the station, so I begged the old people to go to bed,

as I could let myself in without disturbing them.

As it happened, most of the Oakhill people returned by an earlier train, and only six came by the last, which arrived half an hour late. I found afterwards that Cartwright and one of his sons ought to have been in it, but by some mischance had missed it.

Five of the passengers were known to me, and nearly all said "Good-night" in passing out. The sixth emerged with difficulty from a crowded carriage, and wore his hat much slouched over his face, and a muffler, which helped still further to conceal it; not wholly, however, for by the light of a lamp I thought I saw a portion of the scar so conspicuous under ordinary circumstances on the face of George Harwood. The man noticed that I was observing him, and thrusting his ticket into the collector's hands, he hurried out of sight as quickly as possible.

I wished to follow, and I lost no time in doing it; but I had to see that all was right before I left the spot, and this was not done in a moment. When free I hastened onward, not to my present home, but towards the old cottage, feeling convinced that this man would turn his steps in that direction. My mind was terribly disturbed and full of forebodings as I went up the lane, treading softly and listening for the lightest sound. But I heard none, and after spending some time watching and waiting, I decided to go home.

At one part of my way the road skirted an outlying corner of the Lint Hall gardens, and as I approached it, I heard a feeble cry for help.

Distance made it faint, but it was distinctly a cry of distress, and the voice was that of a woman. I even fancied that it was Nelly's, and at once all my old fears in connection with George Harwood, and his object in hanging about the neighbourhood, returned with redoubled force.

There was no gate near, but I scrambled over the fence, and as I knew every inch of the ground, I took the nearest road to the house. I heard one or two more cries, but they were extremely faint.

I hastened on at a break-neck pace, and with a great dread in my heart that I should be too late, or single-handed be unable to render help if it were needed. At this moment I ran almost into the arms of a man who was hurrying towards the Hall from an opposite direction.

"There's something wrong up there," said he; "I guessed there might be, and that made me turn towards the Hall. Did you hear screams?"

"Yes; they brought me here."

"Then if help is wanted I'm your man. I know you, sir, and what you have been to my poor old father and mother. I've taken the wrong road many a time, but I'm on the right track now."

Sure enough the speaker was the man with the scarred face—George Harwood. The words were jerked out as he hastened on beside me.

I had little breath for words; I only managed to say—

"I hope you mean this. I stand alone."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, you don't, and that you'll see. Trust me, sir, for the sake o' the old folks. I don't mean to finish an ill life by breaking their hearts, though I've done enough in that line."

This man's words were the strangest contradiction to his recent conduct, and I found it hard to reconcile the two. However, I had no choice but to trust him, and on we went.

Being younger and lighter, I could get over the ground more quickly, and I hastened forward until, on approaching the shrubbery near the house, I thought I saw something white emerging from the trees. Surely it was a female figure in a white garment, and I called softly—

"Who is there?"

It was Nelly, and she knew my voice, and ran towards me.

"Jack, there are thieves in the house—two, I think. Cartwright and his son should have been back from the fair, but have not come. Jane went down to the lodge to her daughter, who is ill. The men did not see me, for they were too busy securing Miss Flint, and there are only the maids in the house beside."

"Where were you going, Nelly?"

"To the lodge, to rouse the men there, but I thought someone might be outside and see me in my white dressing-gown; so I was creeping amongst the bushes. Jack, you must not go into the Hall alone, and yet—poor Miss Flint! I am frightened for her."

I have often thought of Nelly as she looked in her white wrapper with her pale face, her little bare feet just thrust into slippers, so fearful for others, so forgetful of self.

"I have a helper, Nelly," I said, for George Harwood came up out of breath at the moment.

"That's right," he gasped out. "You're trusting me. I'll not fail you."

We kept Nelly from going to the lodge, for I knew that no harm should reach her that I could ward off at the risk of my life, and I knew not what accomplice might be watching outside the house. We stole softly in at the side door, left open by Nelly. All was dark, but she and I knew our ground, and George Harwood followed, as we crept cautiously towards the strong-room, in which stood some large safes specially constructed to hold the plate. There was no window, except a small skylight in the roof, and the men had already forced the door, and were busy at one of the safes, which so far resisted their attempts to open it.

The same thought evidently crossed all our minds at the instant, for we extended our hands with a view of shutting the outer door on the men, whose backs were towards us and it. The noise made by their tools, though not great, had sufficed to keep them from hearing our approach, which was as stealthy as possible.

We failed in our attempt. The door stuck a little, and made a grating sound, at the instant the thieves paused in their work. They closed their lantern, and made a dash for the door, so suddenly that I was driven aside; and though both George Harwood and I tried to stop them, they eluded our grasp, and got clear away, across the hall and out of doors.

We followed as fast as we could, but when I was about to pass out of the house I bethought myself that if Harwood were minded he could draw back as I left it, and I might find myself and Nelly on different sides of the door, so I paused on the threshold.

"Right, sir," said he. "There can be no more harm done if we bar them out. If we followed we might not come off scot free, and there's more to be done—we must find the women folk."

I would have sought Miss Flint first, even if Nelly had not led the way to her room. Poor Cousin Dorothy! She was in evil case—tied firmly hand and foot, and gagged so that she could not utter a sound.

As quickly and carefully as possible I removed the gag from her mouth, and cut or loosed the bands which tied her. Her pretty hands were swollen, and the nails livid with the tightness of the cords; and Nelly fairly cried as she held them in her own, tenderly stroking them and condoling with her friend.

Miss Flint had been said to look an "object" in her travelling attire. She certainly looked a woful one at this moment, and her conduct was worthy of her reputation for eccentricity. No sooner was she set free than she burst into a fit of hearty laughter. Nelly and I were frightened, thinking that she was either hysterical or crazy.

There was, however, such a genuine ring in the laugh that we took heart, and felt inclined to join in her mirth. "What are you staring at, John Simpson?" asked Cousin Dorothy. "Do you think I have taken leave of my senses? Not I. Those laugh who win, and whilst I have been fastened here like a trussed fowl, I have had a joke to comfort me. Those foolish would-be thieves were working away like the fellow we see in the advertisement of somebody's safes. I could hear them as I sat. And all the while everything of importance was within reach of my hand, if I could have stretched it. Other people may collect their valuables and put them into a safe if they like—then thieves know where to look for them; not so Dorothy Flint."

Again she laughed heartily, and this time the rest of us joined her without fear or compunction.

(*To be continued.*)

PENELOPE:

A SONNET.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

FIT type of constancy, Penelope!
Ulysses had been absent twenty years,
And all men deemed him lost; yet, 'mid her fears,
The true wife still hoped on. Persistently
Her many suitors pressed their claims; but she
By quaint pretence of robe which first she'd weave
(Weaving by day, undoing all at eve),
Kept them at bay, until across the sea
Came back the wanderer. It were not right
To praise the artifice which helped her ends;
But that brave constancy—which gave her might
To stand alone amid both foes and friends
For sake of him she loved—this claims renown,
And history worthily gives her a crown.

AN UNHAPPY BACHELOR.

By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS, Author of "Her Heart's Desire."

CHAPTER I.

SERENA.

I HAD just returned to my bachelor rooms in Half Moon Street after a fortnight spent in Vienna. My solitary dinner was over; I had drawn my chair up to the fire, and was lazily turning over a volume of Wordsworth's poems. I stopped at his beautiful "Ode to Immortality," and began to read, but could not get on with it. It touched me too deeply, and made me feel sad. I looked around; the room was melancholy, the gas burned badly, the silence was oppressive. "It is not now as it has been of yore." True, alas! how true! I was the youth who had travelled "far from the East," and my early visions had faded into "the light of common day." The past, with its happy dreams, had vanished for ever. The future loomed before me, inexpressibly dreary, a barren plain. I had not the strong faith which enables one to look calmly on through death into the happy hereafter. The present—to how many does the present seem anything but disappointing?

To me, John Campbell, life at forty-five was bitterly disappointing. My own fault; there lay the bitterest sting of all. Much had been given me, nothing had been done. A brilliant career was prophesied for me at the Bar; my uncle's death made me independent, and I gave up my profession. One by one my subsequent pursuits shared the fate of the Bar. In turn I took up music, painting, chemistry, photography, literature; and in turn, all became, like the Bar, part of my past history—things in which I had no longer any interest. If Alice had lived, my life might have been different; her ready appreciation and sympathy would have urged me on; but the love of my life had been taken from me, and had left me a lonely man. Aye, there lay the root of the whole matter: in heart and at home I was a lonely man. My men friends looked me up constantly, my wine was good, my little dinners were excellent; but how many of them really cared for me, I wondered? I took up the pile of letters awaiting me—invitations, bills, of course; there was no one to write me affectionate family letters such as other men received. Stay, this time there actually was a letter. I opened it. It was from my sister-in-law in Wales, and dated ten days back. It was written in deepest grief to tell me that her husband, Robert, the only relative I possessed in the world, was dead. The news was a great shock to me. I had seen little of my brother for years; our paths had lain apart, our tastes differed; but this letter, with its sad news, bridged over the intervening years of separation, and took me straight back to the days of our mutual childhood.

The tie between brothers and sisters who have been brought up together can never be broken. It is very strong, how strong I never realised until the moment when I read of poor Robert's death. Then a flood of tender early recollections poured in upon me, followed by the deepest regret. If only I had been at home ten days ago! Too late now for a last look at the once familiar face, too late even to follow the poor unconscious form to the grave. My poor brother! How he had looked up to me, and believed in me, and how little I had done for him, a hard-working doctor with a large family! Yet his trust in me had never been shaken, and his dying words were, "Send for John; he will be a father to my children." The living trust had been undeserved; the dying trust, I vowed, should be sacredly regarded.

That evening, as I paced my solitary room, visions of an altered and better life rose before me. Mrs. Campbell's letter read to me almost like an entreaty to come to her. She told me plainly that her health was so shattered by sorrow and nursing that she felt quite unequal to the heavy responsibilities which now devolved upon her as the widowed mother of a large family, and longed for guidance and help. I remembered she had ever been a gentle-natured dependent woman, who had looked up to the male head of the house for advice in everything, and I felt it was my plain duty to go to her and give her the guidance and help she needed. The idea delighted me. No more should my own petty pursuits be the one end and aim of my existence—I would live for others; I would go to poor Robert's widow, and be as a father to his children, and in the reflection of their happiness strive to find my own.

I wrote that very evening to Mrs. Campbell, and told her it was my great desire to fulfil the obligations of my brother's dying trust, and that I should like to give up my rooms in London, and make my home with her for a time, if my presence would be a support and comfort to her. She wrote back to say she had wished to propose this herself, but had hesitated on my account, fearing the children might be too much for me. They were high-spirited, noisy children, and might be very trying to a person who, like myself, was accustomed to bachelor ways. The last expression annoyed me. I did not think I had bachelor ways, and even if I had it was precisely my own ways, my own individuality, I wished to escape from. Moreover, I liked children. I thought of the little Penroses, pretty gentle-eyed little girls; their mother never appeared to such advantage as when they were clustered around her. Also I recollected the young Cockburns, nice-mannered, intelligent boys; it had always been a pleasure to meet them at their father's luncheon-table. Yes, I decidedly liked children, and my next letter was to that effect, and did away, I hoped, with my sister-in-law's doubts on the point.

Everything was quickly arranged, and in less than a month I was speeding along in the train towards the little village in South Wales where lay my future home. Fifteen years had passed since last I visited Llandeilo. I had seen my brother twice in London since then, but not Lilla, whom I remembered as a pretty fair-haired little woman. Of the children I had slight recollection. Tom, the eldest, must be nineteen now; the two boys who succeeded him had died. I knew there were four younger ones, but their names I had forgotten.

Lilla had mentioned Tom as a very clever boy, who had done well at Malvern College. I had arranged for him to go to Balliol as

PENELOPE.

soon as the Easter vacation was over, which it would be in another fortnight.

The train neared Llandeilo, and I began to feel strangely nervous. When it steamed with a loud screech into the station, my heart beat like a girl's. I got out quickly, and looked around. I had forgotten that the hills rose so high, that the river swept so near; the station did not seem the same; it was larger, more bustling. I turned to look after my luggage, and found myself face to face with a tall fair-haired boy. It was my brother as he had looked in the far-off days when we were young together.

"Robert," I said, involuntarily, and put my hand on his shoulder. A wave of feeling, a rush of recollection, came over me, and I could not speak another word. The boy understood. He grasped my hand warmly, and the tears sprang into his eyes.

"I am Tom," he said, adding, in a low voice, "I know I am like him." My affection for Tom dated from that hour. Through all my life I loved that boy with a tender and special affection, and I have to thank him for the greatest gift of my life.

We got into a time-honoured wagonette which awaited us, and started for the house, which was little more than a mile distant. On the way Tom thanked me gratefully for sending him to Oxford. He said it had always been his ambition, but they could not have afforded it at home. His remarks suggested an idea of painfully straitened circumstances which gave me an unpleasant shock. I knew my brother had had a small private income in addition to his professional one; of his money losses, his long expensive illnesses, I had never been told.

"Mother and Serena are very anxious you should be happy with us," remarked Tom.

"Who is Serena?" I asked, with surprise.

"Serena! Don't you know? She lives with us."

"Oh!" I said, "in what capacity, what does she do?"

"Everything," replied Tom; "she helps everybody."

"Oh," I said again; "but the children, have they no governess?"

"They've Serena," said Tom. "She may not be much of a governess, but she is the sweetest girl in the world, and that is quite enough."

Soon we reached the house, which I remembered fifteen years ago as very roomy and rather shabby. Its shabbiness had apparently steadily increased during all these years.

The front door was almost destitute of paint, the matting and walls of the hall would have been pronounced disreputable even in a London lodging-house. I found Lilla in the drawing-room. Poor Lilla, she had fared no better than the house. Every trace of beauty and freshness had departed. I felt suddenly old as I looked at the changed delicate face of the woman who was younger than myself. Perhaps in her eyes I was equally changed.

At first the poor widow could do nothing but sob, but presently she calmed herself a little, and seemed to take comfort from my words of sympathy. After a little time she begged me to come and see the children. I rose and followed her. She opened a green baize door on one side of the hall, and at the same time a door at the further end of the passage then disclosed, opened, and four children rushed out with an eager cry of "Has he come?" They were duly presented to me as Sibyl, Teddy, Kathleen, and Sidney, and their ages seemed to range from nine to seven. They all had fair, fresh faces; but their tousled heads of hair and grimy hands might have belonged to street arabs. All four stared at me as if I were a new species of wild beast sent over for private inspection from the Zoological Gardens. Then Teddy broke the silence by remarking—

"Of course you've brought us all presents?"

I had never thought of it, and had to confess as much, feeling I had lost all chance of immediate popularity.

"No presents! Well, that is a disappointment!" remarked Sibyl. "We may just as well go and finish our game then."

"Hush!" said a gentle voice. "That is not the way to welcome your uncle."

I turned and saw a quiet-looking young girl, dressed in soft grey, with a few red anemones in her hands.

"This is Miss Serena Hope, my right hand," said Mrs. Campbell, presenting her to me.

Miss Hope shook hands with me, and flushed up as if she were rather shy. On the whole her appearance pleased me. Afterwards I was conducted to my rooms. My bedroom was comfortable; my sitting-room, opening into it, was charming. My belongings, which had been sent down beforehand, were tastefully arranged; the windows looked out upon the garden, and vases of red anemones and other spring flowers made the tables gay. I expressed my satisfaction to Mrs. Campbell.

"Serena arranged it all," she said. "And now dinner is nearly ready, so I will leave you."

I went downstairs when the gong sounded, and found Lilla waiting for me in the dining-room. Teddy, still with tousled hair, occupied an easy-chair by the hearth.

"Where is Tom?" I asked.

"Tom had tea with Serena and us in the schoolroom," observed Teddy. "He said he preferred it. Before you came, we all had tea here with mother, and cook says ——"

"Hush, Teddy, or you must leave the room," said his mother.

I drank my soup in silence, and wondered what cook's opinion might be.

"Do you like the soup?" asked Teddy.

"It is very good," I replied.

"Ha!" remarked Teddy, with a knowing air, "it ought to be, it's mouse soup!"

I looked up puzzled, and Mrs. Campbell began in an agitated manner to drag the soup tureen with the ladle. When the ladle reappeared it contained a hideously draggled-looking mouse. I put down my spoon, feeling very ill.

"Don't do that again, Teddy," I said, with a great effort overcoming much natural anger and disgust.

"And leave the room instantly," said his mother. And then she overwhelmed me with apologies for her erring son, who, however, did not leave the room. I made light of the misdemeanour, being determined nothing should mar the serenity of the first evening; but the rest of my dinner was eaten with unappetising suspicion, beneath the steady glare of Teddy's watchful eyes. I learned afterwards that to tamper with the food was a favourite diversion of Teddy's. On a subsequent occasion the tea came forth ultra-marine dashed with carmine, and half the contents of Noah's ark were found drowned at the bottom of the tea-pot. That evening Tom came and sat with me whilst I smoked. He told me his ambition was the Bar, and I encouraged him, feeling he might do what I had not done, be what I had failed to be. Yet I felt sad as he talked of his hopes for the future; I could not yet quite make the happiness of a younger generation my own.

It will not do to recount all the experiences of my first days at Glan-yr-Afon, but at the end of a week I came to the conclusion that I had been mistaken in one respect. The children were too much for me; they were more than trying, they were intolerable. It struck me that they were being badly brought up, decidedly neglected. Mrs. Campbell lay on the sofa most of the day, and made constant demands upon Serena's time, consequently the children, though supposed to do lessons in the morning, ran wild the greater part of the day. Nowhere could one be free from their presence. My sitting-room, my bedroom even, bore frequent traces of marauders, and remonstrances were either disregarded or replied to with a rudeness which astonished me. Their favourite resort was the kitchen.

One day I told Mrs. Campbell plainly my opinion of the children's manners and conduct, and suggested stricter discipline. She seemed vexed, and said she "had feared it would be so"—an ambiguous expression which annoyed me. At the end of a fortnight Tom went away to Oxford. We parted great friends, and I missed the dear boy inexpressibly. I had come into the midst of family life, yet when Tom left I felt as lonely as ever. Lilla's society was very depressing; she always seemed melancholy and weighed down by care. The children seemed to have taken a dislike to me; not even a choice box of presents sent down from London could win their affection. Perhaps it was because I was so often forced to reprove them. Serena's appearance was very attractive, and her conversation, on the rare occasions when she had time to talk, pleased me, but she was perfectly unfit for the position of governess to unruly children, and being so I could not feel satisfied with her presence in the house.

I spoke to her once about her charges. She flushed up, and said she would "try to keep them out of my way."

"That is not the point," I said, perhaps a little severely; "so much freedom is bad for the children themselves."

"Mrs. Campbell is satisfied," she said, looking at me with a wounded expression. She had certainly very pretty eyes, but that did not help matters much. I said no more, but I thought a good deal, and at the end of a month, finding no improvement took place in the children, I came to a resolution. Unless I allowed my brother's children to be completely ruined I must send away Serena, and get some more competent person to take her place. All will and spirit seemed to have deserted Lilla; her poor health made it impossible for her to struggle with unruly spirits; and I saw plainly that some one must be put in authority over her children who could rule and guide them with a firm hand. It was some days before I could summon up courage to approach this point with my sister-in-law, but the events of one morning roused me into immediate action. It was my forty-fifth birthday; I told Lilla so when I came down to breakfast. She sighed and said we were getting nearer the grave; not a very cheerful remark to make on one's birthday. Presently the children came rushing in, followed by Serena. Sidney shoved the back of his head into my face by way of friendly morning greeting; the others made at once for their seats, and clamoured for some of the omelette before me.

"I don't think you washed your face this morning, Teddy," I observed.

"What you see," said Teddy, "is the marks of that horrid brown Windsor soap. Mary will make me use it, and it won't come off."

I knew by experience that what Teddy asserted he maintained at all costs, so did not contest the point.

"It is your uncle's birthday to-day, children," said Lilla.

"Is it really?" said Sibyl, looking very pleased; "then you are one year older to-day."

"And when you are quite old you will die," observed Kathleen, cheerfully; adding after a pause, "That will be a good thing for us."

"May I ask why?" I demanded.

"Why?" exclaimed Teddy, suddenly getting excited, and standing up, "because then we shall get your money; cook said so."

"And then we are going to buy a pony," remarked Sibyl.

"Yes, white, with black spots, and a long tail," screamed Sidney, who was seated next to me, and he waved his mug of milk ecstatically in the air. Over went the milk, and fell in a white shower over me; my new light grey summer suit was irretrievably ruined. I rose from the table mortified, and extremely angry.

"Miss Hope," I said, "if your charges spent more time in the schoolroom and less in the kitchen, their ideas and manners might improve. I have spoken of this before, but my suggestions are invariably disregarded. Lilla, a word with you in my room, please, as soon as you are at leisure," and I made my exit as haughtily as milk-dripping garments would allow. An hour later Lilla came to me.

"Oh dear," she began at once deprecatingly; "Serena and I are most distressed this should have happened. We have scolded the children severely, I assure you. If you like to go and see, you will find them all crying in the schoolroom."

"Thank you," I replied, "but looking at their tears will not set this matter right. I repeat now what I have said before, a sterner rule is required. Your delicate health prevents you from devoting much time to the children, and Serena seems quite unequal to the task of training them. She has not the faintest notion of discipline. She must be sent away, and replaced by an older and more experienced woman."

"Oh, John, I could not send away Serena," said Lilla, looking miserable. "She is invaluable to me; and no one knows the comfort she was to me when poor Robert died."

"That may be," I said, "but your children should be your first consideration; and they are getting ruined. They run wild the better part of the day."

"But that is so good for their health and spirits," urged the mother; "and it would break Serena's heart to go away. She has no home except with a widowed sister-in-law, who is not kind to her. This has been her home ever since she left school, three years ago. I cannot send her away."

I rose from my seat determined to play a strong card.

"Lilla," I said, "I have thought the matter well over, and Serena must go. As the children's guardian I insist upon it. With your recommendation she will easily get another engagement, and I will make good to her the salary for a full year. If this important and necessary change is not made, then I leave the house. You will choose, please, between Serena Hope and me. I will wait until to-morrow for your decision."

Having said this very firmly, I sat down to show the interview was at an end. Lilla burst into tears, and left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

A. Hammond and Co.

Polish Dance. For pianoforte. By Dr. Gordon Saunders.—An excellent specimen of the Polacca, not too difficult, and worth any trouble it may give. One of several effective compositions by an old and esteemed contributor to The Girl's Own Paper.

J. and J. Hopkinson.

Shepherd's Cradle Song. Words translated from the German, set to music by Arthur Somervell.—A very pretty lullaby; it is so pleasant to receive a song in which the accompaniment has an independent share of interest, however small a share it may be. The hackneyed, drab-coloured tum-tum-tum of the average song or ballad is so totally dead to art and active sympathies.

Fairyland. Words and Music by Gerald Lane.—This ballad is in three keys, but would suit contraltos best in E flat. The subject is pretty. A child asking "Where is Fairyland, mother?" the mother explains that she has forgotten the way, it is so long since she went there; that was when, as a child, "the sunshine was never shadowed, and all the world was May." "So long as the heart is young, you are walking in Fairyland." A pretty idea, daintily carried out.

No Love Like Mine.—A song, by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., is interesting, as being a setting of words by the Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Isaacs.

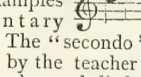
Patey and Willis.

Album Lyrique, par Jaques Blumenthal.—A most enjoyable volume by the composer of "The Message." Much versatility is shown, as the titles alone would suggest, for they include "A Song of the Sea," "A Persian Love Song," with characteristic scale passages, "A Breton Song," a charming valse, and a most graceful duet. There are both French and English words.

The artistic way in which the volume is printed and embellished with engravings adds not a little to the value of this interesting album.

I Live for Thee. Serenade, with music; by Leo Stern.—As this was composed expressly for Madame Patey, the queen of English contraltos, our readers will understand the extent and the compass of the song. An effective violin or 'cello obbligato gives additional colour and effect.

Edwin Ashdown.

The Easiest Pieces.—Pianoforte duets, on the five notes,  are very ingenious examples of how pleasant elementary studies may be made. The "secondo" part is intended to be played by the teacher at first, and after that by an advanced little pupil, as it is by no means a difficult part. The "primo" is for the beginner. The six pieces before us are by Jadassohn, and comprise various dances, marches, etc.

Parallel-Studien, composed by Louis Köhler, are intended to serve as companion studies to Cramer's celebrated books, and should be used therewith by anyone who does not find Cramer sufficient. There are fifteen studies so far, all of which we think would come very well between Cramer's and Moscheles. These are more difficult than the former.

Willcocks and Co.

Joyeuse Aubade, Passacalle, Quiétude, and Episode de la Fête des Vignerons. Four piano pieces. By Louis Gregh.—Quite "à la Française" is the Aubade, and "Quiétude" is a song without words. The Episode is a souvenir of the commemorative fête held at Vevey, in Switzerland, last year.

Blumenklage (the flowers' lament) is one more piece by Gustav Lange. No wonder he has nothing left to say, for this is Opus 420! and all his works have been in the same style, and for the same purpose of creating a commonplace effect with the least possible trouble to the learner. Is this in any way connected with true art?

Valse de Salon. By Frances, Lady Dalrymple, is far above the usual level of amateur composition. It is bright and well marked, and although the principal subject is rather trite, it is well developed.

Novello and Co.

By the Waters of Babylon. A verse anthem, composed by C. A. Macirone.—A scholarly setting of a great part of Psalm 137. It is in the old style, and consists mainly of imitative passages, leading to a beautiful quartette, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem." It has already been sung in Canterbury Cathedral, and elsewhere.

Weekes and Co.

Our Watchword. A short patriotic cantata; the heart-stirring words by Mildred Beresford-Hope, the inspiring music by Edward G. Croager; will be found excellently well adapted to all patriotic meetings and concerts.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

Words by T. MOORE. *Music by* R. THORLEY BROWN.

Andante.

VOICE. PIANO.

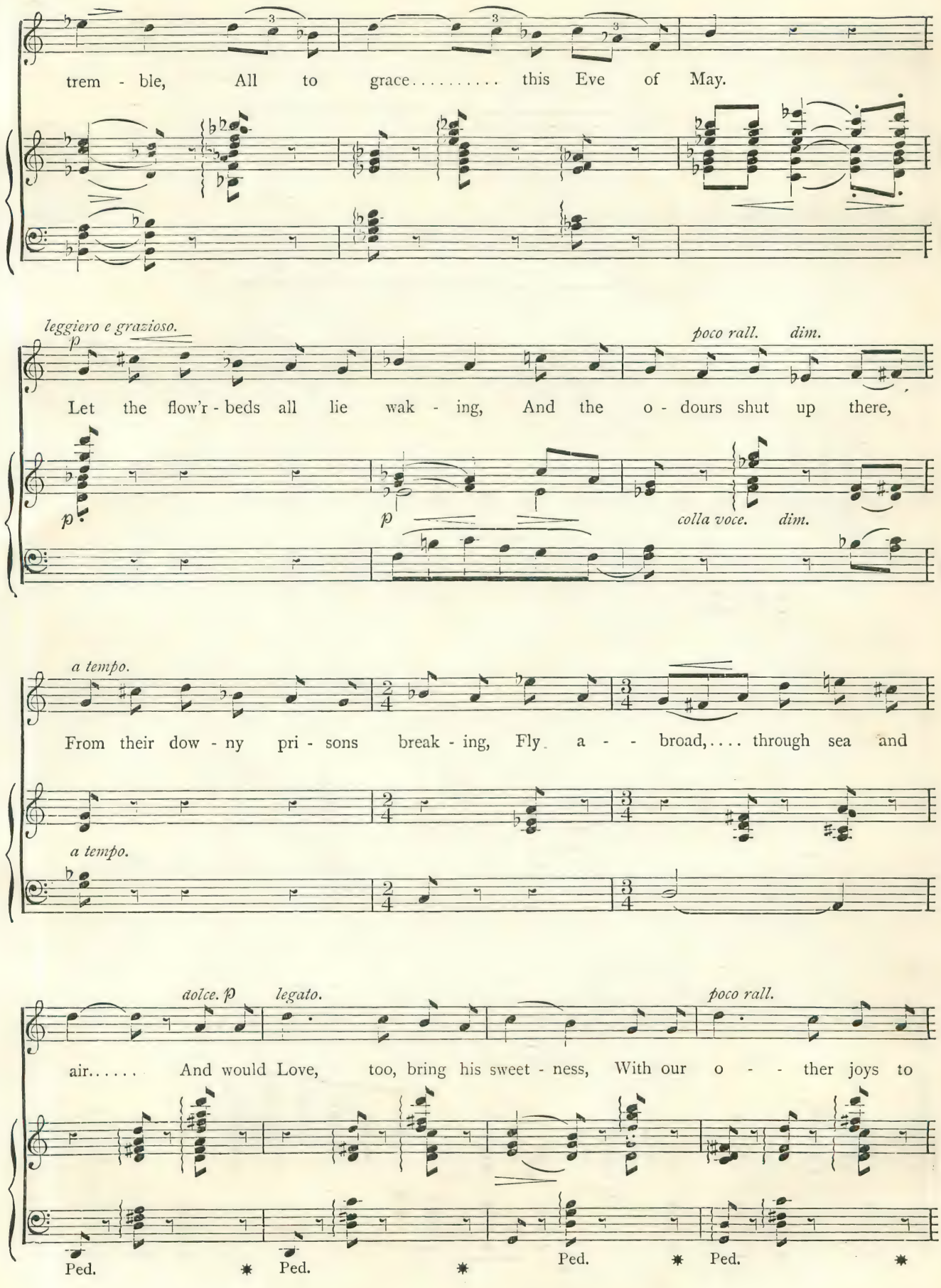
mp

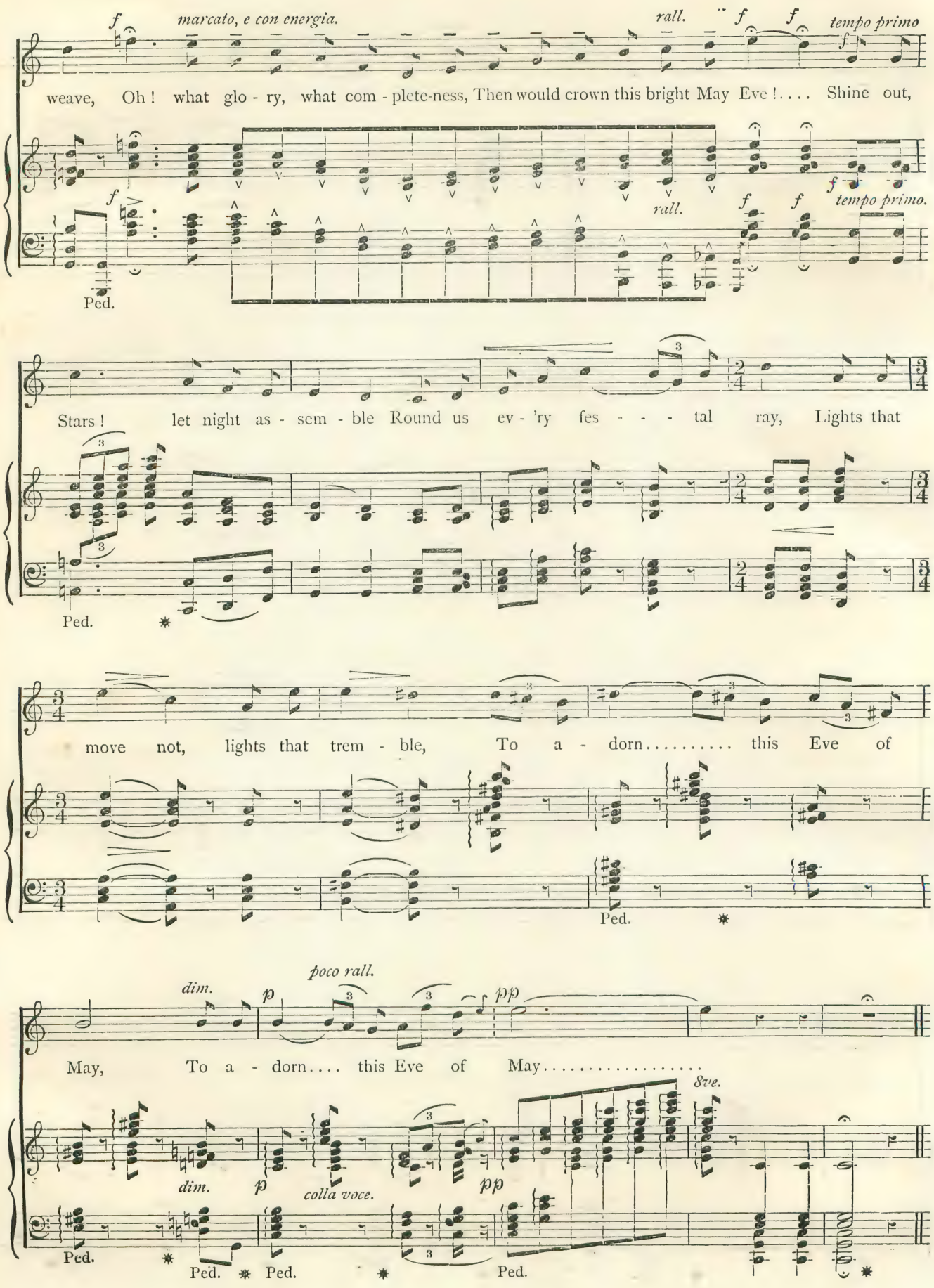
Shine out, Stars! let Heav'n as - sem - ble Round us

mf

ev - 'ry fes - - - - - tal ray, Lights that move not, lights that

Ped.


trem - ble, All to grace..... this Eve of May.
leggiero e grazioso.
p
poco rall. dim.
Let the flow'r - beds all lie wak - ing, And the o - dours shut up there,
p
p
colla voce. dim.
a tempo.
From their dow - ny pri - sons break - ing, Fly a - - broad,.... through sea and
a tempo.
dolce. p
legato.
poco rall.
air..... And would Love, too, bring his sweet - ness, With our o - - ther joys to
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


f
marcato, e con energia.
rall.
f
f
tempo primo
f
weave, Oh! what glo - ry, what com - plete-ness, Then would crown this bright May Eve!.... Shine out,
f
rall.
f
f
tempo primo.
Ped.
Stars! let night as - sem - ble Round us ev - 'ry fes - - - tal ray, Lights that
Ped.
move not, lights that trem - ble, To a - dorn..... this Eve of
Ped.
poco rall.
dim.
p
pp
May, To a - dorn.... this Eve of May.....
8ve.
dim.
p
colla voce.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

A FRENCH HOAX.—The French term for a hoax, "canard"—in English "a duck"—is said to have originated from Cornelissen, who, to try the credulity of the public, set in circulation a story about his having twenty ducks, one of which he threw to the other nineteen, who devoured it greedily. He then cut up another, then a third, and so on till nineteen were disposed of; and as the nineteenth was gobbled up by the surviving duck, it followed that this voracious bird ate nineteen of its own species. Yet the public swallowed the story quite as readily, and their gullibility gave a new word to the French language.

A FOOL OUT SHOPPING.

She walked into the dry goods store
  With stately step and proud;
She turned the frills and laces o'er,
  And pushed aside the crowd.
She asked to see some rich brocade,
  Mohair and grenadines;
She looked at silk of every shade,
  And then at velveteens;
She sampled jackets blue and red—
  She tried on nine or ten—
And then she tossed her head, and said
  "She guessed she'd call again."

THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN.

One morning, at daybreak, a father came into his son's bedchamber, and told him that a wonderful stranger was to be seen.

"You are sick," said he, "and fond of great shows. Here are no quack doctors nor keeping of beds. A remarkable being is announced all over the town, who not only heals the sick but makes the very grass grow; and what is more, he is to rise out of the sea."

The boy, though he was a lazy fellow, and did not like to be waked, jumped up on hearing of such an extraordinary exhibition, and hastened with his father to the door of the house, which stood upon the seashore.

"There," said the father, pointing to the sun which at that moment sprang out of the ocean like a golden world, "there, foolish boy, you who land me in so many expenses with your lazy ailments, and yourself in so many troubles, behold at last a remedy cheap, certain, and delightful. Behold at last a physician who has only to look in your face every morning at the same hour, and you will be surely well."

LONG AGO.—Here is a quaint description of a woman's day in the old style. It is from the Lenten diary of Miss Susannah Darwin, in 1748: "Rose before seven, eat a pear; breakfast at a quarter-past eight, fed ye cats, went to church; at one, pease porrage, puddin, bread and cheese; fore, Mrs. Chappell came; five, drank tea; six, ate half an apple; seven, a porrenge of boyld milk, read in ye *Tatler;* at eight, a glass of punch; filled up ye vacancies of the day with work as before."

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.—It is by no means necessary for an engagement ring to have only one stone in it, nor are you confined to any particular stone, although diamonds are the greatest favourites. Sapphires, pearls, rubies, and turquoises are used, but not emeralds, as they signify "forsaken." The ring is frequently without stones at all, or if there are any they are deeply set, so that it need not be taken off the finger for washing, etc.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The daughter of a peer married to a commoner keeps her rank; but if she marries a peer she takes the rank of her husband, whether that be higher or lower than the rank which she has by birth.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth
Better than banking, trade, or leases:
Take a bank-note and fold it up,
And then you will find your money in-*creases.*
This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your own hands, where
  nothing can trouble it,
And every time that you fold it across,
It's as plain as the light of day that you
  double it.

"FROM GEORGE."

Jeweller: Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring, without extra charge."

Young man: "Well, inscribe on it, 'From George to Alice.'"

Jeweller: "*Hum!* The lady is your sister, may be?"

Young man: "No. The fact is this is an engagement ring."

Jeweller: "Ah, my young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply, 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."

ENTITLED TO AN EXTRA FLOUNCE.

"Mother," says the younger sister, "I think it is too bad; I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly."

"My dear," said her mother, "you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married."

"Well," answered the younger sister, "she is as good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I am entitled to an extra flounce."

HAPPY THOUGH REJECTED.

Perdito: "What a cheerful way you must have of refusing a man! You seem to send them away supremely happy."

Beatrice: "I tell them that the report that I am a great heiress is a mistake."

CARDINAL VIRTUES.—The cardinal virtues are benevolence, justice, purity, truth, and order.

IN TRAINING.—The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

K. O. S., MARGARET, and B. ALEXANDRIA.—See our articles on "Oil Painting," vol. vi., page 657, also vol. x., page 220. Our readers should make more use of our indexes. Do not paint on paper, as it may tear or crease, and the paint become cracked. Though canvas is not much more stiff and firm, it is always stretched on a wooden frame, which preserves the paint from being thus injured. It gives less trouble to paint on prepared millboard or a wooden panel. You should procure a manual on painting in oils. "K. O. S." could also obtain a manual of instructions as to the art of colouring photographs at any artist's colourman's. She should begin on some worthless picture, as otherwise she would probably destroy one of value. In reply to the second question asked by "Margaret," we do not print and publish other people's books, only those written by our own contributors.

DOROTHY.—Read our directions for "Painting on Wood in Oil Colours," pages 192 and 607. For "Painting on Mirrors," see pages 148, 219, and 528, all in vol. vii. To "Paint Miniatures on Ivory," see page 664, vol. ix. For "Painting upon Earthenware, in Imitation of the Barbotine Pottery," see vol. vi., page 44.

WORK.

E. R. D.—To wash crewel embroidery you should procure one pound of bran, pour a gallon of boiling water on it, and leave it to soak for a day, stirring it from time to time. Then strain off the bran, and use the water, lukewarm, as a bath for the crewel work. Squeeze gently, but do not wring the work, and hang it to dry indoors in a warm place. Before quite dry iron it on the wrong side upon soft flannel. Beware of using soap or soda. If the crewels be good they will not suffer from the use of tepid bran-water. Though dried by hanging in a warm atmosphere, the work should not be exposed to the sunshine while damp, nor put to the fire.

SEVENTEEN.—We must refer you to our work articles, entitled "My Work Basket," as we are unable to repeat crochet and knitting patterns, which take up so much space, with matters uninteresting to general readers. We thank you for your kind letter of grateful appreciation of our work.

COOKERY.

LILL and H. M. D.—To preserve gooseberries—the best for the purpose being called "Warringtons"—they should be gathered in the morning, "topped and tailed," and put into clean, dry bottles, filled with syrup, and well corked and tied down. These square, wide-necked bottles should be placed in a stock-pot sufficiently deep for the cold water to reach up to their necks. The lid should be placed upon the pot, and the latter on the fire until the water has reached boiling-point. Then it should be removed to the fireside, to stand there for five minutes longer, and then taken away, the bottles still left in the water until the latter is nearly cold. The fruit having risen about an inch from the bottom of the bottle will prove that the fruit is done. The time occupied in the process of "scalding" is about fifteen minutes. Attention should be given to the corks afterwards, as they may have loosened, and require to be refitted and tied down, and the nozzles and corks should be dipped into bottle wax, melted with beeswax, one ounce to one pound of wax. Do not use the green wax.

ELSIE VENNER.—The dish called a "toad-in-a-hole" is a better one than its name implies. It is made thus:—Take a couple of pounds of tender steak and kidneys, mixed; slice and divide, season with pepper and salt, fry over a brisk fire merely to brown them. Place them in a buttered pie-dish, cover the brown glaze at the bottom of the pan with a little gravy (or water), add a small quantity of ketchup, and pour it over the meat. Then add a good batter, as made for Yorkshire pudding, pouring it over the meat, and bake for about an hour. It should be served very hot.

ALEXANDRA EDITH.—To make puff paste, which is the best description of pastry, weigh the butter and flour in equal proportions, cut the former into thin slices, take a little flour, and roll it with a slice of butter into flakes. Gather these into a heap, and sprinkle with water, about a gill and a half to a pound of paste. Roll out to the thickness of half an inch, and divide into four parts; flour the board, and roll out each part till as thin as a wafer. Fold over four or five times, and then use as required; bake as soon as possible. Very good puff pastry may be made with less butter, using only three-quarters of a pound of butter to one pound of flour.

MUSIC.

TRESSIDA.—You had better consult the Lady Principal at the Home, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris. Write to the Director of the Conservatoire at Leipsic.

EXCELSIOR S. V.—The study of harmony by correspondence can be had through application to Miss Graham, 99, Bedford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool. But the subscription for this branch of music instruction is more expensive than the ordinary helps to regular practising. We name this society, however, because the others on our list do not include the study of harmony.

C. A. R.—Your young friend might obtain a Pianoforte Certificate, that is for playing, apart from one for the theory of music. The general standard at exams. in music is about the same for one as the other. The fees of the Guildhall School of Music (established by the Corporation of the City of London) for a year of three terms of twelve weeks each rise from £4 10s. An entrance fee of 5s. is also required. The subjects on which instruction is imparted, and the number of lessons given, regulate the several amounts of the fees charged. If only one subject, such as pianoforte playing, the fee would be the lowest on the scale. A number of prizes and exhibitions are given. The candidate must have her nomination signed by an Alderman, or a member of the Court of Common Council. The secretary is Mr C. P. Smith, Victoria Embankment.

VIVO.—When a master is giving a lesson in music, visitors should be received in another room. If, however, it be necessary that the visitor should be shown in where the lesson is going on, ask your mother whether it shall proceed or be interrupted for a time; she alone could decide such a point. You should say "impolite," not "unpolite."

JUDY.—To play the guitar merely as an accompaniment for the voice would not be difficult; but to play instrumental pieces on it is not at all easy; you ought to have a few lessons at first.

ST. CECILIA.—You cannot do better than attend the Music School of the High School for Girls, 6, Upper Baker Street, London. Miss Macirone, our talented contributor, is the head music-mistress.

SISSY.—The songs, "The Better Light," by the Rev. J. W. Foxell, and "A Sunday Song," by Miss Macirone, are not to be had apart from our paper. You may sing them in public without licence or fee.

NEMO.—The gavotte can hardly be said to "give promise of better things" unless the composer be very young indeed. It is faulty in composition, apart from beauty of idea and originality. For instance, consecutive perfect fifths and octaves appear between the upper and lower parts.

EDUCATIONAL.

W. S. GLOVER.—We thank you for sending us the Abstract of Report of the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, W.C., and the Prospectus of the Non-Government Department of the College. We are thus able to inform inquirers of the class formed for ladies, to prepare them for the Cambridge Higher Local Exams. of June, 1880. One admirable branch of instruction is included in the prospectus sent us, and that is a full course in reference to the theory and practice of teaching, with a view to qualification for the society's certificate. With the method of conveying knowledge to youthful minds, our governesses of the nursery and school-room have been hitherto but little intuitively acquainted. The Home and Colonial School Society has one great and very essential object in view, and that is "the improvement and extension of education on Christian principles."

QUAERO.—1. Provided that you have attained the full age required in an applicant, are in good health, have satisfactory references, and that there be a vacancy in the hospital where the application is made, a small salary, with uniform, board and lodging, is given to a nurse on her entrance for training. 2. If you know the year when your relative died, and inquired at Somerset House, you could read the will on paying a fee of one shilling. But if you do not know the year, then for every year through which a search is made a shilling is charged.

MISS JEFFERIS.—We are glad to introduce your three societies to our readers for practising, reading, and work, and to give your address—Hill End, Henbury, near Bristol. Half-an-hour's study and practice to be devoted daily to each of these pursuits. Any description of needlework permitted; in reading, novels will not count; in music, vocal and instrumental practising are equally reckoned within the rules. A stamp to be enclosed for answers from the hon. sec. Club books lent at a charge of 1d. each.

TWO SISTERS.—English, French, German, Italian, and Latin are taught through correspondence by Miss M. Hedge, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants. A prize is given to the amount of 10s. in this club, and the half-yearly subscription is 10s. 6d. Miss E. H. Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., has another correspondence class for languages, including history and other studies.

DESIRE and FLOTTIE.—If you want a list of books which it is desirable that you should read, we refer you to "The Girl's Year," beginning in volume ix., which you will find most valuable. The reading societies indicate the general subjects to be studied, but not the particular books on each subject.

PERPLEXED and B. C. BROWN.—Few hospitals appear to have any vacancies for the training of nurses at present. Your age, health, and the wishes of your parents on the subject will be inquired into; good references are required. Try the Middlesex Hospital, or St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. We think, however, that you are too young for admission at present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTOINETTE.—1. The 24th August, 1869, was a Tuesday. 2. Your writing is not at all "cramped." The tops and tails are rather too long than otherwise.

E. R.—Your verses are rather pretty, but lack sufficient originality and power to be of value to you were you to think of publishing; though prized by friends as contributions to their albums.

VERONICA.—Your verses are not written in correct metre throughout. You should always count the number of feet in all corresponding lines, and place the emphasis on the corresponding word in each. Read your last verse, and you will see what we mean.

ANXIOUS ONE.—You cannot end a sentence with a preposition. For instance, you should not write "that is the place I am going *to*;" but "the place to which I am going;" nor "the place I am going *from*," but "from which I am going," etc.

MADCAP MEG.—Hang your mackintosh cloak in a draught or out of doors in the shade. The unpleasant odour may thus pass off a little, but not entirely.

GIPSY.—If your fur be an expensive one you had better send it to a furrier to have it properly treated. You will not succeed at home, and it would be less costly for you to have it restored than to buy another like it.

MONEY-PIG inquires "What is the meaning of the term 'farthing?'" It signifies "four things," the fourth part of a thing—a quarter. Old pennies were marked on the reverse side with a cross, which, when small change was scarce and money more valuable, and more goods of all kinds could be purchased with it, marked out the places where the coin could be cut in two, and then into quarters, or four things, *i.e.*, "farthings," a compound word, corrupted from the original "two."

EGLANTINE.—We have recently given a series of articles called "The Girl's Year." You could not do better than seek for your answer to your question in that series. A young girl's leisure hour's reading should be directed by her mother. At twelve or thirteen, books of natural history and travels, Alpine excursions, and such stories as those which our own paper supplies, are more suitable than "novels" of any kind.

PEGGY MURPHY.—Under all the circumstances, and unprotected as you are, excepting that your mistress is your guardian while under her roof, you would act very wisely in confiding in her, telling her you have no one else to give you advice. If a nice person she will appreciate your straightforwardness, you could trust in her, and she would give you counsel.

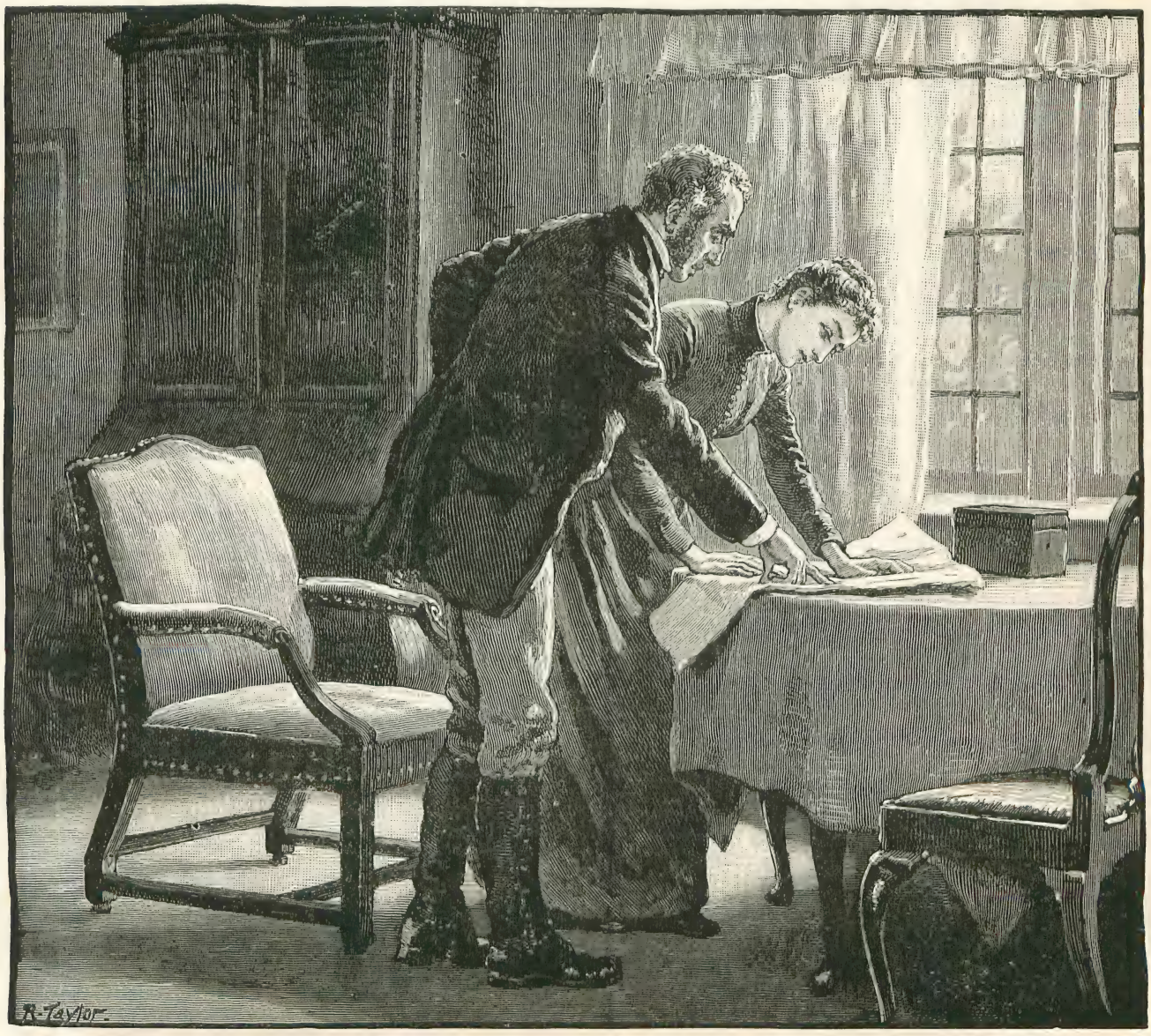
PERPLEXED EIGHTEEN and MARY H.—Such positions are only to be obtained by answering or putting in advertisements, or by application at a registry office. 2. We know of no book that would help "Mary H.," and can only advise her to go to some such office as a clerk or assistant, and qualify herself for a position of her own.

POP.—The pouring of oil on water, to tranquillise it, is not a mere figure of speech—it is a known fact, and is being used at sea, and in one or more of our northern ports.

VOL. XI.—NO. 537.] APRIL 12, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.



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"BELLE READ, BUT DID NOT QUITE UNDERSTAND."

CHAPTER I.

BELLE.

NEXT-OF-KIN wanted in

America. Jabez Dauncey died intestate at Montreal, leaving a large fortune. Apply, Messrs. Stint and Co., solicitors, Montreal. A hundred thousand pounds!"

This announcement struck the eye and riveted the attention of Mr. Dauncey, of Castle Farm, Hollyfield, as he sat, pipe in mouth, with the *Daily Telegraph* outspread before him.

"Jabez Dauncey! There can't be two of that name in the world, unless he has a son, and then there would be no advertisement," he muttered. "It is my cousin Jabez, as sure as a gun—and surer, for guns miss fire—and I am his heir. Here's a turn of luck at last. Belle! Belle! come here quick! Where is the girl? She's never to be found when wanted. Molly, where's Belle?"

Mr. Dauncey flung down his pipe, thereby endangering the *Daily Telegraph*, rushed to the parlour-door, uplifted stentorian sounds in the passage, and brought Molly, mop in hand, and cap much awry.

"What's the matter, master? One 'ould think the house was afire. Miss Belle need be having nine lives, like the cats, for 'tis Belle here, and Belle there, and Belle everywheres. She was tapping the cider by now for the men, and I'll warrant me she's gone to the hayfield."

"Call her in!—send after her!—say I want her directly!" shouted Mr. Dauncey, returning to the *Daily Telegraph*, which he was in the habit of calling the *D.T.*

"'Rectly! 'Tis always 'rectly with master," repeated Molly, clattering off in a pair of those nearly extinct and antediluvian constructions called pattens.

Molly was a Welshwoman, and clung to old ways with commendable if provoking pertinacity.

"Jabez Dauncey! There can't be two of that name in Great Britain, much less America," resumed Mr. Dauncey. "They wouldn't have advertised in the *D.T.* if they could find anyone belonging to him over the water. Belle! here you are at last. I thought you were never coming."

"Yes, father, here I am. Molly tumbled down in her hurry to find me, and broke the string of her patten," said Belle, who was much out of breath.

"Sit down, girl. Here's a piece of luck at last. I knew it would come sooner or later," cried Mr. Dauncey, vacating his seat right in front of his beloved *D.T.* "There! read that!" he continued, pointing to the paragraph which had so excited him.

Belle read, but did not quite understand.

"What does it mean, father? 'Next-of-kin—Jabez Dauncey.' Has it anything to do with us?"

"I should think it had. Why, it's my cousin Jabez—my first cousin—my father's brother's very own son, who ran away from home—or, rather, went away, for his parents were dead, and he had nobody to prevent him—and has never been heard of since. He was about my age; and, to tell the truth, I had forgotten all about him, till I saw that big 'Wanted,' and am convinced that I am the 'next-of-kin.'"

"Mr. Mulready says those advertisements are often hoaxes, father."

"What does he know about it? He hasn't the spirit of a bumble-bee. He's content to drone away amongst his flowers, and, for my part, I can't see that he gets any honey out of them."

"He carries off all the prizes, father, and is the most polite and particular of all the station-masters in the county; everybody says so," replied Belle, an angry flush on her face.

"Then it must be true, Belle. But this is a *bonâ fide* advertisement for a next-of-kin, and I am sure as sure can be that I am lawful heir to a large fortune. If Jabez Dauncey has died without issue, I can prove that he had neither brother nor sister, and that I am his nearest relative on the father's side; and prove it I will."

"How, father? You can't possibly go to America, and, as we know to our cost, one sends one fortune after another in law, and affidavits, and all those worries, and loses both fortunes in the end. I wish with all my heart there was neither law nor newspapers. They only muddle what brains one has."

Mr. Dauncey laughed, and thrust his hands through his crisp grey hair. Although he was nearly sixty, he was neither white-headed nor bald, and his whiskers and eyebrows were still untouched by the frosts of years. He was a tall, wiry man, and his figure seemed as restless as his face. He could keep neither still; for while his grey eyes wandered in all directions, his limbs seemed troubled by St. Vitus's Dance. As Belle knew to her cost, his mind was as restless as his body.

She was apparently very composed; that is to say, she had a strong will, and put force upon herself to keep a quiet exterior when she was often sorely rebellious within. This much was visible while she sat by her father with the newspaper outspread before them. The country folk called her "a well-growed young woman," and that was not a bad description of her. She was of good height, shapely, and carried herself well. She was fair, with honest, intelligent eyes, a kindly smile, and a fine complexion. This also was apparent as she watched her father "rub up his locks," as she was wont to describe his habit of "combing his hair with his fingers," as she also phrased it.

"I don't see why I shouldn't go to America, Belle," he said, in a sort of deprecating way; for he knew his daughter too intimately to suppose she would approve of such a proceeding. "You see, we want money. There's that fellow Morse complaining of his drains and his roof, and I vow I don't know where to turn for a pound to put his farm straight. It would take more than the rent to repair it."

"Our rent is ready; that's one comfort," said Belle. "But if you can't repair Morse's house, father, how can you manage to go to America?"

"Oh, ah! Pearce would advance me a trifle for that."

Belle started as if she suddenly felt the prick of a big pin.

"You promised me you would never borrow again, father. We can't pay the interest of what you owe that skinflint Pearce as it is, and I am always expecting that he will be down upon us," she said.

"This fortune will pay him off, and get rid of all our liabilities, Belle. I'll ask Miss Dulcey to lend me a trifle. She's very kind, and sees things with a broader view than you do."

"Oh, father! I wouldn't be beholden to any of that family. She is goodness itself; but if the Weatherleys knew you were borrowing money there would be less chance than ever for Charlie's children. The Squire is more bitter than ever since poor Amy's death. And I don't wonder, since Charlie married her against the consent of the whole clan."

Here Mr. Dauncey could sit still no longer, but rose and went to the window. Belle's eyes followed him, and she involuntarily shrugged her shoulders and made an impatient gesture with her hands, which were fine, work-a-day hands of which any woman might be proud.

"I wonder what he'll do next," she muttered, or rather thought, as she glanced round the room to see that all was straight.

It was a large and comfortable dining-parlour, furnished with old-fashioned, strong mahogany chairs and tables, a sofa, a bookcase or two, and a side-board, all of which had been in the Dauncey family for some generations. The room looked gloomy, more from its external than internal aspect. Opposite the window through which Mr. Dauncey was looking were the ruins of an old castle, surrounded by what had once been a fosse or moat, and seated on an elevation amongst trees and brushwood. This served to darken the room, though there was a cheerful gravelled path

round the base of the hill, which led to the vicarage, and tended to enliven the dwellers at the farm. Molly was wont to say that she should go "by the head" but for that bright bit of yellow gravel. Certainly the outlook was not cheerful. The duck pond was none of the clearest, and the farm buildings were not specially trim; but, as Belle was wont to say, "Flo's parlour looks into the garden, and one could not desire anything more pleasant."

"Here comes Moss, the station porter. What can he want?" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Dauncey.

Belle was on her feet in a moment, and looking out of the window. Round the gravel path, beneath the gloomy ruin, came a railway official with a letter in his hand. She hurried to the front door, and reached it just as the two ponderous raps announcing a telegram resounded on the stentorian knocker.

"I'm glad I didn't disappoint him," thought Belle, smiling. "He hasn't much practice, and Mr. Mulready says he's got an old knocker to work upon at the station, which serves to frighten the crows from Farmer Spence's wheatfield. I'll let him knock again."

She paused behind the door with her hand on the latch, till down came another summons, the second an improvement on the first, inasmuch as in addition to the double rap there was the echo affected by the modern telegraph boys.

"Mr. Mulready told me to hurry, miss, as telegrams is important," said the youth, when Belle opened the door.

"Thank you, Moss. Go into the kitchen, and ask Molly to give you some bread and cheese. You've had a long walk."

"Any answer, miss?" asked Moss, importantly.

Mr. Dauncey stood behind Belle, and snatched the telegram from her hand. He hurried back to the dining-room with it.

"No answer tell him, no answer," he shouted.

When she had ordered the bread and cheese for Moss and bade him thank Mr. Mulready for sending the telegram, forgetting that so magnanimous an act was part of his duty, she returned to her father.

"It is from Charlie. Look here, Miss Belle. He thinks more of our American cousin than you do."

Belle took the telegram and read, "See advertisement *D.T.*, Jabez Dauncey. Shall be with you to-night."

"Exactly twelve words, counting the letters as words," exclaimed Belle, checking off the telegram on her fingers. "Charlie has kept within the sixpence for once."

"Thou'rt a thrifty lass, Belle," laughed her father. "A fortune would be lost upon you."

"Yes; my one pleasure in life is to make something out of nothing. But Charlie is not thrifty, or he would not leave the children and his profession and rush off here because of a chance advertisement. But oh, I shall be glad to see him. I must go and prepare."

"He sees the matter as I do, Belle. With three children and not much of a practice, he can't afford to lose the chance of a million or so; and those American fortunes are never under that sum."

"I would rather have a few hundreds in hand than thousands in America," replied practical Belle, who possessed that inestimable gift—a sound mind in a sound body. "You had better look after the hay, father, or we shall be worse off than we are. Let's save the hay first, and then go off on our travels."

"What should I do without my governess?" said Mr. Dauncey, thrusting the newspaper into an old-fashioned bureau, and hurrying off.

"Miss Dulcey says I could get a small fortune for that bureau," mused Belle. "But I couldn't have the heart to sell it. What generations of Daunceys have sat at it, puzzling their brains over accounts, like father, and writing all sorts of letters—business letters, family letters, love letters. Poor old thing, I won't part with you; though Miss Dulcey says you are quite the fashion in great houses, and that it is amusing to see people opening and shutting you, and pulling out your drawers, and examining your secret springs, and saying, 'Oh, how lovely!' She is very funny when she takes off the smart people."

It must not be supposed that Belle was idle while she mused. Her brains and fingers always worked together. She was dusting and rubbing up the furniture, sweeping the hearth, and brushing up the crumbs. The latter she threw out of the window, and they were soon pecked up by observant fowls. Nothing was wasted in Belle's small dominions. She might have been one of the lady-presidents of the National Thrift Society, as her father sometimes said. He would not have done for chairman, if example is needed in those who form committees.

"Charlie is coming to-night, Molly," she said, when she had finished the sitting-room and went into the kitchen.

"There's glad you are! There's a colour you've got!" responded Molly. "What will we be getting for supper? He do always say there's nothing better than eggs and bacon, and there's plenty o' they."

"And half a peck of peas. I'll go and gather them at once; he never can have enough peas. Dear Charlie!"

Belle went out by the back door into a large garden, surrounded by a thick hedge of laurel, privet, and hawthorn. This was the kitchen garden, and well stocked, thanks to Belle, with fruit trees and vegetables. It was only partially overshadowed by the old castle, and was a cheerful spot, open to the sky above, and surrounded by orchards and meadows. She was soon engaged in picking the finest pods of what she called her "choice marrowfats," which were very big peas indeed.

"Poor fellow! he always said he could never get enough peas," she muttered. "He shall have a meal to-day. If only Flo were here, how happy we should be, in spite of this American bubble"

While she was finishing her work a dog pushed his way through the hedge and jumped upon her. It was a brown-eyed, soft-coated spaniel called Rover, and she stroked and petted him to his heart's content. He was a much-spoilt animal, and expected it. Then she shouted to Molly to bring her a basin, and finally anchored in an arbour at the bottom of the garden, where she shelled her peas. Rover sat on the arbour seat at her side, gravely watching her. Facing them were the hayfields and haymakers; on the right, at the top of the garden, was the house; on the left, a large orchard. The house was grey with years, and looked picturesque with its dark red roof and chimneys; albeit, the back alone was visible from the garden. Belle loved it, and declared she never wished to leave it, though her father often grumbled at its gloom.

Although she was not born in it, she had lived the best part of her life within its walls. She had seen her dear mother die here, and had followed her to her grave in the churchyard beyond the castle hill. Here she had worked with and for her father, and helped him through many difficulties. Here she had striven to do her best for her brother and sister, the latter some years younger than herself; and here she had aided her poorer neighbours. True, she had not much to give, but what she had she gave freely. She had abundance of loving-kindness and sympathy, and when money failed they were always forthcoming. Every inmate of Hollyfield was her friend, and she always said she would rather end her days there than roam the world in search of other scenes, as so many of her contemporaries were doing; at least, so said the village oracle, Miss Dulcey, who had a great contempt for the generation of what has been aptly called "globe-trotters." Her brother Charlie and her sister Flo could not be brought to love Hollyfield as well as she did; indeed, the one was settled in London, while the other was, at the moment, on the Continent, has travelling companion to Mrs. Prendergast. Charlie, she knew, was, like her father, hampered by lack of money, while Flo was ambitious, and disliked being tied down to village life. Moreover, she harped much on the fact that her father was born a gentleman, and should maintain his position; forgetting that, in these overcrowded days, gentlemen, young and old, resort to farming, both at home and abroad, as a means to a livelihood. But Flo was not like Belle, and when they discussed the question, always declared her intention of marrying as soon as possible, that she might not only escape from dulness herself, but help her family.

"The fact is, Belle," she had said, "if only the house were still called Hollyfield Manor, as it used to be, and not Castle Farm, I should not mind so much; but I don't like the word farm—it sounds common. When I am asked for our address I always give it as 'Hollyfield, Orchardson,' and then nobody is the wiser."

Belle and Flo had often laughed over this conceit, and Belle had ridiculed it

finely; nevertheless, Belle was ever the home bird, and Flo the migratory.

At this moment, while Belle was shelling her peas, she broke out into song. She had a clear pleasant voice, and was wont to sing by ear many of the old Jacobite ditties. Her special favourite was "Charlie is my darling," because it spoke her feelings towards her brother; and her father and sister failed not to amuse themselves at her expense. Rover knew the air well, and pricked his ears as the words and their refrain echoed across garden and meadows.

"'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our town,
The young Chevalier.

"As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And all the folk cam' running out
To meet the Chevalier.

"Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
Wi' bright claymores and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

"They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

"Oh, there was mony a beating heart,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling;
Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier."

(*To be continued.*)

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

BADGE OF THE ORDER OF "THE AMARANTH."
Drawn from the original. (Sweden.)

My last article on this interesting subject concluded with two Orders of St. Anne, one at Munich, the other at Wurtzburg. Before passing on to those of other nationalities, either ancient or of the present day, I will name two more of Bavaria—the Orders of St. Elizabeth and of St. Theresa. The first-named was instituted by the wife of the Elector, Charles Theodore, at Mannheim, 1766. Sixteen quarterings of nobility were generally essential to membership, although the Grand Mistress reserved the power of appointing six ladies of noble, though not ancient, descent. It was composed of three classes, and was a purely charitable institution, designed for the relief of the poor. The badge bore a representation of St. Elizabeth dispensing alms, and on the reverse the initials of the foundress; and the wearing of it on all appearances in public was compulsory, under a fine of one ducat for every omission. The Grand Mistress was authorised to assemble the Ladies-Companions for divine worship and processions "tending to the honour and glory of the faith, and the edification of the faithful." In the early days of the institution the badges were conferred with a special religious service, the members or their proxies receiving them on their knees, prayerfully resolving to be faithful to the engagements they had made as members of such a community. The state observed on such occasions was very imposing. The badges were placed on a large salver, and carried by the Treasurer of the Order to the Great Master of the Household, then received on a smaller one, and presented by him to Her Most Serene Highness the Grand Mistress, for distribution. These religious ceremonies were in the course of time dispensed with, but the rule held good that proscribed the admission to membership of any persons not belonging to the Roman Communion.

The fourth Order of Bavaria for women was that of St. Theresa, inaugurated by Queen Theresa in 1827. It was designed, in the first instance, for noblewomen of that nationality only, and the members were granted pensions, with the understanding that their private incomes did not exceed a certain amount. The Royal foundress endowed the Order from her own fortune, and afterwards extended the original very strict limitations, admitting noblewomen of all Christian denominations, which was a change much for the better. It was, however, a fixed rule that the reigning Queen should be the "Grand Mistress" of the Order even in her widowhood, or might appoint a substitute of her own choice amongst the princesses of the royal house. The pensions conferred ceased with marriage.

It will be observed that the good Queen's design was to extend her benevolence to noblewomen in straitened circumstances, who found it difficult to meet the expenses inseparable from their position and attendance, it might be, at Court. But as a general rule these Orders of the ancient aristocracy were not designed for personal benefit nor exaltation; the desire in view was to make a sacred use of that high position in which a Divine Providence had placed them, by banding themselves together for the succour of the needy, the protection of the widow and the stranger, and the persecuted for their Christian faith. In former times there were no parish unions nor societies formed for every imaginable ill, not to speak of recreation grounds, free homes of rest, and free hospitals. In the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, vagrancy and idleness were summarily dealt with by means of the public "whipping post," without regard for sex, youth, or age. Now, the idle, together with the unfortunate, can find night shelters and soup kitchens for nothing; cheap food depôts, a good meal for a halfpenny, enough for a child for a farthing, and "the Don" and "the Donna" are ever at their convenience, with the gratuitous attendance of devoted ladies. All these and a legion more of practical forms of benevolence, in lieu of the whippings, are for the most part provided out of the private purses of those in the highest social positions, and supplement the Government grants very largely. Money was scarcer in the olden days, and England was much in the social position, as regards the upper and lower classes, that our Continental neighbours now are. Still, many steps were taken in Christian benevolence, and in the effort to live up to the light of those times in personal purity and self-abnegation. To this end they banded themselves together for mutual support in the vocation they adopted. Some of the Orders, however, were rewards of merit, as I have observed, but these were in the minority.

To exemplify what I mean, as to the religious and benevolent character of such institutions, I will quote the five vows of the "Order of the White Falcon" (of Saxe-Weimar), one inaugurated for men only.

2. Each knight shall be faithful to God, his Almighty Creator. 2. Must bind himself, as much as in him lies, to practise every virtue and to avoid all manner of vice. 3. Must endeavour to promote the prosperity and glory of the Emperor, and, if indispensable, must

sacrifice even his blood and fortune to that end. 4. The Knights-Companions shall live together in peace, harmony, fraternal concord, and unceasing amity, and administer due assistance to each other. 5. And shall not neglect the poor and helpless, particularly distressed officers and soldiers, who are in a state of indigence. The feast day of this Order was the birthday of the reigning Sovereign, which they were bound to observe "by a performance of such works as tend to the 'Glory of God in the Highest,' and on Earth of Peace and Goodwill towards Men." With reference to this Order of the "White Falcon," "so circumspect have been the reigning dukes in conferring it, that no one has ever been invested therewith, unless he answered in all points to the description specified in the statutes."

I have digressed a little from my subject by bringing an Order instituted for men only before your notice; but I may be excused, as it serves well to exemplify the statement made as to the main object for which these illustrious Orders were generally instituted. Having given a sketch of the Bavarian Orders for women, I will lead my readers back in the history of European institutions of the kind to the year 1653.

The Order of "The Amaranth" was inaugurated by Christina, Queen of Sweden, about a year before she abdicated. It was an exception to the general rule, and was only one of distinction, instituted with the purpose of binding those of both sexes on whom it was conferred to absolute and unchanging fidelity to her as their Sovereign.

It was (and, I believe, still continues) customary to hold a festival or day of rejoicing, called the "Wirthschaft," at the time of the Epiphany, or "Old Christmas Day," at which time diversions, consisting of games and masquerading, took place, and persons of high position mixed with the people under some disguise. On one such occasion the Bavarian Queen arranged that the festival should be of unusual display and importance, and commanded that the nobility of both sexes, native and foreign, should be disguised as the ancient fabulous deities, who were to be served by young people dressed as shepherds and nymphs, the Queen herself assuming the name of Amarantha—"the immortal."

Such festivals were very common in England in the olden days amongst the lower orders, notably that of Hoke or Hoek-tide, a fortnight after Easter. On one such festivity, it is said that Queen Elizabeth, then at Kenilworth Castle [1575], "laughed well, and gave a present to the performers, a buck and five marks of money," for the spectacle of a battle between the English and the Danes. The fête of "St. George and the Dragon," the "Morris dancing," with hobby-horses, derived through Spain from the Moors—*Morisco*, denoting a Moor—were as popular as the "Mummers," a name corrupted from the Danish *Mumme*, or masker, whose performances and processions resembled mediæval pageantry, the pagan mythology, and sundry popular legends. Another was the pretty "May Queen" festival, which is still held at Knutsford, Cheshire, and probably elsewhere. The last of these national feasts that need be mentioned is the "Mayor's Show," which last year was more gorgeous than ever. Such fêtes are common on the Continent, and notably remarkable the beautiful *Fête des Vignerons*, which took place in the Pays de Vaud last autumn, when the ancient Swiss costumes, military and civil, and the gods and goddesses of heathen mythology, were admirably represented.

After this little digression and retrospect of the kindred festivals of our own country, we may continue our brief sketch of the Swedish fête, that brought about the institution of a royal Order.

The entertainment given by the Queen lasted, as usual, till daybreak. Then, suddenly, she changed her attire, and ordered the nobility present to do the same, and appear in their ordinary court dress (probably worn underneath the fancy garments in which they had been masquerading). Seated on a throne, she caused the Knights whom she designed to honour to approach her, accompanied by sponsors; and, when kneeling before her, she took each severally by the hand and caused him to take an oath of allegiance, then placed a mantle of *Armoisine* on his shoulders, with a badge in gold, enriched with precious stones. It represented a garland of laurel, bound with white ribbon, on which was the motto "*Dolce nella memoria*" in gold letters. Within the garland were two large "A's," one erect, the other crossing it, and interlaced, formed in diamonds. This was placed in the centre of the wreath, while the fillet with the motto encircled or filled up the rest of the badge. She also gave to each a jewel of gold and diamonds, to be worn round the neck, pendant from a crimson ribbon shot with blue. Fifteen Knights, and as many Ladies, of the Order were thus enrolled and decorated; and all of these were granted the privilege of dining at her table every Saturday, in a favourite pavilion of hers in the suburbs of Stockholm. A scroll was also delivered to each of them, containing the constitutions of the Order, and the oath they had to take, which included a vow of celibacy for the Knights, or, if married men already, of never marrying again. Whether the Ladies of the Order were placed under similar restrictions I am unable to say. Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, Bart., then ambassador from the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, was one of these Knights of the "Order of the Amaranth"; but the stern old Protector did not act with the same rigour as did Queen Elizabeth. He deemed it expedient that Christina should be an ally, and desired to make a commercial alliance with Sweden; so he allowed this bold and unwarrantable departure on the part of his ambassador, taken without his concurrence, to pass uncensured, and the pledge of allegiance to a foreign potentate unrevoked. It would have been otherwise had the ambassador been under the rule of Elizabeth, or indeed under a sovereign any less autocratic. Under very different circumstances Henri IV. of France conferred the Order of St. Michael on Nicholas Clifford and Anthony Shirley, no claim of allegiance being thereby implied, being only retrospective, that is, for services already rendered; for the Queen commanded them to send back their orders, and regarding it in some sense as a claim on future service, she sent them both to prison. "I will not allow (said she) that my sheep be marked with a stranger's mark, nor that they follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd."

In the present day, and under a far milder rule, a British subject may receive a foreign decoration (without becoming a member of an Order and subject to alien rule), but must obtain his own Sovereign's permission to wear it, and this I believe has never been refused.

The next Order which may be recorded, being *epicene*, that is, instituted for both sexes, is that entitled "The Bee." Louisa de Bourbon, Baronne de Sceau, Duchess of Maine, was the foundress, at Sceau, in the year 1703. Her portrait appeared on the badge, and a bee on each side respectively, the motto — which rather takes one unpleasantly by surprise—*i.e.*, "*Je suis petite, mais mes blessures sont profondes.*" The Society formed was a literary one, and was entitled *L'ordre de la Mouche à Miel*. Dr. Watts speaks of the "busy bee" to the little ones, as an example of industry, and so does Mrs. Sherwood. One of the German poets gives her as one possessing remarkable powers of sagacity, visiting many most beautiful flowers containing a deadly poison, and leaving the noxious sweetness in the *calyx* untouched. Again, many of you may be acquainted with the verses by Virgil, and the story connected with them, *i.e.*—

"*Sic vos non vobis,*" etc.

"Thus, not for yourselves" (Oh, bees!). The idea is a beautiful one; the bees gathering the nectar in their long summer's rambles from flower to flower, some so weary and heavy-laden, they often fall exhausted on their way, consume but a tiny portion of their store themselves, their time, their strength, and their skill expended for others. The bee has earned a name of special honour amongst the insect tribes, and has been adopted from the earliest times as an emblem and badge, but certainly not with such a sinister signification. Louis XII., in his expedition against the Genoese, was arrayed in white vestments covered with hives and bees of gold, and his horse was similarly decorated, wearing also the motto, *Non utitur aculeo Rex*, "The king does not use a sting." It is said that Louis marked the names of his enemies with a red cross when he came to the throne, that he might make them the special objects of his benevolence, and a panic resulting from this suspicious act, he had a medal struck with the inscription, *Rubra Crux salutis signum, albaque Francorum* (the red cross is the sign of salvation, the white of France). And thus the bee was a suitable emblem for such a monarch, for though provided with a weapon like her enemy, the fierce and aggressive wasp, she only employs it in self-defence.

Returning to the subject of the Order "*de la Mouche à Miel*," the initiatory oath taken by the Knights was thus expressed:—"Je jure, par les abeilles du Mont Hymette, fidélité et obéissance à la Directrice perpétuelle de l'Ordre; de porter toute ma vie la médaille de la Mouche; et d'accomplir, tant que je vivrai, les statuts de l'Ordre; et si je fausse mon serment, je consens que la Miel se change pour moi en fiel, la cire en suif, les fleurs en orties; et que les Guêpes et les Frelons me percent de leurs aiguillons." I am not acquainted with any Order, but that inaugurated by the Duchesse de Maine, exacting an oath under such penalties as the above-named. Whether the ladies of the "*Mouche à Miel*" were compelled thus to bind themselves to their allegiance to the foundress my authority has omitted to say.

The last Order that can be included in this part of the series is that with a name most creditable to the imperial lady who founded it—"the Order of Neighbourly Love." The Empress Elizabeth, born Princess of Brunswick-Wulfenbuttel, instituted the Order, previously to her journey into Spain, whither she was bound for the celebration of her marriage with Charles III. Subsequently she became Empress of Germany. I will not enter further into the particulars of this Order, because now extinct; but it could not have been denied a brief notice, more especially as its object was so distinctively of the character that I have attributed to the majority of these Orders of the nobility. The title of that with which this part of my series concludes recalls the Divine words of Him who "spake as none other man spake," "Which, now, of these three was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?" "He that showed mercy on him," was the lawyer's reply. And what was the summing up of the question, based upon it, indicating the crucial test of true discipleship? From the day when the God-Man pronounced the decisive conclusion of the matter, and down through the long centuries that have followed, the unalterable mandate is still recorded for our learning—

"Go, and do thou likewise."

AN UNHAPPY BACHELOR.

By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS, Author of "Her Heart's Desire."

CHAPTER II.

GAINED the day, but it was not a pleasant victory. Serena was to go in a month, and she was to be told so that afternoon. I felt very sorry for Serena, and thought it best when the afternoon came to take a walk so as to be out of the way. It was a lovely spring day, but I did not enjoy my solitary walk. Life seemed as unsatisfactory as ever. In vain had I left my old life behind me, and transplanted myself into new soil. I had had dreams of a fair garden; they had vanished, and again I found myself in the waste. The years would roll on, bringing to other people happiness and love; what could they bring me? Only loneliness. I was a well-to-do but unbeloved man, whose death would be a desirable thing for his relatives, and who might as well be off the earth as upon it.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I turned my steps homewards. Serena was in the dining-room, arranging some flowers at the sideboard. She arranged flowers very tastefully, and the dinner-table always looked gay.

To my great relief, she looked much as usual; there were no traces of grief or tears. Seeing this, I took courage and walked into the room, intending, if possible, to say something kind. It was difficult to begin, for she had turned her back right upon me. How like a quiet little mouse she was, always dressed in the same pale soft greys, with a footfall that sounded as though she were shod with velvet, and a gentle voice whose tones were never raised! Pretty, but wanting in spirit, I thought, as I had often thought before.

"How well you do those flowers!" I remarked at last.

For a moment there was no answer. Then she turned round; her cheeks were flaming, her eyes were full of unmistakable scorn and anger. She spoke, and her tones were raised.

"I am glad you are pleased with something," she said, and then she marched out of the room, and slammed the door.

I had never known Serena do a rude thing before, and felt as astonished as if I had received a slap in the face. The quiet little mouse was appearing in a new character. I vowed I would make no second attempt to say anything kind to her; one repulse was enough. There was small opportunity of doing so, for after this Serena carefully avoided being alone with me, and if we did accidentally meet, always brushed quickly past me with downcast eyes. She knew, of course, that I had insisted on her dismissal, and no doubt her thoughts of me were hard. I observed her carefully at meal-times, and began to think the poor girl really suffered from the thought of her impending departure. Her cheeks were losing their usual rich colour, her step became languid, and her eyes looked as if she passed many a sleepless night.

Mrs. Campbell indulged in constant sighs, and wore a look of chronic dejection. As for the children, they rioted on in happy ignorance of the coming change, and any doubts as to the wisdom of that change, with which Serena's pathetic little face and helpful ways in the house may have occasionally inspired me, were invariably dispelled by some unparalleled act of lawlessness on their part. Serena's successor would have to combine a good many qualities to be a success. The worst of it was, I had requested to be allowed to find that successor, thinking it would not be a difficult task.

I inserted an advertisement in the *Times*, stating that a high salary would be given to a competent person, and at the end of a week had 472 applications. Which was I to choose? I began to appreciate the difficulty of the task. I read the 472 letters carefully through. It was a bewildering task. Every letter was nice, and seemed to promise well. Each applicant made the same professions, and appeared to be able to teach the same things. I groaned aloud when I came to number 472. I began faintly to realise that the selection of a governess was the mother's province, and that I was meddling with a matter I was incompetent to deal with. What was I to do? Pride forbade my consulting Mrs. Campbell; to discuss the matter with Serena was impossible. At last I packed up the letters and sent them to a clever practical woman I knew in London. Her answer came by return of post

"I doubt your wisdom in interfering," she said; "men are such bad judges in these matters, but if your mind is made up, let me advise you to answer no letters, but to go at once to a good London agency for governesses, and personally interview all applicants. I must warn you not to be led away by a nice appearance, and to be careful to obtain good and safe references."

I thought a few of Mrs. Dalrymple's remarks might have been dispensed with, but her advice struck me as good, so two days afterwards I started for London, with the address of the best London agency in my pocket. The day after, at eleven o'clock, I was knocking at a ponderous oak door, feeling very nervous. A stupid-looking man in a faded livery of blue with tarnished gilt buttons answered my knock.

"Can I see Mrs. Hall?" I asked.

The man eyed me from head to foot before replying.

"Come this way," he growled surlily, and he led me along a gloomy hall, past a door through which I could hear a good deal of talking, into a cheerless, dingy sitting-room. With a grimy forefinger he pointed to a seat and left me. A hard-featured woman stalked in almost immediately, and to her I made known the object of my visit. She listened grimly, and then informed me she had a great many ladies in the house seeking for situations, and that from amongst them she had no doubt I should be able to select a suitable person. Then she left the room, and one by one these ladies were sent to me. Even now, after the long lapse of years, I shudder when I think of these interviews. I am, and always was, a rather shy man with ladies, and I would rather beard a lion in his den than go through such a scene again. I had not to interview 472 applicants, certainly, but it was far worse than reading 472 letters.

A great many of the ladies seemed very clever; but there was not one who struck me as personally superior to Serena, or more likely to suit the post she was soon to vacate, and again I could come to no conclusion. Mrs. Dalrymple need not have warned me not to be led away by a nice personal appearance, I reflected; for none of these ladies attracted me in the least. They all seemed able to teach an astonishing number of subjects; but they were wanting in the shy, gentle grace, the refinement of tone and gesture, the gentle manner, so pleasing in Serena. I felt with a qualm that Mrs. Campbell's advice would have been useful here. The maternal instinct would have doubtless led her aright where I only went astray. The interviews were very trying to me. It was very painful to have to tell these ladies they did not suit, and to send them away. At last there was a pause. No one came. Was it possible I had dismissed every governess in the establishment? Were there no more to come? The thought alarmed me; for I could not go back to Glan-yr-Afon and say I had failed to find anybody to replace Serena. Presently, after what seemed a long interval, Mrs. Hall reappeared. Her face was flushed, and she looked decidedly put out.

"Did none of these ladies suit you?" she asked, sharply.

I felt I must appear a very exigeant person, and replied uncomfortably that none of them were quite what I wanted.

"Will you please tell me explicitly the style of person you do want?" she said, still more sharply.

"I have no doubt all these ladies are very clever and accomplished," I replied, stiffly, "but as in this case the children are very young, personal qualities are of more importance than accomplishments. I want someone who will be a strict disciplinarian and command obedience, and yet possess qualities which will win the love of the children and ensure their happiness."

Mrs. Hall stared at me as if she thought I demanded a great deal.

"Possibly a lady who has just come in may suit you," she said. "I will send Miss Lyon to you."

Miss Lyon came. She was not pretty, like Serena, but she had a capable and rather imposing appearance. There was a good deal of power in her face. The mouth and chin were determined, the eyes spoke of decision and energy. She looked a person who would claim obedience and enforce it. Her manner to me was agreeable. It was quite possible the children might like her. She showed me several letters from people she had lived with as governess, and all spoke highly of her powers of teaching. I spoke to her at some length of the difficulties of the post, and the naughtiness of the children, and she listened attentively, seeming anxious to understand the real position of affairs. When I had finished speaking, she said, calmly, that years of experience had taught her how to deal with refractory children, and that she felt herself quite equal to the situation. I came to the conclusion that Miss Lyon would do. It appeared to me then that she would be the right person in the right place. I told her so, and after that all was quickly arranged, and Miss Lyon was to hold herself in readiness to come to us

in a month's time. I walked away from the agency, feeling very pleased with myself. Miss Lyon appeared to me in every way most satisfactory, and I hoped events would prove I was right.

The next day I went home. I use the word "home," but I felt even in the moment of greeting that it was not "home" for me. The children asked me at once for presents, and when they had received them, ran away immediately. I had bought a gold brooch for Serena, but her manner was so chilling I had not the courage to present my little propitiatory offering. I told Mrs. Campbell at dinner-time that I had engaged Miss Lyon. She asked me a great many questions as to her birth and antecedents, but unfortunately I could answer none of them.

"It appears to me," she remarked, at last, "that you have engaged a woman of whom you know very little."

"I have secured the services of a capable woman with excellent testimonials, through the medium of one of the best agencies in London, recommended to me by a lady who understands these matters," I replied. I fear I spoke in a haughty and offended tone, for Lilla heaved a deep sigh, and sat in silence during the rest of the dinner.

The weeks passed slowly by. It was a most uncomfortable time, and I began to feel quite grieved about poor Serena. She evidently took her dismissal very deeply to heart. As the time for her departure drew near, she drooped like a fading flower, her rich colour deserted her, her pretty face grew sadder every day. I began to see what I had not realised before, that she loved Mrs. Campbell and the children, and that to her Glan-yr-Afon was all that is meant by "home." I longed to comfort the poor child in some way, to do something to ensure her a happy future; but what could I do? I could not undo what I had done; besides, I still thought the children required sterner discipline than it was in her nature to give them. During all this month she never once looked at me or addressed me if she could help it; but I observed that to others she was unfailingly sweet, gentle, tender, obliging—everything that is most charming in a woman. If only she had been a good disciplinarian! I did not realise it then; but I was making the mistake so many people make, of expecting a combination of antagonistic qualities in one person. We are, I fear, constantly expecting our fellow-creatures to do violence to their own natural characters, and be what nature never intended them to be.

The fatal day came at last. My heart ached when I saw Serena's white unhappy face at the breakfast-table. She came down late, and the children had so seated themselves that she was forced to sit by me. I helped her silently to everything she could want, and tried not to look at her, but could not refrain from an occasional glance at the soft brown drooping head.

"Serena's crying!" called out Teddy, suddenly, in a voice of utter astonishment. I looked at Serena; tears were rolling down her cheeks. She looked up like a hunted deer, and her dark eyes, with great drops hanging to the long lashes, met mine. I suppose she resented the pity she must have seen in them, for she flushed a vivid crimson, and pushing back her chair, rushed out of the room, Lilla, also in tears, following her. At that moment I felt a regular brute, and would have given worlds to have been able to ask Serena to stop.

I made up my mind suddenly; Serena should stop. I would telegraph to Miss Lyon, I would offer her a year's salary, anything sooner than that Serena should be turned away. I rushed out in search of Lilla, but she had disappeared, and I had to stand aside whilst Serena's boxes were being carried downstairs.

The sight of these boxes recalled me to my senses. To ask Serena to stop, now that her boxes lay strapped in the hall, and she very probably had her hat on, would be the act of a madman. I went up to my room, and paced up and down there, too unhappy to settle to anything. Presently I heard the sound of wheels approaching the house. It was the cab to take Serena away. Should I go down to wish her good-bye? No; I felt sure she hated me, and would rather not see me. Tap, tap; someone was knocking at my door. I opened it, and on the threshold stood Serena, her flushed face framed in a little soft grey bonnet.

"Have you come to say good-bye? That is kind!" I stammered.

"I have not come to say good-bye," answered Serena, in a proud voice, quite unlike her own, "but to return you these. Did you think I would accept money from you?" As she spoke she pushed four five-pound notes, which I had begged Mrs. Campbell to enclose with her salary, into my hand. I was a tall man, and generally prided myself on my imposing appearance; Serena barely came up to my shoulder, nevertheless at that moment I felt small, mean, contemptible.

"No," Serena went on, backing from me, and looking me indignantly in the face; "money will not do everything. A little forbearance, a little self-sacrifice, does more to make people happy than presents of money. Give those notes to my successor, and see if a stranger will do for money what I, who loved Mrs. Campbell like a daughter, have failed to do." A little sob here broke her voice; she turned, and walked quickly down the passage. For a moment I was too astonished to say anything, then I hurried after her and stood in front of her to prevent her going downstairs.

"Serena," I said, "you are unjust; I am more sorry than ——"

"Let me pass, please, Mr. Campbell," she said, in a determined tone, and with a strong emphasis on the *Mr.* I was obliged to stand aside, and without another look she brushed past me and ran downstairs. This was the quiet little mouse whom I had thought wanting in spirit! She, a mere girl, had read me, the master of the house, a man of forty-five, a lecture on forbearance and self-sacrifice. I gave an angry little laugh as I thought of it; but my anger disappeared as I leaned over the banisters and watched the scene in the hall below.

There was no scorn or pride about Serena now; it was all tears and love and caresses. She was crying, Lilla was crying, the children were crying. They had just been told Serena was leaving, and I was quite surprised at their distress; I had not credited them with so much feeling. Teddy had his arms round Serena's neck, and had dragged her flushed, tear-stained face down on a level with his own. "You shan't go, you shan't go!" he screamed, kissing her again and again. At last one of the maids tore him away, Serena rushed out into the fly, the door shut, and she was gone. The little grey-clad figure would never again be seen moving about the house. I felt lonelier than ever.

Luncheon that day was a funereal feast. Teddy refused pudding, and glared at me with a revengeful eye. The cook no doubt had told him I was the cause of Serena's departure.

In the evening Miss Lyon arrived. It is a true saying that "Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder." I had thought Miss Lyon nice-looking in the dingy sitting-room of the agency; when I saw her in Lilla's drawing-room, with the sunlight streaming full upon her, I found I no longer thought her so. I felt instinctively that my sister-in-law would not think her so either. I am quick to notice a woman's attire, and I observed with regret that the neat black had been discarded, and replaced by a very smart and furbelowed gown, which seemed entirely to alter the character of her appearance.

Her manner, too, was not so satisfactory on this occasion. She almost ignored Mrs. Campbell, and addressed herself entirely to me. I felt uneasily, as she talked, that Mrs. Campbell was criticising her, and began to wish she would not talk in such a loud, high voice. Visions rose before me of a graceful grey-clad form flitting here and there, always intent on some work to be done for others; of a soft flushed face with great dark eyes filled with tears; of a bowed little figure passing sobbing through a door which closed behind her, and shut her out from the only home she knew. Oh! what had I done! What had I done! I had lost Serena.

"And now, Mr. Campbell," went on the loud, high voice, "I should like to be introduced to my future charges."

"Mrs. Campbell will introduce you to her children," I said, pointedly.

Mrs. Campbell rose stiffly and led the way to the schoolroom. Silence reigned in the passage which usually echoed with voices, the schoolroom was deserted, empty and deserted was the garden. Lilla rang the bell. "Where are the children?" she inquired of the stolid-looking maid who appeared.

"They were here two minutes ago, when I was bringing in the tea, ma'am," she replied, and then she ran down the steps leading into the garden, and shouted their names into the flower-beds. Finding the empty garden made no response, she returned, peeped under the table, twisted her neck round the screen, moved every chair elaborately, and finally peeped inside the big, old-fashioned eight-day clock.

"Can't you think of a more likely place to find them in than the clock?" I asked, impatiently

"Well, to be sure there's the boot cupboard, sir; but Master Teddy often gets into the clock for a bit when he's dull."

I opened the door of the boot cupboard in a recess of the wall. A howl from Sidney, who evidently did not like being found, rewarded me. I dragged the three younger ones out one by one, and presented them to their future instructress. The cupboard was about three feet high, and Teddy had ensconced himself in the furthest corner of it, behind one-half of the door which would not open. He craned his head round the edge of the door into the opening, and took a long look at Miss Lyon, a dab of blacking on the tip of his nose giving him an indescribably pert expression.

"Come out at once, sir," I said, sternly.

"No, thank you," said Teddy, very deliberately. "I don't wish to be introduced," and he retired again into obscurity.

"Oh, Teddy, how naughty!" exclaimed the distressed mother.

"Never mind," said Miss Lyon, "we will not press anything," but the flash of temper I saw in her eyes boded ill for Master Teddy in the future.

"I don't like her looks," said Teddy, crawling out of the cupboard as soon as Miss Lyon had departed; "and I won't make her acquaintance. I will not even bow to her."

I scarcely knew what to say in reply to this.

"I am sure no one would wish to make your acquaintance, Master Teddy," said the nursemaid, coming to the rescue. "Look at your nose."

Teddy looked, and the result was such a diabolical squint that I hurried out of sight of him as quickly as I possibly could.

(To be continued.)

GREETING THE SPRING.

GREETING THE SPRING.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

SHOWERS of silver are fleeting
Where sunbeams pursue,
While almond's pale petals the beating
Of March winds yet rue.

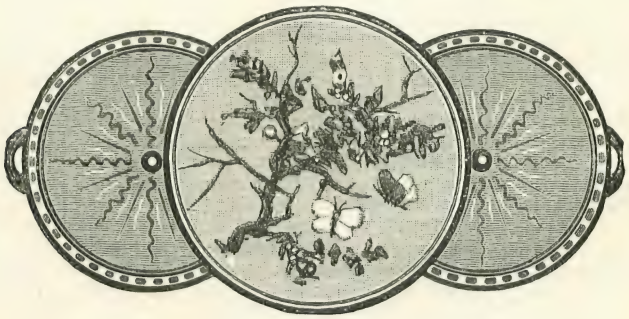
Narcissus is standing sedately
By river and rill,
Where daffodils curtseyed so lately
To blasts from the hill.

And softly the cuckoo is calling
A challenge to spring,
O'er streamlets, whose dancing and brawling
Are hid by the ling.

The woodlands with fragrance and swelling
Of green buds are rife,
Where Nature is jocund, revelling
In fulness of life;

Then over the beauty and brightness
Sweeps now and again
The sudden swift silvery lightness
Of April's sweet rain!

Oh, gladness of bounteous Nature,
The heart would outsing
The birds who, in jubilant rapture,
Are greeting the spring!



LITERARY STUDIES.

THE POETRY OF PROSE AND THE PROSE OF POETRY.

ROUGHLY speaking, we may say that prose is to poetry as speech is to song. But it is the function of criticism to refine rough differences, and make clearer the broad distinctions which suffice for common purposes. Speech and song have many points of resemblance; so have prose and poetry; and until we have thoroughly investigated these points, we cannot get at the essential difference. The questions to which we want an answer are: "What is prose? What is poetry?" For we have always used these literary terms, and perhaps think we know very well what we mean by them, until we try to explain them exactly. We may take refuge in metaphor, and define poetry as "an utterance of the soul," "an effusion of divinity," "literary music," and so on; or we may define it logically as "any composition in metre."

But none of these, we feel, constitutes a sufficient answer. Matthew Arnold says it is the "criticism of life"; Ruskin, "that it is the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions"; Wordsworth, that it is "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: its takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated until, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind"; Whately, that it is "elegant and decorated language in metre, expressing such and such thoughts"; J. S. Mill, that it is "thought, coloured by emotion, expressed in metre, and overheard."

All these definitions contain much truth, but most of them point rather to what poetry has in common with the higher kind of prose, than to what distinguishes it from that. I like Mill's the best, because it makes thought the essential element; but it is too limited in the idea of metre, as we shall find in considering this point later.

Take Mr. Arnold's definition; is not prose also "the criticism of life" in history, biography, and novel? Does not Wordsworth's definition also point to the mode in which imagination works through either medium? He is nearer the truth in naming poetry "the impassioned expression in the countenance of science," and "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," though these lack precision. Ruskin's definition is closer to the true idea of poetry, because it makes nobility of emotion an attribute, and imaginative creation an essential. His "noble emotions" are love, veneration, admiration, and joy; and their opposites, hatred, indignation or scorn, horror, and grief. These constitute poetical feeling, which further needs noble "grounds," that is, large and just reasons, not small and selfish ones. Then such grounds must be suggested by the imagination. Noble emotions are not poetry, but require the creative touch of the poet-maker's hand to transform them. The confusion of pure emotion with poetry is a very natural one. The faculty for what Mr. Arnold calls "unconscious poetry" is happily not limited to workers in literature, but is to be found in simple human nature when undegraded; it is the kinship between the poet and his reader.

The creation of fit images by which to express noble emotions is then a necessary element in poetry; but may we not still say the same of noble prose? Take an example from Ruskin himself; you need not search far in his works before you come across a burst of lyric eloquence, that will yield you, if you analyse it, all the elements which he himself finds in poetry.

Shall we then take refuge in the dictionary and Whately, who make metre the distinguishing mark? I think this hardly concludes the matter. We all know poems of neat diction and faultless metre, which are truly far more prosaic than Ruskin's impassioned, imaginative, almost inspired strain of grand and solemn beauty. What shall we say also of the Hebrew prophets? Is their wealth of "noble emotions" clad in finest imagery to rank as prose, while the effusions of the modern verse-maker are dignified by the title of poetry? Surely not so.

Some of you may know something of the writings of Walt Whitman, the American poet, so styled by his admirers, though many critics deny his right to that title. These writings would furnish an admirable basis for discussion as to what is poetry. They ignore to a quite startling degree all the conventional rules as to choice of subjects, diction, and metre. They are like no poetry as the world has yet known it. Browning's work as compared with these is a model of soft grace, delicate refinement, and regularity. And yet they are certainly not prose as we know it, being distinguished from that by deep poetic insight, and by the uses to which he puts imaginative treatment. He constitutes a certain type of realism in literature as opposed to conventionalism at every point, in subject, in manner, in form, and still identified, as it were, with idealism to such an extent that the one becomes the other, to us through his vision, without the help of symbolism. Nothing appeals to him except what is common and

familiar, what may be called the natural facts of earthly life. His sympathy with all such facts and circumstances is so profound and so true that the distinction between real and ideal ceases to exist for him. The prose of life is for him its poetry, and it is in accordance with this conviction that he throws its expression into a form which has escaped from the trammels of conventional distinction between the two mediums. Like the modern school of music, it has found a new expression for new and subtle emotions, to which the old modes of expression were not adapted. Its chief distinctions from prose are its intense idealism and its rhythm. Quite innocent of metre as it is, it has a strange and beautiful rhythm, varied and yet monotonous, regular and yet untrammelled, having the effect of wild and irregular music, like the sound of wind and water.

Consider Whately's "elegant and decorative language." What are we to say of Browning, if this be an essential of poetry? His forcible, rugged diction is often the reverse of elegant; and as to decorativeness, his impetuous rush of burning thoughts often leaves no more room for that, than does a lava-stream for the wild flowers in its course down the mountain side.

Is there any safe ground of distinction to be found in the choice of subjects or their treatment? Here Browning, like Walt Whitman, makes the ground unsafe, if he and his school are not to be rejected as poets altogether. Browning's choice of subjects is as unlimited as life itself.

The supreme interest of life for him lies in the development of a soul, and this he will follow up through all its phases in all circumstances, no matter whether it lead him into the sweet air of heaven or into the mire. The common sins and sufferings of mankind, the unromantic surroundings and the humiliating or ignoble conditions of creatures both animal and spiritual, are chosen by him as unreservedly as they are by Dickens. But he is only the more a poet because he can safely deal with life as it is, and not as, in the serene air of his study, he would fain have it to be; because he can show us the romance behind the reality, and the supreme interests of the soul working its way up through material drawbacks, rising above itself by the very means—evil and suffering—which to weaker minds seem as though they must be fatal.

Before all else the poet must be the seer; to see is far greater and rarer than to think. Poetry expresses that which is seen, while prose expresses that which is thought and felt. A man can be trained and educated into a good prose-writer, not of the highest, the imaginative kind, of course, but still a good writer. But no amount of training will make a poet, only a verse-maker. The poets are always born, not made; for in them is implanted the instinct which does the right thing without reasoning, which not only dimly feels, but clearly sees that which it asserts, and sets it forth for all the world to see too.

The prose of poetry? It is of two kinds, good and bad. First, it is the burden of the song, the plain sense of imaginative writing, the literal truth that the poet gives us; for it is a great mistake to suppose that beauty and truth are separable here, any more than in any other art. Do not believe that the poets are "virtuous liars, dreamers after dark, exaggerators of the sun and moon, and soothsayers in a teacup"; rather believe that they are "the only speakers of essential truth, opposed to relative, comparative, and temporary truths." You may depend upon this as a fact in literature—that the greater the poet, the more will he understand of everything of which he speaks, the more exact will be his use of words, the more precise and full will be his rendering of detail. If in nothing else, the great poets of the world are at least alike in this, their intelligibility.

They never seem to fear that clearness will be mistaken for shallowness, or simplicity of manner for triviality of matter. Compare Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, with the misty vagueness and false romanticism of a third or fourth rate verse-maker, if you would realise what clearness and simplicity are. No matter how large and impassioned their meaning, they are always perfectly clear about it, and they give us the most full and faithful details of their imagining, as though it were a matter of scientific or historical truth. There is a kind of notion prevalent in certain minds that poetry at the best is unreal stuff—vaporous—"the baseless fabric of a dream," made up of illusions and delusions; whereas the truth is that poetry sums up in itself the highest qualities of precision and veracity to be found in logic, history, and science. No prose is so excellent an instrument for reproducing the living image of the mind, although prose can best serve its own purpose, and no great writer ever confounds the scope of the two. Much is to be learned from the study of Shakespeare's transitions from poetry to prose in his dramas. When he has prosaic matters to say, he puts them into plain speech; when he has matter for song, he sings it spontaneously, unmindful of rule, unerring in instinctive choice of the right medium.

"The needful qualities for a fit prose are regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. The men of letters whose destiny it may be to bring their nation to the attainment of a fit prose, must of necessity, whether they work in prose or verse, give a predominating, almost an exclusive attention to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. But an almost exclusive attention to these qualities involves some repression and silencing of poetry." Such repression produces something which we have named in the second place and in the bad sense—the prose of poetry. It causes a sacrifice of freedom, largeness and insight to formalism and mannerism, ending, if not in falseness, at least in limitations which pervert the true spirit of poetry. Pegasus in harness with his wings clipped is a less noble creature than an ordinary carthorse. Such prose in poetry is the result of influences that hamper form, and is by no means to be confounded with choice of material. Pegasus will bear any burden gracefully, while supported by his wings in free air.

In so-called "descriptive poetry," the weakness lies not in the attempt to describe objects vividly as they appeared, but in the mistaken effort to do this by methods unsuited to the art. Poetry describes vividly by means of suggestion through imagery, not by literal cataloguing of qualities, as music has its most powerful effect in suggesting trains of thought and emotion when farthest removed from the attempt to imitate natural sounds. The prosaic element in poetry, "repressing and silencing," comes to the front now and then in such a poet as Wordsworth, whose naturalism is perfect when warmed and inspired by strong emotion, but in its absence gives way to flat commonplace here and there. And the prosaic element appears in Browning, when his "grounds for emotion" crowd out the emotion itself, and the seer becomes for the moment the metaphysician; and it appears in Tennyson, when he mixes the spirit of his times to treat of what is transitory only, or descends from high purpose to the level of trivial refinement and refined trifling.

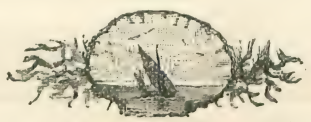
We can only learn of poetry itself what it is. To discover its essentials we must work from within, not from without, and know the best in poetry. Our laws of poetry must come after, and not before our study. To set out in search of a definition or a theory which shall provide all we require, is, in matters of literature, as in all the deepest matters, very much like the fable of the sons whose father, dying, left them a field in which lay a hidden treasure. Diligently they dug, yet never came upon the hoped-for treasure; but they gained the wealth which their wise father had in view for them—strength of body and cultivation of the land. We shall, indeed, come upon no sudden treasure of wisdom, but in the quest itself is what we need, a closer acquaintance with the fruitful soil of literature and the cultivation of our mental powers. To study prose and poetry in the best examples is to know what each is, and what each gives to the excellence of the other.

The poetry of prose we will divide, for symmetry's sake, also into two kinds—good and bad. When prose gives up its own peculiar excellence of precision and balance, to grasp at ornate imagery, and becomes inflated and bombastic, it is, like all false art, a very bad imitation of a good thing. Or when its direct meaning is swamped in the turgid wordiness of "poetic feeling," it loses its character as good prose, in an abortive attempt to become bad poetry.

But the poetry of prose in the best writers is its highest quality; it is the imaginative element which prose has in common with poetry, it is that strain of pure thought blended with perfect feeling which carries us out of ourselves and into the upper air of eternal truth. Whether it be the prophet-like eloquence of Carlyle, or the stately majesty of Milton, whether it be the pathetic humorous insight of Thackeray, or the severe grace of M. Arnold, or the tender charm of Oliver Goldsmith, we own at once that these rise at times into a beauty and truth which we must call poetic. But always, the great master abides by the law of his art, he never strains his instrument to a wrong use, but wields it ever in perfect sanity of command. Just these most poetic passages are examples of the most perfect prose.

This lesson we may learn from the comparison we have tried to draw, that in proportion always to the power of the writer is his submission. As the message of the great workers in literature is to establish for us "the law of goodness" in place of "the license of pleasure," so is their method always founded upon the right understanding of their chosen medium, and perfect obedience to its restraints.

[THE END.]

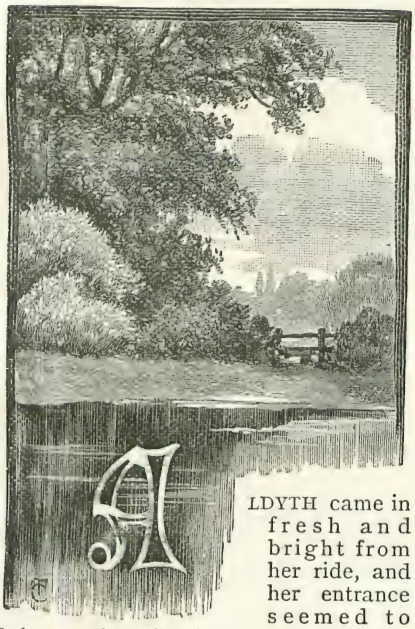


ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

DISAPPOINTMENT.



ALDYTH came in fresh and bright from her ride, and her entrance seemed to bring a breath of new life into the dreary old house. She was delighted with the mare, and declared that she had never enjoyed a ride more. Guy, too, seemed in the best of spirits.

"We mean to ride twice a week, Cousin Lucy," he said. "We must get the Blands to join us sometimes. Hilda could ride Brown Bess."

"Hilda is nervous on horseback," said Miss Lorraine. "Kitty would enjoy it more."

"Kitty — oh, Kitty is afraid of nothing!" said Guy, lightly. "We could easily find a mount for her. But Hilda is not so nervous as you think. I am sure she would not be afraid to ride Brown Bess."

"I daresay not, if you were at hand to take care of her," said Aldyth, merrily.

Guy coloured slightly.

The evening passed pleasantly away. Nothing more was said about the lectures. The cousins were in the gayest mood, and old Stephen's eyes twinkled with amusement as he listened to their merry talk. It seemed to him that things were just as they should be, and he had not a doubt that the last, and perhaps the strongest, desire that his imperious will had conceived would be realised without difficulty.

Miss Lorraine was unusually silent during the remainder of her visit, but only her uncle, who had reason to know that she was not well pleased, observed her silence.

The night was so chill that the closed carriage—a very antiquated vehicle, which Guy was wont to designate as the "bathing machine"—was ordered to convey the ladies back to Woodham.

"Let us see you again soon, Aldyth," said her uncle, in the best of humours as he kissed her. "Remember that your steed will need frequent exercise, or she will get too skittish even for so good a horsewoman as you are. What are you going to name her, by the bye?"

"Oh, am I to give her a name? You should do that, I think, uncle."

"Not I; she is yours to all intents and purposes. You do not expect me to mount her?"

"No, indeed; I think she would hardly carry you," said Aldyth, smiling. "But you are too good to me; you spoil me with kindness. Well, I must think of a name for her. I have a great mind to call her Pansy; she is so glossy and bright."

"Pansy! That's the same as Heartsease, is it not? Not a bad name for her mistress, eh, Guy? But, come, sir; surely you are going to escort these ladies to Woodham?"

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," said Guy, who had evidently not intended to accompany them.

"*Mind*, indeed!" repeated his uncle.

"I mean, I shall be happy to do so," he said.

"Ah, that's more like it," returned the old man.

"Pray do not trouble yourself to be so polite, Guy," said Aldyth.

"It is absurd to talk of an escort, when we have old John on the box to take care of us," called out Miss Lorraine, who had taken her place within the carriage.

But Guy seemed now to wish to come. "Wait one moment," he cried, and ran back into the house. In a minute he returned, carrying a long, odd-shaped bundle, wrapped in newspaper, which he laid carefully on the seat before him as he took his place.

"Whatever precious thing have you there, Guy?" asked Aldyth, as they drove off.

Guy looked slightly embarrassed by the question. He unrolled the paper a little, and displayed a number of fine bulrushes.

"I thought I would leave these for Hilda Bland," he said, awkwardly. "She was wanting some the other day, and asked me where they could be found. I got these down Pentlow way; there's some marshy land there."

"It is good to be Hilda," said Aldyth. "You never get bulrushes for me, Guy."

"I did not know you cared about them," he said.

Aldyth laughed mischievously. Guy's colour rose. Miss Lorraine looked from one to the other with an air of bewilderment.

"Don't forget to leave the bulrushes," were Aldyth's parting words to her cousin, as she sprang out of the carriage at her aunt's gate.

"I believe you want me to give you some of them, but I will not," he said. He got back into the carriage, having declined an invitation to enter the house, and drove off.

Aldyth came in, looking highly amused.

"What is it?" asked her aunt, seeing the fun sparkling in her eyes. "What is all this about Hilda and Guy? You surely do not think that there is anything between them?"

"What do you mean by anything, auntie?" asked Aldyth, laughing.

"Anything serious—anything more than silly trifling."

"It is difficult to imagine Guy serious about anything," said Aldyth; "but he really seems to have a great fancy for Hilda, and, what surprises me more, she appears to be falling in love, or fancies that she is, with him."

"Goodness me! You do not mean to tell me that, Aldyth!" exclaimed Miss Lorraine.

"Why, auntie, you look quite shocked. Do you think it would be a bad thing? I certainly think Hilda might do better. I cannot help being amused by it—Guy is so odd and Hilda so romantic; still, it is not a thing to make fun of, I know."

"Certainly it is not," said Miss Lorraine, with a severity of tone that surprised her niece. "There would be a terrible to do if such a thing were to happen. No, no, depend upon it, Guy is only trifling, Aldyth. Don't you do anything to encourage it."

"I should not think of doing so," said Aldyth, looking troubled in her turn. "Do you suppose that uncle would dislike it?"

"Dislike is not the word," replied her aunt; "he would be simply furious. But why do you say that Hilda might do better, Aldyth? Guy would make a good husband."

"Would he?" said Aldyth, doubtfully; "but surely not for Hilda. They have scarcely anything in common. I cannot understand how she can care for him."

"That is hardly a kind thing to say of your cousin, Aldyth."

"Oh, I do not mean it unkindly. I am fond of Guy," said Aldyth, innocently; "but I cannot help wishing he were rather different. I do not think he is the one for Hilda."

"How about yourself?" thought Miss Lorraine; and she sighed, feeling oppressed by a sense of coming troubles, which she had no power to avert.

Aldyth was busy arranging in a vase some flowers she had brought from Wyndham. She looked so happy as she bent over them, her long, slender fingers giving a touch to this stalk, or a pull to that leaf till she had got just the effect she desired, that Miss Lorraine shrank more than ever from the task of communicating Uncle Stephen's wish. But it had to be done.

"Aldyth," she said at last, "you will be dreadfully vexed at what I have to tell you; but it's not my fault. Your uncle has taken a strong dislike to the idea of these lectures, and he wants you to give them up."

"To give them up?" exclaimed Aldyth, flushing deeply in her surprise; "to give up the literature lectures because he dislikes them? That is most unreasonable."

"So I think," said Miss Lorraine; "but it was no use talking to uncle. He thinks the only knowledge desirable for girls is how to make puddings and keep a house in good order." And she repeated what Stephen Lorraine had said about poetry.

Aldyth was too hurt to find amusement in his words, as under other circumstances she might have done.

"And he asked you to tell me that he wishes me to give up the lectures?"

Her aunt nodded.

"I cannot see that he has any right to expect that I shall yield to his wish in this matter," said Aldyth, decidedly. "It is not as if he had any good reason to give. Why he wishes it, I cannot imagine."

Miss Lorraine could understand it very well, but she was not going to enlighten her niece.

"I do not care," said Aldyth, giving her head a little toss; "I shall *not* give up the lectures. You cannot expect me to, aunt?"

"My dear, it would be very hard; but it is not wise, you know, to cross your uncle's will."

Aldyth's face said plainly that she did not care whether it were wise or not. She rose to bid her aunt good-night. All the brightness had gone from her manner.

Miss Lorraine kissed her with more warmth than usual. "I am as sorry as I can be," she said. "I felt quite angry with uncle. It is a great pity, for Mr. Glynne's lectures are so good, and you enjoy them so much."

"But I am not going to give them up," said Aldyth. "You need not speak as if I were."

She went hastily from the room that her aunt might not see the tears that had risen in her eyes. Whether she continued to attend the lectures or not, she felt that her enjoyment of them was spoiled.

As she entered her room the sight of her writing-table reminded her of the essay she had meant to finish on the morrow. Would it ever be finished now? Oh, she wished she had not gone to Wyndham! The thought of her uncle's kindness in giving her the beautiful horse grew bitter to her. Since he had done so much to give her pleasure, had he not a right to expect that she would do as he desired? Yes; in her secret heart Aldyth knew that she could not adhere to her resolve and defy her uncle's anger. She knew it, but it came home to her forcibly as she glanced at her mother's portrait. It was her mother's wish that she should please her uncle. This was the most severe test to which Aldyth's love for the mother she did not know had ever been put. Her lips quivered as she looked at the beautiful face, and the tears, which had been slowly gathering, began to fall fast. Ah, she was learning something now of the inexorable demands of duty! She turned away, sobbing to herself—"If only I could tell her all about it, if we could talk it over together! She would understand; she would help me." But Aldyth needed no further incentive. Her love had stood the test. The voice of duty had not spoken in vain.

She came down to breakfast the next morning looking languid and heavy-eyed. "Auntie," she said, directly they had greeted each other, "I spoke too hastily last night. I was angry, but it is of no use to be angry; I shall have to submit. Mother would not like me to do anything that would vex uncle."

"No, she would not," said Miss Lorraine. "She thinks it of great importance that you should keep in favour with your uncle. You are acting in the way she would wish; but I am very sorry for you, my dear child. I know it is a great disappointment."

Aldyth was silent. She did not care to talk about the disappointment. What to many girls would have been but a trifling sacrifice of inclination, was to her, with her keen intellectual tastes, a very great loss.

"I suppose uncle would like me to give up the lectures also," said Miss Lorraine, with a little laugh; "but happily he did not suggest such a thing, for I am too deeply committed to the undertaking to abandon it now. I expect he owes me a grudge for starting the idea."

"I think you may attend them with safety," said Aldyth, making an effort to speak lightly; "there is little fear that the study of poetry will unfit you for practical life, render you incapable of making a pudding, for instance, if cook should fall ill."

Miss Lorraine laughed. "Men attach great importance to cookery," she said. "Perhaps if Mr. Glynne were lecturing on that subject, uncle would not object to your attending the lectures."

An hour later Kitty and Hilda Bland came in.

"Have you finished your essay, Aldyth?" Hilda asked.

"No," replied Aldyth.

"No? You are behindhand. I have written eighteen sheets. What length do you think yours will be?"

"I do not know," said Aldyth, quickly; "I shall finish it for my own satisfaction, but I shall not send it to Mr. Glynne. I am not going to any more of the lectures."

"Aldyth! What do you mean?" exclaimed the sisters together. Their astonishment could not have been greater.

"It is uncle's doing," said Aldyth, speaking with an effort. "He does not approve of the lectures; he has desired me to give them up."

"I am sure I would not give up the lectures if I cared for them as you do, Aldyth, for any cross-grained old uncle in the world," said Kitty, warmly. "I call Mr. Lorraine a thorough tyrant."

"It is not for his sake so much as for my mother's," said Aldyth. "She would not like me to vex uncle."

"I am afraid I should not respect my mother's wishes if she were all those miles away," remarked Hilda. "You might write and ask her about it, and by the time you got her reply the lectures would be over."

Aldyth smiled. "Nonsense, Hilda," she said, "you would not do so if you were in my place."

"But you could write the essays and send them to Mr. Glynne, if you did not attend the lectures," said Hilda. "You shall have the benefit of my notes. Come, you *might* do that, Aldyth."

Aldyth shook her head. "It would not be straightforward," she said. "It would be obeying uncle in the letter but not in spirit. And I ought to treat him better than that, for he is very good to me. Do you know he has bought a beautiful chesnut mare on purpose for me to ride."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Kitty. "Well, you are a lucky girl, Aldyth. I would gladly give up the lectures, if any one would give me a horse—would not you, Hilda? Oh, I forgot, you are such a goose on horseback."

"Hilda must conquer her fears," said Aldyth, smiling, "for Guy has set his heart on our making a riding party one of these days, and Hilda is to ride Brown Bess."

Hilda's face flushed with pleasure. "Oh, I am not so nervous as I used to be," she said, quickly, "and Brown Bess is such a steady old creature. It is very kind of Guy to think of it. He is kind. Did you see the lovely bulrushes he brought us last night, Aldyth?"

"Yes, they were fine ones," said Aldyth; "but now, Hilda, please remember that since I am debarred from attending the lectures, I shall rely on you to tell me all you can about them. I am afraid aunt's memory is not very trustworthy where literature is concerned."

"I wonder what Mr. Glynne will think of your keeping away," said Kitty.

Aldyth winced at the remark. It was a thought which had occurred to her many times already.

"Never mind," said Kitty, good-humouredly, as she read her face; "if I have a chance, I will let him know that it's not your fault."

(*To be continued.*)

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—COUSINS AT LAST.

COUSIN DOROTHY was nothing if not eccentric, and she had been true to her character in planning to keep her plate in safety. No one except Jane Cartwright and herself knew that it was deposited nightly, not in the strong room, but in a large cupboard occupying a recess in her bedroom. There was no keyhole visible, as it was concealed by a carved moulding running round the door, a small piece of which was movable.

We left Nelly with Miss Flint, and went in search of the servants. Three were asleep, having remained unconscious of what was going on, but these were locked into their rooms. The fourth was Sarah, the girl whom I had believed to be encouraging George Harwood's visits during the time he lay in hiding at the old cottage. I felt utterly bewildered when I saw George himself approach Sarah and release her from bonds as painful as those which had confined Miss Flint. There was no sign of recognition between the two, and as soon as the girl's tongue was set free she began to denounce another individual, weeping bitterly the while, and complaining of having been deceived by a wretch that she had been "ever so good to."

She was ready enough to speak against the man who, after she had admitted him and his comrade, had treated her with scant ceremony. It seemed that as Miss Flint had taken Sarah's part when Jane Cartwright found fault with her, the girl had stipulated that the mistress should not be hurt in

"SHE HELD OUT HER HAND, AND I CLASPED IT GENTLY."

any way. In her indignation at seeing her seized and bound, she uttered a succession of screams, which were speedily silenced by a course of treatment of a similar character.

What followed may be imagined. The police were communicated with, the two young Cartwrights brought from the lodge to the Hall, and a cottager's wife and son left there to bear Jane and her ailing daughter company. As to Sarah, the traitress who expected to accompany the thieves and their booty, and to become the wife of the one who had made a tool of her, Cousin Dorothy merely said, "Go to your bed, simpleton, but first thank God you have not seen murder committed, as well as robbery attempted, this night."

"Oh, ma'am, forgive me!" cried the girl. "I never wanted them to hurt anybody, and least of all you."

"I know that well enough. You only thought it was very nice to stand chattering under the trees, like the magpie you are, with a stranger of whom you knew nothing, and that it was right to feed your vagabond not with crumbs, but tit-bits from your mistress's larder. You thought it made you a great person to tell of our visitors and our plate, and how many men were in the house, with a great many other particulars. Oh, you did; you need not deny it. And you thought you should get a husband through it."

"He asked me, or I shouldn't have told," sobbed the girl. "And he said he only wanted to bring a gentleman in at night to see a picture that's in the library, and is worth a mint of money. He said it couldn't be seen proper only by candle-light, and there would be no harm done. He wouldn't ask me, but you had said it should never be set eyes on by mortal man, and it would be money in his pocket, because the gentleman was safe to pay well. He declared if you waked up and caught them you shouldn't be hurt, for they would run away straight and trouble nobody."

"That will do; you can go back to bed," said Cousin Dorothy, with the utmost calmness.

"We will lock her into her room, if you like," said I.

"No, thank you; she has had enough of her admirer's delicate attentions, and will not run after him," replied Miss Flint. "Go, Sarah," and the girl withdrew.

Turning to Nelly, Miss Flint said, "Nelly, child, I shall have to own John Simpson as a kinsman after all. Not merely on account of this night's work, but because I have kept an eye on him all along, and decided that he is worthy to be called 'Cousin Jack.' I doubt whether he will appreciate the compliment, or call me Cousin Dorothy."

"I always called you so," I said, "when I could, but of late it has not been possible."

"Do you know, Cousin Jack, that I have said I will never leave you a penny, and that I shall keep my word?"

"Cousin Dorothy, I have heard as much, and I am glad you have confirmed the report, for now no one can misunderstand my motives in wishing to have you for a friend as well as a kinswoman."

She held out her hand, and I clasped it gently, for the delicate wrist bore the mark of the cruel cord. Then she looked in my face, and positively there were tears trembling in her eyes.

"Cousin Jack, you are very like your mother, and I loved her," said Cousin Dorothy, in a voice very unlike her ordinary one.

Her disengaged arm went round my neck, and she kissed me as a mother might kiss her boy.

I could not tell how this act touched me. She had loved my mother—I always knew that; and as I returned her kiss I felt happier than I had ever done since the death of my father. Of neglect I had experienced enough, of open enmity none, except, as I believed, from Cousin Dorothy; and now she was to be numbered amongst my friends.

As to Nelly, she was in an ecstasy of happiness, and bestowed a little shower of caresses upon Miss Flint. Then she declared there had never been anything so fortunate as this attempted robbery, and she should be grateful to the burglars, only she could not forgive them for their treatment of Miss Flint. She said little to me, but her looks were eloquent enough.

This conversation did not take place until Cousin Dorothy and Nelly had spent some time in their rooms; the injured wrists had been bathed, and needed additions made to their scanty garments. Meanwhile George Harwood was partaking of a hearty supper in the kitchen. Afterwards Miss Flint spoke to him, and thanked him, with much dignity, for his timely help.

"I hope I shall be able to repay your services with something better than a present gift of money. You may trust me. I knew you, George Harwood, the moment I saw you."

George murmured something about not gen'lly needing to be introdoosed twice, and pointed with his maimed hand to his scarred cheek as a proof of his words.

"It would never do for me to be after any tricks hereabouts," he added, "for I should be found out directly."

"Have you any idea who were the men that got into the house?" asked Cousin Dorothy, looking at George.

The man moved about uneasily, but did not answer.

"You have done one good act; do not be ashamed of it, George. Try to do more and better. I knew you as a lad, and I never believed you thoroughly bad at the worst of times, for you were the son of a praying father and mother. You have had a hand in wrongdoing more than once, but you committed one great robbery single-handed, and it was the worst of all."

"Never, ma'am, never," replied George. "I have done wrong enough, and been one amongst others, but I can say truly I neither planned a robbery nor carried one out by myself."

"What do you say to having robbed your father and mother of a son's affection, help, and presence through all these long years? Have you not done this, and robbed them of peace and hope and rest, and the pride they once had in their only child? Have you not made them ashamed and afraid to mention your name or let it be known that their son was worse than dead?"

"Oh, ma'am, don't, don't!" said George. "I'll go away now and never show my face at Oakhill again, though I was coming to see the old folks, and find out if there was a chance of staying with them, and trying to make up for what is past. I'm hungering for a look at father and mother, though you mightn't think it. I've never seen them since I was tried and sent away for what I did not do, though I deserved what I got for other things."

"If you wish to stay in this place, you shall. But mind, you may have to bear a good deal for their sakes. People will not believe in you. You must be ready to bear suspicion and cold looks, and doubts of your honesty. But if you are in earnest, I will stand by you and find you work. My cousin here will assist, for your parents' sake."

"Gladly," I answered. I could say no more, for I was in a state of utter bewilderment. Had I not seen George Harwood at the station, on the very night the old cottage was entered by the window, and my property taken? Had not I, and his parents too, concluded that George was the culprit? and had I not, for the sake of Jabez and Betsy, kept silence on the subject from all but Mr. Burford?

Then, again, I had been certain that Sarah's lover and the man in hiding at the old cottage were identical, and George Harwood was the individual. I had been intensely indignant at his conduct to Betsy—his mother, as I believed; and here was George declaring that he had never seen her face through all these years. I began to doubt him, to feel that it would be dangerous to leave him unwatched, and to question if he were not in league with the thieves, in spite of appearances. Either he was telling wilful falsehoods, or I had been under a mistake from the first.

After a brief cogitation, I decided to ask George to go with me to Rose Cottage. I meant to steal quietly in, and, instead of going to bed, to remain with him in my sitting-room through the night. George owned to Miss Flint that he had his suspicions about one of her visitors; but he would tell me all he knew and guessed on the road to Rose Cottage.

"We shall see you to-morrow, Cousin Jack. No, by the way, it is to-morrow already. I mean morning; and real to-morrow will be Sunday, when you can come to dinner after service. I shall have no company."

Perhaps Nelly noted a disappointed look on my face, for she said, "I shall be here, Jack."

"You are not 'company,' child. You are a mere nobody. Good night, Jack;" and she whispered, "Give the old cousin a corner of your heart, though she has helped to show the metal you are made of. You are your mother's son."

I kissed her for answer; I held my darling's little hand in mine for a moment, and then away along the dark road with George Harwood. I would not hear his tale on the way, for fear of our voices attracting attention, but advised him to wait a while.

There was a light in Rose Cottage as we approached, and I bade George stay outside till I knew the reason of it. I found Betsy up, and looking pale and frightened. This she explained by saying that she had awakened, and could not help coming down to see if I were in. Finding I was not, she was too uneasy to sleep, so stayed in the kitchen. Jabez was asleep, she said.

Then I began my story, and told of the stranger who had rendered such timely aid, and of Miss Flint's gratitude to him and conduct towards myself.

How glad she was on my account, how sympathetic! Yet there was some hidden trouble which her joy on my behalf could not hide.

"I want to tell you more about the strange man," I said. "He is one who, as a lad, was led astray by an evil companion, and went on from folly to crime. He was caught, tried, imprisoned for a long term of years. He was the only son of parents very like you and Jabez, and in spite of all his wrongdoing, he could not forget them, their teaching, above all their love, of which he knew himself to be unworthy. Now he has forsaken his evil ways he wants to work honestly for his bread, he longs above all things to see his parents and be forgiven. But he is afraid to go home. If you were the mother, Betsy, what would you do?"

"Oh, Mr. John, I would hold out both arms to welcome him," and the tears which streamed down her cheeks told what the dear woman felt as she spoke.

I opened the cottage door. I signalled to the man who was waiting there. I took his hand in mine, and drew him inside. I saw Betsy's arms extended, and as she clasped them round him I heard her say, "George, my own lad!" as he cried, "Mother, mother!"

That was all, for I went quietly into my own room, and closed the door behind me. It was no scene for a third person to share in. I leave others to picture it, as I do. Also the after-meeting with old Jabez.

When the old folks asked me to join them, George cleared up the mystery which had so puzzled me of late. I give his story in as few words as possible:

"You know that Black Mike and I were sentenced together? We had agreed to continue our partnership after our time was up, but my mind changed whilst I was in prison. I resolved to come home to you, and bear anything, so as not to leave you any more.

"Mike was angry, and managed to meet me again near Oakhill Station. He did his best to persuade me to join him, saying I should find that everybody would despise me and refuse me work, and he knew better than to be seen hanging about the old place. I thought this likely enough, but I tried for work. You'll remember, sir, I asked you for it, near the office door. I believe you thought I was listening for no good end, but I was only wanting to know if you would soon be out that I might speak to you. Mike was listening, too, but he was off too quick for you to see him.

"You spoke pretty sharp in answer to me, and I felt sure you would know me again. I lost heart, and turned away with an expression I was a bit sorry for after. I started off, late as it was, turning my back upon Oakhill; and from that time to this I have gone from place to place, working at anything I could do, and have lived honestly anyway, though I have not had much more than bare bread. Lately I began hankering after the old place, and I thought if father or mother should die without saying, 'I forgive you, George,' the sooner my life came to an end the better. Here I am, and I am glad I made up my mind and stuck to it."

I had always blamed this man for the cottage robbery, but I now became convinced that he did not even know of it. I therefore told him the particulars, and he at once exclaimed, "That was Mike's doing, I'll be bound. He knew how the window opened, for it was his own contriving; and while outside the office he heard as much as I did of the talk about the gentleman having taken the safe key away by mistake."

"Oh, George! I blamed you for that. I am sorry I could have had such a thought," said Betsy.

"So am I, mother. Bad as I have been, I would not have touched a thing in the old home for the world. Never mind; it is no worse than I deserved."

"But, George—you've been in more trouble since, haven't you?"

"Who said it? Has Mike been here with his lies?"

I understood all when I heard this question. It was Mike who had come to poor Betsy and Jabez, and by pretending that he possessed some power over George, compelled them to connive at his hiding-place, minister to his wants, and bribe him to depart.

It was Mike who had made sham love to Sarah, and planned to rob Lint Hall. I strongly suspected that the wretch had come to Betsy after his escape from the Hall, and terrified her in some way. My conjectures proved wholly correct.

The last trick was the most daring of all. Mike did not know of George Harwood's arrival at Oakhill, and could not have seen him as he dashed past us both at the door of the strong-room. He had therefore made his way to Rose Cottage, roused Betsy by throwing stones at her window, and terrified her by declaring that her son and he had been surprised in the act of breaking into Lint Hall. He knew not what had become of George, but he should take up his abode in the old cottage, and look to Betsy to supply his wants until the hunt for him was over.

I let the three know both what I had suspected and seen whilst the wretched man was hiding there before, and how I had believed that it was George himself whom the parents were helping to conceal. When I spoke of Mike's attempt to strike poor Betsy, George's anger knew no bounds. He ground his teeth and muttered threats of vengeance.

"We shall catch him now in spite of the charm he carries, though he always says luck will never fail him unless he loses it."

"What is the charm?" I asked.

"A sixpence with three words on it, cut very neatly and plain to read. I daresay he stole it."

"And the words were 'Work, Wait, Win,'" said I.

"Right you are, sir. How did you know them?"

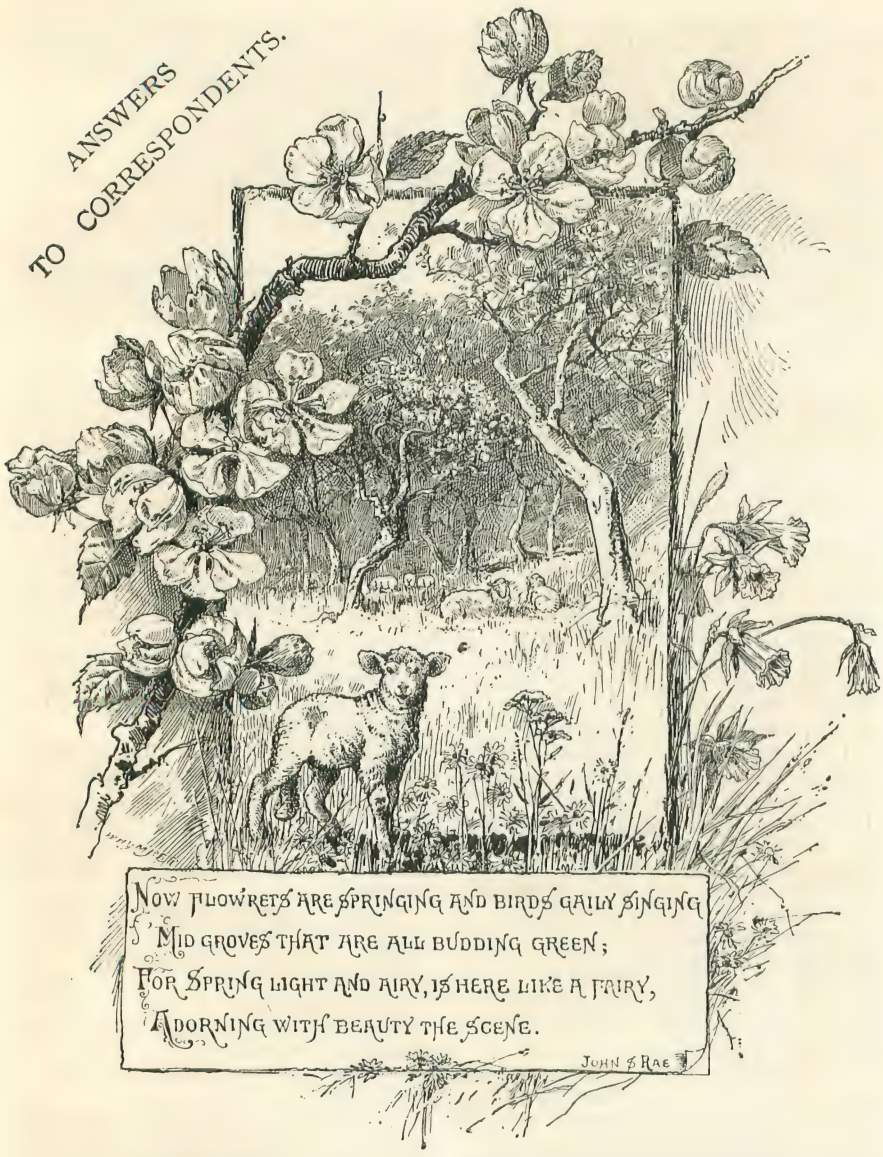
"I have reason to do. That sixpence was hanging to my watch-chain, and was stolen with it from the old cottage. It was given to me by the young lady you saw at the Hall last night, when we were much younger — boy and girl friends."

"How things do come round to be sure! That beats all," remarked George. "Well, sir, I hope you may get it back. The young lady is Lawyer Burford's daughter, I believe. He did his best for me, and he did more than speak for me when I was tried. He would not believe I was guilty, and he was right."

I am sure that Jabez, Betsy, and I felt self-condemned when we thought how ready we had been to attribute crimes to George which he had never committed; how slow to give him credit for any improvement or wish to lead a better life! No doubt they were even more glad than I to think that it was not too late to encourage his good resolutions, and help him to redeem his character.

It was decided amongst us that it would be well for Betsy to visit the old cottage, and carry food to its inmate the same as before. Also, that she should make apparently anxious inquiries as to her son's whereabouts. This would throw him off his guard; and we felt that it would be quite in accordance with his daring character to remain contentedly where he was, until an opportunity offered for him to leave the cottage.

(To be concluded.)



EDUCATIONAL.

"My Hatty."—See our answers in back numbers. In reference to the case of inebriety which you name, we advise you to consult the doctor who ordered the spirits in the first instance; he ought to help you. Perhaps the person you name might be induced by him to enter the Home for Inebriate Women of Middle Class; address Mrs. Law, 9, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, London, W. The charge is 10s. 6d. a week. In Liverpool there is the Vermont Sanatorium, 337, Prescot Road, Stanley, Liverpool; address the secretary or superintendent. It is for women of the middle or working classes, and the charge is from 7s. weekly.

An Elder Sister.—There is an institution at Bath for Feeble-minded Children, at 35, Belvedere, from £25 per annum; and another at Conifers, Hampton Wick, for young ladies and backward children; address Mrs. Simpson, lady superintendent.

Madeline.—You can learn to read French without a master, but not to speak it with the right accent and emphasis.

MUSIC.

Verena inquires "whether it be now the custom to play the semiquaver in the bass, in the example given, by itself, or with the last quaver in the triplet." The semiquaver in the bass is to be played with the last quaver in the triplet. Such questions as these are scarcely suitable for our Answer columns, because, as we cannot give the music to which they relate, the answers must generally be unprofitable and uninteresting to our other readers. If our young musicians cannot afford to engage a master, they should obtain a good instruction book, and join a musical correspondence class.

One Very Anxious.—We could not possibly form a judgment on your qualification for teaching music, theoretically or practically, at the age of sixteen only, not having either heard you play, or had an opportunity of knowing your method of teaching. You might have a small class for beginners, or go out to give lessons. Mention your intention to friends, and ask them for introductions. Get your advertisement—written large on a piece of cardboard—put in the window of some shop, and add to it that you will attend at evening parties, to play either pieces or accompaniments for singers. You should learn to read music at sight. Your grammar and spelling are bad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Maud L. (Canada).—Rosemary tea is made by pouring boiling water on the dried or fresh leaves of rosemary, and allowing the jug to stand in a warm corner on the stove or hearth till the tea becomes strong enough to use. Apply each day to the roots of the hair with a small sponge.

Cribbage and Whist.—The writer you name is, as you see, a member of our staff of contributors. It is very vulgar to say "I bet." The verses lack originality, and every line might be found ready made in some ordinary hymn-book. The composition is correct.

Bertha Figures.—There is a National Hospital for persons suffering from paralysis, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Write to the secretary, B. Burford Rawlings, Esq.; or else write to H. Howgrave Graham, Esq., secretary of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Station), London, N.W. Some patients are received free, others pay, according to their position or their means, both as outdoor and indoor patients. Perhaps your doctor could arrange for a removal to town, or could recommend a hospital nearer your home.

A Red Wallflower will do well to read the advice of "Medicus" in the papers called "What Working Girls Can Do for Themselves," vol. ix., page 107; and "Common Sense Advice for Working Girls," vol. vi., page 295.

A. M. S.—Prayer should be accompanied by earnest endeavour. To say "Lord! Lord!" is useless, unless you be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and are "doers of the work." Your religion should be practical as well as theoretical. We do not mean to say that it is otherwise in your case, and we hope you will take courage.

Fidlums.—A Scripture-reading Union, which requires that the members shall read both morning and evening, is conducted by the Rev. Ernest Boys, Sidcup, Kent. The Old Testament is read in the morning, and the New in the evening. Apply for a card of membership, sending full name and address, and enclosing a postage stamp, to the secretary, Christian Progress Union, 21, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.

L. P.—A jardinière is a stand for plants of an ornamental character, sometimes covered with glass. "Maréchal Niel" is a name given to a rose of a particular kind.

May W.—If you cannot be wakened by the housemaid, you had better join an Early Rising Society. One presided over by Miss Ellman, The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex, might suit you. The members must be fully dressed at eight o'clock every morning, and a fine of one penny is exacted for every failure.

J. E. Ford.—Consult a doctor as to what you may put into the drink to disgust your relative with it. Also be careful as to the quantity and the frequency of administration.

Northern Lass.—The rule is that a lady should give a gratuity to the housemaid and parlourmaid, but not to the men-servants, with these exceptions—if the footman has carried your trunks up and down stairs you may give him a trifle; and if the coachman has driven you, unaccompanied by any of your host's family, you may give him a small fee.

Nell.—Powder is sold at the chemist's specially for cleaning sponges.

Dewdrops.—Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty" is cast in iron or bronze.

L. W.—The least expensive method is to answer advertisements rather than advertise; the letter in reply to the former costs a penny only, whereas the advertisement costs some shillings.

Anxious Inquirer.—The sentences sung or said in the English Church service before and after the reading of the gospel of the day are respectively, "Glory be to Thee, O God," and "Thanks be to Thee, for this Thy Holy Gospel." These words of praise are to be found in the first prayer-book of Edward VI., and are prescribed in the Scottish Liturgy.

Ellie.—We regret to say that we are not acquainted with the words of the song you quote, nor are they in any of our books of quotations. 2. Your writing might be improved by the careful practice of copying the copperplate examples of correct writing (sold for the purpose) every day. We thank you for your kind and warm expressions of appreciation of our magazine.

Four Scotch Lassies.—William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, was executed August 18th, 1746, for high treason, and the estates and honours of his house were forfeited. He married the Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter and heiress of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow and Callander, her mother being the Lady Margaret Hay, daughter of John, twelfth Earl of Errol. By her he left three sons, viz., (1) James, Lord Boyd, who served in the Scots Fusiliers at Culloden, on the opposite side to his father; and who afterwards recovered the lands of Kilmarnock in 1752. In 1758 he succeeded to the Earldom of Errol, and his great grandson, the present Earl of Errol, would be Earl of Kilmarnock also, were it not for the attainder of 1746. (2) Charles, his second son, took part with his father, and was with him at Culloden. He escaped to France, married a French lady, and returning to Scotland lived at Staines Castle, Aberdeenshire, dying in 1782, and leaving a son and daughter. (3) William, the third son, seems to have sided with his eldest brother, for at the time of his father's execution he was serving on board Commodore Burnett's ship. The House of Boyd dates from the year 1100; the name is from the Celtic word "Boidh"—fair, and the first of the name was Robert, called "the Fair." The lands of Kilmarnock were granted by Robert the Bruce to Sir Robert Boyd, who was amongst his first adherents. We think all your questions are answered in this.

Scotch Daisy.—Yes, there have been such phenomena as coloured showers of rain, hail, snow, and dust in various parts of the world. In the year 1731 the raindrops of a heavy thunderstorm that fell on the grass near Constance looked like red-hot liquid metal; and in the winter of 1822 a snowfall near Freybourg showed blue light, and the raindrops left golden trains of light. Rain of a blood-colour has also been known, and red dust likewise.

Lover of Longfellow.—The quotation,

> "Sleepe, after toyle;
> Port, after stormie seas;
> Ease, after warre;
> Death, after life,
> Does greatly please,"

is from Edmund Spenser (born 1552), author of the "Faërie Queen." We would reverse the order of the fourth line, and say "life after death!" This alone could "greatly please!" Miss Havergal only took these lines as a text for a song called "After."

VOL. XI.—No. 538.] APRIL 19, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

ON the fig-tree vernal,
And on "all the trees,"
Precious fruit eternal
Faith's keen vision sees.

When the branch is tender,
And the budding stem,
And each shootlet slender,
Shows its emerald gem;

Then ye know that Summer
Must be very near,
With each bright new-comer
Of the full-blown year.

Soon the punctual swallow,
And the turtle's voice,
On soft wings will follow,
Bidding earth rejoice;

Morns of dewy pleasure
Scatter blooms around,
Beauty without measure,
Gladness without bound.

So when every token
In the earth and sky
Which the Lord hath spoken
Meets your watching eye;

Then, ye may be certain,
Dawns the day of doom;
He will rend the curtain,
And His Kingdom come.

Yet to saints, remember,
That decisive day
Comes not, like December,
Clad in stern array;

But in all the glory
Of a Summer-noon—
Songs and painted story
Of the flowery June.

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Oh, the joy, the singing,
Oh, the fadeless blooms,
Summer gladness bringing—
When His Kingdom comes.

Now, Lord, send Thy Spirit
To my wintry breast,
Pledge I shall inherit
That celestial rest;

Those sweet songs and roses
In Thy Kingdom fair,
Where Thy Church reposes
Fanned with Summer air!

RICHARD WILTON.

WORK, WAIT, WIN.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Only a Girl Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MY TREASURE RECOVERED.—COUSIN DOROTHY'S CONSISTENCY.

DESPITE a tiring day and a sleepless night, I was hardly conscious of weariness when I went to the office. I was too much excited to think about myself.

By the earliest train came Cartwright and his son. They had been tricked into leaving the platform the night before, probably by a confederate of Black Mike's, and were greatly concerned at what had happened.

Betsy carried out our directions, and found Mike making himself perfectly comfortable in his old quarters, though intensely disgusted at the failure of the previous night, which he attributed to "the screeching of that girl," and avowed his intention of "paying her out yet."

I took advantage of the first opportunity to call on Cousin Dorothy, though it was not easy to get to the house on account of the many excited inquirers who stopped me on the way. Mr. Burford and Rose were there, the former delighted at my presence under that roof, the latter ready with an extended hand and a mock reverence as she inquired after the hero of the night.

Nelly, dear Nelly, came towards me with her hands closed, but stretched in my direction.

"Which will you have, Jack?" she demanded, in the old childish fashion, and waited for me to choose.

"This," said I, taking the left. She opened it, and on the palm lay my old sixpence, with the words—"Work, Wait, Win," as plain as ever on its surface. "Where did you find it, Nelly?" I asked, delighted to receive my treasure a second time from her hand.

"Inside the strong room, close to the door of the safe at which the men were working when *we* surprised them." She emphasised the "*we*," as if proud to have been one of the three, and indeed she had shown marvellous courage and presence of mind through a trying time.

I told her so, and she blushed charmingly at my praises. Then I said: "This furnishes a most important link, and leaves no doubt whatever that one of the men who attempted to rob the safes last night is identical with the thief who carried off this along with my gold chain and money."

Mr. Burford had to be informed of all that had come to my knowledge respecting Black Mike's doings and present whereabouts. I had little time to spend at the Hall; indeed, I had found it very difficult to leave the station in order to go there, but I told all I knew, and then left Mr. Burford to make what arrangements he thought best for preventing the escape of Black Mike from the cottage.

I only ventured to suggest that the place should not be approached in open daylight, as I felt assured the man would deem his present retreat beyond suspicion, and, relying on Betsy's silence, remain there quietly until the first excitement was over. He would argue that Oakhill was the last place in which he would be sought for.

I was on the platform that afternoon, and the 4.15 train was just moving out, when a man rushed forward and made a leap towards a carriage. He clutched the door handle, but missed the step and slipped down in a sitting posture, with his lower limbs between the train and the platform.

He clung in desperation to the carriage, and was dragged along for some distance before the train could be brought to a standstill. By keeping hold, he saved himself from instant death, for had he loosed it he would have been drawn bodily underneath it and crushed horribly. As it was, the suffering must have been terrible, for his lower limbs were much injured, and those who saw him felt convinced that he would never be able to walk again.

"I knew my luck was gone when I lost the charm," he muttered, and then I felt sure that the speaker was indeed Black Mike.

Contrary to my suggestion and Mr. Burford's advice, the police had approached the cottage by daylight and attempted to capture him. They saw him dash through the side window and make for the station. When they reached it they found that the hospital was the only place to which the helpless prisoner could be conveyed, and thither he was carried.

Mike was never tried for this last offence by an earthly judge. He died two days after the accident—died as he had lived, without expressing any regret except for his ill success at Lint Hall, and the being "caught for nothing." He attached great importance to the loss of that innocent little coin of mine, and had, it seems, regarded it with superstitious reverence, deeming that the possession of it meant luck, the loss ruin.

Mike's confederate was never captured.

Sarah forgot her indignation on account of the rough treatment to which she had been subjected by Mike, and shed many tears when she heard of his terrible end. She even retrimmed with black that best bonnet, in which she had probably intended to figure as a bride, and wore the same as mourning on two consecutive Sundays.

Mike had made the girl believe that he intended to make her his wife, and the scrap of paper found by me proved to be part of a letter to him, in which she accepted his proposal, and promised to meet him at an appointed time on the road "tords the stashun."

Sarah's grief proved shortlived. Black did not suit her complexion, so she soon replaced the gayer bonnet trimming, and was heard to own that hers had been a lucky escape, seeing it would have been a let down for a decent girl to marry a

man that had been in prison, and was going the way to get in again.

Under good influences and through Miss Flint's forbearance, Sarah is fast becoming a wiser and better girl, and is still in Cousin Dorothy's service.

I am anticipating, however, and must go back a little. Shall I ever forget the Sunday which followed the attempted robbery? I went to church as usual, and at the door I met Miss Flint.

"Come with me, Cousin Jack," she said; "come and sit where you sat as a lad."

She placed her hand on my arm, and thus we walked up the aisle together, thereby creating a sensation hitherto unknown amongst the worshippers in Oakhill Church. I held the door open for her, and when she had taken what was once my mother's place, I took that which had been my own, close beside her.

I am afraid my lips did not follow the service very closely that day, but my heart was full of thankfulness, and He who reads all hearts knew what was in mine.

Nelly and Rose sat with their father, but after service I walked to Lint Hall with the two girls, their father and Miss Flint following, for we were to make one little party at dinner.

"Jack, you and I have been creating a false impression this morning," said my kinswoman. "To-morrow, if not sooner, everybody in the place will be saying that I have adopted you, and that you are coming to live at Lint Hall. Mind you contradict it, for it is not true."

"I will," was my answer, and I had to keep the promise often in the days that followed.

As we all sat together that evening, my cousin told us her own love story. I need not repeat it.

"You know now what attracted me to Herbert Kenningham," she added. "At first, I cared for the lad because he brought before me the living image of one that was gone. He deserves to be loved for his own sake, and you and he will be friends, Cousin Jack, when you meet." The prophecy proved a true one.

Then turning to Rose and Nelly, she said, "Children, you, like myself, will be enriched whilst you are young, through neither work nor effort of your own. Do not let wealth deprive you of a better gift, as mine did. Some girls have admirers who look past them to their money bags. Mine saw in these a wall which parted him from me."

"*I* shall not let money come between Herbert and me," said Rose, looking up at Miss Flint with a bright smile. The latter nodded approval, and patted the girl's blushing cheek.

At that instant I thought of the needless torment I had suffered through my jealous doubts and fears, and of my folly in imagining that no one could look at Nelly with other eyes than I did, or past her at Rose.

Nelly told me that her sister and young Kenningham were engaged with the full consent of her parents; that they had intended to wait until Herbert's position was more assured, but now their marriage would take place soon after Rose came of age.

It was hard to keep the secret of my own good fortune from Nelly, but I succeeded, and when I asked her to be my wife she was still in ignorance of it. I hardly needed to tell her the story of my almost lifelong love for her. Nelly was nobler, larger souled than I, and had not only been true to me, but she had never doubted my truth for a moment.

"I always knew you loved me first and best, dear Jack," she said. "And if you had never told me, I should have guessed why, and waited on till I was a grey old woman, or until death, if it had come first."

I drew my darling to my heart, and her head rested on my shoulder for a little while, for we were too happy to utter a word, though I am sure we were just brimming over with glad thankfulness.

"Jack, you will have to take my money now or leave me." And she looked up with a little triumphant smile.

"True, my darling. And the money is such a trifle in comparison, that the thought causes me no trouble, especially as I am equally rich." And I told her my secret then.

I am not sure that she was glad of it in one sense, but as she subsequently remarked—

"I was willing to be your wife, dear Jack, when I thought you were poor; and you to take me when you knew I should have quite a lot of money. There was no room for false pride on either side. How can there be when love and faith are in the ascendant?"

I did not ask for my Nelly until even Mrs. Burford had given her consent. Whether she was moved by my deference to her maternal rights, or influenced by her husband, children, and Cousin Dorothy in combination, I cannot tell. All I know is, that there was no dissentient voice, and that we are very, very happy, though our marriage will not take place for a year or two. Most likely the interval will be spent in study and travel, to fit me for a different sphere of work from that I have hitherto filled. I trust the possession of ample means will not make me self-indulgent. If I did not hope to live usefully in the future, I should wish myself in my old post at Oakhill station.

Whether in England or elsewhere, Nelly and I will not be long parted, for in travelling Miss Flint will be one of the party and will act as deputy-mother to my darling.

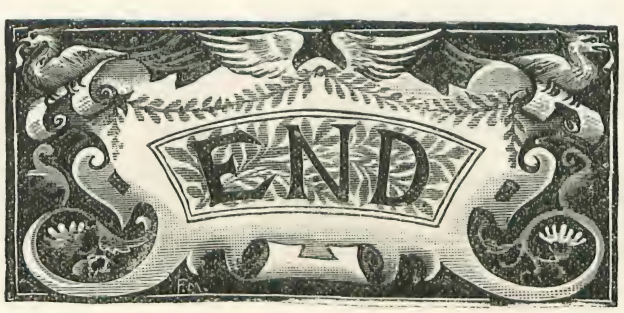
My coming of age has actually been celebrated at Lint Hall, and on that occasion Cousin Dorothy wore a dress selected by Nelly, according to promise, and looked, what she is, a very dignified and charming old lady. Moreover, from that date she voluntarily laid aside her eccentricities of dress and manner once and for all, reserving, I am glad to say, all her amusing characteristics.

I had a disappointment, but it did not last long. Nelly was most anxious to buy back the Hall and a portion of the old estates, but on naming the subject to Mr. Burford, he told me they were already sold to Cousin Dorothy.

It is an open secret that my whimsical kinswoman has chosen this mode of keeping her vow, never to leave me a penny. She has made a will disposing of such personal property as she still retains, how, and in whose favour I know not. But as the real estate is not even mentioned, it will come to me in due course as next of kin. Long may it be before I own it!

Mr. Burford pulled down the old cottage after Black Mike's death, and removed every trace of it. I am building a new one on the old site exactly in accordance with the ideas of comfort and convenience expressed by Jabez and Betsy, and there George will find a home with his parents. So far he has gone on steadily and industriously, and for the sake of the old folk and the service rendered on the night of the burglary at the Hall, Oakhill people seem inclined to forget all that was so much to be regretted in his past life.

I use the old armorial bearings of my family now; but I carefully preserve Nelly's sixpence, and if I had to choose a motto it should still be—"Work, Wait, Win."



A GIRL'S OWN APIARY.

By "BEE ORCHIS."

How many times since THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was first published have I noticed in the correspondence columns the question, "How can I earn a little money while my duty keeps me within the home?" And ever the same answer is repeated, that it is difficult, almost impossible to do so; with perhaps a kindly suggestion as to the teaching or needlework which might be attainable. But there are those who, *like myself*, live in isolated country places, to whom one branch of profitable employment may be open which has not been advocated in these columns—I mean honey production. I know that various pamphlets and books are in circulation on this subject; but some are so deeply scientific that their perusal looks impossible to the uninitiated, and some are oversanguine, and speak as if a large fortune may be speedily realised by any one who chooses to devote her time to apiculture.

This I believe is a mistake. I should be very sorry for any one who attempted to get a living in this uncertain climate by bee-keeping, yet for several years past my bees have brought me in a very nice addition to my dress allowance, and have been an unfailing source of interest and pleasure. I may explain that I am a farmer's daughter, living in a flowery and thinly populated district in the south of England, and near enough to a large town to get ready sale for my pretty little pound sections of comb and bottles of strained honey at the shops.

I believe that almost any girl who has a garden may keep bees to profit, even near a town, for so rapid is the flight of the little brown workers that a mile or two makes little difference to them; but there are a few districts where honey is always of a dingy, olive colour, and bee diseases prevail. It has been my good fortune never to be troubled with either, and as no one else keeps bees within a mile, there is no fear of the district being overcrowded.

I should like to lay down distinctly at starting the *pros* and *cons* of the industry which I am advocating. To begin with the profits. I think that the average yield of a good colony of bees may be reckoned at about fifteen shillings or one pound per year; but the seasons vary extremely, and also the price that we get for our honey. Then it gives you a healthy out-of-doors employment, with the advantage of never taking you out in bad weather, which the care of any other live stock must do, and it is clean work, excepting the sticky employment of straining and bottling.

Also for weeks, and even for months together, your family pursues the even tenor of its way with no need of any attention from you, beyond an occasional glance to see that no enterprising snail has wedged himself in the doorway, and is thereby keeping the bees prisoners in their own castle. It is nice, also, to have a bountiful supply of pure honey for use in your own household, and a section is a gift much appreciated by town friends.

Now for the disadvantages; and first of all I would write in large letters the word STINGS! There are a favoured few on whose constitutions the venom of the valiant little creatures has no effect; but I confess I am not one of them, and after years of bee-keeping still dread the stings, not the first sharp prick — that is not worth complaining of—but the swelling which so often follows. But there are remedies, and properly protected, as I shall hereafter describe, you can easily overcome this difficulty.

There is also the uncertainty of returns, for in wet seasons such as 1888 the flowers seem to have no honey to yield, and bees must be fed, and are an expense instead of a profit. There are also the dreaded diseases of foul brood and dysentery, which have brought many a promising apiary to an abrupt end.

The methods of bee-keeping have undergone a complete revolution in the last few years, and the box hive, with its clever arrangement of movable bar frames for the combs, and top storey or "super" filled with neat section boxes of thin, white wood, have almost entirely superseded the more picturesque straw hive.

Gone also are the many superstitions which hung around the cottage beehive. Nobody thinks nowadays of "telling the bees" of any special family event, or draping the hives with a fragment of crape on the day of a funeral. A swarm, price seven and sixpence, has been known to flourish quite as well as one "paid for with gold," and the music of the frying-pan or tin-kettle is heard no more at swarming-time.

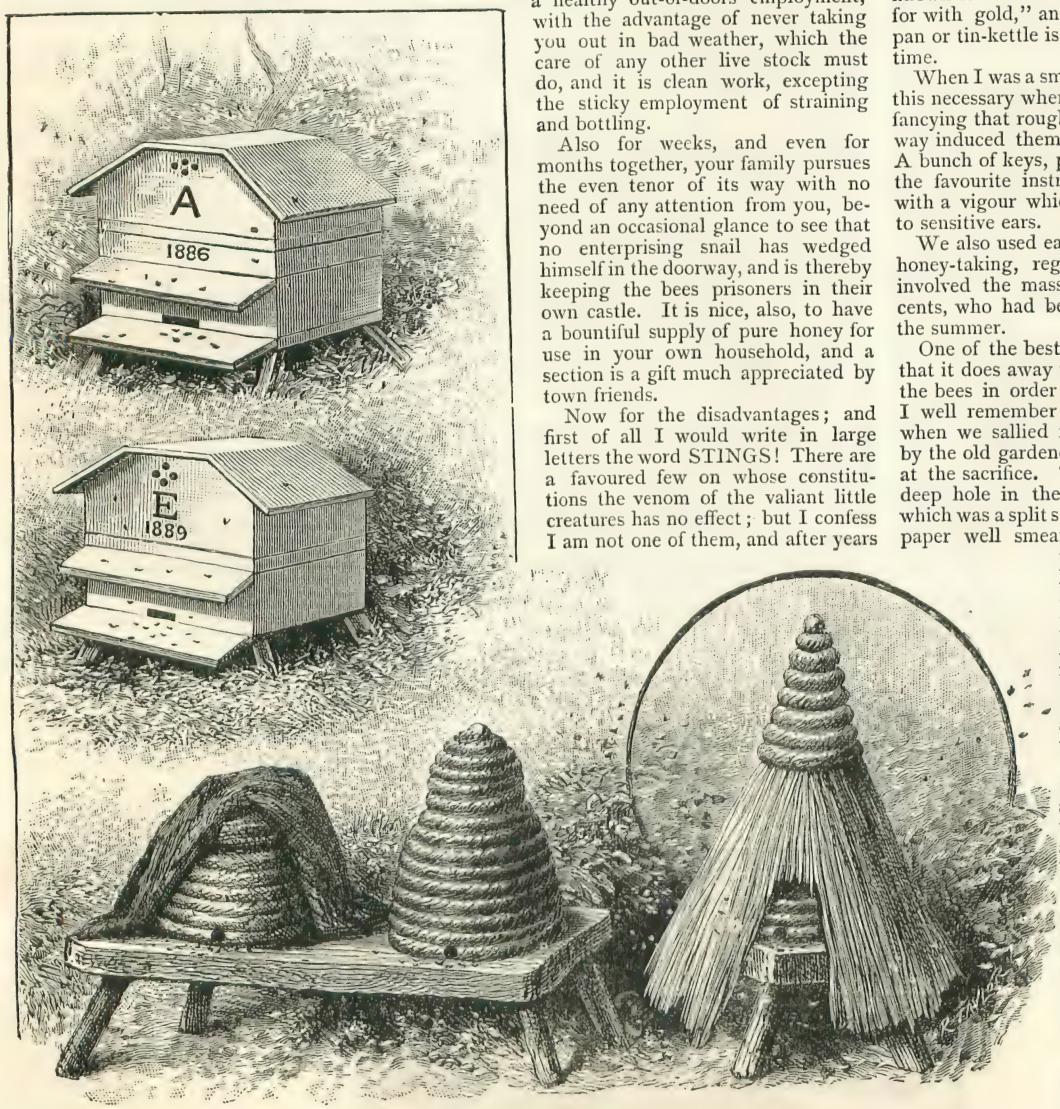
When I was a small child we always thought this necessary when the bees began to swarm, fancying that rough music in some mysterious way induced them to settle quietly on a tree. A bunch of keys, plied on a tin dustpan, was the favourite instrument, and we kept it up with a vigour which would have been agony to sensitive ears.

We also used eagerly to share in the yearly honey-taking, regardless of the fact that it involved the massacre of thousands of innocents, who had been working hard for us all the summer.

One of the best points of the new system is that it does away with the necessity of killing the bees in order to appropriate their stores. I well remember the dark autumn evenings when we sallied forth with lanterns, headed by the old gardener, who acted as high priest at the sacrifice. The plan was to dig a small, deep hole in the ground, at the bottom of which was a split stick, holding a piece of brown paper well smeared with brimstone. This was lighted, and the skeps lifted from their stools, placed over the holes, and gently patted until the poor smothered bees fell into the hole, and were afterwards buried. There was a decidedly sulphury flavour about the honeycomb thus treated.

From the stocks left for the winter we took no honey at all, unless there happened to be a hole in the roof and a small hive on the top. These we fancied a triumph of art, especially one bell glass which the bees once or twice condescended to fill for us, but more generally utterly ignored, as they did not like the slippery glass on which to fasten their combs.

It was almost impossible to sell comb honey in those days; cutting it out of the hive broke so many of the



OLD AND NEW HIVES.

cells, that it was sticky and messy, and consequently unsaleable. The run honey, too, which we stored in mighty jars, holding as much as twenty pounds weight, was very difficult to dispose of. Now, with the neat little glass bottles holding exactly one pound, we have no such disadvantage. By paying ready money these bottles can be obtained from a good dealer in bee furniture at the low price of fourteen shillings per gross. They come packed in a barrel, just as they are imported from the glass manufactories in Germany.

I see by reference to an old account book that it was in June, 1882, that I started on my own account as a bee-keeper. Our old stock of bees had all died in a severe winter some years before. With the old hive feeding was very imperfectly carried on by driblets of syrup in troughs made of elder slips of such small size that they could be pushed in the doorway, or else the hive was raised and a few peppermint bulls-eyes (the old-fashioned black ones) slipped underneath. Now the latter dainty is much appreciated by bees. I tried one of my colonies last winter with half a pound, and in a very few days nothing was left of them but the smell! But they are expensive, and this method of feeding was miserably inadequate, so that a cold winter or late spring often put an end to bee-keeping.

I had often looked at the row of straw skeps hanging idle in an outhouse, and finally made up my mind to bespeak a strong first swarm from one of our workmen who kept bees.

The swarm arrived on the 9th of June, and I gave half a sovereign for it—in gold, as it happened, although I had no superstition on the subject.

There is an old rhyme which says:—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July
Is worth a butterfly!"

These prices may now be said to be obsolete, for I am told that an average load of hay at the present time would fetch £3 10s. "A silver spoon" is a very indefinite term; it might mean the most solid of tablespoons, or the tiniest and daintiest teaspoon ever displayed at afternoon tea. Also a July swarm is not altogether to be despised. It would certainly be a butterfly of some rare or extinct species which would fetch as much as a July swarm has been worth to me. I have read that in very ancient English wills particular hives of bees were left to friends as something very valuable.

Before sugar was introduced into England honey was the only sweetening agency known. When my grandmother was first married loaf sugar was fourteenpence a pound, and moist proportionately dear, and honey was used in farmhouses for sweetening fruit pies.

We have no record when the stores of insects began to be appropriated by man, or when bees were first regularly kept for the purpose of honey production.

It is said of John the Baptist that "his meat was locusts and wild honey," thereby implying, I think, that bees were then domesticated; but it was wild honey that Samson ate, and brave, unselfish Jonathan, who always seems to me one of the noblest of the Old Testament characters.

The manna tasted "like wafers made with honey," and Solomon says in the Proverbs, "My son, eat honey, because it is good," and our Lord Jesus Himself ate of an honeycomb after His Resurrection.

In the Middle Ages I have read that mead was constantly used as a drink in England, and it is still occasionally made, but it is a highly intoxicating liquor, and as a life abstainer and ardent Blue Ribbonist, I need hardly say that I know nothing of the process, and that my honey is never wasted in that fashion.

A non-intoxicating drink called mella is now sold, but we have not tested its merits.

To return to my early experiences. For a year or two I went on with my old straw hives, being determined to get my experience first, and buy my appliances afterwards. I have known several people buy expensive hives, and from ignorance or carelessness soon lose all their bees, and give up trying to keep them in disgust. After a while a benevolent elder brother bestowed upon me two of the new bar frame hives, but so little did we know about the care of bees that those we put into them died in the winter.

I must explain that these hives are made of double boards, with a space between for extra warmth. The interior is filled with frames something like slate frames, along the top of which is fixed a strip of comb foundation, made of wax, to teach the bees in which direction to build their combs. If these guides were not given they *might* build them cross-ways, and then the frames could not be lifted out, either to take the honey or to examine the bees. It is a great advantage to a new swarm to have a little empty comb to set up their housekeeping with, as the queen, who is the mother of the whole colony, can then begin to lay her eggs at once.

The workers are but short-lived, and in the honey season literally work themselves to death, and so there is need of a constant supply of young and vigorous workers to keep up the strength of the colony.

After the bees had died in the winter the frames of empty comb looked very deplorable, mouldy, and dirty, but I resolved to use some of the best again, and after brushing and well sprinkling them with diluted salicylic acid, I put them into the hive alternately with some sheets of comb foundation in readiness for the first swarm from my faithful old colony, which in its straw skep had survived the winter.

The swarm came out on the afternoon of my birthday, a fine Sunday at the end of May. I had never ventured to take a swarm myself, as the old gardener was always ready to do it for me, but on this occasion he was safely in chapel a mile away, when the swarm came pouring out of the parent hive, and settled like a great bunch of grapes on a neighbouring apple tree, so I was obliged to don veil and gloves and take them myself. I raised the front of the box hive a little, and put a board, covered with a white cloth, sloping up to it, and taking a zinc pail in my left hand, I held it under the cluster, while with my right I gave a vigorous shake to the branch.

Then carrying my pailful of bees to the hive, I poured them out on the white cloth, and was delighted to see them solemnly march up into the hives and take possession of the empty combs.

For several days after they were very busy with spring house cleaning, bustling out with scraps of rubbish, dropping them on the ground, and going back for more. From that day that particular colony has been my best. I have it still, and last year before the middle of July it had yielded forty-two pounds of honeycomb, and two strong swarms.

VARIETIES.

FRANK MANNERS.—Artifice is incompatible with courteous frankness of manner. Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so.

MARRIED LIFE.

Marriage is supposed to be the great end of a woman's being; and so it is. Few will deny that the perfect life is the married life—the happy married life; though I have heard people say that "any husband is better than none." Perhaps so; in the sense of his being a sort of domestic Attila, a "scourge of God" to "whip the offending Adam out of a woman, and turn her into an angel," as the wives of some bad husbands seem to become.

But, in truth, any wife whose husband is not altogether vicious has a better chance of being educated into perfection, through that necessary altruism which it is the mystery of marriage to teach, than a woman who lives in luxurious single blessedness, who has no work to do, and so seems almost compelled into that fatal selfism which is at the root of half the evils and miseries of existence.

—*Mrs. Craik.*

ONLY BY CONTRAST.—The superiority of some people is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

A SWARM OF B'S.

Brimming brooklets bubble,
Buoyant breezes blow,
Baby-billows breaking
Bashfully below.

Blossom-burdened branches,
Briared banks betide,
Bright, bewitching bluebells,
Blooming, bend beside.

But beyond be breakers,
Bare blasts brooding black,
Bitterly bemoaning
Broken barks borne back.

—*A. M. Morgan.*

A CLEVER MOUSE.—Great presence of mind is reported to have been shown by an American mouse which fell into a dish of cream. He simply swam round and round violently until he was able to crawl up on the butter.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.—The first lesson of practical wisdom is—accept cheerfully the inevitable.

A HIDDEN MEANING.

An old exercise of the ingenious was to arrange words in such a way that their position in relation to each other had to be taken into account in divining the meaning. Of this a good example is found in

Stand take to taking
I you throw my

which makes, "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking." An equally excellent French example is the following:—

Pir vent venir
un vient d'un

which may be read, "Un soupir vient souvent d'un souvenir."

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.—Strong minds suffer without complaining; weak ones complain without suffering.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—No wonder there are so many unhappy marriages when the best man never gets the bride.

AN UNHAPPY BACHELOR.

By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS, Author of "Her Heart's Desire."

CHAPTER III.

ONE of the great pleasures of my life at this time was my correspondence with Tom I might even go further, and say that it was my only real pleasure. The dear boy wrote to me regularly once a week, and his grateful, affectionate letters were the only evidences of affection which my change of life had brought me. On the morning after the arrival of the new governess, I found a letter from him awaiting me on the hall table, and, much pleased, I put the letter in my pocket, and as soon as breakfast was over I went up to my room, and lighting a cigar, prepared to enjoy its perusal in quiet.

"Dear Uncle," it began, "I have just heard you are sending away Serena, but I can scarcely believe it. It would be so cruel. You don't know what she is and has been to mother, and I shall be a better man all my life for her gentle influence. The children love her too. I daresay they are naughty sometimes, but a house full of children cannot be like a bachelor's lodgings. I daresay I ought not to write like this to one who has done so much for me; but, at all risk, I must say this: Serena has no home, and if she goes, you will have done her and us a great wrong. Dear uncle, think better of it, and keep Serena.—Yours affectionately,

TOM."

The wrong had been done, Serena had gone, and I dreaded lest I should lose Tom's affection in consequence. I prized it highly, this natural, fresh affection from one of my own kindred—Robert's boy, with Robert's face. I wrote to him, determined the breach should not widen if I could help it. I explained at some length my motives for what I had done; but I was too proud to express my regret, for there was a little to forgive in the tone of his letter. Alas! it soon became only too evident that I had alienated the boy. He wrote to me at intervals, but his letters were coldly polite, and very different from the warm affectionate ones he had sent me before. They no longer gave me any pleasure.

I could not flatter myself that any improvement resulted from the change I had made in the household. Mrs. Campbell had evidently taken a great dislike to Miss Lyon, and the two seldom addressed each other. When forced to discuss matters together, Miss Lyon's manner had in it a trace of contempt, which made me very angry, though it was not marked enough to enable me to resent it openly on Lilla's behalf. To me Miss Lyon was polite in the extreme, but I did not appreciate her politeness. True courtesy is the outcome of a kind and generously disposed mind, and it soon became evident to me that Miss Lyon was neither kind nor generously disposed.

One morning—it was a very hot day—screams of an appalling nature were issuing from the schoolroom. They were of common occurrence now, but as Lilla generally went to the rescue, I never interfered. Nevertheless it distressed me to see that the children did not look nearly so well or so happy as in the early days of our acquaintance. They were far crosser and less gleeful, and one or other of them was always in tears. Miss Lyon inflicted constant, and I often thought too severe punishments, and her system seemed to have a bad effect on the children's tempers. In the old days they had certainly been too wild and disorderly, but now it vexed me to see them getting gradually cowed and spiritless. Judging by the effects of Miss Lyon's iron rule, Serena's gentle tactics appeared to me now more likely to develop the children's better natures. I had made a mistake, and knew not how to remedy it.

It occurred to me at this juncture that possibly a half-holiday might soothe the children's ruffled nerves and tempers, and that a walk in the park near by might give pleasure, even in the company of a cross old uncle. I went down to the schoolroom to make the proposal. The sound of a decided slap reached my ears, and I found Miss Lyon grasping Teddy by one arm, an ugly frown upon her face. She smoothed away the frown as I entered, and Teddy checked a howl.

"I have come," I said, "to propose a half-holiday, for I fancy lessons in this heat are rather trying to small people. If you like, children, we will ask mother to pack a basket, and I will take you to have tea in the cool, shady woods."

The children broke into a chorus of delight.

"Oh, thank you, dear uncle," said Sibyl, skipping about, and adding, in an undertone, "She is so fierce."

"It will be delightful," said Miss Lyon. "I will go and put on my bonnet immediately."

A disconcerted silence followed this remark, but Teddy was never very long coming to the fore. "We don't want you," he said, sulkily, "you'll slap us all the time."

Miss Lyon perhaps did not hear this remark, at any rate she took no notice of it, but went off to get her bonnet. What was to be done? The children looked at me expectantly, but I could not follow her and say, like Teddy, "We don't want you." I promised Teddy he should not be slapped, and soon after we started for the woods, Miss Lyon accompanying us. When we reached a cool glade in the wood I put down the heavy basket I was carrying, and arranged a shawl on the grass for Miss Lyon to sit on, sending the children off in high delight to collect sticks for the fire wherewith to boil our kettle. Lilla had promised to follow us, so I began, with Miss Lyon's help, to unpack the basket and prepare for her arrival.

Thinking this a good opportunity, I resolved to speak to Miss Lyon as to her rather harsh treatment of the children. It was some little time before I could begin, for I felt nervous.

"Miss Lyon," I said at last, "I hope you will take my remarks in good part, but I sometimes think your system in the schoolroom is a little too severe. Undue severity has sometimes a bad effect on the characters of the young."

A look of decided temper flashed into Miss Lyon's eyes. "When you engaged me," she replied, "you gave me to understand that the children had been very badly trained, and required most strict discipline. I found them extremely unmanageable, and I have given them the discipline which you thought necessary, and which I think they require."

There was a good deal of truth in this reply, but I was determined to say my say. "A little judicious discipline is necessary," I said, "but it is not well to rule entirely by fear. Could you not try to win the affections of the children, and to make them do your will for love of you?"

"I understand that the late governess tried that system, and that you found it such a signal failure that you dismissed her," replied Miss Lyon, very sharply. "I fear, Mr. Campbell, that you are a difficult person to please."

This remark stung me, and I wondered whether it could be true. Did I expect too much, and not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties of the position? I could not answer this question to myself satisfactorily, and Miss Lyon gave me no opportunity of saying more, for she got up and walked away after the children, evidently deeply offended.

Presently Teddy reappeared. He eyed me dolefully for some minutes, and then he said suddenly—

"Uncle, are we very wicked children?"

"Oh dear no, my boy," I replied, hastily. "You are sometimes wild and naughty, but I do not think you wicked."

"Miss Lyon says we are the wickedest children she has ever seen. We don't like being wicked children; we wish to be good. Can't we have Serena back, uncle? We will be so good if she may come back. We did not know we were wicked, or we would not have been, and Miss Lyon is so fierce. She boxes my ears all day long." The little boy looked at me with tears overflowing from his eyes as he spoke.

"Here, my dear little boy, here," I said, taking a cake off the tablecloth and giving it to him. "Don't cry. Try to be good, and your ears shall not be boxed any more."

Teddy went slowly away somewhat comforted and munching his cake, and I was left to my thoughts. Why, oh! why, had I sent away dear pretty Serena? We were none of us happy without her. She was the best person for us after all.

I looked up, with these thoughts in my mind, and to my surprise, in the distance, coming along the glade with Lilla, I saw Serena. I rose instantly to my feet and walked towards them. Directly Serena saw me she shook hands with Lilla and rushed away down a side path in the woods. She did not wish to see me or speak to me, it was evident, but see her and speak to her I would, so brushing past Lilla—who looked very astonished—with a hasty apology, I fairly chased Serena through the wood and brought her to bay at a stile.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked, haughtily; and without vouchsafing me a glance she began to climb the stile. I placed myself so that she could not get over it without coming into collision with me, so she was obliged to desist She turned and looked at me indignantly. I was quite shocked at her thin pale face.

"My child," I exclaimed, "how ill you look!"

"I am not ill," she replied; "will you let me pass, please?"

"No," I said; "I wish to speak to you. What are you doing now?"

"Mrs. Campbell can tell you," she answered, making another effort to get over the stile. I put out my arm to stop her.

"Answer me one question," I said. "Are you unhappy?" Great tears started into her eyes, but she would not answer me. There was no need of an answer—I saw it, I knew it, she was very unhappy, she was pining and fading away, breaking her heart perhaps amongst strangers; and I was the cause of it all! I had torn her from her home, separated her from people who loved and appreciated her, and cast her out to battle with a world that is too hard for any but the strong.

"Serena," I said, unable to control myself, "you must come back. I will send Miss Lyon away, and you must come back to us."

"You seem to find it easy to send away people," she replied. "No, I shall not return. You sent me away because I was incompetent, and I am not coming back because you pity me."

Her determined words, her cold manner, filled me with an emotion that surprised me. For a moment or two I could not speak, but simply stood still looking at her, a tumult of feeling rising in my breast. The thought that she must go on suffering was unendurable to me, and yet if she would not return, what chance of happiness was there for her? Close on this thought there followed another—if Serena would not return, what chance of happiness was there for me? There was none. I suddenly realised that life to me without Serena would be unendurable. I read the secret of my own heart as I stood looking at the sad, sweet, little face, and I understood for the first time that I loved Serena. Ay, though I was almost old enough to be her father, I loved her intensely. I cannot say whether she read my heart by my eyes or not, but she flushed up painfully beneath my gaze, and again tried to move on. I felt as if I could not let her go. This seemed to me a last chance of retrieving my mistake, and rescuing her from hardship, for never again perhaps should I meet her alone.

"Serena," I said, in a shaking voice, "do not go; listen to me. I do not offer you pity; I ask you for it. I am miserable because of the wrong I have done you."

I think she believed me, and that my words touched her: for she looked up at me with a sudden look of sympathy in her lovely eyes and held out her hand to me. The gentle look of the eyes, the soft touch of the little hand were too much for me at that moment. I threw aside all prudence and reserve, and broke into a torrent of speech. I cannot remember now all I said, but I know I told her how very much I loved her, and implored her to give me some hope for the future. I have never seen anyone look so astonished as Serena did then; but she listened in silence to the end.

"What you ask is quite impossible," she said, after a long and painful pause. "I cannot love you."

"I might have known it," I replied, bitterly. "I am old and unattractive to your young eyes. I had no right to ask you."

"No," said Serena, "it is not that, but—" She hesitated painfully.

"Tell me the truth," I said, "it will be the truest kindness."

"I could not marry anyone I did not respect—I mean, whose life I did not respect," she went on hesitatingly, and then she stopped short as though she were frightened at the effect of her words. She had cut me to the heart, and she saw she had.

I did not speak another word. In silence I helped her over the stile, in silence she turned and left me. Once she looked shyly back, but she started and hurried on like a guilty thing when she found I was watching her. I watched the slight girlish figure until it passed from under the trees on to the sunny plain which stretched beyond—watched it dwindling and dwindling away in the soft summer haze, until it became a mere speck, and was lost to sight. I felt as if I had had my death blow. After long years, love had again sprung up in my heart, to be crushed almost in the hour of its birth. Life had been to me for years a long dreary winter, yet there had lingered deep in my heart faint dream-like hopes that for me, as for other men, there might yet be a lovely evening time, a happy Indian summer. Gone now were these delusive hopes; it would be always winter.

The day wore on. The light began to fade, the sunset glow deserted the plain, a cold chill grey stole over the landscape, and crept into my heart. Through the woods came the melancholy whisper of the evening wind. It grew louder and went sobbing down the glades. My unstrung nerves could not bear it. I hurried away from the mournful music which seemed to be playing on my very heart strings; for the wind is like church music. When one is happy, there is rapture and exultation in its swell; it breathes of a wonderful land in the far distance, it is a pæan of triumph; but when one is unhappy it suggests depths of infinite sadness, longing and unrest that will go on for ever.

When I got back to the glade where I had left the Campbells, I found they had gone home. I followed them. The children, when I arrived, overwhelmed me with questions as to why I had run away, which I managed to evade somehow. Lilla, though she looked at me curiously, asked not a single question. But a burning desire to know something of Serena's present life possessed me, and at last I begged Lilla to tell me what she was doing.

"She had a holiday yesterday," said Mrs. Campbell, "but she is a daily governess at present. The walks three miles to the house where she teaches, and has to start at eight so as to be there at nine. After a hard day's teaching, which ends at six o'clock, she has to walk the three miles home again. Her sister-in-law behaves disgracefully to her. The poor girl told me she constantly could not get breakfast in time, and had to start without it, feeling faint with hunger. It will kill her in time; every time I see her she looks worse. Serena requires care." Lilla's voice trembled; every accent sounded to me full of reproach.

The old chill deepened in my heart; the salmon I was eating seemed to choke me.

"Something must be done," I said. "We must send her things—wine, grapes, beef tea; it must be done every day. I will make myself responsible for the things, Lilla, if you will see they are conveyed to her."

Mrs. Campbell seemed struck with the idea, and promised it should be carried out, and every day after this a little basket found its way to Serena's home. Whether she benefited by it or not I could not tell, for I did not see her again for weeks.

These weeks were eventful ones to me. I had at last been stung into effort. I knew now Serena would never accept my love; but I meant to force her to respect my life. A frenzied determination to make her retract those cruel words possessed me. I set to work, finished a book I had been engaged upon in a desultory way for years, and published it. Much to my surprise, it was extremely well received, and highly spoken of by the literary world. The papers were full of favourable notices. I sent them all to Serena. I busied myself in the affairs of the town and parish, and before long was duly sworn in as a magistrate for the county. My family had been known in the neighbourhood for generations, and we had always had landed interest there, so I had not much difficulty in getting on the bench. A general election was coming on; I worked hard in the Liberal cause, took the chair at various political meetings, and made speeches which were duly reported and flatteringly alluded to in the local papers. These papers I also sent to Serena.

Early in August Tom came home for the Long Vacation. I went to meet him, and tried to greet him as if nothing had happened, but he did not respond very warmly, and it soon became evident to me that I had lost the boy's affection. The old frank, affectionate manner had disappeared, and was replaced by one of strained politeness. I felt the estrangement painfully, for Tom had become very dear to me, and he had grown more like Robert than ever. Serena's name was never mentioned; she was tacitly a forbidden subject.

That evening Tom did not, as in old days, join me in the smoking-room, neither did he come any subsequent evening. Day after day passed, and I scarcely saw him, except at dinner-time. I observed that he invariably left the house at five o'clock, and seldom returned much before half-past seven. I wondered much what took him away so regularly every evening, and at last I asked Lilla where he went.

"He goes to meet Serena," she replied; "it is nice for the poor girl to have his company during the long walk home."

I don't know why Lilla's answer should have given me such a shock, but it did. I could not settle down to my work when I went back to my room. I tossed the manuscript I was engaged upon aside, and felt as if I should never have the heart to add another line to it. Why should I work? Work did not bring happiness. Nothing can bring happiness but love and affection, and I had lost it, ever lost it. Every evening those two walked over the sunny fields together, and I sat lonely here. All the love left in my heart I had given to Serena and to Tom, but they wanted none of it; they walked together, and I sat lonely here. I don't suppose that in all England there was a more miserable man that evening than I. A paroxysm of despair seized me, wave after wave of loneliness passed over my soul. It was an extreme of mental suffering, which a calmer, colder nature could perhaps scarcely understand. I was frightened at the wildness of my own feelings. It was as though a short spell of madness came upon me, rendering me the plaything of my own deliriously-excited brain.

There is a saying that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." I think this night was God's opportunity, for, looking back on it now, I see that it was the *turning point of my* life. All through the long dark hours I wrestled with myself. I say with myself, but in reality I was wrestling with a greater than myself; I was wrestling with my Maker. Should I give up everything—duties, responsibilities, work, family ties, and go back to the old life of doing nothing, hoping for nothing, caring for nothing? or should I go on bearing the aching of heart, the loneliness of soul, but striving to do what little work and good I could in the world around me? I knew no one wanted me; I had striven in vain to win human affection; all my efforts had failed; my whole life had been a failure. I settled to give up everything, but still the struggle went on. He whom I wrestled with was stronger than I, and He prevailed against me.

During those long hours my soul dimly grasped the great truth that there is an ever ready Divine acceptance of all we do and give and suffer here on earth. My soul grasped it and was strengthened. I was not allowed to fall back. I gave up nothing. I went back to my work next morning, and am working still, though many long years have passed. In many small ways comfort came to me. I began to feel I was respected and appreciated in the neighbourhood. Also a marked change in my relations with the children took place. I dated it from that afternoon in the woods. It seemed to dawn upon them at last that I was kindly disposed towards them, and not quite so cross an old uncle as they had imagined. It constantly happened that they accompanied me in my walks after this time, and Miss Lyon never again volunteered to come with us, which perhaps accounted a little for the children's enjoyment when with me.

(*To be concluded.*)

ALL FOR LOVE.

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

I MET her first in country lanes
  Wet with the dew of morning hours,
The glow of health upon her cheek,
  And in her hand a bunch of flowers;

The wild flowers of the time she plucked—
  Campion, hawkweed, and proud foxglove,
The starry stitchwort, sweet wild rose,
  And bright blue speedwell, all for love.

For love she gathered all, and made,
  With lissom fingers, bouquet fair;
'Twas not to grace her simple hat,
  Nor on her modest bosom wear.

Within the dark street of a town,
  Where seldom reached a brightening ray,
A young life who, in earlier years,
  The country loved, now ebbs away.

It was to cheer her lonely couch
  Young Pauline plucked the lovely flowers—
The sweet memorial of a time
  When she, too, hailed the summer hours.

And where the cry of need was heard,
  And where the heart was touched with woe,
There Pauline's hand was near to help,
  And Pauline's tears were swift to flow.

And in the school to her, I saw,
  A wealth of children's love was given;
They clung with gladness round her knees,
  And listened while she spoke of heaven.

A light of joy was on her face,
  The symbol sure of inward peace;
And in her eyes, the homes of truth,
  The world might read how deep her bliss

Quick, sympathetic, bright, and kind,
  She moved about in love's behest,
And young and old, and sick and sad,
  Rose as she passed, and called her blest.

Oh, life! how beautiful thou art,
  When thus inspired by holy love,
And, queen-like, robed in kindly deeds,
  While moving to the home above.

DOVES' DOWN;
OR,
PIGEON LIFE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.
THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

"By studying Nature, our understandings are instructed and our curiosity gratified."—*Boyle.*

THIS bird is so peculiar, and indulges in its peculiarities to such an extent, that it deserves a small chapter to itself. It is distinguishable from other species of pigeons by its size and its plumage. The plumage of head and upper part of the neck is light slate colour, the throat and sides a reddish hazel, the lower part of the neck and sides a bright golden green and purplish crimson. The female bird is about half an inch shorter, and the plumage a little less vivid.

The stories related of this pigeon are so extraordinary that they might stand side by side with "Jack the Giant-killer," or any other old-fashioned nursery fable, only that those of the passenger pigeon are true, while the others are mere "creatures of the fancy."

The most remarkable of the characteristics of these pigeons is their associating together, both in their travels and during the breeding-time, in such immense numbers as quite to surpass belief; and look where one may among the feathered tribe it has no parallel.

The plague of locusts may bear some resemblance, as regards numbers. All the wonderful stories related of them are the result of this characteristic. They have no settled home, for the very best of reasons, viz., that no ordinary neighbourhood can supply them with food. They move about in such numbers, and the food they require is so immense in quantity, that a single wood, however well supplied with beech-nut, their favourite food, would scarce give them a meal. They are compelled, therefore, to be ever on the move, if they would not starve; having eaten up the whole produce in one district, they move on to another, darkening the air as they go with their numbers.

It is thought that in the 8th verse of the 60th chapter of Isaiah* allusion is made to this species of dove, which move about in such compact masses that they resemble a heavy cloud, and one so dense as to obscure the rays of the sun.

They can see from a great height the places which will furnish them with the food they require, and give them opportunities of roosting. The noise they make in travelling is like that of "a strong breeze among the cordage of a ship, the sails of which are furled." Unfortunately for them, therefore, their movements are known to the whole country round. What they look for in their travels is a district famous for the beech-tree-bearing nuts. About the time when snow begins to fall the ground is covered with the nuts, which have been blown down by the gales. These nuts remain under the snow during winter, and about the time when the warmth of spring causes them to vegetate, myriads of pigeons are attracted, and so long as their favourite food lasts, so long they remain.

In and about these beech woods there are always low swampy pieces of ground, overgrown with tall coarse grass, and around the margins alder bushes grow in profusion, and it is these that the birds make their roosting-places—why, it is difficult to say, as the forest trees in the vicinity would certainly afford them greater security; but they have always shown a preference for the alders, and they ought to know best what is good for them. This is all very well for a roosting-place, but can you imagine the difficulty these birds find themselves in when the period of incubation draws near? There they are in *millions*, not thousands, wanting permanent lodgings between the 10th or 12th of April and the 20th of May—and they must be lodgings which will provide board also.

* "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

PAULINE.

Such lodgings are few and far between, and the owners would think twice, if they could think at all, as to the advisability of receiving these boarders, notwithstanding that the pay they offer is good; for at the end of the month or five weeks they would know that there would not be a sound timber left in the domain, nor a nut in the larder, and that the creatures seeking what they can devour would render their former home uninhabitable, even if nothing else did.

But numbers mean power, and having found a rich forest, long, wide, and dense, the passenger pigeons ask no leave, but at once take possession; and it would pay any one of us well if we could take a trip to the backwoods of America, and see with our own eyes the sight, which has no equal in the world. Other people have, however, been fortunate enough to witness it, and the description they have given of it would be set aside as too impossible were it not that the narrators happen to be people of undoubted veracity. Fancy a wood, some forty miles long, with a width of several miles, every tree heavily laden with nests of loose twigs, and presenting a perfect tumult of crowding and fluttering pigeons! Try, if you please, to walk through any part of the wood during the month when the pigeons are in possession, and you will discover at once the difficulties of the task.

To begin with, the ground is covered to the depth of several inches with the dung of the birds; and in addition to this impediment to movement, it is strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young pigeons. And this is not all; there is a danger, as you walk under these fluttering millions, of being struck by large branches which, owing to the intense weight of the creatures which have made them their home, are constantly coming down with a crash, and destroying hundreds of birds in their fall; and still further, there is the disagreeable fact that before you have been in the wood half an hour your clothes would have a perfect covering of manure.

If this is a picture of the scene under the trees, what must it be above and within them? If you look you will see numbers of hawks, buzzards, and eagles sailing about overhead, seizing the young from their nests with the greatest ease, and keeping the poor parent birds in a constant fright.

As to the trees themselves, they present a perpetual tumult of crowding, fluttering multitudes of pigeons, the flapping of whose wings sounds like thunder.

For an illustration of overcrowding and its evil results, London, with its vast population, is nowhere in comparison with one of these forests in America, at the period of incubation of the pigeons.

A great authority declares that the number settling in one of these breeding-places, roughly speaking, cannot be less than two thousands of millions—I write them in words that there may be no mistake; and reckoning that each would require half a pint of food daily, they would get through about seventeen millions of bushels every twenty-four hours.

The scene we have described is but the commencement of the five weeks' picture. As soon as the young ones are fully grown, and before they leave the nests, large parties of settlers from all parts of the surrounding country, both Indians and white people, may be seen drawing near to this giant nursery, with their wagons, tools, cooking utensils, and beds, evidently intending to make a merry and a busy time of the ingathering pigeon harvest. You will notice that the pole, club, and axe, together with pots of sulphur, are the weapons generally used, and not powder and shot, which are expensive articles in the backwoods.

The poor horses as they draw near the forest are terrified at the noise made by the pigeons, which is so great that it is quite impossible to hear a person speak, and the owners of the horses have enough to do to pacify them.

An encampment is quickly formed—no time is wasted—fires are lighted, astonishing and confounding the poor birds—and in a short time there commences such a scene of uproar and confusion as would be difficult to equal.

The men take their axes and cut down those trees that seem to be most crowded with nests, and they cut them in such a manner that in falling each tree brings one or more with it, and thus at one fall as many as two hundred young ones are obtained, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat;* in the words of the nursery rhyme, "Down comes baby, cradle and all."

When the people are tired of cutting down and picking up the birds, the bags and sacks are put in requisition, and such as are approved are huddled in by scores, while the rejected ones are left to die of hunger or of their wounds.

Wagon-loads of pigeons are poured into the markets, and are eaten at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, till the very name of pigeon is sickening, even as salmon is in Scotland at some seasons of the year.

These breeding-places are an important source of profit, and you may be sure that the harvesters put forth all their strength during the limited time allowed them by the birds for operation. There are the birds to secure, the fat to be melted, the manure to secure, the last being by no means the least in value; indeed, the dung of pigeons stands higher in value than that of any other creature, one load of it being worth ten loads of other dung. It makes excellent soil for a cold, moist ground, and it is the best possible for a hop garden. It is used also in saltpetre beds, where it is of great advantage in the nourishment and production of it.

It is a curious fact that until the time of Oliver Cromwell we in England obtained no saltpetre from abroad, but made our own, and one of the principal ingredients made use of was pigeons' dung.

By the twenty-fifth of May the birds will have cleared out of the lodgings which have served them for the last five weeks, leaving behind them a scene of desolation which will take some years to restore to its former prosperity.

It is not surprising that the nest of the passenger pigeon shows no complicated architecture. Where would be the use of it? It is exactly suited to the requirements of a traveller who cannot carry his home with him. It is composed of a few dried, slender twigs, carelessly put together, and with so little concavity that the young, when only half-grown, can be easily seen from below. Most authorities agree in thinking that each nest contains but one squab, and that this pigeon breeds more than once in the year.

These birds leave the nursery as they came, viz., in a compact mass several strata deep, and at a height above gunshot. They move with great rapidity and steadiness, and so close together that it is wonderful they can move their wings at all. They are said to move in their flight by quickly-repeated flaps of their wings, which are brought more or less close to the body, according to the degree of velocity required, and they break the force of their flight by repeated flappings.

Poor things! they get very little peace, for as soon as it is ascertained in a town that they are flying in the neighbourhood, they are attacked with guns, and decoyed into nets by the sight of food they love; and thus will it ever be while they continue to move about in such numbers. Whether on the wing or in their roosting, or breeding places they will fall a prey to man.

(To be continued.)

* By many of the white people and Indians the fat is melted and used as a substitute for butter and lard.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A MISCHIEF-MAKER.

ALDYTH was feeling more out of temper than perhaps she had ever felt before. It was Thursday evening, and Miss Lorraine had gone to the lecture, leaving her alone. She had yielded to her uncle's wish from a sense of duty; but it was impossible to feel resigned to the deprivation his absurd crotchet was causing her. The absurdity, the unreasonableness of it struck Aldyth more and more as she sat dismally picturing Kitty and Hilda and her other friends enjoying the lecture from which she was shut out. She could settle to no occupation. It was impossible to feel her former interest in the course of reading prescribed by the lecturer. Needlework was still more distasteful. She began a letter to her sister Gladys, the beautiful daughter of whom her mother wrote with pride that she was creating quite a sensation in Melbourne society; but Aldyth dropped her pen in the middle of a sentence, and, springing up, began to poke the fire with far more vigour than its condition demanded. It was of no use trying to think of anything except the lecture from which she was so provokingly excluded. Would Mr. Glynne observe her absence, she wondered, with a little sigh.

"Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice."

What brought the words to her mind at that moment? Truly she had little of the spirit of self-sacrifice. Perhaps it was well that her will for once should be thwarted, that she might learn to sacrifice her own wishes without murmuring. John Glynne had been wise when he reminded her that Duty would not always wear a smile upon her face. He was one to obey Duty under any circum-

stances without a murmur. He was a strong man. She knew instinctively that he had already sacrificed his own inclinations many times for the sake of his mother. Would he, with his rare abilities, have taken such a post as that he held in the Woodham Grammar School, had he not been anxious by means of his salary to increase the comfort of his mother's life?

Aldyth felt ashamed of herself as she thought of one so much nobler. She turned to the piano, and began to practise diligently a difficult passage in a sonata, but her thoughts were at the lecture the while. The clock struck nine. Aunt Lucy should return soon, but she was one of those persons on whose punctual return to their homes it is never possible to depend. She would be sure to have much to say to everybody when the lecture was over, and various things might happen to detain her.

The neat little housemaid—Miss Lorraine was famous for training young housemaids, whom, when their education was completed, she passed on to her friends—came to lay the supper, full of wonder why Miss Aldyth had remained at home instead of going out with her aunt, as she usually did on Thursday evenings. Just then the door-bell rang. Sarah hastened to open the door, and returning, ushered into the room Mr. Glynne.

Aldyth was so taken by surprise that she coloured deeply as she advanced to welcome the visitor. He was the last person she expected to see at that hour. He, too, seemed surprised to find her there alone, having evidently passed the evening in solitude.

"Good evening, Miss Aldyth," he said, regarding her with grave, searching eyes. "Have I arrived before Miss Lorraine? I thought I should overtake her. She had left the hall when I came away."

"Perhaps she went into Mrs. Bland's," said Aldyth. "It is never certain that aunt will come straight home. But she will be in directly, no doubt, if you wish to see her."

"Oh, I was only going to ask her kindly to give you this," he replied, producing from his coat-pocket a small, rather ancient-looking book; "you said you would like to see it."

It was a copy of the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," of which he had become possessed. Aldyth was very pleased to see it, but she felt rather shame-faced as she turned over the leaves.

"You were not at the lecture to-night," he said, a minute later. "There is nothing amiss, I trust?"

"I am quite well, if that is what you mean," she replied, with nervous quickness. "I am very sorry, Mr. Glynne; it is a great disappointment to me; I shall not be able to attend any more of the lectures."

"Indeed!" he said, surprise in look and tone.

"Yes," said Aldyth, colouring deeply. "It is not my fault. I cannot help myself in the matter. It is uncle—he thinks it is not good for girls to study poetry. He thinks we should devote ourselves entirely to cooking and housekeeping."

"What a barbarian!" he exclaimed, so seriously that Aldyth burst into a laugh, and all her discontent seemed to melt away,

"Excuse me," he added, the next moment. "I ought not to speak so of your uncle. But are you obliged to renounce the study of poetry because he thinks in that way?"

"Yes," said Aldyth, firmly; "at least, I feel that I must give up the lectures. It will seem strange to you, but there are reasons why I am peculiarly bound to defer to Uncle Stephen's wishes."

"Is it so? Well, I am very sorry," he said, with sincere regret in his tones. "Your papers were so good. Miss Hilda Bland took charge of the one I returned this evening. It is marked 'Excellent,' like the others."

Aldyth's face glowed with pleasure.

"And now, I suppose, I must expect no more papers from you?" he added, in a tone of vexation.

Aldyth hesitated as she thought of Hilda's suggestion. It would have been so easy to arrange still to write the papers. But after a moment she answered "Yes."

He observed her closely for a few moments, then he said—

"Well, I shall know that you still take an interest in the lectures, and I shall hope to see you sometimes and talk things over. But I wish very much that your uncle were—different."

There was something so droll in the way he uttered the last word that Aldyth laughed. She was feeling very happy just then, despite her uncle's prohibition. Ere her laugh was over Miss Lorraine came in, and was surprised, and perhaps not altogether pleased, to find the lecturer entertaining her niece. It was not that her liking for John Glynne had diminished, but she had an uneasy consciousness that her uncle would strongly object to Mr. Glynne's being there on such friendly terms. Yet Miss Lorraine's hospitable feelings made it impossible for her to refrain from asking the young man to remain and take supper with them. The invitation was given so cordially that John Glynne accepted it without hesitation, and Aldyth enjoyed a talk with him, which, she told herself afterwards, was as good as hearing the lecture.

How Clara Dawtrey knew that John Glynne supped with the Lorraines that night it would be difficult to say; but by some species of espionage she discovered the fact and reported it to her Aunt Tabitha. Clara's powers of observation were on the alert where John Glynne was concerned. She had set her heart on fascinating him, and pursued her end with an unmaidenly freedom of action which excited disgust rather than admiration in the mind of that gentleman.

But vanity rendered Clara obtuse in judging of the effect of her attractions. Mr. Glynne's grave politeness did not check her hopes; his quiet, reserved manner did not restrain her from asking questions, or making flattering personal remarks, which he found particularly disagreeable. Clara had not a doubt that Mr. Glynne would find her society as attractive, if not more so, as that of Aldyth Lorraine and the Blands, if only she had more opportunities of impressing him with her wit and gaiety and the charms in which she so confidently believed. She certainly lost no chance of bringing these to bear on him. She always contrived to secure a seat close to the platform and to speak to him after each lecture, compelling him sometimes, when there were students waiting to consult him, to break away from her trivialities with scant courtesy. She managed to meet him almost every day as he passed to and fro between his lodgings and the Grammar School; she questioned his landlady concerning his habits; she frequented every place where there was the least chance of seeing him; in short, she pursued him to such an extent that John Glynne became as anxious to avoid her as she was to meet him.

It was a sore vexation to poor Clara Dawtrey to see how quickly John Glynne formed a friendship with Aldyth Lorraine and the Blands, whilst towards her his manner continued only distantly polite. Her dislike for these girls became more bitter. She had a malicious desire to annoy or injure them in revenge for the indifference with which they regarded her and the way in which, as it seemed to her, they monopolised John Glynne.

One afternoon, Clara Dawtrey was at Cartmell's, the stationer's, one of the most important shops in the High Street, and a grand centre for gossip. There was a circulating library in connection with it. Clara had just obtained a fresh novel, and was leaning on the counter in easy conversation with Mr. Cartmell, when she saw John Glynne go past on his bicycle. It was the Wednesday half holiday, and he was off for a run in the country. She saw him too late for any chance of a greeting, and she was vexed with herself for lingering to talk with Mr. Cartmell, and thus missing John Glynne, whom she must have met had she quitted the shop a few minutes earlier. She hurried out in time to see him go rapidly down the hill, almost as far as the old church, and then turn to the right. He was going down "The Hundreds" as the flat, uninteresting district lying to the east of Woodham was termed, through which ran a good, level road. Well, he could not be going far in that direction, and the November afternoon was short. She might yet manage to meet him and give him an opportunity of admiring her appearance in the smart little crimson hat she had lately received from London. Clara's father was a solicitor, a man of somewhat ill-repute in his profession, but well-to-do, and Clara, his favourite daughter, and the only one who remained unmarried, had a liberal allowance for her personal expenses. Yet, large as it was, her dressmaker's and milliner's bills often outran it. Clara's mother had died when she was a child, a fact Aldyth always remembered when others were disposed to judge Clara harshly.

Her father had not married again, and the girl had grown up with little control save that of sisters as flighty and heedless as herself. If she considered herself to have any duties, they were such as made but the slightest demand upon her time, and she seemed to have no idea of any higher aim in life than that of her own gratification. Aldyth was perhaps right when, in her gentle charity, she spoke of Clara as one to be pitied rather than blamed.

It was a mild November afternoon. Clara sauntered slowly down the hill and, turning to the left, came on to the bank of the river. It was a tidal river, and when, as now, it was high water the red roofs of the houses and the barges on the river with their large, ochre-coloured sails gave to the little town somewhat of the appearance of a Dutch village. The sky was grey but clear, and the subtle, melancholy charm of autumn pervaded the scene; but Clara was not conscious of its beauty as was Aldyth, who had just come out of one of the cottages on the shore, and stood gazing up the river. So true is it that the eye perceives beauty only as the mind inspires its vision. Clara lacked the imagination that can behold—

"A light that never was on sea or land."

Aldyth heard a step on the shingle, but not till she turned rather suddenly, remembering that she had several cottages to visit that afternoon, did she see Clara. The girls came face to face within a few feet of each other. Aldyth moved by with a bow and the words:

"A lovely afternoon, is it not?"

"Very," responded Clara, coolly.

She was annoyed that Aldyth passed without saying more.

"She need not avoid me as if I had the plague," she said to herself.

She looked after Aldyth with a dislike that was born of envy. Aldyth in her simple serge suit and little felt hat looked such a lady that for a moment Clara hated her new adornments, and felt that they were gaudy and vulgar.

She wandered rather drearily by the river. In summer, when boating was general, its banks presented a lively scene; but now there were few boats out, the sunlight had faded, and a grey mist was beginning to gather over the distant marshes. Clara hardly knew how to fill up the time till she might expect John Glynne to be on his way home. She went back into the High Street and made a large purchase of sweetmeats at the chief confectioner's. Then a thought struck her. A road branched off from the Hundreds into the Longbridge Road. Mr. Glynne would very likely return to his lodgings by that. How annoying if she missed him after all! There was nothing for it but to walk as far as the junction of the two roads, and she started at once, much fearing she might be too late.

She walked briskly, but ere she had reached the turning into the Longbridge Road she saw the individual she was anxious to meet. Could anything be more provoking? He was not alone. He had alighted from his bicycle and was walking by the side of a lady. Could it be—yes—actually it was—Aldyth Lorraine! There she was, walking by Mr. Glynne's side on the quiet, country road, and he was talking so earnestly to her that despite the crimson hat Clara had almost passed ere he saw her, and then he clutched mechanically

"ALDYTH STOOD GAZING UP THE RIVER."

at his cap, without seeming to have any clear notion to whom he was bowing. Aldyth had seen her. Clara felt sure that she coloured as she met her glance, and no wonder.

Clara was scandalised. That Aldyth should be walking with Mr. Glynne in that lonely part of the road was shocking to her, though assuredly had Mr. Glynne overtaken her when she was there alone she would not have hesitated to walk back to Woodham with him.

Aldyth Lorraine, who was so good and proper! Who would believe it? Of course it was a planned thing. Aldyth had seen him go down the Hundreds, she had waited about and come down that road for the chance of seeing him. Or else they had arranged to meet. Perhaps there was some secret understanding between them. It became increasingly clear to Clara that such must be the case as, full of jealous rage and mortification, she walked on, it being impossible to turn back and show that she had been pursuing that road without a purpose.

After a few minutes Clara ventured to look round. The straight, level road was visible for some distance. The two she wished to watch had almost reached the cottages. Ah, yes, they would part now. He was remounting his bicycle; he was off, and Aldyth was left walking alone.

There was a gleam of malicious satisfaction in Clara's eyes as she hastened back to Woodham by the Longbridge Road. It brought her out at the head of the High Street, within a stone's throw of the dwelling of her amiable relative, Miss Tabitha Rudkin. Clara remembered that she had not visited her aunt for many days. She would call on her now; she had something to tell the old lady that would be sure to interest her.

Miss Rudkin's reception of her grandniece was never gracious. Her greeting was generally a string of reproaches for past neglect.

"You don't mean to say it is you, Clara?" she exclaimed, with affected surprise. "I began to think I should never see you again. It would be a poor thing for me if I depended on you to comfort and cheer me. I am sure it is a month since you were here."

"Well, I'm here now, any way," said Clara, in a matter-of-fact tone, debating with herself how quickly she could impart her intelligence and make her escape. "How is your cough, aunt?"

"Much you care about my cough," retorted her aunt. "What's that thing you have on your head? Another new hat! Dear! dear! Your father need be rich to support your extravagance."

After a little of this delightful intercourse, Clara came to her point by saying, "By the bye, aunt, have you seen your friend Stephen lately?"

"Of whom do you speak in that disrespectful way?" demanded Miss Rudkin.

"Oh, you know," returned Clara, coolly; "Mr. Stephen Lorraine."

"I cannot see that it concerns you whether or not I have seen Mr. Lorraine."

"No?" said Clara, indifferently, "Well, perhaps not. I only wanted to know whether he had told you of Aldyth's engagement."

"Aldyth's engagement! Aldyth Lorraine engaged! Who says so?" asked the old woman eagerly.

"I say so," boldly replied Clara; "I met her just now with Mr. Glynne down in the Hundreds, and if they are not engaged, I do not know what to think. You ask old Stephen, when next you see him, if Aldyth is not engaged to Mr. Glynne."

"I shall ask him no such question. Mr. Glynne, indeed! She is to marry Guy."

"So you've said before; but I do not believe it," returned Clara. "Of course I only know what I saw this afternoon, but that is enough for me." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. She believed that she was getting Aldyth into a scrape, and the thought revived her spirits. She bade her aunt good-bye, and left her to ponder the matter. She had not a doubt that what she had said about Aldyth would be repeated to Aldyth's grand-uncle.

An hour later Aldyth, as she sat drinking tea with her aunt, said quietly: "I went down the Hundreds this afternoon to see old Adam Drake. You know he likes me to call once a month for his club money. As I was coming back Mr. Glynne overtook me on his bicycle. He got off and walked a little way with me. He has had bad news from home. His sister is ill, and they are afraid it is scarlet fever."

"Scarlet fever!" exclaimed Miss Lorraine, in dismay. "What a trouble that will be for poor Mrs. Glynne!"

"Yes; he seems very troubled on her account," said Aldyth, "and he is afraid it may prevent his going home for Christmas."

"I should not wonder," said Miss Lorraine. "He must run no risk of infection. And if he is wise he will keep the matter to himself. The very mention of scarlet fever by a grammar school master is enough to raise a panic amongst the parents."

"I said something of the kind to him," replied Aldyth, with a smile, "and he promised to be prudent. As he was telling me about it we met Clara Dawtrey, and she stared at me in such an insolent manner that I felt quite uncomfortable."

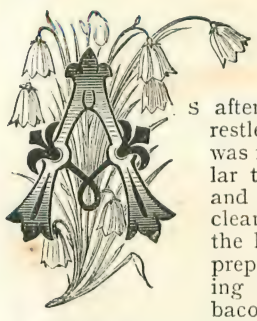
"Oh, my dear, you don't mean to say that Clara Dawtrey saw you with Mr. Glynne!" exclaimed Miss Lorraine, in distressed tones. "Then your uncle will hear of it."

"What if he does?" asked Aldyth, drawing herself up, whilst her eyes suddenly flashed with pride. "Do you think I mind that uncle or anyone else should know that I have been walking with Mr. Glynne?"

(To be continued.)

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.



CHAPTER II.

CHARLIE.

As afternoon drew on, restless Mr. Dauncey was roving from pillar to post, indoors and out; Molly was clearing the fire for the hundredth time, preparatory to frying the eggs and bacon; and Belle was watching, watching, from a certain observatory she had improvised on the gravel-walk beneath the ruin. Hence she looked down the road that led to Orchardson station, and marked any chance wayfarer coming therefrom. She was herself hidden by the undergrowth of bushes that made the ruin almost impregnable to an unpractised explorer.

A large stone protruded from this vantage corner, also concealed by ferns and foxgloves, which could be used as a seat when required; and her friend Mr. Mulready called the spot "Belle's Bower," much to her delight. But then Belle had bowers everywhere.

At the back of this particular one rose the hill on which what had once been a castle stood. There was neither tower nor battlement left, only a few broken walls, an old fosse, and endless big stones. But there were shadowy trees, intricate winding paths, impassable briars and brushwood, and endless superstitions. There were besides hardy primroses among the lichens, and even stray bluebells nodding to a chance sunbeam. Belle always wondered how they got there, for the nourishment they drew from the sun was but slight. "God's gifts grow everywhere," she thought, and wondered no more. She was not a speculator.

The path of well-rolled gravel beneath her feet led to her home on the left, and to the church and vicarage on the right; it encircled the base of the hill, in short, and was the pride and pleasure of the sexton, who rejoiced to see it "shine out bright as daffodils" beneath the gloomy hill. Below her elevated watchtower she could see the roof of the schoolhouse; and opposite, also seated high, a gabled cottage, or more properly, villa. The church was hidden from sight by a projecting angle of the hill.

A more thoroughly country scene could not be imagined. The quiet would have been almost oppressive to the city

denizen, for there were no manufactories for miles; the steam plough was still a myth, and the sound of the railway whistle penetrated not to Hollyfield. But the birds were as restless as Mr. Dauncey, and the sound of their wings and songs kept the place alive. Moreover, there was a rookery in the very topmost trees of the castle hill, of which the villagers were commendably proud. Belle had reason to rejoice in her home and its surroundings, for Nature had favoured the scene with that sort of Sabbath peace which seems to pervade a stray hamlet here and there, even in this restless age.

"There he is!" exclaimed Belle, for the benefit of the rooks and blackbirds, and in a moment was scrambling down the slope and over a railing in country fashion.

She did not wait to make the round of the castle path and churchyard, but half slid down a wall, crossed a patch of grass, climbed a padlocked gate, and was in the high road in no time. Flying down the hill, her hat at the back of her head, she was soon face to face with him for whom she had been watching.

"Belle!" "Charlie!" were the greetings, and a hearty embrace followed.

Brother and sister were devoted friends; almost, if not quite, lovers. Why "almost"? For they were lovers in the truest and purest sense.

"You look ill, Charlie. What is the matter?" said Belle, putting her arm within her brother's.

"Nothing. You got my telegram, Belle?"

"Of course. What made you send it? Father has been on the move ever since, and talks of going to America as if it was next door, or at least not farther than the vicarage."

"I knew how it would be, Belle, so I thought it best to come off at once. Of course someone must see after this fortune."

"My dear Charlie, you are not going to encourage father in his mad scheme!" cried Belle, amazed.

"I am going to talk it over with him, Belle. But let us leave the subject for the present. I am as 'aweary' as the renowned Marianna, and have the children's faces before my eyes at this moment. They could not bear my leaving them. Since poor Amy went—well—went to heaven, they won't suffer me out of their sight, and I am sorely puzzled what to do with them. But we will talk of this too by-and-by. I am so glad to see you, dear Belle."

Belle's response shone in her eyes and gleamed on her cheeks, as she nearly danced along by her brother's side. Oh! how glad she was to see him! The first turn in the road brought them to the entrance to the farm. A large five-barred gate, painted brown, spanned the unpretentious approach, and opened into the yard, or half paddock, where the duck-pond lay. The road skirted this, and was separated by a wall only from the castle hill. This wall also divided the house from the paddock and pond aforesaid, and served to protect a small gravelled court, and a border from which grew the ivy and virginian creeper that covered the front of the house. Belle planted roses and clematis, but they did not thrive as she could wish, for want of sun. But then there was plenty of sunshine everywhere else, and one can't command the omnipotent god of day. She remembered with pleasure that japonica and clematis and all sorts of parasites crept and trailed over the other sides of the house, though the front would look so grey and cold. Still, an old farm, once a manor built of grey stone, with well-tempered yellow-framed windows, and weather-worn brick roof, is always picturesque, and Castle Farm had been sketched and resketched by chance artists, or would-be artists, visiting at the vicarage or at Miss Dulcey's. As to Belle's sister Flo, who fancied that she could draw, she had spoilt many a sheet of paper over it; *àpropos* of whom Charlie put a question to Belle.

"When did you hear from Flo?"

"Nearly two months ago. She was at Bordighera. I'm sure I don't know how to pronounce it, but Mrs. Prendergast had stopped there for the spring months. I wish they would come home."

Flo, as we have already stated, was acting as a sort of companion to a lady who had the nineteenth century rage for travelling, and who had been roaming the Continent for a year or more.

"Ah! here you are, Charlie, my boy," came from the stone porch, and out hastened Mr. Dauncey to meet his son. "I knew you would see this fortune in a sensible light. Isn't it glorious news?"

"I hope so, father. But hasn't it travelled too fast? Ill news comes quick, good news slow, as a rule," said Charlie, grasping his father's hand.

"You are our good news to-day, and you and your telegram have come quick enough," put in Belle. "But supper is ready and waiting, and that is the best news for a hungry fortune-hunter."

Molly had put on her best gown and cap—really a cap, with a full border and pink strings—and was anxiously awaiting Charlie in the passage, just between the kitchen and the front door.

"Don't run off, Molly," cried Charlie, catching sight of her vanishing skirts. "Supper will wait a moment."

She returned, her face redder than her strings, and nearly shook off the hand Charlie offered her.

"There's glad I am to see you, Mr. Charles," she said. "I was thinking you was never coming home again."

"Now for the peas, Molly. There's nearly a peck, Charlie, and you shall eat them all—if you can," laughed Belle, whose spirits were so good that she could laugh at a feather, as the saying is; indeed, she often had laughed to see the poultry peck at one another's plumes.

"Nothing will keep Belle in order," said Mr. Dauncey. "She doesn't improve. But she's a terrible weight on one's prospects."

"Belle was always a compendium of common-sense," returned Charlie; and Belle rejoiced to see him smile.

She went off to the kitchen to bring in the dishes Molly was preparing for her, and left father and son together.

"It is a wonderful chance, Charlie," began Mr. Dauncey. "You know Jabez was brought up by my father, and was a troublesome chap enough. It must be confessed that father used to give us both a word and a blow now and then, but that was the fashion of our time. Bless me! why Solomon is nowhere nowadays, and the text is 'Spoil the rod and spare the child,' we've got so uncommon meek. I daresay you never thrashed your boy, if the truth must out."

"Never, father. Amy wouldn't let me."

"Poor Amy!" groaned Mr. Dauncey.

Belle came in with the biggest vegetable dish in the establishment, followed by Molly, bearing a huge platter of fried eggs and bacon. The table was already laid, so they were soon placed thereon. A piece of cold salt beef succeeded, and another vegetable dish full of the mealiest of potatoes, "bursting their skins for joy at sight of Charlie," said Belle.

"And I've made you some dumplins, Mr. Charles," volunteered Molly; "you'll be keeping a corner for they."

"And die of indigestion, Molly. What's the use?" answered Charlie, which made Molly grin from ear to ear.

Small jokes go down where larger might stick in the throat.

Certainly, Charlie's appetite was no joke, and those wonderful marrowfats disappeared beneath it as rapidly as did the eggs and bacon. Mr. Dauncey and Belle also made a good supper; but their power of mastication was inferior to his. To Molly's great satisfaction, he reserved a corner for the huge, white, flaky dumplings, over which he spared neither cream nor sugar.

"When did you make a meal last, Charlie?" asked his father.

"I really don't know. A meal means to sit down and eat as I have just done. I have not had a meal since Amy left me."

"And the children? Have they had no meals?" asked Belle.

"I hope so. Their old nurse sees to them. A medical man never can have regular meals. And now ——"

Charlie paused, and looked from his father to his sister with a sort of perplexed air. He was not like Belle, self-reliant, though the most amiable and affectionate of men.

"And now," echoed Mr. Dauncey, "what do you propose to do? You see this advertisement in the right light, if Belle does not, and we are in no circumstances to let the chance of a fortune slip."

"Let me clear the table first, and then we can talk it over," said Belle.

While she deftly and swiftly performed this household work, the two men took their pipes and sauntered down the garden to her arbour, where they discoursed, nothing loth to have a talk without her discriminating interposition. But she was not long in joining them, and then their intentions and hopes were declared. The brother and sister were side by side opposite the hayfields and the river, while the father, who was

always too restless to remain long seated, stood outside the bower, with Rover at his feet. The sun was about to complete his evening task of setting just opposite them, and his parting smiles kindled fields, garden, farmhouse, and, above all, Belle's pleasant face, into glowing softness; and the peace of nature seemed akin to the peace of God.

"The fact is, Belle," began Mr. Dauncey, rather nervously, for he always dreaded his daughter's downright common-sense, "Charlie and I think one of us had better cross the herring pool, as they call the Atlantic, and see after this fortune for ourselves. If we delay, somebody else is sure to step in. As to letters and cablegrams, as they call 'em, they are expensive and unsatisfactory, and one personal interview is worth a hundred of 'em. A month, or less, would settle the whole matter."

"Where is the money to come from?" asked Belle. "And how could you leave the farm, father, or Charlie his patients?"

"Practically, dear Belle, I have no patients," hemmed Charlie, with a sigh. "I have had a few poor souls who can't afford to pay, and since Amy's death I haven't had the heart to look for rich ones."

"No patients, dear! Then how have you and the children lived?" asked Belle.

"I have been helping Dr. Silver again. He has never, he says, had an assistant to suit him since I left, and was glad to have me back. It is difficult to begin a practice in London where there are medical men in every street, and I wish I had never started on my own account. As you always said, I should have done better in the country; but neither dearest Amy nor I cared to return to this county, and we had no connection elsewhere."

"Old Weatherley would have put an end to you both if you had," laughed Mr. Dauncey; but Belle was silent.

She had wanted her brother to accept a partnership offered him by a medical man in their nearest town, Harborough, to whom he had been apprenticed. But she loved him too dearly to upbraid him. Indeed, she had been his slave from childhood, as many a good sister is of many a brother infinitely her inferior. He was six or seven years her senior, she being four-and-twenty and he turned thirty. He was what is called essentially loveable. Everybody loved Charlie Dauncey when he was a boy, and, unfortunately, when he grew to man's estate, one fair damsel loved him too well for the gratification of her father, Squire Weatherley of Weatherley Court. This was the Amy whose loss he so deeply deplored, and who had been a tender and faithful wife to him and a loving mother to his children, despite certain inequalities of position, which a country squire with broad acres and long pedigree was justified in resenting.

"I don't quite understand how you have managed to exist on what Dr. Silver paid you," said Belle, feeling her way through what she knew to be a difficult path.

"We could not, Belle," replied Charlie, avoiding his sister's inquiring glance. "Dear Amy was obliged to sell out."

"Then you have been living on her principal? Ah, Charlie, that was scarcely right," said Belle.

"What were we to do? We could not starve, and I believed that I should get a practice in time. Of course, when she was so ill, money was absolutely necessary. We knew you could not help us, and her father would not; at least, we did not ask him."

"You have not spent all the two thousand pounds left her by her aunt?" asked Belle.

"No; there are still a few hundreds left, which I want to save for the children, if possible," returned Charlie, humbly; and when he took to humility, he was quite irresistible, particularly to Belle.

"Why bother over a few hundreds when we have thousands just about to fall into our lap, like so many ripe apples that tumble into Belle's apron as soon as she holds it out," broke in Mr. Dauncey. "Let us discuss what we had better do to secure them, before somebody else stretches out the apron. Ripe golden pippins are not to be despised. Ha, ha!"

"By no means," added Charlie, clenching his father's argument by once more looking Belle in the face. "I will go to America and prove that we are next-of-kin, if you, dear Belle, will take care of the children while I am away. For all our sakes we must not let this chance of bettering our fortune slip. Father says he has letters somewhere of Jabez Dauncey's, that would prove his identity and convince any lawyer in the world that he is his nearest relative. Surely you will not throw obstacles in the way, dear Belle?"

"I wonder what Miss Dulcey would say?" suggested Belle. "Of course I would gladly have the dear children here, but if you throw up a certainty for an uncertainty, what is to become of them eventually?"

"It cannot be an uncertainty, Belle," said Mr. Dauncey, who was restlessly moving about the room. "One of us two must go, if we pawn the family plate; and a voyage to America would set up Charlie, who looks as if he had swallowed all the pills in Dr. Silver's surgery."

"If you think I look ill, what will you say to the children? Under any circumstances, may they come here for a change?"

"Of course they may, Charlie. I have always been longing to have them," said Belle. "It seems quite unnatural that they should never have been here; but dear Amy would not force either them or herself upon the notice of Mr. Weatherley, or any member of the family, and always refused when I asked her to bring them. I don't wonder, for she would not have liked to have visited us and not have gone to the Court; and the Squire is so hot-tempered and odd, that he, possibly, might not have asked her, even though he had forgiven her."

"My patience, if I have any left, you are not beginning that old story again! Let that hare sit," interrupted Mr. Dauncey. "A little novelty would be good for us all, here in Hollyfield, and the whole village will be in a commotion when it hears that Charlie has gone to America, and the children arrived at their paternal grandfather's."

"It certainly would be a boon," laughed Belle. "We have had no sensation since old Mrs. Norton forbid Susie's banns, and Mr. Burmester told her to come to the vestry after service. Had the church tower been struck by lightning, the congregation could not have been more electrified."

"I never heard of that. How did it end?" asked Charlie.

"The young couple followed your example, Charlie," said Mr. Dauncey, who was rather fond of taking the words out of Belle's mouth; "they got spliced in another parish. You and Amy, thanks to Miss Dulcey, were married from her house in town. Timothy Wise and Susie went off to Shireham, and were made man and wife there."

"It is wrong to marry without parental consent," sighed Charlie. "One acknowledges that when too late. It made dear Amy very unhappy; but it was my fault. And when I think of the past I am wretched."

"Then think of the present, and lay your shoulder to the American wheel," exclaimed Mr. Dauncey, with an impatient gesture and exclamation, while Belle put her hand into her brother's.

She felt that there was no more for her to say on this weighty question. It seemed as if happiness, if not life, were over at present for her beloved Charlie; and forgetting prudential scruples, she began to think that any decided change would be beneficial to him—anything, in short, that would divert his mind from self. He must be saved from melancholia at all risks, and his children from withering away in London.

Belle had borne so many burdens in her time that she did not fear additional ones, as far as she was concerned; but she did fear debt. Her life was a continual struggle to keep out of it, and to persuade her father not to "borrow of Peter to pay Paul," as the saying is. Like many men, he was too fond of the lawyers, and whenever he was in a strait was apt to have recourse to a certain unscrupulous limb of the law, whom Belle dreaded, and who lived at Harborough, the market town nearest Hollyfield.

"Am I to be going to bed without prayers?" said an aggrieved voice, as the door was partially unclosed.

"Not for the world, Molly," cried Belle, starting up. "Where is Jim?"

"He did a'most fall into the fire for sleep, Miss Belle, so I was sending him off to bed," replied Molly, whose eyes looked like ferrets from the rubbings they had received to keep them open.

Mr. Dauncey, who was much afraid of Molly, prepared at once for family worship, and a day of much anxiety was closed, as all days should close, with Holy Writ and prayer.

(*To be continued.*)

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

ART.

FLORENCE PALMER.—We feel pleasure in giving our readers a notice of your useful society—The Artists' Guild, 12a, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W. The forthcoming Amateur Exhibition of Decorative Art Work is to take place on Wednesday, November 6th, 1890, and some following days, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and others. Class I.—Embroidery. (Prizes from £2 to 10s.) Class II.—Decorative Oil Painting. Class III.—Wood Carving. Class IV.—Drawings. Class V.—Brass Repoussé and Burnt-wood Engraving. For rules, address the Secretary, The Artists' Guild (address as above given). A commission of twopence will be deducted from the articles sold. One of the chief objects of this exhibition is to discover original artistic talent amongst amateurs, in which case the Artists' Guild may be able to offer employment to those who wish to turn their talents to account. So many girls inquire for home work, apart from that entailed by home duties, that we are glad to give them the opportunities afforded by this society.

DAME DURDEN.—We think you might succeed after some instruction. The colours of your card are good, but you have put no shadows to detach the design from the background; and the design is rather spidery.

WORK.

A. C.—'Scientific dress-making' by measurements is much in vogue, and is taught in a course of lessons. If the young man who had the impertinence to hand you his card in the street were really, as you say, "a gentleman," he ought to have known better than to have done so to a respectable girl, and you should have had nothing to say to him. If not "a gentleman," he might have done so with all good faith, though in ignorance of what is due towards a girl whom he meets unprotected. He should get an introduction to you, and you should obtain the permission of your parents before you make any acquaintance with him. He should tell your family who and what he is, and apologise for addressing you in the street. You ought to apply yourself to learning both to write and to spell.

MISS SCOTT.—It gives us pleasure to inform our readers of your very useful society. Many inquire of us what they can do outside the circle of home, without leaving its walls. You afford an opportunity of employment in one branch of useful work, by your Odd Minute Coterie. Already we have drawn attention to another of the same character, but the word "Coterie" distinguishes one from the other. Your work appears to be very efficient, having distributed within the last twelve months no less than 762 useful articles for poor children, amongst seven homes. We were greatly interested in your report. Working members are to supply their own materials, but have no subscription to pay; and they engage to work during fifteen minutes daily. Address—Hon. Secretary, Miss Scott, 104, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.

MUSIC.

REHOBOTH.—The zither is played with the fingers of both hands, and a guard is placed on the thumb of one hand. There is a very large instrument of the same description, which we have seen and heard charmingly played by one of the Hungarian Band, now in town. But this instrument can also be played by means of small hammers with long and supple handles.

WHITE WINGS.—We should recommend you to teach music to "very young children." Play to them yourself. 2. You might have the heel of your shoe higher on the inside than the outer side, to throw the foot into a better position.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROSVENOR.—The proverbial saying, "Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness," is a quotation from John Wesley's 92nd sermon on "Dress." We have given an answer to this question before. Your father was quite right in stating that it was not a text of Scripture; and we are glad to repeat our reply for his benefit and yours. It is, nevertheless, in its sense and the precept inferred, quite "a scriptural motto," as the writer whom you quote affirms; for we are told by Divine inspiration that our "bodies" should be "washed with pure water." This was commanded to Christians, and much washing also was obligatory by Divine command on the Jews.

KOLLUPITIYA.—Soak the handkerchiefs that are stained with marking ink in a strong solution of borax, or of washing soda; then apply a wash of a few drops of oxalic acid in cold water, which will bring out the stains without injuring the fabric. If you employ a good laundress, she will take them out for you.

DISTRESS.—Parents are not bound to provide for their children till they have attained the age of twenty-one. Your best plan is to consult your clergyman or minister, and he may give you a personal testimonial, and help you to get some situation as mother's help, lady's-maid, or any such place to commence with. It would be well, however, to consult some of your nearest relations (aunt or uncle) before moving in the matter.

W. CABELL.—With reference to your claim for the support of your theory of transmigration on the 2nd verse St. John ix., we answer by a question in return—Who uttered those words? And, can a doctrine be founded on a query put to Christ by His ignorant disciples? Again, your claim on the statements of the Prophet Malachi, and of our Lord respecting the identity of St. John the Baptist with Elijah, is singularly unfortunate for your argument, for Elijah never did leave his body, having been translated. The theory of transmigration was never an article of either the Jewish or Christian religion (though it may have been of private individual belief). It is generally held by the Christian Church that as "a double portion of the spirit" and power of Elijah fell on Elisha, constituting him his representative, so it fell on St. John the Baptist, who was constituted his representative likewise. You say that our counsel, "not to read pernicious books" (infidel), is opposed to St. Paul's admonition to "prove all things." But the apostle explains what he meant when quoting the Bereans' example. What books did they "search daily"? The "oppositions of science"? ("falsely so called.") Not at all. They "searched the Scriptures," the "books of Moses, the prophets, and the Psalms," for Christ had said, "they are they that testify of Me." Your last remark is impious, and we disapprove of the tone of your letter. Our correspondence is for your instruction, not for controversy.

A BEAUTY MINUS THREE THINGS has our cordial sympathy in her manifold troubles. We think the causes of most people's red noses in the winter are not far to seek. Sitting over the fire after coming in from the cold outside air, insufficient clothing, cold feet, and tight lacing, with also a lack of care in eating digestible food, are fruitful causes of red faces.

ELSIE.—The reason why a hand is always an extra device on the shield of a baronet is because, when James I., following out the work of Queen Elizabeth in reducing the turbulent faction in Ireland into some degree of order, obtained an army of occupation by bestowing the hereditary title of Baronet, as a reward on every gentleman owning a rental of £1,000 per annum who would maintain thirty soldiers in the Province of Ulster, to preserve order, at the rate of 1s. 6d. a day each man. Not only so, but who would give to the Treasury, likewise, a sum to the amount of one year's pay to these soldiers—perhaps more properly called Militia. Thus, assisting the Government in this liberal way, they gave a helping hand, as it were, and their loyal assistance was symbolised on their escutcheons. It is curious that the hand should be the left hand

PEARL.—If the young man really cared for you—at least, to make your acquaintance—he would ask a friend to introduce him to your family. But if, during such a long, "weary, weary waiting," "he has given you no reason to suppose he loves you," his admiration can be only "skin deep"; and under the circumstances you name the question is no subject for prayer. We mean you are not promised the granting of a prayer for a man to love you with whom you are not acquainted, and who does not want an introduction. Your state of mind is a very unhealthy one. Apply yourself to some good practical work.

A FEEBLE MEMBER.—We are sorry to hear that you are bedridden, and wish to answer your letter, but scarcely understand your questions. To prevent your things falling off the bed, you might have a tray, of wood, with a raised border round it; or else get a little table to stand close by the bed, with a raised border. The coloured pictures of the "G. O. P." go with the monthly numbers, not with the weekly ones. People who take in the latter have to send for them to our office, and buy them at the end of the year. We do not know what you could do with a glass shade, excepting to put it over a clock, or figure, or vase.

MARGUERITE.—The word "serpent" is derived from the Latin; "snake" comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and is the more common and general name. Both, however, mean the same, *i.e.*, a serpent of the oviparous kind, distinguished from a viper. 2. The study of mathematics is a very useful one for girls as well as boys.

SNOWDROP is perhaps suffering from over-exertion, and should try complete rest of mind and body, sleeping and eating only for a time. This is the new way to treat nervous and exhausted patients. Do not be disheartened; have patience, and wait for a cure.

ROMANCE.—A lady's-maid should know how to make and mend underlinen and dresses, and have a good knowledge of hairdressing. She is sometimes required also to read aloud. For a travelling-maid, she should know French or German, if not Italian, and have had experience in packing, and of travelling duties in general. Her manners should be good, her address pleasant, and her health and temper excellent. She should be orderly, tidy, and very neat in her dress; able to go about on errands of any kind, and well acquainted with the prices and qualities of materials, and the methods of making them up.

HOPE.—Refer to our article, "What Working Girls Can Do for Themselves," by "Medicus," volume ix., page 107; also "Common Sense Advice for Working Girls," volume vi., page 295.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

THE DIARY OF THE EARLY ARTISTIC DAYS OF NATALIE JANOTHA.

BY HER MOTHER.

KNOWING that the celebrated Clara Schumann had intended to accept the position of teacher at the new Royal Hochschule in Berlin, I determined to go and place my daughter under her tuition. On arriving, we went first to Kiel, the professor of harmony, who presented us to the celebrated Joachim, and to other artists. Shortly afterwards we heard, in the Reichshalle, Kiel's great oratorio, entitled "Christus." The professor for the piano, M. Rudorf, is an excellent teacher; he composes much for orchestra, piano, and voices. At present he is the conductor of Stern's choir, in which post he succeeded Bruch, and Stockhausen, the celebrated singer. Rudorf admires our Chopin, and has studied Polish history in order to understand better the spirit of his compositions.

The quartetts arranged by Joachim in the Singakademie draw people of all nations, and serve as a model of what real music is. Joachim has been engaged for the last twenty years for the Popular Concerts in London, in which he appears in winter with Clara Schumann. Highly classical works of Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Brahms are performed there by Joachim. His appearance whilst playing is remarkable; he is almost immovable, and it is only by the pallor which covers his face that one can discern how much he feels what he plays. Joachim never speaks of his honours and decorations, but every artist who arrives in Berlin goes first to Beethoven Street, to his charming villa, to pay homage to the master.

From what I had heard of Clara Schumann, I had formed quite another picture of her in my mind. She is of

NATALIE JANOTHA.

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middle height, rather stout, with a pale face, and aquiline nose. I was charmed by her deep blue eyes, full of expression, and her broad genial forehead.

After a warm welcome, she asked my daughter Natalie to go to the piano, and after she had played, Madame Schumann asked her who had been her master, and if she knew any of her husband's compositions, recommending her to practise certain passages more slowly, but perfectly distinctly, so that each finger might be heard singly.

Both Madame Schumann and Joachim gave us many proofs of kindness and sympathy during our stay in Berlin.

When we left Berlin for Baden-Baden, where my daughter was to study under Madame Schumann, Joachim kindly promised to give us letters of introduction to the Countess Fleming, wife of the Prussian Minister at the Court of Baden. She is the daughter of Bettina Arnim, and a friend of the Empress Augusta. The Empress always passes the spring and autumn at Baden-Baden, going for the summer to her favourite town, Coblentz.

The Court concerts and entertainments, and the arrival of many distinguished foreigners, make this place very bright and gay. About 60,000 persons come here every year. There is a splendid church here, containing the monuments of the Markgraves; and on the hill in the distance are the ruins of their old castle.

The view is splendid, looking from the Conversation-house upon the palace of the Grand Duchess Stephanie and the Hotel Messmer, hired by the Empress during her stay. We saw the gambling-rooms of Baden-Baden, the roulette tables, covered with green cloth, and wonderful landscapes of Wouwerman and Poussin on the walls. Occasionally we went in to watch the countenances of the players. Many who left the gambling-tables with an expression of indifference, were found the next day on the Cæcilienberg, where they had hanged themselves.

Before the Kursaal there is a kiosk arranged with great taste and splendour. An orchestra plays during fine weather. There we listened to the compositions of Strauss, that master of dance music who long since carried away the palm in his own peculiar line. He was engaged for twenty-four concerts, and charmed, enlivened, and cheered even the greatest misanthropes.

The most important buildings in Baden are the Trinkhalle, which is adorned with frescoes, the subjects of which are taken from the legends of the country, and the New Castle, rising above the highest houses of the town, so-called in the time of the Markgraf Cristoph, during whose reign it was rebuilt. This was at the end of the seventeenth century, but there are curious underground passages dating back to the Roman times. There one can see the terrible machine called "The Iron Maid," which held in its ghastly arms the victims condemned to its deadly embrace. Here also is preserved the memory of that mysterious being, Kaspar Hauser. The beautiful valley of Lichtenthal begins close to the town; throughout its whole length runs an avenue of American birches, watered and rendered beautiful by the waters of the Oos. On either side rise undulations, at the foot of which are some handsome villas.

At the end of this avenue is a chapel of St. Anna, erected in the sixteenth century, where the bodies of some of the Markgrafs are kept. In the middle is the sarcophagus of Henry the Lion, on which lies his gigantic statue. Close by is the church and convent of the Cistercian nuns. We watched them walking in their garden, and were able to make closer acquaintance with them, an exception being made in our favour. They are very fond of music. Having heard of my daughter's playing, they begged her to place herself at the piano. She did so gladly, and played a sonata, afterwards one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, and then a speaking song of Schumann. During this their faces grew animated, their heads were raised, their eyes looked with approbation upon the young pianiste, and when the Mazurka of our Chopin began, all hands joined in applause. The choristers sang a Gloria very well; their voices were so fresh and pure. The Empress Augusta protects this institution, and interests herself very much in it. The Lichtenthal Avenue is her daily walk; she goes there alone with her lady-in-waiting, and paces up and down at a brisk pace, a servant in black livery following at a distance.

The Villa Schumann, as it is called, is situated in Lichtenthal, and there Madame Schumann was often amused to see Englishmen, guide-book in hand, seeking with the greatest interest amongst the splendid palaces for the Villa Schumann; and hardly believing their own eyes when they at last discovered it to be this small and unpretending house. But when, as often happened, above all other sounds there came from the open windows in the twilight the enchanting echoes of Clara Schumann's piano, they would stand, as it were, transfixed, and clustering round the house which seemed suddenly to possess an attraction far surpassing that of the richest palaces.

The environs of Baden are very lovely; there is a majestic grandeur in the scenery, coupled with luxuriant vegetation, and every spot is associated with some romantic legend. The charming waterfall known as the Geroldsau cascade was a pleasant object for a walk. About half an hour's walk from Lichtenthal a soft murmur intimates the proximity of the waterfall, the sound always increasing, and the freshness in the air seeming to transport us into another climate. There are, besides, many other beautiful excursions to be made in the mountains, either driving or riding on donkeys.

Bülow, on one occasion, when walking up one of the hills with R. Pohl, the often over-indulgent critic, said to him pointing to an inscription on a hut, "'Anes à louer'—That is just the thing for you." "Why so," answered Pohl, "since I intend to walk?" "Take them as subjects for criticism." Pohl was an admirer of the school of Liszt; he was also in ecstasy about Strauss, and greatly admired Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Artot; but was less enthusiastic about the concerts of Madame Schumann and Joachim. He prided himself on his father being a Pole; in Leipsic he was called "Pole," and from that time the name stuck to him.

Bülow often played at Baden, his programmes ranging from the magnificent sonatas of Beethoven, down to the latest works of Brahms and Czajkowski, all of which he executed perfectly. His memory is prodigious, and his programmes are compendiums of music. As preludes to Beethoven's sonatas announced on the programme, he made use of the beginnings and themes of other sonatas, and the astonishment which he caused the public by this trick amused him, but did not take in those who had prepared themselves with all their powers of concentration to listen to Beethoven. It is not for me to write about the playing of Bülow; as to his judgments of other artists, his pen is used with facility, but his wit and sarcasm are without pity. However, he changes his opinions with great ease.

Saint Saëns, a classic of the French style, and an original artist, had also great success, charming everyone and winning golden opinions by his behaviour. We listened with pleasure to his classical and romantic compositions, written in good taste and excellent style. Madame Menter also gave selections from "Don Juan" with masculine power, and some sonatas which she played with Sivori were a veritable treat to listen to. But what can one say of N. Rubinstein, and of the power and finish of his playing, as well as that of his brother Anton? One can add nothing to what has already been said of one whom the entire artistic world so fully appreciates.

Sivori, the violinist, who reminds one of Mendelssohn in appearance, entranced all listeners by the exquisite delicacy of his touch and the perfect taste of his playing. The Emperor of Germany always enjoyed his "Carnaval de Venise," as indeed did the gay world of Baden. The celebrated Auer also awoke esteem, and elevated the soul by the beauty of his playing. Madame Artot de Padilla, that ever-youthful singer, enlivened and charmed us by her musical talents at Baden.

Strauss was engaged for twenty-four concerts. The kiosk in which his orchestra performed was regularly besieged on the days he was to conduct, the public being carried away by the "entrain" of his charming music. On mounting the platform he was always greeted by applause; and the invalids, who were conveyed to the kiosk in carriages, used to call for his "Blue Danube," forgetting in their enthusiasm that their feeble feet were incapable of keeping time to the swing of his waltzes.

Last, but not least, comes the name of Brahms, the first and greatest of German composers, whom we met at Madame Schumann's house. He was spending the summer at Lichtenthal, where, ensconced in a small cottage on the hill,

he composed his great oratorios, symphonies, Schicksalslied, and those songs of which he wrote so many, to the words of Heine, Schiller, and other poets, rendering them so well that even to those who did not understand the language, the title alone gave a perfect picture of their thought and feeling. His ideal "Lullaby," and "The Curse of a Girl," joining horror to fun, had always to be repeated in the concerts. He was full of goodness for all his friends, especially for Schumann, Joachim, and A. Rubinstein. His playing is so rich and full that, as Schumann wrote of him, it is an orchestra in itself. Full of wit and fun, yet without sarcasm or bitterness, he never gave offence. His method of teaching was the same as Madame Schumann's, and during her absence at St. Maurice he undertook my daughter's tuition.

The life of an artist, enchanting as it is, is nevertheless surrounded by many dangers and unforeseen difficulties, and its success is purchased at a heavy price. Madame Schumann's lot is very sad, though she found an ideal in her husband, whom she admired as a man, and whose musical greatness she felt intensely. Her father, Wieck, made her career, and to him, after God, she owed everything. He it was who educated her and superintended her musical instruction, for at the age of seven she was parted from her mother, who separated from her father, and afterwards married Bargiel, whose son is a composer and professor of music in the Hochschule of Berlin. Wieck cleverly developed the physical and musical powers of his child, as a most careful mother might have done. In her ninth year Clara gave her first concert in Leipsic, and this made her name famous. A few years later she met Schumann; she fell in love with him, worshipping his genius, whose inspiration raised her musical spirit. She showed Natalie the criticism which Schumann wrote on her in admiration of her talents; "but the pleasantest one" (she added, with a smile) "was that in which I read the words, 'Clara played beautifully yesterday, but looked still more beautiful.'" Wieck, a man of great penetration, did not like the idea of his daughter marrying an artist, perhaps thinking, from his own experience, that the marriage would not be a happy one. He set his face against it; nevertheless, her patience gained the day, and at the age of twenty-two she became the wife of Schumann.

Her happiness in living with Schumann was too great to last long. She ceased to give concerts; all her time was taken up by home duties and the care of her children, seven in number, whom she was obliged to bring up herself; later on the severe illness of her husband, which lasted many years, completely engrossed her. Schumann, even when in health, lived in and with his music, and took no interest in household matters. There is a story told of him, that on one occasion meeting his own children out walking, he was astonished at their demonstrations of affection, and looking at them through his eye-glass exclaimed, "What lovely children, and how well brought up! Whose are they?" When later on his brain became affected, he could never be left alone; often he would rush from the house pursued by fearful visions, and at last, when one of these attacks was upon him, he threw himself into the river. He was rescued, indeed, but only to be placed in an asylum, where, after a few years of suffering, this great genius ended his life.

Madame Schumann, though broken down by sorrow, was obliged to work for her own livelihood and that of her children.

England and Germany, indeed, surrounded this great artist with homage in her widowhood, but it was only after she had struggled on through many years of work that the Schumann Fund was set on foot, and a sufficient income thus secured to raise a true artistic genius above all pecuniary difficulties.

Madame Schumann's family sorrows did not end with the death of her much-loved husband. The eldest son, having terminated his studies, began to show symptoms of his father's disease. During our stay with Madame Schumann many little souvenirs were returned to her, which had been sent to this poor young man, in the hope of his being able to recognise them. Besides this, she lost a married daughter after a long illness; we saw her with her mother at Baden. It was heartrending to see Madame Schumann trying to drown her grief in work. On the day of her concert in London, she got the news of her daughter's death. A few days later she gave a concert in Berlin, and there was no trace in her playing of the sorrow that had just fallen upon her, though a few moments before the concert she told us, with tears in her eyes, how unhappy she felt. But her love and enthusiasm for her art kept her up, took her out of herself, and soothed her grief. A few years ago her youngest son, who was remarkably like his father, also died, of disease of the lungs. During his illness she used to go to concerts, trembling with fear lest on her return she should find him dead.

Her villa at Lichtenthal has passed into other hands; nevertheless, Madame Schumann goes every summer with her daughters to Switzerland and Baden, to rest and take the waters.

A few years ago a monument was placed on Schumann's tomb at Bonn; a concert was given, at which Brahms played some of Schumann's compositions, as a testimony of his esteem and admiration for his friend.

(*To be continued.*)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

IV.—MARY TUDOR* (QUEEN-DOWAGER OF FRANCE AND WIFE OF CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK).

MARY TUDOR, youngest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, was born at Richmond in 1498, nine years after the birth of her sister Margaret, to whom she bore little resemblance. Mary was not more than three years of age when she lost her mother, and when her sister was married to James IV. and set out for Scotland. Naturally enough the little princess clung to her governess, Lady Guildford, who had been Margaret's governess also, and had accompanied her to Scotland, but was not permitted to remain there. Mary was so lovely a child that the probability of her growing up the most beautiful princess in Europe was taken into account in the disposal of her hand, as such considerations rarely are in State alliances. Mary's budding beauty was an additional item in her value as a princess.

As with her mother and sister, she was very soon an object of treaty. In this case the future bride was not more than nine years of age, when, chaperoned by her sister-in-law Katharine, the young widow of Prince Arthur, Mary received Katharine's royal kinswoman, Joanna, Queen of Castile, who when in England supported the proposals of marriage of her son, Charles of Austria, afterwards the Emperor Charles V., to the young English princess. With the sweetness and docility derived from her mother, which were afterwards marked features in Mary's character, she played her juvenile part to the admiration of all. It is half-comical, half-pathetic, to read how she danced her basse dances, played at tables (chess or draughts), and did her best to entertain the lady who was at Windsor in the *rôle* of the small maiden's future mother-in-law.

With the same child-like earnestness and good faith, Mary bore herself with such simple dignity at her betrothal, and at the accompanying tournaments and banquets, that her wonderful "modesty and gravity," quite as much as her rare beauty, enchanted all beholders. The *fiançailles* went so far that the child Mary received the ring of espousal, wearing it "on the first joint of the ring finger," and took the title of Princess of Castile. But when she was left fatherless by the death of Henry VII., in 1509, the marriage went no farther, ostensibly because Henry VIII. appropriated and refused to relinquish the superb cluster of diamonds that the Emperor Maximilian, the grandfather of the bridegroom, had given in pledge for Mary's dowry, which had been paid into his hands.

There was a suspension and again a renewal of the overtures of alliance, where Austria was

* Agnes Strickland—Bohn's edition for 1888, with many additional particulars. Mary Robinson's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre."

concerned, while Henry, on State occasions, ostentatiously wore in his hat the diamonds which were the bone of contention.

In the meantime, the Princess Mary was rapidly passing from childhood to youth, an orphan in a Court which was not a school of manners or morals. Probably her best friend was her sister-in-law, the Queen, Katharine of Arragon, the widow of Prince Arthur, who, in the year of Henry VII.'s death, became the wife of Arthur's brother, Henry. Katharine was a good and honourable woman, but she was considerably older than Mary, and as Queen had sufficient cares and anxieties of her own to occupy her attention. One of the most admired figures at the Court, after that of the handsome, high-spirited young King, was Henry's chosen comrade from boyhood, Charles Brandon, whom the King created Duke of Suffolk. Brandon was not of royal or even of noble birth. He was the son of Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at the battle of Bosworth, who had saved the King's life at the expense of his own. In gratitude for the service, Henry VII. made the dead man's son a ward of the Crown, and Henry VIII.'s favour did the rest. Brandon was older than Henry, and therefore a good deal older than Mary. He was frank and brave and handsome, which included the advantage so much thought of in those days, of being taller by the head and shoulders than his fellows. This was the very attraction which in "my Lord of Anguish" had been so irresistible to Mary's sister. It remained to be seen whether my Lord of Suffolk was another Lord of Anguish. He had certainly found favour in women's eyes already, and had availed himself more than once of the strange and disgraceful licence, in breach of contract, and of the most solemn vows, which was so common at the time. Some will have it that this was because of a mistaken conception of these reformed doctrines, rapidly gaining ground, which denied that marriage was one of the Church's sacraments, so that men's minds were shaken for a time as to the sanctity of the marriage tie; but the pretext of dissolving marriage contracts on any or on no grounds began earlier than the Reformation, and was as prevalent in countries which were, and have continued, Roman Catholic, as in those pervaded by Protestant teaching.

Charles Brandon is said to have been twice married, and to have twice repudiated his wives in his first youth, while Mary was still a child; he was also troth-plighted once at least. But that neither his friend, King Henry, nor anybody else, recognised there was any obstacle to his forming a third marriage is clear from the fact that his name was coupled with that of the Duchess of Savoy, the aunt of the Prince of Castile, who came on her own account to England to advance her nephew's suit. It is believed not to have been the fault either of Henry or of Brandon that there was no truth in this rumour; while the mere circumstance that the favoured courtier raised his eyes so high was a sign that a faint heart would not spoil his fortunes. It could hardly be expected that Mary, an inexperienced girl of fifteen, should have a higher standard than that held by the older and wiser people around her, neither do we find among her lovable qualities keen discrimination in the choice of friends. It may be that the worst fault of that "Moder Guildford," who was sent back both from Scotland and France, to which she conducted two royal brides, was over-indulgence to her charges, or else a dangerous amount of patriotism at a foreign Court. But "Jane Popincourt," another of Mary's best beloved ladies, has been accused of graver offences. It is extremely likely that this Jane acted as *confidante* in the idle and foolish love-passage which passed between the fair, simple, fifteen-years-old princess and the *beau chevalier* Suffolk, who was certainly ten years his young mistress's senior.

While the marriage of Mary and the Prince of Castile was still pending, and Suffolk and Mary were secretly exchanging tokens, Louis XII. of France lost a good wife, whom he had loved, in Anne of Brittany. Though he was sixty years of age and infirm for his years, he sought, in the supposed exigencies of the State, the beautiful English girl-princess for his third wife. The story goes that the busy-body, Jane Popincourt, had her finger in this pie also. In spite of what she knew of Suffolk's audacious pretensions and Mary's inclination to respond to them, Jane's good offices with Mary were secured for the French King by the Duc de Longueville, then a prisoner in England.

Easily led and submissive as Mary was by nature, she made a stand against the unequal marriage, and that to no less a person than her brother, who, if he was generous in those days, was also notoriously despotic. His reply to her terrified remonstrances was the coaxing assurance that if she submitted quietly to be the pledge of peace between England and France, she should please herself in her choice of a spouse the next time she bestowed her hand — a compromise from which we can only hope that Mary at the time recoiled.

Mary was wedded to the elderly French king by proxy, the Duc de Longueville acting as his sovereign's representative, in August, 1514, at the Grey Friars' Church, Greenwich, where so many gay doings took place in that reign. In great good-humour with the poor little bride of sixteen, King Henry, with Queen Katharine, accompanied her to Dover, where they had to stay a month before the stormy weather abated sufficiently for the crossing, dangerous even then, to be accomplished. From the castle on the white cliffs Mary, petted and flattered, had still plenty of time to look down with a sinking heart on the rough waves which were so soon to roll between her and all she had held dear. Henry saw his sister and her imposing train of ladies and gentlemen embark for France. In the train were Anne Boleyn, or Bullen, and almost certainly Jane Seymour. The nobleman who had the honour and responsibility of escorting Mary to her king was the same Surrey, at this date Duke of Norfolk, who had accompanied Margaret as the bride of James IV. to Scotland. What is more difficult to understand is that Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was also in the train; it need not be said with the knowledge of the king. Henry, who had taken upon him to encourage Brandon's daring aspirations to the hand of an Austrian princess, might never have dreamt that his favourite's presumption could reach the height of seeking a mate in his sovereign's sister, or the king might disdain and treat with contempt such sentimental coquetting between princess and subject as had been practised at his Court. But it is hardly to be questioned that Brandon's presence in her suite must have inflicted many a sorrowful pang on Mary's tender, childish heart which might have been spared her, all the more because she had resigned herself to her fate, and decreed that the duke was to be nothing to her. The circumstance reads like a gratuitous piece of cruelty, a refinement of injury.

However, Louis—a patriarch for those days—welcomed his young wife when she arrived in France, in that stormy October, with a fatherly kindness to which the gentle fatherless and motherless girl responded without fail.

It would appear as if jewels—the glittering playthings of grown-up children—were to play a great part in Mary Tudor's history. Her marriage with Charles of Castile was broken off, on the surface, by the non-restoration of a cluster of diamonds; her wooing by Louis of France was conducted chiefly by means of the diamonds, rubies, and pearls of a fairy tale. He lavished them upon her, he said himself, not all at once, but with deliberate pauses between, that the wise donor might earn many and repeated thanks.

The first shock dealt to Mary, in the middle of this truly Oriental courtship, was the announcement of the honourable dismissal—which meant that they should be forthwith sent back to England—of the greater number of the ladies, among them the two most cherished by her, "Moder Guildford" and Jane Popincourt. Mary had been so apprehensive of this disaster, that she had written the prettiest of letters to Louis, to ward it off, even before she quitted England. Later, in the middle of the sparkling shower supposed to dazzle her youthful eyes, she overcame her timidity to beseech the gallant, grey-bearded gentleman to reconsider the resolution which was so hard to her. "My Moder Guildford was also discharged," she also wrote piteously to Wolsey, "by whom, as you know, the king and you willed me in any wise to be counselled."

But Louis was inexorable, and who shall say he was wrong in the light of the qualities which "Moder Guildford" had been so unfortunate as to instil into Queen Margaret, and of Jane Popincourt's tricks? But one part of the argument for his conduct sounds comical in his mouth. "My wife and I," he said to the English Ambassador, "be in as good and perfect love as any two creatures can be; we are both of an age to rule ourselves, not to have servants that should look to rule her or me. If my wife hath need of counsel or to be ruled, I am able to do it."

It is a little difficult to identify in this gay, politic old Louis the sullen, reckless Duke of Orleans whom his terrible uncle Louis XI. so detested and thwarted, as represented to us by the master-hand of Sir Walter Scott, in the pages of "Quentin Durward." Louis had been in the interval husband of the lame Princess Joan, and then, since it was he who set the bad fashion of annulling marriages on small grounds, of his first love Anne of Brittany, the great heiress and the widow of his cousin Charles VIII., so that she was twice Queen of France in right of her two husbands. Oddly enough, she also was a lame woman, but she was able and influential, while Joan was weak and powerless, though she was a king's daughter. Above all he loved Anne and hated Joan, according to the old preference for the petulant Rachel before the patient Leah.

An inopportune fit of the gout, during which Mary waited dutifully on her king, delayed for a little her coronation. Louis's old courtiers grumbled that his young Queen had impaired his health, by inducing him to change his habits late in life. He had been accustomed to dine at eight in the morning, and to go to bed at six in the evening. To please her, he took to dining at noon and sitting up till midnight.

Mary was crowned at St. Denis with the crown of Jane of Navarre, so heavy a weight for the slender girlish neck to bear, that her husband's cousin, son-in-law and heir, Francis of Valois, stood behind her, and held it over her head—as her nephew the baby-king of Scotland had his crown held at his coronation.

On Mary's entrance into Paris, she sat alone in a chaise, or chair, drawn by two white horses. Her pale golden hair was crowned by a circlet of large pearls. Her neck and bosom sparkled with diamonds. She was surrounded by the Royal Scotch Archer Guard, commanded by the Duke of Albany, the future Regent of Scotland.

Francis of Valois, and other representatives of the princely houses of France, Bourbons, Vendômes, Guises, etc., etc., rode before her. Verses have been preserved of one of the songs sung on the occasion which may be contrasted with Dunbar's poem of "The Thistle and the Rose," of which Queen Margaret was the heroine. The homage to Mary ran thus:—

"The fence of gold, the purple towers
The eagles and the lily-flowers,
Rejoice in Dame Maria,
Réveillez-vous,
Joy to Lady Maria."

At Mary's coronation, at her entrance into Paris, and on the three days' tilting, in which he bore his part, while Mary stood the whole time in order to see and be seen, Brandon was present a witness to her honours, which she bore meekly enough, seeking not so much to be admired as to please King Louis. So far as we can judge, she was trying her utmost to be one with him and with France. Among other gracious acts, she at once exerted herself to do a service to her new countrymen by interceding with her brother, King Henry, for the French prisoners in England.

Mary's reign as Queen Consort of France was of the briefest duration. It began in the month of October, and it ended with the death of King Louis on the last day of the same year, 1514. Three days before he had written a letter full of his affection for his queen. She was now, while still only in her seventeenth year, *une Reine Blanche*—a royal French widow in her white weeds. There is an avenue running off the Champs Elysées which is still pointed out as having been set apart for the airings of royal widows. But that was when their white were exchanged for black weeds. There were no airings during the first month of widowhood, which Mary elected to spend in the little palace of the Hôtel de Cluny, adjoining the Convent de Cluny, where she could have the consolations of religion close at hand, and where she was under the capable guardianship of Louise of Savoy,* mother of Francis of Valois, who by the death of Louis had become Francis I.

We may take it for granted that Mary's soft, affectionate nature found some tears to shed for the kind old king who had been more like a father than a husband to her. But, indeed, the young girl was full of perturbation where her own fate was concerned. She might not mind so much as a more ambitious worldly woman would have cared, that she had suddenly fallen from her height of earthly grandeur; it might in some respects be a deliverance to her; nevertheless, she had many troubles pressing upon her. She was frightened by the extravagant admiration expressed for her by the newly-made king. She was indignant at the bare idea of being handed back to her first suitor, Charles of Castile, who, in the persons of his envoys, had shown no eagerness for the fulfilment of her promise. Her maidenly pride was piqued, or else she revolted at the notion of being again, after so short a space of time, a mere pawn used as a pledge between two governments.

Mary begged her brother, King Henry, to fetch her back, and he increased the disturbance in her mind by despatching the Duke of Suffolk, of all men, to escort her home to England. Certainly, before the Duke started, his master required from him a promise not to abuse his trust, but this was a common form gone through with every emissary. As it has never been alleged that Henry had any intention of bringing about a union between his sister and his courtier, his choice looks as if he possessed no knowledge of any former attachment between the young Queen-dowager and her escort, or had no faith in it. It is difficult to imagine that he voluntarily exposed the pair to the risk of incurring his displeasure. There is much more plausibility in the impression which survives in French minds that the shrewd, imperious Louise of Savoy laid a snare for the English Princess and the Duke of Suffolk, with the intention of removing her out of King Francis's way, that he might not be too much tempted to follow a course which had precedents, but would be highly offensive to the French nation. His subjects would hardly forgive him if he set aside his young Queen Claude, their old King's daughter, whose simple virtues they respected, for her equally youthful step-mother, till recently a stranger and foreigner amidst them.

When Mary's white widowhood ended, a month after Louis's death, and she was at liberty to wear black, go abroad, and receive visitors, she was waited upon by certain friars, who brought her, it is not said from whence, the tale that Suffolk had been privately instructed by King Henry to land her not in England but in Flanders, where she was to be joined by Charles of Castile.

Cut to the quick, Mary summoned Suffolk to her presence, and appealed to him. The account of the interview is drawn from his defence of his conduct to Henry, but there is no reason to doubt his word, granted that he was afterwards shown to be vainglorious and every inch a courtier. To believe him we have only to take all the circumstances into consideration — Mary's extreme youth and guilelessness, her rank, which gave her the initiative in addressing the Duke, what seemed to her the extremity of the situation, together with her girlish partiality for the man to whom she was speaking, and his earlier attempts at making love to her.

She must be short with him, and show him her pleasure and mind, she said, in desperate agitation.

She reminded him how good a lady she had been to him, and added that, in fine, if he would be ordered by her, she would verily have none but he.

An ever she came to England she never would have him; an he married her not then, she would never have him, nor come to England.

Suffolk, according to his own tale, answered her soothingly and discreetly. She said that but to prove him withal, he told her.

An she went to England, the princess insisted in her distress, then would she be sent to Flanders, and she would be torn in pieces sooner than come there.

"And with that," continued Suffolk, "she weeped as never saw I a woman so weep."

He tried to comfort her. He said, in allusion to the report that he was to carry her to Flanders, there was never such thing, by his faith, and bade her write and get King Henry's consent, without which he dared do nothing, because of his promise.

Her angry reply was that of a poor girl standing at bay. She would have the time to her own desire, else she would think he had come to "tice" (beguile) her. He should never have such a proffer again . . .

"And so," the narrator, in the character of a humble penitent, ends his narrative abruptly, "she and I were married."

Another version of the romantic story is that Louise of Savoy having plotted to bring about the meeting, surprised the couple while Mary was still weeping bitterly, professed to reproach them with the indecorousness of the scene, and to advise that they should at once resort to the adjoining chapel, where they were at her instigation wedded or troth-plighted, the ceremony taking place appropriately enough on St. Valentine's Eve, the 12th of February, 1515.

Of all hasty royal marriages poor young Mary's was the hastiest, for her old King had died so recently as on the last night of the previous December. It is doubtful whether Charles Brandon was worth the immense trust she put in him; but at least she found no fault with him, then or ever. She freely offered her brother Henry all the jewels (those jewels which were fated to figure prominently in her history) and all the plate given her by the late King of France, to earn his forgiveness for having taken her fortune into her own hands, and to protect Suffolk from the King's vengeance. She made herself the sole person to blame for the love match, and used all her tender eloquence to those who were in authority, that they should not be "miscontented with my Lord Suffolk."

We have again to remind ourselves of the rough old times in which Mary lived, that we may make allowance for the unshrinking eagerness with which she reminded Henry of his promise, that if she submitted to marry in order to please him in her first espousals, she should be allowed to please herself in her second; and for the perfect frankness with which she styled the jewels and plate—the bribe she offered, her "winnings in France," as if she had speculated with her youth, beauty, and sweetness for the price which Louis was willing to pay for them.

As a further security for Brandon, Mary ventured to appeal to Francis I., and to confide in him. He was virtually her sovereign so long as she remained in France, and if he chose to intercede for the delinquents, his pleading was not likely o be in vain. She told Francis of the love passages between her and Suffolk before she came to France or ever saw the King's face, repeating to him "the pass or by-words" by which the lovers had secured for themselves a few minutes' private conversation in the middle of the publicity of a Court.

Francis behaved with the magnanimity which has been attributed to him more than once in other circumstances. He became the friend of the young couple, and exerted himself to propitiate Henry. Those must have been happy honeymoon weeks which Mary spent at the French Court, with Suffolk received as her husband, while she was waiting for Henry's consent to return to England. In her happiness the bride of seventeen did not forget to show kind concern and care for her former household, the members of which had of necessity lost their posts when she ceased to be Queen Consort of France. Among these retainers out of place were young Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, who were taken into the service of Queen Claude.

After all, Mary's exile did not last six months. She sailed in the sober autumn to make the acquaintance of her elderly husband; she returned in the sweet spring-time wedded to the lover of her choice. By May she was in England again. Henry met her and his former comrade with a bluff amnesty, and with such a princely endowment for Suffolk in the forfeited estates of the unfortunate De la Poles, the former Dukes of Suffolk, that the broad lands might well have been held by Henry as an ample equivalent for the costly baubles which Mary transferred to him, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds. These were her modest "winnings" in France. On one of them, a special ruby, Francis I. had set great store, but he could not, in spite of his good offices, recover it, either from Mary or Henry.

Mary was publicly remarried to Suffolk at Greenwich, where her marriage with Louis XII. had been celebrated half a year before. At one of the gay tournaments which celebrated the event, Suffolk bore on his banner, in allu-

* Louise of Savoy had been herself left a widow at eighteen, by the death of a husband greatly her senior, but she had lived long enough with him to be much attached to him, and she was the mother of a son and daughter to whose interests she was devoted.

sion to his humble origin, the pithy motto which has survived to the present day—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of frieze;
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of gold."

It was about this time that poor Queen Margaret paid her solitary visit to England, a disappointed, discontented woman, and had to share in the public rejoicing, sitting under the same canopy with Mary, in her flush of youth and happiness—their emblems, the daisy and the marigold intertwined, their fates so like and yet so unlike.

Mary's first child, a boy, was born in 1516, when his mother was eighteen years of age. He was named for King Henry, who stood sponsor for him, and created him Earl of Lincoln. Her later born children were two daughters, Lady Frances and Lady Eleanor Brandon. Mary showed a decided preference for country life, especially at Westthorpe Hall, Suffolk; but there was another reason besides her inclination for the preference; Suffolk had spent large sums of money both in France and England at the time of his marriage, which Wolsey refused to defray from the treasury. The lowly-born Duke was a man of lavish, extravagant habits, and in spite of his great estates, continued in permanent difficulties. Mary tried to relieve them by spending many of her days in comparative retirement, while he abode at the Court in which he had been reared from boyhood, in which he held high office, made a fine figure in every gala and pageant, and was Henry's fast ally in all the King's changes of mood and creed. But though Mary sought to diminish her expenses, she always maintained—whether from her own sense of the fitness of things, whether from the desire of her ostentatious husband—great state in her privacy, never losing sight of the fact that she was Queen Dowager of France.

Mary was a happy woman, still surrounded by husband and children, when, at the age of twenty-two, she met for the first time the suitor to whom she had been troth-plighted as a child, from whom she had recoiled in the first days of her widowhood, Charles of Castile, by this time the great Emperor Charles V., on a visit to his aunt, Queen Katharine of Arragon. Curious eyes watched the encounter with the woman who had been destined for his wife. It was Lord Herbert of Cherbury's impression that the mighty ruler before whom so much of Europe trembled, was so struck by Mary's "dazzling loveliness" (or was it by the touch of what is best in human nature, in her matronly peace and bounty?) that he was rendered pensive, and declined to dance for the rest of the evening. It is an unpremeditated testimony to Mary's domestic tastes and contentment with her lot, that nobody seems to have dreamt she experienced regret because she was not the sharer of an Imperial crown. Another brilliant interlude in Mary's quiet life and a brief return to the splendours and triumphs of former days, was when she accompanied King Henry and Queen Katharine to France to meet her former champion, King Francis, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Mary is said to have been the acknowledged beauty alike of the English and French Courts, and we must not grudge her an innocent gratification in the consciousness, when, in the temporary withdrawal of the respective Queens of France and England, she rode through the gorgeous encampment between two such magnificent squires as Henry and Francis.

But such galas were not in the general tenor of Mary's later life. She had withdrawn more and more from the gay world, and given herself up to the care of her children, when she received a severe blow in the death of her only son, a boy of eleven years of age, in 1527. He fell a victim to "the sweating sickness" then devastating the country. Modern inquirers have conjectured with regard to this dreaded epidemic that it may have been neither more nor less than the worst type of influenza. For the remaining six years of her life Mary retired almost entirely from Court, which in all probability had less attractions for her than ever, when the friend of her youth, Katharine of Arragon, had to give place to the Maid of Honour, who had formerly served Mary in the same capacity, Anne Boleyn.

Agnes Strickland, who was herself an East-country woman, familiar with Norfolk and Suffolk traditions, refers to Mary's popularity in Suffolk, to the patronage which she accorded to native goods and manufactures, and to the punctuality with which she graced, year by year, the Bishop of Bury's great fair at Bury St. Edmunds, holding receptions and attending balls in its honour, or in the honour of the Bishop. Like her grandmother, "the venerable Margaret," Mary was a faithful friend to all the monasteries within her husband's jurisdiction. As it happened, she reared in her household her successor, the Duke of Suffolk's last wife, Katharine Willoughby, daughter of Lord Willoughby and his Spanish wife, who came to England as Maid of Honour to Katharine of Arragon.

The elder of Mary's daughters, Lady Frances Brandon, was like her beautiful mother, and her ambitious father early arranged her marriage with Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset; the young bride and her husband living with the Duchess of Suffolk at Westthorpe Hall. The second daughter of the house was married in her turn, while barely in her teens, to Henry Lord Clifford, eldest son of the Earl of Cumberland, and remained also with her mother. Mary was long in declining health, and took several journeys from Westthorpe Hall to London to seek the counsel of physicians. She had not long returned from one of these fruitless journeys, when the end came, on the 25th of June, 1533, eight years before the death of her sister, Queen Margaret, at Methven. At the time of Mary's death she was, like her mother, Elizabeth of York, only in her thirty-seventh year. The Duke of Suffolk and his sons-in-law, Lord Dorset and Lord Clifford, were all three absent in London, in attendance on the coronation of Anne Boleyn, but Lady Dorset and Lady Clifford were with their mother.

A singular incident occurred at Mary's funeral, which points to one of the greatest troubles in her life—the revival of claims made by the Duke of Suffolk's repudiated wives. Mary's daughters—the eldest just sixteen, at the date of her mother's death—acted as her chief mourners, following the coffin on black horses to its place of interment in the Abbey of Bury. In the course of the ceremonial, each daughter advanced and placed in turn on the coffin a pall of cloth of gold, a costly mark of honour to the dead. "To the surprise of everybody, their half-sisters, Lord Suffolk's daughters by a previous marriage, did the same," when the young Ladies Dorset and Clifford, outraged by the act which claimed Mary as the stepmother of the intruders, left the church without waiting for the end of the funeral service. Thus the haunting shadow of shame, bred of the unrighteous facility with which betrothals and marriages were made and unmade, that had harassed poor Mary in the interests of her children throughout her life, followed her to the very grave's mouth, and disturbed her obsequies.

When Bury Abbey was put down, with so many other religious houses, by Henry, the townspeople removed Mary's coffin from the monument under which it rested to the Church of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds. The same coffin was again exhumed on account of alterations in the church in 1734. On the second occasion the coffin was opened, when the embalmed body was not only found in perfect preservation, but the beautiful golden hair which Mary had inherited through her mother from her grandmother, Elizabeth Woodville, fell in glittering profusion about the shoulders. The present writer remembers reading in the catalogue of the treasures of the noble house of Stowe, which were brought to the hammer, the ticketing of one lot as a lock of the hair of this princess thus offered for sale by one of her descendants. It is said other locks, abstracted from the coffin when it was opened in 1734, found their way into the hands of local antiquaries.

Mary Tudor's intellectual attainments, though decidedly superior to those of her sister, do not appear to have been of a very high order. She signed herself on at least one occasion Henry's "suster." In moral character, if thoughtless and impulsive in her early youth, her worst faults are but spots on the sun compared to her sister Margaret's offences. Mary was in her girlhood easily led, and impressionable. In her maturity she was, amidst the distractions of a Court and the temptations of her rank and beauty, a loving wife, an attached mother, a kind mistress, and a liberal bestower of such benefits as she had it in her power to dispense. Whether in youth or in age, hers was a sweet, tender, essentially womanly nature.

SARAH TYTLER.

FAMOUS NATIVES AND RESIDENTS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

TWELVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH. 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD CLASS CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION is to be one in which all girls will, for many reasons, find it pleasant and profitable to take part.

THE SUBJECT will be—

The Famous Natives and Residents of Twenty of the Great Cities of England, Scotland and Ireland.

COMPETITORS IN THEIR PAPERS will furnish answers to the following questions:—Who are the illustrious persons whose birth or residence forms one of the interesting associations connected with these great cities? when did they live? and what—given in a few words—are the leading incidents of their lives?

HERE ARE THE TWENTY GREAT CITIES to be dealt with:—

Aberdeen	Glasgow	Nottingham
Birmingham	Hull	Oxford
Bradford	Leeds	Plymouth
Bristol	Liverpool	Portsmouth
Cambridge	London	Sheffield
Dublin	Manchester	York
Edinburgh	Newcastle-on-Tyne	

THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER in which these cities are arranved must be adhered to by competitors.

THE FAMOUS CHARACTERS MENTIONED may be either men or women, and either living or dead.

THEY MUST BE EITHER natives or have resided for some part of their lives in the places under which they appear, with the exception of those relating to the metropolis, who must be *natives* only. Mere passing visitors will not count. In the case of university towns, those of course may be given who have resided there for purposes of study.

THE NUMBER OF NAMES to be given under the head of each city must not exceed five, except in the cases of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

FOR LONDON, twenty names may be given—*natives* only, as we have said—and for the remaining four exceptional towns—Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin—the number may be extended to ten.

WE DO NOT ANTICIPATE that any girl will reach the full number—that will be one hundred and thirty-five—but let every one do as well as she can, remembering that it is better to do even a few names thoroughly than a great many in a careless way.

CARE MUST BE TAKEN to select really distinguished characters, and not to bring people out of obscurity merely for the purpose of filling up papers and making a display only in point of numbers.

NO NAME IS TO BE GIVEN under more than one heading. An illustrious character, for example, born in Dublin and afterwards resident in Liverpool, must not appear under both Dublin and Liverpool. Under which he or she is to go, every girl may please herself.

THE NOTICE OF EACH EMINENT CHARACTER must not exceed one hundred and twenty words in length, exclusive of the name and the place and date of birth and death.

* * * *

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATING what we intend should be sent in, we give the following example relating to a town which is not in our list.

Norwich.]

AMELIA OPIE.

Born at Norwich, in 1769. *Died at Norwich in* 1853.

She was the daughter of a Norwich physician, Dr. Alderson, and was remarkable from her earliest years for the graces of her person and the accomplishments of her mind. In 1798 she married John Opie, the eminent historical and portrait painter. Her husband died in 1807, and she survived him nearly half a century. Early in life she devoted herself to the composition of works of fiction and moral tales, much admired for their simplicity and genial feeling. Her first published work appeared in 1801. She became a member of the Society of Friends in 1825, and after that abandoned authorship almost entirely, devoting the rest of her life to travelling and the exercise of Christian benevolence.

* * * *

COMPETITORS ARE RECOMMENDED to place at the end of their papers an alphabetical index of the names of the notable characters they have dealt with. This, however, is not compulsory; it is only suggested as a useful piece of practice, and as an addition to the value and completeness of their work.

COMPETITORS MUST WRITE on one side of the paper only, and before sending in their papers they must number the leaves and stitch them together at the left-hand top corner.

* * * *

ELEVEN PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be given, one to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three inclusive. Thus a girl thirteen years old has a chance of obtaining the prize awarded to girls between thirteen and fourteen; a girl of fourteen may prove the winner of the prize given to those between fourteen and fifteen, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT will also be given—first, second, and third-class—and these will be awarded to girls of any age who gain the requisite number of marks.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA will also be given to

Foreign and Colonial Contributors of all Ages.

AS WE POINTED OUT IN A PREVIOUS COMPETITION, those who reside abroad labour, as a rule, under considerable disadvantages in competing compared with the majority of girls who reside at home, and this special prize is to show our appreciation of the painstaking efforts of many readers in distant places.

* * * *

WE CORDIALLY INVITE OUR READERS to engage in this competition. It is one which cannot but be of service in the direction of mental improvement. It will furnish an additional charm to the localities in which many of our girls live, and will impart new interest to cities about which we are all often reading, and which we may one of these days visit.

THERE IS SOMETHING, TOO, in our thus growing familiar with great, noble, and useful characters; it is an acquaintance which may have a good influence on our own lives, and it will be surprising if a girl who works steadily through "the famous natives and residents of our great cities" does not in the end find herself more highly valued by all whose good opinion is worth anything.

EVEN IF A GIRL neither receives a prize nor a certificate, the work itself will prove a reward, and she may console herself with thinking that doing her best this time will certainly lead to doing better on a future occasion.

* * * *

THE BACK OF THE LAST LEAF OF EACH PAPER SENT IN must bear the full name, age, and address of the competitor, and underneath the following must be written by father, mother, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this paper is the sole work, and in the handwriting of (*competitor's full name is again to be written*), and that her age and address are correctly stated." (*Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.*)

* * * *

THE LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING PAPERS rom all competitors will be Michaelmas Day (Sept. 29), 1890.

EACH PAPER MUST BE SENT BY BOOK POST—and without a letter—addressed to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and the words "Natives and Residents *Competition*" must be clearly written in the left-hand top corner.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

MARCH, which certainly came in in the old-fashioned leonine style, is going out lamb-like; and I hope by the time this is in the hands of my readers we may all be enjoying fine sunny days, and recovering from our "winter of discontent," and "the influenza," which has tried everybody very much. Those of our readers who wear flannel underclothing have, I am sure, fared the best, and have suffered the least from chill and cold. A small American book lately published, called by the very taking name of "How to be Beautiful," contains nearly all the various teachings given to our young readers in the volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Exercise and bathings and sensible dress have always been favourite topics; knowing full well, as we do, that health and beauty are synonymous terms, and that our duty to God and usefulness to man depend on the care we take of the body—the instrument given us by God to do our work in this world to His glory—the authoress of this little book gives the same advice as has been given by me as to the best methods of dressing and the best forms of underclothing, and says:—"A woman or girl, in order to be dressed according to the natural curves of her body, should wear jersey underwear; one skirt, a well-fitting corset over the skirt, a dress made in the princess or some other style in which the perfectly curved seams of the bodice reach below the waist-line, showing the symmetrical lines of the hips as well as of the waist. This style of dressing is alike becoming to slender and to stout people. Never mar the hip-line if you would have the reputation of having a fine figure, and never deform yourself with a bustle." "Jersey underwear" is what we should call in England "woven combinations," either of wool, merino, lambs' wool, or of spun silk. The skirt, our American authoress says, should be of silk or of some material which can be washed and got up without starch. Into the material she does not enter further; but, of course, we know it must be a warm one, and thick enough to perform the work of two petticoats. In Paris I hear that the winter petticoats have been made up slightly wadded, in order to give warmth and substance.

So far as this part of the advice concerns the dress of to-day, I hear that Worth, the great French dressmaker, prefers "the princess" style this year to all others; and as the season advances we shall probably see the redingote, princess, and all other tightly-fitting styles more and more worn; and those who are choosing their summer dresses would do well to bear this in mind.

Throughout the past winter fashion has dictated plain and sheath-like skirts and much-trimmed bodices, and the spring and summer styles show the same tendencies, though the skirts are certainly fuller than they were, and have a few more pleats, while re-

IN THE NEW GALLERY.

maining very simple, plain materials being made up with far straighter and more severe lines than the patterned ones. A very favourite style is to have a skirt so raised at the edge as to show a peep of the under-skirt, which is generally of velvet, or, at least, what shows of it is of velvet. I hear of some of the very plain skirts being lined with horsehair to ensure perfect fit, and that however tired the unfortunate wearer may be, she may not sit down on any account. The very plain skirts are unbecoming to stout people, and, indeed, unless well cut they are ugly, and look ungraceful when the wearer sits down. This may account for the Parisians putting wadding in their petticoats, which, as I said before, gives more substance to the skirt.

One of the newest ways of making a skirt is to pleat it in two or three wide single pleats turning towards the front, and beginning where the fulness of the back ends. From the constant use at present of double-width materials, most of the skirts look as if they were pleated up from one uncut piece, which indeed is really the case. But this will make dressmaking at home rather more difficult, as the draping requires quite a trained and skilful hand. But now that the dress-stands are so moderate in price, this difficulty should be reduced to a minimum, and ready-made skirts can be purchased at such a cheap rate that the bodices seem to be of more importance.

The newest sleeves show no idea of lessening in size at the shoulder, and they increase in tightness at the elbow, and down to the wrist are often so tight as to need buttoning up, to allow the arm space to enter. Of course with mantles and jackets there is much discomfort, but to that we shall have to get accustomed, as I hear that all our cottons and thin silks are to be made in this style, and that it is not improbable that the sleeves of cotton gowns will be of soft silks, and the sleeves of the surahs and pongées of velvet. The newest sleeves are cut in one, not an upper or an under, but a shape that looks like a very ancient *gigôt*, or "leg of mutton sleeve." Most of the newest sleeves have the full side, mounted on a plain lining, so that the folds can be easily made to sit gracefully by tacking them down with invisible stitches. Bodices have not such pronounced peaks in front as they had, some of them being quite of the "basque" order. There are many bodices full in front and full behind, and fastening under the left arm, being buttoned round the armhole and up the shoulder, the band of the dress buttoning there likewise. The seamless bodices and polonaises are likely to be a great success, and are very becoming to slight figures. They are rather troublesome to make, however, and should be cut on the bias.

The fancy for large cloaks still continues, and we are promised that they will remain in use, too. The new ones for spring are to be made of dark shot-silk, cloth, and *broché*, the colours being prune, copper colour, and blue of a sapphire hue. They are full at the shoulders, drawn in at the waist, and very wide in the skirt, "just like a kind of dressing-gown," as one lady asserted in my hearing. They are quite large enough to be worn either with or without a dress beneath them. The "Four-in-hand cape" is still seen, but the one with the pointed yoke and two flounces, which is illustrated this month, and of which the paper pattern can be had, is the most popular mantle of the year. These yoked capes are put on cloaks and ulsters as out-of-door wraps, and are very becoming. Beaver cloth is used for spring jackets in light hues, and the plush sleeves, high collars, and revers give them a look of style and prettiness, as well as increasing their warmth. Then there are plain tailor-made jackets, as usual, of all kinds.

Amongst the new revivals are spotted materials; not the large spots that were worn a few years ago, but small ones not larger than a sixpence, which are generally accompanied by some other pattern, such as *Chiné* flowers; rings of various shapes, round or oval, and spots and stripes are found in combination. Plaids are to be found both in woollen materials and cottons, the latter especially in zephyrs. The plaids measure about two inches in size, and are of the brightest colours, several colours being mixed together. Such bright hues were never seen, I think, mixed together in cottons before the appearance of this summer's materials. Then there are indistinct plaids of very pale hues in cottons, and also the bordered materials, lace and embroidery imitations, as well as braiding, which have been used in woollens, and are produced in cottons. The surahs and other soft silks seem to be generally in floral designs with lines; white designs on colours being the rule. With them all kinds of embroidery, for trimmings, as well as laces, are used; and indeed, from all I see, I fancy it will be quite a year of such trimmings, and that they will be as profusely employed as they were several years ago on all kinds of cottons and linens. The new spring woollens are extremely light in colour, the chief tones being grey, stone, drab, and fawn. The summer tweeds and homespuns are beautifully light, soft, and pretty. The patterns, when they are not checked or plaids, are indeterminate, and flecked with spots and lines of colour.

The number of embroidered white gowns seems to portend a year of white washing dresses; and I hear that some great authority has prophesied a summer of great heat, and I am sure we shall, all of us, enjoy sunshine and warmth once more, and be the better for it.

IN THE PARK.

THE NEW CAPE (PAPER PATTERN) AND JACKET.

I have been obliged to give two paper patterns this month to enable our girl readers to have them in time to make their spring and summer things; and I have selected the new cape made with a velvet yoke and cloth or silk frills, or altogether of cloth, the yoke in this latter case being braided if possible. This pattern is in five pieces—back and front, two flounces, and collar of the "Medicis" shape, the inner collar seen being that of the dress, in cloth. A yard and a quarter will be needed, and a yard of wide silk for the lining. In velvet and silk, two yards of the former and two yards of the latter. The edges of the cloth or silk must be pinked out all round before being gathered on to the yoke. The latter should be divided into four quarters, as well as the frill; and this last evenly gathered and quarter sewn to quarter. The seamless bodice or polonaise dress is buttoned under the arms, round the armhole, and at the shoulder. It has a tightly-fitted lining in front, under the full front, which lining buttons down the front underneath. There are three pieces in the back, and one sleeve piece and collar—the skirt one piece. This pattern can be obtained either as a bodice only, or as in the illustration. As a bodice it is most suitable for cottons, zephyrs, and thin silks; the whole dress being best suited for thicker stuffs, such as cloth or velvet. The patterns may be had separately, price one shilling.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects

So far as white washing dresses are concerned there is nothing prettier; but they soon soil, and must be considered as nothing but "best," for they cannot, as in India, become matters of daily life. But if the white embroidery be made use of, to retrim old silks which are of light hues and are half worn, or old black silks, they will be found very useful in that way, and can be put on easily and arranged to suit the present fashion; besides which they can be taken off to be washed when dirty. Used in this way, they will not be found so expensive in the washing, and can be done up in lengths by the ordinary laundress.

I must now give a few words to the colours that are to be worn. The mixture most in vogue seems to be grey and green, and the greys used are called silver, zinc, "iron," and "antimony." "Chartreuse" and "pistache" are the greens of the year, and the number of yellows is almost endless. When very golden, yellow is called "aconite," and a pale yellow is "mimosa," an orange-yellow being "manolo." The family of browns is very large, and includes "cinnamon," "tortoise-shell," "vicuna," and a pretty new brown called "date," which has exactly the mixed yellow and brown of the dried fruit. There are two new dull violets, called "clover-flower" and "thistle-flower"; and three duller greens, called "nettle," "greengage," and "citron." There is a decided endeavour to bring back blue to favour; and there are many varieties of dull grey-blues, true navy, and dark blue, but no bright blues, such as used to be seen years ago.

My next subject is certainly bonnets and hats; and the first are so very small that there is very little to say about them. Our artist has dealt with every bonnet and hat that can be called new, and, from his sketches, my readers can see exactly that what is being worn is of the most ethereal description. "In the Park," too, the hats are shown, as well as the newest tailor-made gowns of all kinds—cloth, cheviot, and homespun. "In the New Gallery," the newest cloak is shown with the frilled cape, the yoke being of velvet. One of the newest jackets is also seen, beside the new cape, in our illustration; the sleeves being short "angel sleeves," with a close one inside, and a velvet waistcoat. This jacket is very good for spring wear on account of its extra warmth and covering.

Sashes are very much worn; they are generally fastened with a knot on the right side, and the two ends reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt. Some, however, are sewn to the side seams of the bodice, and are tied either in front or behind, and there are some very pretty open network and gimp sashes which are tied round the hips. For wedding dresses there is a fancy for ivory white poplin, which harmonises with the ruches of pinked out silk or feathers that are still so much used at the foot of dresses for grand occasions. Irish poplins are very popular for afternoon gowns. They are trimmed with velvet to match the colour, and are sometimes also ornamented with Irish guipure. In *écru* and cream it will probably be the fashionable best dress for summer garden parties for young ladies, and as it is endless wear, it will clean or dye with good effect. There seems to be a desire to dethrone the high neck bands, and use a frill of lace turning downwards over the shoulders, *à la æsthète*, but I hope that it will long remain in fashion, as it is a great protection and comfort, and more becoming to most people. The Tudor Exhibition certainly should have made the high collar popular, as well as the high sleeve, for the portraits looked so handsome in both these fashions of that day, when they dressed so much for looks.

SEAMLESS BODICE OR POLONAISE (PAPER PATTERN).

such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new Amercian bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or indoor wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, and seamless bodice or polonaise.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—VII. MOLES AND HEDGEHOGS.

By A NATURALIST.

THE HEDGEHOG.

"BLIND as a mole," folks say, but it is a very unsuitable and unfair comparison. The mole can see very well indeed, in his own peculiar fashion. His eyes are certainly small; larger eyes would not be of any service to him, for his mode of life is very peculiar. Indeed, the mole is altogether a living wonder, and, for his size, he is the strongest creature in existence; we might also call him the prince of excavators.

Our space will not permit me to give any detailed account of his wonderful underground labours, nor of the dwelling which he shares with his family; I will only speak here of his life above ground, and the good he does to man, who, however, kills him as a foe, as he does other creatures that are in reality his friends.

The tunnels made by the mole act as drainage in wet pasture lands, and the hillocks of finest earth which he throws up make lands so much more fertile, that the finest feed for cattle is produced. Sheep, in particular, thrive well in pasture that is full of old mole hills; for the very best herbage grows on them.

On the velvet-like lawn of a country mansion his hills are not viewed with favour. He generally forfeits his life when he raises them there. His true place is in the fields, but he is almost everywhere more or less—in the woods, by the hedgerow, in the garden, and in the marshes. It would be an impossible task to try to form any idea of the number of worms and insects that the mole devours; this little gentleman in the velvet coat has a most ferocious appetite. Whatever, in fact, he does, he does it with all his might. He can swim finely; his forefeet, which are very powerful, make rare paddles for sending him along. When he leaves his underground labours for a while in order to take a run in the bright sunshine, he never creeps about. I have seen him and his companions dash along like rats. Before they came fully in sight I have fancied that some of those long-tailed gentry were "making tracks" at their best pace.

As a rule he takes the side of the road; but I have seen him sometimes, when he has taken it into his head to explore in the hedgerow, poking and twisting his nose about in all directions, now and again holding up his head to sniff, then running on as before.

If a nest of young robins but newly hatched should lie in his way, I would not give much for their little lives, or for those of the young of the willow wrens. All small birds which build on the ground run the risk of losing their young by their becoming a prey to the mole. I have picked him up at times cautiously by the back, for he bites in a most fierce manner, and wriggles about desperately in his attempts to escape.

Anyone that is familiar, through much observation, with the mole's method of working, can tell from his movements when the weather is about to change.

He has feathered enemies amongst birds of prey that watch the hills as he throws them up, and grip him when they can. His coat is always beautiful; no matter when or where he may have been working, not a speck of dirt ever shows on it; although I have captured him in the act of heaving up wet clay soil, I have never seen him look anything but clean.

The general public know little about him beyond the fact that he lives underground and does damage—so they say—to the farmers, who have him caught in traps.

The hedgehog, urchin, or hedgepig, as he is variously called, has also had a bad name given to him without deserving it. Two accusations against him I will mention: sucking milk from cows and robbing orchards. Our poor little English porcupine is not reduced to such straits as were the Roman twins, and he is a less dangerous foe to orchards than the schoolboy is, though, like his great namesake, the pig, he will eat almost anything that comes in his way. I often renew my acquaintance with him, both in his waking and in his sleeping hours. All through the long winter months he sleeps, rolled up in a ball, in dead leaves and grass, under some hedge bank, or in the shelter of an old wall. A good time for watching his little "tricks and manners" is on warm nights in spring and summer. Many a time have I noted him, as he feeds by night, running hither and thither, poking about, scratching, and gently whining to himself; he has even come and examined my shoes, sniffing and whining as he did so, whilst I stood perfectly still, so as not to alarm the little fellow, in order that I might watch him the better. When I did move, he did not roll himself up in a ball; he simply jogged on his way.

The hedgehog must do a great amount of good, for this reason: insects and small reptiles form a part of his diet, so he grubs up a great many wild plants, some of which he eats; others he disturbs, that he may get at those insects which shelter at their roots. Sometimes, it is true, he visits a garden, where he will eat a few beans or nibble the tops of other things, but the harm done is very small. Fallen fruit he will eat, when he can get it, and why not? It would probably otherwise lie and rot. Yet for these little crimes he is cruelly trapped. When this happens he justifies his name, and the poor little creature squeaks most pitifully. He is on the black list of the gamekeeper, who shows him no mercy at all. For my part I am very favourably disposed towards him; he is, on the whole, a benefactor to man, if a prickly one.

A quaint looking little animal he is, too, and one that never puts himself in the way if he can help it.

It is a well-known fact that those insects which are most injurious to man's labours in the garden and the field do their work at night, including grubs, larvæ, and the rest. Now small reptiles feed on insects, as a rule, so that the hedgehog through their means does double duty, for he lives on both. It is small wonder if he is caught in a trap when it is set with some dainty morsel. If dog or cat wandered where he does in search of their food they would get caught too, with the same bait. However, it is only when he wanders near houses and gardens that he gets into trouble; away from them he can live unmolested, and bring up his family in the snuggest home he can make for them.

Many of you have read Mrs. Ewing's charming book, "Brothers of Pity," where Father Hedgehog relates the adventures of himself, his wife, and his seven urchins, and tells of the gipsy folk in their wood. Few have described country scenes more lovingly than she did. And Miss Mitford's sketch of old Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher, ought not to be forgotten, that "tall, lean, gloomy personage, who was the wise man of the village, and the oracle of the village inn."

When the little urchins make their first appearance in the world, they are very different from their parents in appearance; their spines resemble hair, but these very soon harden, and they begin to look like their elders. There is not the least danger of the hedgehogs being exterminated at present, in spite of traditional superstition which has handed down his name in connection with the bat, the toad, and the owl, all which inoffensive creatures are still in ill odour, although the spread of literature and better education has done much to set the public right as to the true use and position of these. All the creatures that come out by night, though they do man good services by their destruction of his worst enemies, are looked upon by the rustic population as uncanny.

AN UNHAPPY BACHELOR.

By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS, Author of "Her Heart's Desire."

CHAPTER IV.

ONE evening, after a very hot day, I took the children for a stroll by the river. It was lovely there. The willows swept the silver water which flowed serenely on, save where the stones and sedges stayed the current and made it murmur. All down the banks I could see the shining silver weed, the knotted water-flags, the tall, pinky-white clusters of the valerian. Our feet sank in cool moss at every step, and high-spreading ferns almost brushed my knees. The children begged me to wait a little whilst they played at ducks and drakes. I consented, and moving away, watched them running to and fro on the little strip of sand which lay beneath the bank, and listened to the childish shouts of laughter which went echoing down the water.

It was typical of my lot in life—to watch, and wait, and listen—to stand apart and look on at the happiness of others. Presently, quick footsteps, low voices, in the distance, made me look behind me. Advancing towards me, bathed in the level sunlight which streamed across the fields, were two young figures, Tom and Serena.

They were laughing and talking; they had not observed me yet. They looked so young and fair, so happy in each other's society, so made for each other, that it would have made most hearts rejoice to see them; but, alas! it only deepened the chill in mine. I longed to be like them—to be like Tom, young and gladsome, able to win a woman's heart. I belonged to another life, to another generation. Between Serena and me lay a great gulf—twenty-five years of a wasted life. I was not strong yet; I was weak, human, and I suffered intensely as I watched them drawing nearer.

"They will not care to speak to me," I thought, and I drew back into the shadow of an alder-bush. But their quick young eyes found me out, and coming up to me, Serena stood under the alder-bush and offered me her hand.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Mr. Campbell," she said, gazing at me with a gentle, half-shy expression.

"You are the first person who has observed it," I said. "But my looks and my life are not of much importance to anybody."

I did not intend to say it, but the bitterness in my heart forced itself into my words.

"Everybody's life is of importance," said Serena; "and you are doing so much with yours now, that if you became ill or went away it would be a loss to the whole neighbourhood."

I saw she said it with intention; I felt she remembered her last speech, and was trying to make amends, but I was too sore at heart to be generous.

"I am glad to find," I said, "that though beneath your respect, my efforts are not wholly unappreciated by other people."

Serena coloured up violently, and looked at me with the wounded expression I knew so well. I seemed fated to call it up into her sweet eyes.

"At least," she said, still very gently, "suffer me to thank you for the things you have been sending me every day."

"Why do you attribute them to me?" I asked.

"I know it was your kind *thought*," she answered, *looking at Tom* involuntarily, "and I have accepted it all from you, because I feel I have wronged you. You did not do me justice once, but I feel I have been still more hard and unjust in my thoughts of you. Please forgive and let us be friends." She held out her hand to me with the air of a young queen. I grasped it tightly, and all the love in my heart leapt into my eyes. Tom, who had been standing by, looking rather astonished, moved quietly away, and left us alone.

"Serena," I said, "I am more than a friend, I am yours entirely. I would do anything for you. If I could, I would shelter you from every trouble. Remember this; though you scorned my love, remember, it is and always will be yours."

The flush deepened in Serena's cheek, and her hand trembled in mine. Poor girl, she evidently did not know what to say, and I was only distressing her uselessly. The flaming cheeks inspired me with pity, and I came to her rescue myself.

"Good-bye, dear," I said, "I will not distress you in this way again; if you will only keep well and happy, I can bear my own pain."

"Good-bye," she said, and turning she walked slowly, very slowly, after Tom. I was left to bear my own pain.

That evening, for the first time since his return, Tom came up and sat with me. He looked a little shamefaced about it at first, but I welcomed him cordially and took no notice of his former neglect, so he soon became at his ease. The old frank, affectionate manner returned by degrees, and I really think the boy was as glad to resume the former friendly relations as I was.

"I am uneasy about mother," he said, after we had talked a little time. "I think she has grown more delicate than ever, and the least exertion seems to overpower her. Have you noticed how she sits down and gasps after mounting the stairs?"

I had noticed it, but Lilla was generally so delicate-looking and languid in her ways that it had not alarmed me.

"We must persuade her to see a doctor unless she improves soon," I said.

A month, two months passed, but Lilla did not improve. I became seriously alarmed. Her face had become of a bloodless hue, and, from the way in which she suffered, I began to fear an affection of the heart. One day she was too weak to rise. I took the matter into my own hands, and sent for Dr. James. His visit confirmed my worst fears. After he had paid his visit to Lilla I took him aside, and he told me her heart was in a very bad state, and that her hold on life was now exceedingly precarious.

"She must be spared all worry as much as possible," he said, "and even if she recovers a little from her present prostration, must not be allowed to exert herself much."

"But surely you do not anticipate any immediate danger?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

The doctor hesitated.

"With care," he said, "it is possible, just possible, her life may be prolonged some years."

His manner was so grave as he spoke these words that they conveyed very little hope to me. My heart ached for poor Tom and the helpless young children, who might before very long be left motherless. I could not tell Tom what the doctor had said, but I told him his mother was in a very weak state, and would require great care if she were to get well.

"I wish we had——" began Tom, and then stopped abruptly, but I knew well what he was going to say. He was wishing for Serena, who would have nursed his mother like a daughter. Now, unless Miss Lyon rose to the emergency, she must be nursed by servants, and however attentive they might prove, they could not be expected to give her the loving care which Serena would gladly have given. I did not anticipate much comfort from Miss Lyon at this juncture. It had not taken me long to discover that she was strangely wanting in tenderness and sympathy. She did what she considered to be her duty; she taught the children systematically, and kept a sharp eye on them during play-hours, but she never went out of her way to help others, and had once or twice shown a disagreeable spirit when asked to assist Lilla in the little tasks which crop up in a busy household full of young people.

Events proved I was right in the opinion I had formed of Miss Lyon's character. Except to pay a daily visit of inquiry, which she cut exceedingly short, Miss Lyon never entered the sick room. Tom asked her one day if she would mind giving up an hour in the evening to reading to his mother, who grew very weary of the long days spent in her room. Miss Lyon replied that she had come as governess, and not as sick nurse, and refused to do so. We fancied she must have some secret trouble preying on her mind at this time, for she looked very restless and unhappy, but we never found out whether our surmise were correct. The natural sharpness of her temper increased greatly, and on one or two occasions when I was present she completely lost control over it. On the second occasion she pushed Teddy away from her with such violence that he fell on the floor. I spoke to her very angrily, and told her if she behaved in such a manner again she should not remain in the house. She replied that she did not wish to remain any longer with such disagreeable children, and expressed a wish to leave as soon as possible. Thoroughly angry, I replied that she might go when she pleased. She took me at my word, and a week later departed; leaving us stranded, with the children on our hands, and Lilla in bed growing weaker every day. The latter soon grew so alarmingly weak that Tom had to be told of her danger. He was very upset by it.

"Uncle," he said, "we must have Serena back. Her engagement was a temporary one, and it is over. I am sure she will come back if you will ask her."

"I can make no further appeals to Serena," I said, for I did not see why Serena should have all the pride on her side.

"But for mother's sake—for my sake," urged Tom. "If you will only write on a slip of paper 'Come,' I will engage to bring her back with me this very evening."

I could not resist him. I took a slip of paper, and wrote on it in pencil, "Serena, will you come back to us? We need you sorely," added my signature, and gave it to Tom, remarking at the same time that he was going on a useless errand, for Serena would not come. But Serena did come. Tom brought her back triumphantly. It was not a bright house to return to, still her return was a triumph, and she could not help showing me by her face and air when she greeted me that she felt it to be so. I had routed her once, and driven her forth with great slaughter, but she had silently undermined the gates of the enemy—and they had fallen before her. She marched back into the citadel with colours flying, and I was the vanquished low at her chariot wheels.

It is wonderful what difference one deft, helpful person makes in a house. Everything and everybody wore quite a different air after

Serena's return. Even Lilla cheered up, and for a few days seemed to rally a little. It was only for a few days; then the poor lady took to her bed again, and her weakness became quite alarming. Serena spent most of her time in the sick room; she had the gift of nursing, and her patience and tenderness were a marvel. Tom and the schoolroom-maid and I did what we could with the children, but I am afraid the maid had a bad time of it at this juncture. Then, one sad night, the end came. Tom and I were knocked up by Serena about midnight. We both saw when we reached the room that all would soon be over. The breath came in long, labouring gasps, the eyes were clouding over.

"The children," she whispered.

We brought them to their poor dying mother, but she had not even the strength to kiss them. They stood shivering and frightened in their nightdresses. Their mother was strange to them with the strangeness of death; they could not understand it. We made them kiss her hand, and, for very pity, sent them away. There was another whisper; it was for Serena. Serena bent over her.

"Take care of them—take care of the poor children—and take care of Tom—my eldest—our best beloved."

Tom heard her, and sobbed as if his heart would break. I took his hand, and held it tightly. The dying eyes fixed themselves on me as if they would read my very soul.

"Don't send her away," went on the painful, broken whisper. "Help her—look after them all."

"I will love them, and look after them like a father," I said. The dying ears heard me, the dying heart trusted me; a wan smile rewarded me.

"I'll tell Robert," she said, almost in her natural voice. Then suddenly the laboured breathing ceased, and the silence of death filled the chamber. The clouded eyes saw us no longer, but Lilla, no longer widowed, saw and knew in heaven.

Those were painful days that followed. Serena quite broke down; the strain of nursing had been too much for her, and poor Lilla had been to her like a mother. After the funeral, she came down amongst us again, helpful and unselfish as ever, but looking very white. Her presence seemed a great comfort to poor Tom, and she spent a good deal of her time with him. When she was not with him, she devoted herself to the children, but she never seemed to have time to notice me. She moved amongst us like a ministering angel, but her presence brought me no happiness. She brought healing on her wings, but she shed it not on me. She seemed to shrink from me, to hate being alone with me.

This tried me more than words can tell. It was torture to be so near Serena, to see her every day, and yet to feel that I was nothing, absolutely nothing to her. She lived beneath my roof, but had I been the veriest stranger there could not have been a greater distance between us. After a time the position became unendurable. One can bear things for a time, but if too great a tension is put upon the rope, it breaks.

I began to feel ill, and a kind of fever crept into my brain; I could not sleep, I could not eat, I could not think or work calmly. Life was intolerable. I felt some change must be made, yet knew not what change to make. Unendurable as the position was to me, uncomfortable as it must have been to Serena, yet there seemed no way of escaping from it. Neither of us could leave Glan-yr-Afon; we were bound together by the children, constrained to remain together by the memory of the dead mother. The fetters that linked our lives could not be broken. There was nothing to do but to bear them.

One evening—the feverish fit was very strong upon me—I wandered down restlessly into the garden; Tom and Serena were sitting talking on a bench in the twilight; they were often there at that hour. I was going to pass them, for I felt sure they would not want me, but Tom said, "Do join us, uncle," and pointedly made room for me on the bench between himself and Serena. To refuse would have been ungracious, so I accepted the invitation and seated myself. For a little while we all sat silent. The garden was delicious. The air was fragrant with the scent of the syringa and the night daphne; the night dew on the grass and flowers glistened in the evening light.

The line of fir trees which bordered the garden at the further end stood out dark and clear as a silhouette against the lingering red of the sunset sky. But the beauty of it all was a pain to me. Nature was doing her best to soothe me, but it was like singing a beautiful song to a man on the rack. The song may remind him of heaven, but he cannot forget the rack.

The red faded from behind the trees, and the pale moon shone out more clearly in the sky. Tom, who was fond of poetry, began quoting—

"Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing of the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth——"

"Don't, Tom!" I exclaimed, stopping him abruptly. I felt as if I could not stand poetry; it was turning another screw in the rack. Tom stopped, as requested, but he looked very astonished. Serena got up, and walked slowly away towards the belt of trees in the distance. It was always so: she could not bear to be near me. I threw back my head with a gesture of despair. The scent of the syringa and night daphne was overpowering, the monotonous note of the corncrake in the distance grew unendurable.

"Uncle," said Tom, suddenly, "I know you are both ill and unhappy; I wish you would let me do something for you—help you in some way."

"I am not ill," I answered, "but I am unhappy—unhappy as the man must be whose whole heart is set upon something that can never be his." The longing for sympathy was so strong upon me that it overcame my usual reticence.

Tom got up.

"It is yours; it can be yours, if you will only ask for it," he said, quickly and nervously. "Can't you see, uncle, that Serena has learnt to love you, and that this estrangement makes her as miserable as you?"

"But, my boy, I once asked Serena——" I began, then stopped. I could not bear to talk of it to such a lad.

"I know," said Tom, "but for once let your nephew advise you. Go to her now and ask her again." Then he hurried away, as though afraid of his own words, and the possible effect they might have upon me.

I sat still, feeling as if the world had turned topsy-turvy. Could Tom's words be true? Could it be possible that Serena loved me? A faint new light seemed to break in upon me. Did the marked avoidance of me mean, not dislike and contempt, but a shy dread of betraying a changed feeling? Tom's words, "Ask her again," seemed to ring in my ears. I fancied the corncrake changed his note, and began repeating, "Ask her again—ask her again." I don't think I had any intention of asking Serena again at that moment, yet I rose and followed where she had gone, down to the belt of fir trees at the end of the garden. It seemed very dark when I got under the trees; the long branches kept out the rays of the moon, but the slender boles of the firs still showed inky black against the twilight grey around. A small dark figure leaned against one of them, and I knew instinctively that it was Serena. I went up to her and leaned against the tree facing hers. It was too dark to see her face; I could only see the dark outline of a graceful, drooping head.

For a little time we were silent, then Serena began to talk, rather nervously, on ordinary topics. I was quite calm again now; Tom's words seemed to have stilled the fever in my brain, and by degrees my composure influenced Serena, and she grew less nervous. Insensibly the tone of our conversation changed, and turned into graver channels, and soon we found ourselves talking of the poor dead mother, with the shadows of fast-gathering night around us. Serena seemed nearer to me at that moment than she had ever been before. No loving heart can think of the dead without feeling more tender towards the living. It makes one realise that life after all is a very short journey, and that any day one of those who tread the path beside us may be called away.

Then what pain and remorse if that fellow-traveller's short journey have been saddened by any act of ours. I know this thought was in Serena's mind, for rather falteringly she gave utterance to it. Through the darkness I felt the softening of her heart towards me.

"Serena," I said, "you and I are treading the same path poor Lilla trod before us; we have to guide her children along it. Will you not give me your hand and let us tread it together, helping each other over the rough places? Dear one, will you not come to me?"

There was a silence, and then she came to me and put her hand in mine. I drew her towards me; she did not resist, and then I knew Serena loved me, and that I had won her for ever. All the pain and loneliness of the past months rolled away from me like a cloud. Once more I felt young and light-hearted. I was standing wrapt in gloom under the deep shadow of the fir trees, but I was lonely no longer; Serena was mine, and my soul was flooded with sunshine. I cannot write here all we said under the fir trees; some of it is too sacred; but in one short half-hour we learned to understand each other better than in all the months that had gone before. I think Serena was as happy as I was. After a time her shyness vanished, and when we moved out into the moonlight she began to show signs of the latent audacity in her character.

"One thing I insist upon," she said, looking at me with a wicked expression. "I am to choose the new governess."

I think it was lucky for Serena then that so many windows looked out upon the moonlit garden.

"I see," I said, maliciously, "that even yet you do not respect me."

Serena immediately became contrite. In the happy years that followed she often tried to tease me, but I could always bring her to my feet by making that remark. We sought out Tom and told him of our new-found happiness. His eyes were full of tears as he congratulated us. Perhaps he was thinking of the dead mother, whose place Serena was taking; or perhaps a touch of loneliness came over him. But Lilla's eldest, her "best beloved," always held the first place in our hearts. In Serena he found mother and sister—to me he was ever both brother and son.

And so, after long years, happiness came to me. It was not quite the happiness of youth and spring time—

"Nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,"

but it was very true happiness. I had a bright evening time, a happy Indian summer.

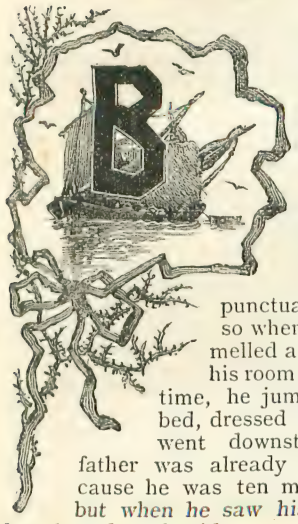
[THE END.]

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER III.

MISS DULCEY.



BREAKFAST at Castle Farm was at half-past seven, and Charlie had some difficulty in being in time. He knew of old that his father was punctual at meals, so when Belle pummelled at the door of his room for the third time, he jumped out of bed, dressed hastily, and went downstairs. His father was already fuming because he was ten minutes late, but when he saw his pale face he relented, and said—

"My dear boy, you do want rest and change. The sooner you start for Montreal the better."

As may be supposed, Montreal, Jabez Dauncey, and the next-of-kin had haunted the dreams and thoughts of that small family all the night, and the theme was resumed and discussed all breakfast-time. Even Belle forgot the haymakers in the engrossing topic, and it quite superseded the usually paramount one—the weather and the crops. Charlie was to return to London by the evening express, and the preliminaries of his subsequent proceedings had to be settled. Belle soon discovered which way the wind lay, and knew that she could not change it. Her father was always a problem to her, for he was as obstinate as he was vacillating, and she was never sure what turn his restless mind might take. The breakfast things were still on the table when there was a ponderous knock at the front door.

"That is Miss Dulcey, I am sure," cried Belle, jumping up and hastening to answer it. "Ah! I am so glad you have come!" she added, embracing and almost extinguishing the individual who had rapped so resolutely.

"Miss Dulcey!" exclaimed Mr. Dauncey to his son. "What will she say? We may as well go to the bottom of the Atlantic as offend her. Everybody expects a fortune from Miss Dulcey; and certainly Belle, as her goddaughter, has as good a chance as another."

"I shall never forget her kindness to us; though it might have been better had she——" began Charlie, pausing in his speech, as a little lady entered the room, followed by Belle, who was twice her height.

Father and son hastened to meet her, and when she had shaken hands with them, she apologised for appearing so early.

"Miss Dulcey is never too early anywhere; and we are always honoured by a visit," said Mr. Dauncey, assuming his best manners.

"I heard that Charlie was here, and came to see him, thinking he might leave by the early train," returned Miss Dulcey, taking the low cushioned window seat. "You look ill. How are your children? And what brought you down so unexpectedly?"

There was no uncertainty in Miss Dulcey's manners or speech. She went direct to the point, and when Charlie hesitated slightly in his reply to her last question she interrupted him by—

"I guessed as much. I saw the same advertisement. It must be your cousin Jabez, Mr. Dauncey. But advertisements are often humbugs, and I don't believe in any of 'em."

A long discussion ensued, in which Miss Dulcey displayed a shrewd common sense, which, together with her position, gave her the not always enviable post of general umpire and referee in village matters. She was called indifferently "Our little lady" and "Miss Dulcey" by the neighbourhood.

She owed the first of these names to her being small of stature, the latter to her having the Christian name of Dulcibella. Her surname was Weatherley, she being half-sister of Squire Weatherley, of the Court. Although, as we have said, really "a little lady," she was no dwarf. She was well-formed, light, active, and full of life. She was dark, with a pair of eyes that looked you through and through, and never failed to discover any reserved thought if there were one. She had none herself, and woe be to the man, woman, or child who tried to deceive her. Nobody ever meddled with her age, for she had always looked the same, and everyone forgot whether she was fifteen or fifty. She might have been either, for her figure was girlish, her dress staid. She generally wore black, and always bonnets, except in her garden, where she had an abnormally big hat, which seemed to cover her all over. There was nothing peculiar or eccentric either in her dress or manners, and yet people chose to call her "quite an original," which she certainly was.

Her originality consisted in her having made up her mind on all points, religious and secular, and in enunciating her opinions with no uncertain sound. She had never any patience with Mr. Dauncey, and would have quarrelled with him whenever they met, had he not been polite enough to yield to her, and her alone; for was she not Belle's godmother, and might she not, if she chose, prove a fairy godmother to the girl?

She was very fond of Belle, partly for her own sake, partly for her mother's, who had been her dear friend. The Daunceys were a respectable, if somewhat decayed, family, and in former days ranked with those magnates known as country gentlemen; and Belle's mother had been the daughter of the vicar of Hollyfield, who preceded Mr. Burmester, the present incumbent. So Miss Dulcey had stood sponsor to Belle, who inherited her name, which they divided for the convenience of everyday life. She was also fond of Charlie, and had incurred the dire displeasure of her half-brother by allowing his marriage with his daughter to take place from her house in town. There was, indeed, no good blood between her and the Squire, who would fain have grasped her fortune as well as his own. This he could not do, for it was inherited from her mother, and had reverted to her on their father's death, who had been twice married. The Squire had enough of his own, inasmuch as the Court and all its appurtenances belonged to him.

Miss Dulcey spent her income royally between town and country; for while professing to hate the noise and bustle of London, she yet visited it every season, either renting a small house, or flat, for some two or three months. This gave her an additional influence over her neighbours, who seldom or ever went to town, and who listened with admiration to her scathing remarks on the follies of the age. Nothing is so easy as to abuse the century in which we live; and the nineteenth, though better than its predecessors, has to endure much calumny. As if God were not above all, moving the wheels of the very complicated machinery!

Miss Dulcey let the Daunceys, father and son, pour out all they had to say on the Canadian question without much interruption. An occasional "Ah, indeed!—what folly!—stuff o' nonsense!" and the like were her only remarks, to which Belle listened, with eyes and soul centred in her small person, as if she really were the Hollyfield oracle people called her. But when the case for the defence was ended, and the two men paused for breath, Belle was astounded at the judge's summing up. She had expected quite a different opinion, more in accordance with her own. Miss Dulcey sat erect in her corner of the window-seat, looking from one to the other of the special pleaders, and nodding occasionally; but they averted their eyes from her, knowing their interpenetrating quality. When they had finished, however, they looked at her. Her judgment was enunciated in short, sharp, incisive sentences.

"I agree with you both. You are Jabez Dauncey's heirs. There can't be two of that name. And an ugly name it is! Not so preposterous as Dulcibella, however. One of you must see after the money. Charlie has nothing better to do, apparently, and may as well idle at Montreal as in London. I always say men are the most useless of created animals—made to give trouble to women. Excuse me, Mr. Dauncey, but Belle quite agrees with me. Charlie

will leave three encumbrances on her already overweighted hands; all the same, the children must come here, and he must go to Canada."

"Bravo, Miss Dulcey, I always say you are the most sensible lady I ever saw," laughed Mr. Dauncey, who had risen and was walking to and fro.

"Would you mind sitting down, Mr. Dauncey? I can never collect my ideas when anything is in motion before me. Thank you."

"But, Miss Dulcey——" began Belle.

"Indeed, Miss Dulcey," interrupted Charlie, "I am truly miserable."

"You look so, Charlie; but explain."

"I have done my best, but everything has been against me. I ought never to have lured dearest Amy from her home; I ought never to have married her. Our positions were so different, and perhaps she would not have died if she hadn't changed hers."

"Life and death are not in our hands, Charlie, and she told me she should die if she was parted from you. You upbraid me in upbraiding yourself, and what's the good? You met first at my house, fool that I was; and you were married from my house. I believe she was happy."

"She was, indeed she was, Miss Dulcey. She had everything she wanted; and oh, I loved her, I loved her better than my life!"

Here Charlie's long-suppressed feelings gave way, and he burst into tears. It is said that it is terrible to see a man cry, but Charlie's grief was so natural, that it might be called womanly. Kind Miss Dulcey slipped from her rather high seat, and went to him. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and tried to comfort him.

"I know you loved her, Charlie. She is in heaven, so we won't lament her. You must be brave for her sake and the children's."

"I will. How kind you are, Miss Dulcey. I thought you would upbraid me. But I did my utmost to save her, God knows."

A sob from Belle, generally so stout-hearted, roused Charlie.

"Dear Belle, I am so sorry. Forgive me," he added, and they all recovered self-possession by degrees.

"A voyage will set him up," said Miss Dulcey, cheerfully. "All my friends go abroad when they have a finger-ache. I hear of nothing but massage, and the grape cure, and the water cure, and the sun and air cure, and you can get a touch of 'em all in Canada."

"And, before all, the money cure, Miss Dulcey," put in Mr. Dauncey. "If we could only get that fortune we could snap our fingers at the world, and be as grand as the new tenant of Harborough Hall, who made his money, they say, out of shoddy, whatever that may be."

"A truly respectable trade, Mr. Dauncey, and one that would suit Belle, for it utilises what other folk throw away. I daresay if you got this fortune to-morrow, you'd spend it the next day."

"Not with Belle to square my accounts, ma'am. She'd pretty soon pull me up."

"And what does she think of the advertisement?"

Miss Dulcey hopped over to Belle, who was sitting apart listening, and repeated her question.

"I don't see where the money is to come from, Miss Dulcey," said Belle. "Spending one fortune to get another is no good, and we've got no ready money."

"The celebrated Holloway, the pill and ointment man, said he spent one fortune to make two," replied Miss Dulcey. "Come with me, Belle, and we'll talk it over, as only women can. Men are of no good in money matters, nor in any other matter, for that much; but one must humour 'em, poor demented creatures. She shall be back in no time, Mr. Dauncey. Good-bye, Charlie! Keep up your spirits and try not to grieve over spilt milk. No good in that. I have just given little Polly Norton a shilling; she was sobbing her heart out over an upset and empty milkcan almost as big as herself. We have our country arabs, or juvenile gymnasts, or whatever you may call 'em, just as hardly used as the town ones. It has been the same ever since the world was made. Why, Jeremiah laments over the children that 'stumbled under the wood.' I wonder whether that blessed man, Lord Shaftesbury, ever thought of that verse in Lamentations when he was struggling through his short-hours Bills?"

"I daresay he did, for he knew the Bible by heart," replied Belle, who had put on her hat, and was waiting for Miss Dulcey.

They hurried away together, leaving the two men to wonder "what Miss Dulcey was up to now." In the paddock a huge turkey cock flew at Miss Dulcey, who turned and faced him valiantly, while Belle sought to drive him away. It was curious to see the little lady poking at the huge bird with her large parasol, and laughing heartily.

"He knows what a contempt I have for his sex, and always gobbles at me. Look, Belle, what a magnificent tail he spreads out! All show; just like the men! But he has something to be proud of, which is more than I can say for them. All self, all self! Yours are fine examples, Belle. But poor Charlie must be humoured, or he'll follow Amy."

"Oh, Miss Dulcey!" exclaimed Belle, who had made the turkey cock turn tail, and was laughing at his proud mien as he strutted away.

"Make haste, Belle. I daresay you're wanted in a hundred places," said Miss Dulcey, hurrying through the gate and up the road.

Belle had some difficulty in keeping pace with her, for she was the most rapid of walkers. She did not pause until she reached a flight of picturesque stone steps, overshadowed by an arch of fine trees. She ran up these, followed by Belle. At their summit was a smooth path leading, through a well-mown lawn, to a low, two-storeyed house, literally embowered in creeping plants and flowers. It was a garden of roses, and over the porch and from the pointed windows fell garlands of trailing and blossoming branches. The lawn wandered down to the fields, and beyond were low hills, both near and distant, which formed a sweet setting to the sweetest of pictures. Borders, full of summer flowers, surrounded the lawn, and light iron railings alone divided it from the fields, so that it was hard to know where the garden ended and the meadows began. This was Miss Dulcey's home, and she called it The Gables, because of its Elizabethan points and eaves.

From it, on one side, the church and vicarage were seen, seated, like itself, on a hill, and beneath it the red roof of the school-house. Miss Dulcey was wont to say that when she was ill or superannuated she would have reminders of her duty both to God and man, since she was placed just between church and school, and could hear the bells and the choir pealing from the one, and the children's monotonous reading and jubilant singing from the other.

"Quite near enough without a telephone. That must be a Satanic invention, for it makes people deaf to what's going on around them, just to listen to what's passing afar off," she said.

She led Belle through the porch into what she called her summer drawing-room. This was a small apartment formed out of the hall and passage, which was open all the summer, and closed with warm curtains and various other contrivances during the winter months. Its window looked out upon the lawn and distant prospect, and through it intruded many delightful flowers. It admitted also the echoes of the Psalms and hymns aforementioned, together with a chorus of bird-minstrelsy not to be described by mortal pen. Belle loved this room almost as much as her godmother did, and some of her happiest and most peaceful hours had been spent there.

No sooner was she seated in a low basket-work chair, near Miss Dulcey's well covered writing-table, than the latter made known what had been the reason of her taking her away so unceremoniously from her brother.

"Of course, Belle, I see things just as you do," she began. "There are difficulties—there always are difficulties. There is no money; there never is when it is wanted. Now I, who am a single woman, and who never in my whole life wished to be a double one, have more money than I can spend. I mean to frank Charlie to Canada; in the first place, by God's help, to save his life; and in the second, to enable him to claim this fortune. Now, don't interrupt me, and lose time. One may be too prudent, and perhaps that's one of your faults, Belle. You are over anxious, because your father is—well, my dear, you know what I think of him and men in general, so I won't repeat. I agree with Scripture about 'vain repetitions,' and I only wish all my fellow sinners did; but we won't enter upon that question."

"But, dear Miss Dulcey——" interrupted Belle.

"Not a word, Belle. Excuse me for a moment. Just go and call Ben, while I run upstairs."

Miss Dulcey disappeared into what was virtually the hall, whence a well-

carpeted staircase led to the upper storey. Belle hurried round to what was actually the principal entrance, to which such "carriage company" as visited the Gables of necessity came. The main road below the flight of steps led to this, and the door opened on the inner hall.

"Ben, Ben!" cried Belle, at the top of her voice.

"Yes, miss, here I be. What now? 'Tis always Ben," came from a voice somewhere below.

The coachhouse and stable and coachman's house were on a level with the road, hidden from view, and Ben came through a side path in the shrubbery. Ben was Miss Dulcey's man-of-all-work, and was a strong, sturdy specimen of his class. He had been grooming the pony and brushing up the carriage, so, at that moment, was not at his best.

"Miss Dulcey wants you, Ben," said Belle. "I think she is in a hurry."

"She always is, but she must wait," returned Ben, whose virtue it was never to be in a hurry. "Make so bold, Miss Belle, but how's Molly?"

"She's first rate, Ben. You haven't been to see her for a long time."

"What's the good, Miss Belle? She always sends me away with a flea in my ear. The last time I saw her was when I took the parcel from mistress to you, and she said, 'she'd plenty to do, if I hadn't, and I said to myself, 'I'll never go a-nigh her again.'"

Belle laughed, and Ben joined; but their merriment was interrupted by an imperative call of "Ben! Belle! Where on earth are you?"

Belle ran off, and Ben followed, with "measured step and slow." Miss Dulcey always said he was an agricultural labourer spoilt, and she had been the means of diverting his talents from their natural bent. All the same, he was a valuable servant.

"Will you have the pony-carriage ready to drive Mr. Charles Dauncey to the station in time for the express, Ben?" said Miss Dulcey. "Now, you can't complain that I haven't given you proper notice."

"Mr. Charlie! I'll drive him with pleasure, mistress," returned Ben, with unusually brisk intonation. "I'll be at Castle Farm at a quarter past four to the minute, Miss Belle."

"Which is the greater attraction, Charlie or Molly?" asked Miss Dulcey, as Ben disappeared. "You can go also, Belle. It must be a broken day, and you must make the best of it. Give that to Charlie, and tell him to come back with flesh on his bones and Jabez Dauncey's fortune in his pocket. Not a word. Good-bye, dear. I am due at the vicarage, and shall have a lecture from Mrs. Burmester as long as to-day and to-morrow. The best of women, but sententious; and if there is anything that riles me, it is long sentences in a sermon; and doesn't she preach!"

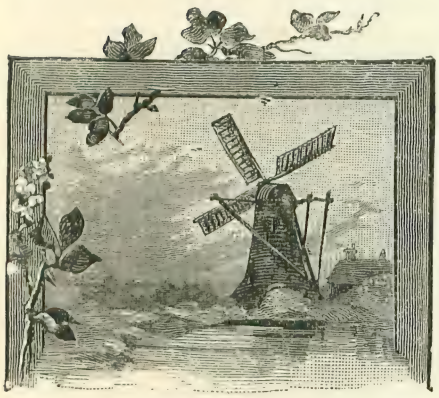
Miss Dulcey thrust into Belle's hands one of those charming grey bags with white tape strings that they give you at the banks when you are lucky enough to carry away money. Before Belle could utter a word, she was speeding over the gravel path, and while the girl still stood irresolute, she was down the steps, and up the hill on her way to the vicarage.

"What can I say?—what can I do?" ejaculated Belle, feeling the crisp bank notes and gold which the bag contained. "I must give it to Charlie, and what will he do with it?"

She did not pause to think out her problem, but hurried back with her treasure to Castle Farm.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

Molly Bawn would do well to advertise for an engagement as a visiting governess, and try to obtain pupils for music and singing, in a local paper; doubtless there is one at Weston-super-Mare. She might also get some tradesman, such as a pastrycook or a librarian, and perhaps a music-seller, to put her card in their windows. The clergyman of your church, with whom you ought to be acquainted, might kindly name your wishes amongst his parishioners.

An Unlearned Girl and Ernest White.—We fear the articles, "How to Form a Small Library," and "How to Improve One's Education," are not to be had. They were in volume ii., the first on pages 7 and 122, the second on pages 637 and 794. You might perhaps get them by advertising. But we have had an excellent series lately in volume ix., called "The Girl's Year," to which we direct your attention.

Tiny.—The German characters appear to be properly written.

E. S. and L. T.—We have given the addresses of the Medical Missions many times in these columns. Please refer back to them. We fear the arrangement you mention could not be carried out.

Euterpe.—You can obtain a "Handbook to the Greek Testament," by Dr. Green, at our publishing office; it also contains a complete vocabulary, etc.; the price is 7s. 6d. Pray for Divine grace and help, and strive to show a practical repentance.

ART.

Taw and Torridge.—Brass rubbings are usually mounted upon strong canvas, and then placed in very plain wooden frames. They can be sized with isinglass, and varnished with white spirit varnish; but we prefer them without such improvement.

Eric.—Use black carriage varnish for your painting, and put it on very thinly, making one or two applications. The finger-plates must have holes drilled into them with a diamond drill, and screws put through the holes to fasten them to the doors. Plate-glass is the best to use for the purpose, as window-glass is not strong enough.

An Amateur.—When painting flowers on American cloth in oils, the shadows and high lights should be put in only where they are required, and not spread over the whole surface of the flower. The articles upon "Mirror Painting," in volume vii., pages 148, 219, 528, would help you much as to colouring, if you studied them carefully.

Yesel.—The water colour must be sized before varnishing. Melt some isinglass in water, strain it, and employ the liquid. Use water-colour varnish, afterwards giving two or more coats, as they dry. Only one coat of size, however, should be given, and that must be laid on very carefully, or the colours beneath it will run.

MUSIC.

A Lover of Music.—In reply to your query respecting the "tied or bound note" in the bar quoted from No. 1 of Schumann's "Forest Scenes," the "E" is only "slurred," it is not "bound"; for it could not, if that were the case, proceed in the same part to "C."

Arbutus.—1. The last note in the bass is the key-note. For instance, if the signature of a piece be one sharp, and the concluding bass note be "G," then the key is major. If it be "E," it is minor. Of course this is so provided there has been no change of key during the piece. 2. In the first bar the semiquaver in the treble is played with the crotchet in the bass. In the second bar, "B" in the treble is with "G" in the bass; and "D" in the treble after "B" in the bass.

Ezra.—In the last example you have given there are hidden fifths between the "F" in the bass and the "C" in the treble, which proceeds in the next bar to "C" in the bass and "G" in the treble. If anxious to know more of harmony, and at a loss how to proceed, we think you would learn all you require by a careful study of Sir John Goss' "Harmony."

Wallflower should write to some good music publisher—for instance, Novello—for an easy book suitable for self-instruction.

Intended Learner of Singing.—There are conflicting opinions on most questions, but we never heard any discredit thrown on the Tonic Sol-fa system, and should require proof, well demonstrated by really competent judges, before concluding that it tended to "spoil the voice."

MISCELLANEOUS.

K. Mavourneen.—Try washing your plants with tobacco juice, and sprinkle the earth round the plants with insecticide.

Lover of Natural Science.—The different colours of lake and sea water, as they appear to us, are caused by organic or inorganic matter which they contain. Sometimes the dust from the adjacent shores are perpetually washed down into the water, as from the coasts of the Mediterranean, from whence fine whitish dust particles reflect a brilliant light, and others a chalky blue green. The Red Sea is full of vegetable matter (according to Ehrenberg); on the coast of China the water is full of minute phosphorescent animal organisms, which give it a yellow hue; while the Indian and Pacific Oceans show patches of red, brown or white, according to the colour of the minute animalculæ which are suspended in countless myriads in the water. But according to the latest tests made, Professor Gordon McPherson states, "when all organic and inorganic matter is removed, there seems every reason to believe that blue is the normal colour of pure water." When the sea on our own coasts is green, it is that the foundation of sand is yellow. Glacier water is filled with reflecting particles, which give it a brilliant whitish hue, and make it opaque.

Qui Vive.—Pronounce as if spelt "Fowst" and "Goetay"; the sound of the German "œ" cannot be conveyed in print, but must be orally taught.

A Wedding in the Days of Queen Elizabeth. (*See Frontispiece.*) A gay procession formed part of the humbler wedding in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The bride was led to church between two boys wearing bride laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves, and before her was carried a silver cup filled with wine, in which was a bunch of gilded rosemary, hung about with silk ribbons of all colours; next came the musicians, the bridesmaids, some bearing great bridecakes, others garlands of gilded wheat. Thus they marched to church, amid the shouts and benedictions of the spectators.

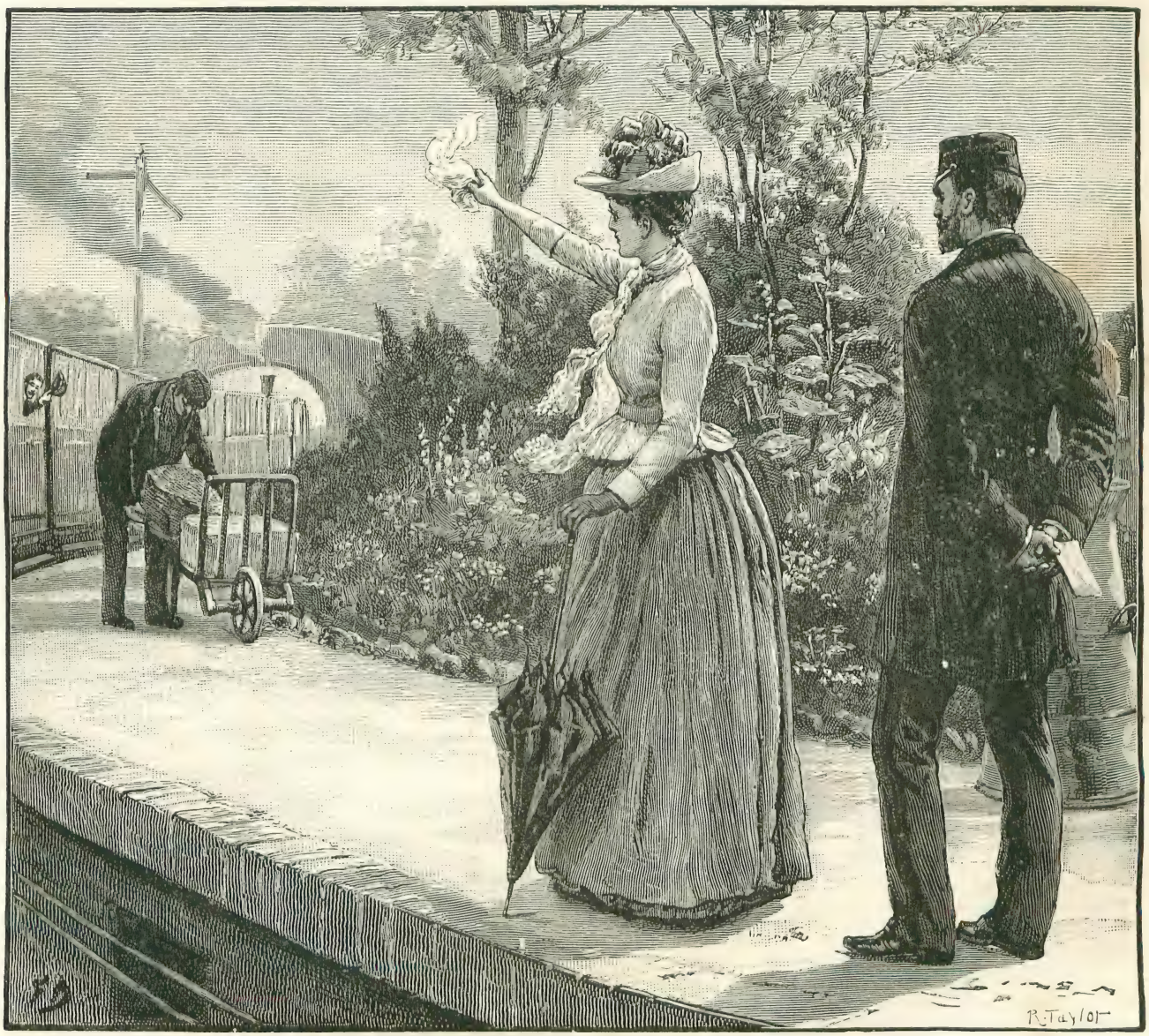
A WEDDING IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[*See page* 480.

VOL. XI.—NO. 540.] MAY 3, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

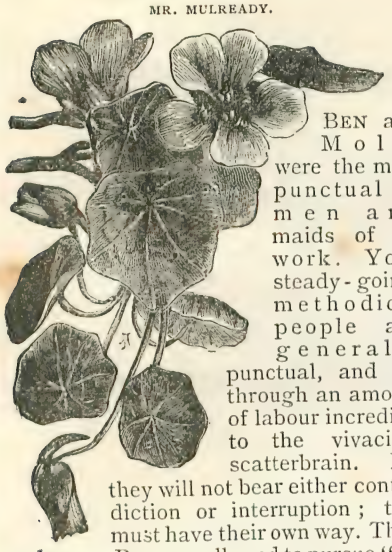
By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.



All rights reserved.] "TO WATCH THE TRAIN UNTIL IT WAS OUT OF SIGHT."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MULREADY.



BEN and Molly were the most punctual of men and maids of all work. Your steady-going, methodical people are generally punctual, and get through an amount of labour incredible to the vivacious scatterbrain. But they will not bear either contradiction or interruption; they must have their own way. Thus, so long as Ben was allowed to pursue "the daily round" without being chased out of his circle, all went well at The Gables; and so long as Molly was not hurried in her "common task," everything went smoothly at Castle Farm. But disturb their routine, and you disturbed their tempers. Unfortunately, they had a mistress and master who were not as particular on this head as they might have been, and their equanimity never attained that perfection to which, in their humble way, they aimed.

We are told that lovers, to be constant, should be "opposites," whatever that may mean; but Ben and Molly had been attracted to one another by similarity. Not that they were exactly "lovers," for no sooner did Ben find time to make a polite speech to Molly than she snubbed him by telling him that she had no time to listen to him. This state of things had been going on for some years, and Belle, who understood it, sympathised with Ben, and occasionally upbraided Molly for her unceremonious conduct.

"Why for I make a fool of myself and idle my time?" was all that Molly said, and Miss Dulcey greatly admired her.

Ben was at the farm precisely at a quarter past four. To see him at his best, he was to be contemplated as coachman; and as he sat awaiting Belle and Charlie, even Molly's hard heart was softened to admiration. His livery was perfect, if plain; the pony carriage was spotless; and as to Miss Saucy, the pony, she was groomed till she must have been tired of the operation, if he was not. Moreover, he was not a bad-looking man, if a trifle heavy.

"Ah! here you are!" said Molly, appearing suddenly beneath the porch. "Well! you are dressed up just to drive Mr. Charlie to the station!"

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Molly," returned Ben, glancing slily at the smart blue bow in the cap, and the best apron.

"I s'pose we've both had plenty to do. I have. But you might 'a found time to say a civil word to one."

It dawned upon Ben's dull brain that he had made a hit without intending it. If absence had not exactly "made her heart grow fonder," it had stirred up her feelings.

"I've been too busy. If you can afford to lose time, I can't," said Ben, with an amount of sagacity that neither Miss Dulcey nor Belle would have credited him with.

Further disclosures were cut short by the appearance of Charlie and Belle, followed by their father.

"Sit in front with Ben, he will like it," whispered Belle, getting into the rumble, while her brother wished his father and Molly good-bye.

"Make so bold, Mr. Charles, but we shall be late," said Ben, and Charlie was instantly at his side.

"Good luck! good luck!" shouted Mr. Dauncey, while Molly ran to open the gate.

Two of the farm men were there already, anxious to have a word with Charlie, whom everybody loved. But Ben drove through with a side nod at Molly, declaring that there was not a moment to lose. Still, as Charlie knew, he would not have hurried either Miss Saucy or himself to save the train. Miss Saucy's steps were never quickened unless her mistress was driving, and then she knew she had her master—which sounds an anomalous confusion of sex.

It was a three miles' drive, and Ben talked stolidly to Charlie all the way. The haymakers were busy everywhere, and the breezes wafted the delicious scent of the new-mown hay to the inmates of the pony carriage. Charlie turned to Belle with a half sigh as he inhaled it, and pointed to the wild roses in the hedgerows and the wild flowers on the banks, with almost more pain than pleasure. He was melancholy, despite "the next of kin."

They reached the station just in time.

"Write as soon as you can fix the day," said Belle, as she embraced her brother fervently, heedless of spectators.

There was only one, in fact, and he thrust his hand into the carriage to bid Charlie good-bye just as the train was about to start.

"Your flowers are more beautiful than ever," said Charlie, grasping the offered hand.

Belle stood, with eyes brimful of tears, to watch the train until it was out of sight, then turned slowly round. She stood a few moments alone on the platform, and then she was greeted by a friend. It was Mr. Mulready, the station-master.

"Your brother did not stay long, Miss Dauncey. I hope he brought no bad news," he said.

"I hope not—I think not—unless a possible fortune is bad news," replied Belle, smiling, and brushing off the tears.

"I saw the advertisement. May I gather you a nosegay?" said the station-master.

No one knew anything of Mr. Mulready, save that he was a gentleman, and had a wonderful taste for flowers. Indeed, Orchardson Station was a lodge, not in "a vast wilderness," but in a beautiful garden. Every inch of ground was utilised for flower-beds. All the length of the platform there was a border, within the railings, full of pinks, mignonette, sweet peas, and every scented summer blossom; while the slope, through which the path to the platform wound, was a maze of tiny beds, in which were planted bulbs or roots, according to the season. At the moment they overflowed with the treasures of summer, and travellers wondered at the taste displayed in the arrangement of colour, and asked who the artist could be. Orchardson Station always carried off the first prize in the competition for the neatest and prettiest stations, and was the admiration of all the passengers on that line of railway. Its one porter and one telegraph boy took a commendable pride in the flowers, and spent every leisure moment in aiding the master in transplanting, bedding-out, watering, pruning, and weeding the immaculate parterre. To them Mr. Mulready transferred such prizes in money as fell to his share, and they had, therefore, an interest in the work beyond the mere pleasure of hearing people say theirs was the most beautiful station ever seen.

The small house attached to the verandah, which served as a waiting-room, was also as well concealed by creeping plants as was The Gables, and in every available corner flower-pots protruded, the contents of which were to displace the existing garden-growth when their turn came.

Belle sat down on the one iron seat at the end of the platform, while her friend, Mr. Mulready, gathered her nosegay. Although her back was turned to the white pinks and mignonette, their perfume reached her, and helped to dry the tears and restore the smiles so natural to her bright temper of mind. No sooner were her eyes clear again, than she was at Mr. Mulready's side.

"I must not keep the pony carriage waiting," she said. "Ah! what a lovely posy! I can't make my flowers grow as yours do."

"I wonder at that, for you are all sunshine," he replied. "I will carry them to the carriage."

She led the way up the grey-gravelled path between the wee flower-beds, and he followed. Ben and the pony were becoming impatient. They were outside the railing that bounded the station, and Miss Saucy was munching some of the large leaves of the sunflowers that grew within it. This border of sunflowers was a gorgeous sight in autumn, much admired by the countryfolk. Mr. Mulready having helped Belle into the carriage, laid his nosegay on her lap. Her thanks were as warm as her nature, and Mr. Mulready promised to supply her with bedding-out plants, and to bring them himself to the farm, and help her to put them into the ground—when he had time.

"That is never," she said.

"True," he returned. "Although I seem to have an easy post, it is so responsible that I am always afraid something may happen while I absent myself. If I had not been here yesterday you would not have received the telegram."

Ben turned Miss Saucy's head, and Belle nodded her good-bye. Mr. Mulready stood at the gate to watch her, and smiled when she looked round and nodded again. He admired her almost as much as he did his flowers, because she, like them, was a child of nature. He hated artificiality, and abjured forced and hybrid plants. He was reckoned a strange man, and was so far peculiar, that he made few acquaintances, and kept much to himself, his flowers, his duties, and a few books, which he read and re-read when leisure allowed him.

The readers of to-day will question the latter clause, and ask if there still exists the man who reads a book twice, or, indeed, once thoroughly. But Mr Mulready certainly did. And this not because he was too old to care for anything new, for he was not an old man; but because the bent of his mind seemed to lie in one direction. This was rather a backward than a forward one, and when people tried to run him to ground, he said he could not keep pace with the times. That was why he came to Orchardson, they said, for assuredly the world there was slow enough. The country people liked him, for he was patient with them, their children, their poultry, and their parcels when they came back from market; and they all declared him to be a real gentleman, though he was reduced to be a station-master, since nobody but a gentleman would be as particular in helping third-class passengers as he was first. Moreover, they liked his looks. He was a fine, manly fellow, and neither gentle nor simple ventured to take a liberty with him.

"He be a queer chap, Miss Belle," said Ben, when Miss Saucy had got into her regular trot, and was making her way homewards. "I can't get the sunflowers to grow as he do. Miss Dulcey be always bringing of him up, and I says that if his sunflowers be finer than ours, our lilies do beat his hollow. He ha'ant got nothing to compare wi' our lilies, and I'll stand to it to my dying day."

"But yours is such a grand garden, Ben, and his such a little one," said Belle, holding up her nosegay for the admiration of a group of cottage children who were curtseying and smiling as she passed them.

"Just so, Miss Belle. He'll never get so many prizes as I've got, if he was to try at all the flower shows from here to London."

Belle found it difficult to keep up a conversation with Ben, and responded to his monotonous talk with absent monosyllables. "She be thinking of Mr. Charlie, who do look uncommon bad," reflected Ben, for she was usually the most chatty of companions. So he, too, fell to thinking of Molly and his multifarious duties, and was silent.

Belle's thoughts were not cheerful, and her usually clear mind was perplexed. Even Miss Dulcey's approbation could not force her into the belief that Fortune's wheel was turning in favour of her father. He had been always what is called "unlucky"—in other words, he had never stuck to work. In this sense, luck or unluck is generally in one's own hands. Belle thought over his career, and wondered what would come of this last temptation. He had inherited a nice little fortune in houses and land from his father, had been well-educated, and came, as we have said, of a respectable family. He had begun life as agent to a nobleman of large property, and held the appointment until he developed a turn for speculation and an unfortunate aptitude for having recourse to the lawyers. Having got into difficulties, he borrowed money, mortgaged his little property, and otherwise impoverished himself and his family. Then he took to farming, and rented Castle Farm of Squire Weatherley. Here he might have made a decent livelihood, had he been content to "let well enough alone"; but, like all speculators, he dabbled in so many extraneous matters, that neither he nor Belle knew exactly the state of his affairs. One thing, however, Belle knew, which was that he was much under the influence, if not in the power, of Lawyer Pearce, of Harborough. This gentleman had taken a great fancy to Belle, who disliked him quite as much as he liked her. This was unfortunate, as he was a bachelor, and had the best house, and, indeed, the best position, in that flourishing market town.

Belle's meditations were interrupted at her own gate. She tried to arrest Ben by bidding him stop and let her get out. But Ben was not to be arrested; he drove her triumphantly up to the door. He had espied a certain blue bow in the distance, the wearer of which was feeding the poultry, so he flourished his whip over Miss Saucy's back, and circumvented Belle. She wanted to save him the trouble of crossing the paddock by the somewhat ill-kept road, but, with Molly in sight, trouble became a pleasure to him. His heart almost palpitated as she actually ran breathlessly up to the pony-carriage, followed by the poultry, for had she not an apron full of food?

"Pearce, the lawyer, is in the parlour with master," she said, significantly, without condescending to give Ben a look.

"How long has he been there?" asked Belle, ruefully.

"Over an hour. He do be waiting for tea. It is ready, and I was making some baking-cakes, and have put out the best china, and it do look beautiful." Molly favoured Mr. Pearce, and was not indifferent to the shillings he occasionally gave her.

"Thank you, Ben. Will you tell Miss Dulcey that Charlie and I were very grateful for the carriage, and that I will be with her early to-morrow morning?" said Belle. "Good-bye, Miss Saucy," she added, patting the pony.

"Here's a piece of bread and an apple, Miss Belle," said Molly, who knew Miss Saucy's taste, and abstracted these delicacies from her pocket.

"We haven't got no time now," said Ben, trying to turn the pony's head, though personally complimented by the attention to his charge.

But Belle, Molly, and Miss Saucy prevailed, for not a step would they move till apple and bread were duly munched. Molly glanced quite triumphantly at Ben, whose heart relented at sight of the blue bow and black eyes, and who returned her nod when at last he drove off with a "Good afternoon, Molly."

"Carry in the cakes, and ask Mr. Pearce if he would like a fresh egg, Molly. No; just boil three, and say I'll be down directly," said Belle, running upstairs.

She had a pretty bedroom, furnished with old-fashioned chintz, which was, like the bureau, a sort of heirloom. The window looked out on her little flower-garden, where "some-day" Mr. Mulready had promised to help her plant the flowers he should bring. It was the sunny side of the house, and the room, like Belle herself, was generally bright. When the weather was cloudy, the gaily-coloured chintz made it look cheerful, to say nothing of all the presents that Belle had received ever since she was born. These, and a variety of pictures, were arranged on walls, mantelshelf, and bookcase; and she always believed that it was the prettiest room in the habitable globe. She did not now pause to see that it was quite neat, as she usually did, but threw her hat and mantle hastily on the bed, and stood a moment with clasped hands and perplexed air.

"What can have brought him here? What is his next move?" she asked, half aloud. "If father would only consult Mr. Burmester instead of him, I should be more at ease, for he would get good advice free of six-and-eightpences. And yet I cannot tell why I distrust him, for he appears to be interested in all our affairs, and even wants to make me the medium of settling them."

She almost laughed as she came to this final conclusion, and went to her glass to arrange her somewhat disordered hair. No woman is indifferent to the opinions of the other sex, and Belle was not strong-minded in the usual acceptation of the term; so she made the best of herself, and hurried downstairs to discover what had brought Mr. Pearce to Castle Farm.

(To be continued.)

ELLA'S EXPERIENCES.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Forbidden Letters," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Either grief will not come; or if it must,
Do not forecast.
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away, distrust!
My God hath promised, He is just."
—*George Herbert*

I AM twenty-five years old—a quarter of a century! And a great many things have happened to me, for good and for evil, during that time, as you may suppose. I do not want to tell you about my childhood (which was a very happy one), but about my early girlhood.

It so fell out that before I reached my nineteenth birthday, I, Ella Farrington, was left an orphan almost totally unprovided for, and it was through the kindness of my old godfather that I was placed as pupil-teacher in a school near Sydenham.

That is the point from which I should like to begin relating my experiences. It was a cold, rainy night when I arrived from the North of England at Oak House. I had taken a fly from the station, according to the instructions that had been given to me, and very dreary I found the drive along the many trimly-kept roads bordered by villa residences.

There were lamps to the fly, and the gleams of light that they shed made the rest of the landscape look very black indeed. Here and there I saw a painted gate or a dripping hedge as we crawled along; that was all. I had leisure to think over and over again of the sad time through which I had just passed, and I was too dazed and tired to look forward with anything like pleasure to my first entrance to Oak House, and my introduction to Miss Marlow.

When the fly turned into an open gateway, I could see very little except a mass of foliage on either side, and I was rapidly becoming faint with nervousness. The flyman rang the bell—such a deep-sounding, loud-voiced bell!—and before the sounds died away a neat maid-servant came to the door. She led me across a paved hall to a small sitting-room.

"Miss Marlow is expecting you," she said. "Take a seat, and I will say that you are here."

For ten minutes I was kept waiting, for I watched the hands of the clock; and never did ten minutes pass so slowly!

At last the door opened, and a lady entered. Quite old, I thought (I know now that she was five-and-thirty); her dress was fashionably made, but it did not suit her; her hair was not arranged to advantage; everything that she wore bore the impression of having been made for someone else. All this I saw at a glance; also that her lips were thin, and her expression was rather stern.

I rose, and waited for her to speak to me, not knowing how she would receive me, and feeling much too shy to make the first advances. Certainly her manner was not taking.

"You need not stand. I wish to speak a few words to you before you commence your duties in my house." (It was Miss Marlow.) "I have had good recommendations with you, or I should not have engaged a girl whom I had not seen; but I hope that you will endeavour to show that you are sensible of my kindness by being very industrious. You know what you are expected to do here?"

"I am not quite sure," I stammered, "but if you will tell me I will do what you wish."

"Good!" She referred to a slip of paper that she held in her hand. "You will have to wait on the young ladies, help with the lighter house work, see that the rooms are aired, and trim the lamps. I make a great point of the lamp-glasses being kept perfectly clean. I hope that you are careful. At eleven o'clock you will bring luncheon into the schoolroom. After that there will be time for needlework; you can sew well, I understand?"

"Yes," I said, utterly taken aback by this speech. "I have sometimes made my own dresses, and I have done a good deal of art needlework. I like copying flowers from nature."

Miss Marlow raised the lamp-shade and looked at me deliberately.

"That is not the kind of sewing that I meant; your friends have been unwise to teach you that kind of needlework. I hope that you can darn and patch neatly. And now that I am on the subject, I should like you to alter the fashion of doing your hair. I do not approve of fringes."

A burning blush rose to my face, and I felt as if I hated this cold woman, who talked as if I were socially and mentally her inferior. My dear mother had liked to see my hair done as I then wore it; it was to please her that I had learnt to embroider in silks, much against my will, if the truth must be confessed, for I did not like fancy work. It was impossible to explain all this to an unsympathetic stranger. I clasped my hands together, and making a violent effort to speak calmly, said—

"I am very sorry that my hair is too short to be turned back from my face."

Miss Marlow produced a gold eyeglass, and scrutinised my appearance for the second time.

"What is your name?" she asked, at length.

"Ella Farrington. Has there been a mistake? Don't you expect me?"

She dropped her eyeglass with a little start.

"Miss Farrington! I understood that—in fact, I thought that you would arrive later. You see," she added, half apologetically, "you look so much younger than I expected, and—will you come with me? and I will show you the schoolroom, and order you some refreshment."

What an ungracious reception! I followed Miss Marlow, choking down my unhappiness. Certainly I had made up my mind that I should be miserable at Oak House.

About twenty girls were assembled in a large sitting-room—Miss Marlow only received a limited number of boarders, and they did truly enjoy all the comforts of home which the prospectus promised—some were playing games, some were reading, some were gathered round the table, laughing and talking. One little girl, with dreamy eyes and curly hair, who sat rather apart from the others, was laboriously toiling over a mass of work and four shining knitting needles that looked formidable weapons indeed in her fingers.

The room was well furnished; there was a piano and a bookcase, there were long tables and chairs, but no desks or forms; altogether it looked peaceful and cosy. As we entered, the talking ceased as if by magic, and all the girls looked up with the exception of the little knitter, who continued to count her stitches conscientiously.

"Some of these young ladies, Miss Farrington," said Miss Marlow, "will be your pupils. When you have had some refreshment after your journey, you will kindly return and make the further acquaintance of your pupils."

It was an awkward form of introduction, as I felt to the ends of my fingers; the girls seemed to feel it too, for they looked embarrassed. However, one or two of the elder ones said "Good-evening" as I passed through the room. In the lull that ensued I heard the little knitter mutter to herself, "Two purl, two plain, and proceed to set the heel."

I wondered that Miss Marlow did not hand me over to a teacher at this point; but no, she did not allow me to escape until she had escorted me through the schoolrooms and dormitories, and shown me my own bedroom. Here were two small beds. "I give you an apartment which is usually reserved for a senior governess," explained Miss Marlow, looking round complacently, "because I wished our youngest girl to sleep here also. She will be entirely under your charge. We have found that she occasionally talks in her sleep, and has frightened some of the pupils. This of course must not occur again, so for the future she will share your room."

How glad I was when, at last, having explained to me the general rules and regulations of the house at considerable length, Miss Marlow left me to my own resources. It was not that I was hungry, and that a place was laid for me in the dining-room, but I did so want to be let alone. The friends who had sent me to Oak House had said that Miss Marlow was a good, conscientious woman; that might be, but I did not like her. I compared her prim ways and large establishment with my own dear mother's gentle manner and my own home, and at the thought the tears fell into my plate, and I nearly choked over my bread and butter. Why did Miss Marlow talk to me about cleaning lamps and sewing for the girls? Nothing of the kind had been mentioned in her letter; I was here as pupil teacher. I had passed the Senior Cambridge Examination; I was a fair musician; and in return for my services in the school I was to receive lessons in German and drawing; no salary for the first year, but Miss Marlow had agreed to engage me as junior governess at the end of that time, if she considered that I was able to undertake the work.

Fortunately I was not afraid of work, and I thoroughly liked teaching, so, as I drank my tea and ate my chop (both tea and chop were excellent), I began to cherish a hope that things might not be so bad after all, and that I might even gain some slight satisfaction from clean lamp-glasses. Young governesses in books were systematically badly lodged and under-fed. Well, I had nothing to complain of on that score. The girls, though shy, had not treated me with that peculiar disdain with which the ordinary heroine has to battle.

Perhaps even the little sleep-talker (if there be such a word) would not be so heavy a charge as I anticipated.

"Have you got everything that you want, Miss Farrington?" asked a voice at my elbow, breaking into my meditations. I started; there stood a young lady, plump, fair-haired, self-satisfied, and very good-looking. How long she had been in the room I didn't know, but I was conscious that she must have seen that my cheeks were stained with tears and my eyes still red. What would she think of me? That I was a home-sick baby! I had not cared what impression I made on Miss Marlow or the pupils, but now I started up involuntarily, and turned my face from the light; this young lady was so prosperous and handsome I did not want her to think that the new pupil teacher was crying over her woes on the very first night of her arrival.

"Don't let me disturb you," she said good-humouredly, and her small blue eyes twinkled as she glanced at me from head to foot. I am certain that no part of my toilette, from my jet brooch to the hem of my simple black dress, escaped her notice. "I heard that you were having your supper, and I just came in to see how you were getting on."

"Thank you very much. I have nearly finished my supper."

To my utter astonishment, the new-comer burst out laughing.

"My dear Miss Farrington!" she cried, "I don't know what you will think of me! It is so rude to laugh when we are almost strangers; but we shall not be strangers long, I hope! You do amuse me so much. You mustn't mind; I am a true student of humanity, and I am sure that you will interest me vastly. You look so interesting with those wistful eyes, and —yes! you have been crying, I'm sure. Tell me all about it. Are you ill?—or was it that stupid mistake of Miss Marlow's that upset you? She is annoyed, too, I can assure you!"

I longed to tell her of my trouble, my home sickness, my yearning for my dear mother, and my wounded pride; but I dared not. And yet, as you will see, she exercised so powerful an influence over me with her bright flow of talk and her flattery, that before long there was hardly an event in my life with which she was not to a certain extent intimate, and I learnt to take her word for law.

"I am not ill, thank you," I answered, as she made me sit down, and drew a chair for herself close to my side. "It is very kind of you to come. Did Miss Marlow send you?"

She laughed again, and rubbed her hands; they were white and pretty, and ornamented with sparkling rings.

"No, no, my dear girl, that is the last thing our virtuous Marlow would do. She never owns that she is in the wrong—that would be inconsistent with the rules that govern this well-organised establishment. By the way, if you don't want that slice of cake I think I will have it—thanks! No; but she does not often put her foot into it as she did to-night."

"I don't quite understand you—what has happened?"

"Do you mean to say that you don't mind? With your sensitive face I should have supposed that you would have noticed directly that our respected directress mistook you for quite a different person. Surely your face has not deceived me!"

"Miss Marlow told me that I looked younger than she expected, and she did not receive me very cordially considering that I was sent here by an old friend of hers." This was an indiscreet remark to make, but I was pining for a little sympathy, and my new friend was kindly though she did laugh at me.

"Oh no, she would not have received you cordially anyhow, because you see, my dear, you are not endowed with too much of this world's goods, and Miss Marlow, like many another, keeps her kindness for rich pupils and their parents, not for teachers—even if they are young and pretty. When you have lived as long as I have—I am three-and-twenty—you will have learnt the lesson that poverty is always snubbed. You don't mind my being so candid, do you? I have had so much experience of human nature, and I make it a study more or less; in short, it is the only subject that really and truly interests me—so varied, you know. Well, come nearer, and I will whisper. Our respected Marlow, who piques herself on her penetration, actually mistook you—you, with your gentle voice and refined manners—for the new maid, a kind of *bonne*, who scrubs the schoolroom and waits on the children. The girl was expected to-night, and Anne (that's the parlourmaid) came and said that you were waiting (not you, you see, but the new girl), and so the mistake came about. I would have given a great deal to be present at the interview; it must have been amusing. Wasn't it now, dear?"

For a moment I felt inclined to laugh. I wish that I had had the sense to follow my first inclination; but the young lady looked at me with such commiseration, that my pride waxed hot within me. This, then, had been the reason of my strange reception. Miss Marlow had mistaken me, the descendant of a good Lancashire family, for a nurserymaid! And now, the whole school would be made acquainted with the fact, and I should never be able to take my rightful place with the pupils. It was hard! My dislike to Miss Marlow increased with alarming rapidity.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the girls know all about it?"

"The girls? Oh, certainly not. Miss Marlow would be the last person to confess that she had shown such want of tact. They will never hear anything about it. I only found it out by accident."

"You are not a pupil, I suppose?"

"No; but I used to be, years ago. I have no settled home, so I spend part of the year at Oak House, for the sake of old times, and because it suits me. Visiting about is so expensive, I come to dear Marlow to retrench; she is the best manager I know, and always has an excellent cook. I am ages older than you, and my own mistress. You look upon me as an old lady, I expect?"

"I don't do anything of the sort!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I only wondered how you could stay here if you were not obliged."

"My dear, how naïve you are! I have had to rough it a good deal, I can assure you; before I was of age my guardian kept me horribly short of money. But all these experiences have enabled me to see through the thin veil of society, and to realise what the world is. However, it is convenient for me to stay here, and it suits Miss Marlow to have me, for a time; of course, the sphere is too limited for me to remain long. Now, shall we go into the schoolroom? I forgot to say that Miss Marlow asked me to show you the way there, in case you did not remember. Some of the children will soon be going to bed. Take my arm; I mean to be very fond of you, and we will go together."

"Tell me," I said, as she seized my hand and pressed it, "what your name is?"

"Alicia Vincent. It is a pretty name; though I often think that something more intellectual, something sterner would have suited me better—Helen, or Deborah, or, perhaps, Cassandra. It does seem to me that, with my turn for divining character, I ought to have had a more appropriate name than Alicia. As for yours, it is just perfection. If I had met you anywhere I should have felt certain that you were Ella—so harmonious and sympathetic! Look, that is the schoolroom; I will just go in with you."

I have no time to describe the older pupils at Oak House. I will only pause to say that they did not prove to be in the least alarming. In a few moments I learnt their names, and several of them were chatting with me very pleasantly.

Miss Vincent was not so much at her ease amongst the girls as I had imagined she would be; she moved about the room restlessly, took up a book, yawned, and finally said in a whisper in my ear—

"Ella, this bread and butter society is beginning to be irksome. I have letters to write, and I will leave you."

"It was so kind of you to come at all; I am so much obliged to you!"

"Are you? That is nice! There is so little gratitude in life, unfortunately!"

I walked with her towards the door. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Susie, you tiresome little thing, I do believe that your wool has got round my foot again!"

The little knitting girl jumped up and ran to her.

"Take care; oh, please take care, Alicia! You will break it!"

"That is just what I mean to do," was the rejoinder. "Your ball is always rolling about the floor. I have warned you several times, Susie; and that absurd piece of knitting is no good; it will never be done."

"It is a pair of socks for Harold," remonstrated Susie. "Please let me wind the wool carefully; it won't hurt you, Alicia."

"How do you know that? It is very dangerous. You nearly threw me down."

With a sharp jerk Alicia snapped the wool in several places, and shook her foot as if she would shake off all further contamination.

"Alicia, how could you do that?" cried Susie. "I have taken such pains with my work; and now I shall never get it right again. Harold will be so disappointed!"

"Stuff and nonsense! He does not want your silly knitting; pick up the pieces and throw the whole thing away if you can't mend it. Don't be a baby!" Alicia went on, beckoning to me to follow her; but I did not go; I was so sorry for Susie that I stayed to see if I could comfort her.

There she stood with the tangled wool in her hand, looking the picture of misery.

"Never mind, Susie, come and show me what's the matter."

She moved slowly to my side—a pale, slim child, with a broad forehead and large eyes.

"It is no good now," she said. "Please do not trouble."

"But I can put it to rights for you; come and sit by me. I will soon get the tangle out, and then I will help you with the sock a little."

She looked at me sadly.

"It isn't that; but Harold won't care; and I have tried so hard to get them finished."

"Harold will care very much for your work," I said, quickly. "It is very nicely done for a little girl."

"Are you quite sure?" The little hand was laid confidingly on mine.

"Yes, I am quite sure. I should care if you made anything for me."

"And you are a stranger, and Harold is my own big brother; but Alicia said that he did not want my silly knitting."

"Perhaps Alicia has made a mistake. I think that he will like his present. Is it for Christmas?"

She nodded assent.

"We must try and get it done, Susie; you and I between us. It is such soft wool. Look, the tangles are nearly out now!"

She watched in silence until the work was in order again, then she gave a sigh of content and raised her face to mine.

"You shall give it to Harold as well as me, Miss Farrington; and oh! I do love you!"

I saw no more of Alicia that evening, but when bed-time arrived, I found, to my great satisfaction, that the child who was to be my special charge and share my room was no other than Susie Thurlwall, the little knitter. My first sleep in my new home was of short duration; I had only just shut my eyes (or so it seemed to me) when I was aroused by a piteous cry. In some alarm, hardly remembering where I was, I struck a light and looked across the room. There I saw a white-robed figure sitting up in her little bed, with disordered hair and fast-closed eyes.

"Oh, don't!" she moaned, in a voice that went straight to my heart; "don't tear it, Alicia, please; it is not for me, it is Harold's."

In a minute I was by her side and had taken her into my arms, and was soothing her as best I could. The sound of my voice comforted her; she half-opened her tired eyes, smiled a little, and then her long-drawn breathing showed that for the present at least she had forgotten her troubles in sound sleep. As for me, I was so tired out with the excitement and fatigue of this long day, that I too fell fast asleep almost immediately. My faith in the judgment of the student of humanity was a little shaken, and my thoughts were so full of Susie and her unselfish devotion to "Harold" (for the sock must have cost her hours of labour), that I forgot to remember that the world was always cruel to penniless girls, and that had I lived a little longer, I should have better understood the small chance I ran of ever meeting with real sympathy and friendship.

I am afraid that you will consider me a very weak-minded individual when I tell you that on the following morning I changed my mind again as regards Alicia Vincent. She was so pleasant and kind to me—the pupil teacher—and took such pains to impress upon me her admiration for my character, that I did not like to remonstrate with her as seriously as I had intended about her behaviour to Susie. Directly I touched on the subject, she put me off with that silvery laugh and—

"My dear Ella—you will let me call you Ella, won't you?—I felt certain that you would reprove me, you have such a high sense of moral justice; but that little cousin of mine is really too old-fashioned, a little playful teasing is most wholesome for her. Did you know that she was my cousin? Her mother was a Vincent; she is a widow, poor thing, and lives in Devonshire. Susie is her only child, and has always been outrageously spoilt."

"Then who is Harold?"

"Harold?" Alicia blushed and pressed my hand. "He is Cousin Susan's stepson, years and years older than Susie, of course, and very good-looking. He is an engineer, and spends his life flying about the world, digging tunnels and building bridges, and the curious part of it all is that he is devoted to Cousin Susan, and just as fond of Susie as if she were his own sister."

"She is a dear child; why shouldn't he like her?"

"I knew that you would say so, I knew that your instinct had found out Susie's good points already, and to ordinary people she is not attractive. You are not ordinary, and more is Harold. My guardian says that he will make a name in the world. Such a pity that he has no private fortune! In fact, they are all as poor as mice down at High Coombe, for Cousin Susan is an invalid, and nearly all her income goes in paying doctors. I believe that Harold pays for Susie's schooling, and that Miss Marlow takes her half price."

"That is generous of her."

"Think so, dear? I daresay it will answer in the long run, for the Thurlwalls are well connected, and of course they would recommend Oak House to their friends. You must not be too quick to think other people have your generous instincts, Ella; but, as you say" (I had not said so), "it is a pity that Harold should be so badly off; he could not think of marrying, for instance, for the next fifty years. Poor Harold! we saw a great deal of each other when I stayed in Devonshire last; he is very fond of me. My guardian began to be concerned about it, but I told him that we were cousins, and nothing more for the present. Harold thinks so much of me, poor boy! He particularly asked me to befriend Susie."

For all my admiration of Alicia Vincent, I could not refrain from wondering whether Harold Thurlwall had made a wise choice in committing his little sister to her care; but I said nothing. The dressing bell rang, and with many smiles and nods Alicia left me, feeling, I must confess, rather bewildered.

As this is the story of my personal experience, I will not tell you of the regular routine of school work that went on day by day with such amazing punctuality that the weeks flew away, and, before I was aware, winter was at hand. I liked my pupils, and did not find that I had too much to do; even though many of my recreation hours were devoted to hard study. It never was any difficulty to me to prepare my lessons; and it was a real pleasure to help the girls to the best of my power; some of them were clever, and most of them willing to be taught. Of course I only undertook the younger ones, and of these Susie Thurlwall was by far the best scholar, although she was so absent and dreamy (Alicia called it "old-fashioned"), that she did not always keep her place in class, and occasionally she would ask me such wonderful questions that I was totally at a loss how to answer her. This was not in school time, but in the play hours.

"Dearest Miss Ella," she said to me one day, "if you and I were left alone on a desert island, do you think that we should get tired of each other?"

"I hope not, Susie; we are good friends here."

"But it would be rather trying," she continued, shaking back her hair. "I should never get tired of you; but you are grown up and might require a change. We should soon come to an end of all that we had to say; and there would be no lessons unless you taught me, and if you did that it would not be fair, because you would have more things to talk of than I should. And do you know what I should do?"

"No, Susie, I really don't."

"I should learn the language of the birds. Robinson Crusoe never did that; he had a talking parrot, but the parrot learned to speak his language, and I want to know what the birds say in conversation. There is a beautiful robin that sits on our window-sill sometimes, and he talks to a bird in the holly-bush, and the bird answers him. Dearest, do you know where it says, 'Oh, ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord'? I like to think of that. There is so much that I want to think of, and there is no time. How do you suppose that we do think at all?"

"I don't know, Susie."

"I shall ask Harold; he knows everything," she replied, with a contented little nod; "and he is coming to fetch me home before the Christmas holidays. His socks will be finished by that time, if the good fairy helps a little. You are the good fairy, and Alicia is the wicked fairy, who tries to be a hindrance."

"Hush, Susie! You mustn't talk like that about Alicia."

"Very well, then, I won't. But you are the good-est fairy that ever was; and now I like being at school, and I used not to like it at all."

(*To be continued.*)

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOSSIP AND MISCONCEPTION.

"MOTHER, is it true?" asked Charlie Bland, one afternoon in the following week, as he burst into the dining-room, swinging a strapful of books. "Is it true that Mr. Glynne is going to marry Aldyth?"

"My dear Charlie!" exclaimed his mother, looking up from her letter-writing in the greatest astonishment; "whoever told you such a thing?"

"Oh, all the boys are talking about it. Tom Rudkin says he knows it's a fact. And old Glynne is in an awfully jolly temper to-day."

Kitty dropped her novel, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, you ridiculous creatures!" she exclaimed; "what will you boys conjure up next? You might have known it was not true, Charlie. If Aldyth were engaged, should not we know it as soon as any one at Woodham?"

"Well, I thought it could not be true," he replied, "but Tom Rudkin was so positive."

"Here comes Aldyth," exclaimed Kitty, who was seated in the window. "What fun! I shall ask her what she means by concealing her engagement from us."

Mrs. Bland was looking vexed—too vexed to be amused. Tom Rudkin was Clara Dawtrey's cousin, so it was easy to see in what quarter the report had originated.

"Take care how you tell her, Kitty," she exclaimed, as Kitty rushed to the door. "It will annoy her, I know."

"Talk of an angel, and her wings are heard," said Kitty, laughingly, as she opened the door to her friend.

"You were talking of me? What have you been saying, I wonder?" said Aldyth, as she came in. "Now, Charlie, you must be my friend and tell me all. What have they been saying about me?"

"That you are engaged to Mr. Glynne," blurted out Charlie.

Aldyth looked amazed for a moment, then her face flushed.

"Oh, Charlie! how can you?" cried Kitty. "We never said that, I'm sure. It was your astonishing piece of news."

"What does he mean?" asked Aldyth, looking from one to the other in embarrassment.

"You must not mind it, Aldyth, dear," said Mrs. Bland, kindly. "I do believe boys are as fond of gossip as old maids. He has just brought us that surprising piece of intelligence from school."

"Tom Rudkin declared it was true," said Charlie, sturdily.

"After that, my declaration that it is not will go for nothing, I am afraid," said Aldyth, trying to laugh off her vexation, which was evidently great. "I wish people would not be so wise concerning me."

"It is most annoying to have such things said," observed Kitty. "Really, Woodham is a most detestable place for gossip."

"Come, come, child!" said her mother, "don't run down your native place. All little towns are pretty much the same, as far as gossip is concerned."

"Of course it is easy to see who started this report," she added, as Charlie disappeared from the room. "It originated over the way, no doubt."

"That horrid old Tabitha!" exclaimed Kitty; "she is the bane of the town. She ought to have been born a century earlier, when she might have been drowned as a witch! Not that I should wish her to be drowned; but, you know, there really is something witchlike about her."

Aldyth could not help laughing at Kitty's ideas respecting Miss Rudkin.

"It is Clara Dawtrey's doing," Aldyth said. "She met me the other day walking with Mr. Glynne. That was foundation enough for this fabrication. Oh, dear! I should like to tell her what I think of it. But it would do no good."

"No, no!" said Mrs. Bland; "the best way is to take no notice, and let the report die a natural death."

The talk turned to other matters; but Mrs. Bland could see that throughout her visit Aldyth's mind was dwelling on the unpleasant fact she had learned. Mrs. Bland was sorry for her, and indignant with Clara Dawtrey. She knew that nothing is more trying for a girl, nothing more prejudicial to her happiness, than to have her name thus coupled with that of a gentleman whose friendship she values.

Two evenings later Kitty came in from attending a meeting of the Woodham Sewing Club in a state of considerable excitement.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" asked her mother, for Kitty's face was crimson, her eyes sparkling, and she burst into the room in a way which showed no respect for the nerves of those who occupied it.

Hilda, who had been dreaming rather than reading as she sat by the fire, looked up with a startled face.

"Oh, nothing," said Kitty, calming down as she saw the surprise she was causing; "nothing, except that I have had it out with Clara Dawtrey, and prevented her from telling any more stories about Aldyth."

"Kitty!" exclaimed Hilda, "have you? Oh, do tell us!"

"Well, Clara, if you please, was at the meeting to-night. It is not often she troubles herself to attend. She was helping Mrs. Rayner to give out the work, and Miss Phipps was there too. The girls had gone, and we were putting things away when I saw their heads all close together, and heard Aldyth's name. Miss Clara did not mean me to hear, but I caught a word or two, and I spoke out at once, and said there was not an atom of truth in the report that Aldyth was engaged to Mr. Glynne. I looked straight at Clara, and said that I believed the report had originated with her; would she kindly tell me from whom she had received the information? You should have seen how taken aback she looked! She turned as red as possible, and could only say she was sure she thought it was true, or she would not have repeated it. 'As an intimate friend of Aldyth's, I can assure you,' I said, 'that she is engaged to no one, and it is preposterous that such a thing should be said. I shall be obliged if you will contradict it, if you hear it again.'"

"Oh, Kitty!" exclaimed Hilda, with admiration in her tones; but Mrs. Bland looked uneasy.

"I do not wonder that you spoke so, Kitty," she said, "but I doubt, my dear, if it were wise."

"Oh, I do not believe in letting people say just what they like," replied Kitty. "Anyhow, I've killed that rumour; but I daresay a fresh one will be started, for Miss Phipps began to say that she had always understood Aldyth was to marry her cousin."

"Poor Aldyth!" exclaimed Mrs. Bland, whilst Hilda hastily took up her book to hide the hot colour that was mounting in her cheeks; "why will people talk about her so?"

"Mother, do you think that Aldyth will marry Guy?" asked Kitty.

"My dear, how can I say whom she will marry? I am no oracle. But I am sure that nothing would better please Stephen Lorraine. And in many respects it would be a good thing for Aldyth."

"Yes, of course," said Kitty, in a comfortable, matter-of-fact tone, "she would be the mistress of Wyndham; she would have plenty of money, and could keep as many horses as she liked; but still I cannot fancy that Aldyth would care to marry Guy."

Kitty quitted the room as she spoke. Hilda bent over her book, apparently absorbed in its pages, but it was long ere the unwonted colour in her cheeks faded.

Needless to say, Kitty's encounter with Clara Dawtrey did not tend to soften the feelings with which that young lady regarded the Blands and their friend. A few days later Clara, who occasionally called on Mrs. Greenwood, although the banker's wife did not admit her into the inner circle of her friends, entered that lady's drawing-room to find John Glynne there talking to her. Clara was delighted to meet him thus, and immediately began to display all the coquettish airs and graces by which she believed that she rendered herself charming to gentlemen. Mr. Glynne would have retired after a few minutes, but as he rose the servant appeared, carrying the tea-tray, and Mrs. Greenwood would not hear of his going before he had taken a cup. Just then other visitors were announced, who engaged Mrs. Greenwood's attention, and Glynne found himself drawn into a talk with Miss Dawtrey. They were seated within the bow-window which commanded the High Street.

Clara, talking rapidly, looked up at her companion with what she believed to be an arch glance, when she perceived that he was paying little attention to what she said. His eyes did not meet hers; they were looking beyond her, down into the street. Clara turned quickly to see what was interesting him there. Her chagrin did not lessen when she saw that Aldyth Lorraine was riding past, accompanied by her cousin. The girl-rider looked trim and graceful in her dark blue habit, and little felt hat with white plume.

"Aldyth Lorraine looks well on horseback," remarked Clara, studying Mr. Glynne's countenance with an intentness of which he became uncomfortably aware. "Some people call her pretty. Do you think she is pretty?"

"Really, Miss Dawtrey, that is hardly a fair question," he replied, laughingly. "Is not a gentleman bound to admire every young lady he meets?"

"Oh, that's rubbish," she said. "You can't admire ugly girls. Now, I call Guy Lorraine a very handsome fellow; you don't think so, of course; you men are so jealous of each other; but he is. He ought to have a pretty wife. Of course you know——" She paused, and looked at him significantly.

"Please do not take my knowledge for granted," he said, his heart beating more quickly as he spoke; "do you mean that Miss Aldyth will marry her cousin?"

"Oh, hush!" she said, putting her finger to her lips with a warning look, and then glancing at the other visitors. "I would not have said anything about it, but I made sure you knew."

"But surely—if they are engaged—— Is it an engagement?"

"That is an awkward question, Mr. Glynne," said Clara, dropping her eyes. "I do not wish to tell you a story, and I am not at liberty to answer in the affirmative. Though really it is absurd to make a secret of it, for everyone at Woodham has known since they were children that Guy and Aldyth were intended for each other. My great-aunt, Miss Rudkin, is in Mr. Stephen Lorraine's confidence, and he has told her that he looks forward to their union. But pray do not repeat what I have said. I should not have told you."

"It is safe with me," he said, quietly.

He was on his guard, and could maintain an air of indifference.

"There has been an absurd fuss lately," said Clara, in a carefully-subdued tone, "because a rumour arose that Aldyth was engaged to another gentleman. I understand that she has been most indignant about it, and the Blands call it a preposterous idea. Aldyth is very proud; I suppose it does not please her that her name should be coupled with that of anyone save her cousin."

"Naturally," said John Glynne, rising to put down his cup. His tone was cold and hard. With all his self-control, he could not help the colour rising in his face as Miss Dawtrey spoke. It was impossible that in such a place as Woodham he should fail to hear what people were saying about him and Miss Aldyth Lorraine. It had annoyed him almost as much as it had annoyed her; but his vexation was entirely on her account. He could not blame himself. He had done nothing that could give colour to such an assertion. He was certain that Clara Dawtrey meant to annoy him by her words. She could not have supposed that he was unaware that it was his name that people had linked to that of Aldyth. But for that he cared not. What stung him in her words was their suggestion that some disdain of him had mingled with Aldyth's indignation. He took his departure hastily, and went back to his lodgings in a depressed frame of mind.

His little sitting-room, with its hard, horsehair furniture, its brilliantly-coloured pictures, its quaint decorations of seaweed and shells, had never seemed so distasteful and unhomelike as it did to-night; his landlady's shoes had never creaked so horribly as when she was laying on the table his evening meal; the conversational efforts she made in her nasal monotone had never been so tiresome.

So Aldyth Lorraine was to marry her cousin! for he did not for a moment imagine that he was mistaken in the inference he had drawn from Miss Dawtrey's words. Well, it was not surprising, and yet he was surprised. They were so different. What he had seen of Guy Lorraine had led him to regard him with a sort of good-natured contempt. A fine human animal, he had thought him, a clever sportsman, and not without good qualities, but empty-headed and primed with the self-conceit that often accompanies a vacant mind. Aldyth Lorraine, with her intellectual tastes, her delicate perceptions, her exquisite refinement of mind, to share the life of such a man! What had they in common, except their horsemanship and their love of out-of-door life—in Guy's case it could scarcely be termed "love of nature."

Having taken his supper hastily and with little appetite, Glynne plunged into work, and tried to banish these thoughts from his mind. After all, it was no concern of his whom Aldyth might choose to marry. And yet—and yet—one thing had been made clear to him by the talk of the gossips—the fact that had he been in a position to contemplate marriage, Aldyth was the girl he would desire to win. Was she making a free choice in the matter? he asked himself with a sudden thrill. He remembered how she had said, "I am peculiarly bound to defer to Uncle Stephen's wishes." Could it be that she was being forced into this marriage? No; impossible! she was not the woman to marry under compulsion. The words must have referred to her engagement. They were a confirmation of what Miss Dawtrey had said. Glynne's spirits sank lower as he thought this. Vainly he tried to absorb himself in his work; thoughts of Aldyth would come between him and it, and mingling with them came to mind scraps of "Locksley Hall."

"He will hold thee, when his passion
shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a
little dearer than his horse."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BEECHES.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

WHERE the eastern slope on the vale looks down,
Our beeches cluster—its grace and crown;
In the strength of the hills their feet are set,
With dews of the morning their brows are wet;
They brave all weather on Time's rough chart,
Four standing together, and one apart,
Yet needing no tether from heart to heart;
So long they have shared all the lore they know
Of the skies above and the earth below;
So long they have watched o'er the pastures wide,
And the little white homes on the further side.

How lovely they are in their May-time sheen,
When the west wind ruffles their hosts of green!
Those wonderful nurslings, long held down
In wrappings of silver and grey and brown,
Until March had spoken by storm and blast,
And April's sweet token had come and passed;
Then, each bond broken and burst at last,
All fluted and pointed and daintily curled,
Their green just the loveliest green in the world,
They fling to the breezes each fetter and gyve,
And laugh for the gladness of being alive.

Through all the summer of warmth and hope
Their shadows dance on the daisied slope,
And when the knell of the autumn tolls,
And the light strikes low on their grey-green boles,
They only brighten from day to day
In the beams that heighten their sure decay,
And no fears frighten the leaves away.
Their first work over, they fall beneath,
And nourish the roots in the sleep of death,
While, through the spaces long hid from view,
To watch their slumbers the stars shine through.

We love our trees when their fretwork lies
Against the sharpness of wintry skies,
When they brave the storm, in its fury tossed,
And the cold that arrays them in films of frost.
From the hamlet yonder the old may go,
Or, lingering, ponder life's short-lived woe,
While the little ones wonder at days so slow;
But all oblivious of hopes or fears,
Unscathed by the storms of a hundred years,
Unchanged all changes our beeches see—
Their days as the days of eternity.

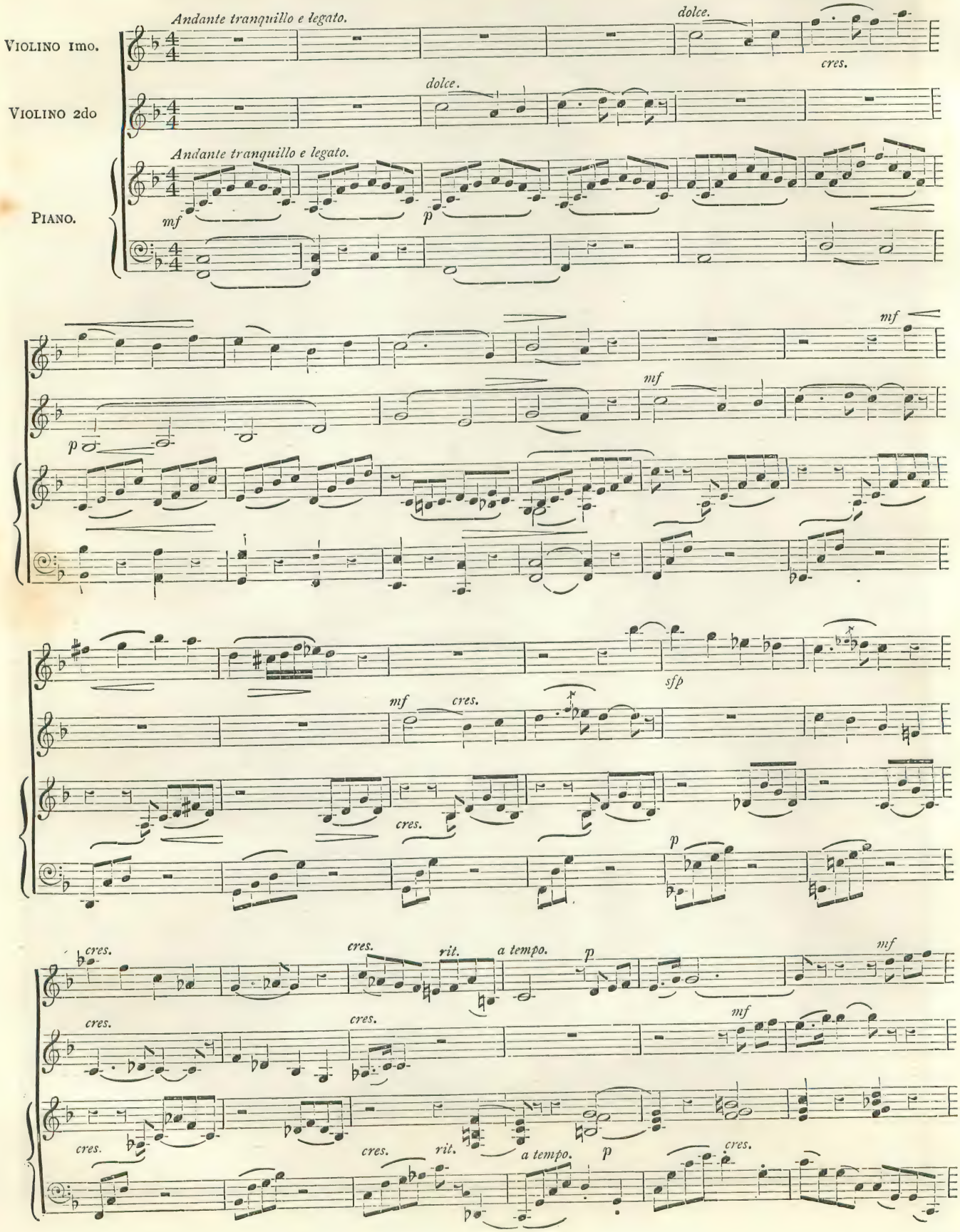
Oh, beautiful beeches! we, too, would know
The secret by which you live and grow;
Grown strong by discipline, we would make
Our roots strike deep as the wild winds break;
When wrong is wielding its sceptre bold,
With firmness shielding the good we hold,
Yet patiently yielding its ripened gold.
From the valley shadows, set far apart,
We would take heaven's gifts to our inmost heart,
Till life shall give us the high renown,
To be for others its grace and crown!

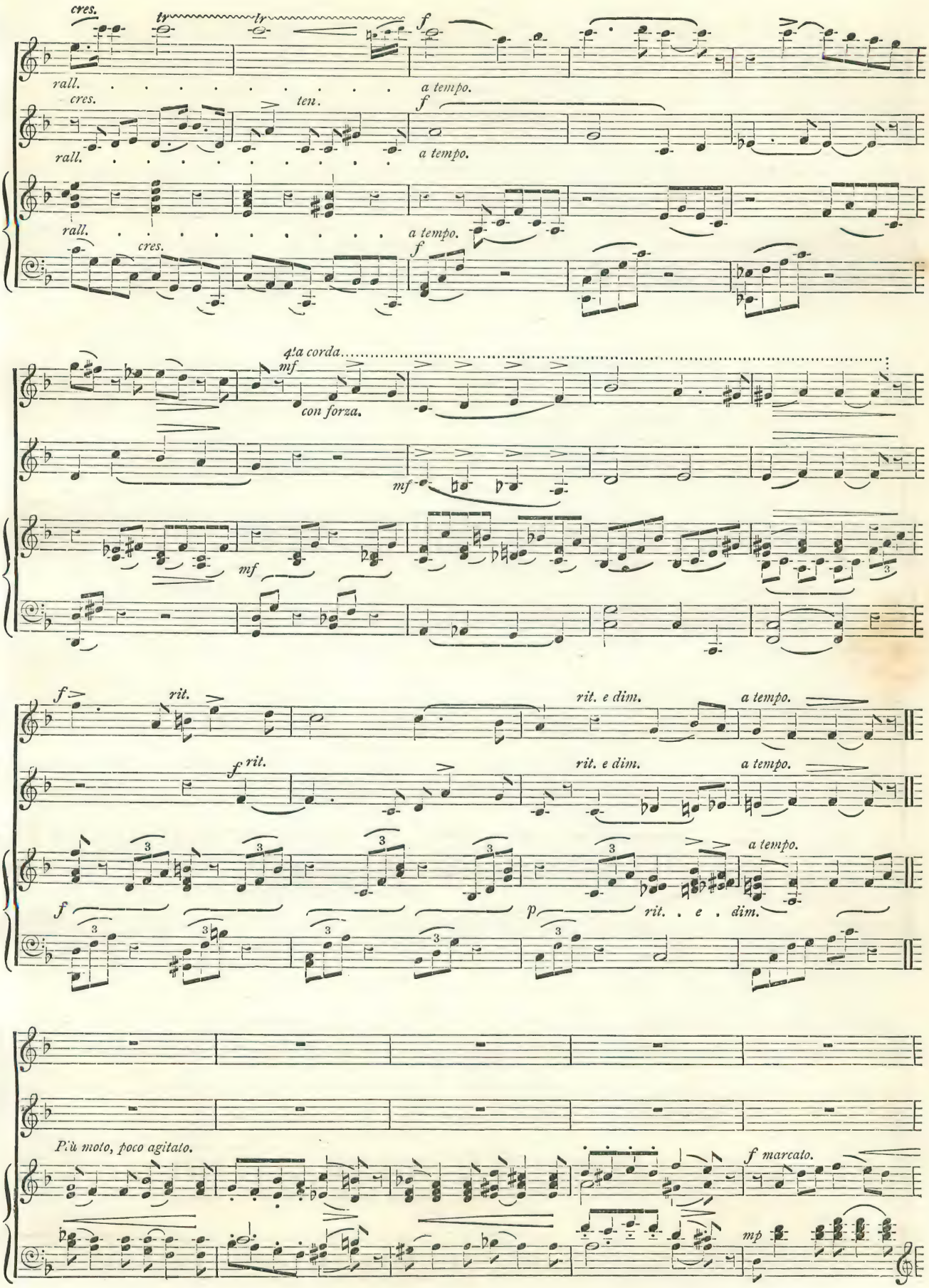
"THROUGH ALL THE SUMMER OF WARMTH AND HOPE
THEIR SHADOWS DANCE ON THE DAISIED SLOPE."

Our Beeches.

A RETROSPECT.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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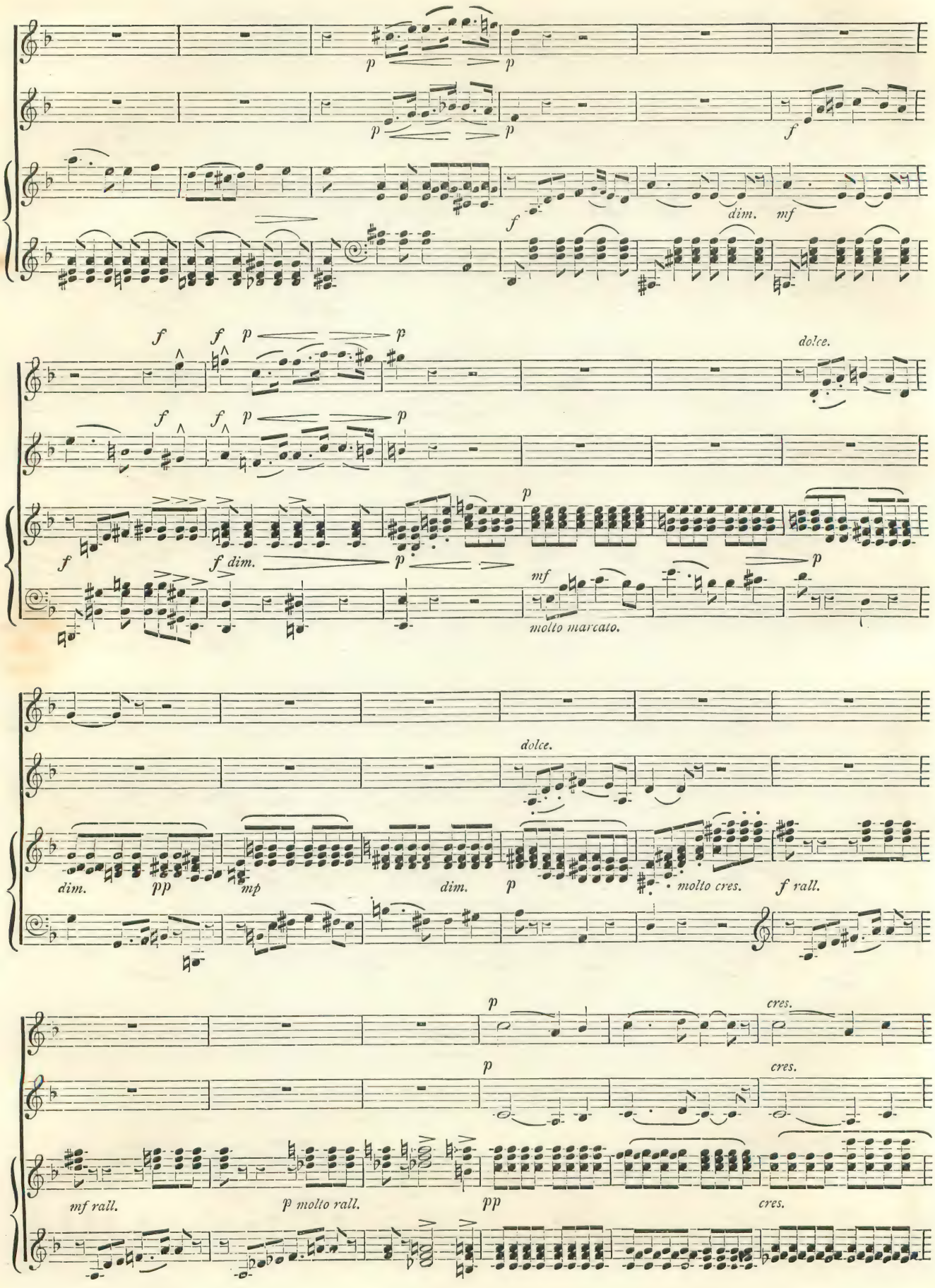
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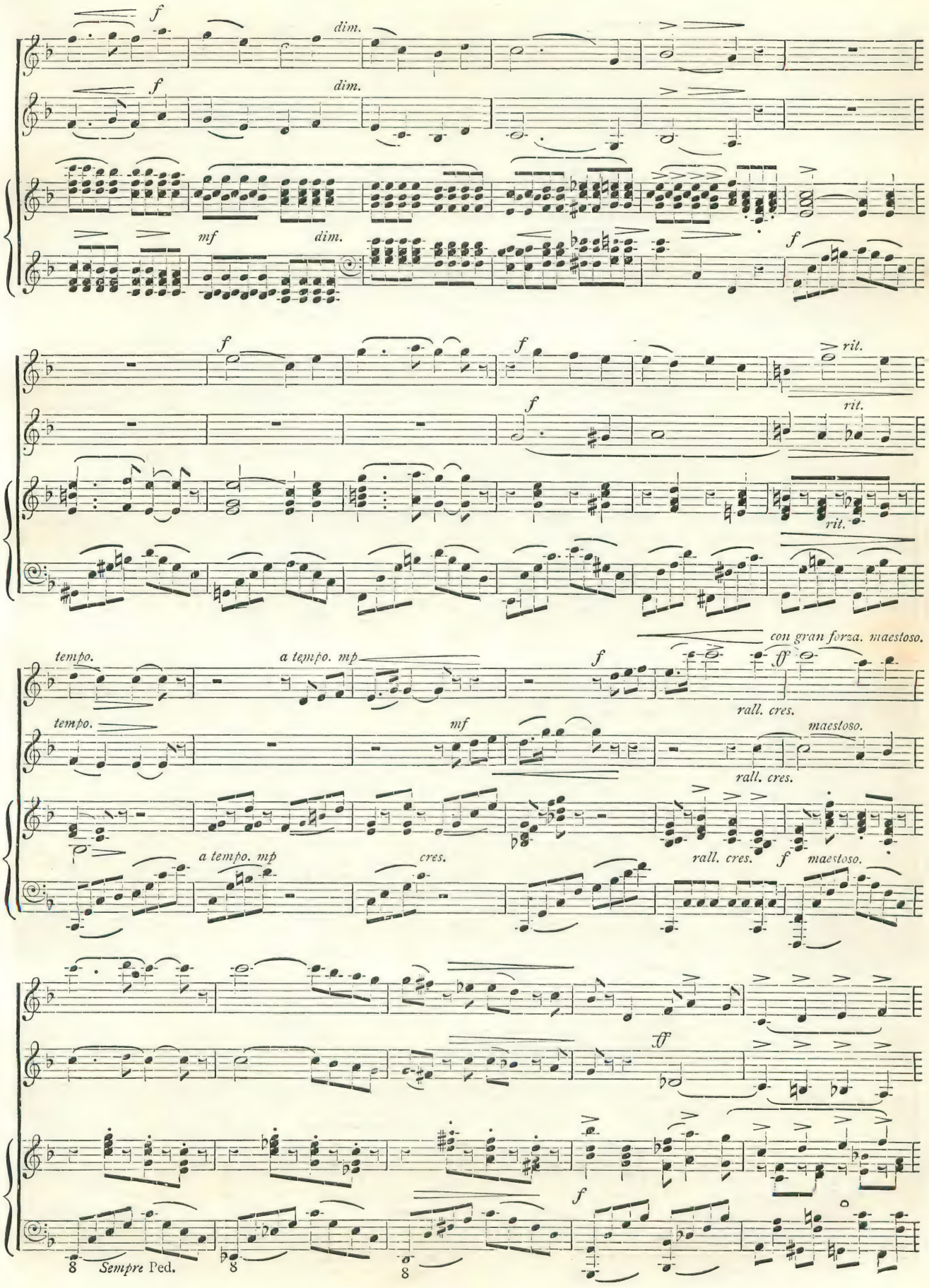
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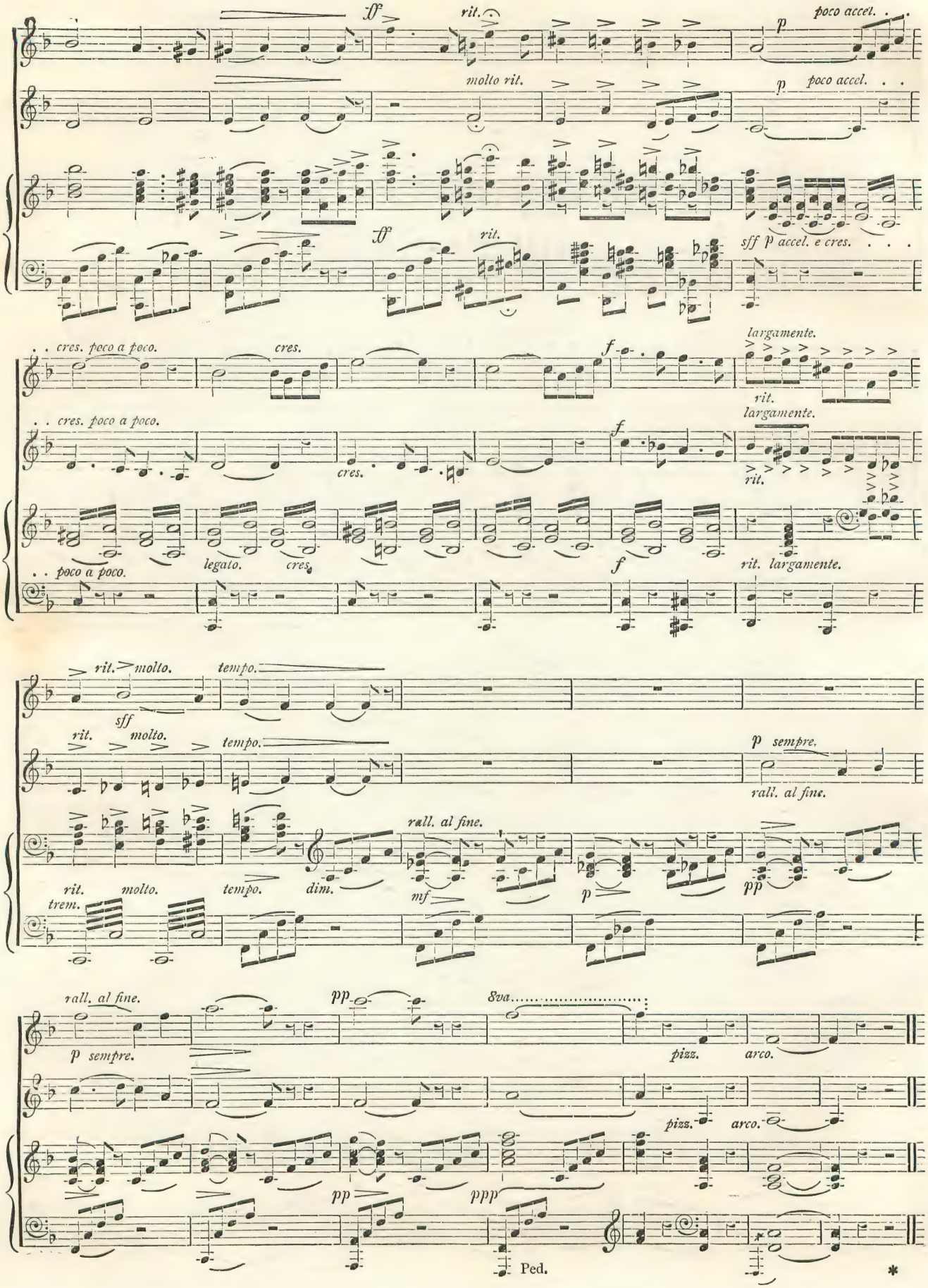
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SWISS CAKES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THE following recipes I have translated from a Swiss cookery book, recommended to me by a Swiss lady. Many of them are peculiar to the Bernese Oberland.

ALMOND SUGAR-BREAD.

Take half pound sugar-dust, quarter pound almonds (sweet) blanched and finely chopped, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, the weight of three eggs in flour, and five eggs. The yolks of the eggs and the sugar must be well beaten together until they begin to get white, then add the lemon-peel and the juice of the lemon, then the whites of the eggs (beaten till stiff), and lastly the flour and the chopped almonds, stirred in very lightly, and the whole well mixed. Pour into a cake-tin which has been previously well buttered and sprinkled with sugar. Sift sugar over, and bake.

SWABIAN BREAD.

Put thirteen ounces of flour on a paste-board, rub into it ten ounces of fresh butter, moisten with the white of one egg, and work them together; then add by degrees half pound sugar and half pound almonds, not blanched, the sugar and the almonds to be well pounded together before adding to the other ingredients, also half ounce pounded cinnamon and the rind of a lemon, with a little salt; work all together, and cut out into shapes with a cutter, brush over with the yolk of an egg, and bake on a floured tin.

LITTLE MACAROONS.

Quarter pound sifted sugar, quarter pound almonds (sweet) blanched and finely pounded, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, and the white of one egg beaten till stiff. Mix all together, and pour into little cakes; bake on a buttered paper.

TRONCHINES.

Three ounces sifted sugar, good weight, the finely chopped rind of a lemon, and the whites of three eggs beaten till stiff. Mix these together, and then stir in a good ounce and a half of flour. Spread this mixture on a buttered baking-tin, about the thickness of the back of a knife; when baked, while the cake is still hot, cut into small square pieces.

CHOCOLATE ROLLS.

Three ounces of sifted sugar, one and a half ounces good chocolate grated, the whites of two small eggs beaten till stiff; mix all well together, make into little heaps on buttered paper, and bake.

STEINERLI.

Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound flour, and four eggs, the whites of which should be beaten a little; cinnamon according to taste, or the chopped rind of half a lemon; mix these ingredients together, roll out very thin, cut into shapes with a cutter, and bake on a floured tin; they should not be long in the oven, nor baked hard.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of chocolate grated, half a pound sugar pounded, with quarter of a pound blanched almonds, a little pounded vanilla or cinnamon; mix all together with the well-beaten whites of four eggs, then stir in a handful of flour; put the mixture into a well buttered mould; bake in a moderate oven, so that it is baked quite through.

EXCELLENT LITTLE CAKES.

Half a pound white sugar, half a pound blanched almonds. Half the almonds to be pounded, and the other half to be cut into strips; put the latter in a small saucepan with a very little water and the sugar, stir diligently over the fire until the sugar is melted and the almonds a little roasted; put this mixture in a bowl with the pounded almonds and the whites of three eggs well beaten, stir well together; then form into little cakes (flat) on a slightly buttered plate or dish, and bake till a golden brown. Great care must be taken that they do not burn.

FREEMASON BREAD.

Half a pound sifted sugar, and two whole eggs and two yolks to be beaten together for an hour; then stir in ten ounces of flour, and lastly one and a half ounces of lemon peel and one and a half ounces orange peel, and the rind of a lemon finely chopped or grated, together with a little pounded cinnamon, and, if liked, a little pounded clove. Make this mixture into little rolls as long and as thick as your finger; sprinkle a baking-tin with flour, and lay the fingers pretty far apart on it; make three little cuts across each with a knife, and bake in a slow oven.

SCHMELZBRÖDCHEN.

The whites of five eggs, the yolks of three eggs, the weight of four eggs in sifted sugar, the weight of two eggs in fresh butter, the weight of two eggs in flour, and the rind of a lemon grated or finely chopped. Beat the yolks of the eggs together with the sugar and lemon rind, until little bubbles appear on the surface, beat the whites till quite stiff, and stir in lightly, sift in the flour, and beat together; lastly add the butter a little melted. When well mixed, butter some small moulds, and fill them a little more than half full with the mixture, and bake a light brown.

TIRE-BOUCHONS.

The whites of three eggs beaten till quite stiff, two ounces of sugar, on which rub the rind of a lemon, two teaspoonfuls of red wine and three teaspoonfuls of ordinary white wine, and a tablespoonful of flour. First dissolve the sugar in the wine, then stir in the whites of the eggs well beaten, and lastly add the flour; when well mixed pour into a slightly buttered tin (flat), which ought to be large enough to allow of the mixture being quite thin; as soon as it is baked cut into long narrow strips, and while they are warm wind them round a stick, slip them off when cold.

L. STANTON.

CALVARY CLOVER.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, but its real Latin name is *Medicago echinus*. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two peculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday, if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day stand erect in the form of a cross, with head erect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another, and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance to a "Crown of Thorns" is at once evident.

It is thus by its blood-stained leaves, by its extended arms and bowing head, and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection, that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary Clover.

These pods contain about eight seeds each, and are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the Restoration of the Norman Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, E.C.

They may be had of the verger at the church, or of Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

Unwind the pod; sow the black seeds like any hardy annual.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LILIAN MARIE.—The cheapest way of staining floors is perhaps with kerosene oil. It should be put on once a week, and well rubbed in. Boiled oil is also used, and takes a good polish.

AN OLD READER.—There is probably some fault in the glazing of the cups. Are they washed with soda? Perhaps rubbing with salt would take out the stain.

M. P.—Plush is very unsatisfactory in wear, and we fear nothing will take out the stain. You might, however, try washing it with a little very hot borax and water, applied with a clean sponge.

DONSHKA.—You give no particulars of the style in which you wish to live.

FIT and TALL.—£120 a year is very little to marry upon. Housekeeping for two people will cost at least £1 a week, and rent, taxes, insurance, coals, light, dress, and the doctor have to be considered. We should advise you to count the cost. You could undoubtedly furnish a house for £50 if you knew the way to go about it—picking up things secondhand, and also at sales. But you require to be a fairly good judge, which will take time. You should make a list of the least you can do with for each room, and then set yourself to buy the things at your own price. The beds and bedding should be new. In volume vii. of the "G. O. P." there is an excellent article on "How to Live on £100 a Year," on page 228, which may give you help, perhaps, if you intend to live in the country; but as the rent is put down at £16 per annum, you will probably have to increase that item; the others are very carefully given, and will be a fair guide.

COOKERY.

MILANO.—The method of making a "Risotto" is as follows: Fry, in a small saucepan, an onion, finely minced, with ½ lb. of butter and a little salt. When of a light golden colour, take out the onion, and add two or three ounces of rice, washed and picked over. Stir it well; moisten with some hot, weak broth or stock which has been freed from fat. Keep on adding this in small quantities, as fast as the rice will absorb it, and add during the process a pinch of powdered saffron. When the rice begins to soften, add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and it will be ready to serve as soon as the rice is cooked.

COOKIE DARLING could use almond icing for any kind of plum cake. *It would* of course be unsuitable for sponge cake. 2. "R. S. V. P." is the same in French as "An answer is requested."

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Macaroons can be purchased at any grocer's or pastrycook's. So can ratafias. For the recipes you need, consult Phyllis Browne's "Year of Cookery."

ANNIE DARE.—Jam will ferment if not sufficiently boiled, if not properly skimmed when boiling, and if kept in too hot or too damp a place; but above all, if the fruit of which it is made were picked when wet. We hear that if jam be covered up and tied down when hot, and just taken from the fire, it will keep the best.

WORK.

F. H.—The fancy paper you send us could be used to cover photo and other frames, to ornament scrap-books for hospitals, and any other fancy articles you may like to make.

ELSIE.—Good purse or knitting silk can easily be obtained in any shade. There are several good makers. The old long purses were knitted on steel needles, in plain knitting, steel beads being generally introduced and knitted in. These were threaded first on the silk, and knitted in one by one, according to pattern.

PHEBE and KATE.—A pair of knitted socks in coloured silk, a handkerchief with a monogram worked on it, or a handkerchief-sachet would be a suitable present for a gentleman.

A. T. S. L.—For a full-sized gentleman's cotton sock, cast on 92 stitches. Crochet cotton No. 20 and needles No. 20 do well together.

F. S. B.—To press a velvet mantel-border two people must be employed, and a basin filled with boiling water, a hot iron, and a clean handkerchief. Turn the velvet on the wrong side, and hold it out, fully stretched, without touching a table or any support whatever. Dip the handkerchief into the water, wring it, and then lay it on the wrong side of the velvet, and quickly iron over it. As soon as it dries, wet it again, and keep the iron also hot. Pull the velvet into place during the ironing.

MUSIC.

EIRDACH.—"How many is counted to each note" depends upon the time of each piece. A semibreve is worth two minims, and a minim two crotchets. You should get an instruction-book.

DOROTHEA.—Try to forget self when playing before company. We do not give either prices or addresses of shops as a general rule. A Digitorium is not of much use. By holding the wrists in the proper level position, the fingers can be exercised on the table. Still, if you want the instrument you name, write or go to some musical instrument maker or some music publisher, and they will supply you.

REHOBOTH.—The zither is an Austrian musical instrument, much played in the Tyrol; it has twenty-eight metal graduated strings; it lies flat on a table before the performer. It is played with both hands, the strings being plucked—not struck—and a small shield is worn on the thumb of one hand to protect it, as the metal strings are apt to cut, and to soft hands painful to pluck. If you go to any musical instrument shop you will see for yourself and form an opinion as to its suitability for your requirements.

YUM YUM.—The violoncello should rest on the left knee, the right being held back. Some rest it on the outer side of the left knee, but this makes it more difficult for the performer.

PORTIA.—We should have to go through the piece you name to be able to reply to your letter and its difficulties; and we could not undertake to put you in communication with the composer.

FREDA D.—We do not give the prices of instruments, nor of books that are not our own. You have only to write direct to the shops to obtain information. We sympathise with you; but after all, if you had the best instruction in music, you might not make it as remunerative as some other more essentially useful acquirement.

NORTH WALES.—We give the same counsel to you as to "Dorothea." You had better procure a "Harmonium Tutor" from a good music-seller.

K. WILLIAMS.—1. All pieces in the key of A minor have the same signature. Some of the notes being accidentally raised or not makes no difference. 2. To clean white coral, try simply soaking it in water, and brushing off the accumulations of dust with a soft toothbrush. Should this plan prove inefficient, take it to a jeweller or to a chemist, and they may be able to advise you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A STEPDAUGHTER.—You might send the clothes and books to either of the excellent societies for supplying the families of poor clergy with cast-off clothing and other comforts. Address either Miss Breary, Haddenham House, Worcester, or Miss Hinton, 4, York Place, Clifton, Bristol. Write direct to the Superintendent or Secretary of the South Kensington School of Art. This school does not give lessons in Latin. You could obtain them at the Polytechnic Institution, at the top of Regent Street (not far from the Langham Hotel), and, living in Bayswater, you could have easy access to it, either by train to Portland Road Station, or by omnibus to Oxford Circus.

UNLUCKY GIRL.—The 4th of June, 1871, was a Sunday. It is perfectly right to go where your parents see fit to send you to complete your education.

B. A.—There is no "proper finger for a mourning ring." You may wear it on any one that it may chance to fit; at the same time, the third and fourth fingers are those usually decorated with rings. On the question of studying to be a hospital nurse, it will be time well employed, although there are too many candidates to be supplied with situations in the majority of our hospitals at present. We must refer you to all the answers we have already given as to age, qualifications, addresses, and terms, as we cannot continue to repeat them. You should not omit the final "e" in so many of your words. It is a defect in your very pretty hand, rather than lack of a knowledge of spelling.

FELIX.—Your query was quite needless, as the conclusion of the sentence clearly explained the term intended to have been used. Instead of accepting the advice and instruction given, you find fault with a misprint of the word "rhythm."

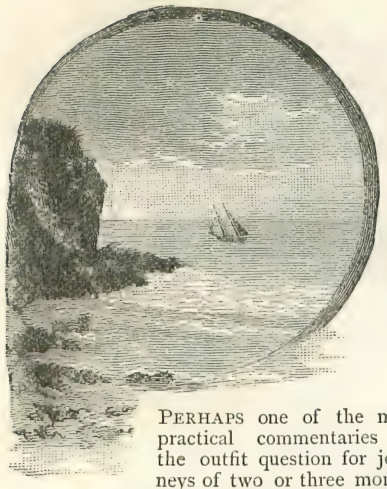
ONE ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—You will have, of course, to be baptized before taking a step towards confirmation, and you must write to the clergyman of your church, and ask him to have the kindness to call, and, if not, go with the other candidates at the time he appoints, and tell him of your position. We rejoice that our answers have helped you so much. April 19th, 1873, was a Saturday.

VOL. XI.—NO. 541.] MAY 10, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON THE PURCHASE OF OUTFITS FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

PART III.



PERHAPS one of the most practical commentaries on the outfit question for journeys of two or three months has been recently given by Miss Nellie Bly, the New York journalist, who made the circuit of the earth in seventy-two days, six hours, and eleven minutes, leaving New York on Nov. 14th, 1889, and reaching that city again on Jan. 25th, 1890—two months and eleven days. This remarkable journey was accomplished with no other luggage than a handbag containing the needful changes of linen and brushes and combs, her railroad and steamer tickets for the entire route, and Bank of England notes for £500. Only one gown—and that on her back—a warm cloak and rug; but nothing that she could not carry with comfort herself, thus securing that no delays should arise from taking luggage or from the loss of it. Her route was from New York to Liverpool, London, Dover, Calais, Brindisi, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, and across the Pacific and San Francisco. Then she went by train to New York. Her competitor, Miss Elizabeth Bisland, of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, went the reverse way, departing for San Francisco, leaving the passage across the Atlantic, always rather doubtful in the winter season as to the time it occupies, to the last, and this apparently is what caused her defeat, for she was only able to catch a slow boat at Liverpool, and arrived in New York some few days after her rival. Miss Nellie Bly is thirty, Miss Bisland is twenty-two years of age. Miss Bly went from Calais to Amiens, *en route*, to visit Jules Verne, the well-known author of "Round the World in Eighty Days," where she consulted that distinguished Frenchman on the possibilities of her accomplishing her journey round the earth in even a shorter time than his vivid imagination had allowed.

The prices of tours round the world I find vary from £131 by Australia and New Zealand, to £162 by India and Ceylon. The story of Miss Bly's luggage shows conclusively how much the efforts of the reformers in woman's clothing have done for her in that way by the introduction of the combination garment and coloured petticoats and stays, as well as in other ways, in which fashion has gone hand in hand with common sense. It seems as if, while the "Reform Dress Society" was deliberating here on the best walking or daily working dress, the whole problem had been completely solved by this American lady in her two months and eleven days' journey. I should fancy the contents of what the Americans call her "hand-sachel," which would be a good-sized handbag, would be about as follows: Four combination garments, three nightdresses, two pairs thick and two pairs thin stockings, a dozen handkerchiefs, a pair of house shoes, two blouses, one of cambric, one of silk, two pairs gloves, a flannel dressing jacket. As so many people in America do not wear flannels, I make no mention of them. They seem to be less needful in that dry climate than here, and in Canada it is quite the exception for women to wear any flannels, save the flannel knickerbockers for walking in the snow. The houses are kept quite too warm for any very excessive covering with such a material. Here in England it is the damp which we have to guard against, and which seems to render the cold more penetrating.

We have so many nice shapes and descriptions of bags here in England, that everyone can make a choice of the kind individually required. If it be mostly intended for visiting about in the houses of friends, I should recommend the purchase of a fitted one, as the fittings are the most comfortable solution of the difficulty of carrying about your personal requirements, and look well on the dressing-table wherever you are staying; but for a really comfortable travelling bag, a very large amount of fittings seems rather a bother, though some are a comfort. Amongst the newest and best bags, we find the fittings arranged in the centre of the opening, which, when thrown back on each side, leaves a kind of well, which will hold a large quantity of things. Arranged in this way, the articles which comprise the fittings are easily got at when required. Other bags have the fittings, which are few and simple, arranged all on one side, and this seems to me a much better plan than to have them arranged on both sides. The fitted "Gladstone bags," with the fittings on a kind of leaf in the centre, are also very convenient, and some of these are now sold at very moderate prices, the fittings being quite good enough for all ordinary use. Perhaps the brushes and combs might be of a little better quality, but that might be altered by giving a few shillings extra when purchasing.

But if we take the case that you are not quite well enough off to purchase a bag ready fitted, the next best thing is to fit one up for yourself. This is easily done by taking your empty bag and a piece of broad elastic, and sew it on to the side of the bag in loops which are large enough to hold what you most require in travelling. These would be a soap box, a bottle, or small flask for eau de Cologne, and another bottle for your glycerine, or a small pot for cold-cream, either of which you are sure to need on your journey. If you choose, you can also make places for other articles—viz., the button-hook, clothes-brush, comb and brush, nail-scissors, and tooth-brush. But I think you will find a case of brown linen or cretonne, made with strings to tie up, and fitted with elastic in the same way that you have fitted the side of your bag, the best method of carrying these. This case is made in exactly the same way as the old-fashioned "housewives," and for a sea voyage is unquestionably a capital plan for carrying your little toilette necessaries. You can unroll and spread it out on your sofa or berth, and have all that you need before you, without the necessity for groping about blindly in your bag, when feeling too ill to sit up or even to do more than drag on your clothes, and fly upstairs into the open air. For unquestionably the open air and a recumbent position offer our only chance of conquering our dreadful enemy, sea-sickness, and the sooner we exhume ourselves out of our cabins in the morning, the better for us in every way.

These cases, of which I have been speaking, can be purchased in American cloth at most bazaars and shops where travelling necessaries are sold, but I like them best when home-made. Many ladies prefer a good-sized sponge bag, into which they put their soap wrapped in a piece of oil-silk, with the nail and tooth brushes, and tooth-powder box; thus making one bag do for the washing apparatus. A bag for the comb and brush, hairpins, etc., is also preferred by some; a little bottle of ammonia for insect bites; a teaspoon, and a small cup or travelling-glass; a clean towel, and a small work-bag, with working utensils in it, the cottons being wound on cards, to economise space as much as possible. If you travel frequently, all these things may be left in the bag; but be sure to remember to dust and tidy it, and dry all the washing things when you are once again at home.

Do not forget a small but convenient writing-case, with one stiff side on which you can write on your knee, if necessary; and do not fill up the pockets with extra paper or envelopes or old letters. Take only as much paper as you will certainly need, a few spare pens, and remember your own penhandle, sealing wax, and seal; a very safe travelling ink bottle, filled with ink, and, if possible, a small letter-weighing machine, which can now be bought of very small and convenient size. You will find the list of rates of postage to the different countries of the world and the weights of letters at the end of any diary—such as "Letts's" or "Pettitt's"—that you may have; and the acquirement of this knowledge will not take long, and will prove most useful to you at all times, furthermore saving many a visit to the post-office.

I have been careful to mention seal and sealing wax, because, on the Continent, when you wish to forward an unlocked parcel—such as a roll or rug—you must tie a cord round it, and seal the cord at every knot. The Italian railways, for instance, refuse to take unlocked parcels, but will accept the seals willingly. It is sometimes wise, also, to seal your letters, as the seal retains much of its ancient prestige in foreign countries, and constitutes a defence to the gummed envelope which nothing else would do. So you should practise making seals until you can do one well.

In addition to what I have mentioned for travelling, you should have a good rug and shawl, also a small pillow, either of soft down or else an air-pillow covered with a cretonne, but for which you can carry, with little trouble, a small linen pillow-case, which will add much to your comfort at night, with its cool and pleasant surface next your face; and this you can have washed, so that it will be clean for every journey. This pillow can be carried in the shawl-strap. Your parasol and umbrella should be united in a good *en-tout-cas*, as the new large-sized parasols are called; they are quite big enough for ordinary use in rain, and are not too large for the sun. One with a hook-handle is of use in travelling, as you can hang it on your arm, and thus have the use of your hands for other things. For long voyages you will require a steamer or deck chair, and in choosing this I should advise you to make a personal trial of it, and then to have your name legibly painted on the one you select.

For long journeys you must not forget to take a comfortable travelling cap, for which you will be glad to exchange on a long railway journey, as you can then lean back comfortably. For very long voyages many ladies carry

some kind of pretty hood, which will be comfortable to lie down in, and yet not too unbecoming in the wearing.

During most of the year passengers through the Red Sea and also the Indian Ocean are obliged by the excessive heat to sleep on deck, as the stifling air of the hot and confined cabins completely banishes sleep; the decks are more airy and certainly cooler, and thus beds are made up on them, one side being reserved for ladies and the other for gentlemen. For this purpose you will require a cotton or print dressing-gown of a dark colour, to put on over your nightgown, for sleeping on deck. The voyage to Hong Kong comprises the most numerous changes of climate at every season of the year. It lasts eight weeks, and washing can be done at Suez, Singapore, and Colombo, the latter being half-way; between Plymouth and Suez, or at Venice and Suez, as well. When nearing Hong Kong you will need your warm clothing. For the hot weather you will certainly require six or eight cottons, prints, or muslins, and a lace, or grenadine and silk, for evening, for on board the P. and O. steamers going to Australia and the East there is a good deal of dress at dinner, and a black lace dress is always suitable. For these voyages, also, you will need a shady hat, a white cotton umbrella, and a pair of goloshes, should the decks be wet.

The voyage across the Pacific Ocean is shorter, and both cool and warm dress will be needed. It lasts from three weeks to sixteen days, the shortest, and you must take all you require with you. After April, both in the Pacific and Mediterranean, washing dresses will be needed, as it is sometimes extremely hot in the latter sea. But, of course, washing can be done at many ports where you stop.

The most recent authorities on "Outfits for Japan" seem to discourage the idea of taking out anything very large in that way, as some of the European shops are excellent, and there is a branch of the well-known Parisian emporium, "Au Printemps." There are also plenty of good native materials in silks, crêpes, and cottons; and the native workpeople are extremely clever in copying any patterns given to them. During the winter months serge and furs are desirable; and in the autumn and spring cashmere, homespuns, tweeds, and silks. In the hot weather cottons, zephyrs, and washing-silk sare worn, just as they would be anywhere else; and as the washing is excellent, there is no difficulty about getting them up. In case you ride, the habit chosen should be of thin cloth, not thick; and as tennis-playing is very general, a light flannel gown should not be forgotten.

With regard to the outfit for China, perhaps a little more must be said. In the winter the ladies wear much the same things as in England—a sealskin jacket, and a warm serge, cloth, or cheviot are quite suitable. January, February, and March are very cold indeed; the latter part of March, April, and May are warm, and generally damp. June and July wet, and exceedingly hot, with breathless nights. August and September are dryer, but hotter; and in September the nights begin to get cooler; October being the pleasantest month of all the year in China. For the summer months the thinnest gowns and underclothes are needed; but like most places in the East, it is now thought well to sleep in flannel all the year round. This account of climate refers to Hong Kong and China in general; the former place is perhaps damper than the northern parts.

Dress at the English seaside has become much simplified now, and few people consider it needful to take more than one simply-made gown of tweed, summer cloth, or serge, which will look neat and stylish, be useful, and stand hard wear to any amount. No trimmings are the order of the day for the seaside, so it is best to have all dresses made up with none, or perhaps with only velvet collars and cuffs. Blouse bodices, tucked Norfolk blouses, Garibaldis, or plain bodices are the most useful kinds to have; and a loose overjacket warm enough for protection against cold winds. If hats be worn, a close felt hat is the most comfortable; or if bonnets, only a neat, close-fitting bonnet, to match the dress. Caps likewise to match the dress are also very useful for the seaside, for which they are now specially made, and they have become so generally used that they are no longer considered fast-looking nor peculiar, and their usefulness is generally acknowledged. *En-tout-cas* are more useful than umbrellas at the seaside, as they are not so large, and can be used either for sun or rain. A colour should be chosen that will not fade nor change in the sea air, and, if possible, it should match the dress.

Large travelling cloaks, which are now so much worn, are also excellent for the seaside. They cover the dress completely, and are very pretty and graceful. They are made of woollen material, such a vicuna, which is now made with designs or patterns all over it, most frequently in black on a coloured ground. The colours usually chosen are blue, grey, green, and occasionally a terra-cotta. They cover the dress entirely, and are made in different shapes, sometimes gathered round the neck or with a fitted back, sling sleeves, or capes. For children, also, of all sizes the same rules of neat, careful dressing seem to be adopted by all observant and practical mothers who have suits of serge in sailor shape for their little boys, and similar ones with the sailor idea predominant for their girls, while elder girls, too, have some simple, well-made woollen dresses and jackets which will not spoil nor look shabby with much wear and tear. It now seems to be more fully understood that our hard-worked children, more than ourselves, need rest and recreation during their holidays, and that the best thing to be done with them is to let them be in the air and the sunshine (whenever that is granted to us) all day long. This can only be done with safety when they wear woollen clothes, and are so simply dressed that their garments attract no notice and are not easily spoilt. Thus we have begun to believe in Dr. Johnson's phrase, "that the best dressed woman is one of whom it may be said you know not what she has on."

VARIETIES.

IN DREAD OF A TRUMPET.—Cases of fainting on hearing music are not uncommon. Mozart was so susceptible to musical impressions that in his young days he fainted away at the sound of a trumpet, an instrument of which, up to the age of ten, he had the greatest dread.

THE CONTENTED MIND.

In crystal towers and turrets, richly set
With glittering gems that shine against the sun;
In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,
Content of mind not always likes to won [*dwell*];
But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay
In simple cotes enclosed with walls of clay.
17th Century.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The girl who spends most of her days in giving advice to her friends has no need to lie awake at nights wondering why she isn't popular.

SOLITUDE AND PRAYER.—The harder our work the more we need solitude and prayer, without which work becomes mechanical and insincere.

SELF IMPORTANCE.—If some were half as big as they think they are, the world would have to be enlarged.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A well-known miser, having one evening in the early part of this century appeared at a concert at Vauxhall Gardens, a wit celebrated the circumstance in the following lines:—

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant and relieve th' opprest;
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive power
Unlocked Sir Richard's pocket at threescore.
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

FOR THE ILL-NATURED.—To ridicule the oddities of our neighbours is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be satirical if we give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest so amusing to ourselves may, however, inflict a deep wound upon a sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon the author.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.—Everywhere in the natural, no less than in the moral world, light is the great life-bringer. Without it, there is no permanent and deep-lying beauty. Well may all nations, in all ages, have called wisdom by the name of light, error and ignorance by the name of darkness, and transferred the names of light and brightness to whatever is happy and holy.—*Leo H. Grindon.*

A DEFINITION OF PAINTING.—Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.—*Coleridge*

KNOW NOTHING.—The worst thing about persons that don't know anything is that they don't know that they don't know anything.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

Subscriptions received up to March 31st, 1890.

Collected by Kate Saunders, 2s.; collected by J. Mitchell, 17s. 9d.; M. D. Learmont, 5s.; Mary E. Biorklund, 11s. 3d.; G. H., 6d.; collected by Miss L. Fereday, 23s.; "Ewell" and "Dover," 2s. 6d.; collected by H. Grinberg, 3s.; collected by E. Turner, 2s.; collected by E. Martin, 26s.; collected by Miss Cartwright, 10d.; "A daimen icker in a thrave," 40s.; Miss Tweddell, 2s.; A. E. B., 5s.; "Go Forward," 2s.; S. Resarf, 2s. 6d.; Miss Annie Hart (Mauritius), 10s.; G. H., 6d.; Well Wishers at Chester, 3s.; G. H. 6d.; Amy Linford (Herne Bay), 12s.; Interested, 4s.; G. H., 6d.; Lennie, 5s.; E. Evelyn Macandrum, 5s; A Reader, 1s.; G. H., 6d.; Florence Newbold, 1s.; G. H., 6d.; Marguerite, 5s.; Louie, a Reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 3s.; S. Orme, for Home of Rest, 1s. Total up to date, £420 6s. 7½d.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. STEPHEN LORRAINE COMES TO AN UNDERSTANDING WITH HIS HEIR.

JOHN GLYNNE would have been surprised could he have known how little Aldyth had enjoyed that ride with her cousin. She had been conscious of something unusual in Guy's manner towards her. He had been more assiduous in his attentions to her than he was wont to be, yet at the same time he had vexed her by contemptuous allusions to John Glynne, and the report that had been circulated in Woodham. It had become a sore subject with Aldyth, and she was far from appreciating the witticisms in which Guy indulged at her expense. Yet Guy had no intention of annoying her. On the contrary, he meant to try his best to please his cousin. But it was not easy to substitute for the old, free-and-easy, cousinly intercourse the new *rôle* he had taken upon himself. He had not succeeded in his endeavours, and he felt that he had not.

"I shall never be able to do it as I should," he said to himself, as he rode back to Wyndham, after lingering a while in the High Street in the hope of seeing the Blands. "I wish I had not promised; but Wyndham is worth a sacrifice, though it is hard that a fellow may not choose his own wife." And Guy felt anything but comfortable as he surveyed the position in which he found himself.

A few days earlier Stephen Lorraine had ridden back from Woodham in the worst of humours. He had never accustomed himself to put any kind of restraint on his irritability, and he had no sooner returned than his household had cause to know that something had "put him out." Guy, who came into dinner a few minutes late, received his share of his uncle's wrath. "You will be good enough to remember, sir, that my dinner hour is six. It is doubtless disagreeable to you to conform to my habits; but it cannot be for long now, and I think I have a right to expect that you will pay me that degree of respect."

Happily Guy, who was tolerably easy of temper, did not encourage his uncle's quarrelsome tendency.

"I am sorry to be late, uncle," he said. "I assure you I like my dinner at six; but that fellow Ames detained me. Is there any soup coming for me?"

"I believe so; but if you have any consideration for your throat, you will have nothing to do with it," said the old man, grimly. "Cook evidently considers pepper the chief ingredient in making soup."

"It is rather highly seasoned certainly," said Guy, as he tasted the soup the servant placed before him. "How did you find things at Woodham? Much as usual, I suppose?"

An impatient sound escaped old Stephen's lips, but he said nothing, and Guy did not pursue the inquiry, though he was full of wonder as to the cause of his uncle's ill-temper. The few carefully-chosen remarks on which he ventured being ungraciously received, Guy finished his dinner in silence. As the dessert was placed on the table the old man's manner brightened somewhat. He sent for a bottle of special port from the cellar, and having filled his own glass, pushed the black, cob-webbed bottle towards Guy.

"Fill up; you'll find it worth drinking," he said. "It's almost as good as the '54 will prove, I trust, which I am keeping for your wedding."

Guy laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Time enough to think of that, sir," he said, lightly.

"Nay, not so," said the old man, with repressed eagerness; "it is time you began to think about it seriously, my lad, if I am to have the pleasure of drinking the health of your pretty bride."

Guy coloured, and fell to studying his wine-glass to hide his embarrassment.

"I should be sorry to think that you would not see my wedding, sir," he replied, with becoming seriousness; "but happily you are a rare man for your years, and will, I trust, see many more, for I am but a young fellow to think of marrying."

"Nonsense," said the old man, sharply; "you are twenty-four, and in your case there is no reason why marriage should be delayed. Now, do not smile, Guy, if you please. I am in earnest, and I wish you to be."

"Certainly, uncle, I will consider what you say; but a fellow can hardly get married at a moment's notice."

"Pshaw! how you talk!" cried old Stephen, impatiently. "One would think you had to go far to seek a bride. Come, sir, do you know what is being said about Aldyth at Woodham? Do you know that the gossips will have it she is going to marry that jackanapes in cap and gown—the fellow who lectures—tush! I've forgotten his name, but you know whom I mean."

Guy had turned a startled look on his uncle, and his face grew a shade paler as he caught the drift of his speech; but he said, coolly—

"Mr. Glynne, you mean. Well, why should not Aldyth marry him if she fancies him?"

"Guy! are you beside yourself? Do you know what you are saying? How dare you suggest that such a marriage would be suitable for Aldyth? A beggarly usher—a fellow of no social position whatever! Would you tamely submit to see her throw herself away upon such an one?"

There was growing passion in the old man's tones. Guy was alarmed, but he took refuge in sulky indifference.

"I do not know what you mean by 'tamely submitting' to it. Of course it would be a pity. I should not admire Aldyth's taste; but I could not interfere in the matter."

"It is absurd for you to affect to misunderstand me," said Stephen Lorraine, growing more angry. "You must know perfectly well that I have always looked forward to your marrying Aldyth."

"Indeed, sir!" said Guy, looking blank, "this is the first time you have acquainted me with the fact."

"You should not have needed information. You might have seen it was the only thing to be thought of."

"But I have never thought of it," said Guy; "and I must confess that I do not like the idea. Aldyth is my cousin."

"Your second cousin," said his uncle.

"Second or first," said Guy, "it is the same. We have grown up together almost like brother and sister. I am fond of Aldyth, but I tell you honestly, sir, I have no wish to make her my wife."

"You will find that it is to your interest to do so," said his uncle, with a calmness born of intense passion. "Listen to me, sir. Aldyth is every whit as dear to me as you are. When I have looked on you as the heir to Wyndham, it has been with the thought that she would share your inheritance. I do not choose to divide my property between you; but neither do I mean that Aldyth should suffer loss. If you resolve to disregard my wish in this matter, I shall have to reconsider the

disposition of my property. Now, I have given you fair warning."

Guy heard his uncle with feelings of the utmost dismay. "I don't know about the fairness of the matter," he muttered, then added in a louder tone: "You must allow that this has come upon me very suddenly. It is hard for a man to have it dictated to him whom he is to marry."

"Not at all," interrupted his uncle, "when the girl is such a fair, sweet girl as Aldyth."

"I don't believe she will have me," said Guy, with the air of having hit upon a happy solution of the difficulty. "You will not blame me, uncle, if she refuses me?"

"Yes, I shall," returned old Stephen, grimly. "If she refuses, it will be because you have wooed her in a sorry fashion. You ask her properly, and tell her that I wish it, and she will have you, fast enough."

Guy devoutly hoped that his uncle might be mistaken in this belief. But he lacked the courage to withstand him and boldly claim his right to act as he would in a matter that so closely concerned his happiness. Guy believed that Hilda Bland was the girl who could make him happy; but he was not one to deem the world well lost for love. The heirship of Wyndham was dear to him. Not for any girl's sake could he bear to be disinherited. So he temporised, and drifted into a sort of tacit promise that he would seek to win Aldyth for his wife.

It was with poor spirits that Guy set himself to carry out his purpose. He had little hope that Aldyth would really refuse his brilliant offer. A woman, he told himself in his youthful wisdom, regards marriage from a very different point of view from that of a man. Was it likely that one whose matrimonial chances were so limited and uncertain would reject, in one breath, himself and Wyndham?

But somehow Guy was not very successful in his efforts to act the part of a lover. He found it impossible to convince Aldyth of his sincerity. She would take purely as a joke his pretty speeches and the devoted airs he tried to assume. She laughed at him, and bantered him on what she believed to be mere affectations. The chief result of his endeavours was to raise doubt and jealousy in the mind of Hilda Bland, towards whom his friendliness was marked by strange fluctuations, and who was quick to perceive that Guy was more attentive to his cousin that he had formerly been. One day he would treat Hilda with such apparent indifference that her thoughts would turn with sympathy to Mariana in "The Moated Grange," and she would dream of dying early of a broken heart; then again he suffered himself to be betrayed into the old tenderness of voice and look, and Hilda's heart would beat with tumultuous delight, and life seemed to stretch before her again as a long, bright vista.

Meanwhile, poor Hilda grew daily more dreamy and unpractical, more neglectful of home duties, more oblivious of all that lay outside the rosy curtains which screened her own inner world of self-conscious emotion. Even Aldyth felt impelled to take her to task sometimes.

"You are getting lazy, Hilda," she exclaimed one day when she was at Mrs. Bland's, and heard Hilda refuse to carry a soup ticket to a poor woman whom Mrs. Bland was desirous of helping. Kitty, who was present, had at once volunteered to do the errand, and was now buttoning her boots by the fire.

"Oh, it is really too cold to go out this morning," said Hilda, lounging in her easy chair by the fire, with her pretty little feet on the fender; "Kitty does not mind the cold, but I hate to go out before I have had time to get thoroughly warm."

"There is one kind of poetry Hilda does not appreciate," remarked Kitty—"the poetry of motion."

"And she has yet to learn that one should occasionally sacrifice one's own inclinations for the sake of helping others," said her mother, in rather a severe tone, as she quitted the room.

As soon as she was alone with her friend Hilda burst into tears.

"That is always the way now," she said. "Mother is for ever finding fault with me. Kitty is her favourite daughter, and nothing that I do is right."

"Nonsense, Hilda," said Aldyth, "you fancy such things. I do not believe Mrs. Bland has a favourite, but Kitty is of course a great help to her."

"Yes; but then Kitty likes doing all sorts of things," said Hilda, vaguely. "She is so different from me. I do not get any sympathy from her. She laughs at my love of poetry; and as for mother, I am sure she grudges me the time I give to self-improvement. I suppose she wishes I were like Kitty, who scarcely ever reads anything except a novel."

"Now you are wronging your mother," said Aldyth, quickly. "I am sure she was very pleased that you and I should study together for the lectures. But talking of novels, what were you doing when I came in? Is not that a novel I see in your lap?"

"Certainly it is," said Hilda, "but such a novel!" and she held up "Romola" to view.

"Ah! that is a grand book," said Aldyth; "terribly sad, yet as true as it is sad. I can never lose the impression made on me by its revelation of the slow but sure decline into evil of Tito—so bright, and loveable, and unsullied as we see him at first that we love him almost as Romola does, and share the bitterness of her disappointment."

"Yes, it is very sad," said Hilda, "but what a splendid woman Romola is! I have just been reading how she devoted herself to those poor people dying of the pestilence. They might well take her for the Madonna. Oh, to go amongst the poor and suffering like that would be a life worth living! I often wish that I could be trained as a nurse; but mother would never hear of my leaving home. It is horrid to live in a place like Woodham, where there is nothing to be done."

"Only some poor people to be visited and supplied with soup tickets," said Aldyth, mischievously.

Hilda coloured. "Oh, that is nothing," she said.

"It is only a small thing, certainly," said Aldyth. "But I think the small duties may prepare us for great ones if we should ever be called to undertake them. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' But, Hilda, I had no idea that you had any leaning towards a nurse's vocation. I should have thought that kind of work would not have been at all to your taste."

"Perhaps not," said Hilda, looking piqued; "but you do not know all the thoughts that I have." And she said to herself that Aldyth understood her no better than did her mother and sister. There was a pause, then Hilda asked, "Are you going to ride to-day?"

"No," said Aldyth. "Guy has gone to Colchester, but he proposes that we should all have a ride on Saturday—you on Brown Bess. You feel quite comfortable on her now, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed, I am not a bit afraid of her now," said Hilda, her face lighting up with pleasure. "I shall enjoy another ride. And oh! Aldyth, what do you think? Mother says we may have a party on my twenty-first birthday. Won't that be lovely! Mind you keep yourself disengaged for the twenty-third."

"No doubt of that," said Aldyth, "parties are not so numerous at Woodham that I am likely to have another invitation for that date. I will tell Guy to keep himself free, for I suppose you mean to invite him?"

"I daresay mother will send him an invitation," said Hilda, demurely. Then she laughed. "Perhaps he will not care to come; but I do hope it will be a nice party. Mother talks of sending out fifty invitations."

"Your parties always are nice," said Aldyth. "And this is the mother with whom you are not a favourite! Oh, Hilda, Hilda! you do not deserve to have such a mother."

As the days passed by and Christmas drew near, the proposed party in honour of Hilda's attaining her majority became a matter of absorbing interest to the three girls—an interest which, when the invitations had been issued, was shared by many others at Woodham. Would Mr. Glynne accept or decline? Was there any possibility of his remaining at Woodham for Christmas? Aldyth could not answer these questions. She knew that Mr. Glynne's sister was recovering from her fever, but whether her convalescence had advanced to such a stage as to render it safe for him to return home for the holidays, she could not say. Somehow during the last few weeks John Glynne had fallen out of the habit of paying frequent visits to Miss Lorraine's cottage; nor had the Blands seen much of him of late. But the examinations were taking place at the Grammar School. It was a busy time for the masters; there was no difficulty in accounting for the fact that Mr. Glynne had little leisure to bestow upon his friends.

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER III.

"THE pleasures of the table," says Dr. Kitchiner, "have been highly appreciated and carefully cultivated in all countries and in all ages; and in spite of the Stoics, everyone will allow they are the first and last we enjoy, and those we taste the oftenest—above a thousand times in a year, every year of our lives."

Of all meals, dinner is the true test of a good cook and a well-regulated establishment. When that is as it should be, we may keep our minds easy as to breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper. Its importance, therefore, induces us to make the anecdotes and curiosities of the dinner-table the chief theme of the present article.

The hours at which we take our meals nowadays are not those of our forefathers. In the fourteenth century the breakfast hour was five in the morning; they took dinner then at nine, and supper at four.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the breakfast hour was seven; the dinner hour eleven; and supper-time six.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the dinner hour advanced to noon. Next in good society it came to be two o'clock, but by the beginning of the last century very fashionable people had already adopted five.

In Ireland the gentry dined at between two and three in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Other fashions besides hours have changed in connection with our meals. The knights of the olden times ate with their fingers out of the dish. When carving was required it was done with the dagger.

There were neither forks nor spoons in those days. In 1328, Queen Clemence of Hungary had thirty spoons, but only one fork. Even long after its introduction the fork was only used for eating fruit and confectionery; for other things the fingers were thought handiest.

One dinner a day seems enough for anybody, but Mr. Hayward mentions a man who had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a day, and practised it for nearly ten years, without any perceptible injury to health. He was a chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table at the dinners given by the Sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings. There were two dinners served each day (exact duplicates), the first at three o'clock and the second at five. "We had the pleasure," says Mr. Hayward, "of witnessing his performance at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigour of his attack on the beef-steaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before."

We may get used to anything, but dining alone is not as a rule agreeable, reminding one too much of a wild beast gnawing bones in a corner of the forest, and driving off all intruders with a growl. It has the character, too, of not being wholesome; the proverb, we know, has it that the chatted meal is half digested. Great talkers, however, are not always desirable companions at table; they put their tongues to a wrong use, and divert attention from the main business of the feast. Thackeray, the novelist, and the author we have just quoted were once dining together, when a dish of unusual excellence was served up.

"My dear fellow," said Thackeray, "don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish."

Domineering hosts are personages of ancient history, and in this respect we are all lucky to have been born so late. A guest is now left pretty much to please himself as to what and how much he will eat and drink, and a host is no longer held disgraced who does not press everyone present three several times to partake of every dish on the table.

This used to be specially objectionable in connection with the drinking customs that so long prevailed in society, but which are now fast dying out. It is told of a "good old Irish gentleman," Mr. Bagenal, of Dunleckny, in county Carlow, during the days of conviviality and duelling, that he would often have a brace of "saw handles," loaded, laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask. Bagenal's practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, while he kept the other *in terrorem* for any of his guests who should fail in doing simple justice to the wine.

A satisfactory dinner is the result of a happy combination of circumstances. The great secret, says Disraeli, is to have hot plates, but there are many other things equally important. "It is said," remarks Dr. Kitchiner, "that there are seven chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection. For instance, take a leg of mutton. First, the mutton must be good; second, it must have been kept some time; third, it must be roasted at a good fire; fourth, by a good cook; fifth, who must be in good temper; sixth, with all this felicitous combination you must have good luck; and seventh, good appetite. The meat and the mouths which are to eat it must be ready for action at the same moment."

We meet with some useful maxims on the subject of dinner-giving and dinner-eating—fundamental truths of good feeding—in Brillat-Savarin's famous "Physiologie du Goût." Here are a few of them:—

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

"It is only at table that one never feels bored during the first hour."

"Those who receive friends without themselves bestowing some pains upon the repast prepared for them do not deserve to have friends."

"To receive anyone as a guest is to become responsible for his happiness during the whole of the time he is under our roof."

"In a cook the most essential quality is punctuality; it should be also that of a guest."

"Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but small in number."

"In eating, the right order is from the more substantial to the lighter."

"Let the eating proceed without hurry or bustle, since dinner is the last business of the day, and let the guests look upon themselves as travellers about to reach the same destination together."

"A last course at dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye."

"Those who come unbidden sit unserved" is a saying which does not always hold true. An audacious example to the contrary is met with in an anecdote of Theodore Hook, who invited himself one evening, though a total stranger, to a dinner party in a house in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. He and Terry, the actor, had been passing the house, and noticed, from the appetising steams issuing from the area, that a glorious feast was in preparation. Hook caught at the idea suggested by Terry that he should like to make one of the guests; and arranging with his friend that he should call for him there that evening, hurried up the steps, knocked, and was at once admitted to the drawing-room.

The room was full, so at first he escaped notice, and when the host discovered him at last he was the centre of an admiring group who were all laughing at his sallies of drollery. The master of the house approached and politely asked his name, as he felt rather at a loss. Hook answered with a torrent of words, and in the end managed to make it appear that he had mistaken both the house and the hour at which he ought to have dined with a friend.

He made as if he were going, but this the host's civility would not allow; his friend's dinner hour must be long past, and a guest with such a flow of spirits would prove an agreeable acquisition to his own table.

Hook expressed profound reluctance to take advantage in this way of the hospitality of a perfect stranger; but was induced, apparently with much difficulty, to remain and partake of dinner. So charming a companion and so droll a wit had never been met before, and so

much mirth and jollity had never till now enlivened the mansion.

At ten o'clock Terry was announced, and Hook, who had seated himself at the piano, in the performance of one of his famous extemporaneous effusions, brought his song to a close as follows:—

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

This is amusing as an example of downright and not-to-be-copied impudence. We shall give next a much pleasanter and more wholesome story in which a prince figures as an invited guest at the board of people who never before had anything to do with princes.

When Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, visited Bristol on one occasion he went *incognito*, only accompanied by a single military officer. He walked into the Exchange, and though he was recognised, none of the merchants presumed to address him or to invite him to their houses.

A decent man, however—John Duddlestone by name, a bodice-maker—thinking it would be a lasting disgrace to Bristol if the prince were allowed to go away without any courteous recognition, stepped up to him when the merchants had all gone about their business, and asked—

"Are you the Queen's husband, as they say?"

The prince having told him that he was, the bodice-maker excused his townsmen's apparent want of loyalty, attributing it to their not liking to thrust themselves forward, and then invited him to take a simple dinner at his own house. He said he could promise him nothing but plain English fare—a piece of roast beef, a plum pudding, and home-brewed ale of his wife's own manufacture.

Prince George, delighted with the simple loyalty of the man, went along with him. When they reached the house John shouted upstairs to his wife—

"Polly, put on your best apron and come away down, for the Queen's husband and a gentleman officer have come to dine with us."

Dame Duddlestone soon made her appearance in a smart blue apron, and was introduced by her husband to the prince and his companion. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, the prince making himself at home, and honest John and his wife doing all in their power to please their guests. When the prince rose to go, he gave his host and hostess an invitation to visit him at Windsor Castle.

Next time John Duddlestone went to London to buy whalebone, he took his wife with him, and on the way they stopped at Windsor. Prince George received them very heartily, and introduced them to the Queen as "the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol."

They were asked to stay to dinner, and after dinner her Majesty knighted the worthy bodice-maker, saying, according to the good wife's version of it, when she often told the extraordinary tale, "Ston up, Sir Jan!" The Queen also presented Lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch and chain, and offered Sir John a place under Government or a handsome sum of money. The new-made knight, however, respectfully declined anything, saying that, from the number of people he saw about the Queen's house, her living must be very expensive; and as for him, he wanted for nothing, and had fifty pounds out at interest.

About the expense of maintaining the royal household, Sir John was not far wrong. We get a glimpse of an attempt at economy during the reign of Anne's uncle, Charles II., in the following order, issued by the Lord Steward of his Majesty's household:—

"Board of Green Cloth, 12th June, 1681. Order was this day given that the Maids of Honour should have cherry tarts instead of gooseberry tarts, it being observed that cherries are at threepence per pound."

Mentioning Charles II., reminds us of a capital story told in the *Spectator* about that merry monarch dining in the City on Lord Mayor's Day, in 1675. Sir Robert Viner, who was Mayor that year, was a very loyal man, and "what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family," he grew rather familiar with the King. His Majesty stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall Yard. The Mayor, however, ran after him, and catching him by the hand cried, with a vehement oath and accent—

"Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle!"

The monarch immediately turned back and complied with his host's request, repeating a line in a favourite song—

"He that's drunk is as great as a king."

Many funny incidents have occurred with royal personages at the tables of civic dignitaries. When the Duke of Gloucester was in command in Lancashire, the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool invited him to a State dinner. In the course of the feast, the Mayor seeing that the Duke only took one plate of the turtle soup, cried out—

"Do pray, your Royal Highness, fill your royal stomach; we've plenty more in the kitchen!"

Princes, however, have sometimes dined in a very makeshift way. Late in the afternoon preceding the battle of Prestonpans, Prince Charlie, attended by the Duke of Perth and another officer, went into the little inn at Tranent to dine. They had some coarse kail, or broth, and then the meat from which it had been made. The landlord had previously concealed his little service of pewter for fear of the Highlanders, and they had only two wooden spoons among the three, and one butcher's knife to cut the meat, which they then ate with their fingers.

At table we should be careful not to confine our attentions to any unknown dish, lest we should thereby devour more than our share of some remarkable delicacy. A story that illustrates this is told by Mr. Hayward in his "Art of Dining." "At a grand dinner," he says, "at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time), a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerately (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his Grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too."

A similar anecdote, Mr. Hayward adds, is told touching wheatears, in his opinion an even greater delicacy. When Lord George Lennox was commandant at Portsmouth, he asked a Scotch officer one day to dine with him. The officer was placed near a dish of wheatears, and to these he devoted himself with amazing relish. Lady Louisa Lennox did her best to divert his attention to something else.

"Na, na, my leddy," said he, "these wee birdies will do verra weel!"

The love of some people for good feeding gives a chance of having a joke at their expense. Pope, the actor, well known as a gourmand, and for his attachment to venison, once received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the fare—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef.

"The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope.

He went and ate till he could literally eat no longer, when the word was given and a splendid haunch of venison was brought in. Pope saw the trap which had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and after trifling with a delicious slice he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears.

"A friend," said he, "of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

A pleasant trick was once played by a party of Paris students on Proudhon, the celebrated revolutionary philosopher. They invited him to dine at Magny's restaurant in the Quartier Latin—a restaurant, by the way, which is a veritable storehouse of associations and souvenirs of the great men of a bygone time.

When Proudhon was shown into the dining-hall he saw a table covered with an unbleached linen cloth, upon which were disposed the roughest and coarsest of plates, the very humblest of knives and forks, and jugs of wine. Proudhon was asked to sit on a wooden bench, and when the soup was served, and this Spartan banquet had begun, his face fell, in spite of all his sage theories. He was looking positively unhappy when a door was thrown open, and the students invited him to continue his dinner at a table laid out with the utmost elegance and luxury and profusion, and on which bottles of champagne of the finest *crus* took the place of the jugs of wine on the more democratic table, his place at which Proudhon gave up with true philosophy.

The following anecdote has been told by way of a hint to those who dine with "the Worshipful" in the City. A stranger was dining with one of our very luxurious London City companies, and had helped himself to the first dish of meat that stood near him. Being hungry, and not thinking anything about the choicer viands that were to follow, he began to eat with great gusto his slices off the plain joint.

"My good sir, you amaze me!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton, "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

The dish which was thus made light of was run to death by the Hon. Henry Cavendish, the celebrated chemist. This distinguished but eccentric character received but little company, and his few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare—a leg of mutton. One day four scientific friends were to dine with him.

"What shall I get for dinner?" asked his housekeeper.

"A leg of mutton," replied Cavendish.

"Sir," said she, "that will not be enough for five."

"Well, then, get two."

A story is told of a scientific gentleman of renown quite as easy to please in the way of diet as Cavendish. He led a bachelor life and despised the pleasures of the table, so he went to the tavern at which he was in the custom of eating, and told them to have a rump-steak pudding ready for him every day at six until further notice. A famous cook on hearing this expresses a hope that good digestion waited on the appetite that was equal to a daily diet of rump-steak pudding.

Several curious superstitions are connected with the dinner-table. Of these the best known is that which draws melancholy conclusions from the appearance of thirteen guests round the hospitable board. The notion is

that one of the party is then sure to die within the next twelve months.

It first arose very likely from there having been thirteen present at the Last Supper of our Lord with his twelve apostles. A matter-of-fact correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, however, writing about a century ago, asserts that it is "founded on the calculations adhered to by the insurance offices, which presume that out of thirteen persons taken indiscriminately one will die within a year."

We have it mentioned by Addison in the *Spectator*. "I remember," says the essayist, "I was one in a mixed company that was full of wine and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed that there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic of terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room."

People are still to be found ready to make the same sort of uncomfortable observation, and a hostess who does not wish to have the spirits of her guests brought down all at once to zero will take care to avoid this ill-starred number. When by the failure of any of those invited to come, only thirteen are ready to fall to, ingenious expedients are sometimes adopted in hopes to break the fatal spell. A case is mentioned of a lady, to bring her number up to fourteen, introducing her favourite cat, and seating it in a chair with a serviette round its neck and a plate before it of good honest roast beef.

Another superstition connected with the table is to the effect that there is bad luck in laying one's knife and fork crosswise; crosses and misfortunes being sure to follow therefrom. When things are being placed in readiness for the feast care should be taken not to put down the knives with the edge upmost, in case, says a German superstition, your guardian angel should cut his wings.

To spill the salt towards a person used to be considered a very unlucky omen. It was held to indicate that something either had already happened to one of the family or was shortly to befall the person spilling it, and was also said to denote the breaking of friendship. An old author mentions reading, "in an orthodox divine, that he knew a young gentleman who by chance spilling the salt of the table, some that sate with him said merrily to him that it was an ill-omen, and wished him take heed to himself that day, of which the young man was so superstitiously credulous that it would not go out of his mind; and going abroad that day got a wound of which he died not long after."

Gay alludes to this superstition in his fable of "The Farmer's Wife and the Raven":—

"The salt was spilt, to me it fell,
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across."

The ill-luck of salt spilling is said to be averted by taking a pinch of what has fallen and throwing it over the left shoulder. We remember observing a well-known literary man in the act of spilling a trifling quantity of salt when dining in a London restaurant. No sooner had he done so than he looked round in a sheepish way, as much as to say, "I hope no one has his eye on me," took a pinch and threw it over his shoulder, and then a smile of relief stole over his face.

"This piece of folklore," says the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, "dates back to the time of the Romans, and at the present day is not limited to our own country. It has been suggested that it may have originated from the circumstance that salt was formerly used in sacrifices, and that to spill it when once placed on the head of the victim was regarded as a bad omen. Bailey, however, assigns a very different reason, telling us that salt was considered by the ancients incorruptible, and on this account was made the symbol of friendship. If it, therefore, was spilt, the persons between whom it happened thought their friendship would not be of long duration."

It is also unlucky to help another person to salt, as we learn from the old saying—

"Help me to salt,
Help me to sorrow."

Some, however, say that misfortune may be warded off by being helped a second time.

"I offered," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "to help an old Highland lady at dinner one day to some salt from the 'cellar,' which stood much nearer to me than to her; she gravely put back my hand and drew away her plate, saying at the same time, with a kind of shudder, between her teeth, 'Help me to salt, Help me to sorrow.'"

In Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting of the Last Supper, the artist has indicated the enmity of Judas by representing him in the act of upsetting the salt dish. A Dutch superstition has it that an overturned salt cellar means a ship gone to the bottom.

(*To be continued.*)

ELLA'S EXPERIENCES.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Forbidden Letters," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Poor little Susie's present was not destined to be finished in time for a Christmas gift. She had never been a strong girl, and as the days grew shorter and the weather colder, she became pale and thin.

Miss Marlow, who was always desirous of doing what was right by her pupils, noticed the change, and declared that Susie sat too long over her books. In consequence of this opinion, the child's afternoon lessons were often excused, and she would be sent to play in the garden long after the other girls had settled down to their work.

One day, when the ground was white with frost and the evergreens looked black in the wind, Susie went out as usual, with strict injunctions that she was to play with her hoop and keep herself warm. I made her put on a thick jacket, and just as I turned away from the garden door I saw Alicia Vincent coming along the walk. She was about to pay some visits, and looked exceedingly well in her sealskin jacket and dark blue serge dress.

She called to her little cousin, and the child ran up to her directly.

"Susie is growing out of her foolish prejudice," I thought, and returned to my lesson, light at heart.

I was preparing the girls for their examination, and in the interest of the subject the time slipped away very fast; I was quite astonished when I heard the clock strike half-past three. It was nearly dusk, even at this early hour, and a yellow fog was creeping across the tall holly trees and the lawn. It was quite time for Susie to come in, and I sent one of the servants to fetch her. Then I sat down to correct a pile of exercises. At the expiration of five minutes a message arrived from Susie to ask if she might stay out a little longer. This was against all rule and regulations, but as I did not wish to get Susie into trouble with Miss Marlow or one of the teachers, I snatched my hat and jacket from the peg in the dressing-room, and went to fetch her myself.

At first I did not see her. She generally played in a sheltered walk within sight of the schoolroom window; as she was not there, I walked towards the gate, crying, "Susie, it is time to come in!"

Presently a little figure crept out from behind a huge holly bush; it was Susie, looking very white and distressed.

"I can't find it," she said, in a mournful voice; "I have tried all the time, and I can't find it."

"What are you looking for, Susie?"

"Alicia's threepence; she had it in her hand to give to the crossing-sweeper, and she dropped it and it rolled away. She told me to be sure and find it by the time she came back."

"She has been back some time. I heard her speaking to one of the girls; don't wait about any longer in the cold. Take my hand, and let us run to the house."

"Alicia was very angry," gasped Susie; "she did not like losing threepence, and she said that it was my fault, because I startled her, and then she dropped it."

After tea Susie shivered and looked so ill that I left her in charge of one of the elder girls, and went to tell Miss Marlow that she had taken a violent cold. I found Miss Marlow in her own special room; Alicia was there too, toasting her feet before the fire and reading a novel. I told my story as briefly as possible, and Miss Marlow said that she would go and see Susie at once; I was to wait until her return.

"There is always more fuss over that child," remarked Alicia, leisurely, "than with the rest of the girls together."

"She is very delicate," I replied shortly, for I did not want to talk to Alicia just then.

"What is the matter with you, Ella?"

I burst out with my accusation rudely enough. "You should not have told her to go amongst those damp trees to look for your money."

"Is that what she says? Susie never could take a joke. As for her being delicate, I can't see it myself. I shall tell Harold that Miss Marlow thoroughly spoils her, and somebody else does too."

She held out her hand, and I could not resist her; as usual, I allowed myself to be persuaded that she was in the right. How handsome she was too! I did not wonder that Harold Thurlwall admired her; but in spite of her many fascinations, I did wish that she was kinder to Susie. Miss Marlow returned with a grave face; she had given orders that Susie was to be taken into the infirmary as soon as it could be made ready for her.

There was a matron at Oak House, who had had much experience in illness; she was a kind, clever woman, and in less time than I could have believed possible, she had put the invalid into a warm bed in the infirmary. Miss Marlow had said that no one except the matron was to be with her, but when early the next morning I waited outside the door, and heard her calling for me, I could bear it no longer, and obtained permission to sit by her bedside, on condition that I did not speak.

"SHE WOULD SIT AT MY FEET NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AND READ FROM THE BOOK ON MY LAP."

The old doctor came and went, looking even more serious than Miss Marlow had done. Susie had got inflammation of the lungs, and was very ill.

"*Shall I send for her relations?*" asked Miss Marlow, and as I saw her look at the suffering child, I wondered that I had ever thought her hard.

"Wait until to-morrow. If she has some sleep she may be better."

There was little sleep for Susie; all night she tossed from side to side, talking about the money that she could not find, asking for Harold, and entreating Alicia to say that she had been good.

They sent me away very early the next day to get some rest. In the passage I met Alicia. "Do you know," she said, in a whisper, "that they have telegraphed to High Coombe? Cousin Susan cannot come, of course, but perhaps Harold will. I heard the matron say that she might not last till to-morrow."

"My poor little Susie!"

"Yes, I knew that you would feel it. The whole house is so uncomfortable. Why, you look like a ghost! What have you been doing? Come and tell me all about it."

But for once, Alicia could not keep me. I broke away from her, and went to my room. Here I flung myself on my knees by the side of Susie's empty bed, and prayed with my whole heart that it would please God to spare her life. I had never had a sister, and behold, in three short months this child had grown so dear to me that I shuddered at the thought of losing her. It was very quiet, so early in the morning; school routine had not yet begun. I heard the doctor's voice, and then there was utter silence. My dear little friend! I could not endure to think of her lying there in suffering; though I knew that everything had been done that was possible, I fancied that if they had not sent me away I might have been able to help her. Suddenly I caught sight of a shelf on which all her treasures were neatly arranged; the half finished sock with its great needles, a photograph of Harold in a frame, a photograph of her mother (alas, that poor mother!), a few vases, and a painting (by herself) of the robin who came and sang on the window-sill. I buried my head in the pillow, and burst into bitter tears.

How long I stayed there I don't know, but I suppose I fell asleep. I was awakened by Miss Marlow, who came in, bringing a small tray.

"My dear, I am sure that you must need refreshment."

I started to my feet and rubbed my swollen eyes. "How is she?" I would have asked, but words failed me.

"Dear Susie is just the same. By-and-by I should like you to return; she has been asking for you."

Miss Marlow sat down by my side, and talked quietly and kindly; she made me eat some breakfast, and explained that she had arranged with the head teacher that she should take my classes. I might consider myself free from school duties that day. In my excited state it was fortunate that she had the wisdom to tell me exactly what I was to do; and I felt that though she did not attempt to comfort me in words, I should never misunderstand her again. My first impression concerning Miss Marlow had been utterly and entirely wrong; she was neither stern nor cruel.

The hour passed slowly until I was allowed to return to the sick-room; all was hushed now; there was no sound except Susie's long-drawn gasps for breath. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were very bright; she moved about with the terrible restlessness of fever.

The matron beckoned to me.

"See if you can get her to take this." She put a teaspoon and a cup into my hand.

"Dear Susie!" I said, and she looked up at once.

"Oh, Ella, I do love you!"

She let me feed her until she had taken all that the matron had given me.

Late in the evening she fell into a feverish doze, and then I heard voices in the passage. She had placed her hand on mine, and I could not move. The door opened. Miss Marlow entered with a strange gentleman. He came to the foot of the bed.

He was a young man, dark, with deep-set grey eyes; just now his eyes were full of tears.

"My dear little sister!" he said, and there was such a look of pain on his face that I turned away, not liking to intrude upon his sorrow.

Harold! How often she had talked of him, thought of his coming! and now he was here looking upon her—with oh, such loving tenderness!—and she did not recognise him.

She lay half-unconscious, talking and moaning through the long hours that followed. Once he lifted her up to place her in a more comfortable position, and she told him fretfully to go away.

"Never mind," I said, forced into speech by the misery that was written on his face; "she does not know who you are."

He glanced at me in some surprise.

"She knows you!"

"Yes; but we have been together so much this term."

After that there was no more talk between us.

It was a terribly sad time; Susie was in danger all that night, but the following day, before they sent me away to rest, I knew that my darling was sleeping soundly, and that the crisis was over.

Her recovery was slow. I was very often with her, because she had been accustomed to me, and I could sometimes soothe her when others had no influence. As she gained strength she soon began to take pleasure in her brother's society, and to talk to him in her quaint fashion, asking many questions about her mother and home. How good he was to her! It was easy to see how dearly he loved this little sister of his. He would sit for hours amusing her and waiting on her, or go off to London at a minute's notice to fetch anything that she might fancy. He was very kind to me too, trying to spare me in any way that he could, and even remonstrating with Susie if she required too much attention at my hands.

"You forget," he said, one day, "that Miss Farrington is tired. She has been nursing you and looking after you for so many days."

"Is she tired?" Her large eyes were turned on me. "I am so sorry; she is my best friend. Let us take her away with us, Harold, when we go home to Tor Cottage. I can't spare her."

"I should be only too pleased, Susie; but perhaps Miss Farrington would not care to come; perhaps she has had enough of sick children!"

"She will go," said Susie, deliberately. "Won't you, dear Ella?"

I tried to put her off, saying that she would see me again after the holidays, and that I had settled to remain at Oak House; but she would not be satisfied.

"Ella must come!" she said, with such pertinacity that Mr. Thurlwall and I both smiled.

A few days later I received a letter from Mrs. Thurlwall, thanking me in the most affectionate terms for what she called my "devotion to her little girl," and begging me to spend the rest of the holidays with her and Susie at Tor Cottage. To tell the truth, I had looked forward to the next few weeks spent at Oak House with considerable dislike, and I accepted this kind invitation with delight. Susie was now left very much to my care (her brother had returned to his work in London), and she improved rapidly in health. Fortunately the weather become milder, and early in January it was pronounced safe by the authorities for the child to undertake the journey. The morning of our departure Harold Thurlwall arrived; he intended to see me safely down to High Coombe.

The pupils had long ago gone home; the schoolroom looked strange and forlorn, though there was a large fire burning, and the matron had provided hot soup to fortify us against the journey. Miss Marlow came in, and made a prim little speech to Mr. Thurlwall, and congratulated me on my coming visit to Tor Cottage, with such an excellent hostess as Mrs. Thurlwall. But when the moment arrived for her to bid farewell to the invalid, she gave my Susie such a motherly kiss that I began to see more distinctly than before how much of Miss Marlow's stiffness was on the surface only.

The sun was shining brightly as we drove off. Harold lifted Susie into the carriage; we had wraps and hot water bottles all ready, and we arrived at the station just in right time—not too early or too late.

Harold took the tickets, saw after the luggage, and returned to us with an armful of books and newspapers.

"Isn't he good?" exclaimed Susie, her eyes glistening with pleasure; "and doesn't he take great care of us?"

"Indeed he does," I answered; as well I might, for Mr. Thurlwall had brought for my amusement a book that I had long wanted to read.

"I'm an old traveller," said Harold, "and know all the mysteries of making myself comfortable on a journey. Is that window too much for you, Miss Ella? You would hardly believe that during the last two years I have travelled thousands and thousands of miles, and not always in luxury like the present moment. Riding for days in South America is not such easy work, I can assure you."

"Tell me some adventures, please," said Susie.

"Susie always looks upon me as a kind of knight-errant, Miss Farrington, as I daresay you have found out by this time—a perfect hero with an enchanted sword. But my adventures are really very commonplace."

I did not think so when he began to tell us how he had once been becalmed in the Pacific, and he and his friends had been so starved that they cut open the velvet cushions at the back of the sofa in the state cabin, and made porridge of the bran with which they were stuffed.

The story-telling went on for about half an hour, and then Susie grew weary, and I had to take her on my lap and coax her into patience. She was a big girl to be such a baby, but you see she had been very ill.

"I shall begin to think that Alicia was right when she said that you were spoilt," observed Harold. "She must begin to educate you when she comes to stay with us."

"I don't want her to come!" exclaimed Susie, with all the irritability of an invalid; "I don't like Alicia. She made me catch cold standing about in the garden looking for her money."

"Oh, Susie!" I said, in dismay, for I knew that she had been listening to some unwise chatter of the servants.

"It is quite true," retorted Susie; "I heard Anne say that was why I was ill."

"Alicia was very sorry when you were ill, Susie. It is not kind to talk so."

"She was sorry because she thought that she would get into trouble. But I didn't tell, did I, Ella?"

What could I do? Harold Thurlwall had

taken up a newspaper, but of course he had heard every word that Susie had said; and if, as Alicia had hinted, he thought a great deal of her, how vexed he would be to hear her accused of such negligence.

"You are nearly well again now," I said at last, in a whisper, "and we won't talk about what happened so long ago. Do you remember that you once promised me not to say unkind things about Alicia?"

Susie looked serious. "Yes; and I won't say them any more. When she comes, she shall read all my books. Now, sing to me."

Harold put down his paper.

"Susie, you will tire Miss Farrington."

"Shall I? I didn't mean to. Sing one little song, dear Ella, and I will be so quiet."

I sang one little song and another, and then she dropped asleep with her head against my shoulder.

We were approaching the end of the journey, and the train was flying through such splendid country! It was lovely now in the grey winter day. A blaze of sunshine lit up the landscape—such magnificent woods, such red fields, and such green spaces of common! The villages nestled amongst trees and hedges. It was like a picture!

I fell to comparing it all with my old home in the North of England, where the scenery was wilder and the colouring not so bright. So much had happened since I came to Oak House; there were so many new interests, there was so much to be thankful for, and yet I felt sad. In spite of the kindness of friends, I was literally alone in the world; I had neither brother nor sister nor cousin, and besides that I was poor. I should have to work for my living always until I was quite old, and perhaps I should fall ill some day, as Susie had done, and there would be nobody to care for me! If only I had a big strong brother who would come and help me now and then, how thankful I should be! I began to wonder how long Alicia would stay at Tor Cottage, and whether I was quite glad that she was coming. In an uncertain, vague way I knew that she always made me discontented, and put it into my head to imagine grievances where they did not exist. I had never thought much about my want of fortune until she had assured me that the world would slight me because I was poor. I used to be glad that I was so strong, and that I liked teaching; it made things easy for me, and now—I might as well own the truth—a few tears trickled on to my book. I thought it was hard that because my dear father had lost his money I was to be cold-shouldered and treated differently from other girls, when Alicia, at least, considered me clever and good-looking.

"I am going to take the liberty of suggesting that you should change places with me," said Harold Thurlwall; "look, it is a very cosy corner. I ought not to have let you devote yourself like that to Susie. Let her lean against me."

The change was wrought in a moment without disturbing the child, and I found myself tucked up in a warm rug, sitting in a farther corner, where I had more light to read and much more room to turn.

Whether Mr. Thurlwall had seen my tears, I don't know; I hoped not; at any rate, he never said a word about my silliness, but presently began talking to me about his home and Mrs. Thurlwall, and assuring me how glad she was that Susie should spend the holidays in my society.

"I don't feel quite sure that we did wisely in sending her to school, but at home she is unavoidably left alone a good deal. But now, since you have taken such pains with her, it is a very different matter, and I am sure that her mother will tell you the same."

It was kind of him to say this to me now, just when I wanted a little encouragement. I began to understand what Susie meant when she said, in her deliberate way, "It is all right when Harold is there." He did not flatter me by saying that I alone could manage his little sister; he spoke simple truth when he said that I had "taken pains with her." He had the knack of making people happy, and saying kindly things at the right moment. It never struck me till long afterwards that perhaps what I called "knack" was the outcome of years of self-discipline and unselfish consideration for others, for Harold Thurlwall was not by any means what is generally understood by an easy-tempered man.

By three o'clock we reached our destination. A close carriage was waiting for us in the station-yard. A friend of the Thurlwalls, Mr. Acton, had sent it to meet the invalid.

We drove slowly along the narrow lanes, up hill and down, with high hedges towering above us. Susie was tired out, but Harold did his best to entertain me. When we stopped at the door of the grey stone house he jumped out of the carriage with an alacrity that was very like a schoolboy coming home for the holidays.

A middle-aged woman in a high white cap appeared to welcome us. "Is mother down, Eliza?" was Susie's first question, after she had hugged the servant.

"In the yellow room, dearie," answered Eliza.

We all went together to the door of the yellow room, and here I would have drawn back, but Susie seized me by the hand and dragged me with her to the fireside, where sat a fair slight lady, who held out her arms, crying, "My child, my child, how very glad I am to have you again!"

Susie's fatigue had vanished; she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and laughed and chatted, and asked a dozen questions which nobody answered, while Eliza stood wiping her spectacles and pretending not to cry.

In those few moments I had time to see what a pretty quaint room it was, with its yellow walls and yellow curtains, and huge pots of maidenhair placed about in unexpected corners. There was a lattice window with heavy stone mullions, and the oak chairs and tables looked as if they had belonged to the house for a hundred years.

Then I heard Mrs. Thurlwall pronounce my name. "You must forgive me, my dear," she said, as she drew me to her side. "I ought to have welcomed you at first. My little one and I do not know how to thank you enough."

It is nearly seven years ago, and my heart still swells with gratitude when I think of that welcome, and the kind friend who took me into her household as if I had been a daughter.

From the moment that I set foot on the threshold of Tor Cottage I was as happy as happy could be, until (I am sorry to be obliged to write it) Alicia came, and with her arrival my old doubts and miseries came to life again. Foolish girl that I was!

After I had spent a few days at the Cottage, I was better able to understand how it was that Mrs. Thurlwall had consented to part with her only child. She had a decided will of her own, and much as she valued her stepson's advice, she would not have sent Susie away without due cause. Very soon she took me into her confidence, and told me much about herself and her circumstances that I had not known before. The poor lady, even at that time when she was the centre and life of the party, was in very bad health. She could not teach Susie, and she had made up her mind that it was right for her to go to school.

"You see, dear Ella," she said to me one day, "there will not be very much for Susie when I am gone. Part of my income dies with me. Harold has always been the best and most generous of sons, but he is young, and it is not fair that he should have all the responsibility, although at present he pays for the greater part of her education, and does more for me than I can tell. I want my daughter to be prepared for any chance, and to have a brave spirit of her own, so that if it please God to take me away, she will be able to work for herself, just as you are doing now. And there will be Harold to direct and advise her. If it were possible, I should like to live to see her grow up; but His will be done."

I listened, and wondered at her heavenly patience. I did not understand how anyone could endure such a trial as this with submission, and yet be cheerful and happy. I was young, and had a great deal to learn still. Perhaps Mrs. Thurlwall had over-exerted herself in her efforts to see after our comfort; anyhow, shortly after this talk she became so ill that for days we were not allowed to see her.

I did what I could for Susie; the little maid was so fond of me that it was no trouble to keep her happy. She would sit at my feet in the yellow room night after night, and read from the book on my lap; the only drawback to her content was the knowledge that "poor mother" could not come downstairs and join us. But with all a child's belief in a golden future, she always ended up by saying, "To-morrow she will be better."

Harold had gone away on urgent business; but he returned towards the end of the month, bringing Alicia with him.

With Alicia's arrival much of my peace of mind departed. Let me tell you how this came about. She was exceedingly friendly; indeed, she confided to me, the very first day, that it was duller at Tor Cottage than she had ever known it, and she thought that Harold was anything but improved since she had stayed there last.

"The fact is—do sit down, Ella, and let us talk it over quietly—I'm sorry to say that poor Harold's head is getting turned. Something or other about a tunnel or an embankment, I can't remember which, in Scotland; he has dug it out or built it up so well that the other rising engineers are tearing their hair with envy. The result is that he is becoming unbearably conceited. I shall give him another chance to-night at dinner, and if he does not behave better I shall be obliged to snub him."

We were only three to dinner that night, as Mrs. Thurlwall, of course, could not join us. Alicia looked charming in a lilac silk dress that had just been made for her by a French dressmaker. I rather wondered that she put it on to-night; but very soon I discovered that with her new dress and beautiful gold ornaments, Alicia had put on her very best manners. She was determined to fascinate Harold; and then it dawned upon me that Harold was striving hard to be polite and courteous to his cousin, but he was not at his ease.

It was an uncomfortable party. How I wished that Mrs. Thurlwall had been there! Harold listened to all that Alicia said, and talked when it was necessary for him to do so; but all his brightness had departed, and I for one was quite glad when Alicia proposed that we should go into the yellow room.

Here Susie ran to meet us, full of life and chatter. She looked rather astonished when Alicia inquired after the knitting, over which they had formerly disagreed.

"It is done," she said. "Ella helped me, and I gave it to Harold, though it was too late for Christmas. You were pleased, weren't you, Harold?"

"I was delighted, little woman," was the reply. "Now go and light the piano candles, and we will ask Alicia to play to us."

Alicia went to the piano at once with her

usual good-humour, and Harold stood by her side, turning over her music till tea-time. But he looked very stern, and it occurred to me to wonder whether he liked music, for Alicia played really well, and was doing her best to-night.

By-and-by they made me sing. When I had got to the second verse of my song, Alicia began talking quite loud to Susie. I did not mind, but Mr. Thurlwall did; he came and sat by the piano and apologised. He said that it always made him feel angry when people talked during music. Of course I told him that it did not matter; then he went on to say how busy he had been for the last fortnight, and how he had been afraid that he should not be able to get back to High Coombe at all.

"We should have been very sorry, and Alicia would have had to travel alone."

"Alicia? Oh, yes, perhaps she would have preferred that to having such a morose companion. Now confess, Miss Farrington, you have been wondering what has put me out, haven't you?"

"I—I thought that perhaps you had had bad news."

"That was very kind of you. No, I am in a bad temper, very angry, in fact, and I won't distress you by telling you why."

"If you are angry with anybody, I am sure that they deserve it."

"Ah! I am not so sure if I can lay that flattering unction to my soul. You are too charitable to understand how I feel. Now, what shall I do to get rid of 'Mr. Harold's naughty temper,' as old Eliza used to say?"

He was talking nonsense, but yet there was a dash of earnestness in what he said that made me feel that he had been very much vexed, but I answered him in fun—

"Sing us a song, please, Mr. Thurlwall; you know your voice won't come when you are angry, so if you sing you must get into a good temper again."

This was a very excellent piece of advice as it happened. We both laughed, and Harold went to find a song, and asked me to play the accompaniment. He said that he should inflict a severe punishment on me, and take me at my word.

But it was no punishment; he had a very fine voice, and as he began to sing Alicia left off talking, and Susie listened in rapt attention. He had chosen a beautiful Irish song, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." As the last notes died away there was a burst of applause, and he had to sing again and again. After that the evening passed away only too quickly.

Alicia put her arm through mine as we went upstairs, and insisted upon my coming into her room just for a moment. Once there, she threw herself into an arm-chair, exclaiming—

"There, Ella! didn't I tell you so? Did you ever see such behaviour! It will be a long time before I come to stay with Cousin Susan again when Harold is at home. He is perfectly incorrigible!"

(*To be continued.*)

CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

ISABELLA, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

THIS monument is one of a totally different character from those which we have hitherto described or illustrated, and yet is an example of a class very frequently to be met with in our cathedrals and abbey churches. It may, in fact, be more properly described as a chantry chapel, or monumental oratory, and was erected by the person, with whose name it is associated, during her lifetime, with the intention that she, or perhaps certain members of her family, shall after death be buried beneath it. These chantries, in fact, were nothing less than little private churches, built within larger ecclesiastical structures, and served several purposes. Very frequently they were a kind of family pew, in addition to being the family mausoleum. The Countess of Warwick's chantry, which is a very large one, contains a gallery which must have served some such purpose, for galleries in such a position, though very uncommon in chantry chapels, are frequently found in the private oratories attached to ancient houses, where they always contained the "family pew." Chantry chapels had their own special altar and other fittings, and within them were celebrated memorial and other services for the members of the particular family or individual to whom they belonged. Wealthy endowments were attached to them, and they provided the means of support to one priest, and sometimes even a number of clergy. Like churches, they were dedicated to some particular saint—the Countess of Warwick's chapel, for instance, was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene—though, unlike churches, they are more generally known by the names of those who erected them, or to whose memory they were built, than by that of the saint to whom they were dedicated. Not unfrequently they were commenced as a memorial to one person, and completed as the cenotaph of another; and there would appear to be some reason for supposing this was the case in the example before us, as it seems pretty well certain that Isabella began this structure in memory of her first husband, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, who was killed at the Siege of Meux, in France, in 1421; but the countess herself, who died in December, 1439, was also certainly interred here, as we gather from the following inscription upon it:—

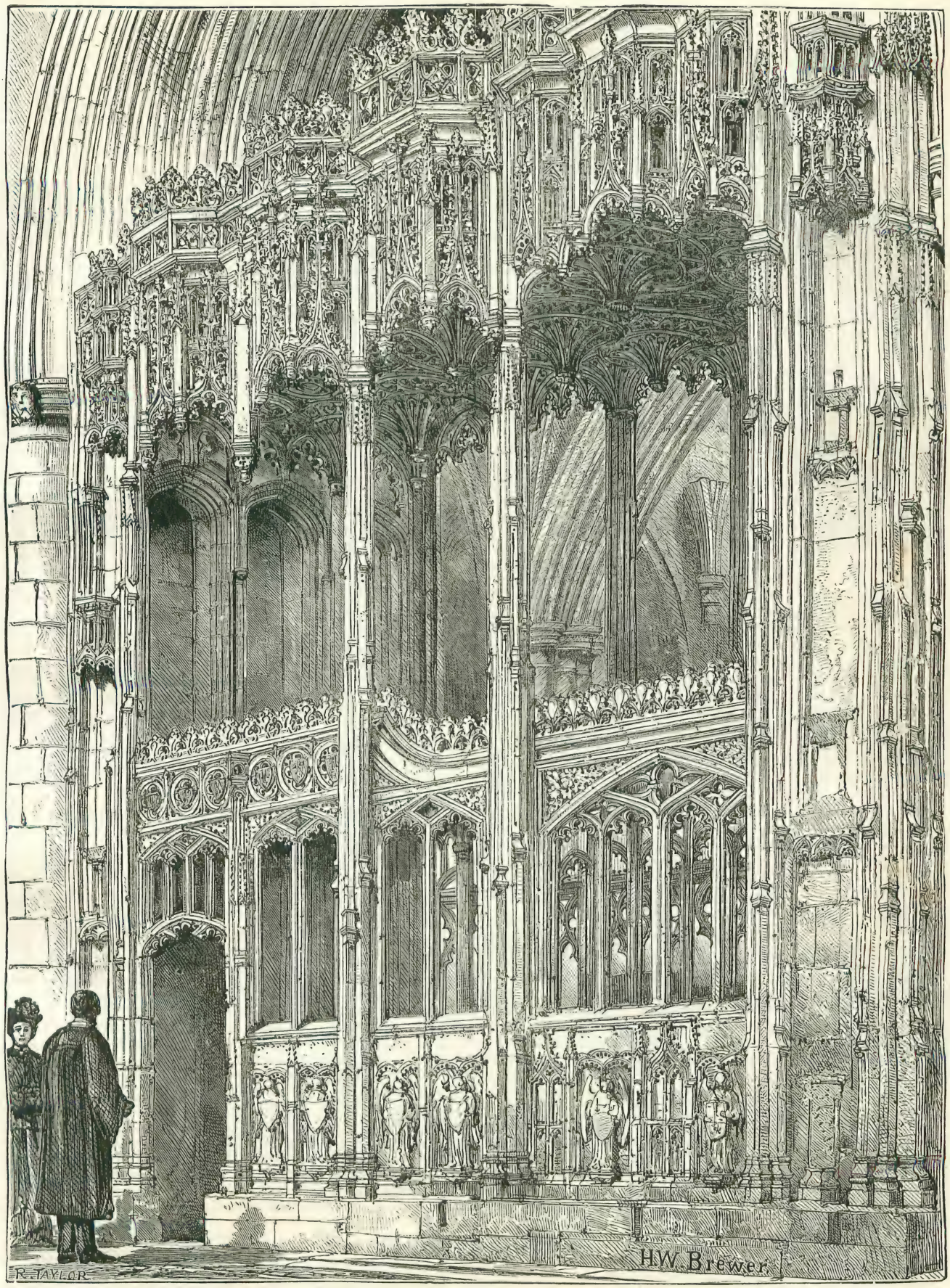
"Mementote dominæ Isabellæ le Dispenser, Cometisse de Warrewyk, quæ hanc Capellam fundavit in honorem Beatæ Mariæ Magdalene, et obiit Londoniis, apud Minores, Anno Domini MCCCCXXXIX., die sancti Johannis Evangelistæ, et sepulta est in choro in dextra patris sui, cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen."

"Make remembrance of the Lady Isabella le Dispenser, Countess of Warwick, who founded this chapel in honour of the Blessed Mary Magdalen, and who died in London, at the Minories, in the year of Our Lord 1439, upon St. John the Evangelist's Day (December 27th), and is buried in the choir, on the right hand side of her father, upon whose soul may God have mercy. Amen."

The spelling and Latin of this inscription are peculiar, but they show us that the lady was buried at the right hand side of her father; and as she is known to have been interred in the chapel itself, her father must also have been buried here as well as her first husband, so that it was evidently a family mausoleum. It is a singularly beautiful work of the Perpendicular, or florid Gothic style. The upper portion is surmounted by a series of very elaborate canopies, enclosing what is called a fan tracery vault, from the fact that the ribs or veins of the vault expand like a fan, or palm leaf, from the column or boss from which they spring. The lower portion of the chapel is surrounded by pierced open screens, adorned with rich tracery compartments, looking like unglazed windows; attached to the wall beneath them are statuettes of angels holding shields, charged with the several quarterings of the family of the deceased countess. Every portion of this exquisite chapel is covered with the most minute and delicate carving, much of which has, unfortunately, been purposely mutilated; but enough still remains to show the extreme magnificence of the design, and the unsparing labour and consummate skill of the workmen who carried it out. We must now tell our girls who this Lady Isabella was, and the very important place she occupies in the history of this country. Isabella was daughter of Thomas le Dispenser, Lord Burghersh, and Constance, daughter of Edmund de Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III. Thomas le Dispenser joined in an attempt to dethrone Henry IV., but was taken prisoner at Bristol, attainted for high treason, and executed in the year 1400, leaving issue one son, Richard, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Isabella. Richard died in 1414, and was buried at Tewkesbury.

Elizabeth died in her infancy, so that Isabella, who became Baroness of Tewkesbury, succeeded to all the estates; she was married at eleven years of age, to Richard Beauchamp, who subsequently became Earl of Worcester, and died in the year 1421 from a wound received at the Siege of Meux, in France, caused by a stone cast from a sling. Now Lady Isabella has created no little confusion in history by accepting for her second husband a man with the same christian and surname as her first! This was Richard Beauchamp, fifth Earl of Warwick. He was tutor to King Henry VI.; like her first husband, he also died in France, the same year as the Countess herself, but a few months before her, and was buried at Warwick. By her first husband she had one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Edward Neville, son of the Earl of Westmoreland, from whom the noble families of Abergavenny and Westmoreland are descended.

The children by the second marriage were Henry and Anne. Henry was created Duke of Warwick, and crowned "King of the Isle of Wight;" he married Cicely, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and died at the age of twenty-two, in 1426. Anne, who succeeded eventually to the immense inheritances of both the Despensers and Beauchamps, was probably the wealthiest heiress of her time; she married Richard Neville, who was afterwards created Earl of Warwick, the celebrated "king-maker."



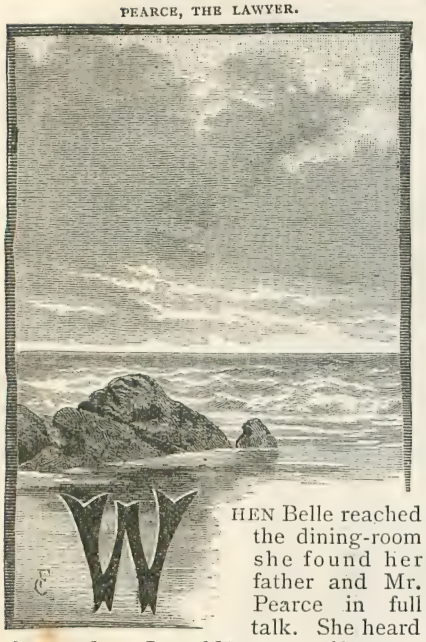
TOMB OF ISABELLA, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, IN TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER V.

PEARCE, THE LAWYER.



WHEN Belle reached the dining-room she found her father and Mr. Pearce in full talk. She heard the words, "I could run over if necessary" from the latter, and wondered what they meant, and supposed they alluded to future visits to the farm. He rose and hurried to meet her, with the alacrity of one who had been expecting her arrival. He could scarcely have encountered a more comely maiden. Her cheeks were red with air and exercise, her blue eyes beamed with the light which a good conscience poured into them, her movements were brisk, and her figure lithe and active. She was the personification of usefulness. Mr. Pearce was also full of activity, both mental and bodily. He was a little man, blue-eyed, fair-haired, fresh-coloured, and decidedly good-looking. He had a well-tended moustache, and was dressed with great care: a man that any girl might fancy, and that half the young ladies of Harborough did fancy. His gait was easy, his figure slim, his manners polished. Why did not she fancy him? She could scarcely tell; but there was an antagonism towards him in her nature which she attributed to various causes. The primary was that he was her father's mortgagee, and lent him money at five per cent. whenever he required it. She reasoned with herself that this was no just cause of dislike; for the interest was not excessive, and if he had not undertaken the mortgages, someone else would; for her father's small property might be made valuable by other than himself. There were a few secondary causes for her mistrust of so glib, agreeable, and even fascinating a man as Mr. Pearce; but these must be left to develop themselves.

Belle took her place at the tea-table, he his at her side; Mr. Dauncey sat opposite; Rover, who was jealous and suspicious, forced his way between her and the lawyer, while Molly brought in the whitest and best-buttered baking-cakes Mr. Pearce had ever seen. He never omitted to compliment Molly, and even declared her fresh eggs to be boiled more exactly to time than any other cook's eggs in the country. It pleased Molly to be called "cook"; for maid-of-all-work was a term she, together with many of her compeers, disliked. Molly was not without her vanities, and that day was one of triumph; for Ben had said that "Good afternoon, Molly" with a tone quite peculiar; and Pearce, the lawyer, as she always called him, Welsh fashion, had praised her baking-cakes.

"I saw the advertisement for the next-of-kin in the *Times* this morning, and ran over to see if I could be of service," said Mr. Pearce to Belle, helping himself to half a teacup of cream. "Your cream is too delicious. I am always ashamed of myself when I come here, I eat and drink so much."

"You are quite welcome," said Belle, "and we are glad when people enjoy our country fare. But don't you really think that this American journey is a wild-goose chase? Of course it will do Charlie good, but how do we know that there is a fortune to be had, or that Jabez Dauncey is father's cousin?"

"I will find that out. I will telegraph to my friends at New York, and put them on the scent. Then I will write to the Montreal lawyers, and pave the way for your brother's arrival. He should be first in the field: and then I will prepare a document, signed by influential people, that he can take with him, to the effect that Jabez Dauncey was brought up with your father; was his first cousin; and that he, your brother, sister, and yourself, are the last of the family, and the unquestionable heirs to whatever fortune he left."

"All this will require money, and we have none," said Belle.

"Oh! that can be managed," returned Pearce, with a glance across the table.

"Charlie's journey is franked, Belle," said Mr. Dauncey, averting his eyes both from his daughter and the lawyer. "Mr. Pearce is kind enough just to make inquiries through people he knows on the spot, and if the worst come to the worst, there is no harm done. Charlie's health will be set up by the voyage, and if he remained in London he would die; that's my opinion. You always go contrary to everything."

Mr. Dauncey got up and began to fuss over the urn, which was emitting some peculiar sound, and having taken off the cover and replaced it, sat down again. Belle knew this to be decisive, and did not venture to pursue the subject.

"You may count on me, Miss Dauncey," whispered Pearce, confidentially, as he handed Belle some cake; but jealous Rover growled. "It is not every day that an American cousin dies without an heir," he added gaily, aloud, "and we must not let possible and probable millions slip through our fingers for fear of spending a few pounds. You have a well-developed bump of caution, Miss Belle."

"That is fortunate, for caution is not the family failing," replied Belle, meeting an admiring look from the lawyer, and colouring slightly.

She was not given to blushing, and never found time for thinking of lovers, if she had any; but Mr. Pearce had very bright eyes, and they usually told their own tale, so far as Belle was concerned. They were not so easily read when he was engaged with his clients; indeed, the clients always said they wished they could understand him, and that he would look them in the face. Mr. Dauncey rose suddenly and left the room. Belle took advantage of an absence, meant to give Pearce the chance of advancing his suit, to propound her own opinions. She always strove to take the initiative when alone with him, because she dreaded the proposal for which her father longed. But the cautious lawyer knew what he was about too well to hasten matters.

"Everyone conspires to hurry Charlie abroad," she began. "But what are we to do while he is away? You know our affairs, Mr. Pearce, and that we have never any ready money. Miss Dulcey has paid Charlie's passage; but the children are to come here, which means that here they must stay until Charlie finds something to do, or establishes a claim to this fortune. Nothing comes in from the Brookmead houses, because the rents are wanted for repairs or interest on mortgages."

Belle looked inquiringly at Mr. Pearce, who averted his eyes, for was he not the mortgagee?

"My dear Miss Dauncey, all will be cleared in time if only you will have patience," he said, balancing a spoon on the edge of his teacup, as if he were considering which side it would fall. "Your father tells me the farm is in a very promising condition; that the hay crop is unusually full, and that there never was such a year for apples."

Belle laughed heartily.

"If I have the bump of caution, father has the bump of hope. I wonder what your predominant bump is, Mr. Pearce?"

"Veneration, Miss Belle."

She laughed more heartily still, and he joined, though he knew the joke was against himself.

"What does veneration mean exactly in phrenology?" she asked.

"Admiration of all that is good, holy, and deserving reverence. I have no doubt it accounts for our mutual regard."

"I am afraid I do not reverence you, Mr. Pearce. But then Miss Dulcey says I have no veneration."

Mr. Dauncey returned as suddenly as

he had left, and inquired what they were laughing at. He knew enough of the "eternal passion" to be assured that a proposal would not be made, rejected, or accepted amid such hilarity.

Belle recounted the conversation, and her father was rather offended than pleased at being accounted so hopeful.

"Please, sir, Mr. Abel is telling me to say your carriage is awaiting," here broke in Molly, presenting herself to Mr. Pearce, and curtseying, or, more properly, bobbing.

He rose, and taking a notebook from his pocket, dotted down, in true business fashion, what he had promised to do for Mr. Dauncey.

"Get up signatures. Write Sheeters and Co., New York. Ditto Strut and Co., Montreal. Letters of introduction for Mr. C. Dauncey. Affidavits." Here he paused, and addressed Mr. Dauncey. "You must come to town to-morrow, and I will go with you to Squire Weatherley. He will take your affidavit, and you must get Miss Dulcey's, who knew Jabez Dauncey."

"Ha, ha!" shouted Dauncey. "A good joke to show Weatherley what a windfall we are to have. I wish poor Amy had lived to enjoy it; but her children will. We can give 'em the best of educations, Belle. We will make the boy a—a——"

"A lawyer. Article him to me," put in Pearce. "Come and see my new horse, Miss Dauncey."

They all went out to the front door, where the most perfect of dog-carts, the sprucest of grooms, and the most restless of horses awaited their master. Very unlike Miss Dulcey's sober turn-out. Molly's "Mr. Abel" was the groom, for whom her respect and admiration were great, though she did not believe in his polite speeches.

"Ben don't be saying nothing, but he do mean a deal more than Mr. Abel," she had said to herself that very afternoon; for Molly, in her way, was a coquette, and not above receiving compliments, or "giving as good as she got."

"He is beautiful," said Belle, stroking the neck of the horse.

The lawyer wondered which were the superior animal—excuse the term—the well-grown, easy-figured, healthful girl, or the fine-limbed, swift-paced horse. Belle responded to his thought.

"Why is a horse better-looking and more intelligent than most men?" she asked, while Mr. Pearce took the reins.

She and her father stood to watch them, as Pearce raised his hat, Abel touched his, and the horse bounded off.

"A pretty turn-out, Belle. A good-looking fellow, fine profession, nice house, splendid position. Why don't you give him more encouragement?" said Mr. Dauncey.

"He doesn't want it, father. He isn't shy," she replied.

He was neither shy nor dilatory. Before the week was out the affidavits and all necessary papers were forwarded to Charlie, who had nothing more to do than make his final preparations for his voyage; at least, so it seemed to his father and sister in the country. But Charlie was not quite so expeditious or rapid in his movements as was Mr. Pearce.

Meanwhile Belle had enough to do to make such preparations as she could for the reception of the children, to see to the farm indoors and out, to manage her father, and to keep Molly in good humour. Molly saw everything, and was constantly losing her patience for Belle's sake.

"Why for you work till you drop, and no good, Miss Belle?" she would say. "I think the mens were made to give the womens work. If ever I am marrying, my man shall keep me."

"Ben is very industrious; but he will expect you to do your part," said Belle, significantly.

"Ben is just so much fullish as the rest of the mens, only he do know how to hold his tongue. But I can match him there," responded Molly with a laugh. "That's more than Miss Dulcey can do, for she do talk plenty."

Miss Dulcey had been away from home since Charlie's visit, but came to hear the news on her return. She encountered Mr. Dauncey, who gave his version of events. She told him that Mr. Pearce had written to her, and that she had given a circumstantial account of her knowledge of Jabez Dauncey, and had spoken to her brother, Squire Weatherley, on the subject.

"The Squire was not on the Bench when I went with Pearce to make my affidavit," said Mr. Dauncey. "I made it before young Prendergast, who asked me if I knew anything of his mother. He hadn't heard from her for ages, he said; and now I think of it, we haven't heard from Flo for some time. But she is never good at letter-writing."

"Carried away by the last sensation. That's Flo, Mr. Dauncey. She has the travelling mania and the education mania—not that she's too well educated—and the sensationalism mania, and ——"

Miss Dulcey was interrupted by the entrance of Belle, with a letter in her hand. It was from the Flo of whom they were talking. Belle looked radiant, for there was a prospect of her sister's return to England. As soon as she had greeted Miss Dulcey, she read the letter aloud. It contained much that was descriptive of the place and society of the foreign town in which she and Mrs. Prendergast had been located, and then went on to say that they were going to travel about for a few weeks previously to their return to England. Flo's sketches of people were incisive and animated, and it was evident that she was herself an object of admiration. Not that she said so; but wherever she went the same individuals appeared to follow her, and she criticised them unmercifully.

"I wonder whether Flo will ever have common sense," said Miss Dulcey. "She really has all the other gifts, but Nature deprived her of this most valuable boon, to lavish a double portion upon Belle."

Flo was Mr. Dauncey's darling, and he at once took up her defence. She was quite sensible enough for a woman, and good-looking enough to please the other sex, to say nothing of her manners, which were so attractive that they were irresistible.

"I can't deny that she is charming," said Miss Dulcey. "But one wants something more than charms in this workaday world. I hear people drawl out, 'Oh, he or she is charming. Quite charming,' which means something and nothing. However, we won't quarrel over Flo, Mr. Dauncey. I only hope she may pick up a good husband."

Here Belle laughed, and said that was Flo's difficulty, for she was never two days in the same mind.

"And yet she isn't exactly a flirt," said Miss Dulcey. "She is apparently too unconscious for that abomination. She is rather less unfair to the Americans than most tourists, and I like her for that. I hate to hear people come back to this *multum in parvo* of an island, and abuse a continent they know nothing about. It is so easy to drawl and speak through your nose, and fancy you are imitating a whole people. It is nothing but jealousy of their dollars and diamonds."

"Just so, Miss Dulcey," replied Mr. Dauncey, approvingly. "If I get this fortune, I shall speak up for the Americans."

"Man like. Hold fast to your benefactors. I hear our benefactor, Mr. Burmester, is expected home soon, and all the old women will ring the bells. He will preach you a sermon against coveting your neighbour's goods; but I suppose we can scarcely call America a neighbour. I wonder how the vicar will get over that."

Miss Dulcey laughed, and said she had more to do than ever, for she was left curate in charge, and if the vicar didn't return soon, she would be as poor as he, only she had no family to impoverish.

She beckoned Belle to follow her when she took leave, and Belle, as usual, walked with her up the hill. Miss Dulcey had received a letter from Mrs. Prendergast, which she wished to show Belle apart from her father. It concerned Flo, and was not altogether satisfactory.

"I shall be glad to get home again, for many reasons," wrote Mrs. Prendergast. "One of them is, that I find Miss Flora Dauncey a responsible companion, and shall like to feel that she is with her natural guardians. She is too attractive. I have not a word to say against her; she has been attentive and agreeable beyond one's best hopes, but she would be a gorgon and not a girl if she could withstand the admiration she causes. And I know she has had more than one proposal since she has been with me, but has refused, I imagine, decidedly. We travelled with a very agreeable young man, who helped us through what might have been a serious railway accident, and he hovers about at a distance. We do not even know his name, but he watches us persistently, bows and speaks when we meet, and is inclined to be friendly. I am not strait-laced, as you know, still, I cannot encourage him, seeing that my *protégée*,

with her unconscious manners and really unaffected grace, might lead him to believe that she favoured him. So I keep him at a respectful distance. We are going on to Florence to-morrow, and shall doubtless lose sight of him. I tell you this, my dear Dulcey, because you know the girl well, and will not misunderstand me if we part company on my return."

When Belle had read the letter, or the portion of it which concerned Flo, she and Miss Dulcey stood for a few moments to discuss it. Belle was inclined to be indignant, but there was nothing unkind in Mrs. Prendergast's letter, so she merely sighed as she said—

"Flo must come home, and be miserable again."

"Why miserable?" asked Miss Dulcey.

"I don't know; but she wants excitement, and there is none here. There isn't even the ghost of an admirer, and our penny readings are dull and slow. I wish she had never gone to stay with poor Amy."

"I am responsible for that," said Miss Dulcey. "I took her about everywhere, and was as proud of her as if she had been my daughter. We must make the best of her, and be thankful that she is, as Mrs. Prendergast says, 'unconscious.' At least, I suppose she is. She seems so. Don't make yourself miserable, Belle. If we are the 'next of kin,' who knows but she may marry a prince? Then even you would be satisfied!"

Miss Dulcey hurried up the hill to The Gables, and Belle back to her household duties with troubled mind. She knew her sister well, and dreaded her return home, because the moment she set foot on the farm she grew discontented. However, she had no time to lose in useless fears while so many certainties pressed upon her. Charlie would start almost immediately for America, the children would be with her soon after, and then she would have an amount of responsibility thrust upon her that she knew not how she would support. While everybody else looked forward to the huge fortune in prospect, she could not believe that it would ever be theirs.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

A Toiler in Art.—In the twentieth bar, if counting 8 instead of 4, the grace notes and two succeeding semiquavers would come on 2 and 6, and the bass notes with the quavers before the appoggiatura. In the twenty-fourth bar the turns are played thus: D, C sharp, B, C and E, D, C sharp, D. The bass notes, if counting 8, would be on 2, 3, and 6, 7. In the thirtieth bar the slurs show that it is to be played very smoothly. There is nothing to indicate that the first note of the triplet is to be lighter than the others.

Kathleen.—The key of a piece can be told by the number of sharps or flats in the signature; and whether it be major or minor by the tonic or key-note, which is always the concluding note in the bass. The minim and crotchet together are to be played as if only the former were written. It is to be held down during the next chord, and until the following minim be struck.

M. A.—Miss Allen is the hon. secretary of a "Practising Society," 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight. The prizes, awarded to the most regular amongst the members, are given in money, and depend in amount on the number of fines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Kate and Ernest.—You cannot say, "If I were her," but "if I were she." See the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, published (price 5s.) by us, page 282, section 432, for the rule: "The relative pronoun agrees with its antecedent in gender and number. In case, it may be nominative, genitive, or objective (accusative), governed by a verb or by a preposition." You ought to procure and study the book above-named.

A Lover of Cats.—Angora or Persian cats are very delicate and require great care. Beware of taking the breath of a cat that has a cold or cough, as they are very infectious; and when a cat has either, it generally goes through the house.

Geranium and Edith (Hungary).—The 17th of October, 1869, was a Sunday. The author of "Our Bessie" is Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, who has written a number of books, *i.e.*, "Esther," "Nellie's Memories," and "Not Like Other Girls," etc.

H. R. L.—Morphia derives its name from Morpheus, the God of Dreams of the Greek mythology. It is a vegetable alkaloid, extracted from opium, of which it constitutes one of the narcotic principles. Its salts are much used in medicine as an anodyne.

Queen Mab.—Marmalade is derived from the Italian word for a quince, "marmalata," which word comes from two Greek words meaning honey and apple—a sweet apple grafted on a quince. Marmalade is, properly speaking, a confection made of any of the firmer fruits—the quince, pear, apple, orange, or even the carrot—boiled with sugar.

A Subscriber can always say "grace" for herself wherever she is without attracting any attention. Of course, it is our duty to thank God for His gifts.

A Collector.—All the autographs you mention are worth having, especially if you should be making a collection of those of the literary men and women of this century.

Pink Geranium.—Paraffin lamps and stoves are not injurious to flowers unless allowed to smoke. Washing the plants and leaves will destroy blight.

Distressed One.—Besides the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, in Queen Square, W.C., there is a home for persons suffering from any diseases of the nervous system at Alexandra Villa, Henry Road, New Barnet. The principal, Miss Jones, was the late superintendent of nursing in the above-named hospital, and we think you would do well to apply to her direct for a prospectus of rules and terms, stating particulars of the case.

Sara Reid.—We regret to say anything to disappoint you, but your verses are incorrect in composition; and, over and above this, what you say will not bear criticism. For instance, stars do not "leap to their orbits," nor do "palls" "creep." Shadows may be said to creep. Again, if your hero were at Venice till late at night, he could not be "far away on the ocean before the sunrise." He might take a night train, perhaps at midnight, and cross over to the Mediterranean, or a night steamer (if there were one just leaving) and reach the Adriatic; but neither of these waters is dignified by the name of "ocean." You should study geography, and beware of making false statements.

Valentino.—The duties of a nursery governess vary in every situation, almost depending on the fact of a nurse being also kept who looks after the children's personal washing and dressing. If there be no nurse, the nursery governess performs her duties, takes the children out, and mends and makes their clothes. But all such things are matters of arrangement in each situation.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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WHITE LILAC.

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"FANNING ALL THE SILVER DAISIES."

WHITE LILAC.

DRIFTING slowly o'er the meadows, wafting clouds of perfume fleet,
Comes the fragrance of the lilac, breathing richness ever sweet;
Hanging by the old, old arbour, I can see it where I stand,
By the wicket in the meadow, in the sunny cloverland.

I can feel the dreamy sweetness in the fragrant summer breeze,
Coming with its wealth of perfume from the flowery lilac trees,
Fanning all the silver daisies by the hedgeside as I turn,
Raising all the drooping sedges and the maybuds near the burn.

Ah! my lilac, bending gently, swaying in the evening wind,
Sending forth thy joyous fragrance with a purpose ever kind—
Tossing softly in the sunset, ere the young May moon shall rise,
Do the angels breathe upon thee, in their passage to the skies?

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER X.

HILDA BLAND'S PARTY.

party given in honour of Hilda's coming of age was an evening party of the good old-fashioned sort. Mrs. Bland's guests began to arrive about seven, and they knew that they were expected to retire shortly after midnight. The dining-room was given over to the young people, who had planned some *tableaux vivants* for the entertainment of the company. The older and graver guests gathered in the drawing-room. Supper was to be served in the breakfast-room, part of the hall being curtained off cleverly as an addition to its limited space.

The evening passed brightly away. The *tableaux* proved a grand success. Kitty persuaded John Glynne, who was present, to take part in them, and his perfect self-control and remarkable immobility of feature made him a valuable addition to the actors. The *tableau* in which he appeared as Charles VII., whilst Kitty made a spirited-looking Joan of Arc, was the most successful of the series. Sundry amusements succeeded to the *tableaux*, and no one looking on the gay, animated scene could have imagined that care lurked in a single bosom there. Hilda, the heroine of the occasion, looked charming attired in white with a necklace of pearls, her mother's gift, adorning a throat scarcely less milky in hue. Her slight form, in its snowy drapery, had a fairy-like prettiness, and her mother might be pardoned if her eyes sometimes rested upon this fair daughter with looks of pride.

Hilda wore, pinned to her gown, a bunch of Christmas roses and azaleas, and her delight in these flowers, which Guy had sent her with his congratulations, was unbounded till she saw that a lovely cluster of Maréchal Niel roses adorned Aldyth's black lace bodice, and knew that they also were a gift from Guy. The sight of them caused her a throb of pain, and with it came a dreadful presentiment that the evening to which she had looked forward with such eager anticipations was to yield her only pain and disappointment.

As the evening passed on, Aldyth became aware that Guy was paying but slight attention to Hilda, whilst, rather to her annoyance, she found him constantly beside herself. What did it mean? Had any misunderstanding arisen between him and Hilda? If so, it was a pity, for Aldyth, who had the sympathetic insight of a loving soul, could see that Hilda, though she did her best to maintain a gay demeanour, was not really enjoying herself. She felt certain that she should hear the truth, sooner or later, from Guy, who was to stay the night at Miss Lorraine's. Meanwhile she made an attempt to rid herself of his unwelcome attentions.

"Nonsense, Guy," she said, when he came to ask her hand for a dance. "I am sure you would rather have Hilda for your partner. Why do you keep aloof from her to-night, of all nights? Surely you two have not quarrelled?"

Guy coloured and looked confused.

"I have danced once with Hilda," he said. "Politeness does not require more."

Aldyth was amazed. Then they must have had a quarrel. But she said no more, knowing that words are worse than useless in such cases.

There could be no doubt that Kitty was having a good time, and Miss Lorraine, whose capacity for enjoying such gatherings did not wane with advancing years, entered into the fun with scarcely less zest. She was an excellent performer of cheerful music, and she sat at the piano playing one lively air after another, pausing only to instruct the young folk as to the manner in which the old country dances should be executed.

Aldyth was conscious of some wonder that she herself did not find the evening more enjoyable. She was not over fond of dancing, and she soon wearied of the heat and bustle. Aldyth had rather a poor opinion of the young men of Woodham, and this evening's experience did not raise it. She felt impatient of the vapid talk of some who engaged her in conversation, whilst John Glynne remained at a distance. She would have liked to talk with him, but he apparently had nothing to say to her.

Later in the evening Aldyth, thoroughly wearied, slipped into the drawing-room. Mrs. Bland welcomed her with a smile. Old Captain Clear, a retired naval officer, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Woodham, came across the room to ask her if it were possible that she was already weary. She saw John Glynne at the further end of the room, playing at chess with Mr. Greenwood. As she watched them he made a move which checkmated his adversary. Then he rose to make way for another player. His eyes fell on Aldyth, and he came down the room, as it seemed to her, with the intention of addressing her. But ere he reached her side he suddenly halted, and began to study a Swiss view hanging on the wall, and at the same moment Aldyth, not without some secret irritation, heard Guy's voice beside her.

"So here you are at last, Aldyth. I have been hunting for you everywhere. What made you come in here?"

"I was tired, Guy. I do not wish to be there any more."

"All right; then we'll stay here," he said, and seated himself by her side with an air of proprietorship which was not lost upon one person present.

Guy thought he was acting his part well that evening. It cost him something to keep away from Hilda, and he took credit to himself for thus sacrificing his inclinations. He had received some powerful hints from his uncle with respect to this party.

Old Stephen Lorraine had suggested that it was Guy's duty to provide some choice flowers for Aldyth to wear. He was not responsible for the fact that his suggestion had also conveyed to Guy's mind the idea of a birthday bouquet for Hilda, for of that he knew nothing.

Guy had been given to understand that his courtship was proceeding too slowly, and that his uncle would expect to hear something decisive by the beginning of the New Year. So he was trying to bring himself to make the necessary sacrifice of his happiness, and, strange to say, it never occurred to him that he had no right to sacrifice also the happiness of another, and that the action he contemplated might possibly have that result.

At midnight the guests began to depart. Mr. Glynne and the Greenwoods were amongst the first to go; Miss Lorraine, and consequently Aldyth, stayed to the very end. The elder lady was fresh as a flower and full of talk to the last. She stood on the doorstep saying good-night to friends, and Aldyth, just within the hall, was hastily fastening her fur-lined cloak when Guy detained her.

He had caught a rosebud falling from her gown.

"See, Aldyth, I shall keep this," he said; "it is precious to me since you have worn it."

"Oh, please don't be ridiculous," said Aldyth, conscious, as he was not, that Hilda stood within hearing, half-screened by the heavy curtain that had been drawn across the hall.

But Guy had his back towards the curtain. Having secured the flower, he laid his hand on Aldyth's cloak, saying, with an air of solicitude, as he drew it more closely about her, "Are you sure this is enough? It is a very cold night."

"Oh, really, Guy!" cried Aldyth, making a dash at the door, and then turning to utter a general "good-night" to those who yet lingered in the hall. As she did so she caught sight of Hilda peeping round the curtain, her face white as her gown, her eyes full of trouble.

"Evidently they have fallen out," she thought; "and Guy, silly fellow, is trying to make her jealous by devoting himself to me. But how absurd of Hilda to let it trouble her for a moment!"

And Aldyth walked on quickly, feeling out of humour with Guy.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Aldyth," he said, and made an attempt to draw her hand within his arm; but Aldyth found that she required both hands for the management of her gown. "I scarcely ever get you to myself now."

Aldyth laughed in a way most suitors would have found discouraging.

"We see as much of each other as most cousins do," she said, the next minute, in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"Do you never think of me except as a cousin?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Aldyth, in as cold a tone as before. "I cannot say that I do. Why should I?"

"Aldyth," he said, quickly, "it is unkind to answer me so. You must know that I care very much how you think of me."

She looked at him in amazement; but the light of the clear, frosty night did not enable her to read his face.

"Really, Guy," she said, "don't you think you have carried this nonsense far enough? Hilda is not here to be piqued by your pretended devotion to me."

"Pretended devotion! What can make you say that?" said Guy. "I do not know why you should bring in Hilda's name; it is you I desire to please. My happiness depends on my winning your love."

"Guy!"

"Why should you be so surprised, Aldyth? You must know that I love you, and that uncle and everyone believes that we shall be married."

"Indeed!" said Aldyth, in a strange, hard tone. "How long has it been so, I wonder? Was it uncle suggested the idea to you, Guy!"

"What do you mean, Aldyth? Of course it is my own wish."

"Oh, it is satisfactory to know that," replied Aldyth, in a cold tone, not without a touch of sarcasm. "But uncle has spoken to you on the subject?"

"Why, yes, he has," answered Guy, at a loss what to say. "He told me how much he wished it."

"And it is at his dictation that you honour me with this expression of his and your wish?" persisted Aldyth.

"Well, yes—no—I should not put it in that way," faltered Guy; "I—I wish it very much indeed, Aldyth."

"I daresay," replied his cousin, coldly. "Uncle has a way of making other people's wishes concur with his own. But, Guy, I should have thought you would have been too manly to yield to him in such a matter as this. Perhaps you think there is no harm in asking a woman to marry you whom you do not love; but I can tell you I look on the words you have spoken to me to-night as little less than an insult."

"An insult! Aldyth, what a word to use! And I do love you; you know I do."

"As a cousin perhaps; but not as a husband should love his wife. Guy, do you think I have been blind to all that has been going on between you and Hilda Bland? Do you suppose I cannot see that her society has more attraction for you than mine?"

For a moment Guy was at a loss how to reply. He was confused and irritated under the consciousness that Aldyth understood him too well. He had hoped that she would reject him, yet now that she did so he was vividly conscious of the annoying consequences that must ensue for him, and felt an obstinate desire to change her mind.

"You need not be jealous of Hilda," he began, but Aldyth checked him indignantly.

"How can you say *such a thing?* I 'jealous of Hilda,' indeed! You mistake me utterly if you think I could entertain such a feeling for a moment."

"Then I hope you will believe how much I care for you, and say that you will be my wife. Nothing would please uncle more; he told me to tell you so."

"As if that could make any difference," said Aldyth, impatiently.

"But you have always been anxious to please uncle," remarked Guy, feebly. "You gave up the lectures at his wish."

"Do you think the cases are parallel?" asked Aldyth, with scorn in her tone. "I will endeavour to please uncle in all that is right; but I will not do wrong for the sake of him or anyone, and I should be doing a great wrong if I consented to marry you, feeling towards you as I do."

"You cannot love me?"

"Not in that way, certainly," replied Aldyth. "Please say no more about it, Guy. It is quite out of the question."

"Uncle will be very angry," said Guy.

"Let him be angry," said Aldyth, warmly. "And Guy, whatever you do, never try to make love to me again."

They were at the gate. Miss Lorraine stood at the open door looking for them. They hurried up the path and went inside. Guy lingered in the hall, divesting himself of his overcoat. Aldyth lighted her bedroom candle at once.

"You must be tired, auntie," she said; "we will talk it over to-morrow—good-night, Guy." And she went upstairs without saying more.

A bright little fire had been kindled in her room. Aldyth threw off her cloak and sat down before the fire. Her mind was in a confusion of shame and indignation, and a pain she could not understand. It was horrid of Guy to say what he had. He might have known better. Her face burned as she thought of the indignity she had received. She felt keenly annoyed both with Guy and with her great-uncle.

"But it can never be," *she said to* herself. "Uncle cannot settle that for me. Thank God, no one can force me into a marriage. Marry Guy! Never. I would rather die. Nothing shall make me marry a man I cannot love and reverence. I will content myself with no union that falls short of my ideal of what marriage should be. Rather than that I will remain single all my life. I am not afraid of being an old maid like auntie. Hers is by no means an unhappy life."

Here Aldyth's eyes, looking upwards, met the glance of her mother looking down on her from the portrait on the mantelshelf. The next minute a mist of tears dimmed Aldyth's vision.

"If only she were here I could tell her," she murmured; *"I shrink from* speaking of it to auntie, but to mother it would be so different. I know she would feel as I do about it. One can always be sure of one's mother."

(*To be continued.*)

MOTIVES FROM OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERIES FOR ENGLISH NEEDLEWORKERS.

By GLEESON WHITE.

FIG. I.

THE true lover of Japanese art is in no way depressed by the mournful plaint of the dealers in cheap bric-a-brac, when they assure him that the Japanese style is going out of fashion. They certainly choose a curiously inapt moment for their prediction. For just recently it would seem as if English *cognoscenti* were at last beginning to awake to the real masterpieces of the art of Japan. The gallery at the British Museum, recently filled with a superb array of hanging pictures (*Kakemonos*); the printed books on view in the King's Library of the same building; the magnificent loan collection of lacquer and pottery now displayed at South Kensington Museum, and the various exhibitions in different Bond Street galleries, devoted to *kakemonos*, *surimonos*, *netsukés*, sabre-guards, and fine lacquer, hardly indicate declining interest in Japanese art.

What may possibly be true is, that the inferior rubbish produced in Japan for a special class of buyers, the fine art (?) displayed with the other odds and ends at a cheap drapery store, and the libellous imitations of the true decoration upon English-made articles, are at last beginning to pall upon the taste (?) of the general public.

The thought that this view may indeed be true is entirely pleasant. For when the fickle goddess of fashion patronises an art, it is usually a deadly influence against its well-being. The people whose tastes are guided by mere fashion rarely attempt to think for themselves, and welcome either a disrespectful parody or a cheap and brutal imitation of the genuine stuff with equal avidity, not concerning themselves at all whether it be a real work of art or a ghastly caricature of the same, so long as it be "the mode" to possess examples.

During the Japanese craze that has found so many followers, it is sad to observe how few, comparatively speaking, cared in the slightest degree for the art so freely lavished by that most artistic of all people—the quick-brained and deft-fingered Japs. For if any land ever had a population of artists, in the true sense, it is surely Japan. Whether, alas! owing to Western immigration one ought not to use the past tense in speaking of this, is indeed doubtful, for while it is impossible to believe that a populace with the instinct for beauty, the outcome of the hereditary legend of centuries, can be losing that innate feeling for colour and design which has hitherto betrayed itself in all they touched, from the least to the greatest; yet it is too true that the sudden invasion of Western ideas has evidently disorganised their taste, and left them, for a time at least, in a mood to produce degraded work that would have been simply impossible some few years ago.

Again, it is a matter for regret that the Japanese marvels, in all the plenitude of their beauty, reached our shores too late in this century to secure the sympathy of the author of "Modern Painters." It is an acquired taste for the English public to believe in an art critic at all, but when they do their unanimity is wonderful; and had Mr. Ruskin, in the days when his pen was always ready to champion a new crusade for beauty, chanced to hap upon some of the treasures of old Japan, there can be little doubt but that the master would have exploited its beauties, and that the mass of English people to-day would have had, if not very knowledge, at least some adequate regard for Japanese

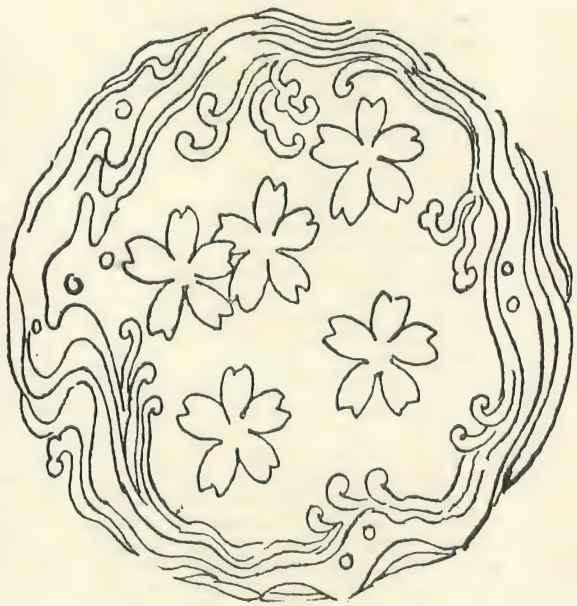


FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 6.

art—some recognition that a great and living school of artists imparted dignity to the things they are apt to regard merely as interesting curios and bric-a-brac. As it is, it is depressing to see cultured people, who would turn in disgust from a cheap oleograph after a great master's work, and disdain a clumsy forgery of a piece of *Capo di Monti* ware, quietly accept the most evident burlesque of Oriental art, if it be but labelled Japanese. For a vast amount of the lacquer and pottery now sold—whether made in Japan itself or not, matters little—is unmitigated rubbish, produced for the lowest class of fancy goods dealers in the European market, and, as art, barely up to the level of the legion of worthless trifles that flood the commonest of our London bazaars. This plentiful supply of inferior stuff has confused the popular appreciation. At a show at the Fine Art Society's rooms one saw magnificent pieces of old lacquer passed, with the comment, "How odd they should show these glove boxes, just like one gets in the shops!" Yet the people who uttered such banal criticism would have been shocked to pass the Blenheim Raphael with the remark that it was a copy of a Christmas card they had already seen, or to sneer at a Greek marble because itinerant Italians had hawked about bad plaster casts from it.

But more than all the factors that have helped to degrade Japanese art in the estimation of many, is beyond doubt the atrocious burlesque of its design, scattered broadcast as "Anglo-Japanese." To many worthy people any ornament placed in a lop-sided, diagonal fashion becomes at once "Japanese." If its details are apparently of chopped patchwork, arranged by a lunatic, with a casual stork here and there, and a few English bulrushes, nobody could persuade them to doubt its authenticity. The terrible eccentricities of American type-founders, whereby concert programmes, tradesmen's cards, and dozens of otherwise respectable placards have an eruption of nasty little bits of ornament (a fan, a stork, or a vase placed on a flight of stairs, that are governed by neither rhyme nor reason) are still more serious offences in the same direction.

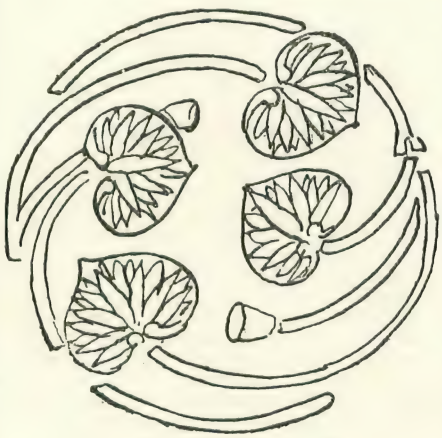


FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

Yet it is true enough that design in the West is a dead language, its best utterances but scholarly and refined echoes from schools once living, but now sleeping or dead. Whether Classic or Romantic art inspire the decorator to-day, his works as a rule are based upon styles that grew and ripened to maturity long years ago. But the art of design in Japan is, or was but yesterday, in full vigour of life, producing beautiful patterns and lovely ornaments inspired only by nature, and speaking as a vital sentient art that, if it never reached the supreme dignity of the frieze of the Parthenon, or found a great architectural expression like the Mediæval cathedrals of Europe, is yet in its own way as noble a style as any the world has seen.

But excepting a very small section of artists and a smaller proportion of the public, it would seem that Design is an art that fails to interest them. Of course they like "pretty" patterns, but, as a rule, they admire them for their pictorial effect, not for their harmony of colour and composition of lines, which are the main features of design. So now that Japanese ideas have lost their novelty, they have thereby lost their one saving virtue to a modern, and

FIG. 9.

may pass unregretted to the dustheap of oblivion, for all their once passionate devotees care.

That popular admiration of Japanese trifles has had nothing to do with a liking for their intrinsic beauty is easily proved. Take, for example, the average treatment of a palm-leaf fan. This pretty screen, sold for one or two pence, is, in its natural state, a thing of great beauty, exquisite in colour, in lines, and in

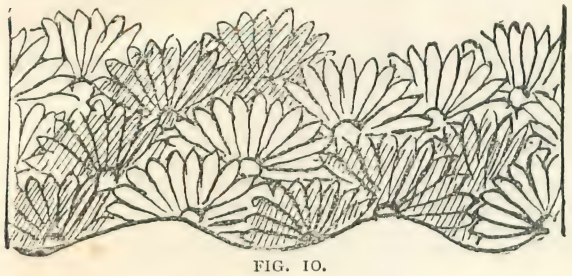


FIG. 10.

texture—as lovely in its own way as a piece of carved stone ornament with the Greek honeysuckle wrought thereon at the best period of Classic art; but to this simple thing, entirely exquisite in its untouched state, they bring some Aspinall's enamel (also an excellent thing in its right place), some ribbons, some plush and fringe, and even, perhaps, some gruesome artificial flowers. Then they bedaub the fan with colour, crumple it into a hideous shape, and "drape" it with hideous millinery, until the result—"a wall-pocket tidy"—is a sheer horror to anyone with a grain of feeling for beauty, and an insult to anyone with the least smattering of knowledge in the arts. No savage tribe could parallel the ghastly thing that began life so sweetly as a thing of beauty, and ends it as a vile dust-collector.

This is an extreme case, but a very common one. The monstrosities of bamboo tripods and brackets, wherein are set panels of cheap lacquer; the vulgar china, made after the taste of decadent French Third Empire, and gilded in a way no true Japanese would dream of enriching his work, show that, at the fountain-head, vulgar people are sullying the clear stream of the arts of Japan.

The windows of the crockery shops show dozens of ghastly examples of ill-digested study of Japanese art. For absolute unloveliness, a commonplace tea or dinner service with a printed design, in what everybody (not a native of Japan) agrees to call the Japanese style, may be set against the worst examples of any former period, and yet keep its place as distinctly inferior to any.

In spite of the Schools of Design, or of the really fine work shown at the Art and Craft Exhibitions; in spite of the good taught by William Morris, Walter Crane, and dozens of others, the popular taste for ornament to-day is hardly better than five-and-twenty years since, for then it was generally at its worst, but innocently vulgar and unpretentious in its triviality. Now, while too often no whit better in its design, and neither fit nor sufficient in the object it professes to beautify—the crude and vulgar ornament labels itself "Art," and arrogates to itself all sorts of spurious dignity and sham culture.

It may be, of course, that the transition period has arrived, and that the frantic efforts to be artistic will in time secure the result they profess to attempt; but this can only be when the simple laws of good ornament are generally recognised—not as admirable maxims for text-books, but as real motives for everyday application. When we read a Bradshaw we obey its direct teaching, and do not insist upon a modified form of a train table for our own purpose. Yet, for the sake of symmetry, to alter all the dates of the starting of its trains, so that they read as pretty arithmetical patterns, would hardly more fully destroy the use of that unpoetic daily manual, than taking a useful article and crowding it with false ornament destroys its fitness for use. In neither case would an attempt to improve succeed, for whether it be a thing for a cottage or a castle—a milk-stool for use by a dairy-maid, or a casket to hold a queen's diadem—directly the so-called ornament hinders the common use of the thing decorated, or adds a spurious prettiness to the original by such entirely needless adornment, the milk-stool or casket becomes less, not more, beautiful by the false decoration.

In considering any branch of Japanese art, to fully appreciate its plethora of beauty, it is as well to touch upon the vital principles of decoration—those underlying qualities that are equally observed in good examples of the Classic or Romantic schools alike, and equally ignored and contradicted by bad ornament of any style or period. To regard the naturalistic art of the Japanese as merely another pretty method of decorating trifles is to do it a gross injustice. For the Japanese craftsman, never in the past—and even at the present far more rarely than his Western brother workers—forgets the true canons of decoration.

It is curious to note how completely the convention of modern civilisation crushes out the natural instinct for the right use of ornament. From the basket-work, the carving of weapons, or the war canoes of savage tribes, to the gorgeous complexity of the Alhambra, or the elaborate detail of the Taj Mahal, we find ornament applied logically and well. But with our modern refinement so-called, we apparently aim solely at vulgar display. The masses appear to have lost all sense of the gulf that yawns between the treatment of a picture and an ornamented surface, and to think that all decoration should be pictorial imitation. They confuse entirely the true nature of ornament. As a popular lecturer has put it, it should express the joy of the workman in his work. Having laboured to the extent of his ability to make his work neat, strong, and admirably fit for its future purpose, he is loth to let the object of so much care go from his hands, until with a few scrolls here, a bit of carving on this feature, or a painted decoration on that surface, he has made his finished work beautiful beyond its actual need. Now pictures, however good, simply stuck on to the work, be it the most simple thing or a vast and ornate structure, are in no sense decoration. If good, they have all their interest in themselves, and owing nothing to the object to which they are applied, neither do they help really to beautify it. If bad in themselves, and as pictures it is hardly likely that really fine art will be lavished upon the decoration of any object, they are still more evidently misapplied skill.

FIG. 11A.

FIG. 11B.

FIG. 12.

The sprays of Fig. 1 show how easily the designer has followed the natural appearance of the form, and yet with very little conventional treatment has brought them easily and with naïve simplicity to fill the prescribed place. In Fig. 2 three leaves (of the maidenhair spleenwort, apparently, or a plant of kindred growth) are set like the three legs on a Manx coin, and yet yield a fresh idea of great beauty and immense value as ornament. Fig. 3 is the most typically Japanese design I have dared to quote; the fine flower forms, irregularly dispersed with the conventional waves, according to their usual symbol when employed by this people, give a motive of great charm. Simple as it is, it would take a great master of decoration to beat it, in its own way; the effect of a few such groups dotted over a piece of satin or other material would be at once reticent and splendid.

The refined accomplishment of the Eastern artist shows strongly in this design. Fig 4, well adapted for use on a large scale for coarse appliqué work, is more humorous than any yet chosen. In spite of their essentials being simplified, their bird forms are truer to nature than many a more finished attempt. The grouping, obvious though it is, leaves the round they create capable for use in any position, and in the whole effect of a curtain (for example) powdered with these, would seem only a series of circular ornaments with no effusive demonstration of their subject, which reveals itself only upon more detailed inspection. The flower, Fig. 5, is valuable as an example of the way leaves and flowers can be treated for appliqué or embroidery. A skilful worker could design miles of pattern from this one motive, and proves (when you are shown the way, whether to make an egg stand by a Columbus, or to invent a new decoration by a Japanese) how easily any flower could be made decorative and conventional in similar fashion. Fig. 6 is another version of the motive that inspired No. 4, but in this the birds are still more simplified, to become almost an unmeaning mass of dots and lines, and yet by a happy touch are not untrue to nature. Fig. 7 is a charming arrangement of leaves and seed-vessels. Fig. 8 will be found useful either as a circular ornament, or with its three component parts used separately or rearranged in other ways.

The wisteria in Fig. 9 is treated in its natural colours in the print from which it was traced; but a not dissimilar one reproduced in *Artistic Japan* had its pendulous clusters of bloom in different colours. The form is so akin to the laburnum, that with no special incongruity it might be coloured after the scheme of that flower, if preferred; or even, if used for a long border, made up of both the lilac and the yellow blossoms varied at the will of the worker.

In Fig. 10 a motive, ordinary although it be, is made fresh by its treatment; the flowers are in white and a golden yellow (the shaded ones), and arranged in diagonal lines to form a border. The charm of this dainty pattern is lost in the black and white, but on a soft French grey ground its beauties are not easy to over-estimate. Figs. 11a, 11b, and 12 all show various treatments of the circle, and are (I believe) crests of the *Daimios*, from the Japanese equivalent to Burke's "Peerage."

(To be continued.)

ELLA'S EXPERIENCES.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Forbidden Letters," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was no help for it; Alicia and Harold, if they had not actually quarrelled, were no longer close friends. Even Susie began to notice that something was amiss. A raw, foggy day, without a gleam of sunlight, helped to depress our quartette; Susie was irritable, and Alicia sat shivering over the fire, complaining and grumbling until I nearly lost all patience with her.

"To come here all these miles," she said, "and then to be taken to task like a school-girl!"

"Who has been taking you to task?"

"Harold has—my own cousin! He has actually complained that I did not look after that child as I promised. What he meant by such an accusation I can't imagine, when everybody knows that I nearly broke my heart when she was ill at Oak House, and stayed on when it was so uncomfortable and there was nobody to speak to! I'll tell you what it is, Ella, Harold is a clever young man, but he is not to be trusted. My dear girl, you are young and inexperienced; listen to me, and do not be misled by my cousin's taking manners—he has good manners I allow—and, above all things, never take his advice."

"But Mr. Thurlwall has never attempted to advise me; I have seen very little of him."

"Perhaps so," continued the oracle; "but remember what I tell you. Harold Thurlwall is not to be trusted!"

It is not pleasant to be told that a person whom you respect is unworthy of your confidence, and I felt very unhappy after I left Alicia. Her hold on me was so strong that I could not free myself from her influence and say that she had made a mistake, or that she was talking nonsense. She had not been twenty-four hours at Tor Cottage, and she had made me miserable already; such a prosperous, well-to-do young lady as Alicia! It could only be from a feeling of duty that she had gone out of her way to tell me the deliberate conclusion to which she had come concerning Harold Thurlwall. She probably considered that I had been too forward last night in offering to play his accompaniments. I must take the hint, and behave better for the future. Alicia understood character; a hundred times she had explained to me that she made it a work of love to study her friends, and it was good of her to take the trouble to warn me as to my behaviour. It was not *that* about which I was distressed, but I did not like to think that Harold Thurlwall was untrustworthy.

After luncheon, Susie wanted to paint pictures in a scrap-book, and it turned out that several colours and some brushes were missing from her paint-box. She was so disappointed at not being able to begin at once on her scrap-book, that I offered to walk into the little town of Charlynch, and try to purchase some paints and brushes for her. Alicia refused to accompany me, Mrs. Thurlwall was still in her room, and Harold had ridden over to see Mr. Acton.

I was a good walker, and really glad to get out, and when I once felt thoroughly warm with the exercise, I began to say to myself that it was not such a bad day after all—that it was much better to be in the fresh air than in the warm room, and all the things that one is apt to say to keep up one's spirits under unfavourable circumstances. It really was wet and raw and cold, and it grew steadily worse as I crossed the rough common and turned towards my destination. I could hardly see the village through the white mist. There were very few people about; a farmer passed me in his gig, and later on a boy, driving some pigs; these were the only living creatures in sight.

The man at the stationer's shop greeted me with such enthusiasm that I began to suspect that he had had no other customer that day. He showed me all his paint-boxes and brushes, and finally consulted his wife as to an extra stock that had recently been imported from London. However, as this stock was not forthcoming, though they both searched high and low for upwards of a quarter of an hour, I made the best selection I could from the goods in the shop, knowing that Susie would not be very particular as to their quality.

They bade me good afternoon in the most friendly manner, and the woman came after me down the street, to beg me to keep to the road. It was longer, but there was mist about, and I might miss my way, and fall into one of the pits in the old quarry.

I promised her that I would, and indeed I meant to keep my word—I had heard too many stories about people being lost in a fog to wish to experience anything of the kind myself—so, though the path across the common was tempting as a short cut, I kept straight on down the road. I should have reached home in an hour, walking fast, but that I met with—not a ghost or a band of robbers, or even a gipsy with a red handkerchief and flashing eyes—but a drove of long-horned Devonshire cattle ambling along the lane. How they got there I don't know; probably they had strayed from a field, but there they were, filling up the greater part of the thoroughfare, lowering their horns and tumbling against each other in a most alarming fashion. I had not the presence of mind to step on one side and wait until the coast was clear; in the dim light and fast rising mist I saw nothing but a dark mass of panting creatures who might at any moment toss me in the air!

Filled with an overwhelming sense of horror, I retraced my steps towards Charlynch, much faster than I had come; in short, truth compels me to state that I ran away. I had not gone very far before I became aware that the ground beneath my feet was exceedingly wet; this discovery caused me to stop as suddenly as I had run away, and look about me.

Stone walls on either side were mounted on high banks; the hedges had disappeared. I went a little farther, peering through the mist, and at last I came to an empty cottage, the ruined walls of which were perfectly familiar to me. I was not in the direct road, but I had wandered off to a side lane, which also led to High Coombe: but, by a circuitous route, unpleasantly near to the deserted quarry.

Now I prided myself on my ability to find my way accurately. I had only once been down this lane, but I felt as certain of its windings and turnings as if I had been acquainted with the neighbourhood for years. It never struck me that walking in the mist is very bewildering, and that I should have done better to go back to the village and ask for a guide. On I went, quite happily, congratulating myself on having escaped the danger of being rended limb from limb by a drove of wild cattle.

It certainly was exceedingly wet under foot; the mud turned to puddles, and the puddles to patches of water, into which I occasionally stepped by mistake. It was very cold, and I thought with regret of the warm dining-room and the hot tea which must be ready and waiting by this time. However, I should enjoy it all the more when I got there, and I was certain to hit upon the high road in a few minutes; the lane through which I was going was not much more than a cart track; after a while it widened out, and I was forced to make a choice as to which of the stone walls I would follow, I could not see two at once. I had not thought that the lane was so wide, but places do look different in the twilight—nay, it was dark by this time, and the mist seemed to get into my eyes and make me confused. Before I reached the high road I had to cross a stream that ran right over the lane; in summer it was quite a tiny brook, Susie had told me, but in winter it was a good big stream, that was crossed by means of planks raised on blocks of stone. I knew that by the time I had got over that difficulty my rough walking would be at an end, so I kept a sharp look-out for the stream, and presently I heard it rushing a great deal harder than I altogether liked.

But, to my great satisfaction, the ground was becoming much firmer and drier; there was a beaten track close to my stone wall, which was delightful to walk on after toiling through the mud.

The path turned and twisted about, but as I still distinguished the clatter of the brook, I concluded that I was quite safe in following it. There were tall trees in this part of the valley, and my path took me through an undergrowth of briars and brambles; every now and then I paused to disentangle my dress from their clutches; at last I pinned it up round my waist. I was not likely to meet anyone on my way home, and if I did I was much too tired to think of appearances.

The stone wall to my left was entirely lost in a thicket of underwood; the bushes and brambles were very wet, and the leafless trees looked, oh, so strange in the mist, and they moaned and rustled as I passed.

Very soon I noticed that the sound of rushing water was becoming fainter; I could only hear a dull, monotonous drip, drip. What did that mean? Was I walking away from the wooden bridge, without which I could not cross the stream? I was very soon to know; the firm, hard path that I had followed stopped all at once; on either side of me were trees and bushes, in front a mass of white fog, close by that mysterious dripping sound—it seemed to come from somewhere high up in the clouds. As I stood, uncertain

what to do next, the curtain of mist rose as if by magic, and showed me that I was on the very brink of a pool of water—black and motionless, while all around it were walls of rock, partly covered with moss and hanging ivy, and from the surface of which tiny streams were pouring down into the inky pool below.

There was no rail or stile between me and the black water; I shrank away in horror, and the mist swirled back again, and hid the landscape from my sight. But I had seen enough! I had never been here before; I must have strayed away from the right road. Let me only get back to the muddy lane and the sound of rushing water; here everything was so dark and silent. I shivered at the thought of that black pool. With some difficulty I found my way back again to the point whence I had followed the stone wall, and this time I kept in the middle of the lane; but it was a hard task.

I must own that I now began to wish most heartily that I might meet somebody going in my direction. I was tired of my own society, and the ghostly mist was becoming terrible to me. It was so thick now that it deadened all sound; I could hardly have known if a cart had been coming up behind me; I never heard the stream until I was close to it, and yet it was running swift and strong. There was the bridge at last, a sorry affair made of a couple of planks nailed together, with a slender handrail. I did not like it at all, but I was obliged to get across, and it was no use to put off the evil day any longer, and I had been told that there was no real danger.

But by this time I was bewildered and frightened, and so it happened that I did the most stupid thing that I had done yet on this unfortunate expedition. I grasped the handrail with all my strength (it was a very shaky support), and walked boldly to the middle of the bridge, and there I stopped, afraid to go back, afraid to go forward, shivering with cold, while the water gurgled and foamed round the stones as if it rejoiced at my discomfort.

I don't know how long I stayed there, quaking with fear in this undignified position. I don't know what I thought about, or remember that I called for help, but I suppose I must have done so, for after a long, long time there came an answering shout, and I heard the tramp of horses' feet.

"Hullo!" shouted a voice. "Somebody in trouble there?"

I fancied that I knew the voice.

"Is that you, Mr. Thurlwall?" I cried. "I can't see you. Call again!"

A very feeble cry on my part, for a new terror had seized me; if he should attempt to ride his horse through that raging torrent, he might be swept away and drowned almost within call of his own door. Nothing should induce me to believe that there was no danger in the foaming waters. There were two gentlemen approaching.

"I don't see anybody on ahead," said the second rider. I knew him, too; he was Mr. Acton. "Don't you think that you made a mistake, Thurlwall? Ah! there's a tidy bit of water at the ford."

"There's somebody on the bridge; don't you see, Acton?"

"To be sure! It's a pixy or a fairy of some description, sitting there and wringing its hands in the fog."

"It's a girl or a child in distress," was the answer; "wait here a minute, and I'll see what's the matter."

He was already at the water's edge, urging his horse forward. I started to my feet and clung to the railing.

"Mr. Thurlwall! Mr. Thurlwall! don't come any nearer."

"Miss Farrington! Miss Ella!" in a voice of astonishment. "What are you doing here? Are you hurt?"

"No, oh no. I am quite well and happy; but don't come any nearer, you will be drowned."

A merry laugh rang through the mist.

"Not this time, I hope. Old Lion and I have been through the ford many a time; I think you may trust him; he's very sure-footed."

I did trust him, and I trusted Harold Thurlwall, too, with all my might and main, though he had laughed at my warning.

Splash through the water came horse and rider. I had expected that Harold would have to swim for it and struggle for his life, and behold Lion was picking his way cleverly over the stones, and the water was not up to the stirrups.

"What's the matter? Give me your hand! Why, you are chilled to the bone!"

With his hand firmly grasping my wrist, I crept along the narrow plank safely to the shore. And then, and not till then, it flashed upon me how ridiculous I had made myself; to miss the way from Charlynch, and to be afraid of crossing the ford when the water was not three feet deep!

"If you had not come," I gasped, "I should have stayed there all night."

"Then I am very glad that we came back this way." (He had the rein over his arm, and was walking by my side.) "What induced you to wander about by yourself such an afternoon as this?"

"I went to Charlynch, to the shop, and I lost my way, and I could not get over the bridge, and I thought that you would be drowned."

"You poor little lady! What a category of misfortunes! There was not the least occasion to be alarmed about the stream, or the bridge, for the matter of that, but you have passed perilously near to a very nasty place, called in these parts Morton's Hole, though who Morton was, and why he had anything to do with the Hole, I can't tell. Come, we won't wait for Acton; I want you to get home quickly."

"It was horrible waiting alone in the dark! Is Morton's Hole deep?"

"A hundred feet or more; you don't mean that you have been there such a day as this?"

"I followed a path because I thought it was a direct route to the ford, and it led me to a pool with water dripping from the rocks."

I felt rather than saw that he gave a shudder; but he made light of my troubles, and ended by almost persuading me that I had shown great ingenuity in finding my way under such untoward circumstances.

It was delightful to be teased in that half-serious way. Harold never laughed at anybody unkindly, and I had been very foolish.

As we reached the garden gate, Mr. Acton came up to us.

"Let me introduce Mr. Acton to you, Miss Farrington."

"Not hurt, I hope?" said Mr. Acton, in cheery tones. "It's the right kind of day for an adventure; but you would have had a bad time of it if you had stayed much longer in the valley."

The lights, as we entered the house, dazzled me, and I did not even see Eliza until she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, miss, miss, what a state you are in to be sure! What have you been doing, Miss Ella?"

I cast a glance at my muddy boots and jacket. I was indeed a deplorable object, and, to add to my discomfort, my hair had got loose, and hung down in two pigtails.

"I—I am very sorry!"

"There is nothing to be sorry about," said Harold, so hastily that I thought he was angry. "I ought to apologise that you were allowed to walk to Charlynch alone; it was not safe."

"Ella, are you there?" Susie came bounding into the hall. "Have you got the paints? And, oh, Ella dear, what a mess you are in! We thought that you were lost."

"Take Miss Farrington upstairs, and help her get her wet things off; you, Eliza, go too, and see that she has something hot to drink at once."

Harold's word was law when he spoke in that decided tone; Susie never attempted to argue the point.

In a very few minutes I was seated in a comfortable dressing-gown before a roaring fire, while Susie rubbed my cold hands with all her strength, and Eliza brought me a cup of steaming coffee.

I was not ill, I told her in answer to her affectionate inquiries. I should soon be able to go downstairs again; I had only been frightened.

"Harold is frightened too," exclaimed Susie. "When I went down just now he said that if you had missed your footing at Morton's Hole nothing could have saved you. And he scolded me for sending you out to buy my paints; but I didn't mean to hurt you, my darling Ella! You know I didn't!"

Susie's tender conscience was so smitten with remorse that I had much ado to comfort her. As for me, I was not a whit the worse for my outing; I had no cold, and my head did not even ache.

When Susie and I went into the yellow room together, Alicia greeted me with a smile of welcome. She was at the piano, and Mr. Acton was turning over the pages for her; her face was wreathed with smiles.

By-and-by she had an opportunity of speaking to me. "There has been such a fuss, Ella, about your walking to Charlynch. Harold actually asked me why I had allowed you to go? He thinks that I am responsible for everything that goes wrong. It is too absurd! And he seems to have been risking your life, too, taking you to Morton's Hole on a foggy afternoon. I told you that he was not to be trusted."

It was no use arguing with Alicia, as I knew from experience, and this was not the time or the place to try and do so; I remained silent. Yet how kind he had been to me that afternoon! During our walk home through the fog I had never once given a thought to Alicia's warning. I looked across the room; Susie was seated by her brother's side, and he was showing her the last new *Graphic*. In my inmost heart I was convinced that Alicia was wrong; though I had known him so short a time, Harold Thurlwall had shown himself to be a devoted son and brother, and a kind friend. Alicia was offended with him for the time being, for some reason or other, and—— But I shrank from following out my own thought. I did not wish to own, even to myself, that she misrepresented facts, and bore false witness against her neighbour.

* * * *

Susie did not return with me to Oak House; it was considered better that she should remain at home for the present. I went back alone, and missed my little companion very much. However, I was no longer a stranger at the school. Miss Marlow greeted me undemonstratively, it is true, but still with sincere friendliness. Many of the girls declared that they were delighted to see me again, and they were one and all anxious to hear accounts of Susie.

I cannot stop to give you many details concerning this year; I worked hard, and gradually took a higher place at Oak House. My salary was an established fact, and I began to have vague ideas that some day I might be able to start a school of my own.

LA FEMME AU MANCHON.

D'après Mme. Vigée Lebrun (Musée du Louvre).

I always thought that I should like to have a great deal to do, and a great many people to look after and make happy if I could. Perhaps in ten years' time I might be able to accomplish my design, or in fifteen years. It was looking forward a very long way, but I did think that it would be delightful to have a home of my own, and Susie, of course, would be my pupil. All at once it struck me that in ten years' time Susie's education would be finished, so I promptly converted her into head mistress, and then I woke up from my day-dream on one occasion, to find that I had been looking out German words in a French dictionary; that would never do! I fetched the German dictionary at once, and did not leave off until I had translated the whole passage from "Maria Stuart," that had so perplexed me the day before.

In the summer I went to Kerslake, and visited my old godfather and godmother. They were very pleased to see me, and in some ways I was able to be useful to them, but it was a very quiet visit. There was nothing going on in the house, except the everyday routine that I had known from childhood. There was not much laughing and joking, only a little quiet conversation, and that turned principally upon me and my prospects. Not that my dear old friends cared at all for my dream of establishing a school, but they liked to hear that I had gained the confidence of Miss Marlow, and that I was happy at Oak House.

The last day my godfather said, "My dear Ella, your visit has been a great happiness to me. We are concerned to part with you, but at the same time rejoiced to see how bravely you have faced adversity" (he was referring to those old troubles at which I hinted at the beginning of my story); "you have won for yourself friends in Miss Marlow, Mrs. Thurlwall, and many others, and as you advance in years you will find that there are always people ready to hold out a helping hand, if you are worthy of being helped; yes, and sometimes when you are conscious of not having deserved it. However, I do not wish to lecture you, my child, I should only wish to tell you that should your present life ever be changed, and you should find yourself placed in easy circumstances, do not forget the past. But," and he turned to his wife, the dear old lady was looking at me with loving eyes, "our Ella has borne trouble well, and she will doubtless prove as strong a character in prosperity."

They both blessed me and embraced me, and I went away feeling very sad; it was doubtful whether we should meet again. I liked to think that my godfather was content with me, but I did not in the least understand his hints concerning my future circumstances.

* * * *

It was winter again. Susie had returned to school strong and well, and Alicia was staying with Miss Marlow for a week.

Alicia had become much more considerate towards her little cousin than she used to be, and, to my great relief, she had entirely left off casting slights on Mrs. Thurlwall and Harold. She was mysterious, certainly, and talked about settling down in the country, and being of use to Cousin Susan; but I could not induce her to be more explicit than that. She was in excellent spirits, and had so many new gowns that Susie seriously asked her if she intended to start a shop.

Susie was much excited just now, as her mother and Eliza were actually coming to town this Christmas; Harold had taken lodgings for them, and mother was going to be made perfectly well by a new doctor. This was Susie's version; and soon Alicia received a letter from Mrs. Thurlwall, saying that at Harold's urgent request she had consented to come to London and consult an eminent physician (whose name she mentioned). "Harold has arranged everything so thoughtfully for my comfort," she wrote, "that I cannot well refuse to come."

"I know what that means," exclaimed Alicia, nodding mysteriously; "that Harold pays all the expenses. I don't know where the money comes from if he does not." Here she yawned a little. "By the bye, the dear soul asks me to do some shopping for her. Now, if there is one thing I detest more than another, it is shopping for another person; it's sure to be all wrong. Do you think you could come with me, Ella? You are so clever."

"I will, if Miss Marlow can spare me."

"Then that's settled, you obliging little creature! Dear me, we ought to go to-morrow, they are coming up directly."

Alicia and I went to town together, and in the course of the afternoon I got through all the commissions, and went to the lodgings to see that everything was in good order. Alicia joined me there (she had been obliged to spend the greater part of the time in having a jacket tried on), and presently Harold Thurlwall came in. He was pleased to find us there, and talked most hopefully about Mrs. Thurlwall and the new doctor.

The cousins were on much better terms than they had been last year, and Alicia told me on the way home that she had come to the conclusion that Harold was one of the most unselfish young men she had ever met.

"Do you remember telling me once that he was not to be trusted?"

"Did I? I must have been vexed at the time. I am so sensitive and observant that the least thing ruffles me. Mr. Acton tells me that he has the highest opinion of Harold. By the way, Ella, do you know that I am going to stay with Mrs. Acton in the spring?"

"I did not know that there was a Mrs. Acton."

"Yes, she is a charming elderly lady, Mr. Acton's mother, and a person in whom you feel you can have every confidence. She lives in the North. If I ever settle in Devonshire, Ella, you must promise to come and stay with me, won't you, dear?"

I was tired after my long afternoon's shopping, and something in Alicia's manner vexed me. I remember answering her in a cross voice that I did not see how I was to leave Oak House to stay with anyone. She took my ill-temper very placidly, and was more sympathetic, in fact, than I wanted her to be; she held forth at such length about my position as an orphan and a teacher in a school that I got home in very low spirits.

I spent a great part of the Christmas holidays with Susie and her mother. They were happy days. Mrs. Thurlwall was really stronger, and she and Susie made so much of me, and were so delighted to have me with them, that I could not be grateful enough for their loving hospitality. Harold was there, too, very often; whenever he had a few hours to spare he would come and take us for a walk, or to a concert, or picture gallery. He pretended to be horrified that his sister and I knew so little of the sights of London; consequently he took us to the City and to Westminster and on the river, and was so amusing a guide that we were both bitterly disappointed when there was a fog, or it rained, and we could not go out.

When at the expiration of three weeks Mrs. Thurlwall went home, it was with the assurance that we should soon meet again, as she had been ordered abroad in the spring, and she must stay in London on her way. I missed her terribly, and at first Oak House seemed very dreary after the companionship to which I had been accustomed. There was no motherly friend to take me to task and call me her dear child: there was no Harold, and no Susie, for she had gone to High Coombe until school began again. No, I was all alone, and I found it hard indeed to settle down to my old occupation.

After a few days a pupil whose relations were abroad returned, and for her sake I was obliged to make an effort; and in trying to coax the homesick child into happiness, I forgot my own troubles to a certain extent.

As I am giving you my true history in these few pages, I may as well mention the fact that I have found from experience that looking after other people's sorrows is the quickest method of curing one's own. It is an old adage, but a true one.

There followed a busy term, and at Easter a pause. The girls did not go home till May, but school discipline was relaxed for some days. The season was very early, and I was walking in the garden one lovely morning, when I received a letter which changed the whole course of my life.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

His Wife's Bonnet.

A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the next seat to him.

"Yes," said his neighbour, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would be sure to make fun of it."

A Sign of a Bad Mind.—There is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind, for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured girl; for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence and weakness, and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that she will find no object of her contempt in all the actions of other people.

Education.—Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave.—*Ruskin.*

At Bedtime.

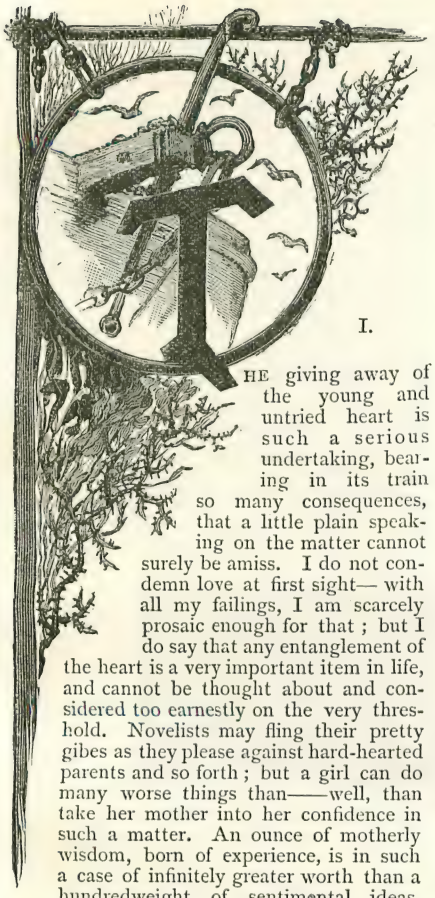
Let not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try.
He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More venturous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

17th Century.

Good Breeding—Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

OUR GIRLS IN LOVE.

By J. ROGERS REES, Author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," etc.



I.

THE giving away of the young and untried heart is such a serious undertaking, bearing in its train so many consequences, that a little plain speaking on the matter cannot surely be amiss. I do not condemn love at first sight— with all my failings, I am scarcely prosaic enough for that ; but I do say that any entanglement of the heart is a very important item in life, and cannot be thought about and considered too earnestly on the very threshold. Novelists may fling their pretty gibes as they please against hard-hearted parents and so forth ; but a girl can do many worse things than——well, than take her mother into her confidence in such a matter. An ounce of motherly wisdom, born of experience, is in such a case of infinitely greater worth than a hundredweight of sentimental ideas. Too often has misdirected love been like a flower—

"Springing up too tall in a young breast,
The growth of morning,"

which

"Life's too-scorching sun
Has withered long ere noon!"

Whatever pity I may have for it, I certainly have no patience with a boarding-school girl's silly idea of love which she gleans from the trashy literature of sentiment, secretly devoured in odd moments. All kinds of romantic and flighty notions get hold of her brain, and during her period of what Kingsley aptly terms "sentimental measles," her dear precious life is nothing but a prey to any position-seeker or fortune-hunter. She has little thought then that a fine figure, big moustache, and regular features are not all that make a man, and that character means something in life.

I would fain show my hand at the outset, and protest against a morbid imagination being allowed to blind one to the knowledge of what true love is. Mine are but a man's notions, it must be admitted; but they are the notions of one who has seen a good deal of the ways of men, and consequently has something to base his notions upon. Love is such a high and holy passion that it is worth an effort to separate the true and healthy idea of it from the dross which clings to it in unbalanced minds. To place it in its true and exalted position alongside of faith and truth, purity and honesty of purpose; to clothe it with its rightful heritance of white light, and surround it with a halo of glory; against all attempts to degrade it by letting it lie in the dust till it seems unfit even to wipe one's shoes upon, let us earnestly set our faces.

A little quiet thought by no means takes away from the charm and mystery of the all-absorbing topic. When due consideration is allowed to qualify one's first promptings in the direction of love, and it is found that the object of attention is worthy of being loved, instead of the workings of the heart being enfeebled they are thereby strengthened; the divine wings, instead of being clipped, are developed and nourished, as Plato says. But if the object of love is only capable of exciting the desire of the soul without satisfying it, reflection snaps the fancy which would have held the heart, and dissipates the chimera that would have enchained it. A sudden deliverance of the heart to the keeping of another has withal a certain grace of ignorance and happiness. "Reflective love is very different; it is serious, it is great, even in its faults, with the greatness of liberty. Let us not be in haste to condemn reflection; if it often produces egotism, it also produces devotion. What, in fact, is self-devotion? It is giving ourselves freely, with full knowledge of what we are doing. Therein consists the sublimity of love, love worthy of a noble and generous creature, not an ignorant and blind love. When affection has conquered selfishness, instead of loving its object for its own sake, the soul gives itself to its object, and, miracle of love, the more it gives the more it possesses, nourishing itself by its own sacrifices." *

"It is no insignificant contest," says George Meredith, "when love has to crush self-love utterly. At moments it can be done. Love has divine moments."

Every true-hearted maiden should say: "No one shall receive an acknowledgment of love from me to whom I cannot consecrate my life." If, on reflection, fair reader, you find that your lover has not your whole heart, or if he has, is unworthy it, let him understand that such is the case, and at once. I need hardly say that there are many ways of dismissing him, and I do not think that you should hasten his departure, as did Singorra, in the old Yule story of "The King's Son and the Princess." The king's son, it appears, pressed his suit with such fervour that the object of his affection, to rid herself of him, said suddenly, "Ah, now I recollect that I have not shut the calf in, and that I must not forget." The courtier was instantly ready, and offered to do it for her. She thanked him, and said: "The calf is difficult to catch; tell me when you have got him fast." "Well, I have got him now," answered the courtier, holding the calf by the tail. The princess then cried out:—

"Calf hold man, and man hold calf,
And run over hill, and run over dale,
Until the lightsome day."

Now a ludicrous race began; the calf bounding over both hill and dale, and the courtier behind him, with his hands fastened to the calf's tail. In this fashion they ran the whole night until sunrise, when the courtier was so weary that he could hardly move. He then returned to the palace, thinking it would not greatly redound to his honour if it were known how his expedition had terminated.

* Victor Cousin.—"The True, the Beautiful, and the Good."

II.

THE elevating power of true love is great. There is none of the foolishness in it that causes a man to moon about in a sickly manner, and then to lay the burden of his want of wisdom on the shoulders of the object of his affection, as did Proteus when he said of Julia:—

"Thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time."

The woman who loves rightly desires above all that her love should make her lover greater and stronger in everything. Under mutual affection she becomes more beautiful of soul, more wise, more happy; and he, to please her, must needs endeavour to excel in virtue and beautify his life, that he may emulate her graces. A woman's love lifts a man up to the heights attainable by him. His best characteristics unfold themselves; his work is, if possible, done more thoroughly, and consequently more successfully—for is he not working for her? In all his ways and wanderings her love shines to guide him, as another Hero's torch. His converse, too, in the office, at the counter, on the exchange, will be characterised by added manliness; for the true man, with love nestling in his heart, will not only do nothing, but will say nothing, which he would be ashamed to utter in the presence of his beloved.

There is a whole literature in existence, from the ancient story of "The Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth," down to what, perchance, was writ but yesterday, which has for its aim to show that well-directed love overcomes everything. Its power cannot be destroyed, though you set it within prison bars. In its fleet though silent passage from heart to heart it removes all mountains, overleaps walls and trenches, bounds across abyss and chasm, and steps the barriers of a city as lightly as it does a straw.

"The thoughts he cannot stay with brazen chains,
A girl's hair lightly binds." *

True love can only exist side by side with a belief in the worthiness of its object.

"There is no Love except with Faith." †

Born of this conviction of worthiness, respect springs into existence. Pascal says, "The first effect of love is to inspire a great respect. We revere whom we really love. This is right, and we know nothing in the world so grand."

"Without love," says George MacDonald, "there can be no understanding. Hate will sharpen observation to the point of microscopic vision, affording opportunity for many a shrewd guess, and revealing facts for the construction of the cleverest and falsest theories, but will leave the observer as blind as any bat to the scope of the whole, or the meaning of the parts which can be understood only from the whole, for love alone can interpret."

"It seems to me," writes Amiel, in his journal, "that love—true and profound love—should be a source of light and calm, in which there is no place left for the lower victories of vanity."

Another great writer of these days gives the fruit of his observations in these words: "Where love exists, there is goodness," and, "Love is the blessed wand which wins the waters from the hardness of the heart."

* The Light of Asia. † Lewis Morris.

III.

A PREVALENT error, and one fraught with serious issues, is the bringing up of a girl to the belief that the only thing worthy a thought is marriage. I have reason to believe that in innumerable households true happiness is blasted by a perpetual feverish anxiety as to dress and appearance, so that the girls might not fail to catch husbands. What is it all but a pitifully big spider-and-the-fly entertainment? "You know very well that the dear girls cannot always be cooped up in the house; they must see people occasionally outside of the church walls, otherwise who is to know that they exist?" Such is the sophistry of the farce the mother plays in conjunction with her daughters. I know very well that love is one of the greatest blessings God has been pleased to give His children, but He certainly never intended that all the beauty of life, its reality, its opportunities for earnest and beneficial work—its great possibilities, in short, should all be made to tend towards the catching a husband. Where lies the source of all this ridiculous mischief? Is it in education? If so, the sooner it be mended the better for our loved England. Is it in the force of popular opinion? If so, there is room enough for a modern Peter the Hermit with a changed mission.

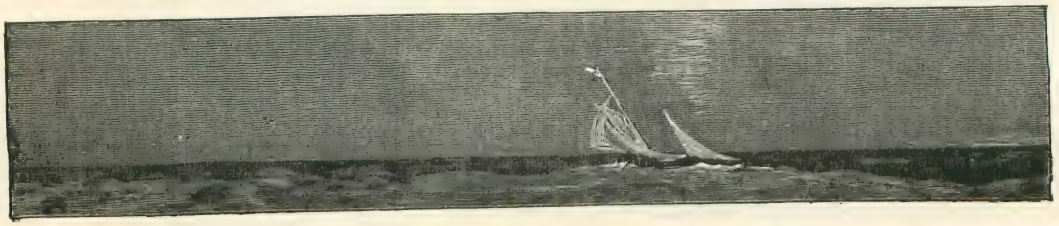
A young friend once told me in all seriousness that he did not know where to look for a maiden to whom he could honestly offer his affections. He was possessed of a good income, and his prospects were bright. His complaint might be briefly set down in these few words: the girls he met in society, though the daughters of men of his own social standing in life, either had, or pretended to have, such refined tastes that only men very many steps above them in wealth and position could in any way hope to satisfy them. "Why, it would be daily poverty," he said, "if I were to marry the daughter of a man in my own office. She would not condescend to begin life in the modest and comfortable way her parents started. I can't even hope to find happiness with a woman who moons about the whole morning in dressing-gown, over her piano or a French novel." Oh, mothers, have a care over the little domestic ways of your daughters!

I have been an observer of the doings of many households, and I am bound to confess that my friend was right in the main, though his views were somewhat exaggerated. His notions were right, but only so far as they went, and in the direction in which he looked. His experience was limited to a certain class of homes. I hope he has since found that another kind of maiden exists—the daughter of parents who are not nominal Christians!

The happy hunting ground of true-hearted lovers, the paradise of high-principled youths and maidens, is the well-ordered Christian home, where each day has its cheerful and satisfying duties. By the term "Christian home" I do not mean a long-faced household where the fear of God is continually referred to, but one in which the love of God is the source of light-hearted, songful life; where self-sacrifice is unknown as a mere word, but none the less truly exists as an active cause, and is to be plainly seen in the spontaneous conduct of each of its members. Here is to be found the daughter worthy a man's devotion—she to whom daily duty is life and happiness; who does not bother herself sentimentally about what is to come in the way of marriage, but is content in the enjoyment of God's present smile, knowing that He will look after her future. The maid to woo and win is she who lives, like the modest wood violet, out of the glare and whirl of life, content to emanate purity and sweetness, but when plucked rewarding its finder by a rare beauty like to that of no gaudier flower.

"When my full heart burst forth in words,
'Dearest, I love thee,' lo! the lovely lips,
'Dearest, I love thee,' sighed, and through the air
The love-born echo rang." *

* Lewis Morris.



"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

MAMY.

WHEN Belle went next to Orchardson Station she walked, and greatly enjoyed her walk, for she loved to be alone sometimes. Her movements were as brisk and energetic as her mind, and a stranger would have said of her, "There is a young woman who has plenty to do." A friend would have added, "Yes, and she knows how to do it." This is the secret of success. Everybody has, or ought to have, work enough, but everybody cannot get through it. Belle knew that she must be at the station by 6.30, so she lost no time by the way. She did not even tarry to talk to the poor folk, who loved to gossip with her, or to gather a spray of wild roses; she had to walk, and she walked.

She need not have been quite so rapid, for it was only 6.23 when she reached the station. However, she had time to see that the one fly which she had chartered was ready, and to have a few words with her friend, the station-master. He was evidently looking for her, and she felt that it was pleasant to be expected. He told her that he had not had a minute to spare since the day on which she accompanied Charlie to the station, or he would certainly have paid his promised visit to Castle Farm. She told him in return that her brother had left England for America, and that she had come to meet his children, who were to be brought to Orchardson by an old nurse. While this was passing, the train steamed up.

"Which class?" asked Mulready.

"Third," replied Belle, and they both hurried to that compartment.

Just as they reached it a respectable woman and three children got out.

"You are Fanny, and these are the children," said Belle; but her words were unheeded.

The three children were clinging to their nurse, who took the youngest up in her arms, and held her to her breast as if in great grief. Meanwhile a quantity of luggage was thrown out, and the steam whistle sounded. Mr. Mulready bade the nurse beware of the train, thinking she was to remain behind, but Belle told him hastily that she was going on to a new situation.

"Give me the child, and jump in," he said, receiving into his arms a little struggling stranger, who clung to her nurse and sobbed that she would go with Fanny.

The nurse kissed the other children and got into the carriage. Belle hastened to shake hands with her, and to assure her that they should be well cared for, and that she could come and see them whenever she liked.

"I know, miss, I know. But they are just like my own," returned the good woman, with a last glance at the youngest, still in Mr. Mulready's arms.

"I do with Fanny," she screamed, as the train steamed off, and left the three motherless children with the aunt whom they had never seen before.

"If you please, I can take care of Mamy," said one of them, addressing Mulready.

"And I can see after the luggage," exclaimed another.

Mulready transferred his burden to Belle's arms, who sat down on one of the boxes and strove to comfort the child.

"I am Aunt Belle, darling," she said, laying the little head on her shoulder.

"And pappy said we should love Aunt Belle dearly," whispered another child to the troubled one.

"And yet you have none of you kissed or spoken to Aunt Belle," cried this formidable relative, who began to realise her weight of added care.

But she was soon eased of a portion of it by her nephew, a boy of about twelve, who came to her with all the assurance of a man.

"How do you do, Aunt Belle? The luggage is all right. I have counted the packages. Father won't be gone long, he says; and we are to make the most

of our holiday. You mustn't mind Mamy; she's awfully silly, you know. Cheer up, Mamy, and look at the puff puff!"

Belle had not much experience of the boy of the period, and regarded her nephew with surprise. Mr. Mulready was standing near, and laughed.

The third child, a girl of ten, put her arm round Belle's neck and kissed her. This roused the little one, who glanced up timidly.

"Me want Fanny," she said. "Mamy want Fanny."

"This box, miss, please. All the others is in," here interrupted Belle's friend, the station porter.

She got up and gave Mamy into her sister's charge, while she looked after the luggage. Mr. Mulready took the little girls into his cosy parlour, where Belle and her very efficient nephew found them. But not even a fine cat, the flowers, or a sponge cake could console Mamy. Her little breast still heaved with sobs. Mulready carried her to the fly, while Belle led Marjory, the other girl, through the flowers.

"Is this a florist's place? Is that man a florist, Aunt Belle?" asked Marjory.

"No; he is Mr. Mulready, the station-master."

"He has got a jolly lot of flowers," exclaimed the nephew, who had been called Weatherley after a maternal grandfather who took no heed of him. "Mamy, look at the flowers," he added, with a shout which made the child uplift her head.

Belle and Marjory were soon in the fly, and Mr. Mulready essayed to place his little charge on Belle's lap, but she clung to him.

"She thinks it's father; she likes gentlemen best," said Marjory. "Make haste, Mamy, or we shan't see the cows and pigs and peacock," she added, almost snatching her from Mulready's arms.

"Peatot! bigtail!" lisped Mamy, looking about her for the first time, and showing the sweetest of baby faces.

"Where's my cane? Marjy, what did you do with it?" asked Master Weatherley.

"Here it is, sir," said the porter. "I picked it up on the platform, and thought it was somebody else's."

"Thanks, porter. Now, Marjy, will you take care of it while I get upon the box? I suppose I may, Aunt Belle?" said Weatherley.

Belle and Mulready exchanged smiles.

"Shall I help you up?" asked the latter.

"No, thanks. I'm used to mounting omnibuses. But now the 'buses have stairs, and a fellow has no trouble," replied Weatherley, climbing to the box-seat with the ease of a Londoner, for, say what one will of country folk, they are less agile than your City clerk, or even than his chief.

At last they drove off, and Belle wondered what she had better do with Mamy. Having much experience of the village children generally, she decided to take no notice of her. Marjory was holding her by the frock, while she stood irresolute in the fly. Suddenly she put her thumb in her mouth.

"It's all right now, Aunt Belle," whispered Marjory. "She's always good when she sucks her thumb, and then Fanny nurses her till she goes to sleep."

Belle took the hint and lifted the now unresisting child to her lap. She removed the huge granny-bonnet which disfigured her, laid her tender head, with its pretty, fair curls, on her breast, wiped the tears from the closing eyes, and held the little hand. But Marjory loosed the hand and raised it to Belle's ear, which the child fondled awhile, until the grasp relaxed, and Mamy was asleep.

"She always does that," said Marjory. "Now, Aunt Belle, may I stand up and look out of the window?"

"Certainly," returned Belle, who was glad to find that her nephew and niece were obedient if independent.

"Take care of my cane, Marjy," shouted the young man on the box, who had been engaged already in an animated conversation with the driver. "If you lose it, I'll pay you off."

"Please to hold it for me, Aunt Belle, for fear I should drop it," said Marjory, putting the cane into Belle's hand.

"What does he want with it?" asked Belle.

"Oh, to walk with. All the boys carry canes," replied Marjory, importantly.

She was not shy, and was soon questioning Belle on the objects they passed, and answering questions in return. She was a bright child, with an animated face and manner; had dark eyes and chestnut hair, which was of great length, and hung loosely down her back; and a very voluble tongue. She talked of exams. as if she were a Cambridge professor, and declared her intention of passing them all, and being eventually certificated. "Because you know, Aunt Belle, father isn't rich, and we must work for our bread, unless he gets this great fortune," she added.

It may be as well to say here that Charles Dauncey had done his best to educate his children. He had sent the two eldest to high schools, as the readiest and cheapest means of acquiring the somewhat stilted and one-sided learning required to pass certain examinations, more likely to result in brain fever than spiritual advancement. They had done well so far, and Weatherley had gained prizes for answering questions that his father declared he could not have answered: and so that masterful youth considered himself a genius. In this opinion he was fostered by his poor mother, who believed that he would eventually be Prime Minister at least. Marjory was also studying subjects of which Aunt Belle knew nothing, and it was a relief to hear that she was very fond of music. She was, in short, "going in for music," she said. As to sweet little three-year-old Mamy, she was as yet uninstructed, the only letter she knew being M., which, for some inscrutable reason, she had added to her christian name of Amy, and which had served to distinguish her from the mother, whose name was ever on her father's lips. That mother had been dead about eighteen months, since which period the children had been mainly indebted to Fanny for care and management. Their father could not say them nay when their mother left them, and no one dared uplift a finger of reproach to Mamy, who resembled most that departed wife.

Belle would gladly have asked Fanny to remain with the children if she could have afforded it. As it was, however, she thought it best to let her accept a good situation in a neighbouring parish. She had originally gone to her sister-in-law from Hollyfield.

All the inmates of the farm were on the look-out for the fly. One man held the gate open, another was standing, spade in hand, hard by, watching for "Measter Charlie's children," while Mr. Dauncey and Molly occupied the porch.

"Marjory, there's the peacock!" shouted Weatherley from the box.

"Mamy, there's the peacock!" echoed Marjory; and that magnificent bird swept his gorgeous tail across the paddock.

Mamy woke up, and Belle turned her head towards the window.

"Peatot!" she echoed in turn; and Belle was mortified to find that "fine feathers" were more attractive than natural relationship.

However, when the fly pulled up, Master Weatherley was off the box in no time, and greeting his grandfather as if he had known him all his life. Mr. Dauncey had been meditating on what words he could use to make the children feel at home. Molly, too, was quite overpowered by the boy's condescension, for his father had told him to be "sure and shake hands with Molly," a command he obeyed with all his heart. When Marjory was out of the fly, she imitated her brother in everything, and a more sociable and enthusiastic couple of children could scarcely have been deposited in, to them, an unknown land.

But Mamy clung to Belle, and hid her pretty face on her shoulder. She would not even look at her grandfather, and began to cry when Belle tried to put her down. Mr. Weatherley shrugged his shoulders, and inwardly exclaimed, "We have done for ourselves now," while Molly muttered, "There's spoilt she is."

"No, she isn't; only she's frightened at first," said Marjory, who chanced to overhear.

But the fly was cleared, the driver paid, and the children housed in a few minutes, while Weatherley and Marjory had a slight dispute over the cane, much to Mr. Dauncey's edification. That wand was found at the bottom of the fly, and Belle said she had dropped it.

"It doesn't matter, Aunt Belle, only Marjory is so awfully careless," said Weatherley.

Belle took the little girls upstairs, while he remained with his grandfather. He poured out such messages as his father had sent; then asked, in a confidential sort of way, whether they were really next of kin to the American

millionaire. This put his grandfather at his ease, for, absurd as it may seem, he had been almost silenced by his loquacious grandson.

"Sit down, my lad, and I will tell you," he said; and when Belle returned with the other children, she found her father descanting earnestly on the history of Jabez Dauncey, and Weatherley listening attentively.

The old man and the boy were nose and knees together, and Belle laughed at the sight. The little girls came hand in hand, and, as if by intuition, Marjory led Mamy up to her grandfather. The child stood a minute with her sweet little head on one side, and her mouth pursed up as if for a cry, looking at him. Mr. Dauncey held out his hand, and made a sort of chirrup. The child ran towards him, and he lifted her on his knee. "Dada, dada," she cried, struggling to free herself, for she was looking for her father. Weatherley and Marjory put their arms about her, whispering that dada was coming, and the embarrassed grandfather was about to rise, when another candidate for his affection leaped upon him. This was Rover, jealous of the children.

"Dog, dog, do away, dog," lisped Mamy, and Belle called him off. The diversion paved the way for further acquaintance, and Mr. Dauncey took the child in his arms, carried her to the tea-table, and gave her to Belle, who placed her on a high chair at her side.

"Please, may Mamy say grace?" asked Marjory. "She always says it at home. Say grace, Mamy."

At this order the child shut her eyes, clasped her hands, and murmured, "Dod bless us"; which Marjory supplemented by, "and our food, and us to Thy service, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Of course she can't say it all, but father liked her to begin," explained the astute Marjory.

"I'm awfully hungry," said Weatherley.

"Like father, like son," laughed Dauncey; and the meal went merrily on.

They were all too well engaged for talk, and even Mamy roused up for the fresh milk and other dainties.

"She always feeds herself," explained Marjory, when Belle hesitated as to her duties, and it was pretty to see the chubby hands grasp the cup, and convey it safely to the cherry lips.

Before the children had quite finished Miss Dulcey arrived. They had seen her from time to time in London, so there was no need of an introduction.

"Don't move, children; I hate a fuss," she said, tripping round the table from one to another, and saluting them. "I feel ashamed to call such a big fellow as Weatherley a great-nephew. Are you as conceited as ever? He is the cleverest boy in London, Mr. Dauncey, in his own estimation."

"He passed his last exam with honours, Aunt Dulcey," said Marjory, proudly. "And I got the music prize, and I am going in for music."

"They speak a new language," said puzzled Mr. Dauncey.

Miss Dulcey laughed, and said that there was no time for long words in the nineteenth century. "Examination" was quite out of date, like "photograph," and other monstrosities.

"Exam and photo are timely abbreviations. I mean they don't take up time, Mr. Dauncey."

"Is that why Marjory's frock is abbreviated, Miss Dulcey? Does it save the dressmaker's time?"

"Nurse says I am growing out of my dresses," here put in Marjory, hanging her head and colouring. "Father couldn't afford to buy new."

"Anyhow, they haven't abbreviated your legs, child. But never mind. You shall have plenty of new frocks when we get our fortune," said Mr. Dauncey.

"Mamy is falling asleep. It is long past her bedtime," said Marjory, indifferent, apparently, to her grandfather's promise. "May I put her to bed, Aunt Belle?"

"We will both go, dear," replied Belle, uplifting the child, and leaving the room, followed by Marjory and Miss Dulcey.

Belle had prepared a small room, communicating with her own, for her nieces; Weatherley was to occupy his father's. How lovingly she had worked to arrange the white dimity curtains, the muslin blinds and the dainty table-cover; and how fresh and sweet was the breeze that flowed in through the open window. Miss Dulcey was as much delighted as Marjory, and whispered to the little girl, "Aunt Belle does all things well. Follow her example."

"What a pretty rhyme you have made," cried Marjory. "'Aunt Belle does all things well.' I shall tell it to Weatherley. We write poetry, and he means to be an author."

Miss Dulcey little thought that her unpremeditated rhyme was to become a proverb in the house. She watched Belle and Marjory undress Mamy, and thought of the mother in heaven with a sympathetic tear in her eye; she saw them lay the fair head on the pillow, and reproached herself that she had helped to bring about that mother's marriage; but when the little one suddenly awoke with the words, "Mamy tay payers," on her lips, she fell on her knees by the side of the white bed, and sobbed. "She has a tender heart, has Miss Dulcey," said the villagers; and so she had.

Marjory climbed on the bed, and raised the little sister. With her protecting arm supporting her, both being on their knees, she folded the tiny hands. "Now, darling, 'God bless——'" she whispered, and Mamy lisped forth, "Dod bless dada and mamma, and bother and sister, and Fanny, and——" She was asleep again, and Marjory laid her head back on the pillow, and drew the clothes about her.

Belle clasped Marjory in her arms, and silently asked her Father in heaven to aid her in doing her duty by these dear children.

(*To be continued.*)

DOVES' DOWN;

OR,

PIGEON LIFE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO KEEP PIGEONS.

"A land without birds and flowers would be a land without prayers and without song, a dull, dead waste of business."—*Lucas.*

"Birds and flowers will, I believe, be part of the joys in the Great Hereafter."—*Ure.*

THE people most troublesome and difficult to get on with in life are those who have no hobby, no special love for anything, therefore it is our duty rather to encourage than discourage our children in their devotion to hobbies.

They are necessary to relieve the mind and refresh the body, and the amount of pleasure to be got out of them is wonderful. One of the most humanising and elevating hobbies is that of keeping pigeons, and it is one indulged in by all sorts and conditions of people.

There are so many to whom pet creatures are a source of happiness, and whose success in keeping them lies in their desire to have them as perfect as possible, but to none is this recreation more beneficial than to the working man, whether his occupation be with brain or hand, whose spare hours might be so much less profitably employed.

He is preserved from many dangers by having these creatures to love and care for, and it is rare indeed for a working man with a hobby like this to be a drunkard or a cruel person. It makes him a home-loving man, no small advantage in these days of outdoor attractions.

A wife or mother would be most unwise to discourage husband or child in his fascination for pigeons. There are two good anecdotes related of mothers who took the wise course, and a third of a wife who took the opposite.

A gentleman in Scotland wanting a particular variety of pigeon heard where he could procure one, and thither he made his way. It was only a very poor cottage, and the birds were kept in a sort of cupboard opening into the living room. He found a clean, comfortable looking woman sweeping up some sand and dirt which had been blown in from the pigeon-house. She begged him to take a seat for a few minutes until her sons came in from the foundry, for the pigeons were theirs.

"I wonder," said the gentleman, "you care to be troubled with those doves." "Ah, sir," she answered, "they are no trouble to me, for they bring my sons home soon at night." Quite true, they found their happiness in the doves rather than in the public-house.

A gentleman pigeon fancier relates in what

a warm-hearted manner he was received at a country house by a lady, the mother of an only son, whom he had recommended to keep pigeons; and on mentioning this to the young man, he said—

"I was half afraid I should be considered a nuisance by your mother for the advice I had given you."

"Ah," said the young man, "you don't understand. Until I had these pigeons I used to go down of an evening to the village inn, not so much for drink as for society; and now I am always at home looking after my birds, and the mother regards it as an improvement."

The third is of a young married man who from boyhood had loved and kept pigeons; he naturally expected to be allowed to retain so innocent a pleasure after his marriage, but he was mistaken. The wife resolutely set her face against it. She considered that the love and the time given to them were so much loss to her. She never ceased to find fault, and would give no welcome to his friends who cared for pigeons; the result was that she carried her point. As to the young husband, deprived of friends and pigeons, and missing the occupation, he took to drink and lost his character. The narrator goes on to say that subsequently the wife would have thought no sacrifice too great could she have restored the pigeons and recalled her husband's love and character.

The art of the pigeon fancier is a difficult one, and necessitates a certain knowledge of the habits and requirements of the birds, together with a large amount of patience, perseverance, and prudence; without these, sorrow and disappointment will mar the pleasure of the hobby.

To be successful in keeping pigeons a person must be a lover of nature, and he must rise with the lark, for his pets require attention at a very early hour. Doves are coy and shy, and very much attached to old haunts, therefore the first thing to be done is to provide a suitable home for them, and one which will prove comfortable and attractive, for the foundation of success will lie in the doves' love for home, and if they could express their wishes intelligibly, they would certainly ask that their house should have a southern aspect, as they thrive better with it, and are more sheltered.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that any place will do to house pigeons in; the home must be free of damp and draught, thoroughly wind and water-tight, and well ventilated and clean. These last are of the utmost importance, for foul atmosphere sours the soft food stored away in the crops of the old birds, and when they give it their young it poisons them.

Besides this, pigeons possess great warmth of body, and if dirt is allowed to accumulate in or near them, sickness will result. Homes or cotes for doves will vary according to the means of those who keep them, but whether they be in loft, attic, shed, or boxes fitted to the walls, they must possess the qualifications already named, and one and all be placed out of the way of cats, rats, and mice; the two former will destroy the birds, and, as a rule, take the best, while the last spoil their food.

The attic of a lofty house makes a capital pigeon loft, especially if the window be in the roof. In this case it is an advantage to keep the nearest gable or chimney stack constantly whitened. Stables are not bad places to select. All possibly remember the account of the Maypole Inn in "Barnaby Rudge."

"There were more pigeons about the dreary stable-yard and outbuildings than anybody but the landlord could reckon up. The wheeling and circling flights of runts, fantails, tumblers, and pouters were perhaps not quite consistent with the grave and sober character of the building; but the monotonous cooing, which never ceased to be raised by some among them all day long, suited it exactly, and seemed to lull it to rest."

We will suppose that, having secured a house, the girls or boys of a family are desirous of peopling it with pigeons. All varieties are equally fascinating at first; they simply want pigeons of some kind, and naturally commence with those most easily obtained. But as knowledge and experience are gained, they will probably go to a good breeder and obtain from him one or two good stock birds.

To keep the pigeon-house free of vermin and the young ones warm, it is well to cover the floor or nest-boxes with sawdust about half an inch thick; and it is right to give the birds an opportunity of outdoor exercise. No creature thrives better on liberty than a pigeon, always providing the home is attractive enough to allure them back to it.

Having house and inhabitants, the next important thing is to feed them well and with judgment; the food must be varied according to the season, maize and wheat being good for them in summer, but extremely bad in winter, at which season they should be fed with grey peas and millet seed. The birds are at times, like their owners, very low-spirited, and nothing cheers them more than a little stimulant in the way of good hemp-seed and raw rice; so fond of it are they that they will come regularly to be fed with it, and even caress the person who gives it. As a rule, green food does not agree with them, although they like pecking at a fresh young lettuce if it be hung up in their cote.

It is well for beginners to know that if the doves have food always before them they will eat too much and too often, and so get disease. The proper and pleasant way of feeding them is at stated hours, and by the owner's own hand. Lucas says that "Feeding by hand is one of the pleasures of the fancy never to be abandoned," and "to feed them by machine takes all the poetry out of the thing."

He describes his own experience in feeding his birds very pleasantly: "When the birds see me walking towards them up the garden, they commence fluttering and flying about in a pleased expectant manner. Soon as I enter the flight the old silver hen flies on my shoulder and gently pecks me, as much as to say, 'Make haste, please, it's dinner-time; I am hungry, so are the babies at home.'"

Amusing incidents are of frequent occurrence during feeding-time, and give great pleasure to the observant fancier. Lucas relates that while feeding his pigeons he has seen a cock bird jealous of his spouse, heavy with egg. He would not eat himself, nor permit her to do so; he considered that the duties of married life demanded her presence at home, and so he hustled her about, while she snatched here and there a grain of food. Sometimes she gave him the slip, and then he plunged wildly about until he found her, when he greeted her with a vigorous salutation of the beak, and lovingly drove her home. This is only one of many incidents which amuse and delight the fancier as he feeds them.

Doves are very fond of salt; it is, in fact, a necessity to them, and is their one weakness. So it would be well to get a box and fill it with a mixture of old lime, small, gritty, pebbly sand, crushed oyster-shells, and coarse kitchen salt. This will be a favourite spot for the doves to come to, and they will derive great benefit from it. The lime is necessary for the formation of the egg-shells, and the salt and gravel help the digestion. Some fanciers lay lumps of rock salt about, but it is not so wise a plan.

The pigeons should be kept well supplied with fresh pure water to drink, and a pan of water for a bath. They are extremely fond of a splash, and in their eagerness will rush to it in a mass, and really quarrel for possession.

Care should be taken not to use a metal pan, as occasionally the birds have been poisoned by it. Earthenware pans are better and cleaner. Directly the pigeons cease to take pleasure in their bath, be sure they are out of health. There is no more reliable sign than this.

Keep stated hours for feeding them. Between six and seven in the morning, eleven or twelve in the forenoon, and three or four in the afternoon; allow of sufficient intervals, and a general survey at about eight o'clock in the evening will bring the day's care and supervision to a close. If there is reason to think a young one is being neglected and insufficiently fed, soak a milk biscuit in some hot water and inject the pulp into its crop by means of a syringe.

Pigeons are naturally of healthy and hardy constitutions, and with care and attention to their homes and diet there should be little or no disease among them. They cannot endure overcrowding in their homes any more than can human beings, and this is often a serious cause of trouble.

If the greatest care is not taken, pigeons are attacked with vermin; for this Mr. Lucas and one or two other great pigeon fanciers recommend a certain ointment, which is to be used sparingly. It is made of a quarter of a pound of blue unction and one ounce of lard. These must be placed in a gallipot near the fire till melted, when it is stirred and allowed to set. By a judicious use of this the birds may be kept perfectly clean. It is, they say, the great *cure all;* otherwise physic is of very little use to pigeons.

The next thing to be done is to mate the birds. Where possible turn a single pair into an empty loft away from their companions. This is not always practicable, and the next best thing to do is to place them in a pen divided by a sliding wire fence, one on either side. Here let them be for a few days to get accustomed to see and notice each other. Should there be some matter of disagreement between them, remove the wire and let them settle it.

It may be that the female will treat the cock badly, and drive him out of the pen; if so she must be taught manners, and be herself placed in a dark pen, where she can hear her companions but not see them. Introduce her after a little of this punishment to the bird who is to be her master, and it is more than probable that she will behave well to him.

Care should be taken that the sitting birds should not be teased by the intrusion or enthusiasm of the owners, otherwise the eggs will never become live pigeons, nor when they enter life should they be roughly handled, for of all creatures none is so perfectly helpless as a baby pigeon—it is just able to hold up its little head for the mother's bill, and that is all.

All dove-kind feed their young at first with a sort of curd, free of any mixture of common food, and which has been called pigeon's milk. It is conveyed to the young birds by the insertion of the mother's beak into that of her infant. With this food it will grow rapidly, and in about a week be well "stubbed" over with feathers, and in about four or five weeks it will leave the nest and begin to look about on its own account (the air bones in young pigeons are described as being filled with marrow, which becomes gradually absorbed to make room for the admission of air). As soon as the young ones arrive at a state of comparative independence, they should be put into a pen of their own and never overcrowded.

With these few observations as to the care required in keeping pigeons, I wish all those who possess them success; it is a recreation second to none in its power of giving pleasure.

ART.

B. J. M.—Take great care how you attempt to remove varnish from a painting. Many preparations are sold for the purpose, but we strongly advise you not to try them, if an amateur, as you must be, or you would not ask for advice. Send your picture to a well-recommended cleaner and varnisher. Of course, after a picture has been painted for a year or two, it is very desirable that it should be protected by varnish which will also throw up the colours with all the brightness of the first touches.

LOLA.—The impression of a design is not transferred upon china, but is photographed upon it. We advise you to consult one of the numerous publications on photography.

NIL DESPERANDUM, WILD THYME, NEMO, KITTY, ALB, and JESSAMINE.—To paint on satin in oils, the use of Turck's Florentine Medium is, as we have more than once observed, quite essential, so as to harden them, otherwise the paints will run. You should also try to use as few colours and tints as possible. If you paint in water colours, you must lay a size, made of white of egg, on the satin before beginning, and then a layer of Chinese white over the pale flowers; and finally, a few washes of colour—but only a few. 2. Terra-cotta needs no preparation before painting it with oils; but the Florentine Medium must be used with them. If painted in water colours, size the surface with the white of an egg or melted isinglass. Lay the paints on thinly, using Chinese white with all the first colours applied.

MARGARET MARY.—There are many schools of art in the suburbs of London in connection with the South Kensington School of Art. The fees are very small, and the amount can be ascertained by application to the secretary at South Kensington. Tuition is not given free, unless the pupil has obtained an exhibition, and passed an examination in model and freehand drawing and geometry. The Royal Academy, National Gallery, and Sloane Museum are all open to women; but they must pass an examination. They may copy pictures in the National Gallery if a specimen of their painting be sent to the authorities, and be approved of by them; but no instruction is given there.

F. M. E.—The whole subject of mirror painting is exhaustively treated in "Home Handicrafts," and to these directions we must refer you for the process to be followed. Also as regards terra-cotta, consult the same little book.

GWLADY.—We could not possibly tell you where your paintings would meet with a sale. At print shops they might place them in the windows, to be paid a commission on the sale. There are also art galleries where pictures are exhibited on the same terms, if approved by the judges employed to pronounce on their merits.

BUSY WOMAN OF THE WORLD.—We should recommend you to paint the leather case with oils, laying on the colours thinly, and using but few of them. Mix a few drops of Turck's Florentine Medium with the colours, and never retouch a colour until it is dry. Beginners often make the mistake of overloading and overcrowding their tints.

EDUCATIONAL.

MANCHESTER.—The Ruskin Reading Guild has branches at Arbroath, Armagh, Elgin, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, and Liverpool. Others also are being formed in London, Manchester, Birmingham, and Aberdeen. The leading feature of the guild is the study of certain text-books, such as Carlyle's "Past and Present," Ruskin's "Time and Tide," and "Sesame and Lilies." The organ of the guild is called "Igdrasil." The general secretary is Mr. W. Marwick, Hillside House, Arbroath, N.B., whom you may address.

M. L. C.—"Trust in God and do the right" is the refrain of each verse of a poem by Norman McLeod, called, "Courage, brother, do not stumble." It was set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

FIFTEEN.—We gave full information on all work possible for girls in a series of articles in volume v., entitled "Work for All."

MIRA, URSA, ERNEST WHITE.—We cannot tell you of any better course of reading and work than that given in the "G. O. P.," called "The Girls' Year," volume ix.

EMPRESS KATARINA.—Cassell's "Guide to Female Employment in the Civil Service," price 1s., would tell you all you wish to know, and you could measure yourself by that, and calculate your chances of success in the examination.

C. PODMORE.—We thank you for your letter proposing to meet the difficulties of girls who complain that they are deficient in a practical knowledge of the duties of a "companion" or superior class of "mother's help." To learn something of housekeeping, cooking, and such like essential requirements, by means of a short residence with one well qualified to train in these arts, would be most desirable for any candidates for such situations, as, unhappily, ordinary schools do not include such on their list of lessons to be given. You give the name of no residence, simply "Shelford, Cambridge." In giving this answer, we presume you propose to assist with a benevolent intention, merely charging so much as to spare you the cost of your pupils' living.

NESTA.—Your friend appears to be very unreasonable, and unworthy of the kind desire on your part to instruct him. When he inquires why he should learn scales, ask him why he learned to walk before he could run; why he learned his letters before he could read; and why men go into training before they run in a race? He seems to be hard pressed for an excuse for laziness, or else he has "lodgings to let in his upper storey."

COOKERY.

ADRIENNE DE VOUTENAY.—We thank you for your kind letter, which has so long awaited an answer. To preserve tomatoes for sauce, gather them when quite ripe, and in dry weather. As they vary in size, we will give the quantity at half a sieveful. Add four Spanish onions; of garlic, ¾ oz.; of shalots, 2 oz.; of mace, ½ oz.; of bruised ginger, ¾ oz.; of cayenne pepper, 3 drachms; and of strong old ale and good vinegar, one quart each. Having wiped and sliced the tomatoes, peeled and sliced the onions, garlic, and shalots, put them, with the spice and vinegar, into a bright iron pot, and place on the fire to simmer for two hours, skimming and stirring very often. Then add the ale, and boil the whole mixture moderately for half an hour longer, until you find the sauce thickens. Then remove from the fire, and rub the whole through two sieves—first a coarse and then a fine one—and put it into dry, wide-mouthed bottles. When cold, cork them well and seal over the corks. This home-made sauce will be found to cost scarcely more than one-third the expense of buying it in any shop, especially if the tomatoes grow in your own garden.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—In a house where only one servant is kept, the mistress may do much to help; in the first place, by being very tidy, and enforcing the same on others. In the morning she may assist in making beds, in dusting the rooms after they are swept, washing the breakfast things, making pastry and puddings, and laying the table for dinner and tea. It is not needful to do all this, perhaps; but the servant should be helped as far as possible. Before leaving the bedroom in the morning, it is a good thing to turn back the clothes on the bed and open the window, which gives it time to air properly.

BANJO.—What is called a "milk diet" would be bread and milk, porridge and milk, with bread and butter for breakfast; boiled rice, rice puddings, and any kind of milk puddings for dinner, with fresh vegetables and fruit (if the doctor allowed them); for tea, rice milk, milk pudding, good porridge and milk, tea, bread and butter. Of course the doctor would give you particular instructions, and include eggs.

JACK can make her slimy sponges as good as new by the aid of two ounces of powdered borax. Put one ounce of it into a pint of boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Then put in the sponge and move it about with a piece of stick till you have got all you can out of it. Rinse in plain boiling water, and wring dry. Then repeat with a second ounce of borax.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. W.—Craig-y-Barns, or Cragwood, is a wooded pyramidical hill near Dunkeld, Perthshire, 558 feet high. We suppose the description means the plague which visited Scotland in 954, first, and of which 40,000 persons died. You do not give the name of the poem.

NORTHUMBRIAN.—The hair lotion of Sir Erasmus Wilson is made as follows: Eau de Cologne, 8 oz.; tincture of cantharides, 1 oz.; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, 1 drachm each. If too strong, dilute with rose-water, and apply with a sponge to the roots.

ONE BOTH HURT AND ANGRY.—We suppose your letter was torn up unanswered, because you might have found out for yourself which were fresh-water fish and which were of the salt water. The first-named are salmon, trout, eel, pike, perch, and, in Russia, sturgeon. In salt water we have haddock, soles, turbot, plaice, and other flat fish, herring, mackerel, pilchard, cod, ling, halibut, sprats, whitebait, hake, etc.

A PAKEHAS' PICCININNI.—Many thanks for your pleasant and well-written account of your journey to Mount Cook.

E. B. (Santa Fé).—We read your interesting letter with great pleasure, and think you are a brave girl. We wish you every success in life, and we shall always be glad to hear from you.

KATIE, FANNY BEATRICE S.—We are much obliged for kind offers, but regret to decline, as our staff is fully made up already.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—The use of a few drops of the essence of pennyroyal in a bed, or a few sprigs of it laid upon it, is said to be of use in driving away fleas. This is the last recipe we have seen.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.—The poem is a fair attempt, and the rhymes well selected.

JOE.—The picture would have to be seen by an expert.

M.—Certify the story, certainly; either the housekeeper or your father, who would of course know your character for honesty and truth.

LOUISA.—The family of Mulock is Irish.

SADLY PERPLEXED ONE is too young for the training as a nurse at sixteen. We think she might like being a children's nurse better.

T. P. W. N.—Try some gymnastic exercises, and be careful to stand on both feet, and sit straight.

HAMPSTEAD SCHOOLGIRL might perhaps improve her writing by copying some handwriting she particularly likes.

TORONTO UNDERGRADUATE should find out just where she fails as a teacher, and endeavour to alter the fault. Perhaps her manners are not good enough, her temper out of order, or there may be lack of love needful in such a position. A little self-examination will help her. She need not despair; when we are most dissatisfied with ourselves, we may be sure God is moving us up a little nearer to Him. We most of us fail in love and kindness to others, in sympathy, and in unselfishness; and we can improve if we will, for we have the promise of Divine aid and the warrant of Holy Scripture, and we have Christ as an example.

SIS.—It is generally the family of the future husband who make the first advances, but if your betrothed husband wishes to take you to his home, you should go. Do not let pride stand in the way if you really love him; and endeavour to make everything pleasant by good humour and conciliatory manners.

MAISIE, DOROTHY TEMPEST, IVY, CUPID, and A VERY YOUNG WIDOW.—The poem "Every Day" shows some originality of treatment, but none of those sent are correct in any way. If they have afforded a comfort in the writing, that is a sufficient reward. The poem of "A Very Young Widow" is religious in tone, but not original in any way.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 543.] MAY 24, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LACE.

BY MRS. ERNEST HART.

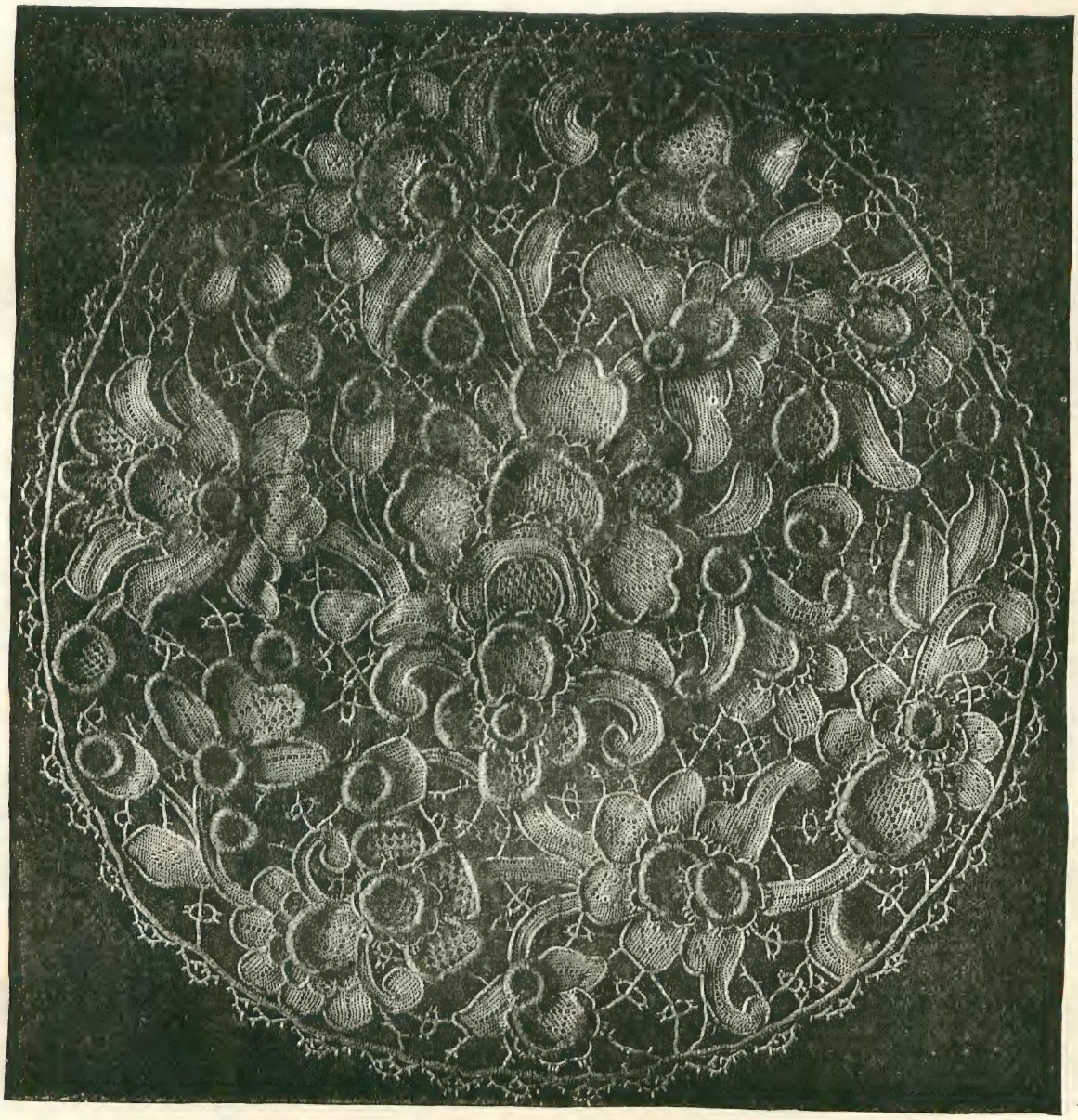


FIG. 1.—POINT DE COLBERT, OR POINT DE FRANCE. (*From Lace in Author's collection.*)

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PART III.

FRENCH LACES.

THE history of the lace industry in France is interesting and instructive. The French, with their innate good taste, could not help being fond of beautiful lace, but as they had no manufactures of their own, they were the chief patrons of Italian and Flemish laces up to the middle of the seventeenth century. At this time fine point lace was worn for the magnificent collars which fell back over the doublets of the men or the bodices of ladies, and which are noticed in so many of the portraits of great people of that period, also for ruffles and *revers* round the wrists, and for "canons," a deep fall of lace worn at the end of the knee-breeches; as well as to trim cravats, aprons, boots, and garters; in fact, fine point lace was introduced into the dress wherever it was possible. Such large sums of money were paid to Italy and Flanders for these luxuries that sumptuary laws were passed forbidding courtiers to wear foreign lace, or, in fact, any lace at all. But to no avail; more lace was worn than ever. Finding that laws and fines did not prevent the French spending their substance on foreign laces, Colbert, the Minister of Louis XV., bethought himself that if they insisted upon wearing costly laces in spite of all the edicts, they should wear French laces, and thus the money should be kept in the country. He therefore selected a lady of Alençon, Madame Gilbert by name, who knew how to make Venice point, and placed her in his moated castle of Lonray, with thirty Italian lace-makers, whom he induced with great difficulty to come over from Venice. He made her a liberal grant of £12,000, and she and her lace-makers set to work to produce a French lace which should resemble, but yet excel, Venetian point. In a short time she had succeeded so well that she came to Paris to show Colbert specimens of the new lace. The King became interested, and went with his courtiers to inspect the work, and was so delighted that he gave orders that no lace should be worn at Court except the new lace, which he named Point de France. Royal favour, a compulsory law, and an enterprising company which was formed made the fortune of the new French lace, and soon thousands of women were employed making it. The demand became much greater than the supply, and, as the Point de France was very costly, pillow lace industries were started to supply cheaper kinds of lace.

In the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. extravagance in dress was unexampled, and lace was used, not only for dress, but to decorate furniture, to trim bed-linen, etc., and for the service of the church and the robes of the priests. We read of lace bed coverlets, with pillow-cases, bought for the Queen, which cost £30,000; of a visit being made to a great lady when ill, who is described as "lying in a State bed, under a coverlet made of a single piece of Venice point, with sheets trimmed with Point d'Argentan, which could not have cost less than £10,000." When the eldest daughter of Louis XV. was married to the King of Spain, the item in her trousseau for laced sheets amounted to £25,000. To such a pitch was, in fact, this rage for point lace carried, that it was said a Frenchman would go without a shirt, but would still wear lace ruffles, and that the footmen would not eat roast beef for fear of soiling their ruffles.

All this wicked extravagance led to the tragedies of the French Revolution. Hundreds of thousands of workers had toiled at starvation wages, so that the rich might squander. Lagging retribution came at last, and in the sudden uprising of a desperate people the lace industries of France disappeared. On the establishment of the Empire at the beginning of this century the lace industry of France revived, owing to the direct patronage of Napoleon; and although it has had great difficulties to contend with, it has lasted to this day.

The chief point laces of France are three in number: they are Point de France, Point d'Alençon, and Point d'Argentan. For a long time they were often all included under the name of Point de France, but each of these laces has a distinct character of its own. The Point de France is a lace with brides; the Alençon and Argentan Points have net grounds. Point de France was originally made in direct imitation of Venice point, but the French lace was more elegant in design, and the brides were more elaborate and decorated. Fig. 1 is an example of this royal lace.

Point d'Alençon is one of the most beautiful needle laces ever made. The gossamer-looking and yet wonderfully strong basis of net which supports the solid, minute, and slightly raised flowers, spots, and designs, make a combination which is satisfactory both to the eye and the critical taste. This lace passes through the hands of twelve different workers; the ground is first produced, then the flowers are worked in button-hole stitch, and the brides of the open spaces made; finally all the different pieces are sewn together by invisible stitches. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 are fine examples of Point d'Alençon.

Point d'Argentan differs from d'Alençon chiefly in the bride ground, in which the sides of the meshes are worked over with fine button-hole stitch, so as to form hexagonal spaces. The designs were bolder, and the work was more Venetian in character than Point d'Alençon (Fig. 5). In 1788 it is stated that Argentan produced annually half a million pounds' worth of lace. The industry disappeared with the Revolution, and has never been revived, though Point d'Alençon is again being made.

The pillow laces of France have had a long and prosperous career. Caen, Bayeux, and Chantilly produce beautiful white and black blondes; Le Puy, torchon and gold and silver laces; Lille, thread laces; but the most celebrated of all the French pillow laces is the Valenciennes. It is said to have been first made in the fifteenth century, and in the eighteenth century four thousand women were employed in the city alone making this lace. It was made, however, not only in the town, but in all the outlying districts, but what was called "Vraie Valenciennes" was only made in the city itself. Old Valenciennes was extremely fine, and the flowers had the appearance of fine muslin (Figs. 6 and 7).

The work was very slow, and it was done chiefly by girls who lived in underground cellars, and who worked, it is said, from four in the morning till eight at night. The Normandy peasants greatly value "Vraie Valenciennes," and once in a lifetime spend large sums on this lace, to trim the lofty structures they wear on their heads on fête days. Valenciennes lace is now made in Belgium.

France remains still the country where beautiful laces are worn and appreciated.

A BUNDLE OF NERVES.

By MEDICUS.

I WAS sitting in my garden study last Easter Monday morning, wondering whether I should write a paper for our girls, or go for a ten-mile spin on my cycle and hear the birds sing, when Jack came down the garden path.

N.B.—If ever I happen to be very particularly engaged or engrossed in my garden study, Jack is sure to come down the garden path. It may be a letter, or it may be a telegram, or a parcel by train, or a flock of sheep on the front lawn, or a newspaper reporter, or the gas rate, but it is sure to be something.

"Well, well, Jack?" I cried, impatiently, before the lad had a chance to knock. "What is it now?"

"Which a woman 'as called, sir, and please, sir, could you see her? Which she's bitten 'er 'and mos' dreadful, sir."

"Bitten her hand, Jack? Bitten her own hand?"

"I don't know, sir, rightly. I 'speck it was a dog or a cat, or may be an old poll parrot. She's a kind o' upset about it. Maybe she's taken the hyderaphoby; but my eye! hain't she been a bleeding just!"

And Jack's eye did sparkle like a young savage's.

I found Miss Adley in my surgery, her hand tied up loosely with a sadly ensanguined handkerchief. Miss Adley is one of the "lean kine," and generally somewhat pale, but to-day she was paler than usual.

"Pray sit down," I said. "You've cut your hand? How did it happen?"

"You'll laugh at me when I tell you, sir," she replied; "but tell you I must. In fact, I'll have to make a sort of confession to you."

"Well, you might do worse, Miss Adley."

"I'm but a bundle of nerves at the best, sir."

"That is because you are always thinking about troubles, Miss Adley, which often enough don't exist. You want to cross the stream before you come to the bridge, and all that sort of thing. But go on."

As I spoke I undid the handkerchief, and sure enough there, on the thick or fleshy part of the middle finger of the left hand, were the wounds, four in number, and evidently made by teeth.

"I've tried all sorts of cures for my nervousness," said Miss Adley; "and the last I think is the worst."

"So it would seem. What was it?"

"A black cat, sir."

I looked at her and smiled. It was rude, but for the life of me I couldn't help it.

"Well, Miss Adley, it is the first time ever I heard of a black cat as a cure for nervousness."

"Let me explain, sir."

"With pleasure."

"It was old Mysie Wilson that told me of the cure. She is skilled in herbs and all that sort of thing, you know, sir."

"I know the crone," I said. "She is a rival practitioner; gathers herbs by moonlight, rubs joints, banishes aches and pains by the motions of her fingers, sells philtres for anything I know, and cures rheumatism with slug oil. A hundred years ago honest Mysie would have been ducked as a witch. And so she prescribed the black cat?"

"Yes, sir. 'Animal electricity,' she called it. I was to get a black cat, and every morning I was to place my left hand on his throat, with my thumb on one shoulder bone and fingers on another, then stroke his back with my right."

"To be sure."

"Well, sir. I got the cat, and a fine big brute he was. I fed him well for two days,

and then commenced the cure. But I hadn't stroked his back three times before the ungrateful beast spat in my face, bit my poor hand, and sprang clean through the window."

"Well, Miss Adley, if you were anybody else I would say, 'Serve you right for being so silly.'"

"I knew you would scold. But is there any danger of hydrophobia?"

"Not the slightest. And if you will do as I tell you, your hand will be all right in a week; and you will be a different person in a couple of months."

"Heigho!" she sighed. "I'll do what you tell me, but I really do feel such a bundle of nerves."

Now, readers, there really are a great many Miss Adleys in the world, a great many bundles of nerves, who manage to rub along in life somehow, but in a way that is far from pleasant to themselves, or to those around them either. This Miss Adley had not much to do, and had enough to live upon; but I may tell you at once, and be done with, that she is a different person since she has given up running after all kinds of new drugs, and has trusted to hygienic measures for recovering tone of system; and she has now got an object in life, this last being, doing little acts of kindness to the sick poor and the aged, without interfering in the slightest degree with either the doctor's work or the duties of the parish clergyman.

The bundles of nerves I refer to are, for the most part, somewhat thin and lean, but not invariably so. Perhaps they are nearly all constitutionally sensitive, and it is people of this class who, when they have nothing very solid or useful to occupy their minds withal, fall back upon themselves, as it were, and worry themselves into a low state of health.

For mind and body are the same in one particular—they feed themselves on themselves, if proper nutriment be not supplied to them. For instance, the body requires about a hundred and thirty grains of fat daily to support it and keep up the animal heat. If this be not supplied, it will be requisitioned from the fat on the body itself. The mind requires wholesome employment, of a steady, quieting nature; if it gets it not it preys on itself, and feeds on fancy, for Nature abhors a vacuum.

But so far as medical and curative science are concerned, we do well to look upon body and mind as most intimately connected, if not one and the same, so that by acting on one we are acting on the other, for weal or for woe. So that when a doctor is called upon—which he too seldom is—to treat cases of that species of general uneasiness called nervousness, he really has two strings to his bow, and he will not be likely to neglect using both, attacking his bundle of nerves from the mental as well as from the physical side. As I have said, many cases of nervousness are constitutional, congenital, born in the system. Never mind if the ailment cannot be eradicated—for the simple reason that the cleverest "Medicus" in the world never yet succeeded in making anyone over again—it can be greatly alleviated.

"Don't worry! Don't worry!" This is advice we often hear given to sensitive people. In most cases it is about as sensible as telling an electric bell not to sound after you have touched the button.

Far more sensible advice would be this: "If you are a bundle of nerves, save these nerves from being hurt in every way you can, till you have, by means taken for that purpose, had them strengthened in some measure." If you had a bad finger you would nurse and keep it from knocking against anything, or keep things from knocking against it, as things always seem bent upon doing. You are no more called upon to wilfully expose your nerves to injury, when they are weak, than you would be a bad finger.

I could fill columns, ay, page after page, of the goodly GIRL'S OWN PAPER with physiological descriptions of the actions of nerves, organic and otherwise, and you would be as wise after you read them as before. I'd far rather talk plain common sense to you, and so I shall, if you don't mind.

No use of me saying much about the symptoms of nervousness, their name is legion, and they are of every conceivable shape, and, of course, different in different individuals. But as to their treatment, I must say this, to begin with, that if you happen to be a lady like Miss Adley, and have nothing to occupy your mind withal, the first part of my cure is contained in three words—"Have a hobby." I do not care much what it is, but it must be one that interests yourself, and enables you to pass time in an agreeable or pleasant way. And if one hobby is not enough, why, have one for every second hour of the day. If you do not take this piece of advice, then I can do nothing for you. I am not going to be fool enough to propose a plan of bodily and hygienic treatment, if I can't have your mind calmed and occupied. I am not going to advocate pouring strength in through the body, if it is going to leak away through the mind or nerves.

Now I tell you candidly that I do not believe anyone exists or lives under such a burden of woes or worries as cannot be lessened. Cares do kill, worry does weaken, so please set about reviewing the battle array of your life, and better it all you can. There is nothing so precious as health, and without health no possession can be precious or worth having. If you had all the gold in rich Peru, all the diamonds that have been dug at the Cape, and all the rubies in Burmah, a bilious headache would, for the time being, cause you to look upon them as the veriest dross.

But you will naturally look upon it as my duty to tell you how you are to better the battle array of your life. Many means may suggest themselves to yourself, for I cannot address my readers individually, but I believe it is not difficult to avoid thinking about little things and little worries that cannot be helped. I believe anyone, at most times, has the power of changing the current of the thoughts, excepting, of course, during periods of excitement. These little worries may be connected with your work or business in life. Do your duty, therefore. Let the strict performance of duty be sacred and part of your religion. If worries come then, they are easily borne. Never have time lying heavily on your hands. Walk, read, exercise, or play on some musical instrument, whenever time seems long. If you are calm enough to rest, without being bothered with worrying thoughts, then rest all you can, for rest soothes the mind and prevents the ebbing away of the strength.

Avoid all injurious habits. Tight-lacing is one of the most fruitful causes of nervous debility and sensitiveness. The internal organs must have free play; they impede each other's movements if they are squeezed out of position and heaped one on top of the other—indigestion, lung weakness, heart complaint, liver troubles, and even brain ailments are the sad results of this fatal habit. It is more important that the internal organs be nourished than even the muscles of the limbs or body; and if the blood is kept out of them, how can they be other than weak? Tea-drinking is another injurious habit. Nervous people must be cautious in the use of tea. It is not a food, it is not a tonic, and if drunk strong it may be as baneful in its effects as much brandy would be. Anyone, therefore, who feels, like Miss Adley, a bundle of nerves had better give up tea by degrees, till she can exist in comfort without it, or with only a cup in the afternoon.

Irregular habits of eating and drinking must be avoided. *So must over-eating.* Such foods as those from the cereals, puddings, bread, as well as starchy vegetables, and too much green food, do not do well with the nervous. The changes should be rung on meat, fowl, game, and fish of most kinds, avoiding that which is oily or difficult of digestion. Milk suits in most cases, and so do eggs.

The law of supply and demand must be studied in the matter of eating. I mean that if you work hard you must live nutritiously. If you do not approximate the amount of digestible food to the amount of work done you starve the nerves and system generally, the mind sympathises, and you become thoroughly weak, wretched, and ill.

Neglect of the teeth—though I should be sorry to believe that this was at all common among our readers—is very likely to result in debility of the nervous system. If our teeth were not of the very greatest importance indeed in the animal economy, Providence would not have placed them in our mouths. Yet some people think that mastication is a matter of but little moment. They hurry over it, and suffer accordingly, wondering, perhaps, what has given them an attack of dyspepsia or a fit of the blues. Twice or thrice a day the teeth ought to be brushed, especially after food, and the paste or powder used, while containing nothing likely to injure the enamel, should be one that disinfects as well as cleanses; even charcoal itself, unsightly though it may appear, is better than some of the quack, prettily-got-up nostrums we see advertised.

The feet of people who are weakly in nerves should be extra well attended to. They ought to be washed every night, whether the bath be taken in the morning or not, and the stockings ought to be of the softest wool, and just thick enough to be consonant with warmth without causing heat.

Well, then, if one makes a note of any habit likely to cause a deviation from the paths of health, and proceeds to rectify it, she has taken the first step to recovery.

With excessive nervousness I have often found associated some weakness of heart, and, therefore, I advise exercise in the open air, because the heart is a muscular organ, and just as easily toned as your biceps. Even daily walks up hill, if the air be bracing, will do good rather than otherwise.

Young people will benefit by a course of judiciously planned gymnastic exercise. What they have to bear in mind is this: nature will not be forced, cures of nervousness cannot be hurried, and any method of treatment proposed must be carried out most assiduously. It is from constant living by rule for months or even years, and the rigid adherence to the golden rules of health and avoidance of injurious habits, and from these *almost* alone, that the calmness of health is to be looked. I say "almost," because now and then a short course of tonics may help to give a spurt. Cod liver oil, or Kepler's extract of malt for those who cannot take the oil, may do good. Iron is beneficial where anæmia is present (*vide* my paper entitled, "Why Am I So Pale?"). I may add, however, that residence at some inland health resort such as Strathpeffer, in the Scottish Highlands, where the water is tonic, and the air bracing and pure, does a deal to set nervous people up.

A change to the seaside in summer will also do good. Arsenic is an excellent nerve tonic, though it had better be prescribed by a medical man.

In conclusion, let me add that no one need despair of a return to health who will attend rigidly to the hints I have here laid down.

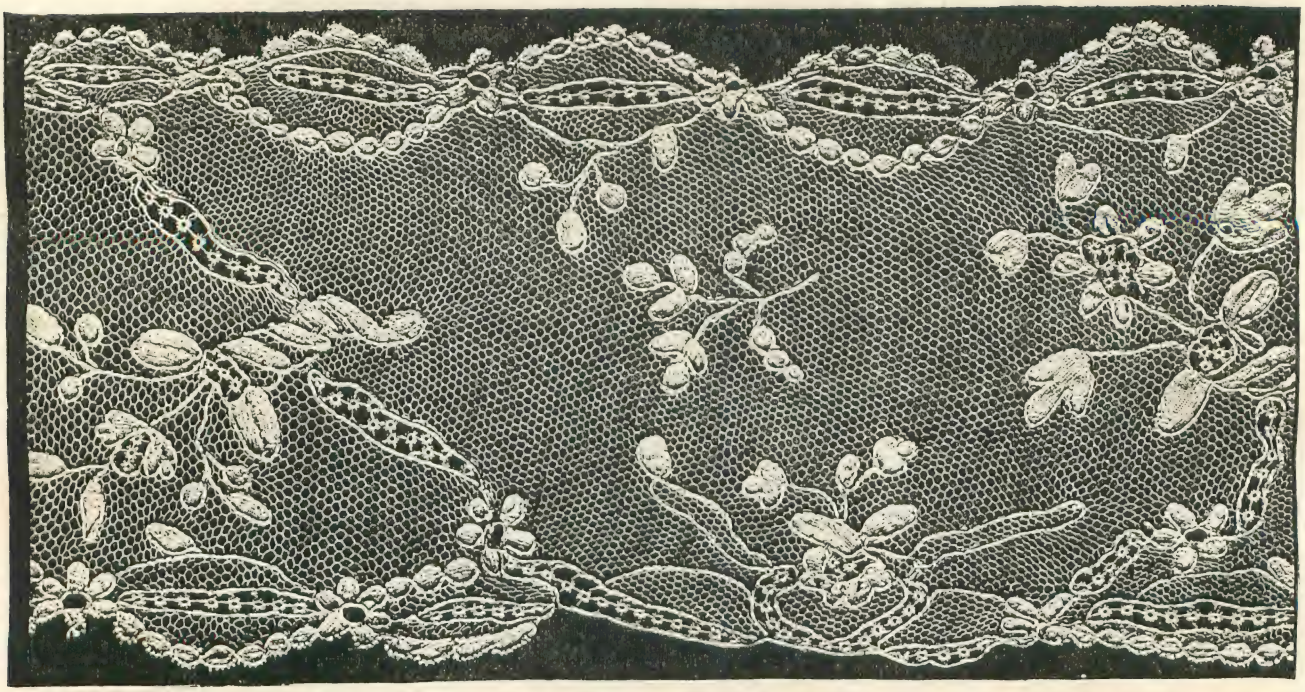


FIG. 2.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.*)

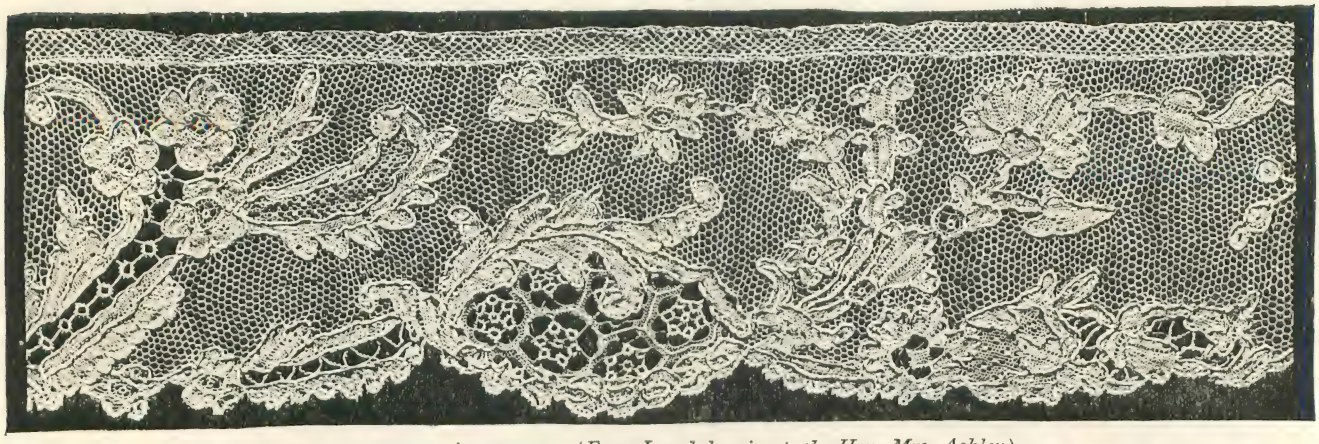


FIG. 3.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.*)

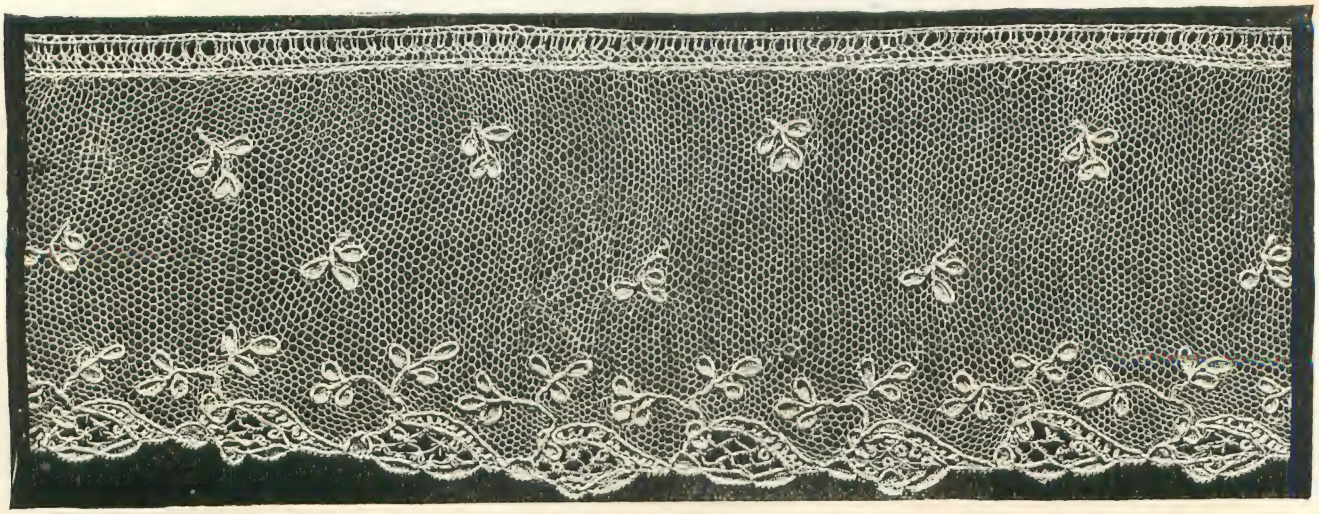


FIG. 4.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace in Author's collection.*)

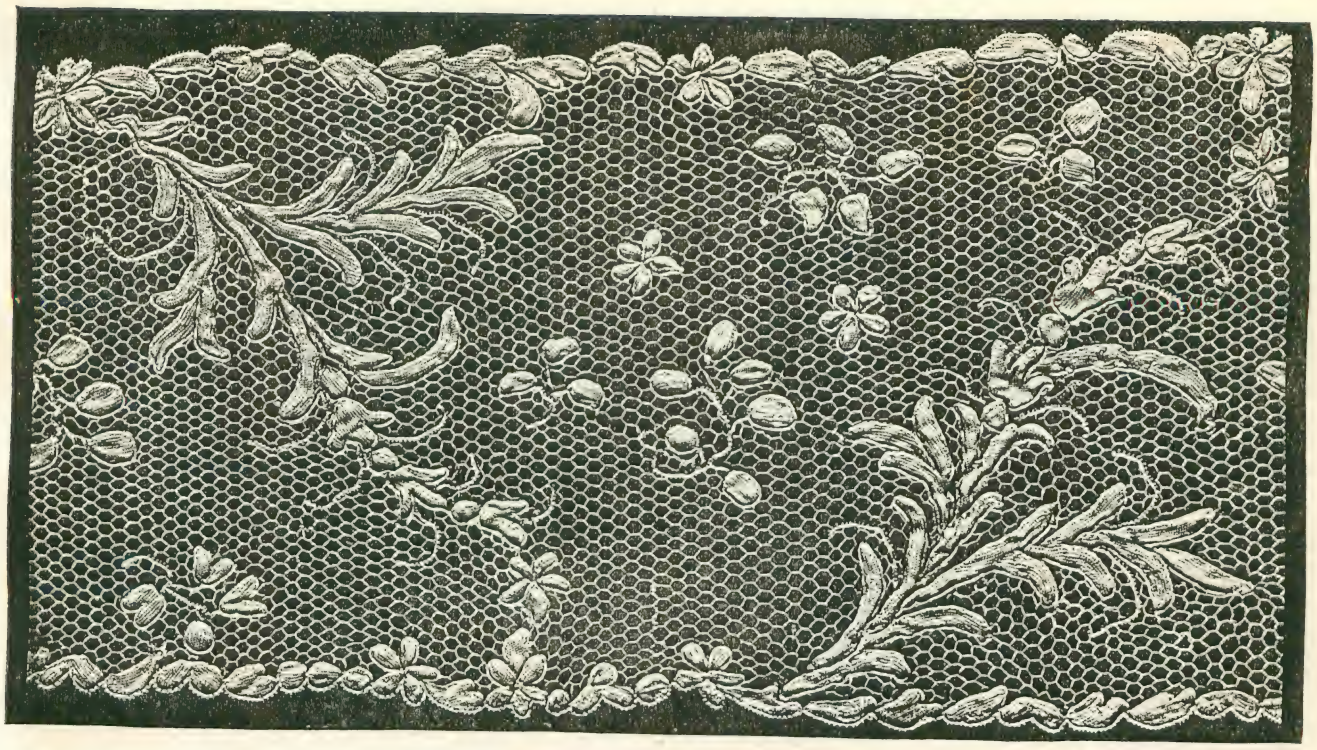


FIG. 5.—POINT D'ARGENTAN. (*From Lace the property of Mr. Biddle.*)

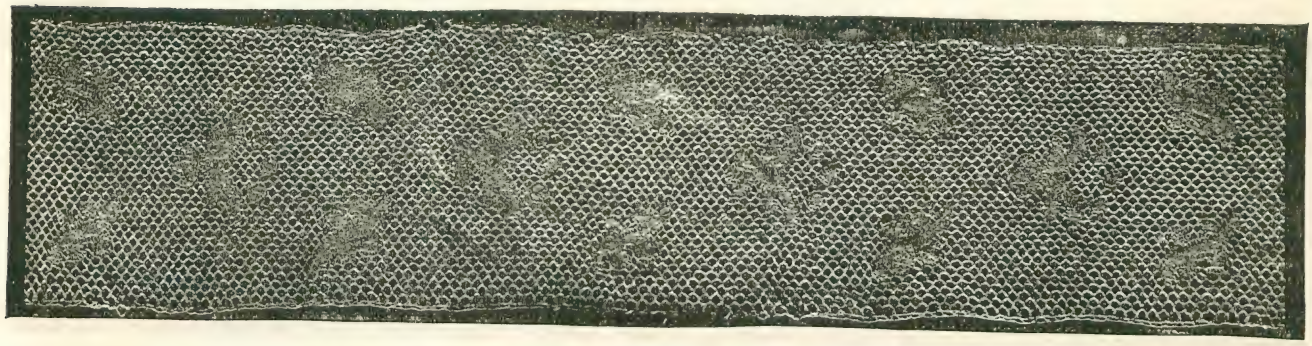


FIG. 6.

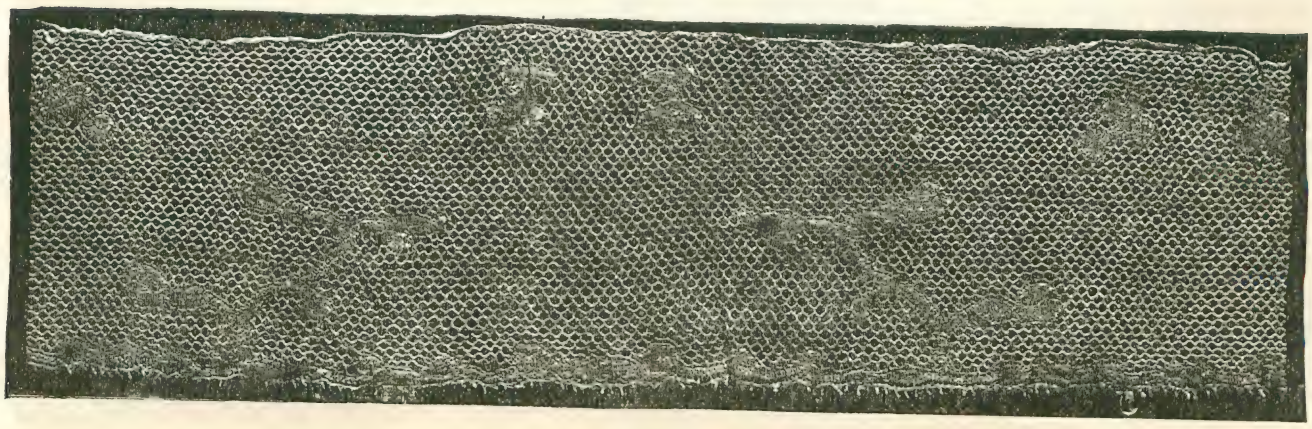


FIG. 7.

VRAIE VALENCIENNES. (*From Lace which has been over* 100 *years in the family of Mrs. Foot.*)

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VICAR.

E certainly ought to hear to-day, Belle; Charlie must have reached Montreal a fortnight ago, and should have written at once, even if he had nothing definite to tell," said Mr. Dauncey, a few weeks after the arrival of his grandchildren.

"Perhaps there will be a letter to-day. Weatherley is on the look-out for the postman," returned Belle.

"That boy knows everything. I used to think Charlie clever, but he beats him hollow; he's like old Weatherley. Where's Marjory? I've heard a deal of the High Schools, and the education of women, and female suffrage, and women's colleges, but never believed in it all till I saw her. She's a woman before her time."

"She is in the parlour, practising. She complains of Flo's old piano, and says she can't get any tone out of it. She has joined a practising union, she tells me, and is bound to practise an hour a day."

Belle said this with a puzzled smile, for she found it difficult to accommodate herself to the "advanced culture" of the day. However, in spite of her education, and the "jargon of the schools," Marjory was quite capable of taking care of herself, and running wild at the farm.

A little cooing sound reached Mr. Dauncey as he paced the room, according to his custom, while speaking to Belle. He had just come in to let off a little of his restless anxiety on her much-enduring person. Turning, he perceived Mamy, seated in a corner, rocking herself and a new doll on a low chair that had been Belle's when a child, and singing softly. Mr. Dauncey prided himself on his own vocal powers, and on having "come of a musical family," as he expressed it.

"Hush, Belle! Don't make such a clatter with that sewing machine. What a voice the child has! Fine as Flo's; and that's saying a good deal. Mamy, come and sing to grandfather."

Mamy was rather afraid of Mr. Dauncey, and ran to Belle instead. She was already more than accustomed to her, and trotted about after her like a miniature shadow. Two or three weeks suffice to make a child happy or miserable, and Mamy was perfectly happy and at home. Rover had become her devoted slave; she fed the poultry with Aunt Belle, and even ran after the "peatot" and Miss Dulcey's enemy, the turkey-cock. As to the other children, they might have been born and bred in the country, they enjoyed it so thoroughly.

Belle took Mamy on her lap, and coaxed her to sing "Little Bo-Peep" to grandfather.

"Mamy sing danfa," repeated the child, fixing her eyes on Mr. Dauncey.

He perceived their earnest beauty for the first time. She resembled one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's cherubs, and he said she was like an angel.

"Ittle Bo-Peep" she began, suddenly, still keeping her blue eyes riveted on her grandfather.

She had, indeed, a sweet voice, and sang the nursery rhyme with the usual childish uncertainty, looking to Aunt Belle for prompting. Emboldened by success, she went off into other tunes, caught, apparently, from street organs, and showed by their truth and harmony that she was gifted with ear and voice.

"I wish old Weatherley could hear her," ejaculated Mr. Dauncey. "What has become of that loitering fellow, Daniels?" Daniels was the postman.

This question was answered by a shout in the passage, and the sudden opening of a door.

"Marjory, Marjory! come here. Stop that rattle of keys. Here's a letter from father."

In burst Weatherley, followed by Marjory, both in breathless excitement.

"It is for you, grandfather. It comes from Montreal," cried the boy. "May I open it? I've got an envelope knife. Here are your spectacles."

"Please make haste, grandfather," said Marjory, all of a tremble, while Belle, as much excited as the children, put Mamy off her lap, and stood behind her father's chair.

Weatherley had split open the top of the envelope, while Marjory bade him be careful of the stamp, and Mr. Dauncey mounted his spectacles.

"We've got a stamp book, Aunt Belle," explained Marjory, taking possession of the envelope, and impressing a kiss on the address. "It's father's very own writing, Mamy, darling. Kiss father," she added, putting the direction to Mamy's lips.

The little one's tiny hand was on her grandfather's knee, Weatherley's and Belle's on either shoulder, and Marjory stood in front. The background of the picture was a deep-set window with a low seat, covered with a bright chintz cushion.

"My love and kisses to the darling children, and I hope they are good, and give no trouble," the letter began.

"So like Charlie! He begins where others end," said Mr. Dauncey, with a choke in his voice. Then he proceeded to read the remainder, which, being somewhat diffuse and descriptive, we must curtail in parts.

Charlie's voyage had been altogether prosperous, and he had reached Montreal safely. Arrived there, he was not long in finding out Messrs. Stint and Co., and we will give his interview with them in his own words.

"They were very civil and polite," he wrote, "but scarcely as communicative as I expected. They said a colony of Daunceys had already turned up, either in person or by letter, both in America and England. As it was not a common name, they were surprised at the extent of our connections, and so was I, for certainly we have no relations of that name. However, I showed them all the certificates and affidavits, and I think they quite believed in me, though they said innumerable cousins had sent in a claim for the fortune, besides one brother, and a nephew or two. But what startled and surprised me most was that Jabez Dauncey had once had a son, and that it was uncertain whether he were alive or dead!"

"A son!" here interjected Mr. Dauncey, in blank amazement. "Then we have had all our trouble in vain."

"He is sure to be dead, grandfather," said Weatherley. "Please go on."

Mr. Dauncey continued to read.

"I asked why they had not advertised for the son directly, and they replied that as he was next-of-kin one advertisement sufficed. Jabez Dauncey had been a violent, irascible man, and some years ago had quarrelled with this son, because he disliked the business by which his father had made his wealth, and wanted to enter one of the learned professions. No one knew what had become of the young man, or whether his father had knowledge of him, but he had not been seen in Montreal since Jabez told him that he might go about his business, if he didn't find his father's good enough for him. The son had not had a pleasant life, so he accepted his dismissal, but it was reported that he had frequently written to his father during his first year of absence, though no letters were known to arrive during the last. Therefore, it was confidently reported that he was dead. It certainly looks like it, since he must otherwise have seen the advertisement, which Mr. Stint told me had been circulated in all the American and most of the English papers.

"Jabez Dauncey died suddenly of an attack of apoplexy, and left no will, therefore his enormous wealth—and it is greater than we fancied—is, so to say, going begging. It will be no joke to substantiate our claim to it, since there are so many other claimants, but the lawyers see clearly enough that we are no impostors; but that does not settle the 'next-of-kin,' if the imaginary 'brother' or 'nephews' can forge a nearer relationship. They, the solicitors, seem very straightforward, and I like the Americans. They are kind and hospitable, and it is my fault, I suppose, if I cannot 'go their pace.' I am tolerably well—better than when I left England—but I seem lost without the children."

"Good father—dear pappy—dada," came from the said children involuntarily, and Belle wiped her eyes.

"It is a pity we ever bothered ourselves about it," she exclaimed,

brusquely. "And the sooner we give it up the better."

"I shall never give in while I have a chance," returned Dauncey, and read on.

"I cannot say how long I may be obliged to remain here, and already begin to wonder how the funds will hold out. Messrs. Stint require a copy of Jabez Dauncey's baptismal entry—I mean a certificate of his baptism; and, if I remember aright, you are not certain where he was baptised. I have put them in communication with Pearce concerning certain other legal matters which I don't understand, and will write again as soon as they have made out a list of inquiries they want answered. If no son should turn up, I think we have a good chance, but the law is so procrastinating that I know not when it will be decided. They want a pedigree of Jabez, which I doubt if he ever had, and especially the collateral history of his father and yours. The lawyers say that it is curious how many people have come to America, amassed fortunes, and died intestate, and that the difficulty of tracing their origin, and sifting the claims of real or supposed relatives, is sometimes insurmountable. I wish you were here, as your evidence would be far more valuable than mine."

"What will he wish next?" groaned Belle, who knew that her father only wanted a proper excuse to follow his son.

"Then we haven't got the big fortune yet," said Weatherley, reflectively. "Father promised that I should study for the army if we got it, but I mean to take the first thing that offers, since it doesn't so much matter what a fellow does as what he is."

"Bravo! I am proud to make the acquaintance of the enunciator of that sentiment!" were words that broke in upon the little conclave, and caused Belle to flush with delight, and her father to rise suddenly, with an exclamation of pleasure.

They both gave a hearty welcome to a pale, somewhat gaunt, and delicate-looking man, who entered unannounced. Indeed, Molly was in no condition to announce visitors, and Belle had not heard his knock at the door. It was Mr. Burmester, Vicar of Hollyfield. He had been taking his holiday, with his wife and daughter, on the Continent, and had returned the previous day. His wife was a great invalid, and he was not strong himself, so they had gone abroad in search of health. They were both better, he said, and he had come to see Charlie's children, and to inquire of the state of his parish of Belle, who was everybody's aid and referee. She speedily gave him the information he required, and introduced him to the children. Mamy was in his arms in a trice, and called him "Dada," to the scandal of the other children, who believed in no father but their own.

"Are you the young man who uttered the sentiment I heard as I came in?" asked Mr. Burmester, as he shook hands with Weatherley.

"Yes; because if one is poor, one must work," replied the boy, looking the vicar in the face.

"Then I shall employ you directly," said the latter. "He can take that class in the Sunday-school which has never been well managed since young Marshall left us. What do you say, Belle?"

"What does he say?" laughed Belle.

"Teaching doesn't pay nowadays, but I shall be happy to be of use," said Weatherley, importantly.

"He's years older than his grandfather," said Dauncey. "But we've just had a letter from Charlie."

Mr. Burmester looked grave at once. He had heard of the "next-of-kin," and being a man of the world, knew that it was as hard to claim an American fortune as a copyright. He read the letter, and merely asked—

"What does Belle say?"

"That we can't afford to waste our money. But the ball is set rolling, and nobody knows where it will stop," replied Belle.

They all discussed the matter, Weatherley offering an opinion occasionally, and Mr. Burmester thought it a good opportunity to preach a little sermon to Mr. Dauncey, whose love for speculation was patent to all his friends.

"What would you do with so much money if you got it? Money is such a snare. But worst of all would be having recourse to law, and I fear that between Stint and Co., in America, and Pearce and Co.—but Pearce has no Co.—in England, we should all be ruined. Holy scripture is very sound upon this point, as upon all others, and I, for one, would rather follow its precepts than the world's."

Mr. Dauncey had a high opinion of his vicar, not only because he was a right-minded and conscientious minister of the gospel, but because he practised what he preached. He knew that he had more than once lost money because he would not go to law, and that the remonstrances of his more worldly friends had been thrown away upon him. However, he held his own.

"The fact is, vicar," he said, "if anyone has a right to Jabez Dauncey's money it is my father's son, your humble servant. Jabez led us all a pretty life. He was a bad-tempered fellow, and always taking offence. My father treated him just as he did me, and if he got more birchings than I did, it was because he deserved it. He ran away more than once, and when he returned was always kindly received. As to my poor mother, she lavished love upon him, and I don't think he cared a button for any of us. He hadn't a halfpenny of his own, and when he took his final departure he carried off—well, I won't say what, but he wasn't honest, and that's the long and the short of it. He never wrote to us or expressed any gratitude, and I don't wonder at his son's leaving him. It served him right."

"Perhaps he was young, and knew no better," said Mr. Burmester, glancing at Weatherley, who was listening acutely.

"He was in his sixteenth year, and must have been fifty-eight when he died. He was sharp and clever, and would have got on anywhere. My father was about to get him a clerkship, which he disliked, and they had some words over it. He said he wouldn't be tied to a desk, and my father told him that if that was the case, he must get a position for himself. He took him at his word, and absconded. Now, vicar, as I am the next-of-kin, don't you think I have a right to his property?"

"I suppose so, if the son doesn't turn up," said Mr. Burmester. "At any rate, you have laid claim to it, and must await the result. All that Belle and I wish to urge is that you shall not ruin yourself, as so many have done, in the pursuit."

"I would certainly go to Montreal after it, if I could," said Dauncey, irritably, for he hated good advice, as most people do.

"Will you bring these children to the vicarage to tea this afternoon, Belle?" asked Mr. Burmester. "My wife and Dolly want to see them. Then we can settle about the class, and other odds and ends."

Belle assented, to the great joy of Marjory, and the vicar went away, followed by Mr. Dauncey, who walked with him up the hill as far as the school-house, situated below The Gables. Dauncey took up the thread of the conversation nearly where he had dropped it previously.

"You see, vicar, that the times are bad, and even a slice of this money would be a blessing to us. I don't mind telling you what I wouldn't breathe to any one else—that I am in difficulties. I can't get my rents, and farming, as you know, doesn't pay. I can't pay up my mortgages, and now Charlie and the children are an additional burden. I mean that his position as a medical man is precarious, and that he will have to look out for a fresh practice when he comes back, unless Dr. Silver makes him his partner. Not that I have the least fear as regards Jabez Dauncey's money. It must be ours, and we shall be freed from all anxieties when that point is settled. Between ourselves, I was foolish not to go myself, as I could have arranged the matter at once."

The vicar knew this, his parishioner, well, and did not venture to offer further advice. He merely said that he earnestly hoped he would not be disappointed, and added that there was a Power who could manage the most complicated affairs, and who would bring order out of confusion, if entire trust were placed in Him.

"Oh! I know that well enough," said Dauncey, who was one of your fair-weather believers, and trusted in Almighty guidance while his affairs were smooth. "But one must work oneself, and not let life's chances slip, as I've done heretofore."

"Quite so," said the vicar, opening the schoolroom door, through which issued the hum of many voices.

Dauncey stood to watch him as he went in, and marked the glow of pleasure on every young face when he appeared.

"This is his first visit," he thought, as he saw him shake hands with the mistress, and heard his hearty greeting to

the children. "He's a good man, and I'm thankful he's back again; but I hate all interference, and parsons will be preachers both in public and private."

In short, Mr. Dauncey would go his own way despite all the preaching in the world; and that was the sum and substance of his character.

During his brief absence from the farm, his grandson had been holding forth to Belle in a way that greatly astonished her. She had perceived that he was a lad of great self-reliance, and, she whispered to herself, still greater conceit; but she had quite misread him. He was not conceited, he was simply fearless. He believed that he could master the world, and set about it early. Marjory had returned to her practice, and Mamy had gone with her, so Belle and her nephew were alone for a few minutes.

"Aunt Belle," he began, "I want to earn my own living; many fellows do it who are no older than I. Grandfather and father can't work much while they are after this big fortune, and you aren't strong enough to do everything; you can't keep us all. There's Marjory and Mamy not old enough to help, but I am. If I had Jabez Dauncey's chance of a clerkship, I'd take it directly. I'd even begin as office-boy if I could earn something; many fellows do, who are quite gentlemen, because, you see, the world is so full that there isn't a living to be had for all the inhabitants."

Belle looked at the boy, and saw that he was in earnest. She thought of Pearce's proposal that he should be articled to him, and almost shuddered.

"You can help me in the farm, Weatherley," she said. "I want someone whom I can trust to assist me in many ways."

"Thank you, Aunt Belle; but that wouldn't bring in money. I must earn my own living, and I don't care how. Marjy and I settled that we would make money when we saw poor mother so anxious about it. She is too young yet, but I am quite old enough."

"I will speak to Mr. Burmester about it. But, my dear boy, you came here for a holiday, not for work," said Belle.

"You never have a holiday, Aunt Belle; why should I? Men are stronger than women, though they do say in London that women have the most go in them. I know they get clerkships and seats in omnibuses and all sorts of things before us," said Weatherley, grandly.

Belle could not help smiling, though she felt the force of his arguments. They were cut short, however, by the return of her father, who said he wanted to speak to her. Weatherley took the hint, and went off in search of occupation.

(*To be continued.*)

ELLA'S EXPERIENCES.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Forbidden Letters," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a long letter, written in legal terms, informing me that my godfather had died quite suddenly at Kerslake. He had left a will bequeathing the whole of his property—here followed a minute account of the property—to his wife during her lifetime, and at her death to his dear goddaughter, Ella Farrington. I read on, bewildered; and my tears fell fast as I learnt that the dear old lady was failing so rapidly that she was not expected to live many days. Under the circumstances, could I come at once, as she had expressed a wish to see me.

I turned over the letter and read it again. This was what my godfather had meant when he had warned me that some day my circumstances might change. He had been thinking of me and my happiness, and I had never had the remotest idea of his intentions. He had made my life smooth for me, and I had never even thanked him! He was a man whom people accounted eccentric and odd; but I had good reason to know what he had done for me and mine in days past. I stood there for some moments staring at the mass of green leaves before me, too confused to understand thoroughly what had happened, but full of longing to go at once to my old friend who lay dying.

I folded the letter, put it in my pocket, and went to ask Miss Marlow's permission to start for Kerslake that very day.

Miss Marlow gave her consent immediately, and helped me with my preparations. I did not show her the letter, or explain that in all probability I should soon give up my work at Oak House. As long as my godmother lived I did not want to think of the money; it might be that I should not come into it for years. I fervently hoped not.

Susie threw her arms round my neck as I bade her good-bye.

"I shall miss you so much," she cried. "Do come back soon."

Dear little Susie, it was hard to say good-bye.

Late that evening I arrived at Kerslake, to find my godmother all unconscious of my presence. The orderly household went on just as usual. I was shown to my accustomed room, and the old servants came and talked to me one by one.

My godmother had asked for me once; and on the chance of her doing so again I sat by her side every day for many hours. One night she opened her eyes and knew me; it was but for a few moments. The Angel of Death was at hand, and she went home to join her husband in everlasting rest.

When the funeral was over I broke down altogether. The clergyman's wife came to stay with me, and the neighbours were very kind; but I could not stay there any longer. I wrote a hurried note to Mrs. Thurlwall, entreating her to let me come to her for a few days.

The letter I received in return is still in my desk; it breathed love and kindly counsel. I was to come at once and stay as long as I liked. In order to catch a fast train to London it was necessary to drive into Manchester. While I was waiting at the station I suddenly came face to face with Alicia Vincent, walking with an elderly lady.

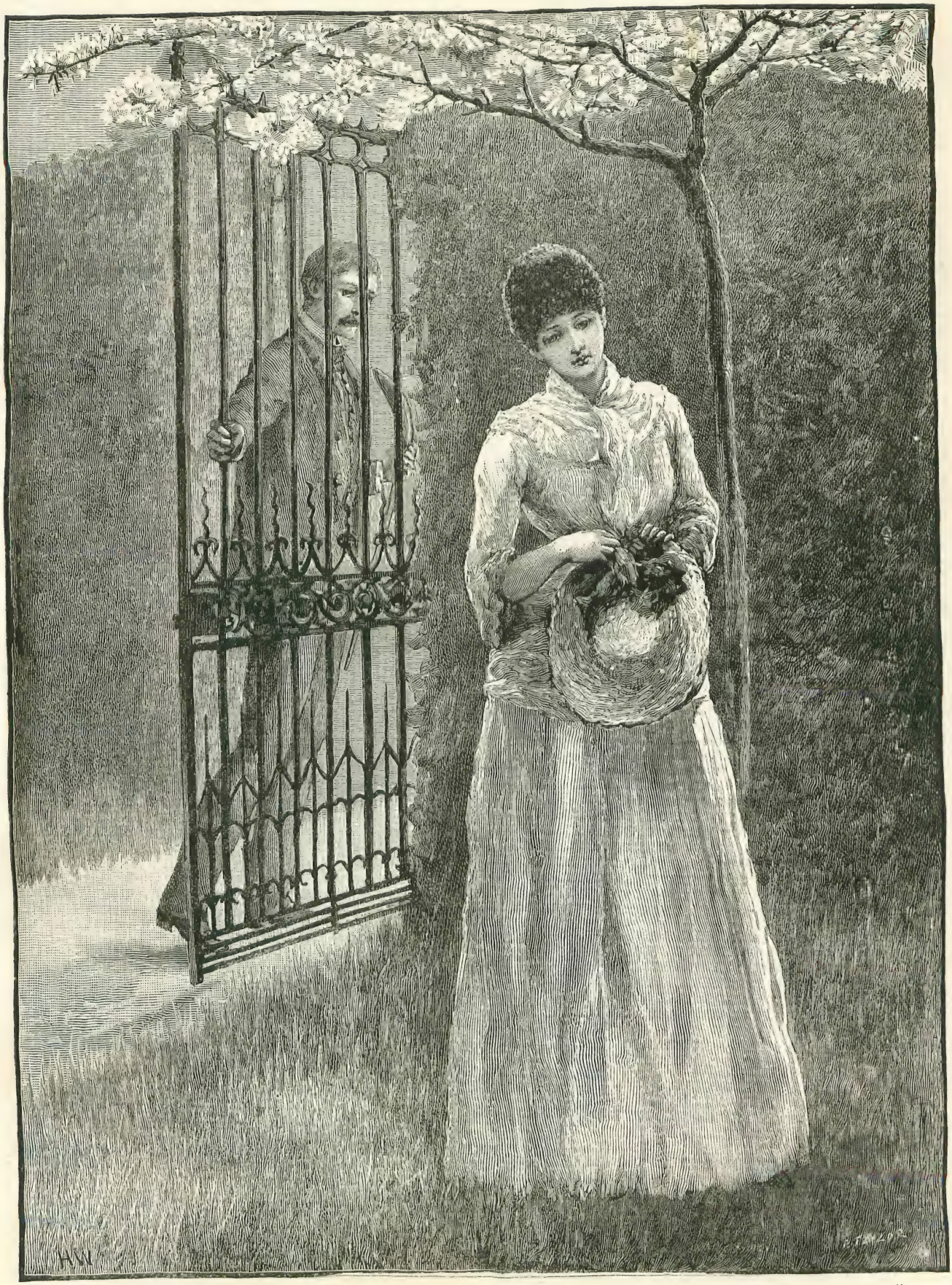
"You here, dear Ella? What have you been doing to make yourself look like a shadow? Mrs. Acton, this is Ella Farrington, of whom we were speaking last night. We were always great friends, weren't we, Ella? And I hope we always shall be. Where are you going?"

I had not seen Alicia since Christmas. She had not answered any of my letters; but she prided herself, I knew, on her capacity for taking up a friend exactly where she had left her. She was certainly an easy person to get on with, and I felt pleased to be so affectionately greeted. I explained that I was going up to town on my way to High Coombe.

"That is delightful! I am going to London, too. I have been staying with Mrs. Acton. We can travel up together."

I don't think that I altogether wanted Alicia for a travelling companion just then, but I could not say so; and half an hour later we were seated side by side in the express, being whirled away to London.

"And what is all this I hear about you and



"I STOOD THERE MOTIONLESS, LOOKING DOWN. THOUGH I NEVER TURNED MY HEAD, I KNEW THAT HE LINGERED."

a fortune and a house at Kerslake?" asked Alicia, as soon as we were fairly off.

So I told her about my godfather's will as briefly as I could.

"Ah, of course, I saw that you were in mourning! It does not suit you, Ella; you look so pale. And now you are a real heiress. I think you might have told me about it long ago!"

She seemed so hurt at my want of confidence, that I told her the simple truth that I never had the slightest idea that my godfather would leave me a penny.

"Dear little thing! Well, I suppose I must believe you; and now that you are an heiress——"

"I am not an heiress, Alicia!"

"I don't know what you call £500 a year, and a house and furniture. It is a great deal more than I have got, my dear. But now I should like to give you a few words of warning."

As Alicia said this in her most complacent way, I felt inclined to entreat her not to do so. Her words of warning had not, so far, done me much good or made me think kindly of my neighbours. However, affectionate and pleasant as she was, I let her go on, and allowed her to exercise so powerful an influence over me, that I was persuaded into accepting her advice against my better judgment. Looking back now to that period of my life, and trying to be fair to Alicia Vincent, I do not believe that she intended to do me any harm, still less her cousin, of whom she spoke so lightly. But she had accustomed herself gradually to exaggerate and misrepresent facts until she hardly knew herself what was truth and what was not. She had a trick of flattering me and soothing my vanity. It was always "Dearest Ella, with your gifts and your sweet manners," etc.; or "My dear girl, you are so clever and far-seeing."

I was far-seeing enough to throw away a great happiness that I might have had, and this is how it came about.

All through that journey to London, Alicia talked mostly about herself and how—although it was a great secret—she was on the point of being engaged to Mr. Acton, with whose mother she had just been staying. She hinted that her cousin Harold had been wildly jealous at first, but that after a while he had ascertained that her income was much smaller than he had supposed, and so he had withdrawn entirely, and left the field open to his friend Acton. "Not that the two are to be compared for an instant," said Alicia, softly; "but Harold was always so conceited, and his heart is set upon marrying a well-to-do girl, and getting on in the world. Do you remember that he and I did not get on very well together once when I stayed at High Coombe?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Ah, that was when I first began to find him out; nobody can deceive me long. Now I have forgotten and forgiven, and I am much attached, as you know, to Cousin Susan and the child. Some day I shall be their neighbour, and I intend always to be on the most cordial terms with them all. But you are young, dear Ella; take my advice, and remember that you must not be too confiding. Yours is a difficult position, for I can assure you that nowadays £500 a year is not to be despised. People will make up to you because of your money, and well-to-do girls often get so deceived. I know all about it. Just harden your heart, my dear."

We separated at Euston Station; Alicia went her way, and I continued my journey to High Coombe. How lovely the country was in the fulness of its spring beauty! I ought to have enjoyed my journey, but I was tired, much more tired than ever I had been with all my work at Oak House, when I thought I should spend my life in teaching.

"What was the use," I said to myself, bitterly, "of the house and income that my godfather had given me, if people for the future were only to pretend to like me, not for myself at all, but for the sake of my little fortune?" I won't tell you all the foolish thoughts that passed though my mind just then; but I finally resolved that as a wise woman I ought to become suspicious, and not believe in the professions of friendship which would doubtless now come thronging in on every side.

The train steamed into the station, and there, her dear face bright with smiles of welcome, I saw Mrs. Thurlwall. I straightway forgot my melancholy forebodings, and rushed into her arms. Here was one friend in whom I could thoroughly trust.

That evening I heard all the news. Mrs. Thurlwall was much better, but she had been ordered abroad for some months, and the Cottage was to be shut up during her absence. Susie was to spend her holidays with relations.

"Who is going with you?" I asked.

"Eliza will go, and Harold will see us safely as far as Paris, and then he sets off on his own travels. He has had such a splendid appointment offered him in South America, in connection with a railway, that he has accepted it, though it will keep him out of England for several years. My dear Harold! I need not tell you, Ella, how generous he is. He never said anything about going to Uruguay until it was all settled, he was afraid that I should remonstrate with him, as I know that he would rather stay at home."

Dear Mrs. Thurlwall, it would be no use attempting to convince her that in all probability Harold had decided to go abroad from purely selfish motives; I am happy to say that I did not even try to do so.

The following day it chanced that Mrs. Thurlwall received a visit from a lady with whom I was not acquainted, so after a while I went out into the garden by myself. It was such beautiful weather that it was a pity to stay in the house. I walked on, swinging my hat in my hand, enjoying the very sound and feel and scent of the glorious spring day to my heart's content. Close to the kitchen garden was a small orchard surrounded with high hedges; one end of it was shut off from the shrubbery by an old-fashioned iron gate. Last year I remember that Susie used to bring me here, and tell me how beautiful the orchard was in May, and now as I walked on the soft grass the apple trees and the pear trees were a mass of blossom, white and pink; and all between the boughs I saw the bright blue sky, with here and there a snowy cloud. I wished that Susie could have been there to enjoy it as much as I did. I have not said much about her lately, but the child and I were as much or more to each other than ever.

Just at my feet some daisies were growing. As I stooped to pick them a shadow fell on the sunny grass, and I heard a voice say—

"I am very glad to see you. I did not know that you were here."

I looked up quickly; but I knew who the speaker was—Harold Thurlwall; but somehow or other he was changed since I had seen him last. He had grown thin, and there were lines in his face that I had never noticed before, and his eyes were sad.

"Mr. Thurlwall!" I exclaimed. "I did not know that you were expected."

"I am not expected," he said quietly. "I have just come from town for a few hours, and I thought it better not to telegraph on the whole. I walked from the station, and meant to send Eliza to prepare the mother; but perhaps you will be my messenger? We always come to you in time of trouble."

"Has anything happened? Is anything the matter?"

"No, that is only my selfish way of looking at it. I have just had orders to leave at once for Buenos Ayres. The steamer leaves Liverpool some time to-morrow. You see, I have only a few hours to say good-bye and arrange matters here; I must be off again to-night."

He looked so distressed that I could not help feeling sorry for him.

"Mrs. Thurlwall will be so disappointed," I said. "Can't you put off going for a week or so?"

"Quite impossible; I must go at once, or throw up the appointment; and that is clearly out of the question. But it is hard lines; I would rather have stayed at home for another month."

I had never heard Harold complain before; he always seemed so strong and independent. I looked at him in surprise.

"Can you feel sorry for me?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. You are going to please yourself."

"Yes. I am doing that; but I had hoped that things might have turned out differently. Ella, can't you understand why I hate going just now, when it is a good chance, and so many men would gladly take my place?"

I turned away my head. He had never called me "Ella" before. I felt very unhappy; and if I should happen to cry, how low I should fall in my own self-respect! just as I had made up my mind to turn over a new leaf and be courteous but cold towards the people of whom I could not feel sure. Unfortunately, Harold Thurlwall was one of them. So instead of crying I laughed, and my laugh sounded most miserable in my own ears.

"I suppose you would not go if you did not wish it. Mrs. Thurlwall does not wish you to leave England."

"But I must go. Of course it is ridiculous to grumble about what can't be helped, but I had hoped that you would understand my trouble. If I were only free to say all that I want to say! I can't bear to leave you without telling you! If I could only think that you cared to listen!"

I did not look at him again. I fixed my eyes on a blackbird that was pluming itself on a branch of an apple tree, and my pride waxed strong within me. Alicia was right; he had never talked to me like this before, when I was a teacher at Miss Marlow's school. Now that my prospects were altered, he wanted to make out that he cared so much about leaving me.

"I daresay that you will like Uruguay, Mr. Thurlwall, when you get there. Is it a good climate?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I didn't think of that; somebody must do the work. It is a long time to ask you to wait for three years. Ella, I love you very much. Will you let me write to you? will you write to me, my dear? I don't want to bind you with any promise—that would not be fair; it is all so uncertain. But if I come back—when I come back, Ella, won't you give me your hand now and say that there is a little hope for me?"

I would not give him my hand. I would not believe that he was in earnest. Alicia's words were ringing in my ears; he had given her up because she was not so rich as he had expected—his heart was set on getting on in the world. Did he want to be engaged to me just because of the money that my godfather had given me, in order to make me happy? Oh, it was making me most wretched! Why had not Harold Thurlwall said all this to me before, when I was poor?

"I cannot give you any hope. I cannot promise to write to you."

I recall the effort that it was to say those ungracious words. I remember that the sunshine did not seem so bright, and that I was cold in my thin white dress. I remember

wishing that I had never met Alicia. There was a long silence, which Harold was the first to break.

"Ella," he said very gently, "I care so much—I will not distress you. I have taken you by surprise; I meant to have waited a little while; perhaps when I come back you will give me a different answer. I shall never forget you or change my mind."

I shook my head, but he went on.

"You will always be a true friend to Susie and her mother, I know."

"Yes, oh yes."

"They think so much of you and love you so dearly. You must look upon Tor Cottage as your home. Will you tell me if you have any plans for the future? You used to tell me about your plans. Do you mean to stay on with Miss Marlow?"

Up to that moment I had had no plans, but now I exclaimed—

"I shall not stay at Oak House long. I always wished to start a school; I may do that soon."

"But you are so young."

"I could go abroad first to study—to Paris, and to Germany, and," I continued flippantly, "youth is a fault that must get cured in time!"

He looked at me sadly.

"Do you think that I have no right to ask you questions? Will you deprive me of the pleasure of hearing what you mean to do?"

"No, not that," I hesitated, "but——"

"You do not see what it matters to me. You are right, and I have no business to interfere or make suggestions. I will not trouble you again. Forgive me, Ella. Good-bye."

He raised his hat, and went slowly across the orchard and out at the iron gate. I stood there motionless, looking down at the daisies that I had never picked. Though I did not turn my head, I knew that he lingered; I knew that if I said one word he would come back, though he had left me half in anger. But I made no sign.

I waited for an hour or more in the orchard, then I crept up the back staircase to my room. Once there, I congratulated myself afresh on my good common-sense. I sang a little tune as I changed my dress and arranged my hair carefully. Mrs. Thurlwall should not notice that there was anything amiss. I would meet Harold at dinner just the same as usual. Yet I was shocked to see how pale I looked, and there were black marks under my eyes.

When the bell rang I went downstairs. Mrs. Thurlwall was too much taken with Harold's departure to make any observation on my long absence. It was a melancholy dinner, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to talk I relapsed into silence.

Mrs. Thurlwall and Harold went into the study together for the last hour, and I thought I should not see him again, but at last they called me in.

"I have just been telling Harold of your good fortune, my dear child. He had not heard of your godfather's will before."

"No. I have been here, there, and everywhere lately, and I have missed several of the mother's letters, unfortunately. But I do congratulate you most sincerely, Miss Farrington."

I would have said "Thank you"—I wanted to be dignified and behave well—but the words died away on my lips. Harold's manner was so stiff and unnatural.

Did he notice my distress? He came a step nearer (I heard the carriage rumble up to the front door), "You will look after her when I am gone, won't you? Good-bye again, dear. God bless you."

He just touched my hand—the carriage was announced—in another moment he was gone.

* * * *

Eliza and I had enough to do for several days in nursing Mrs. Thurlwall, who was completely prostrated by excitement and the sorrow of that hurried farewell. She was and always has been since that time unfailing in her goodness to me. Whether she guessed at Harold's secret I do not know; she never referred to it by hint or look.

As for me, I gradually grew to understand what I had done in my foolish pride. Now that it was too late, I saw that I had thrown away the love of a good man for a mere childish freak. I had accused him to myself of being mercenary and caring only for my fortune, whereas he had not even heard of my godfather's will, or had the most distant idea that my position was in any way altered. He had known me as a poor girl who must work for her living, and as such he had told me of his love, and I had refused even to write to him.

I had to bear the consequences of my conceit. As time went on I was forced into acknowledging that Harold had accepted his appointment simply for the sake of Mrs. Thurlwall and the child—that the invalid should go abroad in comfort, and that Susie should still remain a pupil at Miss Marlow's. Then, one day I faced the truth; I had brought upon myself a great trouble, and one that I should not easily forget. Now, at last, I had learnt a lesson, and I resolved that for the future I would be slow to believe evil of others, and that I would strive after charity. It was a hard lesson, but I am still trying to learn it.

I went back to Oak House, and finished my term there. When I left for good it was not only Susie who bemoaned my departure. I was pleased and surprised to find how many friends I had made during the last two years. Above all I was touched to receive the most cordial praise from Miss Marlow. "My dear Miss Farrington," she said, still in the prim way that so vexed me at first, "you have done very well during your stay under my roof, and I regret to lose you. I hope that your future career may bring you the happiness that you deserve."

For all answer I threw my arms round her neck and kissed her; she was rather astonished, but I don't think that she was at all offended.

Alicia was married to Mr. Acton in the autumn; Susie and I were both bridesmaids. I go to see her now and then, but I do not pin my faith on her advice, or look at life through her grey-coloured spectacles as I used to do.

Well, we are all getting older and, it is to be hoped, wiser. Mr. Acton is a most excellent man, and under his influence Alicia has become much more—shall I say, sensible? One little characteristic speech of hers I must mention. I was spending the afternoon with her about a year after her marriage. "Ella dearest," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I never could understand why Harold went off to that outlandish place in such a hurry; but lately I have had a hint of the reason from a friend of his in England. There was a girl whom he wanted to marry, and she hadn't sixpence, and of course he has to keep Cousin Susan; so he went to Uruguay to make a fortune for the girl, you know. It's a great risk, for the climate is horrid. Isn't it romantic?"

I nodded. That was quite enough for Alicia; she liked a quiet listener.

"Poor Harold! he always was so unlike other people. I hear that the girl refused him after all that he gave up for her sake. Cousin Susan says that she knows nothing about it; but if the girl did trifle with Harold's feelings, I think that she was *most* heartless!"

* * * *

Mrs. Thurlwall had grown gradually stronger, as the London physician foretold. Susie is now very high up in Miss Marlow's school. Our friendship remains unbroken. I spend part of each year at Tor Cottage, and once I persuaded my dear friend to come with me to the house at Kerslake which my godfather left me as a legacy. During the last four years I have been abroad several times and studied hard, and now it seems to me that I might soon think of setting up that school of which I used to dream when I was a schoolgirl. I could afford to begin it comfortably, and Madmoiselle, the French governess at Oak House, would be the very person to help me. However, the house at Kerslake is let for the present, and I have another year in which to consider my plans.

During these four years Harold Thurlwall has only been home once; I was in Berlin at the time. He stayed for a week or so at Tor Cottage, and went back again to South America. His next visit is often talked about, but always put off. Mrs. Thurlwall is very anxious about him; when he wrote last he was ill.

About six months ago I had a letter from Susie, blotted and smudged: "Come at once, darling, and help us. There is terrible news from Buenos Ayres. Harold was out yachting alone in a boat, and we fear that he is lost. The boat was found a complete wreck. Come, oh! come." I went to High Coombe, and did what little I could to comfort the weeping mother and sister. The next mail brought no further tidings of the traveller, nor the next. We began to give up hope, and yet we watched and waited. Mr. Acton went to London and made inquiries of the partners of the firm by which Harold was employed. They, too, had reluctantly come to the conclusion that Harold was drowned.

I have little more to tell; the tears are in my eyes as I write. I was hard at work in an out-of-the-way room at Tor Cottage. It was always considered my special study, and here I could read or write undisturbed. I had been busy making plans for the arrangement of my school, and I had just begun a letter to Mademoiselle, asking her whether she would care to come and give me her knowledge and experience.

The letter never got any farther than the opening sentence. There was a knock at the door, and almost before I gave him permission to do so Mr. Acton came in. I was rather surprised to see him, as he had never paid me a visit in my study before. He was a quiet, stolid man, and to-day his silence almost put me out of patience. I could not think why he had come. Alicia was quite well, the boy was quite well; they were not in the yellow room. No, he had come over alone; he wanted to see me.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked at last.

"Yes," he answered slowly; "I came to ask you to undertake a difficult mission. Alicia did not venture to come herself."

I smiled. What was this task to which Alicia was not equal?

To my astonishment, my visitor began to grow red and embarrassed.

"You have been like a daughter to Mrs. Thurlwall; it will be best for you to tell her. I knew that you were in the habit of sitting in this room in the morning, so I came straight here."

"What is it that I am to tell Mrs. Thurlwall?" I got up from my seat and put a hand on his arm.

"The fact is"—oh, how slow he was—"there has been news of Harold, and the accident was not so bad as we feared, though the poor fellow has been at death's door since."

"Is Harold alive?"

"Yes, in fact he is here waiting about the place until we prepare Mrs. Thurlwall a little. Will you go and speak to him, or——" I ran right out into the garden; I never waited to hear Mr. Acton finish what he had to say. By the iron gate, close to the spot where I had

refused his love and friendship, I saw Harold Thurlwall. He came towards me. Ah! how changed; but I did not wait to think of that.

"Ella!" he cried, and his voice went straight to my heart; "Ella, are they all well?"

"Oh, Harold!" My tears were falling fast as he took my hand in his. "Thank God that you have come home again! We thought—we feared——" I could not speak.

"My poor little friend," he said, "don't be so upset, I am not worth it. Didn't the mother get my letter from San Pedro?"

"No, no; she believed that you were dead. Come, come at once!"

We hurried back to the home together, but I went into the yellow room alone, to prepare Mrs. Thurlwall. Very little preparation was necessary. I was not as skilful as Mr. Acton after all—she guessed the truth before I had spoken a dozen sentences. Susie ran to the door with a cry of joy, and in another moment she was clasped in her brother's arms.

* * * *

I never started that school. It seems a pity, after all the thought I had bestowed upon it, but Harold does not think so. He says that he ought to go out to America once more, for a short time, and that he will not go alone again. And Mademoiselle has become Miss Marlow's partner at Oak House, so she could not have come to Kerslake.

Harold has told me of the yachting accident over and over again. He was picked up by a trading vessel, and carried to San Pedro, a little port many miles up the coast. There he lay ill of fever for weeks and weeks, and nobody could understand a word of English. As soon as he was able to sit up he wrote home, but the letters must have been lost; they never arrived.

We are to be married soon after Christmas; there is no doubt or shadow of misunderstanding between us now. I have told him the whole truth: all about my foolish suspicions, and my fancy that he did not really care for me; and he only laughed, "You believe it now, dear Ella?" And with thankfulness I answer that I do.

When Alicia heard of our engagement, she wrote a long letter of congratulation, and said that she had always declared that we were made for each other—Harold and I.

This did make me feel a little indignant, but Harold said, quite good-temperedly—

"I do not always agree with Alicia, by any means, but I think that she is right for once, Ella, darling!"

[THE END.]

A GIRL'S OWN APIARY.

By "BEE ORCHIS."

PART II.

The older I grow the more convinced I am of the truth of the proverb, "If thou wilt be well served, serve thyself." To thoroughly understand any trade you must begin from the bottom and learn every detail, and bee-keeping is no exception.

After that first attempt I have always hived my swarms myself, and have only once been stung in the process. Swarming bees are too busy and too excited to think of using their weapons.

That same summer I bought another swarm of a neighbour, but it was a continual trouble to me, as the bees proved of so savage a disposition that it was difficult to do anything with them. I gave ten shillings for them, and after they had yielded me a little over ten shillings' worth of honey, the other bees invaded the hive, killed the rightful owners, and cleared out every morsel of their stores.

I believe that they must have lost their queen, which had taken away the desire to defend themselves; but they would have been more regretted had they been of a more peaceable disposition. This is the only time that my bees have taken to robbing, which is a great source of trouble in some apiaries.

In course of time I bought some second-hand box-hives. These should be well scrubbed in every corner, scalded, and washed over with salicylic acid, which is said to be a wonderful safeguard against bee diseases, and the outside should have a coat or two of good weatherproof paint.

I have now ten colonies hard at work, but shall unite several of the weakest of them before the winter, as a hive can hardly have too many bees in it, and the weak ones are difficult to keep alive, particularly if it is a late spring.

I believe that it is unscientific to allow bees to swarm; you get a greater amount of honey by keeping the young bees at work in the parent hive, but often they take "swarming fever," and will do it in spite of efforts to prevent them, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have a young queen in the original colony, as the old queen always goes out with the first swarm of the season. I have read that a good swarm should consist of about 20,000 bees, or measure about five quarts, but I cannot claim to have either measured or counted them myself.

On the top of the bars for the winter is laid a square quilt of unbleached calico, and a couple of thick layers of drugget, for the sake of warmth. If there is any necessity of liquid feeding, these should have a hole about two and a half inches in diameter, over which is a little tin tray pierced with holes. A wide-mouthed bottle is filled with syrup, tied down with muslin, and turned upside down on this tray. This kind of feeding is best in autumn if the summer has been cold and poor, and when I put a new swarm into a bar frame hive, I always give them a bottle of syrup to live on whilst they are working out their combs and settling down. This syrup is made of about half a pint of water to the pound of sugar, to which may be added a few drops of salicylic acid solution; one ounce of acid to four pints of water is the correct proportions for this most useful article.

For winter food I prefer candy. It is made by boiling six pounds of loaf sugar with three-quarters of a pint of water, stirring well until it will set solid; but be careful that it does not burn, for burnt sugar is injurious to bees. Going away for some months last winter I put a large cake of this candy under each quilt, and so felt a comfortable conviction that my bees would not starve so long as they had a good sugar roof over their heads.

In the spring I mix a pound of pea or wheat flour (the former is best) with the candy, just before pouring it out. This is a substitute for the yellow dust or pollen which the bees gather from flowers, and serves to feed the rising generation. In April you may remove the quilt and put a super box containing twenty-one sections over the bars, and the quilt on the top of that.

When these are full comes the exciting time. Very clever bee-keepers take each separate section out as it is filled, but I have found that the bees glue them down so tightly with their resin cement called propolis, that they are very apt to part at the corners and break the comb, so I generally wait until the whole of the sections are full. Then about three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, when many of the bees are away at work, I put on my bee-dress, which consists of a broad-brimmed hat, with a deep, round veil of green blind-muslin, which is carefully tucked into the collar of an old, light-coloured ulster with no folds in which a bee can lodge, and a pair of bee-gloves—two thick cotton pairs, one over the other. Some people recommend you to work with these gloves wet.

Long cuffs are attached to these to draw up over the sleeves, gathered in with an elastic. Bees have an unpleasant habit when angry of crawling under your raiment, and inflicting a sting where you least expect it, and I suffered much in this way until I adopted a pair of old cloth riding trousers, with a strap under the foot, which I find a great protection. Thus armed, I take a large piece of an old sheet, dipped in carbolic acid and water and wrung out. Lifting off the roof of the hive and the quilt, I lay this right over the super. Bees greatly dislike the smell of carbolic, and it makes them run to fill themselves with honey, and when full fed they are sleepy and not inclined to sting.

In about five minutes they are ready. Then with a strong kitchen knife I raise the entire super, cutting away the wax by which it is often attached to the bars below. The full super is put on a large dish with the carbolic rag still over it, and a fresh super, full of empty sections, is put on the hive, the quilts replaced, the roof put on, and then, catching up the heavy dish I run away with it to a garden house at some distance. The window is darkened, and the door left ajar, the bees fly towards the light, and do not come back into the darkened house again. Then I take the sections out one by one, brushing off the bees with a green spray or a dusting brush; when the box is empty I leave it in the open air for any lingering bees to fly home.

I take the sections indoors a few at a time, so as to be certain that no bee is left on them; for they are decidedly unwelcome visitors in the house. The sections need looking over; any faulty ones may be put aside for home use, and stray morsels of wax or propolis scraped off with a knife.

In the autumn you must take the supers all off. Any with comb without honey must be taken care of for next year. It is said to take the bees as long to make one pound of wax as twenty pounds of honey, so any empty comb is worth taking care of. There is a very clever machine called an extractor, which by centrifugal force takes the honey out of the cells, leaving the comb in the bars uninjured to be put back in the hives. For those who wish for a large amount of run honey, the

extractor is almost essential, but they are expensive, and as my market is principally for sections, I do very well without one. I believe in some neighbourhoods an extractor may be hired.

If you have any straw skeps which you do not wish to keep through the winter, the bees must be driven from them, and two or three colonies may be put together. It is not even necessary to take out the queens, for the workers will soon decide which is worthiest to reign over the amalgamated nations.

A good "smoker" is absolutely indispensable if you attempt to drive bees. It is a pair of bellows with a receptacle for the smouldering brown paper, and an outlet small enough to insert in the door of the hive. This smoking has the same effect as the carbolic in frightening the bees into filling themselves with honey. When the skep is thoroughly smoked, take it to some distance, turn it upside down in a pail or large flower-pot, fasten an empty hive over it, and begin a series of slow pats on the sides with your hands. Very soon the bees begin to march solemnly upward, away from their stores into the empty hive. It will take about half an hour, and then you can shake the bees into some other hive, and cut up the combs to strain.

Driving is not at all a difficult process; I managed it quite successfully after having read the directions given in my little "Bee-Keepers' Guide Book," but of course it is better to see some expert do it before trying to do it yourself.

The "British Bee-Keepers' Association" sends a tent to many of the agricultural and flower shows, where the whole process is gone through, and very interesting lectures given.

Comb that is designed for run honey must be broken and hung up in a bag made of straining cloth. In cool weather it takes weeks to drain out every drop. I have a broad slate slab in a disused dairy, and the bags hang nicely from nails in a narrower shelf above. It is best to let honey stand awhile to ripen in some deep jar, in order that impurities and the thin liquid which might cause it to ferment may be taken off the top. Then pour it into one-pound bottles, tie down neatly with vegetable parchment, and buy some pretty labels with "Pure British Honey" printed on them, to distinguish it from the Californian and other honey, which is so often adulterated. Prepared in this way you may generally find an easy sale for it.

The wax must not be wasted, but I must confess that rendering it is an unpleasant business, if you have not enough to warrant you in buying a special vessel for it. A small quantity must be boiled in a bag made of straining cloth, squeezed with sticks while very hot, and when it is all collected, re-melted and strained through coarse oiled flannel into an oiled basin. It will fetch about 1s. 6d. per pound at a chemist's or oil shop.

Sections are made of the white wood of the lime tree. It is cheapest to buy them flat; soak them in clean water, and then with a single rap of a wooden mallet the dove-tailed ends are fastened, and when they are dry a morsel of comb foundation is fixed as a guide.

As to the flowers from which bees get their honey, I do not believe much in planting for them, although I think my bees were grateful this spring when my gardening sister planted all her spare limnanthes near the hives; but bees fly so rapidly that their range is very wide, and some humble little weeds yield more honey than our gay garden flowers.

Crocuses are a great delight to bees when they take their first spring flights, and the different kinds of willow seem almost the greatest favourites of all. White clover is exceedingly good, and so is the pretty pink sanfoin. Some large trees, such as lime, sycamore, and hawthorn, yield much honey, and so does heather; the colour of heather honey is dark brown, but the flavour is delicious. Fruit trees, such as apple, pear, cherry, and raspberry, are very good, and I was told that a gentleman said that he had more fruit after his next door neighbour began to keep bees, through the busy little insects carrying the fertilising pollen from one blossom to another.

Michaelmas daisies give late pasturage, and last of all is the ivy. On a sunny day in November I have seen the ivy flowers all in one busy hum of bees.

I remember minutely watching the proceedings of one bee in an ivy blossom. First it collected the pollen, kicking the dust on to the yellow balls already gathered on its hind legs, then it shot out its glossy brown proboscis, like an elephant's trunk, and licked up the minute globules of honey round the pistil of the flower; and then flew to the next to repeat the process.

Before closing this paper I must give a few practical hints to any intending bee-keeper. Do not be afraid to begin in a small way with only one or two colonies, and learn to manage them before investing much capital in appliances. Do not despise double straw hives. Of course the others are better, but they cost about ten times as much, and it takes a good many pounds of honey to pay that difference.

If you do invest in a box-hive, see that the frames are standard size, and that it has a good broad alighting board sloping towards the ground. I have seen heavily-laden bees fall under the hive in attempting to alight on the narrow, flat shelf, which is all some hives are provided with.

See that your hives are placed in some sheltered position, and are open to the south and east. Early rising is not among the bees' many virtues, and they do not come out in numbers until the sun shines fully on the hive. I suppose the reason is that in the morning the honey drops in the flowers are so diluted with dew that they are not worth collecting.

My own bees are sheltered to the north by a closely-clipped hedge of box, five feet high, and into its green depths many a bewildered bee has been wiped off my hands before it had time to sting. Remember that bees always die after they have used their stings, so that they must be prevented for their own sakes from stinging their owner. If you are stung, remove the sting with a penknife, and either squeeze the place very hard between your two thumb-nails, or press the pipe of a small key over it. Then rub on some ammonia—the sting poison is an acid, and ammonia neutralises it. I generally take a needle and work the ammonia into the skin, as a doctor does in vaccinating. It is worth taking some pains, for it is no joke to spend a whole summer Sunday in bed, as I have done, with both eyes swollen up, and so comical an expression that my dearest friends could not help laughing at me. After having been stung, keep as quiet and cool as possible. I remember one very hot day, just after I had been stung on the wrist, I started for a ride on a particularly lively pony, and between heat and shaking the arm swelled frightfully.

Do not be discouraged by bad seasons. The cold, wet summer of 1888 was an unusually trying one, and I took so little honey that I spent some few pence more on food for the bees than I gained by their work. However, I managed to bring all my colonies triumphantly through the winter and the late cold spring, and they are, this sunny summer of 1889, amply repaying me for my care and expenditure.

If you wish to make bees pay, keep down your expenses. Do not believe that all appliances are indispensable which dealers would have you buy. Use your ingenuity in making things do; for instance, an old canister lid, pierced with holes, and an empty pickle bottle, do exactly as well as some patent feeding apparatus. Get hints wherever you can; my knowledge has been picked up in scraps from many sources, for there is no bee-keeper in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth whom I can consult.

I have said nothing of the Ligurian and other foreign bees. They are lighter in colour, and are said to be better; but the old-fashioned cottage bees which I first bought are a hardy and industrious race, and I have at present seen no reason to change them. However, if I go on bee-keeping I hope to learn more of the niceties of the craft, and then perhaps I may feel it no extravagance to spend seven and sixpence on a pure Ligurian queen. There are many useful books on bee management. Mine, which has been extremely useful, is a little shilling manual by a clergyman. You could order such a book of any bookseller, but experience, with a good memory, is the best book of reference.

Bees can hardly be called pets, but any girl who watches their ways with intelligence will find much of interest in their unerring instincts and businesslike modes of working. The honeycomb is in itself an exquisite manufacture, with its six-sided cells, each sloping a trifle upwards to hold the honey before it is sealed up.

The care of the young bees or brood makes much work for the nurses, bringing in food and water, and administering it to the babies in their cradle cells. In concluding, I may sum up the four essentials of successful bee-keeping as—a small amount of capital to start with, a flowery and healthy district, patience, and perseverance.

ACCOUNTS FOR TWO YEARS.

1888.

Began with two box-hives and one skep.

Income.

	s.	d.
5 Sections	3	9
4 1 lb. bottles of honey	5	1
1 lb. of beeswax	1	6
Total	10	4

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
1 Gross of bottles	0	14	0
Carriage, etc.	0	3	4
Sugar	0	4	10
Total	£1	2	2

1889.

Began with four box-hives.

Income.

	£	s.	d.
7 Early sections at 1s. 3d. ..	0	8	9
20 Sections at 1s.	1	0	0
80 Do. at 10d.	3	6	8
26 Bottles of honey at 1s. ..	1	6	0
99 Do. at 10d. ..	4	2	6
4¾ lb. of beeswax	0	4	9
Honey used at home, etc ..	1	10	0
Total	£11	18	8

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
Sugar and salicylic acid	0	9	4
500 Sections	0	10	0
2 Second-hand box-hives	0	10	0
Carriage	0	2	7
Labels	0	2	6
Melting-pot for wax	0	3	0
Total	£1	17	5

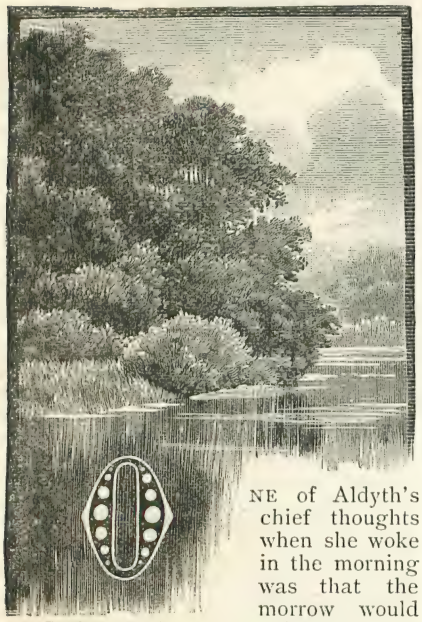
Ending with six hives.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS AT WYNDHAM.



ONE of Aldyth's chief thoughts when she woke in the morning was that the morrow would be Christmas Day, and that she and her aunt were to dine, as usual, at Wyndham Hall. The prospect was far from agreeable to her. She was too annoyed with Guy to wish to see him again so soon, and she dreaded that her uncle might make some attempt to persuade her to do as he wished. She knew too well the iron strength of his will to suppose that he would easily resign himself to the frustration of his hopes.

But though Aldyth felt that it would be intensely unpleasant to have any words with him on the subject, she had no fear that anything her uncle might say could move her. She, too, was a Lorraine, and was not to be lightly coerced. She was certain that her feelings towards Guy could never change. Nothing could make it right for her to marry him; no argument could convince her of the contrary.

"I will do everything I can to please uncle," she said to herself; "but this is impossible. Mother could never wish this."

Christmas Day after all passed more pleasantly than Aldyth expected. She went to church with her aunt in the morning, and on coming out of church they walked a few steps with the Blands and Mr. Glynne, whom Mrs. Bland had invited to dine with her family. Hilda seemed out of spirits, and Aldyth fancied there was a difference in her friend's manner towards her. The thought made her uncomfortable. She hoped Hilda would never know of Guy's foolish conduct with regard to herself. "She would be so hurt," thought Aldyth; "and, after all, he cares far more for her than for me. But I wish she did not think so much of him, for I doubt if he really deserves her love."

Soon after Aldyth and her aunt returned from church the carriage arrived to take them to Wyndham. Miss Lorraine thought it strange that Guy had not come up to Woodham to fetch them. But Guy was otherwise engaged. He had had the forethought to invite his friend Captain Walker to come from Colchester to spend Christmas Day at Wyndham. He had given the invitation without consulting his uncle, and Mr. Lorraine was secretly annoyed at the introduction of this guest into the family party, though his pride would not suffer him to withhold from the Captain a hospitable welcome. To Aldyth the presence of Captain Walker was a relief. It made it easy for her to meet Guy as if nothing had happened. The long evening passed not unpleasantly for her. The Captain was musical; he had brought his violin, and he was thoroughly happy as he accompanied Aldyth's playing on the piano. The same could not be said of the others who were present. Stephen Lorraine was incapable of appreciating music, and he did not like the way in which Captain Walker monopolised his young niece. Guy had refrained from telling his uncle that Aldyth had rejected him; but old Stephen's keen eyes saw enough that evening to convince him that the matter was not progressing as he wished. He could hardly control his impatience, and Miss Lorraine grew uneasy as she observed the dark ill-humour that was settling on his countenance, and the irritable tones in which he addressed Guy.

That young gentleman was not slow to perceive that a storm was brewing; but he hoped to avoid having any words with his uncle that night. Aldyth and her aunt were to pass the night at Wyndham. When they had retired, Guy and his friend bade Mr. Lorraine "Good-night," and went off to the former's "den" for a smoke. Guy congratulated himself that he had managed well; but there had been a peculiar grimness in his uncle's tone as he bade him "Good-night" which augured ill for the time when they should have to come to an understanding. Guy thought he had succeeded in deferring that evil hour at least till the morrow; but when, about midnight, having conducted his friend to his room, he was on his way to his own at the extreme end of the corridor, he perceived a stream of light radiating the darkness from his uncle's door, which stood ajar, and, as he approached it, heard his name called in sharp tones—

"Guy, Guy!"

"Yes, sir," said Guy, pushing back the door.

"It is not so late but that you can spare me a few minutes. Come in, if you please, and shut the door. I have something to say to you."

Guy, with a disagreeable prevision of what was coming, did as he was told.

His uncle, wrapped in an old red dressing-gown, his velvet cap still on his head, sat in a high-backed chair by the fire. The candles burning on the mantelshelf threw their light on his face, and showed it more yellow, sunken, and furrowed than it appeared by daylight. Guy stood at the other side of the fireplace, tall and erect, looking down on him.

"Take a chair, can't you?" said the old man, irritably.

Guy drew up a chair.

"I want to know," said his uncle, going at once to the point, "whether anything is yet settled between you and Aldyth?"

"Yes, sir," said Guy, "it is so far settled that Aldyth has declined to be my wife."

"You have asked her, and she has refused you?"

"In the most decided manner. It is out of the question, she says."

Old Stephen's brow darkened.

"Bah! You have done your wooing badly," he said. "You must not take any notice of that. The next time you ask her she will respond differently."

"I cannot ask her again," said Guy.

"Cannot! You *must*, I tell you."

"Excuse me, sir," said Guy. "She has told me the thing is impossible; she has even said that she regards my proposal as an insult. After that I cannot repeat it."

"Ah, you have let her see that you are a half-hearted suitor," said the old man, shrewdly. "That will never do. You must manage better next time."

"There can be no next time," said Guy, his temper and courage rising together. "To please you I have asked my cousin to marry me, but, since she refuses, I now claim a right to choose a wife for myself."

"And whom would you choose, pray?" asked his uncle, regarding him with a narrow, penetrating glance. "Come, tell me, for I can see you have someone in your mind."

Guy hesitated; but having dared so much, it seemed to him that he might as well dare all. Perhaps if he showed some spirit, and made it clear that he was determined to do as he liked, his uncle would yield to the inevitable.

"You are right, sir," he said. "Since Aldyth has refused me, I will own that Hilda Bland is the girl I should like to make my wife."

"Hilda Bland! That white-faced girl, hardly bigger than a full-sized doll! What folly!" exclaimed Stephen Lorraine, his indignation blazing forth at this confirmation of his suspicion. "Let me hear no more of this, Guy. Hilda Bland is not one whom I could think of as the mistress of Wyndham."

Guy's face grew hot. He naturally resented his uncle's remarks. An angry reply rushed to his lips, but the mention of Wyndham checked it. Here was a thought that bid him pause.

"If you knew Hilda better, uncle, you would appreciate her more highly," he said, forcing himself to speak calmly. "It is hard that you will not think of my happiness."

"I do think of your happiness, and I think of Aldyth's also," said his uncle, significantly. "You can, of course, make Hilda your wife, if you choose, but she will not be the mistress of Wyndham."

Guy had risen, and stood looking blankly at his uncle.

"Yes," said the old man, "I mean it. There is no need to say more. You understand me now. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Guy, mechanically, as he turned away, having received a poor preparation for a night's rest. He felt that he was being very hardly treated. It was characteristic of him that one effect of his uncle's opposition was to intensify his desire to wed Hilda. Another consequence of his present embarrassment was that he was beginning to feel something like dislike for Aldyth, in place of his old cousinly affection for her. The remembrance of the words she had uttered, and the scorn she had been unable to conceal when he made his proposal, rankled in his mind, and he told himself that nothing should ever induce him to approach the subject with her again. And now his uncle's words respecting Wyndham had suggested a jealous dread of the old man's affection for Aldyth. Did they not mean that in the event of his marrying Hilda, Aldyth would be made heiress of Wyndham? Was ever the course of true love more blocked and barred? Guy did not doubt that his was a case to which the familiar quotation might be aptly applied.

Stephen Lorraine was content to visit his chagrin solely upon Guy. His manner towards Aldyth could not have been kinder than it was on the following day. He was indeed never really cross with her. The very sight of her seemed to charm away his ill-humour, and he was at his best when she was present. In spite of the strain to which it was often subjected, Aldyth had a genuine affection for her grand-uncle, and never failed to show him the tender reverence youth owes to age, so it was little wonder she exercised a softening influence on him.

The morning was clear and cold. A silvery rime sparkled on the grass and on the bare boughs of the trees; the pond was frozen so hard that skating seemed a near possibility; the tame birds fluttered to and fro before the house, eagerly picking up the crumbs scattered for them on the hard, glittering gravel. It was just the morning for a walk, and at a hint from her uncle Aldyth ran to put on her strong boots, and the cosy sealskin jacket and cap which had been his present to her on the previous Christmas.

Old Stephen, fresh and ruddy despite his four-score years, minded the cold no more than a young man. Followed by his dogs, he made the round of the grounds with Aldyth, inspected the stables, and visited the stack-yard and farm buildings, which were at some distance from the Hall. She asked questions which drew forth long explanations from him; he pointed out sundry improvements he intended making, talking of his plans with the freedom of one who knows he has an interested listener. He told Aldyth much that she had heard before; but she was willing to listen to it again, especially when he began to go back, as old men are wont to do, to his early days and tell her tales of his boyhood, mingled with recollections of the mother whom it was evident he had tenderly loved.

"The old place looks well to-day," he remarked, as, returning by a side walk through the shrubbery, they came in view of the house shining in the full radiance of the morning sun; "there can be no place like it for me. Boy and man, I've known it for eighty years. There are not many men, I imagine, as old as I am, who can say they have lived in the same house all their days."

"No, indeed," said Aldyth, to whom such an unvarying experience seemed by no means desirable.

"My father and his father lived there before me," continued her uncle; "I should be sorry to think of any but Lorraines dwelling under that roof. Aldyth, I hope you will never change your name. I have always looked forward to your making your home at Wyndham some day."

Aldyth coloured hotly. Listening to talk of the kind familiar to her from her uncle, she had forgotten her dread of his touching upon this subject. She longed to say something that should make him understand how impossible was the idea he cherished, but no suitable words suggested themselves.

They entered the house by one of the drawing-room windows which stood open. A fire had been kindled in the grate, and lent a little cheer to the melancholy, forsaken-looking room, with its faded drab furniture. There were no curtains to the windows; the room was guiltless of drapery of any kind, and lacked all the pretty, dainty decorations with which a lady adorns her sitting-room. Old Stephen, glancing round, seemed suddenly to become aware of the barrenness and inelegance.

"Ah," he said, with an air of regret, "it was a pretty room once, but now it wants a little refurbishing badly. Somehow, only a woman seems to understand what a room requires to make it look right. And there has been no mistress at Wyndham since she passed away, and that's nigh upon fifty years now."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the portrait of his mother, hanging above the mantelshelf—a handsome, motherly woman, in the high mob-cap and snowy kerchief worn by matrons of her day. Aldyth had often looked at the picture of her great-grandmother, but she turned her eyes on it again with unfeigned interest.

"She was a good woman," he continued, his voice a little husky. "I should like to think that Wyndham would have another such mistress. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Sometimes I fancy I see a resemblance to her in you, Aldyth. Well, well, if Guy wins a wife worthy to succeed her, she shall make what changes she likes in the old house. This room shall be refurnished for her, and made a pretty room again."

Aldyth's heart beat quickly. She was touched and pained, and at a loss what to say.

"Dear uncle," she said, hurriedly, "I am sure it would pain you to turn out the old furniture you have known all your life."

"Maybe it would," he admitted; "but what of *that? My time* here is almost over. We would have a new piano, Aldyth. Did not that fiddling man find fault with this?"

"He said it was below concert pitch," replied Aldyth, understanding her uncle to refer to Captain Walker.

"Well, then, we would have that set right. And, Aldyth, I have things in my keeping that I wish should come into no hands but yours. There are some trinkets my mother used to wear—jewels of real value, I believe. You could have them reset, I suppose, to suit your fancy."

"Oh, uncle, please do not speak of that," cried Aldyth, in distress. She could not help seeing what her uncle had in his mind; but he expressed himself so vaguely that it was impossible for her to meet his words with a decided statement concerning herself.

"Do you not care for jewels?" he asked; "I thought all women loved them."

"Oh, I admire them, *certainly*," said Aldyth; "but there are many things I care more for."

"You are a good girl," said her uncle. "You care to make others happy, I know. You will try," he added significantly, as he kissed her on the forehead, "you will try to do what will add so greatly to the happiness of my last days on earth."

The colour mounted to Aldyth's forehead; her lips quivered; there was a nervous tremor in her voice as she spoke.

"Anything that I can do, uncle, anything that is right; but you might wish what would be impossible for me."

"Nonsense, Aldyth," returned her uncle, with his quick, impatient frown. "You should know me better, child, than to suppose that I could wish you to do anything that is not right. My wish is only for your happiness."

"I know, uncle, I know," Aldyth began; "but——"

He checked her with an impatient gesture, and hurried out into the hall, as though determined not to hear her words.

Aldyth lingered for a few moments by the drawing-room fire, feeling baffled and helpless. Her uncle's ideas of what was right for her, of what would make her happiness, differed widely from her own. How could she make him understand? Was it not all but impossible that he, whose life had lacked the most tender ties, and into which, as far as she knew, no romance had entered, should comprehend how sacred a thing marriage appeared to her, and how she dare not desecrate the highest instincts of her

womanhood by joining herself by that closest of all bonds to one who could never win her supreme love?

But Stephen Lorraine had gone away satisfied that his words would not fail to have the effect he desired.

"She is all right," he said to himself, "she does not mean to give herself to Guy too easily; that is all. It is his own fault that he has failed. Of course, she sees that he does not care enough about her. But I'll find means to make him care; I'll bring him to book somehow."

And the old man pondered fresh plans, convinced that his blundering efforts at matchmaking would be crowned at last with success.

Later in the day, at her uncle's suggestion, Aldyth took a ride with her cousin and his friend. Assuredly the presence of a third person was never found more convenient. Captain Walker was bent on making himself agreeable, and succeeded so well that Guy's unusual moodiness did not spoil the pleasure of the ride. Pansy was so exhilarated by the keen air that it was all her mistress could do to restrain her sportiveness, and in the excitement of the exercise Aldyth forgot every cause of uneasiness.

But troubled thoughts returned to her. As they drove home that evening her aunt wondered that she was so grave and still.

"Is anything troubling you, Aldyth?" she asked at last.

"Yes," said Aldyth, "I am thinking about uncle. Do you know what is his wish concerning me—and Guy?"

"Yes, dear, I have known it for some time. You don't mean to say that uncle has spoken to you about it?"

"Not directly; but I could not help knowing what he meant. He asked me to try to do what would add so greatly to his happiness. But how can one try in such a case? If only he would see that it is impossible!"

"You think it so, then?" said her aunt, quickly.

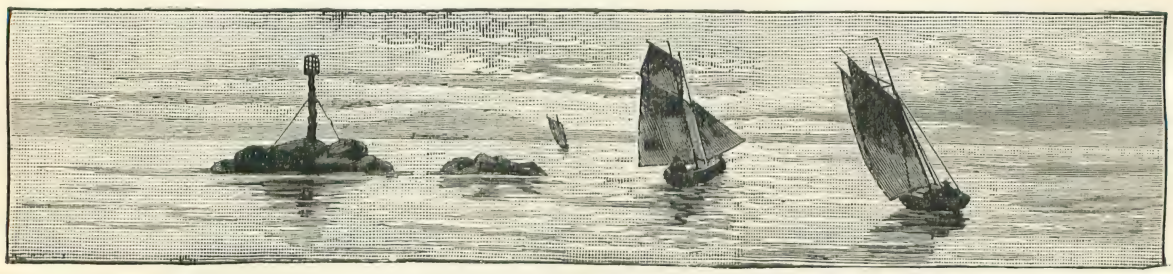
"Auntie, do you need to ask the question? You might know me better than to suppose that I could marry Guy."

"Well, I thought not," said Miss Lorraine. "It does not surprise me to hear you say so. And yet—and yet—I am very sorry. This will make a deal of trouble."

"I can bear my share of the trouble," said Aldyth, "but I am sorry to disappoint uncle. He desires it so much, that for his sake I almost wish it were possible."

Miss Lorraine sighed. Various aspects of the affair presented themselves to her which never entered into Aldyth's thoughts. She wondered whether the girl's mother would approve of the decision to which she had come. To Aldyth the question was perfectly simple, and it never occurred to her as possible that her mother's opinion on the subject might not coincide with her own.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WORKING BEE.—The branch of nursing in which employment appears the most probable of attainment is that in private houses, or for India or elsewhere abroad. But for either of these lines you should be a trained nurse already, and if you have only had experience as an amateur, in a private family, you would not be eligible for such situations in the opinion of those who could give you an appointment. Why not advertise for one as head-nurse in a nobleman's family, or in any other house where an under-nurse is kept? Your experience would then be turned to good account.

J. CONSTABLE.—We think that you had better apply for information both to the Regent's Hall Association and to Miss Jessie Deeds, 129, Ebury Street, S.W., for a pamphlet on "Industrial Work."

ELLIE.—Refer to our answers under "Educational," and you will see your question many times answered, and also that vacancies are few at present in the hospitals.

GWENDOLINE.—It is rarely desirable for a girl to undertake outdoor remunerative work without the knowledge and consent of her parents. Still, there are exceptions to most rules, and yours may be a case of this kind. There is a Kindergarten Training College at Manchester; address, Miss Snell, 181, High Street, Oxford Street.

FLOWER.—We fear that the squint would be regarded as an objection to your being a nurse—of children more especially. But apart from that, your education has been too much neglected in writing and spelling, as nurses are required to keep diaries and notebooks of prescriptions and of patients' symptoms, which you would be quite unable to do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORDIA VIC.—"Pater" has only one "t" in it. The poem has good thoughts, but no poetry is discoverable.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE.—"There the wicked cease from troubling" will be found in the Bible, Job iii. 17. 2. The poems have merit, though little originality.

M. B. L.—From North Carolina, we have to acknowledge some lines in praise of the "G. O. P.," written by one of our kindly disposed girls, for which she has our thanks.

AVINA must go or write to the Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for the information she requires.

L. E. D.—Miss Yonge, the authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe," is alive.

PORTIA.—If your voice "cracks on certain notes," beware of forcing it. Avoid the note as much for the sake of your friends as yourself.

A FIRST SUBSCRIBER.—We could not undertake to prescribe either cooling drinks or throat lozenges for a person suffering from the very serious disease which you name. Your medical attendant should be consulted.

ROSIE.—In reply to your question, "How far off are the nearest stars?" we could not give a precise answer, as there are so many at respectively varying distances. Some of the nearest, according to Professor Lockyer, are more than 500,000 times the distance from us of our own sun, and many of them several hundred times larger, giving out light and heat in proportion. The inconceivable power and wisdom of their Creator is, however, equally manifest in His creation of the smallest of the microscopic insects; and this enables us to realise that nothing that concerns our bodily and spiritual well-being is too small for His loving care, nor present difficulties too great for Him to overrule. Remember this when you pray, and think of Him ever present and "waiting to be gracious."

A YORKSHIRE SCHOOLGIRL.—The Amazons were a fabulous race of female warriors who inhabited an empire on the banks of the Euxine. They were such expert archers, that to denote the goodness of a bow or quiver, it was usual to call it "Amazonian." Recent theories seem to think their legend a symbolical one, referring to the spread of some early religious system, perhaps of Lunar worship. 2. The story has merit; but what untidy writing, and how ugly!

POLLIE, SEWSAG, GRAZIA, ESTUDIANTE, and others, write about health. We must refer them to the many valuable articles by "Medicus" throughout our volumes. If you improve the general health you will improve the voice, the appearance, and the spirits. Asthma is frequently benefited by a change of residence.

AN OLD ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—The French translation is correct, and shows taste and skill; so do the English verses.

A. E. D.—Fir cones can be used for picture-frames, boxes, flower-jars, and stands, and many small decorations, such as wall-brackets. The foundation is made of common wood, on which the cones are firmly glued, and then varnished several times.

MAVOURNEEN.—Be natural and quite simple in your manners, and do not worry yourself about the opinion of others, yet try to have "a conscience void of offence."

REBECCA.—We are sure no offence was intended. It is no longer the custom to introduce people to each other in a drawing-room, although the rule may be sometimes broken with advantage. Everyone should speak to everyone else. Your guarantee for their respectability is the character of your hostess.

JEANIE.—Of course you should wish your sister and new brother every happiness after their marriage. The 26th November, 1868, was a Thursday.

A DUNCE OF FIFTEEN.—Many thanks for the card and good wishes. There is nothing better, as we constantly repeat, than rosemary tea for the hair.

MNEMOSYNE.—For the answer to your first question on Negatives, please refer to page 317, end of paragraph 564, Angus' "Handbook of the English Tongue." The second question refers to a printer's error only. Please look at Rule 3 of Correspondence.

LADY L.—The meaning of the christian name "Lydia" is "a native of Lydia," Asia Minor.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER must advertise for such a situation, and also search the papers for advertisements.

STELLA would have no difficulty in finding out her relations if she knew the first school she was at and where she was born, and her birth registered.

CINDERS.—The 9th of June, 1867, was a Sunday.

A ROSE SEEKING WORK had better find some needlework to occupy her.

A WILD GIRL, ALICE R., READY TO LEARN, all write to us for advice on the subject of their "sweethearts." All of them are deceiving their parents, and meeting young men on the sly, and all of them spell and write badly. We can only advise their leaving off deceit, and a return to school to learn how to spell and write before they proceed further.

SEVERN SEA.—Certainly, put "Esquire" in writing to a gentleman, if really of that class, of any age, when he has passed the age of "Master So-and-So."

A LITTLE SHADOW.

VOL. XI.—NO. 544.] MAY 31, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

A PRIVATE VIEW DAY IN LONDON.

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FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

THE DIARY OF THE EARLY PROFESSIONAL DAYS OF NATALIE JANOTHA.

By HER MOTHER.

PART II.

WE hired a small house in the neighbourhood of the Villa Schumann, situated on a hill, and surrounded by trees and flowers. Countess Fleming, the wife of the Prussian ambassador at the Court of Baden, came to visit us. The Count is a perfect violoncellist; Rubinstein often plays with him, and dedicated to him his charming sonata for pianoforte and violoncello.

The Countess is the daughter of the celebrated German authoress, Bettina von Arnim, the friend of Goethe. We heard many stories of Bettina's eccentricity, which her three daughters inherited in some degree. She used to dress them, after her own fashion, in a most peculiar manner. On one occasion she invented a kind of old-fashioned costume which she made them put on, imitating the form and shape of a bell.

Someone told her that they thought one of her daughters, Countess Oriolla, was very like Rosa Baumann, the sister of Madame Jerichau, the celebrated painter who died lately at Copenhagen. Wishing, therefore, to see Miss Baumann, she went to a concert in which she was to sing, but hardly waiting for the end of the air which Miss Baumann sang with her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, she jumped on the platform and exclaimed aloud, "I was told that you were like my daughter. Well, my daughter is beautiful, but you are ugly."

Countess Fleming was just as eccentric as her mother. Her scientific education, joined to her great artistic taste, as well as her unequalled kindness of heart, won the love and the respect of all. Regarding her as a sincere and personal friend, the Emperor and Empress of Germany often visited her at Baden. At one of those unexpected visits, the Empress Augusta found Madame Schumann there. According to rules of etiquette, she prepared to leave, but the Empress asked her to stay, begging her most amiably to play something. But as Madame Schumann knew that the piano was not good, she felt she could not, even for the Empress, let her art suffer. The Empress most graciously renewed her request, asking her to play at least some small piece, adding that under her fingers no piano could sound badly, but finally excused Madame Schumann, by saying that as a true genius she was right in not making an exception for anyone.

The entertainments given in the villa of Countess Fleming for the Emperor and Empress were fairy-like. The hall of the palace of the Countess was adorned with flowers; banks of leaves of the wild vine, reddened by the tints of autumn, adorned the columns in the saloons; the chandeliers, the crystal candelabras, and the picture frames, all were surrounded with branches of these lovely autumnal leaves. Beds of flowers, myrtle trees and orange trees, filled the corners of the rooms; and amidst forests of green were hidden quaint little owls in majolica, who peered through the dark leaves, and lighted up the foliage with their sparkling eyes, the brightness of which was caused by the lights put inside. The dress of the hostess corresponded with her surroundings. On her head she wore a wreath of vine leaves turning red, fastened with diamond stars; her dark red velvet dress was covered with silver lace. She really looked like the fairy of that enchanted palace.

There was something very original about the way in which she received Natalie's first visit. As soon as she heard of Natalie's being there, she ordered her to be shown in, and on seeing her, burst out laughing and said, "So you are this pianist, whom I have been expecting impatiently, whom I did not find at home, or who would not see me when I called! So this is you! Still such a child!" And folding the astonished young girl in her arms, she gave her a hearty kiss, and asked her to play at the soirée she was about to give for the Emperor and Empress.

Natalie ran off enchanted to see Madame Schumann, and tell her first of the reception she had met with, and then of the invitation, and of her delight at the idea of seeing the Sovereign. Madame Schumann listened calmly to all this excitement, and then said that music is something higher than earthly greatness, and that it is often understood least by the great. Natalie timidly asked what she should play and how she should behave at Court.

Madame Schumann smiled, and told her not to attempt to play Beethoven or her husband's compositions before such an audience. She advised something gay and easily understood.

Natalie returned home rather discouraged and depressed. However, it soon proved that Madame Schumann had only wished to give her pupil a little wholesome advice. Before the evening was over she sent for Natalie, arranged a charming programme, which she made her rehearse with her, and gave this parting advice: "The aim of art ought not to be pleasing and amusing people. Remember that."

Natalie went to the soirée with her usual gaiety. I awaited her return home with the same feeling of anxiety which I had experienced when she played for the first time in Warsaw, at a concert, the proceeds of which were spent on a monument to Jachowicz, the poet and lamented benefactor of poor children. This monument reminds me of Jachowicz's blessing given to Natalie before his death. Already very ill, he was brought by his sons to our house, to see the drawing of the monument to Mickiewicz* which Natalie's great-uncle had prepared for Posen. The members of the society presented Natalie with a medallion: a portait of Jachowicz on one side, his monument on the other.

Natalie returned from Countess Fleming quite beaming with joy; putting her arms round my neck, she exclaimed, "The Empress treated me with a really Polish cordiality. When the Countess introduced me, she asked where I came from; added that she would not forget me. After most kind words of encouragement and praise of my playing, she gave me her hand to kiss, with a touching, sweet smile. Oh, how glad I shall be to tell Madame Schumann that the Empress was so kind to me." She went on, "As a finale, I played the carillon by Kleczynski;† everyone surrounded the piano; then the Emperor, counting aloud the striking of twelve, said, 'Your carillon is charming, and has finished the concert very well.' Then thanking the Countess for the pleasant evening, he added 'that it was a long time since he had spent his time so agreeably.'" One of the pleasantest recollections of the evening was the acquaintance she made with the very musical Mme. Mouchanoff, *née* de Kalergis, who was always ready to befriend artists. When Natalie played Chopin, "the beautiful lady," as the Emperor called her, embraced her, and promised to take care of her whenever she gave concerts in Warsaw; but alas! the news of her death arrived shortly afterwards.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and Duchess Hamilton, with her beautiful daughter, Princess Monaco, in splendid diamonds, were also present that evening, and expressed themselves to Natalie in the same flattering terms as the Emperor and Empress had done. In the artistic world later on we made acquaintance with Mrs. Moscheles, a beautiful old lady with silver hair, who lives in London with her family. Her husband, formerly professor of the Conservatoire of Leipsic, is remembered as an exacting man but a perfect master. When editing the first part of his characteristic studies, he postponed issuing the following volume. Asked for the cause of the delay, he said, "May they first master this one!" From Mrs. Moscheles Natalie got the first part of the studies of her husband, which were corrected and edited by Henschel.

Signor Piatti retained the pleasantest

* The greatest Polish poet.

† Edited by N. Janotha; published by Chappell.

impressions of what he had seen of Polish society during the time he was giving concerts there. He could not make out, however, why his name was constantly being altered, as he was sometimes called Piatti, and again Piattego, or Piattemu. These are, in fact, the different cases of the Polish declension of a proper name. Englishmen admire his playing immensely, on account of his purity and grandeur of style, united to great beauty of tone. He appears in London with Joachim and Madame Schumann in the winter classical concerts.

Madame Schumann made arrangements for Natalie to play at a concert at Baden. The committee felt no apprehensions in ratifying her choice of the young and hitherto unknown pianiste, and gave Natalie a hearty welcome at the rehearsal of Mendelssohn's concerto. Madame Schumann rejoiced to perceive the careless and frolicsome humour of her pupil throughout the morning preceding the concert. It reminded her, she said, of her own youth, her trust in others, and her self-confidence. Later on, these feelings made way for more serious thoughts before the performances. Nevertheless, at the last moment artistic enthusiasm fired her spirit, and as she sat down at the piano she only remembered the greatness of her art. The audience then disappeared from her eyes, and she only thought of art. She inspired her pupil with the same ideas.

On the day of the concert, Madame Schumann, with her family, were in the first seats on one side of the hall, and the Court, the Duke and Duchess, with their daughter and son and all their circle, on the other side. The hall was filled; Natalie was received with applause, and all her acknowledgments were directed throughout the evening towards Madame Schumann. When she began to play, Madame Schumann bent tenderly forward, listening to the execution, and at last joined in the general applause. During that exceedingly exquisite andante, in which the melody has an accompaniment as of harps, the Grand Duchess shed tears: she is an enthusiastic admirer of Mendelssohn. When Natalie was recalled, she appeared all beaming with smiles; looking towards Madame Schumann, who made her a sign to play something more, she played a valse by Chopin, which she was often obliged to play afterwards, as it became the favourite one of the Empress; and ending it with a brilliant passage, she made a flourish with her hands which Madame Schumann's quick eye took note of.

Being invited to supper at Madame Schumann's, we hastened to share our joy with her. She left the concert-hall before us, leaving Natalie in the midst of friendly congratulations. At the door of her house she was there to welcome us, but spoke coolly to Natalie, and scarcely looked at the flowers given to her. Chilled by such a greeting, we entered the drawing-room, and here Madame Schumann began to condemn that unhappy flourish of the hands. "You spoilt all the pleasure for me by doing that. Did you ever see me do such a thing? You took a great liberty. You wanted to show the public that such passages were nothing to you, that you let them drop out of your sleeve. A real artist never does that: that is only the way of dilettanti. They raise their eyes, they shake their heads, cast conceited glances round the hall, when the greatness of their aim ought to compel them to rise above the earth, and to seek to give fitting expression to the great work of which they are the interpreters. The artist who goes on the platform does not belong to the public: he is only the creator-poet who speaks to them. Does one pass through smiles to an elevated and serious state of mind? Only a bad actor smiles and flatters, to get miserable applause."

Hearing these words, and seeing Natalie's face, which was so bright a moment before, now bathed in tears, I still could only be thankful for such an ideal artistic benefactress; and all thoughts of the ovation we had just received were banished from my mind, till Madame Schumann herself reminded me of it. Kissing Natalie, she said to her, "I must kiss you now for the joy you have given me. You played as I wished, and you know that I am not easily satisfied with anything." At these words Madame Schumann's daughters, who had been kindly waiting, came forward, and carried Natalie off, where a number of presents and surprises were prepared for her. This brought to a close an evening so pleasant and memorable to us both.

At the end of October Madame Schumann left Baden to begin her concert tours, and Natalie, before returning for the winter to the Hochschule of Berlin, stayed a few months in Cologne, to take advantage of the lessons in harmony of the celebrated Weber, organist of the cathedral of Cologne, and conductor of the choir of Orpheonists.

These lessons proved very interesting. Natalie guessed the thoughts of the venerable artist by his expressive countenance. Here we also made the acquaintance of Hiller, director of the Conservatoire, and a pianist of the ancient school. His wife, Antolka, as she was called, was born in our country. These friends made the entrée to concerts and musical parties easy for us.

By means of an introduction from Countess Potocka, we became acquainted with the family of Prince Radziwill, in Berlin, and found in their home an hospitable welcome. We had already noticed the Princess in the church of St. Hedvige, where the contrast between the dignified appearance of this old lady in her simple dress, and that of the Germans, made us wish she might be our countrywoman. She reciprocally noticed Natalie.

One day we received an invitation from the Princess, and went to the palace in Wilhelmstrasse. As soon as we were announced, a lady rose to welcome us; she proved to be the same we had seen in church. She was also glad, as she mentioned, to recognise in Natalie the young girl about whom she had wished to know something.

After making acquaintance with the family of the Princess, later on, when the piano was surrounded, Natalie played their favourite Chopin and Moninszko. One of the Princesses sang; another, Countess Clary, played the violin very well. We looked afterwards at the beautiful paintings of the young Princess Ferdinand, and were taken through the magnificent rooms, where we enjoyed deeply the sight of Polish souvenirs. After that we often had musical gatherings in this artistic palace, singing, piano and violin-playing occupying the time.

The Princess's family wished to be present at rehearsals of the celebrated quartets of Joachim, given in the Singakademie, that they might understand the beauties of the works better when performed at concerts. Natalie went to fetch the ladies, having got a very exceptional permission from Joachim for their entrance. One day when she went to accompany the Princesses, she returned alone, quite shocked at the sorrow which had visited that noble house by the sudden death of the Prince Boguslaw on his birthday. His son, Prince Edward, who was a priest, and who had come to celebrate his father's fête at home, was just in time to offer up his prayers by the dead body of his parent. After this the palace passed into the hands of the Iron Prince, and ceased to be the same centre of gracious hospitality.

Prince Anton Radziwill remained, however, permanently in Berlin. The Princess herself was quite charming. Young and beautiful as a fairy, she adorned her house with her own work. The satin hangings of the walls were embroidered with landscapes, flowers, and birds in wonderful hues. In like manner she covered the walls of her private rooms with birds that looked so life-like that one wondered they did not fly away. The green satin curtains of her magnificent boudoir were covered with lace of her own making. Similar curtains, delicate as a spider's web, draped the windows.

Whilst she worked, the reading aloud of her husband gave occupation to her mind. Her children speak Polish perfectly. The Princess is also a highly-gifted pianist; she is therefore at no loss to find profitable employment for each moment of her time—a charming example worth imitating Being related to the Imperial Family, and a great favourite of the Empress Augusta, she always assisted her in visiting the hospitals, affording relief and consolation to the sufferers.

She sent us trios arranged by her grandfather Prince Anton, who was the composer of the music of *Faust*, and a friend of Chopin's. She wished Natalie to play one of them at the reception which she gave to the Emperor and Empress.

Each time the celebrated composer, Max Bruch, was in Berlin, he came to the Hochschule; his great musical picture *Odysseus* charmed all the musical world there.

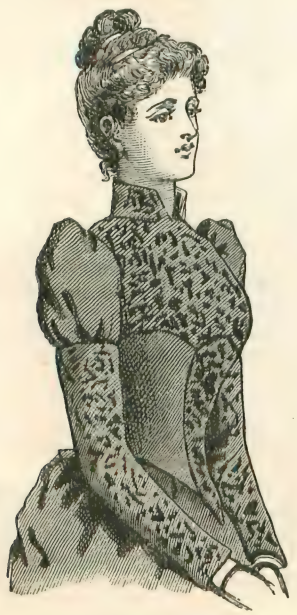
(To be concluded.)

THE SLEEVES OF TO-DAY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER

THE controversies about women riding astride, and happiness in married life, are still raging in the daily and weekly papers; and they are probably doing all the good that the thorough ventilation of debatable subjects generally does. A celebrated West-end doctor of great experience sums up the matter in the columns of a contemporary in an admirable way. "This question of riding astride," said he, "is not so much one of serious danger to the internal economy of the rider, as one of unnecessary and uncalled-for change of custom." And here is the matter really in a nutshell. I waded through the writings on the marriage question, and hold to my own opinion in the matter: which is, that where each partner goes his or her own quiet and considerate way, with freedom and recognition of the fact that a woman has her place, as well as a man, in the household, and "guides the house"—as ordered by the law of Christ—there will be happiness and confidence; but the moment home is turned into a school, with an arbitrary master or a governor, then you have cowardly wives and children, and fear takes the place of love and confidence. No one can be always at school, and to each sex there should come a time when they must stand alone, and order their lives in the state to which they are called. It is to their own individual as well as mutual interest to pull together in everything, so that there should be no dispute, and the "law of love" should rule, not that of force or fear.



A CORSELET BODICE.

Another correspondence that is going on is about the impoliteness of women and girls in public conveyances. Now, although I write about dress, and I am anxious that our girls should realise that neat and seemly dress is an index of character not to be mistaken, at the same time I also believe that good manners are even more essential; and I hope none of my readers will neglect attention to manners to think the more of their dress, nor believe that dressing finely will make more impression on others than good breeding and a polite and pleasant address.

The first of the month's illustrations that I must notice are the sleeves, which I have had arranged in a circle, so as to show at one view what is worn, and that they are the great and specially distinguishing features of dress in this year of 1890. The other and most notable characteristic is certainly the high collar, which goes by the name of "Medicis"; and the rather different one, which is called "Fife." This name originated in the fact that the Princess Louise of Wales selected it for so many of the articles of her trousseau; and her tea-gowns, jackets, mantles, and cloaks were made with these high, straight collars curved in front. They are very popular for dresses, and will continue to be so during the summer, and, from what I have heard, they will be made, as well as the high sleeves, for cotton zephyr and thin silk dresses, in Bengaline silk and velvet; and a very pretty effect they will produce. But there will be, of course, the trouble of taking them out before washing or cleaning, and of putting them in again afterwards. Care should be taken in picking them out to put marks, with a red cotton thread, at the places where the sleeve seams come, or else there will be some trouble in getting them in again, so as to fit well and comfortably. Many of these sleeves are cut in one piece, in the true old "leg of mutton" style; and most of them require mounting on a plain foundation, or on the lining, so that they may be draped on that and set well.

The rest of the dress is plain enough. All the trimmings have, apparently, vanished for the present. There is little drapery, and the dresses are put into the skirts in wide box-pleats. Most of the new skirts are not put on the band, as they used to be, but are bound

BODICE GATHERED IN FRONT, AND FASTENED UNDER LEFT ARM.

WHAT IS LEFT OF OUR BONNETS.

over the edge of the top of the pleats or fold, with a bias piece of the material of the dress. If they have not this, they have a shaped band in front and gathers at the back. Both of these changes are introduced with a view of making the gown less bulky round the waist. We English have long used the Petersham band on which to sew our dresses; but in Paris most of the gowns for many years have been made with the bias binding, so that they sit below, not upon, the waist-line.

Our larger plate, "A Private View Day in London," gives nearly everything that can be said or seen in the way of novelties for the present season. The lady at the extreme left wears one of the new lace hats, and a long gown, which is of the "polonaise" order, wraps over on one side in front, and has a plain bodice-front at the other. It is edged with a band of bias velvet, the material of the dress being "camlet." The next figure wears a "ladies' cloth" in violet, with a darker velvet as an underskirt and sleeves; and a small bonnet of heartsease and violet velvet finishes the costume. The two figures in front show the newest large hats, of fine crinoline and of fine straw: one wearing a mantle with the small cross-way frills gathered on, that are a revival from a period of about thirty years ago; the other a light cloth jacket, with braided sleeves and collar, and a black lace skirt. The centre figure in the background shows the hat, which is one of the latest styles, under the name of "Toreador," "Gitanos," and "Matador." It has the regular silk pompons that the real Spanish hat always has, but the crown is the chief difference, as it is slightly pointed, or, more properly speaking, of a sugar-loaf shape at the top. The gown worn by this young lady shows the way of putting on the bands of braid or ribbon velvet that are so much used, and the whole dress is simple, ladylike, and girlish. It could be carried out in any material, from cloth to calico. The last figure on the extreme right shows the open fronted jacket, with a full waistcoat of silk put in; the silk may be of a colour to harmonise with the dress.

I have illustrated two walking dresses, to show a plaid gown made in the present style, and also a dress for mourning. The corselet bodice is a very pretty style for young people, and those who are round yet slight of figure. The under bodice is full and of some figured material, the sleeves partly of one and partly of the other, while the corselet is like an Italian peasant's, laced in front and showing the full bodice underneath it. There are several forms of trimming, which are manufactured entire for bodices. There is the zouave or senorita, which is made of passementerie, consisting of two fronts, joined together by the band of passementerie prepared for the neck. Then there are corselets and bands in silk guipure, silk lace, and braiding. Gold and silk, pearls and jet, are all prepared in this way, so that the dressmaker only has to prepare her bodice, and then put on the trimming after quite complete. There is only one drawback, that, from the nature of things, all these trimmings are very expensive; and, alas! they often last, and are made to last, long after the fashion is passed, and that is the worst feature of a too expensive purchase—it becomes a little like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.

Tea-gowns are still popular; but the new tea-jacket is a most useful garment, and will, I am sure, be welcomed by many people, who will find it comfortable and pretty for evening wear. It is a jacket generally tight-fitting, if not in front, at the back, made of some handsome material in black or colour, trimmed with lace, and with elbow sleeves finished with a lace frill. They can be worn with a skirt of black lace or of silk, and are suitable for quiet home dinners or concerts, and look stylish and becoming, while they are not expensive, and are useful as serving several purposes. For delicate people they are valuable, as it is always difficult for them to find a safe and warm garment for evening wear.

Bonnets continue to be as small as possible; but the fancy for "floral bonnets" seems less, and they have changed their form from a mass of blossoms on the top of the head to a shape on which the separate flowers and leaves are mounted. The prettiest bonnets have a good deal of jet about them; the jet ornaments and bands, butterflies, pins and arrows are to be purchased everywhere; and, so far as bonnets are concerned, there is every chance for the home milliner to try her skill with a good chance of success. As I have often said before, she has only to possess a good eye and a good memory, and after a study of the bonnets in the shop windows, she can make one which will look quite as well, even if in the small details of lining and trimming it may not be so neatly finished. But the very best should be attempted in bonnet-making, as in all other things, and a close inspection of any bonnet will show exactly the methods of putting in linings as skilful hands would do.

Hats are large, and much trimmed with ostrich feathers. They are of gathered lace, of fine crinoline, and of fine straw. The brims are the chief feature, and they are generally bent about to suit the taste of the milliner or the purchaser. Narrow strings of black or coloured velvet are found in all the French bonnets, and a few lace ones also; but as the warmer weather comes on, they will probably disappear, save in cases where they prove more becoming, which is where the cheeks are fat and the face has a large and moonlike appearance. In this case they are far more becoming than a bonnet without them. In a selection amongst the present hats it is needful to discriminate, as the large ones do not suit everyone, and it is a little difficult to know who they really do suit. But certainly they become no one over thirty, and few very young faces either. A medium hat, lightly trimmed, suits most faces, and I hear that the French

WALKING DRESSES.

milliners declare that they long to see the bonnet entirely discarded for old ladies, for a well-made hat suits them far better.

I see that there is a revival of that old colour called "magenta," which, with a darker shade called "solferino," were both named after the two battles fought in Lombardy by the Austrians. Both were the first products of the "aniline dye" process, and are about as unnatural as colours could be. But as yet we only see magenta in combination with other colours, not alone. The dress materials most used are tweed and serge, and a light make of summer homespun. The colours are grey, fawn, and stone, in pale shades, generally crossed with faint cross-bars of dark shades, making, more or less, fine plaids. The larger plaids are generally cut on the cross, and the bodice follows this example. The skirts that are cut plain are often hemmed up on the outside, and have four, or even five, rows of machine-stitching round them, or perhaps they are bordered like one of our illustrations, with several rows of velvet ribbon or braid.

There is some trouble in making one of these perfectly plain skirts hang well, and I forget whether I have mentioned that the fronts of the hem are sometimes padded. A piece of alpaca, or lining, about half a yard long, and a quarter of a yard deep, has a layer of wadding laid on it, and is then folded in two, and tacked inside the hem, just in the front, where it adds the least substance to the hem, and also very materially saves the front of the boot, or that of the stocking, which often becomes very thin.

Sashes are much worn, but are no longer at the back, only they are so at the side, and are sometimes tied round the waist and behind in large bows. The sash may be worn with a pointed bodice by being folded in the centre, sewn on to the point in front, passed round the waist, and tied in large loops at the back, but the ends are not necessarily long.

The paper pattern for the month is that of the illustration—"Bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm." It is composed of two collars, one sleeve, two fronts, cuff, three back pieces—in all nine pieces. The under or lining fronts button down the middle, and the full or gathered part at the side under the arm. The bodice will be worn in cotton, woollen, or silk, and there is no doubt that it will be one of the fashions of the early autumn and winter.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, and bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—VIII. RATS AND MICE.

By A NATURALIST.

By those competent to form an opinion, the brown rat is supposed to have been introduced into England from Persia and the East Indies about the year 1730, through ships trading between those countries and our own. The only rat known up to that time was the—comparatively speaking—harmless black rat, which has now become very scarce amongst us. The brown rat is a much fiercer and stronger animal, and the gentler species has been driven out, and, in fact, almost exterminated by him. He is a most ferocious and destructive creature, full of cunning and rich in resources. He can burrow in the most intricate manner, climb up anything, from a wall to a tree; is a good swimmer and diver, and will kill and eat any creature weaker than himself, whether it be furred or feathered. Three parts of the mischief laid to the door of different creatures, supposed to be very predaceous in their habits, is done by the thieving and murderous brown rat.

Having summed up his bad qualities, let us give him credit for two very good ones—perseverance and courage. Taking his size into consideration, there is no creature more fierce when at bay than he is.*

* In the Sandwich Islands the rats are very numerous and very large. More than once I have had a lively encounter with one in a bedroom when keeping watch at night; and twice I killed my rat with a walking-stick, although in cold blood I was usually frightened of them. They were as large and as lively as kittens some months old.—J. A. OWEN.

The water rat, or water vole, is a very gentle creature; he always seems to me an otter in miniature. He is a vegetable feeder, and none of the misdeeds of the brown rat can be laid to his charge. There is a black variety, which I have seen in the Surrey brooks, not quite so large as the ordinary water vole. Voles are playful creatures; I have spent many an hour in watching them at their little games. If you chance to come across him sitting on the leaf of a water-lily, holding one of the seed pods in his forepaws, and contentedly munching away, you will agree with me that he is a quaint little water sprite. No harm can be ascribed to him beyond the holes and runs he makes in the banks.

First on our list of mice is the large-headed, short-tailed field mouse, the dog mouse of the rustics. He is the largest of his family, and when full grown he is the size of a young rat. Being also a vegetable feeder, he can do any amount of mischief in the gardens of country houses near the woods. Last summer I saw a fine bed of white verbenas, where the trusses of bloom had all been clean cut off; some fine pansy blossoms had also been broken. The mischief was attributed to hares that were supposed to have wandered into the garden from the adjoining wood; but quite accidentally one day the mice were seen to climb up the flower stems, bite off the blooms, and carry them away to their holes. Traps were set, and in the course of two days twenty of them were caught. They are the favourite food of owls, and on that account alone those useful and beautiful birds ought to be protected.

The long-tailed wood mouse is a beautiful little creature, fawn coloured above and white below; he is a denizen of the woods, as his name implies, very harmless; as is also that diminutive member of his tribe, the harvest mouse, which has been so graphically described by the faithful naturalist, White, of Selborne.

The nest of this small mouse may be found during harvest-time, suspended on some growing beanstalk or even a thistle, or perhaps on some stems of wheat where these grow close together. The wind often makes it rock to and fro, but the clever animal closes up the opening to her nest so carefully, in order to prevent her young from being shaken out, that it is not easy to find any entrance. The whole fabric might be rolled about like a ball, without doing any damage to it or its occupants.

Last, we have the red meadow mouse. All these varieties live in the meadows, the hedges, and the woods, but if they can get at the fruit and vegetables of a garden, they will enjoy almost everything—wall fruit, plums, pears, and choice flowers. They seem to know exactly when all these have arrived at perfection, and will then come in numbers from the woods and meadows to take their share of good things.

Then there are the shrews, those long-nosed, long-tailed, quaint-looking creatures which are principally insect feeders. The common shrew is frequently found dead on some path, without anything to show how it came by its death. An unknown disease sweeps these creatures off at stated seasons. Superstition has fixed upon this small, harmless creature, and placed its dread ban upon it. Even now, in our enlightened age, cattle and other creatures are believed by some of our country-folk to be shrew struck, and their remedy for this is to bore a hole with an auger in some ash tree, catch a poor little shrew, and put him in it alive, and then carefully stop up the hole. If you remonstrate with the rustic and ask him how he can do anything so barbarous, he will look at you with an air of superior pity, and say, "Ah, you doan't know!"

It is done in obedience to a certain traditional folklore that has been handed down by many generations. Some of their customs are even more hurtful than this.

The oared shrew is larger than the last mentioned, and it is very little known. In general appearance it resembles the water shrew, which has its home in any tiny rill or stream whose banks are capable of giving shelter to it. It is a most expert swimmer and diver; many a time have I watched it searching for its food at the bottom of the rill or brook. It looks as if it were covered with quicksilver, as it nimbly pokes its little snout about, now here and now there, among the dead leaves and little pebbles. This silvery appearance is caused by the air bubbles that cling to its fur. The movements are most interesting and amusing, especially when he propels himself nimbly along the surface with his snout turned up, nosing everything that comes in his way. When a couple are at play, chasing one another about, no prettier sight, as a bit of aquatic life, could be wished for.

Last of all we have the common mouse of our dwellings, that little bright-eyed thief, a mixture of shyness and impudence, which small as he is, often taxes the patience and temper of the thrifty housewife to the utmost. Apart from its mischievous and predatory habits, he really is a very pretty creature, full of fun and antics. He has no friends, for men, women, boys, and the whole army of animals and birds destroy him. If he does take toll from labours not his own, the tables are turned on him most surely; and sooner or later he becomes food for others. No creature that is in the least carnivorous lets a vulgar little mouse escape him if he can help it.

Ratskins are in great request for making gloves. In Paris the sewers are periodically visited by men in order to catch the rats for this purpose. I have now in my possession a ratskin which is nearly a foot long and eleven inches wide. At the time of the Commune the people not only sought the rats on account of their skins, but they were thankful to have them to augment their small stock of provisions.

REPORT OF THE ORIGINAL STORY COMPETITION.

It has interested us to compare the results of our last three literary competitions: "The Essays on a Shakesperian Heroine," "Confessions," and the Original Stories, that include a scene represented pictorially in the November part of last year. Of the three tasks the last has appealed to the greatest number of girls, has been undertaken with the most enthusiasm, and has been attended on the whole with the best results.

Broadly speaking, this competition has been a success—the general level of excellence reached being higher than we had expected; and yet, on concluding our first examination of the great pile of MSS., we became aware of a feeling of disappointment that our second examination greatly strengthened.

Nearly nine hundred stories were sent, four hundred and fifty of which were labelled "Fair" after the first perusal. There was no ridiculous story, no joke, no paper of which the writer should be ashamed. Rudimentary laws of grammar were respected by the majority of the competitors; absurdly improbable incidents were almost conspicuous by their rarity; mistakes in spelling were only to be found in the stories of the youngest girls; and the handwriting of at least five hundred of the competitors was good.

This is an excellent result, pointing as it does not only to the satisfactory education so many girls receive nowadays, but to the care and industry, and above all to the seriousness with which our girls have approached the task we set them. Many critics have affirmed that the style of women writers, bad as it is to-day, will probably be worse to-morrow—a gloomy foreboding not to be realised if the stories sent us are representative of the initial efforts of the future authors.

On the other hand, it is a disappointment to have to state that not one story displays unusual ability, conspicuous invention, minuteness of observation, or any of the qualities that are born in a writer, and justify her in attempting to instruct and amuse the world. A respectable level is reached by many of our competitors, but not one of them has given us an original work of art. Of course it is difficult to write a short story, to write anything that is "new," and no doubt it is largely owing to the fact that so many girls show that they possess sufficient knowledge of construction to write a good story, that has made their comparative failure the more noticeable. For many of the competitors possess a fair literary equipment, so to speak, and have read a great deal, and of these it cannot be said that they have not the words wherewith to express their meaning. Some girls may object that they had not fair play, owing to their being obliged to write up to a picture, and that a good and original conception could not be carried out, because it did not include such a scene as that represented in the picture. We condole with these, but are bound to say that the nine hundred stories show the picture to be one that admits of a remarkable number of interpretations, and that those competitors who were determined not to hamper themselves further than to feel the obligation of bringing together a woman and a girl, who have little or nothing to do with the story, have not been successful.

Shipwrecks, deaths, wars, the discovery of hidden gold, and failures on the Stock Exchange usher in many of the stories, the vast majority of which have a sombre background. This, of course, was to be expected; the older figure in the picture being a soberly dressed lady, probably a widow, and the younger a girl with a somewhat sad expression of face. The latter is named Muriel by ninety-seven girls—a most remarkable fact of which we cannot find an explanation. The competitors, or rather the majority of them, consider neither of the ladies beautiful, but are unanimous in their praise of the disposition of the older one. The younger, though she does duty as heroine, is not so universal a favourite, though most of the competitors consider her to be "more than beautiful"—the praise refers to mental excellences, and does not include physical ones. There is, however, a consensus of opinion that both her character and her personal appearance are "interesting," a time-honoured attribute of a heroine. She is a woeful egoist, according to some of the stories; a pert and spoilt child, according to others; but three out of four of the competitors describe her as a good girl.

In about one-third of the stories the older lady is the bearer of sad tidings to the younger; in others they are discussing a painful occurrence, intelligence of which has just reached them; in a few of the stories the lady is chiding the girl; and in the remainder, perhaps one-half, the girl is the object of a sad, curious, or joyful interest to the lady.

The plots vary greatly. Broadly speaking, those that are the simplest are the best. The scene represented in the picture is laid in every quarter of the globe—in Germany, in China, in Madagascar, and in Russia; but in most of the papers in a school or manor-house pleasantly situated in an English village or on the outskirts of a small town.

The pathos of the competitors is superior to their humour, and their descriptions of scenery more praiseworthy than their descriptions of character. The dialogue in many of the stories is very fairly good, but is sometimes difficult to follow, because the writers do not tell us who it is that is speaking.

FIRST PRIZE, value five guineas, awarded to Lucy C. Ewbank, St. John's, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

SECOND PRIZE, value three guineas, to La Baronne H. de Boerio, Dinan, France.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

E. H. Ashwin, Evesham, Worcestershire.
Stella E. Vernon Bailey, Clevedon, Somerset.
Susan Bailey, Stockport.
Edith H. Bomford, Atch Lench, Evesham.
Eleanor M. Bomford, Atch Lench, Evesham.
Mary A. Carrick, Brampton, Cumberland.
Bertha E. Cotton, Sandwich, Kent.
The Lady Beatrice Egerton, St. James's, London.
Edith H. Entwisle, Wakefield.
A. S. Falconer, Duns, N.B.
M. McEwan Falconer, Caterham Valley.
May Foxall, Tufnell Park, London.
Mary F. Gallagher, Glasgow.
Emily L. Gilloch, Pas de Calais, France.
Georgina Gwillim, Brackley, Northants.
Gertrude Hancot, New Malden, Surrey.
Ethel M. Harding, Padstow, Cornwall.
Florence C. Holdsworth, Hull.
Frances Hurrell, Maldon, Essex.
Frances M. James, Bedford.
Amy R. Marras, Fulham, London.
E. J. Martin, Littleport.
Lilie Mathews, Evesham.
Evangeline A. Ben Oliel, Jaffa, Palestine.
Margaret A. Rotherham, Crouch End, N.
Susie Troland, Coleraine, co. Derry, Ireland.
Amelia M. Workman, Penzance, Cornwall.

A LITTLE QUEEN.

By SYDNEY GREY.

She stood beside her cottage gate,
A little queen;
Unused to folk of high estate—
Nay, never with the rich and great
So much as seen.

No ruler she by right of birth,
No princess throned
Among the mighty ones of earth;
But hearts that valued modest worth
Her empire owned.

The children prized her soft caress;
In home's demesne
She held her court; and where distress
Could be assuaged by helpfulness.
A village maid, yet none the less
A little queen.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART V.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).*

All the romance and glory of Spanish history were at their height when Catherine of Arragon was born. For the princess whose mother was the high-spirited, generous Isabella of Castile, the friend of Columbus, and her father Ferdinand of Arragon, the conqueror of the Moors; for the child who was cradled among the orange groves of Castile and the pomegranates of Granada, a nature as full of the sunshine as of the storms of the South, a fate grand, if chequered with adversity, might have been predicted. But sunshine was not a prominent characteristic either of Catherine's temper or her career, while her entire history had in it more of humiliation than triumph, culminating in the piteousness of undeserved downfall. Happily for herself and all under her influence, she was upright and good, but her greatness belonged to her adversity. Her misfortunes were her chief abiding crown.

Catherine was born at the town of Alcala de Henares, 15th December, 1485, and her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder son of Henry VII., was proposed at so early a date, that the intended bridegroom was but a baby of twenty months, and the bride a child of three years. The Spanish ambassador and his suite were allowed to inspect the baby prince, so that they could certify he was all such a princeling should be; but it is said that Isabella demurred at the ordeal for her daughter, child though she was, and that the English commissioner had to be content with seeing the little Catherine in her mother's arms at the national spectacle of a bullfight. This was a somewhat barbarous entertainment for a small princess, who was to be brought up in all the learning in which her ardent and enthusiastic mother, as brilliant and accomplished on one side as she was domesticated and homely on another, delighted.

From Catherine's fourth year she was styled, in right of her betrothal, "Princess of Wales," and before she was in her teens she corresponded in Latin with her boy-bridegroom, he replying in the same stately language, the manner and matter of the letters being naturally equally stilted.

Catherine did not arrive in England till October, 1501, when she was about sixteen years of age, and the Prince of Wales was approaching his fifteenth year. She travelled attended by an imposing Spanish suite, which included three bishops as well as four young ladies. She had a dolefully bad passage to begin with, and the poor girl suffered severely from sea sickness, to little purpose, as it seemed, since the ship was driven back and the party had to embark a second time, landing finally at Plymouth.

Henry VII. and his young son travelled in the dull, dark days of November to meet the Spanish Princess, but the weather was so rainy and the roads so nearly impassable, that they made only slow progress. They were anticipated by the Spanish party riding in advance of the main body, and coming to warn the bridegroom and his father that, according to Spanish etiquette, they could only meet the bride at the steps of the altar in the church where the marriage was to be celebrated.

But this was a punctilio which no Englishman, be he king or commoner, could consent to, therefore Henry left his son behind him; and riding forward to the town of Dogmersfield, at which Catherine had arrived, announced that he was there to see and welcome his daughter-in-law.

There was still some demurring, an archbishop, a bishop, and a count barring the King's way, and declaring that the Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber. In the end, common-sense and discretion prevailed, and the Infanta consented to grant the King an audience. Neither could speak to the other unless in Latin, for Henry knew no Spanish; and it does not seem to have occurred to Catherine's guardians and preceptors, as one might have expected in the circumstances, to give her an acquaintance with English. The high contracting parties had to content themselves with exchanging dignified compliments through an interpreter.

In the meantime the Prince arrived, and Henry presented him to his betrothed wife.

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, Du Boys (edited by Charlotte Yonge). By Sarah Tytler, author of "An Oxford Maid," etc.

In order to make things doubly sure, the King caused the betrothal, which had before been performed by proxy, to be gone over again in person, the medium being that Latin tongue, which was "understanded" by all the royal personages, as well as by the prelates in attendance.

In deference to the ideas of decorum of the time, the King and the Prince supped in private, returning afterwards to the company of the ladies, when, as usual, music and dancing—those universal heralds of good-fellowship—were started. Catherine danced with the Spanish ladies some of the basses dances, which seem to have been slow, gliding measures. The Prince was unacquainted with them; but not to be outdone, he took out Lady Guildford, who was governess to his two sisters in succession (the "Moder Guildford" to part from whom cost young Princess Mary the first tears she shed in France), and "danced right pleasantly and honourably." The couple probably accomplished one of those voltas or high dances which appear to have been indigenous to the soil of England, and were more remarkable for agility than for grace.

We do not know much of how the Prince and Princess, thus formally introduced and united, looked and felt on this occasion; but we can judge a little from future descriptions. Arthur was a fair lad, puny contrasted with his big young brother Henry, and he had the hectic poison already working in his veins and painting his cheeks. We know that though he was considered a youth of admirable promise, he was not favourably struck by the innocent bride, with whom the great advantage of an alliance between England and Spain had thus prematurely endowed him. It may be that, though he was a scholarly lad, the Latin love-letters which he had been made to address to her in his boyhood, that had served for school-exercises, with their accompanying censures and impositions, still rankled in his immature mind as a grievance against her.

As for Catherine, we hear later that the girl of sixteen had large, regular, rather heavy features, so high a forehead that half of her face was forehead, and, for a wonder, considering her extraction, a fair complexion, and a profusion of auburn hair—prized distinctions which would in themselves constitute her a beauty at the Spanish Court. She was not tall, while her figure, like her features, was inclined to be large and full, no disadvantage on the whole to a girl of sixteen. She was staid, far beyond her years, probably a little prim, pleasing the elderly formal King far more than she pleased his young son by her decorum and dignity.

Catherine, with her suite, made the rest of the progress alone, by a succession of stages, and was welcomed with great demonstrations of respect and regard at every point, till she reached Lambeth Palace.

Henry repaired to his Queen, Elizabeth of York, at Richmond, and the Prince of Wales eventually took up his quarters at Blackfriars. The good Queen came by water to greet her daughter-in-law, whose firm friend she remained.

Catherine's public entrance into London was of course carried through with much splendour and ceremony, and had some peculiar details. She rode on a Spanish mule, having on one side of her Henry Duke of York, a fine boy of eleven years of age, and on the other the Pope's legate. She wore a broad hat like a cardinal's, and the younger ladies in her suite wore the same. The Princess had a coif of carnation colour under the hat, beneath which her auburn hair fell on her shoulders. Her saddle was a small, richly-ornamented armchair, fastened on the mule. Her *dame d'honneur*, riding near her, was in black, after the Spanish fashion, or as the English chronicler expressed it, "like a religious woman." The four young Spanish ladies rode on mules also. It had been proposed that four English ladies on palfreys should ride, each by the side of one of the Spanish damsels, and should courteously lead her mule. But by a queer and comical *contretemps*, which was no laughing matter to the Master of the Ceremonies, and appeared a little ominous to the superstitious, the fact that different national customs in riding made the English and Spanish equestrians sit on different sides of their horses and mules, had the undesirable effect of the riders seeming to sit back to back, as the result of a quarrel.

On November 14, 1501, Catherine was married to Arthur in old St. Paul's, King Henry, Queen Elizabeth, and the King's mother, the Lady Margaret, witnessing the marriage from their latticed box. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by no less than nineteen bishops and abbots, tied the knot.

The bride's magnificent dress of white satin, very long in bodice and sleeves, had certain foreign touches. It had an arrangement of little hoops below the waist, which was the introduction of the farthingale into England.

Another innovation was the coif of white silk on the bride's head, from which fell "a scarf bordered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad," which, as the old historian said, "veiled great part of her visage and person." This was no doubt an adaptation of the Spanish mantilla, but it may also have been the inauguration of the wedding veil. Blushing brides of succeeding generations little dream that they owe the picturesque mark of their state, and shelter for their blushes, to the hapless Catherine of Arragon. Whether or not the typical orange-blossoms are derived from the same source, we are not in circumstances to verify.

Certainly poor Arthur has set no fashion in bridal costume to modern bridegrooms, since, according to the taste of the time, his doublet and hose were of white satin, like the gown of his bride. At the great door of the cathedral, with the people for his witnesses, he endowed her with a third of his estate, a pledge which he did not fulfil.

The Prince and Princess of Wales stayed for one night at the Bishop of London's palace, and proceeded by water next day, escorted by the King, to the home prepared for them—Baynard's Castle on the Thames. Later, there were great rejoicings of tilting and feasting at Westminster, when Arthur had the place of honour on the King's right hand, and Catherine the same place by the Queen.

In the dancing, which was a prominent feature in the scene, Arthur showed that he had mastered the mysteries of the *base* or *basse* dance by dancing one with his beautiful Aunt Cicely, while Catherine came down from the Queen's side to dance twice—still with her Spanish ladies, wearing the Spanish costume, her persistent adherence to which was hardly likely to recommend itself to English spectators. The dancing of the lively voltas, or high dances, was confined on this occasion to the young Prince Henry and his sister Margaret, already entitled "Queen of the Scots." One cannot help thinking that the style of the performance was in keeping with the character and future careers of the rosy-cheeked, riotous pair. They gave unmingled satisfaction in this instance, especially when Henry, finding himself encumbered by his court suit, suddenly threw it off to his jacket, and thus displayed his nimbleness in company with the gay skipping of his buxom sister.

In the last pageant before the return of Catherine's Spanish escort, a detail of the entertainment was the letting loose in the crowded hall at Westminster of a number of white doves and rabbits, a primitive diversion in itself, which was supposed to be a complimentary adoption of a Spanish custom in similar circumstances. When Catherine mourned sympathetically over the parting with the friends of her youth, King Henry's mode of comforting her was a piece of homage to her own and her mother's acknowledged learning,

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

and a decided improvement on other modes of solacing the grief of royal brides. He first took her into his library, and showed her "many goodly, pleasant books. . . . both in English and Latin," before he brought forward a jeweller with a collection of rings and gauds, and bade her choose from them, while he would divide what remained among those Spanish ladies she was allowed to retain in her service, and her newly-appointed English ladies.

Early in spring, the Prince and Princess of Wales set out for Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, where they were to maintain their Court, and from which Arthur was to govern the adjoining principality of Wales. Catherine rode the whole way from London to Ludlow on a pillion, behind her Master of the Horse, her ladies riding also, the state of the roads not admitting of wheeled carriages. The only respite from the long ride, renewed day after day, was the resting in the litter swung between a couple of horses or mules. Catherine's stay at Ludlow was destined to be short. Arthur died in April, 1502, according to some accounts, from the mere development of his consumptive malady; according to others from a sudden outbreak of the plague. It was just three months from his arrival in Shropshire and six from his marriage. He was buried with sufficient pomp on "the foulest, cold, windy and rainy day," the procession meeting with such obstacles from the rutted mire it had to pass through, that the car with the Prince's body stuck fast in the mud, and at one place yokes of oxen had to be employed to drag it forward.

There had been but little dawning regard between the youthful couple so lately strangers to each other, and still unable to converse unless in ponderous Latin, or by the help of an interpreter, and in addition to the shock of the death—so sudden in the end—of her husband of eighteen, all Catherine's girlish ambition was blighted, and her pride, if not her affections, received a severe blow from the open and marked slight put upon her by the will, in which Arthur, in breach of his marriage contract, bequeathed his entire personal property to his sister Margaret.

Queen Elizabeth, in the middle of her grief for her son, remembered the forlorn girl left behind him. She sent immediately for Catherine, and had her brought to London in a litter composed of black velvet and cloth, for which the Queen gave express directions to her tailor.

The next nine years which Catherine spent in England, while she passed from girlhood to womanhood, were particularly trying. She soon lost the friendly protection of her mother-in-law by the Queen's death, and two years afterwards the young widow sustained a still greater misfortune in the death of her own mother, Isabella of Castile. Isabella had counselled her daughter's return to Spain; and Catherine's continued stay in England is only to be accounted for by the fact that her large dowry had been half paid, and only half paid, and by the characters of the two princes concerned in the transaction. No elements of the prudence and wisdom which were attributed to Henry and Ferdinand were more conspicuous than their rooted inclination to keep, and their equally rooted disinclination to disimburse, whatever sums of money came into their hands. However, it is now tolerably well understood that it was to the urgent endeavours of Ferdinand to maintain, at any cost, the Anglo-Spanish alliance that Catherine became a victim, with a train of evils to follow.

While the two kings disputed over the arrears of dowry, including the very plate and jewels which poor Catherine had brought, her income, as the Prince of Wales's widow, was so persistently detained and curtailed that the letters she wrote to her father are full of complaints and remonstrances. She not only urges the non-payment of her ladies' salaries as a serious grievance to a high-spirited honourable mistress, she represents her own wants as having reached a climax. She had been forced to sell "some of her bracelets" to buy a black velvet gown, as mourning for her mother, and it was only the third gown she had got since her arrival in England; she had not wherewithal to supply herself with linen for chemises.

Catherine's worries were increased by the trial of a foreign climate, and of a way of living which did not agree with her constitution. She suffered from the chill shivers and fever flushes of the tertian ague. She pined for the fresh salads and juicy fruits of the South, which were not to be obtained to replace the grosser flesh diet of the North.

As the last touch to her troubles, there was a suspicion that Henry was willing to wed her himself rather than imperil the Spanish alliance. If this extremity was ever seriously thought of, another resource was found. Two years after the death of Arthur, Catherine, in spite of the reluctance which she then expressed, was betrothed to Henry Tudor, a boy of twelve, while she was a young woman of eighteen.

But a year afterwards, though the incident was not known for some time, Henry VII. caused his son to sign a protest against the betrothal. The only conceivable reason for this act on the part of the king is that given by Mr. Froude, whose attitude in defending Henry VIII. is well known. Mr. Froude's explanation is that the betrothal had been pressed for by Ferdinand of Arragon, whose wishes the king was not in a position to set at nought. However, as soon as the boy Henry was thirteen, the earliest age at which he could legally act for himself, he was made to take upon him the responsibility of disowning the betrothal, which might indeed be contrary, eventually, to his conscience and his feelings. There can be little doubt that the act of disowning the engagement, though there was a report current that the lad did not know the contents of the paper he signed, must have left a distinct impression on his mind.

In those years of uncertainty and repression which helped to mould Catherine's character, she could not even have derived much comfort from the short visit of her sister, Joanna of Castile, who, with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria, had been on their way to take possession of her inheritance on the death of her mother, when the vessel in which they sailed was driven ashore on the coast of England, and the Royal pair came to Windsor. Their coming out of their way and the length of their detention in England were believed to be pieces of state craft on the part of Henry VII. Joanna had already given indication of the jealous frenzies of temper which rapidly developed into insanity. Her attack, in the presence of her husband and several members of her household, on an offending maid-of-honour, whose hair she tore and cheeks she buffeted in the most uncourtly manner, had caused a violent quarrel between the Princess and Philip. The mortifying news was said to have hastened the death of her poor mother, Queen Isabella. The quarrel was patched up, but Joanna was not a woman to trust to, or to resort to for counsel. The main use of the visit was that it afforded opportunity for the proposal of the never-fulfilled alliance between the pretty, bright nine-year-old Mary Tudor, younger daughter of Henry VII., and the Prince of Castile, the son of Joanna and Philip. Joanna's husband died soon after he left England, and, in spite of her blind devotion to his memory, which became a mad mania, concentrating itself upon his ashes which she carried about with her, the insult was inflicted on her misery of a talk of her marriage with Henry VII., just as there was also a talk of his marriage with a third widowed daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Queen-Dowager of Naples. Hard as Catherine's circumstances were at this time, it is clear enough that they were rendered still harder by a certain rigidity and obstinacy of disposition, which existed along with the possibilities of noble steadfastness. For the greater part of her youth in England, she had failed to acquire the English language, apparently setting herself against the acquisition in a manner not altogether unknown among young queen-consorts,* but not the less repugnant to common-sense and right feeling. The consequence was that she spoke and wrote English badly to the end of her days. She clung to her Spanish mode of dress, which would have been natural and pardonable enough in a private person, but was unwise in a queen as an index of the direction in which her sympathies turned. Her devotion was early marked by asceticism. She was more stately than gracious. She had an unhappy faculty, noteworthy in so young a woman, of differing from, and complaining bitterly of, her advisers, the two Spanish ambassadors in succession. Probably they had recommended to their too honest and decidedly querulous "Dona Catalina" a more diplomatic, if not a more accommodating and ingratiating style of behaviour.

With Henry VII.'s death in 1507 a great change came over Catherine's fortunes. Henry VIII., then a manly lad of eighteen, while Catherine was twenty-four, in place of appearing desirous to avail himself of the protest which he had signed, showed himself eager to confirm and complete the betrothal, to which Catherine no longer professed herself averse. Whether actuated by pity and generosity, as some of his chroniclers think, whether influenced by the tendency of very young men to be enamoured of women older than themselves, he gave every evidence of being sincerely and heartily attached to Catherine, whom, by his own solemn declarations, he never ceased to respect and esteem. In place of being plain, she was then a fine-looking young woman in her own peculiar style, and the harshness afterwards attributed to her manners certainly did not display itself in the first place to the young King.

Several of Henry's council—notably Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury—opposed the match, in spite of the Pope's dispensation, because of the relationship existing between Henry and Catherine;† but he had his way, as he continued to have it in later life. He and Catherine were married in the Friar's Church, in Greenwich Palace, on the 11th of June, 1509, some six weeks after the death of the late King. The marriage was solemnised precipitately and privately, almost secretly. Not so the entrance of the royal couple into London on St. John's Day, twelve days later. Prominent among the midsummer galas was the pretty sight of maidens in white, bearing white wax palms, lining the way from Cornhill to Old Change. Catherine herself was in bridal white, her fine hair hanging down her back; on her head a jewelled coronet. She was in a litter of white cloth of gold, supported between two white horses. But the ladies in attendance on her, who, at the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall sat under the table, at the Queen's feet, holding her "pocket-handkerchief, table-napkins, fan, and purse," were driven in "whirlecotes," the expressive name given to the first variety of

* Henrietta Maria vexed and mortified Charles I., during the first months of her reign, by perversely declining to make use of English.

† Miss Yonge has pointed out how immaterial the relationship must have appeared to Catherine, since one of her sisters, Mary of Naples, married the widower of her deceased sister Isabella, and reigned in her stead.

coaches. In the middle of the festivities, bringing them to a summary conclusion, the tidings arrived of the death of the King's grandmother, the much-honoured Margaret of Richmond and Derby.

The beginning of Henry's reign was a period of unclouded sunshine. "Bluff King Hal" was personally very popular in his younger days; and, as a help to the general harmony, the late King had left an overflowing exchequer. The last of Catherine's dowry was at length paid. She was Queen of England, and her King was one of the most hopeful and handsome of European princes. A relic of his affection which had awakened hers, survives in a gorgeous missal that had belonged to his mother, and was given by Henry to Catherine at this time. In it he wrote a sentence in old French, which, translated into modern English, reads thus:—"If your remembrance is according to my affection, I shall not be forgotten in your daily prayers, for I am yours—Henry R. for ever." Alas, for the "for ever," Henry's love was like summer lightning, swift and brief in its brilliancy. Catherine's was slow but sure. She wrote beneath the portrait of St. Margaret of Scotland, in the missal:—

"Be dayly probe, you shall me fynde
To be to you both loving and kynde."

Catherine's serious, reserved nature certainly opened up and blossomed in her passing prosperity. She did her best to enter into the noisy whirl of splendid gaiety in tiltings, masqueings, and mayings, in which the young King delighted, with which her graver character and maturer years could hardly sympathise. She feigned to be charmed by the boisterous surprises which he was constantly providing for her, when he appeared in strange disguises, and after he had outshone all competitors in mimic war or sport or the dance, threw aside the unknown armour, or the mask which had hid his face, and revealed the gay and gallant chief of the revels. She endured the merry riot when the faithful Commons, permitted to watch the grand doings, took the liberty of bursting into the royal circle and helping themselves freely to their share of the finery.

The one point in which Queen Catherine ran counter to her husband's wishes, and offended him by her contumaciousness, was by refusing to go into the fields, as English ladies went, hawking and hunting. There might be some show of reason in the objection when, with the strain of doggedness in her nature, she maintained that the ladies of her country were not accustomed to ride on horseback and indulge in such exercises. But for a biographer of Catherine's to urge that the woman, who as child and girl had been accustomed to share in the brutal national entertainment of the bull-fight, refrained from having anything to do with English field-sports, because of the superior womanly kindness and delicacy which rendered their coarseness and cruelty offensive to her, carries a broad contradiction on the face of the argument.

Catherine made an honourable effort to follow her mother's good example in inducing the King to welcome learned men to the Court. She herself particularly favoured Sir Thomas More. Erasmus, too, has borne testimony to her intelligence and courtesy. Though she had been so long in learning English, she expressed a wish that he should increase her acquaintance with Latin. But the name of the daughter of the generous patroness of Christopher Columbus is not once mentioned in connection with the very slight encouragement which Henry gave to the Bristol adventurer, Sebastian Cabot, and his enterprise.

Catherine employed herself and her ladies in busily manufacturing flags and banners for Henry when he went on the French wars. At a later and less happy period of her life, she came out to receive the commissioners sent to treat with her, with a skein of red silk hanging round her neck, and proceeded to explain how innocently and humbly she and her women had been engaged. But her housewifely attainments did not reach the supreme height of her mother Isabella's, since she is said, in the middle of the cares of Government and the distraction of the struggle with the Moors, to have made, with her own royal hands, a shirt for her Ferdinand.

Doubtless, Catherine was at the summit of her prosperity and happiness when she acted as regent of the kingdom in her husband's absence in France, and had the satisfaction of telling him of the English victory at Flodden. In the letter which gives him the news, by the way, though she inquires what is to be done with the body (or the supposed body) of the King of Scots, the aggressor in the war with his brother-in-law, which she seems to have wished to reserve for funeral honours, beseeming his relationship to the majesty of England, there is not a word of pity for the slain man's widow; yet this was Henry's sister Margaret, who had been Prince Arthur's favourite among all his kindred, who had not so very long ago danced that lively high dance with young Henry, before their late majesties at Westminster in the course of the festivities on Catherine's first marriage.

Other periods of dignified enjoyment and natural triumph on Catherine's part, were those in which she entertained her nephew, the Emperor Charles V., and when with Henry she received his proposals for her little daughter Mary, to whose aunt Mary he had been betrothed without anything coming of it. At the same time she is said to have been aroused to the danger of being "too Spanish," and either did not feel, or did not express, much affection for her nephew on his first arrival in England. According to the Spanish ambassador, as quoted by Du Boys, she hardly answered when Charles spoke to her.

Catherine accompanied Henry to Calais in order to assist in the splendours of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, while she was content to let Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, be the reigning beauty of the magnificent assembly. Catherine was satisfied so long as she and Queen Claude (poor young Queen Claude, slowly dying of consumption) were the two Queens, who exchanged visits of gracious ceremony every day, and even took the Holy Communion together, in token of the amity they sought to establish between England and France. One does not like to think that there was a conscious absence of sincerity in the solemn pledge, and there is no ground for supposing that Queen Claude acted with any reservation, but Catherine, under her apparent indifference to Charles, was devoted to the interests of her nephew, which were not exactly those of France. The beginning of the enmity between her and the great Cardinal Wolsey did not proceed from her indignation at his arrogance, or her displeasure because of the rôle he had played in the death of Buckingham. It was on account of his wrath at finding all his well thought out plans for building up the monarchy, bringing about peace and not war between England and France, thwarted by Catherine's standing on the side of her kinsman, and by the influence she exercised over Henry to induce him to adopt the cause of Spain and Austria, in reality to become the tool of the infinitely more astute Charles. For Henry was still a young man, and his early popularity with his people, which was so great that it is said his death then would have been regarded as a terrible national misfortune, though it had some foundation in what was generous and loveable in him in those days, was due much more to his fine person, his manly addiction to all martial exercises and field sports, and superiority in them, and to his frank, jovial humour, than to any aptitude for business or sound discretion in European politics. Even a foreigner who chanced to see Henry playing bowls, breaks out into an enthusiastic panegyric on his zeal and prowess in the game, on his stately height, breadth of shoulder, white skin, and golden beard.

In the middle of Catherine's temperate mingling in the amusements of the Court, and even on her own account playing tables (chess or draughts), tric-trac (backgammon), and cards, she heard mass celebrated several times every ordinary day, and many times on church festivals. She had books of devotion read to her for two hours in the middle of the day. She rose in the course of each night and repaired to her oratory, spending a considerable portion of the time praying on her knees, on the cold stones of the pavement. She wore a penitential robe belonging to one of the orders of St. Francis—open to women—of which she was a member, beneath her sumptuous apparel. She revived the devout practices of the King's grandmother Margaret, though Catherine was certainly behind her model in breadth of judgment, genuine studiousness, and enlightened benevolence. Besides, the fashions of the times were changing, and it was now openly said that Catherine's behaviour would have better suited the abbess of a convent than a queen in her court. Her conduct so affected Henry's for the moment, that the light-hearted, headstrong young man not only attempted to confute the tenets of Luther, and obtained from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith," of which Catherine was very proud, he grew nearly as great a professor of religion as his wife was. Perhaps no king ever combined so much hunting with the hearing of so many masses, unless it were the unfortunate, blamelessly respectable Louis XVI.

Catherine's tragic fate was foreshadowed betimes by the death of her eldest child, a son, born on the 1st of January, 1511, whose auspicious birth was hailed with much rejoicing, but who died in less than two months, deeply lamented by his mother. Of three more children—two of them boys, only one child survived, a girl, Princess Mary, born in February, 1516. The King ardently desired a male heir as the greatest security for the continuance of his race on the throne of England, and for the stability of the kingdom itself. The repeated disappointment of his hopes in the deaths of his infant sons certainly awoke in him a superstitious dread that heaven was punishing him, his house, and his realm, for the illegality, in spite of the papal dispensation, of his marriage with his brother Arthur's widow. Along with the dread, the fickle, evil, tyrannical possibilities in the temper of the man began to show themselves.

A lingering and severe illness which Catherine suffered about 1524, when she was in her fortieth year, aged her to a great extent. It tended to confirm in King Henry's mind the persuasion that the Divine vengeance was pursuing him and his wife. In addition, a sickly, despondent woman, with a tendency to moroseness, was little likely to be an agreeable companion to a pampered autocrat, a self-indulgent, frivolous man, who was six years her junior.

According to Mr. Froude, there had long been differences between them, and so far as the contrast in their characters went, this was nearly inevitable. They were only alike on one point, and unfortunately it was that of an imperious temper common to both; while Henry was "hot and impulsive," and Catherine "cold and self-contained." Her Castilian austerity," her "harsh and haughty manners," were alike against her. Yet even her critic admits that if she had renounced her rights, and withdrawn from the contest early in the struggle, she would have carried with her the good wishes

and affectionate remembrances of Henry's subjects. It is remarkable, when one considers her foreign extraction, which was made unnecessarily obtrusive to begin with, that the sympathies of the country went with her to the extent they did. For she was never called "the Spanish woman," as Marie Antoinette was styled "the Austrian woman." A large proportion of the people clung to her cause, as that of their good "Queen Catherine." The obtrusive hootings and jeerings were for "Nan Bullen," her successor—not for Catherine.

The notion of getting a divorce from Catherine on account of the illegality of her second marriage, and of Henry's thus being enabled to contract another, and, as it appeared to him, more suitable match, took by degrees entire possession of the King's mind. At first he was covertly encouraged in the idea by Wolsey, partly because he was not a servant who would contradict his master, partly because he desired to be rid of the hostile influence which overthrew his schemes.

But the difficulties to Henry's attaining a divorce were very great. The Pope had given a dispensation, and to withdraw it was not merely to deal a blow to the Papal infallibility, it was to draw down on the Holy See the indignation and vengeance of the greatest sovereign in Europe, the Emperor Charles V., who owned Austria, Spain, and the Low Countries as his personal possessions, while he had the additional authority of the imperial rank to which he had been elected. Catherine was universally respected, if not universally beloved, in England; and she had the accidental advantage on her side that, if her powerful kindred were set at naught, England, which had been recovering from the ruinous Wars of the Roses, and was beginning to reassert itself as likely to grow into a rich and powerful trading community, would find her commerce, chiefly with the Low Countries, fatally hampered.

For seven long trying years the painful controversy lasted, and included the appeals to the Pope, the arrival of the legates sent to decide the matter, and the summoning of councils of bishops and learned doctors of law and divinity, to overrule the halting indecision of the legates. The contest ended with the great conclusions that the Church of England was a Christian Church apart from the Roman hierarchy and independent of it, and that what the King and the foremost of the English prelates decreed, was ecclesiastical law.

Catherine must have suffered agonies of humiliation and wounded affection—affection in her so tenacious, from her first apprehension of the King's purpose, to its final enforcement.

Much shedding of blood and many a crushing downfall marked the strife. Very different victims—Sir Thomas More, who was an honour to the name of Englishman; good Bishop Fisher, who had been the King's tutor; the peasant girl, Elizabeth Barton, who, as the "Holy Maid of Kent," threatened to be an English Jeanne d'Arc—all perished. Great Wolsey, who had latterly refrained from urging on the divorce, seeing that the King's will was not to contract a great foreign alliance, but to wed with a subject, was degraded from his dignities, and died broken-hearted.

Occasionally it seemed utterly impossible that the divorce could be carried out; occasionally, also, the King appeared to waver and to return to his old allegiance. Shallow, coarse-natured, and despotic as Henry was, there was something in him that never ceased to esteem and respect Catherine. All that was true and gentle in a nature once full of promise suffered from the course he pursued, and the very suffering blinded him to his mixed and baser motives. It was not hypocrisy, it was the composite nature of the man which caused him to pause in his vehement maintenance of his measure, to seek Catherine's company at times, to go upon more than one Royal progress with her, and, in the friendliness and kindness of his behaviour, raise fresh hopes in her aching heart. Poor Catherine, on her part, sought with unwonted patience to promote this happier turn of affairs, and with painful anxiety laboured to increase her personal popularity by smiling and bowing to the people, "as she had not done before." Though aged far beyond her years, and inclined to embonpoint, she was not without claims to being a handsome woman still. Indeed, her style of good looks was better suited to extreme youth and to middle life than to the days of her prime.

But her autumnal attractions, such as they were, had small chance against the summer charms of the gifted and fascinating rival whom the King had elected to put in Catherine's place. Towards this rival, Anne Boleyn, who was then, and for years, one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, she never deigned to show either jealousy or rancour.

Catherine behaved with the greatest dignity and intrepidity when summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court at which Henry was present. Shakespeare's noble figure of Queen Catherine, so long identified with the grand acting of Sarah Siddons, was not nobler than the real woman at this stage of her adversity. Catherine refused, like herself, to submit "proudly, resolutely, gallantly, not without the scorn she was entitled to feel," admits Mr. Froude. She rose from her chair of state, and answered, protested against the legality of the tribunal, on the ground that her judges held benefices under the King, and appealed to Rome. When her name was called a second time, she rose, followed by her ladies, and passing the legates without a word, went round the Court till she reached the chair in which the King sat, and kneeling before him, pled to him "in her broken English," with infinite spirit and pathos. She appealed to him in the name of all the love which had been between them, and of the love of God. She reminded him that she was "a poor stranger born out of his dominions," without counsellor or friend save him. She called him to witness that she had been his true, obedient, loving wife, and that for a period of twenty years. She was the mother of his children, though it had pleased God to call divers of them out of the world, which was no fault of hers. She urged other powerful arguments, ending with the prayer that in the name of charity, and for the love of God, who was the just Judge of all, he would defer the sentence of the Court till she could hear from her friends in Spain. Rising in tears, she bowed low to the silent, agitated King, and walked out of the Court.

"Madam," said Griffiths, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leant, "you are called back," for the crier made the hall ring again with the summons, "Catherine, Queen of England, come again into Court."

"I hear it well enough," answered the dauntless Catherine, "but on, on, go you on, for this is no Court wherein I can have justice." It is said she added, with proud humility, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and I shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for my disobedience."

In June, 1529, after Cranmer had advised the King to take the advice of the universities of Europe and the prelates of England with regard to the legality of his marriage, irrespective of the verdict of the Pope of Rome, Catherine was required to quit Windsor Castle, and to leave behind her daughter, Princess Mary, then a girl of thirteen years of age.

From Ampthill, where Catherine resided for some time, she wrote motherly letters to and about her daughter. Catherine had been Mary's teacher in Latin, but the Queen magnanimously declared she was glad that the Princess should change her mother for a better tutor, and charged the young girl to profit by his instructions. A touching letter was addressed by Catherine to the Minister, Cromwell, on hearing that her daughter (always delicate) was ill. The poor mother begs to see her child again, urging "the little comfort and mirth she would take with me would be half health to her." It is difficult to associate the idea of easy intercourse and merriment with Queen Catherine at the best of times. Although she is said to have relished lively discourse on occasions, we have always seen her a little heavy and solemn in her seriousness, even at the height of her prosperity; and not much cheer could be expected from her in those dreary days of banishment and adversity; but what will not a mother's love attempt and achieve where the welfare of a child is concerned?

The Queen's entreaty was not granted. There was a rumour of her having been offered, at an earlier date, the guardianship of Princess Mary, with an allowance in proportion to the position, on condition that she submitted to the King's will, and united with him in seeking to procure a divorce. It was further said, that having refused to submit, she was denied the boon of her daughter's company. But there was ample reason for the refusal on other grounds, even though King Henry never ceased to profess his perfect confidence in Catherine's many virtues, and his reverence for them. There can be no doubt that Catherine and Mary were the centre of a great political party in England, apart from the supporters of their claims abroad. In the eyes of the stricter Catholic nobility and gentry (the Poles, the Nevilles, the Courtneys, etc., etc.) who remained firm to their creed, Mary would be still the King's heir, let him marry whom he would in Catherine's lifetime; a large part of the Church, professing themselves impressed by the prophecies of Elizabeth Barton, who predicted the King's death if he did not repent and return to Queen Catherine, held the same views. It was asserted that they had gone so far in their schemes as to plot the King's removal from the throne, on the plea that he had disqualified himself for reigning, and the proclamation of Mary as Sovereign in his stead. In these circumstances the safe custody of Mary became a question of the utmost importance, and to commit her to the keeping of her mother was a political impossibility.

In May, 1533, the sentence declaring Henry's marriage with Catherine null, and giving liberty to the contracting parties to marry elsewhere, was given in the Archepiscopal Court held at Dunstable, and was read publicly in the Lady Chapel of Dunstable Priory. Thenceforth Catherine was addressed in all Court communications as Princess Dowager of Wales, in right of her widowhood to Arthur, Prince of Wales. The first time she saw herself thus addressed, she took up a pen and drew it through the offending words with such force that her erasure stands in a bold, black line on the State paper to this day. When bidden to give up her title of Queen, she rejected the proposal with great indignation from the bed on which she was lying, lame and sick: "I would rather be a poor beggar's wife, and sure of heaven," she protested, "than Queen of the world, and stand in doubt thereof by my own consent. I stick not so for vain-glory, but because I know myself to be the King's true wife, an you call me the King's subject; I was his subject while his wife." A good deal more she said with much point and plainness, utterly regardless of the fact that the sentence of contumaciousness had already been pronounced upon

her, and that to be accused of contumacious resistance to the King's will was no light matter in the England of those days.

It would not be fair to refuse to acknowledge that, seeing things as he and his counsellors did, Henry acted towards Catherine in her attitude of defiance to his will with some amount of respectful forbearance; compared to his later treatment of those who opposed him, his conduct was tolerance itself. His character was by no means destitute of magnanimity, till self-indulgence in every form—in a violent temper, among other undesirable defects, association with unprincipled and vicious companions, and health and strength fearfully squandered and ruined, had destroyed the balance of his nature. He could not let Catherine continue his Queen; he could not suffer her to stay where she liked; he was forced to deprive her of the company of her daughter; but whether actuated by a sense of justice, by lingering regard, or by dread of her kindred, he stopped short of persecuting her in any form, or of driving her from England. He allowed her to have her household and friends around her. He interfered very little with her visitors, native or foreign, though there was strong reason to believe that they were hostile to him. If her income of five thousand pounds a year, as Princess Dowager of Wales, was not paid regularly or fully from an exchequer no longer overflowing as when Henry succeeded to his father's hoards, it is quite possible that he was not aware of the remissness, or altogether accountable for it; and that it was the fault of the Minister Cromwell or of his subordinates.

From Ampthill, Catherine was removed to Mote, and then to the bishop's palace of Bugden, in Lincolnshire—localities which were all displeasing to her. She considered them damp and cold, while her wishes pointed to the neighbourhood of London, which on other grounds was not admissible as her place of residence. Her pecuniary affairs were in the uncomfortable condition in which they had been during the earlier years of her stay in England, without any fault of hers. Her ladies' salaries and servants' wages were in arrears, and she and her household were but scantily supplied with what was requisite for them.

To speed the lagging hours the deposed Queen and her ladies worked diligently on the rich embroidery used in altar cloths and ecclesiastical vestments. At the window of a chamber looking into the chapel, Catherine would pray for hours, both by day and night, on the bare stones, from which the cushions had been removed. Some of her servants reported that they found the stones against which her head had rested "wet as though a shower had rained upon them," from the tears which had poured from her eyes.

On Catherine's praying that she might be removed from Bugden, as the air was prejudicial to her health, Fotheringay, which had been settled on her as Princess of Wales, was appointed for her residence. But the ex-Queen regarded the choice as an attempt to entrap her into an appearance of consenting to her deposition, and doggedly declined the change, saying that though his Grace had the power, "yet ne may she, ne will she go, unless drawn with ropes."

Finally Kimbolton Castle was fixed upon for her dwelling, though she objected to this arrangement also, because there the air blew from the fen countries, and was likely to be chilly and noxious to a foreigner and a native of the South. To Kimbolton Castle, however, she was sent, in despair of contenting her or of finding a more suitable home for her.

There is a pleasant description of Kimbolton, as it was then, given by one of its owners, and quoted by Miss Strickland. It had a "tower and gateway and double ditch." It was "a house buried in wood," with open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned by either abbey tower or village spire—a green, bright country, full of deer and birds and fen wildfowl, free to the March winds, asking of its dwellers who would keep in health a good deal of exercise on horse and foot. But, alas! the Spanish-bred Catherine could neither walk nor ride.

She did not live more than two years at Kimbolton. Her health grew worse, till a report of her death reached King Henry from the Spanish ambassador, and startled and shocked him. On inquiry, her physician asserted that he had asked his patient to get more medical advice, and she had answered that she would in no wise have any other physician, but would wholly commit herself to the pleasure of God. It is said that Catherine again petitioned to see her daughter, from whom she had been separated for six years, who was by this time a young woman of nineteen years of age. But there is no evidence that this petition was ever made, though there is still extant a letter which Catherine wrote to Henry, assuring him of her love and forgiveness, which moved him to tears. It caused him to dispatch immediately to Kimbolton her nephew, the Emperor Charles' ambassador. He was to greet kindly from Henry his "dear sister," as he had styled Catherine from the time of their separation, and to act as the representative of her kindred and her countrymen in hearing the dying princess's last wishes, and in giving her the ambassador's council and support. There is every presumption that the same impulse of regret and pity induced Henry to grant leave to one of Catherine's earliest friends to repair to her side. This friend was one of the maids-of-honour who had accompanied the princess in her girlhood from Spain to England. Her Spanish name was Dona Maria de Salazar. She was the daughter of Don Salazar, a captain of Ferdinand of Arragon's guard, and was a relation of Catherine's. She had married Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and settled in England. She had been left a widow at twenty-eight years of age, and so was in one sense mistress of her actions; but, according to her own statement, she had the King's authority for the step she took. This faithful lady accomplished a long journey on horseback, in the depth of winter, and sustained in addition a heavy fall from her horse, before she arrived, on New Year's Day, 1536, at the gate of Kimbolton Castle. There was some demur at admitting her, but she pleaded cold and exhaustion, begged to go to a fire, and declared she had letters on her which would exonerate everybody from the responsibility of giving her entrance. She at last succeeded in reaching the sick woman, the much honoured Dona Catalina of former days. What a meeting for the friends!

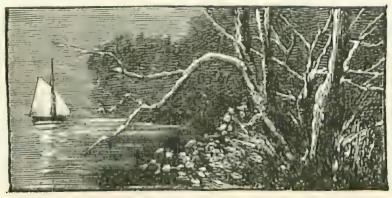
Catherine was happy in seeing and being able to speak in her mother tongue to both Lady Willoughby and the Imperial Ambassador, and in dying calmly in their presence. She was fifty years of age at the time of her death. Catherine's will was full of her natural thoughtfulness and conscientiousness. She chose her place of burial, and named the masses she wished to be said for her soul. She bequeathed the gold collar which she had brought with her from Spain, to her daughter. She referred to gowns of hers, apparently robes of state in the King's possession, and asked that they might be given to the convent in which she wished to be buried, with the exception of the fur on them, which she desired her daughter to have. She earnestly requested that small bounties, in proportion to their rank and length of service, might be bestowed on her ladies and servants, including "ten pounds to the little maidens, every one of them." She carefully recorded her few debts, among them her year's wage to her apothecary, the charge for making a gown which was due, and her laundress's bill.

It has been said that Catherine's wishes with regard to her place of burial ("in a convent of Observant Friars") were neglected; that there is no proof of her legacies and debts having been paid, and that Henry seized her effects by means of an unworthy subterfuge. But the fact is that the King destined for her a noble memorial; that the sole legacy she left, of which anything is known, is shown to have been paid; and that the course which Henry pursued with regard to Catherine's property was the only one legally open to him in the peculiar circumstances.

Catherine was buried with fitting honour in Peterborough Abbey, which was afterwards spared, it was believed for her sake, in the destruction of so many ecclesiastical edifices. Henry is reported to have said that "he would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom."

At Greenwich the King and his Court kept the funeral day of Catherine in mourning, with religious observances, while Anne Boleyn and her partisans were so self-engrossed and ill-advised as to rejoice openly.

Catherine's daughter Mary proposed to have her mother's body removed and placed in the tomb which should hold her own remains, but the intention was unfulfilled. A small brass plate has alone, from the first, marked the spot where Catherine lies. Local superstition has sought to raise other monuments to the pious, upright, hardly-used princess and woman. When Catherine's successor suffered a still more terrible doom, the church officials of Peterborough would have it that the tapers surrounding the hearse which had brought Catherine to her last resting-place a few months before, and still stood over her grave, were lit, and afterwards extinguished, of themselves. The legend of a royal ghost is one of the precious possessions of the present lords of Kimbolton. The vision of a stately lady in flowing white, wearing the regal crown of which she was deprived in life, glides in fancy through the old rooms, descends the turret stair, and kneels in the chapel.



"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SQUIRE.

HOLLYFIELD VICARAGE was comparatively a new house—that is to say, new when compared with its neighbours. Mr. Burmester had inaugurated his taking possession of the living of Hollyfield by a resolution, since well kept, to restore the church and rebuild the vicarage. He was young and vigorous in those early days, had just married, and was full of zeal for the welfare of his parishioners. He was vigorous still, and zealous as ever, but neither he nor his wife was in good health, and we all know that weak digestions are sad drawbacks to earthly bliss as well as to hard work.

The vicarage was, as it should be, the church's right hand. Only an iron railing divided the sloping and smooth lawn of the one from the tree-shadowed and well-kept graveyard of the other. The church was ancient, and in its restoration the vicar had been careful to preserve intact its square tower and pointed porch. The stone seats and curious woodwork of the porch rejoiced the villagers of the nineteenth century as much as they had those of the sixteenth, and no old monument was allowed to go to decay, either within or without the sacred building.

The vicarage, on the contrary, was modern, and looked smilingly down from its elevated site upon the few houses and the schoolhouse standing within its ken. It slightly overtopped The Gables, and Miss Dulcey was wont to declare that it was impossible for her to go out or come in without being inspected by curious eyes. The real parish of which Mr. Burmester was pastor was scattered over a couple of miles of fields and lanes, and he had much more work to do than a stranger might have guessed. He would sometimes declare that the flock he shepherded was more wandering and restive than the larger one he had kept when curate in a great manufacturing town, and just as hard to bring into the true fold. He realised the trite saying, that human nature is the same everywhere, and laboured, and preached, and prayed as indefatigably to his rustic population as he had done to his crowded urban parish. Moreover, he was just as happy and useful in the one as the other.

A bright and cheerful spot was Hollyfield Vicarage, and whenever the sun shone, he was sure to shine right into its windows, and all over its garden and lawn. Unlike its neighbour, Castle Farm, it had no dark side, but, like the "city set on a hill," served as a beacon to all comers. And no guest was unwelcome, either to the vicar, his wife, or daughter; for although Mrs. Burmester was generally in delicate health, she made it her special "mission," in these days of missions, to welcome indiscriminately gentle and simple. Miss Dulcey declared she "overdid it," and perhaps there was some truth in this opinion, since countryfolk are great sticklers for etiquette. Be that as it may, she and her daughter Dolly awaited impatiently their visitors from Castle Farm, on the afternoon of the vicar's visit to that quarter of his parish.

They were at work in a pleasant sitting-room which commanded a view, not only of The Gables, but of the landscape beyond it. Mrs. Burmester was knitting a woollen petticoat, as she reclined in a sort of chaise longue, while Dolly was making believe to embroider an antimacassar intended for Miss Dulcey's birthday. The mother fought such a fight with her invalidism that people were inclined to think there was not much the matter with her; but she was really seldom out of pain. Those who know what chronic suffering means will appreciate her efforts. Dolly, who had scarcely ever felt an ache, was sometimes a little wearied by them; but then Dolly was young, slightly spoilt, and hated being indoors. Besides, her mother was given to "improving the occasion," as the saying is, and Dolly fancied she knew what was right and what was wrong, without being continually reminded of it.

Dolly was the roundest, ruddiest, merriest specimen of twelve-year-old girlhood imaginable, and not unlike her mother, who looked much less of an invalid than she was. Indeed, Mrs. Burmester was a riddle to her friends, simply because she was uncomplaining, and disliked talking of her ailments.

"There's Miss Dulcey. I hope she isn't coming here," suddenly exclaimed Dolly, jumping up and looking out of the window.

"Why do you hope that, Dolly?" asked her mother, reprovingly. "I am sure Miss Dulcey is most kind to you. It is very wrong——"

"Oh, yes, mother, I know," interrupted Dolly. "But I wanted to have the children all to myself. I wish they would come. Hurrah! here they are; and Miss Dulcey too, I verily believe. No. She has turned back."

"Forgot something, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Burmester, glancing from the window on Miss Dulcey, retreating into her house; it was literally true that she could not move without the oversight of her friends.

Dolly ran out of the house and down the side path leading to the church to meet Belle and the children. They had come by the gravelled walk beneath the castle, and were toiling up the somewhat steep continuation of it towards the vicarage. Dolly raced across the lawn, and was in their midst. She threw her arms round Belle in ecstatic delight, exclaiming—

"Oh, you dear Belle! I am so glad to be home again. There is no place in the world like Hollyfield."

Then she collapsed when she saw what a big boy Weatherley was, and grew almost shy. Belle formally introduced them, and they shook hands with all the formality of discreet years. Marjory held up her face for a kiss, which restored Dolly's free manner, and when she saw Mamy hiding in Aunt Belle's petticoat, she caught her up in her arms and frightened the child to death.

"She doesn't know you," said Marjory, holding out protecting arms to Mamy.

"She soon will," cried Dolly, running off with Mamy to her mother, followed by Marjory.

"What a funny girl!" ejaculated Weatherley. "She is very countrified, Aunt Belle."

They found Mamy quite happy on Mrs. Burmester's lap, with Dolly on her knees at her side; indeed, they were soon a merry party. Mrs. Burmester and Belle were fast friends, and had much to say to one another, so Dolly was told to take her new friends into her nursery, as her schoolroom was still called, where they soon made acquaintance, and Weatherley confided to Marjory that she was "a very jolly girl."

Mrs. Burmester had a proposal to make to Belle, and lost no time in making it.

"I see at a glance that Marjory is just what I have been wanting for Dolly," she said. "I think when Flo comes back we cannot do better than get her to undertake their education together. I suppose she must do something; and teaching will steady her if anything will. Your niece could come here and learn with Dolly, and the even tenor of our ways would not be destroyed by a resident governess or any interloper. Flo and Marjory could spend the best part of the day at the vicarage, and return to you when lessons are over."

Belle was surprised by this sudden proposal, but did not hesitate to say

that if only Flo could be induced to find happiness at home, it was the best that could be made, for her at least.

"Dear Mrs. Burmester, you and the vicar are always thinking of generous deeds," she added. "But if Dolly should not take a fancy to Marjory, or think her too young, the plan would never answer."

"All plans answer if made in faith, and I have been asking for this very coincidence ever since I was obliged to give up Dolly's education. But we will think it over. I suppose the children are settled with you for some time. At least, so says Mr. Burmester. But I never anticipate the future. Sufficient for the day is not only the evil but the good thereof. I am sure you see life, as I do, in this light."

"I strive to live by the day," replied Belle. "But what with one thing and another, I find myself looking ahead more than I ought. What with this fortune and the children and the uncertainty of weather and crops, to say nothing of the difficulty of paying one's way, I find myself often very faithless."

"You have many blessings, Belle. Above all, you have health," sighed Mrs. Burmester, rising with much difficulty, for Dolly came in to say tea was ready.

Belle offered her arm, and Mrs. Burmester's weakness was apparent in her slow and painful walk from one room to the other. Still, she headed the table and tea-tray, and looked with smiling satisfaction on the four children, seated in expectation of cakes and jam. Dolly and Weatherley were side by side, in full talk, while Marjory superintended Mamy. Mrs. Burmester asked Belle to take the seat opposite her, and cut the cake and bread.

In came Mr. Burmester and Miss Dulcey. "Now, children, I am one of you," said the latter, sitting down by Mamy, while the vicar took his seat at his wife's elbow, a post he always filled.

They were married lovers, and never happy if long apart. The weakness of the wife served to strengthen the devotion of the husband, and Dolly clenched the band that united them by the clasp of filial love.

Miss Dulcey was always wide awake, and never more keenly so than when with children. They were frightened of her at first, but she soon made them feel at home, and managed to amuse them as much as she did her older friends.

"When are you going to give your afternoon tea, Miss Dulcey?" asked Dolly. "Weatherley and Marjory would like to come. I told them about it."

"Already!" ejaculated Miss Dulcey. "How much you have said in a short time, and how quickly you make acquaintances. Proper young ladies take a long time before they become confidential with proper young gentlemen."

"But I'm not a proper young lady, Miss Dulcey. I can't bear proper people," said Dolly.

"Then you're like a charwoman I know in London, who says she wouldn't belong to the gentry for anything, 'because they are so proper,'" laughed Miss Dulcey.

Mr. Burmester laughed also, and his wife and the children caught the contagion, and laughed, whether they understood the joke or no. Mamy laughed loudest of all, and clapped her little hands.

"I have brought down the house! I have gained an encore!" cried Miss Dulcey, enthusiastically kissing the child.

The door opened at that moment, and a gentleman came in unannounced.

"I couldn't resist the laughter, so I didn't wait to have the bell answered," he said. "What a merry party! Dolly, I heard your voice very loud indeed."

"No; it was Miss Dulcey's. She always makes us laugh," said Dolly.

But Miss Dulcey laughed no longer. On the contrary, she looked singularly grave all of a sudden. So did Mr. and Mrs. Burmester. They rose to shake hands with the new comer, and hemmed and hawed slightly as they spoke to him. He was a large, strongly-built man, of middle height, and florid complexion. A fine man, people called him, and so he was, if width, a good carriage, and a head well-set on broad shoulders constitute fineness. He looked in face younger than he was; for the top of his head was bald, and his hair and whiskers were beginning to foretell age. His pleasant voice bespoke a genial nature, and his manner was kind and courteous. He looked with marked interest on the children; but perceiving a certain constraint in Mrs. Burmester's manner, said—

"I hope I haven't interfered with your tea by coming in so abruptly. These children are strangers to me, and perhaps I shall frighten away their appetites."

"You are always welcome; but——" replied Mrs. Burmester.

"You will join our party; but——" said the vicar.

"The long and short of it all is, Hewson, that these children are your grandchildren," said Miss Dulcey, laying a hand on Mamy's pretty curls. "You must know it sooner or later, since they are living at Castle Farm. I think you know Miss Dauncey. She is taking care of them during their father's absence in search of a fortune that will buy us all up."

Belle moved uneasily. She had never spoken to her brother's father-in-law since that brother's marriage, and was greatly distressed at this unexpected encounter. Squire Weatherley, for he it was, was more than distressed—he was angered and confounded. He made a sort of haughty bow to Belle, and turned on his half-sister with the words—

"This is all your doing, Dulcey. You have to answer for Amy's death and the consequent disgrace. I did not expect this insult here, at the vicarage."

Miss Dulcey, nothing daunted, with her hand still on Mamy's head, confronted him. They were both standing near the teatable, while the four children looked and listened, and Mr. and Mrs. Burmester and Belle stood in much alarm.

"There can be no insult in giving your grandchildren the tea and cake you won't give them yourself," said Miss Dulcey, who could be provoking on occasion. "Certainly Mrs. Burmester intended none, and it was impossible to imagine that you would join us unbidden. You needn't be ashamed of 'em. They are far advanced in the education of the day—know more than you or I—and as for Weatherley——"

"Weatherley! Who dared give them my name?" cried the aggrieved squire, laying his hand on Miss Dulcey's shoulder somewhat roughly.

The answer came from an unexpected quarter, and Miss Dulcey got an unexpected ally. The boy, who had been named after his mother's family at her particular wish, suddenly joined the belligerents. He had been growing redder and redder, and, so to say, swelling with indignation during the interview. He mastered himself, however, sufficiently to say, as he faced his grandfather, with tolerable calmness and the assurance of a man—

"I am Weatherley Dauncey. Mother would have me christened by her family name, though father didn't wish it. She told me so often when she used to talk of you, and say you were angry with her because she married father. Aunt Dulcey didn't kill mother. She died of consumption, and all poor father and Dr. Silver could do wouldn't save her. She——"

Here momentary emotion choked the boy's voice, and Marjory broke in with—

"She went to heaven; God took her."

"Dod took her," echoed Mamy.

"She wanted to live to see you, sir, but she couldn't," continued Weatherley. "She told me so, because I was the eldest, and poor father used to cry when she talked to him of going away from us. She said she would come down here and see you if she was able; but she was too weak to travel, Dr. Silver told her so. Miss Dulcey was always kind and good to dear mother, and to us all. We love her dearly."

Miss Dulcey found herself in that uncomfortably hysterical state which lies between tears and laughter; but she managed to whisper to her champion that he had better be silent. He did hold his tongue for a few seconds; but being of an aggressive spirit, he stood looking at his grandfather with that sort of unflinching air which is almost more irritating than words.

Squire Weatherley returned his gaze; he was not unmoved. His mouth quivered, and the hat he held in his hand trembled perceptibly. His eyes even fell before the bold glance of his grandson, who had insensibly acquired the notion that all the family troubles were due to him. He was of a choleric temperament, as all the spectators knew, and he soon recovered his usual tone and carriage.

"Who has put it into your head to browbeat me?" he asked, angrily; then added, turning to his sister, "Is this your work, Dulcey, as well as the rest of it?"

"I didn't mean to browbeat you, sir, only to defend Aunt Dulcey," returned Weatherley, with an air that made the

squire smile in spite of his antagonism. "Neither she nor anybody else set me on, and we none of us want anything from you. Marjory and I mean to work, and Aunt Belle will take care of Mamy."

"Aunt Belle! Mamy!" echoed the little one, suddenly kneeling up on her chair, and facing Weatherley.

The name and the sweet face stayed an angry answer from the squire, for who could resist Mamy's innocent eyes? They looked at him for a moment, and something frightened the child, so that the little mouth pursed up, the head drooped on the left shoulder, and Belle, who was watching her, saw that she was going to cry. She caught her up in her arms, and approaching the squire and Weatherley, said—

"I am very sorry that this has happened. I hope you will believe it was unintentional, Mr. Weatherley. The children are only staying with us for a time, while my brother has gone to America. I will be more careful in future. I quite understand how unpleasant it is for you."

While Belle was speaking, Marjory got off her chair, and crept to her side, so that the squire was confronted by his three grandchildren. As he was not hard-hearted, only grievously offended, he could not fail of being affected. He was so, apparently, for he was overcome by sudden emotion when he saw Mamy; moved towards her; changed his mind; retreated, and with a bow to Belle, left the room. Mr. Burmester followed him, but he was out of the house and on the drive before he reached the door.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—The Secretary of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen wishes us to acknowledge the receipt of seven pairs of cuffs, kindly sent by you to him.

E. J. S.—We have quite recently given full directions for knitting in the foreign way. You will find it under the heading "Work," in our Answers.

A RUGBEAN.—The chief authority on all decorative embroidery is the "Dictionary of Needlework," which is on the list of the reference libraries of both our museums. We think it probable that, as this great and expensive work has also been published in some of its several departments in separate form, to place them within reach of persons who do not require the whole volume, you may find one on decorative embroidery of the kind you desire. An illustration is given of basket-stitch, which is a variety of couching; rows of cotton cord are laid down upon the foundation before the work is begun, over two strands and under two alternately, just as in basket-work style. Long-stitch is also known as *passé*, *point passé*, and *au passé*; it is otherwise called satin-stitch when worked across the material without any padding. It should be worked in a frame, and consists of two kinds, flat and raised. It will be found fully described and illustrated at pages 192 and 193, "Dictionary of Needlework."

ART.

AMABEL.—Wall-papers should be drawn on large sheets of paper of the size to be reproduced. Certainly you need not colour the whole sheet; only one "repeat," to show how the design is to be coloured, which you can do in water-colours. Beyond this, you must shade some portion in sepia, and beyond that, again, an outline only is required. The rest of the long sheet should be blocked-out in squares, with indications to show where the principal parts of the design will be repeated. A pattern so prepared is essential to the engraver or painter. To design in this way, you should learn geometry, and use a particular kind of paper upon which to make your trial studies. It would be impossible for you to repeat pattern after pattern without the aid of geometry. When satisfied with your design, reproduce it, by the blocking-out in squares process, upon large sheets, as before directed. The price to be obtained for a wall-paper design must depend entirely on its own beauty or originality of idea, and to some extent on the notoriety of the artist.

HAPPY WORKER and NEMO.—We have given an article upon "Painting on Velvet" in volume ii., page 504. You will find the paint will crack when laid on too thickly. Stipple it on the velvet, as recommended. The use of Florentine Medium will help to harden the colours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOUJOURS FIDELE, ARTHUR'S DARLING, BETTIE M. B., N. L., FUNNYLAUGHER, M. O'DONOHUE, C. L. C., MAUDIE, FRANCESCA, ETHEL GERTRUDE, DOLPHINE, MIZPAH, EUPHEMIA, EMELINA, M. A. G., H. R., VALENDALE, and NELLIE all send us poetical compositions to read, none of them being "poetry" in any sense, save the few verses of "Dolphine." The composition of such effusions is an outlet for the natural unrest of youth, and gives comfort and a sense of doing something, which is valuable, especially as few parents have time to sympathise with such "states of mind."

YRAM CREMONA, KATE BEALE, GRACE H. CO., FRANCES DONOVAN, and E. B. S. send us prose compositions of various kinds to read, and inquire of us whether it be worth while to persevere in writing. To which question we can safely answer "Yes" to one and all, as the facility of writing is very valuable when acquired, and may develop into higher things. Grace H. Co.'s attempt is ambitious, but not at all bad. We give her credit for her courage. E. B. S.'s writing is truly dreadful. One of the chief things to be desired in a writer for the press is a clear and good handwriting.

AUGUSTA.—The 1st August, 1878, was a Thursday. "Vacation" is another name for "holidays."

A GIRL IN NEED OF ADVICE.—We think a lady's-maid, useful maid, or mother's help situation would be very suitable, unless you like children, and could get a really good place as upper nurse. But much experience is essential for this.

WILD ROSE.—Get a small roundhand copybook, and practise daily with great care.

A. W. S.—No man who respects you would ever try to make you do anything clandestinely. You are far too young to know your own mind, or take care of yourself; and your mother, far from being "stupid" (as you so undutifully call her!) is probably quite aware that you are a foolish girl, easily led astray.

A CONTENTED ONE.—The line, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand," is from Tennyson's poem, commencing "Break, break, break." Your poem is full of good and pious thoughts, but has no original ideas; nor has it even the garb of poetry in its metrical composition.

BETROTHED does not mention her own age, nor that of her lover. If she be four or five-and-twenty, we should think her fully capable of deciding on her own future for herself. But there may be other reasons for thinking the marriage unwise, besides those she mentions to us.

BESSIE FLEWIN C.—Your first question seems a foolish one, in view of the direct commandment of Christ, which says "Do this." The meaning of *Nemo me impune lacessit* is "No man shall provoke me with impunity." It is the motto of the Order of the Thistle, a plant whose sharp prickles wound those who grasp them roughly.

EDITH OF LORNE.—If the refreshments are to be paid for, and the gentleman invite the lady to partake of them, we suppose he pays for them, and it would, of course, be a matter for her consideration whether she accept his kindness or not.

A LITTLE MITE.—The only method of finding out is to apply at the infirmary yourself.

MARIE STUART.—We advise that your daughter should lie flat on her back for two hours each day, an hour in the morning and one in the afternoon. Some simple gymnastic exercises would also be useful, such as you will soon see described in our magazine.

POLICHINELLE, FANTASIE, MARY M., A YOUNG WIDOW, KITTY.—The poem is pretty, and does you credit. Fantasie's poem is unoriginal, and also that of Mary M. A. Y. W.—Pleasant thoughts, not poetry. Kitty—Rhymes good.

DALRIE.—The case seems one for faith and patience. Ask for God's light on your path and on your lover's, and the way will be opened to you in His time. You must remember that love—true, tender, and faithful—is the gift of God. Your course seems to have been honest and straightforward.

FATINITZA.—Do not do it. You will not like any of the books, for their tone is not good.

TOBY AND TOM.—Ruth Lamb is not a *nom de plume*. It is Mrs. Lamb's real name.

IDA P.—Your friend appears to be out of health, if her waist be nearly as large as her shoulders. It is not a mere cure for fat that she needs, but advice respecting her general habits, dietary, and other matters. She may have some constitutional mischief to be contended with by careful medical treatment. Your writing is a good foundation for a running hand.

PERILLA.—The eldest son's sisters have precedence of their nieces, under all circumstances, married or single. Their place (unless they be raised to a higher rank through marriage) is next after the eldest son's wife. Thus his eldest sister is Miss So-and-so, and her niece, Miss Jane So-and-so. Of course, in noble families there is only one Miss So-and-so, and all the eldest sons of junior branches should be known by their christian names. In middle-class families this does not apply. The respective ages of aunts and nieces do not affect such questions. A younger son's wife should certainly use her husband's christian name with her surname. Were the eldest son dead, his widow should be addressed as "Mrs. So-and-so, senior." In law and business papers and cheques she would use her own christian name to distinguish her.

*** Our readers are advised to order the SUMMER NUMBER (entitled "*Gilliflowers*") of this magazine *at once*, in order to prevent disappointment. It will be issued with the July part.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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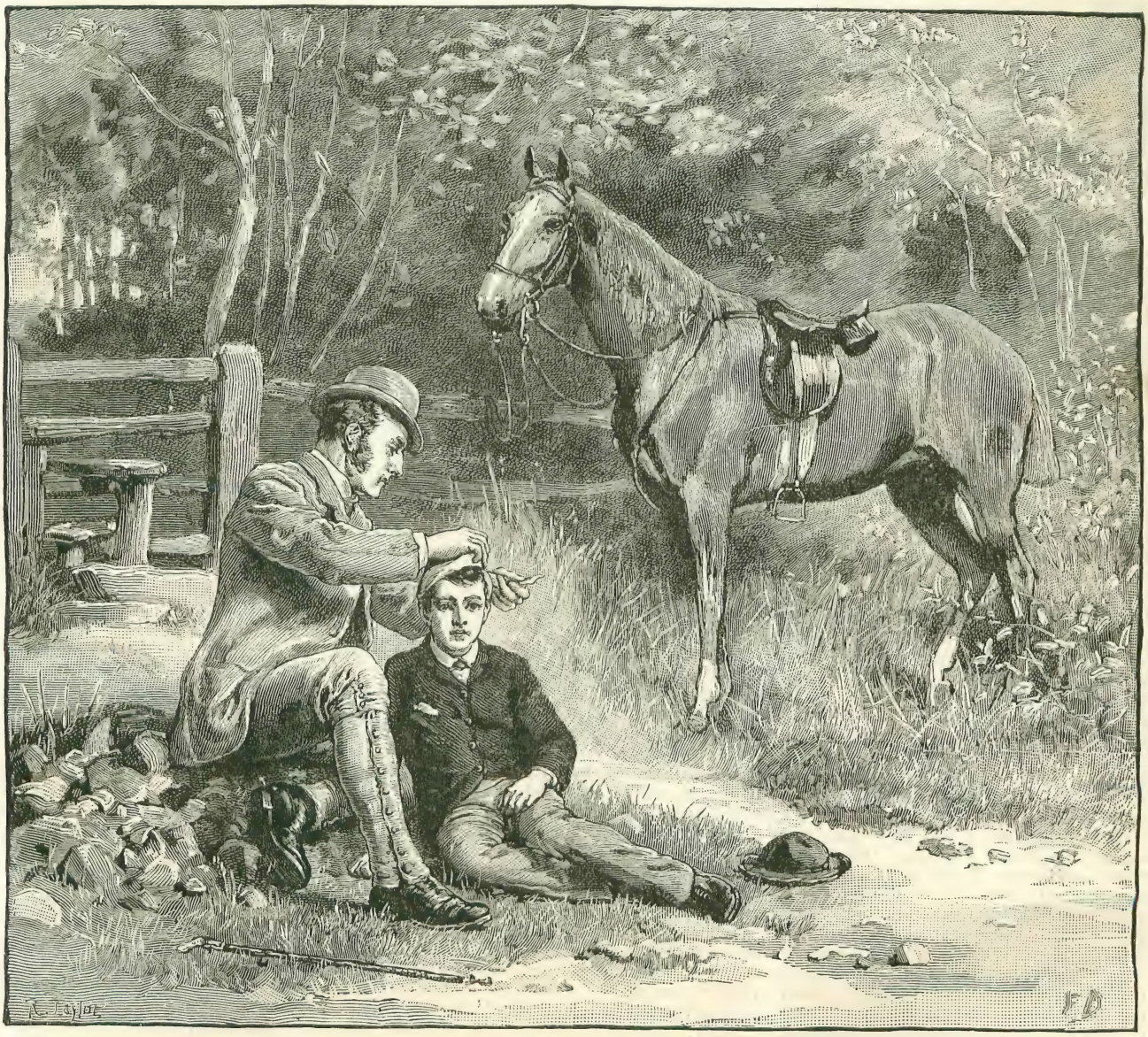
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

BY ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.



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"'I'VE HAD WORSE SCORES OF TIMES,' HE SAID."

CHAPTER IX.

WEATHERLEY.

WHEN Mr. Burmester returned to the dining-room after his pursuit of the squire, he found a very disturbed party. Weatherley was much abashed—a frame of mind unusual to him; but he feared that he had been rude and even impertinent, which he rarely, if ever, was. Marjory had her arm about his neck, striving to comfort him, and Mamy was sobbing in Aunt Belle's arms.

"Naughty man!" she had said when her grandfather went away, which greatly delighted Miss Dulcey, and distressed Belle.

"I am very sorry I made such a commotion, sir," said Weatherley, when Mr. Burmester returned. He felt that he could apologise better to a man than a woman. "I didn't mean to be rude, or to offend anyone; only I got angry, and I felt as if I couldn't help it. I know he ought to have spoken to me first, and I shouldn't have said a word, only he abused Aunt Dulcey and spoke of mother."

Mr. Burmester laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, and was about to give him a little good advice concerning restraint of temper and respect of elders, when Miss Dulcey broke forth with—

"My dear Weatherley, you couldn't have done better if you had studied your speech with one of your exams—is that what you call your professors? I know my brother. Whether anything comes of it or not, he doesn't think the worse of you for speaking your mind. If more people followed your example, there wouldn't be half so much deceit as there is in the world. Now let us forget all about it and finish our tea."

But neither Weatherley nor the others could "forget all about it." The unexpected episode disturbed the little party, and even Molly was silenced. She heaped dainties on Weatherley's plate, nevertheless, with solicitous kindness; for although she only half understood what had passed, she reflected that "A boy's very own grandfather ought to be kind to him," and it pained her to see his manner so changed. But he had been always taught respect and obedience to his elders, and with all his self-reliance he seldom transgressed the precepts of his parents. He could not, therefore, get over his own independence, though he said afterwards he should do it again if he had the chance.

When Belle repeated the little scene to her father, he highly praised the boy's spirit, and when he afterwards met Miss Dulcey, they rejoiced over it in most improper style.

"But the lad hasn't been himself ever since," said Mr. Dauncey. "He's a queer fellow, and not unlike the squire himself, only with a touch of Charlie's conscientiousness. Fortunately he isn't a bit like me."

"Fortunately," echoed Miss Dulcey, who knew that Dauncey expected a compliment. "What he's got he'll keep, or I'm much mistaken."

"And you don't think that's my turn, Miss Dulcey?"

"Do you, Mr. Dauncey?"

He couldn't say that he did, so they parted, as usual—he in a huff, she rejoicing that she had been able to give him a bit of her mind in a polite way.

During the ensuing week Weatherley requested permission to explore the country, as he expressed it. He wanted to see its beauties far and near.

"I have been half over London by myself, Aunt Belle," he said. "I shouldn't be lost here. I already know my way about the farm and village, and want to see the neighbourhood."

"Certainly, nothing like independence," said his grandfather; so Master Weatherley began his wanderings.

The truth was that he wanted to see Weatherley Court. The boy was a lover of nature, and had a poetic turn, and sometimes wrote verses, which he read to his admirer, Marjory. She saw talents where other people would have found platitudes, so he began to fancy himself a genius. Not that his poetic moods were the cause of his desire to roam; but a strange, perplexed excitement caused by his interview with Squire Weatherley.

Accordingly, one morning, he started with a pocketful of sandwiches, and permission to be absent until tea-time. He had made friends with all the men about the farm, who had given him the needed information concerning the way to the Court.

He wished to go by the fields, and accordingly soon forsook the country road for them. The Court was about three miles from the actual village of Hollyfield, but less as the crow flies. The crow, however, has no obstacles to surmount, and could make the journey in no time; whereas Weatherley found innumerable stiles, by-paths, brooks, and coppices, which impeded his steps at every turn. He lost his way, and strayed far afield, and, like many another self-confident person, found that he had trusted over-much to his own ability, or his "organ of locality," as he phrased it. He went east when he should have gone west; but he was so enchanted with the scenery that he almost forgot the Court and its owner in the perfect enjoyment of the moment.

Rover was with him, and led him many dances; so that what between his delight at nature and his anxiety about the dog, the hours flew by with wonderful rapidity. Why do the present-day hours fly so rapidly both to young and old? They never seem to lag as they used to do years ago. As to Weatherley, the days were never long enough for him, and had it not been for his fine appetite, he would have been suddenly benighted, and not have known the hour until so warned. As it was, he took out his sandwiches and shared them with Rover. Seated on the trunk of a tree, with meadows smiling, streams singing, and birds warbling all around him, it was no wonder that his heart was so glad that he clean forgot both Court and Farm, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the moment. He had never seen the genuine country until this visit to his grandfather; and he began to compare the excitement and noise of London with the serenity and peace of Hollyfield, and to whisper to himself, "I wish I could be a farmer—or—or—a squire." He was always wishing that he could be something or other; but the sights and sounds of his present were the fairest and sweetest that he had ever seen or heard. He almost sighed as he remembered that he had quite made up his mind to take the first thing that offered, even if it was to be an office-boy.

"I wonder where we are, Rover? We have seen no big house as yet," he said aloud, while Rover wagged his tail and snuffed the pleasant air.

He thought he could not be wrong if he kept to a path that lay through a plantation of spruce fir; so, leaving the sun-illumined meadows, he entered the comparative gloom. But he was soon engaged in speculations upon the tall trees, and the sunbeams that waltzed with the shadows across the red path, and the squirrels that sat so gravely in the branches. He and Rover had a happy time, sporting about; but at last he began to think that the plantation was endless, and wondered if it led to the Court.

He heard the sound of an axe, and went in its direction, until he saw a man cutting up a fallen tree.

"Am I far from Weatherley Court?" he asked.

"About two miles, young gentleman. The squire was here not so long ago," was the answer.

"I came from Castle Farm, and wanted to go straight to the Court," said Weatherley.

"Haw, haw! you be miles out o' the way. Anigh three miles from the Farm, and two from the Court. You must a' took the wrong path at Little Ford. The Court is awver there, east like, and the Farm is awver there, west like."

The woodcutter extended his arms right and left, like a directing post, and Weatherley resolved to return to the Farm, and try for the Court another day. He inquired the shortest way home, and received so many directions in return, that he thought he had better retrace his steps. He was much mortified, for it seemed very ignominious to lose his way among the fields, when he had never lost it in the labyrinth of the London streets. But then, he reflected, there

was always a policeman at hand, whose arms beat all the directing posts in the world.

"Be you young Measter Dauncey?" asked the countryman.

"Yes; how did you guess?" replied Weatherley, quite elated at the question. It seemed grand to be known by a stranger in that remote place.

"You do favour the squire, and he be your grandfeyther just so much as Farmer Dauncey," replied the man; "and I heerd as you was come from Lunnon, and that Measter Charlie was gone to look after a great fortun' in Merikey. I hopes as he'll get it. He wur a nice chap, he wur."

"Thank you for liking my father," said Weatherley, holding out his hand impulsively, which the woodcutter grasped just as if he had caught it in a wedge.

The lad retraced his way through the plantation, which was easy enough, for there was a bridle-path from one end to the other; but it was not quite so easy to find it among the meadows. As might have been expected, he lost it again. He and Rover wandered about until they were tired and the afternoon far advanced. He had promised to be at home for tea, and began to be alarmed. Espying a cottage not far off, he made for it, and was told that he was now nearer the Court than the Farm. But he was, happily, not far from the road which led to both, and the mistress of the cottage kindly escorted him to it. He had miscalculated his strength, and was quite exhausted when he climbed a high stile and found himself in the country road. He sat down on a heap of stones to rest a few minutes, when the sound of a horse's hoofs attracted him. He looked up, and who should the rider be but Squire Weatherley. He had a hound at his horse's hoofs, with whom Rover hastened to make acquaintance. While they were finding out whether they liked one another, the squire glanced round at them, and encountered a pair of dark eyes fixed upon him. He recognised his grandson, and was about to touch up his horse and ride on, when Weatherley got up hastily from his stony seat, and laid a hand on the shining neck of the horse.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began.

"Take care! Take care!" exclaimed the squire.

The warning was not unnecessary, for the horse, a spirited animal, commenced prancing and curvetting, and in so doing threw Weatherley down upon the heap of stones. The squire was off his back in a moment. His grandson was almost as quickly on his feet. Both looked pale; the one from fright, the other because he was both wearied and bruised.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I only wanted to say a word," began Weatherley, breathlessly.

"Never try to stop a horse in that way. Are you hurt?" asked the squire.

"No, thank you, I—I—am not hurt," stammered Weatherley. "But I just wanted to say that I am very sorry if I was rude to you the other day. I know I had no right to speak to you at all, much less to browbeat you, as you call it. I hope you will forgive me. Indeed I did not wish to offend you."

"What did you mean by saying you wanted nothing of me?" asked the squire. "That was rude enough."

"Yes, it was," said Weatherley; "but I only meant——well, I meant that I didn't want to curry favour because you are rich and we are poor—because you are a squire, and father only a doctor, and—and—Grandfather Dauncey only a farmer. I believe that was what I meant."

"And what did you mean by your mother's wishing to come here?"

"She wanted to see you, sir. She wanted you to forgive her."

"I did forgive her, and told Dulcey to tell her so; but she is so contradictory that I dare say she never did it."

"Aunt Dulcey is sure——" Weatherley paused; he was afraid of again championing Miss Dulcey.

"I understand. Tell me exactly what your mother said."

"She said that she wanted to tell you how sorry she was to have offended you, but that she had been very, very happy with father and us children. She said she should dearly like to see the Court once more, and her aunt, Miss Weatherley, who had brought her up. She told me if ever I saw you I was to say so, very gently; and, oh, sir, I forgot the gently, and was rude. Will you forgive me, for—for——"

The boy was going to add "for her sake," when a dizziness came over him, and he was obliged to sit down on the stones. The squire was endeavouring to master the emotion he could not but feel, in order to justify himself for the hardness he was conscious he had shown his only child, when he remarked that the colour was leaving the boy's cheeks. He was holding his horse's bridle with one hand, and the stones were beyond the reach of the other.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing—only – I am tired," stammered Weatherley.

The squire shouted at the top of his voice, "Mrs. Richards! come here, Mrs. Richards!" and as he was a sort of Nimrod in the chase, his voice was really stentorian.

The woman who had shown Weatherley the road was standing outside her cottage, watching such movements of the squire's horse as she could see through the stile; and she answered the call with great alacrity.

"Just hold my horse. He is safe enough," said Squire Weatherley, going up to his grandson. "Bless my soul! there is blood upon the stones. You have hurt yourself," he added to the boy.

"Not much, I think, only ——" said Weatherley, trying to rise.

The squire helped him, and saw that blood was flowing from the back of his head. In his fall he had cut it against a stone.

"It isn't much," said the squire, examining it. "Let me bind it up. Fetch some water, Mrs. Richards. Never mind the horse; I'll tie him up to the gate. Quiet! Silverking, quiet!" he added, stroking his steed, and hanging the rein over one of the posts of the gate.

Mrs. Richards hastened in search of water; Silverking found some appetising dainty in the hedge; the dogs gambolled at will; and the squire seated himself on the heap of stones by the side of his grandson, took out a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and bound up the wound.

"It is only a cut; it isn't deep; I've had worse scores of times," he said, reassuringly.

"I don't mind, sir," said Weatherley, making an effort at resolution. "But I—I—am sorry to give—so much trouble."

The squire rejoiced that he did not faint, as he had expected, and was thankful to see the colour slowly return to his white face. The water, which Mrs. Richards soon brought, revived him, and he made an effort to stand on his feet. In doing so, he put his hand into the squire's.

"You are a brave fellow," said the squire, pressing it involuntarily; "but you won't be able to walk a mile just yet. The Court is nearer than the village. Perhaps you had better come there. Can you ride?" He spoke with great hesitancy.

"A little; but I must go home. I am all right now," said Weatherley with his usual decision.

"Then mount Silverking, and he shall carry you half-way. Run on to Castle Farm, Mrs. Richards, and say that Master Dauncey has hurt himself slightly, and tell one of the men to meet him at the Four Roads. Don't name me. That is only a stone's throw from the Farm, and it won't hurt you to walk that length."

The squire was accustomed to obedience, and few people said him nay. Mrs. Richards was off like a shot, and Weatherley lifted on the saddle by the squire nearly as quickly. He remonstrated, however, saying that he had never ridden such a horse as Silverking; but the squire assured him that he was gentle as a lamb, and he meant to lead him as far as Four Roads.

"Oh, sir, how kind!" ejaculated Weatherley, whose strength, both of mind and body, was nearly spent.

"Don't talk about it. I hate nine days' wonders," returned the squire, who realised what this slight accident would entail in the way of gossip.

He soon perceived that his grandson had some difficulty in keeping his seat, and feared lest he should fall off. Weatherley had good courage, however, and held manfully by the saddle-bow. He felt giddy, and fancied the objects he passed were moving.

The squire walked by his side, striving to keep him straight with one hand, while he held the bridle with the other. It was a difficult operation.

"You are sure you don't feel faint?" he said.

"Oh, no! I am all right, and can walk the rest of the way, if you will let me get off," said Weatherley, in a jerky voice. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry."

"It was no fault of yours; only be warned never to meddle with strange

horses. Who on earth can this be?" returned the squire, the sound of carriage wheels causing the final question.

It was instantly answered by the arrival of Miss Saucy, driven by her mistress. They pulled up right in face of Silverking and his burden. Ben speedily jumped out.

"Mrs. Richards tells me you have had some sort of a spill," said Miss Dulcey. "What's the matter? Weatherley is about to faint. Help him off, Ben. Why, you've turned good Samaritan, Hewson. But I know you don't like your right hand to know what your left does, so I'll take him home, and nobody will be the wiser."

"I'm—all—right," muttered Weatherley.

"You don't look so, to judge from your bandage," said Miss Dulcey.

The squire and Ben helped the boy off the horse, and led him to the pony-carriage.

"I would have taken him to the Court, but he preferred coming home," said the squire to his sister, with a sort of apologetic manner. Then to Ben—"Either come or send this evening to let me know how he is."

"Indeed I'm all right now," said Weatherley, and he spoke without hesitation.

The squire shook hands with his sister, and then took Weatherley's and grasped it firmly. Without another word, he turned, and remounted the horse which Ben was holding. He reined Silverking in for a moment to watch Miss Dulcey drive off, and to see that his grandson kept his seat, then muttering, "He's a fine fellow," rode homewards, followed by his hound.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR GIRLS WEDDED.

By J. ROGERS REES, Author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," etc.

I.

FATHER finds undoubted incitement to reflection and reverie as he sits with his wife by the fireside on an evening immediately subsequent to their only daughter's wedding. He dreamily reviews his own happiness, past and present, and casts many fond wishes after his daughter. He remembers, perchance, the time when his own loved wife—now sitting as a queen beside him—was called away from their home for a season, at the bidding of duty or in search of health, and how, on news of her immediate return, his heart jumped out to meet her, and his voice found its forgotten music in the lines of Sir Noel Paton (I will not call them sweet and tender and true, for when they get hold of a man they are more than all this):—

"With the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers,
She is coming, my belovèd, o'er the sea;
And I sit alone and count the weary hours
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me.

* * * *

No more the shiv'ring North complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost flow'rs fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn.
And at times a white cloud wingeth,
From the South-land up, and bringeth
A warm wind, odour laden,
From the bow'rs of that fair Aden,
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea,
And I turn my lips to meet
Those kisses faint and sweet,
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture fraught,
'I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!'"

So much for the past and himself; his faith in the future for his daughter also leads him into song—

"O, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come." *

But we must not suffer all the songs and wise words about marriage to linger with the old gentleman by the fireside. Some come and visit us in our quiet study on the Wiltshire downs; and we would fain have them writ large for the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The wheel of association has made a turn, and little thoughts peep out with gentle clamour and cling round the pondering attitude of our old friend who has given his daughter to another. And so let us quietly leave him.

II.

HOWEVER elevating a lover's affection may prove, it is the quiet, undoubted love of wedlock that inspires to manliest endeavours and highest achievements on the one side, and to womanliest serenity and sweetest trust on the other. The true wife is she who, having as a girl fulfilled the youth's ideal, further ministers to his ideal under the fair conditions of wifehood. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth down among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

It is perhaps well to consider for a moment how far this ideal use of a wife's tongue, as set forth in the Proverbs of Solomon, transcends the misuse of the same instrument according to the accepted proverbs of the multitude. English folk say: "A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail"; the Welsh: "A woman's strength is in her tongue," and "Arthur could not tame a woman's tongue"; the Italians: "Three women and three geese make a market"; the Danes: "All women are good Lutherans—they would rather preach than hear mass"; and the Chinese: "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust." In Auvergne it is current that "Foxes are all tail and women all tongue"; and in Spain that you should tell a woman and a magpie what you wish known in the market place. According to an old legend it appears that Noah's wife was addicted to spending her time in talking with her neighbours. It is said she even refused at first to go into the Ark, and bade her husband voyage forth without her, because he was leaving her gossips to drown.

But to return to Solomon's wisdom: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," and is, as a consequence, well rewarded, for "her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Methinks Allan Ramsey must have had these last sentences very close to his mind when he caused one of his characters to say—

"For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let;
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, trou, or fair,
For halesom, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus, *without* fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife."

Goethe uttered much the same truth when he wrote: "How few are the men to whom it is given to return regularly like a star, to command their days as they command their evenings, to form for themselves their household instruments, to sow and to reap, to gain and to expend, and to travel round their circle with perpetual success and peace and love. It is when a woman has attained this inward (household) mastery that she truly makes the husband whom she loves a master; her attention will acquire all sorts of knowledge; her activity will turn them all to profit. Thus is she dependent upon no one, and she procures her husband genuine independence—that which is interior and domestic; whatever he possesses he beholds secured; what he

* Tennyson's "The Lord of Burleigh."

earns, well employed; and thus he can direct his mind to lofty objects, and if fortune favours he may act in the State the same character which so well becomes his wife at home."

Mrs. Mayo, in a recent number of the *Sun*, refers to the prevalence of a false conception of wifehood and motherhood, and hesitates not to blame women for it. "A social state," she says, "is in its soundest condition the more its women are absorbed in its homes, in the strenuous and happy duties of wifehood and motherhood; and we claim that if it fails to maintain that condition the lion's share of the blame rests at the door of those women who, being already wives and mothers, are really 'the governing class' of their own sex."

It must have been a very spurious imitation of God's handiwork in womanhood that caused one of Fielding's characters, with even more moroseness than Aristotle himself, to refer to the sex as animals of domestic use, of "somewhat higher consideration" than cats, since their offices were of "rather more importance!"

III.

If the seriousness of the matter could only be thrust into the background out of sight, the petty misunderstandings in the married life of authors and artists might almost be considered a subject for jest. But this unhappiness is by no means universal in the crafts. In one of Tom Hood's letters to his wife he thus writes: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." Aldrich dedicates his little book of selected "Lyrics and Sonnets" to his wife in these lines:—

"Take them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather;
Snowdrops and pansies,
Sprigs of wayside heather,
And five-leaved wild rose
Dead within an hour.

"Take them and keep them:
Who can tell? some day, dear
(Though they be withered,
Flower and thorn and blossom),
Held for an instant
Up against thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!"

Mr. Henley also inscribes his "Book of Verses" to his wife—

"Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you."

One scarcely likes even to believe that there are in the world at present wives of the kind which used to curse the lives of some of our artists. It appears that Albert Dürer's wife was a shrew, and compelled her husband to drudge at his profession during every possible hour, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. Berghem's "helpmeet," whenever she thought her husband weary at his work, and taking a little of the rest of indolence, would rouse him up by thumping a stick against the ceiling, to which the obedient artist had to answer by stamping his foot to indicate that he was not napping.

I wonder how many of our readers have heard of the wife who used to punish her husband with her tongue, whilst the husband retaliated with the leather strap, each quoting in turn the old line: "Castigo te non quod odium habeam, sed quod amem." (I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love.) For ourselves, we must confess that such evidences of unbounded affection are beyond even our lively imagination.

Dr. Watts, in his poem "Few Happy Matches," favours the ingenious theory that souls come forth in pairs, male and female, and accounts for the fact of there being so many unhappy marriages by supposing that souls often lose their partners on the way to this lower world. Happy marriages seem to depend on the safe arrival of these twin souls, and their subsequent finding each other out in earth life. 'Tis quite an idea for a novelist to elaborate, whatever else might be said of it.

I should very much like to know what kind of a man he was who first formulated the proverb: "Marriages are made in heaven." Was his utterance a thanksgiving for a suitable helpmeet? or was it rather a philosophical reflection from which he sought to suck consolation in the momentary intervals of a stormy domestic career? The saying seems to me but a fragment of the old blind belief in the inevitable tread of destiny, and on a par with such a declaration as: "Whatever is to be, must be." Shakespeare uses it in one of his plays, and avers—

"The ancient saying is no heresy."

The French version of it is: "Marriages are written in heaven." (Les mariages sont écrits dans le ciel.) The immense popularity enjoyed by this assertion must certainly be due to the fact that it furnishes a good broad apology for all sorts of mad marriages. What need, forsooth, have youths and maidens to think carefully about such a step, or to ponder over their mutual fitness or unfitness for each other, when they have at hand a ready-made excuse for anything that might subsequently occur? If the union turns out to be an unhappy one, the blame is all laid at the gate of heaven. The Scotch admit that "If marriages be made in heaven, some had few friends there."

IV.

In order that a marriage should prove happy a certain element of comradeship must needs exist between husband and wife. Chaucer said of his carpenter—

"He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude,
That bade a man wed his similitude.
Men shouldë wedden after their estate."

In the old-world story of "Gudbrand of the Mountain-side," we have a charmingly simple picture of domestic harmony: "He and his wife lived in such agreement together, and were so well matched, that whatever the husband did seemed to the wife so well done that it could not be done better; let him therefore act as he might she was equally well pleased."

"Husband and wife," writes quaint William Secker, "should be like two candles burning together, which make the house more lightsome, or like two fragrant flowers bound up in one nosegay, that augment its sweetness; or like two well-tuned instruments, which, sounding together, make the more melodious music." We might add here Goethe's saying: "Two hearts that love each other are as two magnetic needles; whatever moves the one must move the other with it."

These utterances seem but to form a running commentary on the good old exhortation: "Be ye not unequally yoked together."

All men and women have their failings, and it is a blessed thing between husband and wife when mutual love causes these to appear as only trifles. Why should we always multiply the blots on the sun's face and the mountains in the moon's? In every household bearance and forbearance will do much to gild our daily life. No little fault should be permitted to disturb the great love sitting enthroned in the heart. "Who would trample upon a jewel because it is fallen in the dirt? or throw away a heap of wheat on account of a little chaff in it? or despise a golden wedge because it retains some dross?" Roses must needs have prickles; but the wise finger whilst plucking the blossoms moves considerately between the thorns.

Anyone who doubts the willingness of wedded affection to relinquish grasp of everything so long as love but remains, should read the sweet little fragment entitled "The Wife," in Washington Irving's "Sketch-book," with its preliminary lines from Middleton:—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!"

The loving-kindness of God is ever present in the world, manifesting itself in various ways. To the husband and wife, who, like Darby and Joan, can look back over happy years of wedlock, there is not much difficulty in seeing where this Divine loving-kindness has been evident with them. They are each to the other so much that they realise no call to even think of marriage as an abstract lottery. It has been a God-given blessing, and they are thankful with a thankfulness too deep to need the expression of syllables. An artist in words may, however, set the experience down for others to dwell on, using, perchance, the imagery of Jean Paul Richter, who thus picturesquely wrote of a similar case:—"The goddess of love and the angel of peace conducted our married pair on tracts running over full meadows, through the spring; and on footpaths hidden by high cornfields, through the summer; and autumn, as they advanced towards winter, spread her marbled leaves under their feet. And thus they arrived before the low dark gate of winter, full of life, full of love, trustful, and contented."

"There be some souls
For which love is enough, content to bear
From youth to age, from chestnut locks to grey,
The load of common, uneventful life
And penury."

And yet, what life really is "common" and "uneventful" when smiled upon by the constancy of daily love? Years of faithful devotion light up the most ordinary existence with a glory which naught else can supply. "Love, the charioteer, is easily tripped; while honest jog-trot love keeps his legs to the end."

There are some people who "don't want to be married." Very well, let them be! Carlyle, in his supremest manner, writes his professor down in "Sartor Resartus" as a man who would never wed: "To the professor women are henceforth pieces of art, of celestial art, indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing." So much for the unmarrying man; now for the woman. "Many a woman," says Mrs. Mayo, "who might be happily married if she would be content with one or two new frocks, and two or three true friends and an easily managed little house, is left in spinsterhood" because her expectations are so immense. And, for the good of humanity, methinks she had better remain in her single blessedness, for "The ideal which the wife and mother makes for herself, the manner in which she understands duty and life, contain the fate of the community. Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destinies in the folds of her mantle." *

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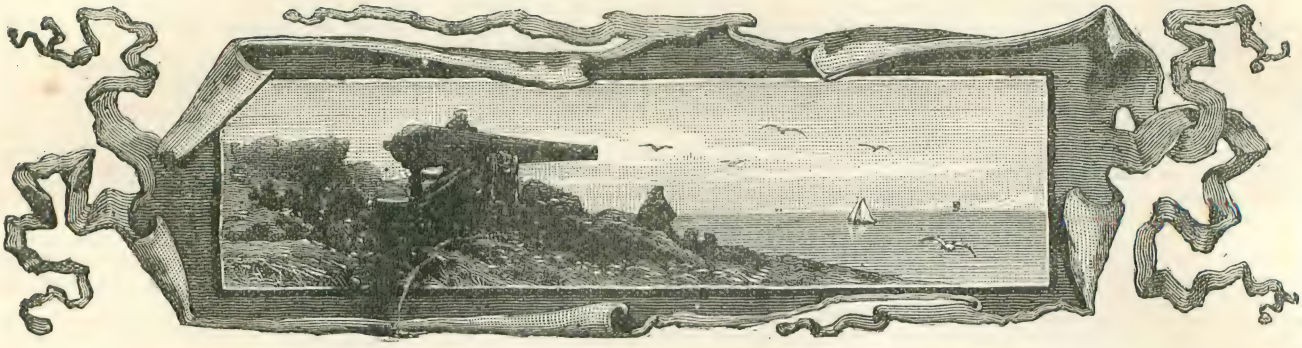
* Amiel's "Journal."



FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

THE DIARY OF THE EARLY PROFESSIONAL DAYS OF NATALIE JANOTHA.

By HER MOTHER.

In February the Court concerts began. The Empress wished Natalie to play at the first.* Artists on those evenings are assembled in the salon adjoining the concert-room, where their Majesties, as well as members of the Imperial family, sit at small tables. In another room are ladies-in-waiting and dignitaries. Before the music begins, the Empress and the Emperor go round to welcome them, saying a kindly word to each as they pass from one to another, and return to their places.

After having played, Natalie was called to the Empress. As she was hastening to Her Majesty along the large salon, she was suddenly detained in the middle of the royal circle. Turning, she perceived His Majesty holding her sash, and saying—

"Slowly! Please stop! I want to be the first to thank you for your playing."

The little audience of Her Majesty being finished, Natalie was obliged to add the favourite valse, and the carillon published by Chappell.

In the beginning of the month of May we returned to Baden, and on our way we visited Carlsruhe and the ruins of the castle of Heidelberg. The piano which was ordered at that place was sent to Baden. Natalie began again to study under Madame Schumann.

The Court soon arrived, and a number of festivities began. The Empress was ill on the day of the first concert, and could not honour it with her presence. Towards the end of the first part of Beethoven's concerto, which Natalie played on that evening, the Emperor arrived, but His Majesty did not come into the hall till the end of the first part, and waited at the entrance till the music ceased, wishing not to interrupt the playing by causing the audience to rise. A few days later the Grand Duchess invited Natalie to arrange a musical soirée which was to be given for their Imperial Majesties, parents of the Grand Duchess; also to give musical encouragement to her daughter Princess Victoria, now the Crown Princess of Sweden. Natalie afterwards went often to the castle, from which she always returned charmed with the talent of the Princess and the amiability of the Grand Duchess.

By continual and uninterrupted lessons, Madame Schumann helped her pupil, and arranged for her concerts at various places. While at Leipsic, Natalie stayed with friends of Madame Schumann. At the rehearsal in Gewandhaus she was cordially welcomed by the pupils of the Conservatoire. In the evening, after the concerto with orchestra, she had several solos to perform. Reinecke was accompanying the vocalists who sang between the instrumental pieces, and he unfortunately broke a note, and precisely the one that sustained all the melody in Natalie's piece. She, however, managed to replace and change this note till she got through the difficulty in the most happy manner. Reinecke told her that he felt he had broken the hammer, but was curious to see how she would manage it, and congratulated her on her presence of mind.

She appeared subsequently in Berlin at a concert given for the orphanage of Oberlin. All the Court was present; Dr. Joachim took part. Field Marshal Moltke, the patron of the orphanage, sent her, in the name of the committee, a picture (drawn by Overbeck) representing Christ blessing children. Shortly afterwards the Empress wished Natalie to play with her niece Princess Pauline, now married to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar. Her Majesty was present herself on these occasions. The Emperor laughingly said he feared she would hardly be able to support the dignity of a teacher in presence of a pupil older than herself; nevertheless the Princess made great progress. After that the Empress frequently sent Natalie to the Augusta Stiftung at Charlottenburg, an institution for orphans founded by her. The best masters give lessons there to pupils who now come from different parts of Europe, and from America. The Empress visits the institute several times a week, staying a long time; she even has rooms fitted up for her there, entering into the smallest details of matters concerning this house, which she calls "her youngest child."

The Empress wished the children, whose progress had been satisfactory, to hear those recitals. One of the ladies-in-waiting used to fetch Natalie, who, when seated down to the piano, found herself the centre of what she called a living wreath of eager listeners. At first these performances went off decorously and ceremoniously, but at each visit the children felt more and more at home, till, finally throwing aside all ceremony, they followed their guest to the hall, shouting to her to return as soon as possible.

Having been obliged to leave Germany and pass some time in our own country, upon our return we found that arrangements were made for Natalie to give a concert, of which she still retains the pleasantest recollections.* The outset was, however, surrounded by difficulties of all sorts. At noon, on the very day, Madame Joachim came to warn us

* *Gavotte impériale*, dedicated to the Empress by N. Janotha. Published by Chappell.

* In 1885 N. Janotha was honoured with the diploma of Court Pianiste.

that possibly she might be unable to sing on account of a heavy cold. Natalie drove to Madame Artôt, hoping that she would replace her. Madame Artôt was ill herself, but wrote to the first singer of the opera, Miss Brandt, "*Faites l'impossible pour* Mademoiselle Janotha." We drove to Miss Brandt, but she could not sing without the permission of the director of the opera, Von Hülsen. We then went to the director, but he was not at home, he was lunching with Prince Alexander. We now hastened to the palace of Prince Alexander, with a letter from Madame Hülsen to her husband, requesting him to give the desired permission, as the Court announced their presence at the concert. The letter was duly delivered to M. Hülsen, but his host would not allow him to read it, thinking it must be about some annoying affair. Meanwhile it was almost 7 o'clock, and the concert was to begin at 8. At last the director read the letter, and, quite pleased that it contained no bad news, gave the permission, which we hurried off to the other end of Berlin to show to Miss Brandt. This was the end of the troubles. Miss Brandt sang at the concert, and rendered beautifully Madame Joachim's part of the programme. The special feature of the concert was the never-to-be-forgotten kindness of Madame Schumann, who played the variations by Schumann for two pianos with Natalie.

Madame Schumann was just about to go to London for the annual concerts at St. James's Hall. The homage with which she is surrounded in England makes her return there always with pleasure; but ill-health obliged her to postpone the departure. It was hoped, however, that Madame Schumann would be able to be in London before the concerts were all over. However, this was impossible, and Madame Schumann wished that Natalie should appear at the last concert. The same evening I started for London, and when taking leave of me, Madame Schumann added that she would be glad to hear that in London Natalie would, as her pupil, satisfy the public. Natalie joined me in Calais, coming from concerts in Holland, where she went under care of friends.

When we arrived in London we proceeded to the lodgings taken for us—small rooms on the ground floor, but carpeted everywhere, looking the picture of comfort and almost luxury. There was a bright fire to warm the perished travellers, and breakfast was ready on the table.

As soon as the landlady appeared, I asked her in French where a piano could be placed. "You cannot play here," she answered, "as there are sick people close by." In vain I tried to explain to her that a piano was necessary. All my explanations were met by the same answer, delivered with a *sang froid* that annihilated me, "You cannot play here."

We went straight to the director of the concert, who seemed greatly dissatisfied at the non-appearance of Madame Schumann, but helped us kindly, however, in our troubles, and showed us rooms in the neighbourhood. As no objection was made to the piano, we were satisfied to remain there, and immediately went off to Broadwood's establishment to obtain one. The choice of an instrument was left to Natalie. Seating herself at the piano, the perfection of which delighted her, she forgot the fatigues of the journey and the worries of the morning, and played through the programme chosen by Madame Schumann. After the last piece, full of melody and life, success for this concert was prophesied, the prospect of which alarmed us so much, and immediately a beautiful piano was sent home, and later, one to the concert-room.

Scarcely had we arrived at home when the director came to say that he wished Natalie to play one piece, and that a very short one. So we drove off to Phillimore Gardens to see Dr. Joachim, who at last arranged everything to be as Madame Schumann wished.

We went in the afternoon to St. James's Hall, where Dr. Joachim told Natalie she must not expect to be welcomed on her entrance, as it was not the custom in England when one appears for the first time. I thought of Madame Schumann, and feared she had hoped far too much as to the success of this concert; but at her entrance, and after having finished playing, Natalie received kind expressions of approval. Afterwards it was told to me that the audience recognised the school of Madame Schumann, and were drawn towards the musical marked national idiosyncrasy, which pleased them. The director came to congratulate me kindly, and telegraphed to thank Madame Schumann for sending this pupil, whom he had distrusted at first.

The Crown Princess of Germany wrote kindly to inquire how Natalie had been received in London; and shortly after she was summoned to Windsor, to have the honour of playing before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal family. Natalie was delighted to hear H.R.H. Princess Beatrice play a nocturne by Chopin most poetically, and pleased at the gracious reception she received from the Royal circle.

The grave splendour of Windsor, the tapestried walls and portraits of centuries of kings, arranged in historic order, and the severe style of the furniture, produced an impression of solemnity and grandeur that suited the august presence of royalty.

During our stay in London we saw Sir Frederick Leighton's studio, which is quite a gallery of works of art, and the sight of which creates and trains artists. London possesses many private collections in addition to those great public institutions, the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum; indeed, it may almost be said that every rich Englishman possesses his own gallery.

The pleasantest recollections, however, are some visits at the house of Alma Tadema. He mentioned one day that he had learnt English from two masters—a poet and a footman! From one he acquired the use of elevated, from the other that of ordinary, language. He complimented the poet, and rebuked the servant when he did not understand him.

This irritation burst forth into every variety of expression, which he learned without the usual process of study. The poet taught him the language of ecstasy and admiration, which he addressed to the beautiful lady who is now his wife. The villa in which he lives in Regent's Park is beautifully situated in the midst of long stretches of green sward, covered with fine trees.

Alma Tadema chooses classical subjects for his paintings. Roman patricians, ladies in gorgeous attire, velvet hangings, marbles, mosaics—*everything* is reproduced marvellously on his canvas. Photographs of all the works of Tadema adorn the walls of the hall leading to his studio. His drawing-rooms are filled with rare Indian plants and strange furniture with dragons' heads. The music-room has the walls gilt. The piano (Broadwood's) holds the first place in it. The artist gave the design. All the cover inside is covered with parchment, where artists who play upon it write their names. The sides of the piano are inlaid with ivory. The upper part of the keyboard is of mosaic, of a different coloured wood, representing birds upon branches, the leaves of which contain the music they are singing.

On the end of the piano are the owner's initials. The seat is a miniature of the Great Mogul's throne. This beautiful and expensive caprice cost the happy possessor enormous sums.

Mrs. Tadema paints beautifully, and her studio is close to her husband's, like a miniature of the kingdom of Flora, with a favourite tortoise and a refreshing fountain in the middle.

An interesting concert which we attended was given for the benefit of Mario, the singer, who was reduced to poverty. The artists who offered their services on this occasion were Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Santley, and Sims Reeves.

The love of music is almost general in English society. Amongst others may be named Lord Dudley, with an historical name of the time of Elizabeth. At the private concerts given at his splendid house, which is almost like a garden in its wealth of flowers and plants, the leading artists are to be heard.

Yet neither Madame Schumann, Joachim, nor Rubinstein considered such performances worthy of the greatness of art. There is an anecdote about Lord Dudley and Rubinstein which illustrates this. When his lordship proposed to the latter to play for him, offering very high terms, the artist said, "The ticket for my concert to-day will not cost so much." Lord Dudley was not offended by such an answer; he went to the concert, and listened to the great pianist with pleasure.

A *matinée*, arranged under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, in which Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sang with all the greatness of her genius, prolonged our stay in London.

[THE END.]

O, SWEET UNSELFISHNESS!

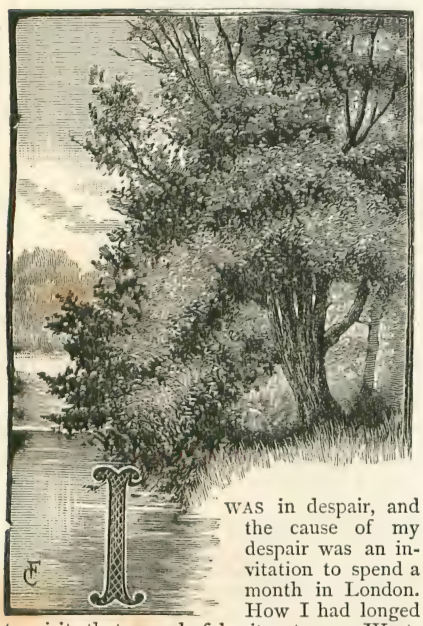
By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

O, SWEET unselfishness! thy praise
No words of man can e'er express,
The softened beauty of the ways
Thy loving footsteps deign to bless,
The golden light that gleams and plays
Upon thy white unsullied dress,
No hands have power to paint, O, sweet unselfishness!

O, sweet unselfishness, whose voice,
Mid ev'ry accent of distress,
Is strong to make the sad rejoice,
Thou who art only penniless
In pride, self-love, and greed; whose choice
Is sacrifice, e'en to excess,
No song can praise aright, O, sweet unselfishness!

THE LITTLE RUSTIC.

CHAPTER I.



I WAS in despair, and the cause of my despair was an invitation to spend a month in London. How I had longed to visit that wonderful city, to see Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, the Zoological Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and many other places of which I had read or heard; and yet, when at last my wish was on the point of being fulfilled, I sat down with the open letter of invitation before me in despair. I was the daughter of the rector of Llanbara. Llanbara being a place of which you have probably never heard, I must tell you it is a minute village lying in a very beautiful valley in the north of Wales. My brother Hugh and I had lived there all our lives, our knowledge of the outside world being chiefly gathered from books. Libbie, who had looked after us since our mother died, when we were quite small children, cared more for our physical than our spiritual welfare. Our father, when a young man and the presumptive heir of a wealthy uncle, married the Honourable Maud Selby. But, alas! the unnatural uncle, who for fifty years had been a confirmed bachelor, took to himself a charming wife of nineteen, and put an abrupt end to our dreams of wealth. Greatly incensed, my mother's relatives refused to have anything more to do with one who had disgraced the family by marrying a poor curate. An heir-apparent curate and a portionless curate are two very different creatures. Probably my father would have done well, and made a name for himself, in spite of all, had not a severe accident almost shattered his health, so that the small living in Llanbara was gratefully accepted.

Suddenly and unaccountably, soon after I had attained my seventeenth year, my noble relatives remembered my existence, and my mother's only sister, Lady Selborne, wrote requesting me to go as soon as possible to visit them. No wonder I was in despair. With the native instinct of mother Eve, my scanty wardrobe was my first thought. Then my rustic manners and Welsh accent, however would they be tolerated? I was sitting in our little parlour (Libbie insisted on our calling it the parlour) when Hugh walked, or rather banged, into the room. Hitherto Hugh had been my guiding star. True, he was a year younger than myself, but then his vast experience, and the fact that he was a man, gave his opinions more weight than mine.

"Oh, Hugh," cried I, desperately, "however shall I have to behave among those grandees? Papa will tell me nothing; he says I needn't go if I don't know how to conduct myself. If only you were going too I shouldn't be half so frightened."

"Behave?" responded Hugh, putting on a judicial air; "oh, to people with titles your manner must be humble and ingratiating. You must never on any account speak until spoken to, and on leaving their presence you must not walk straight out as you would from the presence of commoners; you must walk backwards. If you catch your dress and topple over, you must not appear embarrassed——"

"That's the way you behave before royalty," I interrupted, glad to air my more decisive knowledge.

"And aren't the scions of nobility equal to royalty? Of course they are; just you be careful how you treat them, or you'll find yourself up a tree," concluded the oracle, with his customary elegance of language.

"At any rate, I shall not talk slang," said I, as I retired to seek Libbie's advice.

It was a dull day in the middle of March when I and my modest luggage arrived at Paddington. I had travelled under the care of Jehu Jones, who was a sewing machine agent, and was coming to town on business. He had been very kind all the way, positively showering good things upon me. Oranges, bath buns, acid drops, and veal pies would have been procured at every station had I not implored him to cease such reckless expenditure. On getting out of the train, I was perfectly bewildered by the hurrying crowd of humanity. In a moment I lost sight of Jehu, and was being pushed down the platform, when I stumbled against a tall, grand-looking man in livery. He eyed me closely, and evidently discerning the stamp of rusticity upon me, touched his hat and said, interrogatively, "Miss Rankin?"

"Yes," said I, breathlessly, wondering who he was. I had never seen anyone in livery before, except our doctor's man, who had had his suit twenty years, and only wore it on special occasions. The imposing gentleman requested me to follow him, which I did, and found myself before a splendid coroneted carriage, the door of which he held open. Greatly awed, I stepped in, of course putting the wrong foot first, and landing myself violently in the far corner. Recovering my equanimity, I heard the gentleman in livery requesting to know what luggage I had. On informing him, he again, with a majestic air, informed a porter, and swinging himself on to his seat we started. As we were moving away, I caught sight of Jehu standing at some distance off with open mouth, evidently quite at a loss to understand my proceedings.

I waved my hand in token of all being well. I should quite have enjoyed that drive if I had not been trembling at the prospect of what was to follow. With a sudden jerk we pulled up in front of a high, dismal-looking house. Before I was half up the steps the door opened, and another gentleman in livery admitted me. As I entered the hall I heard a rustle of silk, and a lady advanced towards me. I was about to greet her effusively as my aunt, when she said, "I will show you your room, Miss Rankin."

I followed her up numberless stairs, and along a corridor, at the end of which I found myself in the most charming room I had ever seen in my life. There was a bright fire in the grate, and before it a table, upon which was set a tray containing tea and bread and butter.

"I will send Wilson to unpack, Miss Rankin," said she, bowing and retiring.

I sank into a chair quite overcome. Remember I was a complete little rustic. While still too awed to help myself to tea, the door opened, and in glided a girl not many years my senior. To me she appeared a dream of loveliness.

"So you are our little cousin?" said she. "Poor little waif, do you mean to say you have come all alone?"

"No, a gentleman brought me," said I. Then, having been taught all my life that white lies are as bad as any other kind, I added truthfully—"At least, a man from the village who was coming up on business brought me."

"And you haven't brought your maid?" inquired my cousin.

"My maid!" echoed I. "Well, no; if Libbie is my maid I haven't brought her. You see if she had come with me, papa and Hugh would have had to cook their own food, make their own beds, and light the fires, which would have been awkward for them."

"Distinctly," said my cousin, smiling. "You are like a sea breeze, child."

"We are ten miles from the coast," said I.

"I only meant you were fresh," explained my cousin.

"I feel very dusty," said I, looking with dismay at my uninviting appearance.

"THY LOVING FOOTSTEPS."

"Never mind, the first gong has gone. I am just on my way to dress for dinner. When you are ready I will fetch you. I will send Wilson to help you," added she.

"Oh, no, please don't!" cried I, desperately.

"Very well, if you would rather not," said she, good-naturedly.

I could not help wondering how my cousin would appear when dressed. I considered her very exquisitely arrayed in the garment which I afterwards learnt was only a tea-gown. As I surveyed myself, after the completion of my toilet, in a long mirror, I, for the first time, felt discontented with the white muslin dress Miss Duckworth had assured me was cut after the latest fashion. For the first time also I doubted Miss Duckworth's accuracy in regard to fashion. Having made myself as presentable as possible—and being some years older now, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I was generally admitted to be very pretty—I ventured to open the door. As I did so several girls passed arrayed in a manner that caused me to close my door abruptly and sink into a chair. I at once made up my mind to feign illness and go to bed. But, as I realised upon second thoughts, I couldn't remain in bed during the whole of my visit, I determined to go through the ordeal at any cost. I again opened my door, and passed down the corridor. As I did so a gentleman emerged from a room opposite. Not knowing what to do, I stood still and hung my head. Evidently taking me for a housemaid, he went quickly past me and down the stairs. Just when despair was almost reducing me to tears, I heard my cousin's voice exclaiming, "Oh, you are ready; come along then, and see mamma."

Following her, we entered a large room that seemed to me positively lined with faces. I was told afterwards that during my walk down the room I wore the air of a small tragedy queen. As my cousin stood still, a tall, handsome woman stepped forward, saying, "Little Violet Rankin, I suppose? Glad to see you, child. Frank, your Cousin Violet. Lord Edward Blake, Miss Rankin," added she, turning to a gentleman standing near her. Then evidently feeling she had done her duty, my aunt turned away to greet other guests.

"Had a pleasant journey?" inquired my cousin, who was so tall it was a positive effort to look up at him.

"Not particularly, thank you," said I, wondering what I ought to call him.

"Blake, my mother is asking you to take Miss Rankin into dinner," said my cousin.

In a few minutes I found myself seated at a long table glittering with glass and silver. I was greatly awed.

"You have come a long way, haven't you, Miss Rankin?" inquired my partner, with the praiseworthy desire of starting some sort of a conversation.

"Yes, from Llanbara," said I.

"Wherever is that?" asked he.

"Oh, nowhere—that is, it's not of the least consequence. Oh, dear!" added I, "I'm a good deal upset, like Mr. Toots."

"How so?"

"Mr. Toots is a character in a book called 'Dombey and Son,' by Charles Dickens," I explained, thinking he didn't understand my allusion. To my intense amazement, he went off into a perfect fit of mirth.

"Your opinion of us is not flattering, Miss Rankin," said he, when slightly recovered. "You don't seem to think we know much."

"What's the joke, Blake?" inquired a gentleman across the table.

"Mind your own business, my boy," said his lordship, who had evidently noticed my painful blushes.

"I knew I should do or say something dreadful," I blurted out, desperately.

"On the contrary, you have amused me very much; and I can assure you, Miss Rankin, I haven't been amused for many a day," said my companion, earnestly.

"You must be hard to please, Lord—— Ought I to call you my lord, your lordship, or what?" inquired I, determined to gain my information from a reliable source.

"If you must call me lord anything, call me Lord Edward," said he, with gravity; "but I am more commonly addressed as Ted, or Blake."

"Not by ladies!" I exclaimed.

"By some," said he, smiling; "but, as unfortunately our acquaintance is very recent, perhaps Lady Selborne might object to your so addressing me."

"I expect, if she noticed it at all, she would," said I.

"I was with your brother at Oxford," broke in the man on my other side, turning towards me. I stared at him, wondering if he were sane. Never during his wildest exploits had Hugh got as far as Oxford.

"My brother was never out of Wales in his life," said I.

"Oh—same name; thought he would be a relative," replied he, turning again to address the lady on his other side.

"Riggels has been at Oxford with everybody's brother," said Lord Edward. "He thinks it is a good way of introducing himself to girls by opening with that statement. He isn't the least perturbed when they say they never had a brother."

"What is his name?"

"Properly, Riggelston; commonly, Riggels."

I was chattering volubly about my father, Hugh, Libbie, and Llanbara, when I saw my cousin nod at me, and there was a general rising and pushing back of chairs.

"The ladies are going into the drawing-room," said my partner, evidently seeing, from the expression of my countenance, that I was in some doubt as to what might be going to happen next.

"Aren't you coming?" I inquired, afraid of losing my pleasant companion.

"Very soon," said he, smiling.

On reaching the drawing-room my aunt made some polite remarks about the pleasure of seeing me, and the love she had always had for my mother. I couldn't help wondering why she had never shown it before, but had sufficient tact not to say so. After what I considered a very long time, the gentlemen came. Much to my delight, Lord Edward at once came and sat down beside me. Just as he was about to speak, Sir Humphry Irving leant over my chair, saying—

"Do you ride much, Miss Rankin?"

"No," said I; "only two people in our village ride—Mr. Eccles and the doctor. The doctor, although old, is ambitious. He got a new patient, who lived some miles off, and was a great hunter. He fired the doctor with the desire to hunt also; but as he only possessed a steady old cob, it seemed impossible. Hearing of his difficulty, his new patient offered to sell him a very fine hunter; so he parted with his old cob, and took the hunter. Of course he had to go his rounds as usual; so the hunter was harnessed to the old phaeton. Off went the carriage with the doctor at a tremendous rate. In five minutes they came to a toll-gate. Before the woman could attempt to open it, the hunter rose to take a flying leap, and down came doctor, carriage, and all. Since then the doctor has re-bought his old cob, and is never heard to speak of hunting."

As I concluded my story, I suddenly became aware that I had been telling it to quite an audience, my Cousin Frank and two other men having joined us. Covered with confusion at my own temerity, I don't know what I should have done had not my former friend come to my assistance. While the others were laughing, he said—

"Capital story! Come and look at Lady Selborne's conservatory, Miss Rankin."

As we passed down the room I heard one girl say to another, "The little rustic seems amusing."

During the next few days I got quite accustomed to my surroundings. I was sometimes left alone in the evening, as, not having been presented, and possessing no suitable clothes, there were occasions on which it was impossible for my friends to take me with them.

In addition to myself, there were two other girl visitors, the Miss Gregsons, daughters of the rector of Hamley, near where is the Selborne country seat. Lord Edward was also staying in the house, as, having no relative near him, except a married sister, he did not care to open his "old barrack," as he termed it, just for himself. Sir Humphry Irving, the other male visitor, was a great traveller, and as he was staying in town only for a short time, my aunt invited him to make their house his home. Lillie and Frank were very kind to me, so also was Amy Gregson, who was a bright, lively, good-natured girl; but her elder sister seemed to entertain a feeling very closely verging on hatred towards me, why I could never make out.

Exactly a week after my arrival, everyone having gone to a Reception, I made my way to the library, and curling myself up in a comfortable chair, continued my reading of "A Thrilling Adventure." I had an inward consciousness that if my father had found me perusing such a work he would have requested me to put it back where I found it; but the pricks of conscience were drowned in my excitement to know the end. Suddenly I was startled by hurried footsteps in the hall, and the banging of doors. Running out and looking over the banisters, I saw four men carrying a board, on which was stretched a man. As they passed beneath the hall lamp I saw that it was Lord Edward. Bounding down the stairs, I reached his side as they rested him on the dining-room table.

"Is that the little rustic?" said he, smiling faintly, as I bent over him.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.

"I'm afraid I am about finished, Violet," said he.

Just then the doctor appeared, who quietly ordered the gaping servants out of the room, retaining only Mrs. Green and Hollins. Then catching sight of me, he said—

"My dear young lady, you must run away," and opening the door he politely bowed me out.

About an hour later they carried Lord Edward upstairs. He was then quite unconscious. After seeing him settled, the doctor came into the library, where Hollins had laid refreshments for him.

"A very unfortunate accident," said he, pouring out a glass of port.

"However did it happen? I thought he was at the Reception, and was going from there to Lady Marley's with the others," said I.

"So he did; but feeling ill, came away. Thinking the fresh air would do him good, he started here on foot. Turning suddenly dizzy as he was crossing a road, he was knocked down by a hansom."

"Is he seriously hurt?"

"His arm is broken, and he got a nasty knock on the head, but nothing serious. Time and rest will soon put him right again. Now, my dear young lady, I advise you to go to bed," added he.

"Who is with Lord Edward?"

"Mrs. Green, who is a most competent nurse," said he, and repeating his advice to me to go to bed, he departed.

(*To be concluded.*)

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.

The Order of St. Joachim has much affinity with those of the Order of Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, the Teutonic Knights, and the Knights Templars. It was instituted A.D. 1755, and was of German origin. The princes, nobles, and military men of high distinction who were the first enrolled in its ranks were called "The Knights of the Order of Jonathan, Defenders of the Honour of Divine Providence," and the first Grand Master was His Serene Highness Christian Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, an elder brother of the celebrated Duke Field-Marshal. He was elected and installed on June 20th, 1756, the anniversary of the day of foundation. The fact that this illustrious Order was *epicene* entitles it to a place amongst Orders conferred on women; and it is pleasant to record that, like most of such institutions, it was religious in feeling and confession, and practical in its works of benevolence, and in carefulness in seeking out and succouring those in need of assistance. Moreover, the children of the whole British Empire must feel some additional regard for this Order, inasmuch as that, on the 4th of September 1801, the entire chapter of this European Order unanimously elected our own Lord Nelson to be a member, the approbation of his own sovereign being afterwards accorded to his acceptance of the honour. That he was gratified by such a distinction, received from the hands of foreigners, there could be no doubt, for his great appreciation of the orders and medals conferred on him as marks of approbation was manifested by his habitual wearing of all he received—a circumstance which made him an object of notice, and, unhappily, of personal attack. Thus we find that he was always amongst the wounded in the great actions in which he was engaged, and the childlike pleasure he had in covering his breast with them, reckless of all danger to which they exposed him, was amongst those personal characteristics which so much endeared him both to those who served under him and to the whole Empire.

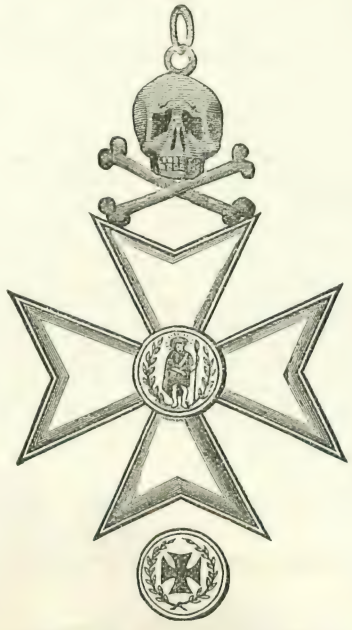
Only persons of hereditary nobility, titled or untitled, were eligible for election as members, or being married to a gentleman whose birth and conduct were unexceptionable. But a particular class was founded for the distinction and benefit of women, who, without such hereditary descent as to render them eligible for membership of the first class, might receive the decoration as a recompense of honour, conferred for actions of merit. The members of the first class were Ladies Grand Crosses; of the second, Ladies wearing the Small Cross; the third, Lady Novices. And now, for the benefit of my young readers, I will give an abridgment of the three vows which the members were required to take.

First—Both single and married women should "educate children as true mothers ought to do, whether their own or children confided to their care, endeavouring to make them useful members of the state to which they severally belong; and that they should, further, promote the education of other young people."

Secondly—"That each Lady of the Order must distinguish herself with respect to her apparel, by wearing none but honourable and decent dresses." "Honourable," I suppose, meant suitable to their position, not shabby, nor in any way derogatory either in quality or condition. By employing the word "decent," it is obvious that the exhibitions of the person, such as we too often see in the present day, were prohibited. I refer to the evening dresses, cut exceedingly low and sleeveless—to say the least of it, in very vulgar, bad style.

Thirdly—The playing of games of hazard was altogether forbidden, and even in those of skill the play might "not be deep," because, "resulting too frequently in the ruin of families."

The Ladies Grand Crosses wore the cross of the Order attached to a ribbon, the width of three fingers, hung round the neck, so that the cross should lie in the centre of the chest, and on the left breast the silver star. The Lady Novices wore a knot of ribbon on the left breast, on which the word "Virtute" was embroidered in silver. Fines, and even forfeitures, were the results of neglecting to wear the insignia constantly. The reception of a Lady into this Order was one of great and imposing ceremony; and she had to make a solemn vow to fulfil the obligations she had taken upon herself—"to the glory of God, to the honour of herself, and to the benefit of society."



LADIES' BADGE OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOACHIM.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century an Order was instituted for women as well as men in Spain. It was founded by Charles IV., the reigning sovereign, A.D. 1792, and was entitled the Order of Maria Louisa. This Order differed but little in its special design from the others which we have had in review. According to the warrant, we are told it was

LADIES' BADGE OF THE ORDER OF ST. CATHERINE (RUSSIA).

instituted "to afford the much-loved Queen an additional opportunity of testifying her gratification and good wishes to those noble ladies who distinguish themselves by their loyal services, sincere attachment, and noble virtues."

Again we find that practical benevolence was one of the grand features of the *raison d'être* of the Order, for one of the duties obligatory on the members was that they should visit a hospital or other institution for the benefit of women every month, a duty carried out by many of this Order, who kept up a succession of visitings of valuable use to these charities. The Order is supposed to be under the patronage of St. Ferdinand, and the distinction of membership only conferred on women recommended by the Cabinet Council, and nominated by the Queen. The badge consists of a gold Maltese cross, bordered with violet enamel, and bears a device consisting of castles and lions alternately between the arms, and a figure of St. Ferdinand on a medallion in the centre. It is surmounted by a large gold wreath, and it is suspended by a broad violet ribbon, having a broad white stripe in the middle, which is passed through a gold ring. This ribbon is worn across the right shoulder, passing down to the left side. The motto is "*Rl, Ordo dla, Reina Maria Luisa.*" As I do not know of any histories of special interest connected with this Order, I pass on to another.

The Order of St. Isabella was founded for women only by Don John, Prince Regent of Portugal, A.D. 1801; but the promulgation of the statutes took place three years subsequently. On St. Isabella's Day the Grand Mistress, accompanied by the members, after attending divine service, visits the Foundling Hospital, but the Orphan Asylum is inspected by them every week. On gala and festival days the decoration is worn, which consists of a gold medal, bearing a representation of St. Isabella of Portugal on the obverse, and the inscription, "Comforter of the Poor" (in Latin), and on the reverse, "Royal Order of St. Isabella." It is suspended by a broad rose-coloured ribbon with white stripes, in the form of a scarf. On ordinary occasions it is fastened at left side by a bow of a similar but narrower ribbon. The number of members is limited to twenty-six, besides the Princesses

of the Royal family and of foreign reigning houses, who must have attained the age of twenty-six *if unmarried*.

Observe, again, how the element of benevolence is part and parcel of this institution also, and its practical exercise (in the devotion of strength, time, and undoubtedly of monetary offerings) is made obligatory on all the ladies so distinguished.

The Order of St. Catherine of Russia was instituted by the Czar Peter the Great in 1714. By so doing he desired to commemorate the heroism and affection of the Czarevna, his consort, on the occasion of the great battle which took place between the Russians and the Turks, on the banks of the Pruth. This dauntless woman accompanied her husband in his campaign, sharing all hardships and dangers with him, so devoted was her affection and fortitude. My readers may perhaps remember that she was not "born in the purple," and was therefore the better able to endure the trying vicissitudes of camp life and the horrors of war. Her maiden name was Martha Rabe; she was a Livonian, and she had been the wife of a Swedish dragoon. History relates that the Russian army, being reduced to great extremities for lack of provisions, Catherine privately despatched a courier to the Grand Vizier, proposing a truce, in consideration of his receiving a large sum of money. Her woman's wit made it evident to her that such a proposal would be derogatory if coming from her husband, while quite otherwise if from her, and sent without his knowledge. The money offered proved an irresistible bait to the Turk; he at once accepted the price of a truce, and sent deputies to the Russian camp, who were commissioned to request the honour of seeing her Imperial Majesty, because the Turkish commander much doubted that a princess could or would share the fatigues, dangers, and privations of war merely through love to her husband; nor to have made the enemy so large a gift from the same amiable feeling. That they were granted the ocular proof desired it is only reasonable to suppose; and it was to commemorate the devotion of the Empress and the success of her enterprise—saving the whole army, as she did, from destruction, yet sparing the honour of the Imperial Commander—that the Order of St. Catherine was inaugurated. In so doing the Czar likewise desired to stimulate the good and loyal feeling of other women, and to hold up the personal self-sacrifice and heroism which was evidenced by his Imperial consort as a noble example to all her subjects.

It seems that, in the first instance, men were admitted to membership, though later on the honour was exclusively restricted to women. Two mottoes were attached to the Order, one appearing on the broad poppy-red ribbon, adorned with silver stripes, which is worn over the right shoulder, and passed down to the left side. "For love and Fatherland," this is embroidered in Russian.

The other motto is on the grand cross surmounting the device—*i.e.*, "*Æquat munia comparis*." This badge consists of a circular crimson enamelled escutcheon of gold, on which there is a four-pointed white enamelled gold cross. Below the latter, and somewhat behind it, is the half of a wheel, of a brown colour, to represent wood, the spokes and nails of the same being of gold. My readers will recognise, in this latter part of the device, the instrument of martyrdom by which St. Catherine sacrificed her life for her faith in Christ. Behind, in the background, the holy martyr appears, her upper garment of rose colour, the lower of a pale blue. Rays of glory surround the head, and in her right hand she holds a palm branch, represented in green enamel. A rich band of diamonds encircles the escutcheon; above the cross there are a diamond crown and two palm branches laid crossing each other. At the extreme points of the cross are three *fleurs-de-lys*, also in diamonds, and surmounting the cross is a small, eight-pointed star formed of the same jewels. I said that the scarf from which the Order is suspended bore a motto; on the reverse side there is a curious device, an eyrie at the top of an old tower, and standing at the foot of it are two eagles in the act of carrying up serpents as food for their young. There is a special costume designed to be worn by members of the Order on special occasions. It is of silver stuff, decorated with gold embroidery. In addition to the grand cross, the ladies wear also an eight-pointed star, the rays of which are embroidered in silver. In the middle is a coloured escutcheon, upon which appear a cross in silver and the half of a wheel argent.

This Order admits women of all nationalities, but only those of the highest rank. Previously to her marriage, H.R.H. Charlotte Princess Royal of Great Britain was created a member by the reigning Empress, who is Grand Mistress of the Order. Within the last few years the honour has been conferred on three of our Princesses, their Royal Highnesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice. I may here observe that admission into any Russian Order (and that of St. Catherine is one of the five originally instituted) is a distinction which, of itself, confers nobility. See "Nobility of the British Gentry," by James Lawrence, Knight of Malta.

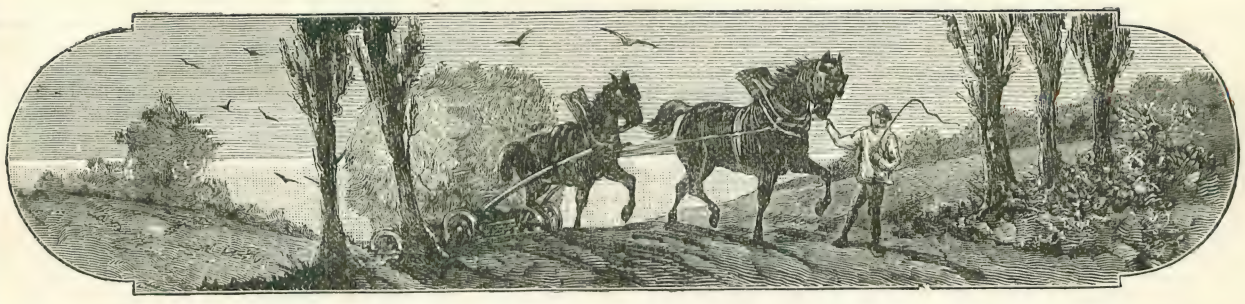
It may be observed that I have somewhat exceeded the supposed limits of my subject as indicated by the title of these articles, by including medals and simple decorations amongst these great Orders, into which hereditary nobility is an essential qualification for admission. But I write for the information and the pleasure of all ranks amongst the readers of this paper, and it is only just, as well as pleasant, to give some mention of those honours which are open to all who may distinguish themselves above their fellows. Somewhat of this class is the "Maria Medal" of Russia, founded A.D. 1828, by the Emperor Nicholas, in memory of his mother, Maria Feodorowna, "for Service," and was open to all classes of society, the circumstance of humble birth being no impediment to eligibility. It consisted of two classes. The medal of the first is worn on a scarf laid over the shoulder; that of the second was affixed to the left breast. The ribbon is that of the Vladimir Order, striped crimson and black. It was usually granted to directors and inspectors of the charitable institutions under the immediate management of the Empress Maria. Ladies acting in such capacities were decorated after twenty-five years' service, receiving the medal of the first class; and after fifteen of the second, the candidates being examined by a board of those institutions, and then submitted for the Emperor's approval. Under no circumstances can the possessors be deprived of the medal. The badge of the first-class is a gold, blue-enamelled cross, with the name "Maria" in the centre, and a laurel branch with the number in Roman ciphers of the years of service. Of the second-class a gold medal, bearing likewise the name and ciphers.

Of the same character, in one respect, is the Order of Leopold, founded by Francis I., Emperor of Austria, A.D. 1808, in so far as it is free to all classes and both sexes, irrespective of rank. Nevertheless in this case the institution was that of a real Order, and not of a simple decoration only. All meritorious persons were eligible as members of one of the three classes which composed it. The motto explains the object of the institution, viz., "*Integritate et Merito*."

The last Order which may be included in this, the fifth part of my series, is that founded A.D. 1814, of Louisa of Prussia. Four ladies composed the chapter, and the members otherwise consisted of women distinguished for services rendered to the sick and the wounded in the wars of 1813 and 1814, as also in hospitals. Single or married women were equally eligible; and also whether Prussians or naturalised. In this Order we find another instance of a distinction free to all; personal merit, apart from rank or interest, alone qualifying the aspirant for membership. Otherwise, there were no restrictions imposed. The badge is a small gold cross, black enamelled, and in the centre (on both sides) there is sky-blue enamel. On the obverse is the letter "L," and on the reverse the dates, as given above. It was worn on the left breast, suspended by the ribbon of the Iron Cross.

We have recently had a very interesting sketch of the life of the good Queen of Prussia, the pious mother of the late Emperor William, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (see vol. viii., p. 801), and those who have read it will have seen that she used to accompany her much-beloved husband to the wars with Napoleon Bonaparte. Thus the institution of an Order in commemoration of her fortitude and devotion, bearing her honoured name, was a commendable thought; and the distinction conferred by admission to membership of women who would fain "go and do likewise" was and is most suitable, and much to be commended.

(*To be continued.*)



ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. LORRAINE SENDS FOR HIS SOLICITOR.

It was the last day of the year. A thaw had set in and disappointed the skaters, but now the ground was again hard with frost, and a cold, grey sky seemed to presage snow. Early in the afternoon Aldyth went down to the Blands' to see if the girls were inclined for a walk, but found neither of them at home, so after a brief chat with their mother she started alone, and turning into the Tolleshunt Road, set off for a brisk walk.

It was very cold, but to Aldyth's vigorous young frame the cold brought only enjoyment. She was not sorry to take a solitary walk. The close of the year gave her much to think about. She liked to look back over its months, and recall all that had happened. There was pleasure, too, in conjecturing as to the coming year, for Aldyth's past had known no shadows that could make her look forward with dread to the unknown future. She did not cherish melancholy thoughts, and indulge in gloomy imaginations, like Hilda Bland. Aldyth's inner life was healthy and glad. She did not magnify her girlhood's trials, nor brood over past vexations. Already she could smile at Guy's folly on Hilda's birthday night, and persuade herself that her grand-uncle would soon learn how unreasonable was his expectation with regard to her. It was not in the power of such considerations to depress her long.

They seemed of such slight moment in comparison with all the beautiful things of life, which for her had still the "glory and the freshness of a dream." It was by virtue of her child-like joy in life that Aldyth helped to make life beautiful to others, who scarcely knew to what they should ascribe the charm they found in her sweet, genial presence.

Aldyth's mind in its retrospection had travelled along the year to the time of John Glynne's coming to Woodham. She was recalling her annoyance at having to give up the lectures, when, raising her eyes, she perceived the lecturer within a few yards of her. She smiled involuntarily. It seemed so strange that he should appear at that moment.

Mr. Glynne had several boys with him, Charlie Bland amongst the number, and they seemed to have had a long tramp in the country. He was a great favourite with his pupils, and even in the holidays they gathered about him. It was by no laxity of rule that he had won their liking, for he had the character of being the strictest of all the Grammar School masters. In no other class was such perfect discipline maintained as in his. A look, or at most a word, from him was sufficient to check all unruliness. The boys knew that he was not to be trifled with, for John Glynne had the sternness which, in a strong character, counterbalances gentleness and goodness of heart. No one could be more severe when the occasion was one which demanded severity. The boy detected in cramming or shamming was likely to receive a lesson he would not soon forget.

John Glynne met Aldyth's recognition with one of the full, sweet smiles which gave to his face, homely enough otherwise, a rare attraction. He paused to speak to her, and the boys trooped on, all except Charlie Bland, who felt as if Aldyth belonged to him, and he had a right to linger by her side.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Lorraine," he said; "I was thinking of dropping in presently to say good-bye to your aunt. I am going up to town by the five o'clock train."

"Oh, are you really going home?" said Aldyth. "Then your sister is better?"

"She pronounces herself quite well now. She was to return with my mother from Brighton this morning. The house is ready, so we meet again as a united family to-night to begin the New Year together."

"Oh, that is nice," said Aldyth, heartily. "I am very glad your sister is all right again. You know I feel as if I knew her, although we have never met."

"I wish very much that she could meet you," said John Glynne, earnestly; "I am sure you two would be friends. Well, I must say good-bye, Miss Lorraine, though not for long. We shall soon be at work again, eh, Charlie?"

Charlie made such a comical grimace that Aldyth laughed.

"That is not a pleasant anticipation for Charlie, I am afraid," she said. "Do not trouble to call on aunt, Mr. Glynne; you would not find her at home."

"No? Then I must ask you to tell her of my intention. Good-bye, Miss Aldyth; I wish you a happy New Year."

"Thank you," said Aldyth. "And I wish you and your mother and sister the same. Somehow, I think it must be a happy New Year."

"For you, no doubt," he replied, looking a little enviously at the girl's glad face, glowing with health and happiness. "You have a bright prospect before you."

"Oh, I don't know," said Aldyth, a little sigh escaping as she spoke. "I begin every year with hope—the hope that it will bring my mother home to me. It seems to me that she will surely come next year; but I may be disappointed again. You cannot understand what it is to be separated from your mother all your life."

"No, I cannot," he said, his tone full of sympathy. "It must be hard. I do hope the new year will bring you the great joy of her return."

Aldyth smiled; but her eyes grew moist. The very thought of that joy affected her like pain.

"It is a pity you are going away just as there is a chance of some skating," remarked Charlie to his tutor as they walked on. "You should see Aldyth skate. I think she is as clever on her skates as Kitty; though everyone says Kitty is the best girl skater at Woodham. Guy was trying to teach Hilda last winter; but she is a duffer! She is too afraid of falling to do anything."

Glynne scarcely heard his words. He was lost in thought. Surely it was more than the hope of her mother's return which made Aldyth Lorraine speak so confidently of a happy New Year. Well, Guy Lorraine was a happy fellow. If only he had seemed a little more capable of appreciating the treasure he had won!

Finding his remarks met with no attention, Charlie ran on to overtake the other boys. His company was not missed. John Glynne walked slowly, and his vacant glance took no notice of two persons who were to be seen coming along a narrow lane which ran between the fields and led from the London Road to the Tolleshunt Road. In summer the overhanging trees made the narrow

walk delightfully shady, and wild flowers grew luxuriantly on either side; but now, when the trees were bare and not a flower to be seen, the lane had no attraction save such as its loneliness offered. Glynne received an impression that the two walking there must be lovers; but he did not recognise the tall, squarely-built form nor the petite, girlish figure, which was such an extreme contrast to its height and strength. He could not suppose it to be of any consequence to him who the two were who found such pleasure in each other's society.

But a pair of eyes, very much on the alert to mark all that passed before them, had observed the two at the other end of the lane ere they passed into its shelter. Guy had been far from thinking, when he asked Hilda to meet him at Wood Corner that afternoon, that his uncle was likely to be anywhere in that neighbourhood. But Stephen Lorraine owned a farm not far from Wood Corner, and driving homewards from another direction, he remembered that his tenant had spoken to him about repairs. No time like the present, he decided, though to call at the farm would take him several miles out of his way.

Thus it happened that he suddenly appeared in the London Road, near the spot where Guy and Hilda had met. He was quick to recognise the tall, handsome form of his nephew, and the diminutive size of his companion revealed her identity. As soon as Guy perceived his uncle's gig coming along he tried to escape observation by hurrying down the lane, an action which increased his uncle's displeasure.

What might have passed for a chance meeting had thus the appearance of a clandestine appointment.

"Little minx! Why does not her mother look after her?" he said to himself. "Well, I'll let her know, and she shall hear my mind on the subject, too."

"Straight down Woodham," he said to the servant who was driving. "I have a call to make there."

Guy reached home before his uncle, who arrived late for dinner, after paying Mrs. Bland a visit that had greatly astonished and disturbed her. It was with some uneasiness that the young man took his place at the table. He had tried hard to persuade himself that it was impossible his uncle could have recognised him that afternoon, but he had not succeeded in dismissing every fear. His uncle's bearing afforded him no sure ground of confidence.

The old man eat his dinner in grim silence, broken only by brief but caustic rejoinders to the few remarks on which Guy ventured. He was obviously in an unamiable mood; but a variety of causes might have conduced to that not infrequent occurrence. Guy endeavoured to behave himself circumspectly, and avoid every reference likely to fan the smouldering flame. He seemed to have succeeded, and it was with rising spirits that he was about to leave the dining-room, when a word from his uncle stayed him.

"Have you any engagement for to-morrow morning, Guy?"

"No, sir; I have nothing particular in hand to-morrow."

"Then I will trouble you to ride to Woodham for me the first thing. I want a note carried to Mr. Greenwood, and if you go, you can wait and bring back his answer."

"Certainly, sir. Mr. Greenwood at the bank, I suppose?"

"No; you are mistaken. It is Mr. Greenwood, my solicitor, I wish to see."

The emphasis put on the word solicitor made Guy uncomfortable.

"Very well, sir," he replied.

"I hope it may prove well," said old Stephen, suddenly breaking forth in anger. "I send for my solicitor, sir, because you have made me aware it is necessary I should reconsider my will. After what I have seen this afternoon, I have no alternative. I will not have your cousin's feelings trifled with; I will not have her made to suffer on your account. There are more ways than one of making her the mistress of Wyndham, and mistress of Wyndham I intend that she shall be."

Guy flushed and then paled. This revelation of his uncle's intentions was a shock to him. But he controlled himself, and after waiting for a few moments to see if his uncle had more to say, quietly left the room.

The two breakfasted together the next morning as usual. It was not a pleasant day for a ride. It had been snowing in the night, and a sparse white covering lay on the ground; every now and then the keen north wind would bring a shower of sleet. Neither of the gentlemen, however, remarked upon the weather as they took their breakfast. The squire gave his whole attention to the *Times*, and Guy occupied himself with a sporting journal, and with a favourite dog that sat "begging" by his side and shared his meal.

On rising from the table, Stephen Lorraine went to his desk. Guy watched him as he selected a sheet of notepaper and then began to write in his small, neat hand. The servant entering to clear the table, Guy gave orders that his horse should be ready for him in half-an-hour.

"Ah," said old Stephen, half-turning as he spoke, "it is rather a rough morning; perhaps you would prefer to have the carriage. You could put it up at Woodham, and wait till Mr. Greenwood was at liberty to return with you. You would have no difficulty in passing the time agreeably with your friends."

There was a sting in the last words for Guy. He coloured angrily as he replied—

"Thank you, sir, I prefer to ride. I shall be back in little more than an hour, and I can bring you word what time will suit Mr. Greenwood if you like to send the carriage for him."

"Oh, very well," returned his uncle, and he proceeded slowly with his letter-writing, whilst Guy went off to prepare for his ride.

Guy would not have minded the biting wind had his errand been an agreeable one; but as it was the ride could hardly have been more unpleasant. He stole a glance at the Blands' house as he went down the High Street; but no one was visible at the windows. Hilda, complaining of a headache, was still in bed. She had lain awake, crying and imagining herself the most unhappy of heroines, till long past midnight, and the morning found her weary in mind and body, and convinced that an early death would close her miserable life.

Mr. Greenwood had just arrived at his office, and welcomed Guy genially. He was a little man, with black hair and black "mutton chop" whiskers, small, shrewd, dark eyes, and a brisk, pleasant manner.

"Good morning, Mr. Guy. The New Year begins roughly, does it not? How is the weather at Wyndham? You do not find it too warm to-day, eh?"

"Scarcely," said Guy, who at that moment was by no means inclined to be effusively friendly. "My uncle asked me to bring you this note. He wishes to speak with you on business, I believe; but you will see what he says."

"And how is Mr. Lorraine?" inquired the lawyer, with an air of anxious interest; "how does he bear this severe weather, eh? It is very trying for elderly persons. They tell me that poor old Adam Drake—down the Hundreds, you know—was found dead in his bed this morning."

"Was he? Poor old chap!" said Guy, indifferently. "My uncle is all right, I believe, Mr. Greenwood. The cold does not seem to make any difference to him."

"No? But it may in the long run; he should be careful, indeed he should be careful, Mr. Guy. I was surprised to see him driving in his open gig yesterday. It was not the day for it, indeed."

Guy shrugged his shoulders with some impatience. It was anything but agreeable to him just then to be reminded of the uncertainty of his uncle's life. If he should alter his will and then die without giving him a chance of reinstating himself in his favour!

Mr. Greenwood had opened the note and was reading it.

"Hem," he said, "Mr. Lorraine begs me to go out to Wyndham to-day. That is awkward. I happen to be particularly engaged to-day."

"Perhaps uncle could wait till to-morrow," suggested Guy, not without a gleam of hope.

The lawyer shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he said. "He speaks of 'a matter that admits of no delay.' You are sure, by the way, all is right with your uncle? He did not take a chill yesterday?"

"If he did I have heard nothing of it," said Guy, impatiently. "If you can say at what hour you will be ready, we will send the carriage for you, Mr. Greenwood."

"Thank you," said that gentleman; "let me see." He paused, stroking his chin meditatively and peering upwards through his *pince-nez*. "Suppose we say four o'clock; I can hardly be ready before that hour."

"Very well," said Guy, "the carriage shall be here at four. Good-day for the present, Mr. Greenwood."

Mr. Greenwood was ready punctually at the hour named, and in due time arrived at Wyndham.

Stephen Lorraine was awaiting him, and the two were closeted together until dinner-time, when the lawyer sat down at his client's table.

Guy, who then joined them, could scarcely conceal his restlesss irritation, and the squire contributed little to the conversation; but Mr. Greenwood's cheerful flow of small talk never failed.

And yet the solicitor, with whom Guy was a favourite, was anything but pleased with the business he had been called upon to effect. Ere leaving the house, he managed to draw Guy aside and say a few words to him.

"Look here, young man, whatever is wrong between you and your uncle, my advice to you is—patch it up as quickly as possible."

"That is more easily said than done," replied Guy, moodily.

"Oh, I don't know. I have known your uncle a good many years now, and he is not bad to deal with if you only take him the right way."

"You mean if you let him have his own way," returned Guy.

"Well, surely you can humour an old man. I can tell you, Mr. Guy, it is worth your while to do so. I have said all I dare for you; but, but—it lies with you to set matters right."

"But suppose my uncle requires me to do something that I cannot do?" said Guy.

"Well, then, I can only say it is a very great pity; but surely you can find a way out of the difficulty. Depend upon it you make a great mistake if you quarrel with your uncle now. There, I must not say more, but I hope you will so manage things that I may soon be called to repeat my visit with a happier result. Do you understand?"

Guy understood too well for his peace of mind. How could he make things right? He could not and he would not marry his cousin, nor could he bear the thought of giving up Hilda Bland.

Mr. Greenwood passed on to the library to take his leave of Mr. Lorraine, and presently departed from Wyndham, carrying with him a rough draft of the new will his client had desired him to draw up.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Pathetic Poem.

Young Poetess (*to editor*): "Here is a little poem of a pathetic nature, sir; I showed it to my mother, and she actually cried over it."

Editor (*after reading the poem*): "You say your mother cried?"

Young Poetess: "Yes, sir."

Editor: "Well, you go home, and promise your mother never to write any more poetry, and I think the old lady will dry her eyes."

Absent Minded.

The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends.

"Counted it?" replied Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

Advice to Young Pianists.

"The great fault with pianists," says Dr. Hans von Bülow, "is that they do not learn to phrase properly. Every pianist should learn to sing and to play the violin; then their ears would hear more critically the sounds they produce, and thereby teach them how to phrase.

"The average pianist plays by sight only, and has no ears. She sees the keys, and tries to execute correctly; but the sound she produces, the effect of her work, is not apparent to her. My advice to young pianists—old ones won't take advice—is to cultivate their ears, and strive to obtain beauty and expression in what we name phrasing. It is the real beginning to greatness as a performer."

A Symphony in Red.

Mrs. Honeymoon: "Algernon, dear, I wish you would put on your red necktie for dinner."

Mr. Honeymoon: "Why, my love?"

Mrs. Honeymoon: "Because we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries, and claret."

With Fear and Trembling.—She who fears to undertake is already defeated.

Not a Desirable Husband.

He had declared his passion, and was anxiously awaiting her reply.

"Mr. Samson," said she, and her voice sounded like a knell, "the letter which you kindly offered to post for me two weeks ago has never yet reached its destination. Farewell."

A Sagacious Treasurer.

Quantity strikes the eye at once. It is told that a certain king ordered his treasurer to give an artist a thousand pounds for some work which his faithful minister knew would be most liberally paid for with half that sum. The treasurer therefore gave instructions to have five hundred pounds laid on a table in a room which he knew that his majesty would pass through with him.

On seeing the pile of silver, the king exclaimed, "What's all that money for?"

"Sire," said the treasurer, "it is half the sum which your majesty commanded me to give the artist."

"Is that so?" said the king. "A deal of money—a deal of money; half of it will do!"

"Not so Bad as that."

"You can't go home when it's raining like this. You had better stay and have dinner with us!"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that!"

Happy and Miserable.—We need little less than infinity to make us happy, and little more than nothing to make us miserable.

Shortest and Longest.

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember,
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day—you were away—
The very next day after.

The New Church Organ.—The merits of a new church organ were recently thus described by a local paper.—"The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."

Two Little Old Ladies.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day;
One could not be happy, "because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song;
"She had not time to be sad," she said,
"When hungry children were crying for bread."
So she baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay:
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

Leaving Cards.—Speaking of leaving cards, Lord Ronald Gower in his "Reminiscences" says:—"This is one of the small curses of modern society. I wasted an hour in driving from one house to half a dozen other houses, where evenings had been frittered away, in order to leave a bit of cardboard on people who could not possibly care if one did so or not, or probably if they never saw your face again."

Getting a Good Name.—A good name, like good will, is got by many actions and lost by one.

A Small House no Obstacle.

"If I give my daughter to you, young man," said a father, "where will you take her?"

"Well—er—— I thought," said the young man, "perhaps we might stay here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit."

"H'm—yes!" said the father; "I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the difficulty. But my house is very small."

"Ye—s," replied the would-be son-in-law, "I thought of that too; but the idea occurred to me that possibly the house could be enlarged."

Good and Bad.

Good people can more easily understand bad people than these can understand the good.

EDUCATIONAL.

CONSTANTIN.—The writing is excellent, and would receive good marks.

HOPE STAVELEY might perhaps get a situation as nursery governess or mother's help.

AN INQUIRER (Cambridge Road).—Liebig, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," asserted that "spontaneous combustion is absolutely impossible, the human frame containing 75 or 80 per cent. of water; and as flesh when saturated with alcohol is not consumed upon the application of a light, the alcohol burning off first, the causes assigned to account for the spontaneous ignition are, *à priori*, extremely improbable."

BEE.—The articles on "Photography for Girls" are in vol. vii., pages 58, 132, 206, 285.

MOMA.—We should advise you to join some good correspondence class.

INQUIRER.—There are ambulance classes held at the Polytechnic in Regent Street; inquire at the office.

IVY LEE.—The name you want is not "dumb piano," or a dummy, but *digitorium*. 2. At any piano or musical instrument shop where they are sold.

MAUD can only improve her spelling by keeping a dictionary at her elbow when she is writing, and looking out every word that she is in the least doubtful about. Then she should make lists of these doubtful words also, and write each down until she conquers her difficulty with it. Half the bad spelling of young people is owing to carelessness.

A. S FISHER, and MERLE.—We refer you to our series entitled "The Girls' Year," in volume x. Certainly the British Museum library would supply you with all the works you could possibly need; it is a charming place for study. You should spell better if you aspire to be an author, and to pass matriculation examinations; "Brittish" would not "pass"!

P. W.—We must refer you to the series indicated to "A. S. Fisher."

A WELSH GIRL has only to write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, enclosing the amount due, and he will forward the missing numbers to her address.

AN ORPHAN.—You will have to write for particulars to the following address, for London rules may not obtain in all the provincial hospitals, as regards age in particular. Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, trains nurse probationers, giving their training, board, and lodging free. The probationers must provide their own uniform. 2. We thank you for recommending the ridding of worms from flower-pots by the simple plan of pouring a solution of mustard and water, moderately strong, over the earth; the worms rising up to avoid the mustard can then be easily removed. In reference again to the subject of your obtaining employment, you might procure "The Englishwoman's Year-book" (Hatchard's, Piccadilly, W.).

HOUSEKEEPING.

JENNIE B.; AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We have given some articles. In vol. vi., "How I Keep House on £250 a Year," on pages 9 and 10, will be found the full list of expenses. In vol. vii., "How to Live on £100," at page 228, the family numbering three children and their parents. From these two sources you should be able to judge how much your expenditure should be.

WILLING.—See "How to Lay the Dinner Table," vol. vii., page 106; and "How to Wait at Table," vol. viii., page 488.

HELIOTROPE had better have her trousseau marked after marriage; this obviates the difficulty. The bride does not supply any house-linen. We should recommend some of the pretty straw-seated chairs and a plain dining table, with a good plain sofa; not a suite of some of the advertised dining-room furniture, which are rarely to be found good and cheap at the same time.

AN AFRICAN HOUSEKEEPER.—We do not understand your first question. If it means that we are to recommend any especial kind or makers of tinned provisions, we could not do so; and we know of no bad brands at all. 2. There is no method of keeping clothes, boots and shoes, and gloves from insects and damp, save by using boxes lined with tin. We hope you will not be vexed if we say that with your list of esculents you ought to do well, with a little care and thought; and we should imagine that the loss of health might be accounted for by insufficient exercise, indolent habits, or perhaps too much food. Vegetables, bread, rice, stewed and fresh fruits should be the staple dietary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIE.—There is a Hospital for Epilepsy in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Road Station), N.W. This hospital receives both free patients and paying ones, according to their means and position. Address, R. Howgram Graham, Esq., secretary. The intellect is always more or less weakened by repeated attacks of the disease.

A CORNISH GIRL.—Our opinion is that an author whose writings are worth anything will sooner or later come to the front.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—From what you say, the pain in the shoulder from using the violin bow appears to be muscular. You should practise for a shorter time daily, until rested, and gradually increase the length of time as you may be able to bear it. Should any further symptoms appear, of course have advice, but we never heard of spinal curvature arising from playing the violin. Take care to hold yourself straight.

ETIQUETTA.—Take whichever arm the gentleman offers you who takes you down to dinner or supper. Englishmen generally offer the left, and foreigners the right arm. Out of doors, when a man offers his arm to protect a woman in a crowd, or at night, of course he gives her the place inside, and takes the outside of the pavement or walk himself.

LOUIE.—The 10th of August, 1859, was a Wednesday.

L.A.P.—It gives us pleasure to hear that our criticisms of your poems met your approval. You should indeed know much about the ever-varying sea, watching it as you do from the solemn loneliness of a lighthouse. The verses you now send are worthy of the former ones, as well as we can now recall them, but you have changed the measure in the fifth verse, and this should only be done when, throughout a long poem, a new subject is commenced, not when the same is continued. The study of the stars, also, would be a deeply interesting one for you to take up, and in these studies of the beauties and wonders of Nature, we trust you ever bear in mind that which has been revealed to us of the infinite Creator, our loving Father, through Christ our Redeemer.

ANXIOUS TOTT.—Because you are troubled with palpitation of the heart, it does not follow that you have disease of that organ. Tight lacing or indigestion or irritability of the nerves may all produce palpitation. If uncertain and anxious on this point, you had better see a medical man, and he will tell you what the cause is in your individual case, and then it can be prescribed for. For a recipe for oatmeal porridge, see the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," page 133 and 153.

MISS C. HENRIETTA BENNETT.—We have pleasure in directing our correspondents to send cards and pictures direct to the London Mission Home, 14, Blomfield Street, London Wall, E.C., instead of (as desired by the lady in India who is interested in some Indian schools) to 22, Cavendish Square. We regret that Miss Bennett should have been inconvenienced through an error not our own.

X. Y. Z.—We could not tell you what will be worn. You should inquire. The clergyman or his wife will tell you.

EUTERPE.—You presuppose the existence of a certain fact, and inquire why it should be so. But the fact in this case does not exist. "All girls" do not "write alike," and thus the deduction which you make from it falls to the ground. As to their "having a league to write alike" for some secret reason, it is simply nonsense. We have the opportunity of seeing thousands of letters from them, and therefore know to the contrary. You inquire, "How can I stop myself growing?" Five feet nine in your boots is not by any means too tall for a boy who has nearly done growing. You ought to write a better hand at nineteen and six months.

INQUIRER.—We have often replied to your question. Read aloud slowly, and beat time regularly with your hand or foot, to every so many syllables, just as you would beat time in playing the piano. Go to a room by yourself, and practise this method daily, until you cease to stammer.

W. L. inquires of what colour the dress should be to "become a young lady of almin hair." We could not possibly commit ourselves to any opinion on this point, as we never heard of the colour named.

KNIGHT ERRANT.—There is an institution called the After-care Association, for assisting poor and friendless female convalescents on leaving asylums for the insane. Address the hon. sec., H. Thornhill Roxby, Esq., Arden Lee, The Drive, Walthamstow, Essex. There may be a vacancy there for the young woman in whom you feel an interest.

AN EARNEST READER is thanked for her nice considerate letter, but the verses are all too incorrect for any special criticism, although the sentiments are good.

CARISSIMA. — The tendency to grow fat may be hereditary. If not out of health, be satisfied; if ailing, it may be a symptom of some weakness, which should be prescribed for by a doctor.

HENRI.—The term "fiddlesticks," as denoting nonsense, or something useless, has reference to the quick movement of the hand in using the violin bow, or fiddlestick. Moving the hands nervously when doing nothing, and playing listlessly with anything, as children often do, and end with breaking the article, is described as "fiddling." It is the proper word. Pepys, in his Diary, speaks of such profitless use of the fingers: "The ladies walked, talking, and fiddling with their hats and feathers." Bacon also uses the word: "Themistocles said he could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a city." There is, in reality, no such thing as "luck," but it is a common word used to denote that, so far as *your* prescience or control was concerned, the event was an unexpected one.

WATER LILY.—There are many games suitable for a children's party, such as Post, Forfeits, Magic Music, "How do you like it? when? and where?" Bouts rimés, "A ship came from China," "The one-horned lady," etc., etc. Write carefully, and study copies daily.

ERNIE'S AND RODIE'S DARLINGS.—Tell your mother of your correspondence, and if she approves you can continue it; if not, tell your friends that it is not permitted, and discontinue it.

BLUSHING NELL is strongly advised not to marry if consumptive, and doubly so if the man who has proposed to her be consumptive also. It could only end in misery. Yes, so long as by care you can help your parents, do so; it is your first duty.

DAMPF-NOODLE.—We do not know to what feast in the North of England you refer, as you give it no name nor any description in your query. We are unable to suggest any lucrative occupation "to be taken up of an evening at home."

*** The portrait of Mademoiselle Janotha, printed on page 465 of this volume, was copied, by permission, from the photograph of Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

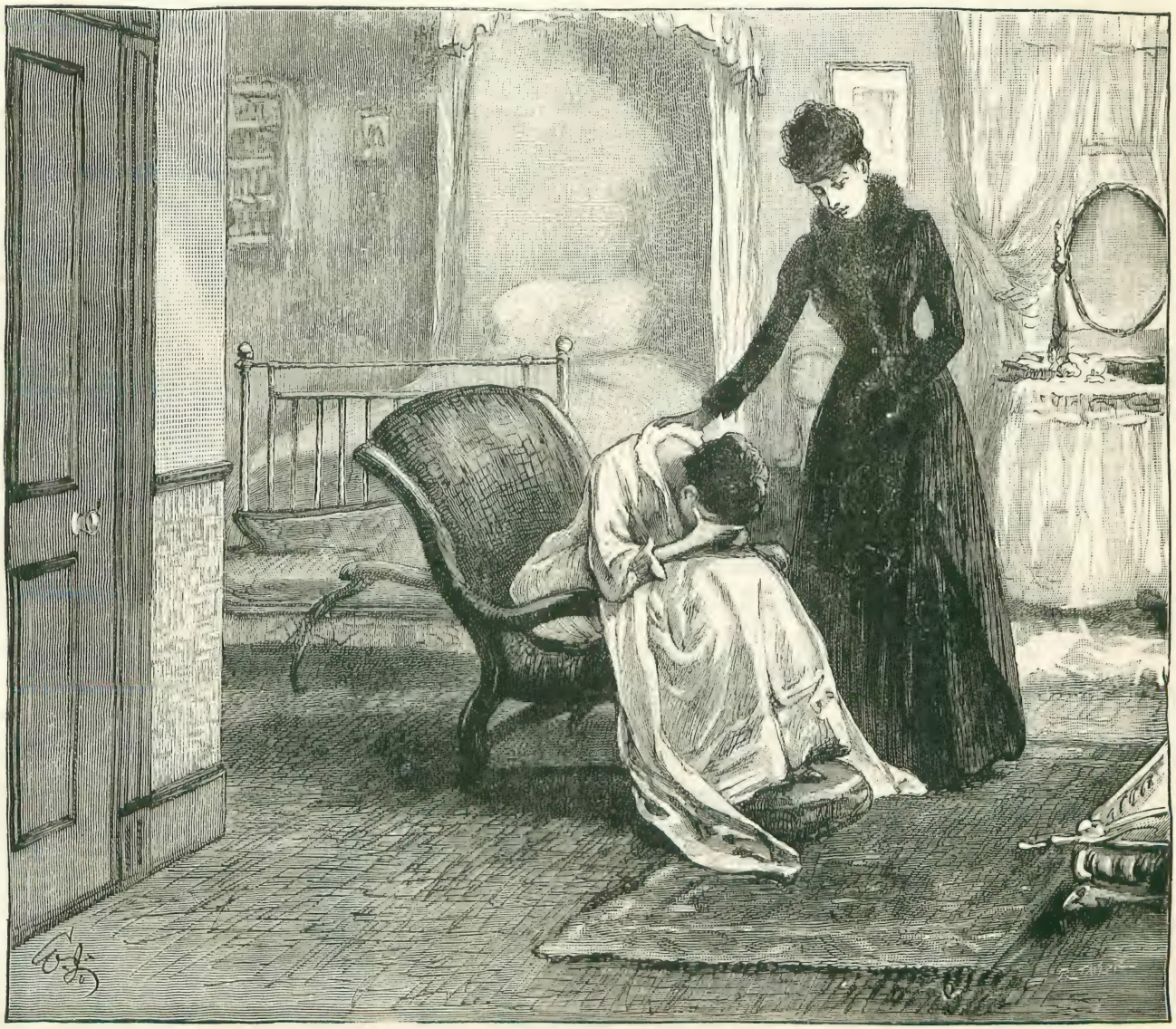
IN SWEET JULY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 546.] JUNE 14. 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.



"'OH, ALDYTH, I AM THE MOST MISERABLE GIRL IN THE WORLD!'"

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CHAPTER XIII.

SORROW AND JOY.

ON the afternoon of New Year's Day Aldyth, coming down the London Road, met Kitty Bland and Gwendolen, then at home for her holidays, on their way to the river, carrying their skates.

"Oh, Aldyth, we were thinking of calling for you," said Kitty; "Charlie brings us word that the ice is splendid, so we are going to try it. Do come with us!"

"Oh, do," implored Gwen. "It will be so jolly to have you with us."

Aldyth hesitated. The sleet had long ceased, and the sun was making attempts to break forth. The prospect of skimming over the ice was very tempting.

"I was going to see Hilda," she said. "How is it she is not with you?"

"Oh, Hilda is good for nothing," replied Kitty. "She will not stir out to-day."

"Do you mean that she is ill?" asked Aldyth.

"Well, no, not exactly—she has a headache," said Kitty. Gwen moved on a few paces; it was not pleasant to stand in the keen wind.

"The fact is, Aldyth," said Kitty, hurriedly, in lower tones, "Hilda has been crying till she is worn out. Your uncle came to see mother yesterday afternoon, and made a grand commotion. I never saw mother so upset. You know she does not often get put out, but when she is angry she can be very warm, and I can tell you mother was angry with Hilda last evening."

"With Hilda!" said Aldyth, in surprise. "Why, what has Hilda done?"

"Oh, do not ask me," said Kitty; "you had better hear the story from her own lips. I must say I am disgusted with Hilda. Do try, Aldyth, to put a little common sense into her, if you see her. But won't you get your skates and come with us?"

"I think not, thank you," said Aldyth. "I had better go to Hilda, if she is in trouble. I suppose she would like to see me?"

"Of course she would," said Kitty; "she will get some sympathy perhaps from you. I am afraid I have not given her much. She says I cannot understand her, and really she is right."

In spite of a warm protest from Gwen, Aldyth went on her way, full of wonder as to what had occurred to disturb Mrs. Bland and make Hilda unhappy. Mrs. Bland was engaged with visitors, so Aldyth went at once to her friend's room.

Hilda had risen by this time, but she wore her dressing-gown, which was a very becoming one of pale blue, so that she looked charmingly invalidish as she sat in her easy-chair by the fire. It would not be correct to say that she looked ill. Her face was not more colourless than it always was; but she leaned back in her chair with a listless, languid air, and her expression was melancholy in the extreme, whilst her reddened eyelids testified to past weeping. She uttered a faint exclamation of pleasure as her friend entered the room.

"Oh, I am glad to see you," she said; "how good of you to come!"

"Why, Hilda dear, what is the matter?" Aldyth asked. "I met Kitty, and she gave me a most bewildering account of you. Do tell me what it is all about."

"Oh, Aldyth, I am the most miserable girl in the world," Hilda exclaimed, and again burst into tears.

"But why?" asked Aldyth, surprised and grieved. "Why do you speak so of yourself?"

"Because it is true," sobbed Hilda. "Oh, Aldyth, you do not know how unhappy I am. And four days ago I was so happy! I little thought the New Year was going to bring me such misery."

"But what is it, Hilda?" asked her friend; "do tell me!" Then, as Hilda continued to sob and utter incoherent ejaculations, Aldyth added, "Has it not something to do with Guy?"

"Yes, Aldyth; I thought you must guess it," replied Hilda, brokenly; "that you must see how he cared for me; though I did not know myself, for certain, till last Thursday. He came to call after the party, you know, and mother and Kitty had gone to Chelmsford, and I was alone, practising, and he told me that he could never care for anyone but me, and he asked me to promise to marry him. But we were not to tell anyone about it at present."

A startled exclamation broke from Aldyth.

"Ah, you think it was wrong!" said Hilda.

"I think it very wrong of Guy," said Aldyth, warmly; "I call it most dishonourable conduct — if I nnderstand aright that he asked you to engage yourself to him without seeking your mother's consent."

"We only meant to keep it to ourselves for a little while," said Hilda. "Guy knew his uncle would be so angry; but we were most unfortunate. Guy asked me to meet him at Wood Corner yesterday afternoon, and unluckily Mr. Lorraine drove to the farm just at that time and saw us together. Ah, you are shocked at me, Aldyth."

"I really am surprised," Aldyth felt obliged to say; "I wonder you could do such a thing, Hilda."

"Oh, do not you find fault with me, please," said Hilda, beseechingly. "If you only knew what I have gone through! Mr. Lorraine came here in such a rage, and told mother she did not look after her daughters properly. You should have seen how angry mother was. She told me I had no self-respect, that my deceit was detestable, that I had disgraced her, and, what pains me most, she will not hear of my being engaged to Guy. Mr. Lorraine told mother he meant to disinherit his nephew if he did not give me up, and mother declares she will never let me marry him unless his uncle gives his consent. And I know he never will do that. Oh, I feel as if my heart would break!"

Aldyth listened to her friend's confidence with mingled feelings. She was sorry for Hilda, but it was a shock to her friendship to discover that she could be so easily led into crooked conduct. Aldyth could feel some sympathy with Mrs. Bland in her indignation at the revelation of her daughter's duplicity. It was with a curious sensation, too, that she heard of Guy's profession of attachment to Hilda. What would be the effect upon her friend, she wondered, if she told her how recently Guy had asked her, Aldyth, to be his wife? But she had not the heart to inflict such a blow on Hilda.

After a minute she said, in a rallying tone—

"Nonsense, Hilda; hearts do not break so easily, and I am sure I would never break my heart for such a one as Guy."

"Aldyth," said Hilda, reproachfully, "why do you always speak so slightingly of your cousin? You seem unable to appreciate him."

It was impossible for Aldyth to resist laughing.

"Do I?" she said. "Well, truly, at the present moment I am vexed with Guy. I think he has behaved very badly to you, Hilda. A man has no right to ask a girl to engage herself to him without the knowledge of her friends."

"But he loves me," murmured Hilda. "It was because he loved me so. You do not know what love is, Aldyth."

"I am very glad I do not, if that is the kind of thing it does," said Aldyth, stoutly. "But I do not believe in the saying that all things are fair in love. A true and noble love, it seems to me, should make man or woman act worthily."

"Now, I will not have Guy found fault with," said Hilda. "He is dear to me, if not to you. Such a strong, brave fellow as he is!"

"Strong?" repeated Aldyth. "Ah, physically, you mean; for although he is my cousin, and I have an affection for him, I cannot say that I think Guy is at all a strong character."

"Aldyth, it is too bad of you! I will not hear you!" protested Hilda, showing a disposition to relapse into tears. "You are not fair to your cousin."

"I hope I am not unfair to him," said Aldyth, thoughtfully. "I do not deny that he has good qualities. He is very kind-hearted and generous; and he is good-tempered too. I am often surprised to see how much he will put up with from uncle. The servants at the Hall are very fond of him. Hilda, dear, forgive me if I have vexed you; but I do wish you would try to look at this matter sensibly."

Hilda put up her hand to check Aldyth's words.

"It is of no use speaking so," she

said. "You do not understand me; you do not know how deep my feelings are. Listen to me. I shall never cease to love Guy; and if my love is disappointed I shall die. Now, do not smile like that, Aldyth, for I shall. My father's sister died of consumption, and I shall go into a decline too, if I am made so unhappy. Indeed, I should not wish to live!"

All this was a great strain upon Aldyth's power of sympathy. She felt for her friend; but she could not avoid some secret amusement at the idea that it was Guy who had inspired such desperate feelings.

Hilda sank back into her chair, saying to herself, with a new pang of disappointment, that Aldyth understood her no better than Kitty.

"Why do you not find something to do, Hilda?" asked Aldyth, as she rose to take her departure. "It is a pity to sit there brooding over what has happened. Does your head ache too much for reading?"

"Oh, I cannot read!" said Hilda, wearily. "As soon as I begin, my thoughts fly off in one direction. Aldyth, mother is very unkind."

"I cannot think so," said Aldyth, loyally; "I cannot imagine Mrs. Bland unkind. She may seem so to you; but, depend on it, she has your real good at heart."

"I hate to hear about my 'real good!'" said Hilda, impatiently. "What good can life have for me if I am separated from Guy?"

It was vain to argue with her. Aldyth kissed her, begged her not to imagine herself more unhappy than she was, but to hope that the future might brighten; and then left her, with an uneasy sense that she had failed fully to meet Hilda's expectations in the matter of sympathy.

"I certainly do not understand what love is," she said to herself; "it may well be called blind, for Hilda can perceive none of Guy's faults. It has transformed him into a hero. Oh, dear! I shall never be able to love in that fashion."

It was too late to join the skaters. Aldyth did a little shopping in the High Street, and then turned homewards. As she entered the house a letter lay on the hall table awaiting her. Aldyth recognised with delight the thin foreign envelope addressed by her mother's hand. She went into the dining-room, and sat down to read her letter. She had not read far ere her heart gave a wild bound, and her face grew pale with sudden vivid emotion. The words which caused it were these:—"Our long-talked-of visit to England is at last to be realised. We have arrived at a decision rather rapidly, and sail in a week's time, so that we shall be actually on our way home when you receive this. Mr. Stanton's health has of late caused me anxiety, but we hope the voyage will set him up. It is on his account that we start with so little preparation. We propose taking a furnished house in London as soon as we arrive, and shall probably remain at home for two years. I cannot tell you, my dearest child, how I look forward to our meeting, so long deferred. You must come to us as soon as we arrive in London. We are all coming. Cecil is to study medicine at one of the hospitals. Your sisters are counting on seeing you at last."

There was much more in the letter, which Aldyth read again and again, and yet seemed unable fully to grasp. All her being was thrilled with a shock of joy. Could it be true that her mother—her beautiful mother—the mother she had missed and yearned for through so many years—was coming home to her at last? There was awe mingling with her joy. She was glad beyond measure to think of her mother's return, and yet she was half afraid of her happiness. The unknown brother, and sisters too—she was to meet them at last. Was it any wonder that Aldyth's heart throbbed with a tumultuous emotion that had fully as much pain in it as pleasure? She was glad, and yet the tears would come. Faster and faster they came, till they rained down her cheeks.

"Why, Aldyth, my dear child! what is the matter?" cried Miss Lorraine, coming in briskly from the cold.

"Oh, auntie, such news!" exclaimed Aldyth, holding out the letter; "mother is coming; she is on her way now."

"You don't mean it? Really coming at last! Well, it is startling, certainly; but I would not cry about it," said Miss Lorraine.

She laid her bag and her muff deliberately on the table, and took the letter from the girl. Anyone less excited than Aldyth would have seen that the news did not give her aunt unmixed satisfaction.

"So," she said presently, "they are coming at last, and you will have your heart's desire, Aldyth; though no one would think it, to see you crying like that."

"Oh, aunt, I cried because I was so glad," said Aldyth, hastily drying her eyes. "You cannot think what it is—after so many years, to know that my mother is coming to me."

"I suppose not," said Miss Lorraine, drily. "Well, child, I am glad that you are so pleased."

But as she spoke her face had a wistful, pained expression. Aldyth, since her babyhood, had been her care, and the feelings of a mother had grown up in her heart towards the child she had cherished. Could Eleanor Stanton, simply because she had given her birth, be so much more to Aldyth than the aunt who had comforted her childish sorrows and nursed her through all her childish ailments? Would she be as likely to understand the girl? Miss Lorraine felt aggrieved by the emotion Aldyth displayed, even whilst she told herself it was wrong and unreasonable to feel so.

But Aldyth, thrilled and excited, had no thoughts to spare for her aunt, and failed to see that she was hurt. And Miss Lorraine was thankful that for once her niece was so unobservant.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

GENIUS AND TALENT.—Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.—*Coleridge.*

SELF-DESCRIPTION.—A girl never describes herself so faithfully as when she is describing the character of another girl.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.—The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven, of futurity.—*Coleridge.*

A HOPELESS CASE.

"What did young Mr. Tompkins say to you, Clara," said her mother, "while he was buttoning your gloves this evening?"

"He said that the man who couldn't make a glove which would button better than that ought to be hanged."

"Well," said the mother, "I wouldn't waste any more time there."

A RHYME FOR MONTH.

An American poet who had got tired of hearing the statement that there is no rhyme in the English language for the word "month," recently sent the following to the *New York Tribune* to show that there is:—

"I saw them take him down Broadway,
December was the month;
His pistol it was thrown away,
As also was his gun th—
(Rown away),"

"Our correspondent," says the editor of the *Tribune*, "has made his point, but in doing so he has convinced us that in some cases poetical high licence is not a good policy; we want protection."

WHAT MUSIC CAN DO.

Oh, music! echo from a distant harmonious world, sigh of the angel within us! When words are meaningless, and embraces, loving looks, and the tear of sympathy are alike speechless, when our dull hearts lie mute and miserable alone, thou art the only medium by which we can call to one another from our prison cells; through thee alone are our sighs mingled as we groan in our distant wilderness. —*Richter.*

THE ARTIST'S EYE.—If you note all the details you have not seen the whole.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

"Does Miss Hysee sing?" asked a man of a friend who had just introduced him to a young lady.

"Well, that's largely a matter of faith."

"I don't understand you."

"It depends altogether on which you believe—her mother or her neighbours."

THE PURE IN HEART.—Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very thought of sin is offensive.

MOTIVES FROM OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERIES FOR ENGLISH NEEDLEWORKERS.

By GLEESON WHITE.

PART II.

THE old advice to ornament your construction, not construct your ornamentation, is good. To design a house it is a foolish, if not an uncommon, policy, to draw a "pretty" façade and then make the internal arrangements fit it by hook or by crook, or to embroider lavishly a piece of silk, and then make it into a cushion or antimacassar solely to display the decoration it carries.

The amount of ornament to be employed is another matter entirely. A bowl of rough pottery adorned with a few incised lines may be as thoroughly decorated thereby as a bowl of jewelled Satsuma ware, a miracle of labour, involving the highest skill, and employing years to produce; either may be equally perfect of its sort. But to take the rough pottery bowl, and paint, more or less badly, a poppy, a wheat-ear, and a corn-cockle, all growing from one stem, and treated as a picture with cast shadows, is to ruin the original beauty of the rough pottery—to ruin the effect of the painting if it be good; and to merely destroy the effect of both the object it professes to adorn, and the applied decoration itself.

A picture on a coalscuttle may be—it is not likely, but it is safe to grant it as possible, for the sake of argument—a good picture in every respect, but if good as a picture, it is out of place helping to adorn a coalscuttle. A painted conventional ornament would serve the purpose of adornment far better, and the panel itself simply moulded, and well worked in its mechanical details, be probably far more beautiful without any extraneous ornament, since the rough purpose implied in such a thing makes it absurd when adorned with the delicacy of ornament that would be entirely suitable to a fan, or a piece of pottery intended chiefly for display.

There can be no question that conventional treatment of natural forms is the basis of all good ornament, and that any attempt to produce realistic imitations of flowers or landscape is almost certain to destroy the fitness of the decoration. Even in styles where the details are perilously near the limit that separates ornamental adjuncts from sculpture and painting, as, for example, in Raphael's decorations of the loggia of the Vatican, the whole arrangement of the details is purely conventional and arbitrary; and while a master may once and again employ realistic detail with success, nothing short of absolute genius prevents the effect being unsatisfactory. Imagine the beautiful carvings of the crowning period of English Gothic, the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, coloured to imitate veritable flowers and foliage!

For, in spite of modern practice to the contrary, the history of the arts shows clearly that good decoration must needs be a conventional, not an imitative, study of Nature. This broad rule cannot be insisted upon too strongly; but to say that if the ornament is conventional therefore it is good, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It has been said by a cynical wit that the first requisite of a successful designer was to learn how not to draw. And this epigram, if but a joke, shows clearly the effect of conventional ornament that is in itself bad upon an outsider. But other things being equal, for surface ornamentation it is absolutely necessary to forego some of the requirements of a picture; and the decoration that has voluntarily abandoned all pictorial aim will be found the best.

The skill of the Japanese in carrying a naturalistic treatment of ornament close to the limits where it becomes pictorial, and yet just escaping that crowning sin against the proprieties of decoration, can hardly be overpraised; but this triumph is achieved in a way that, easy as it looks, is full of pitfalls to their would-be imitator. To take a single instance—the Western idea of perspective cannot give those subtle hints of landscape and distance, and yet preserve the flatness that is all-important in ornamental design.

This objection to implied relief is specially to be insisted on in connection with embroidery. If you study the best work of any school, you will find that beyond the faintest indication of shading to emphasise a form, no effort has been made to secure the effect of the round; for a pattern that apes high relief is as objectionable as a portrait that is apparently one flat plane. It may be taken as a safe general rule that surface ornament should never destroy the plane of the object it adorns. On a wall or a carpet we do not require the apparent distance that is the property of a picture, but prefer the feeling of the surface itself to any suggestion of space or distance beyond it.

And the rules that govern decoration generally, apply with added force to embroidery, for while the larger palette of a painter, and the possibility of blending colour by imperceptible degrees, gives him the power to achieve absolute success, the limited colour, and still more the mosaic surface whereby each colour can only touch, not melt into another, at once renders ideal treatment an impossi-

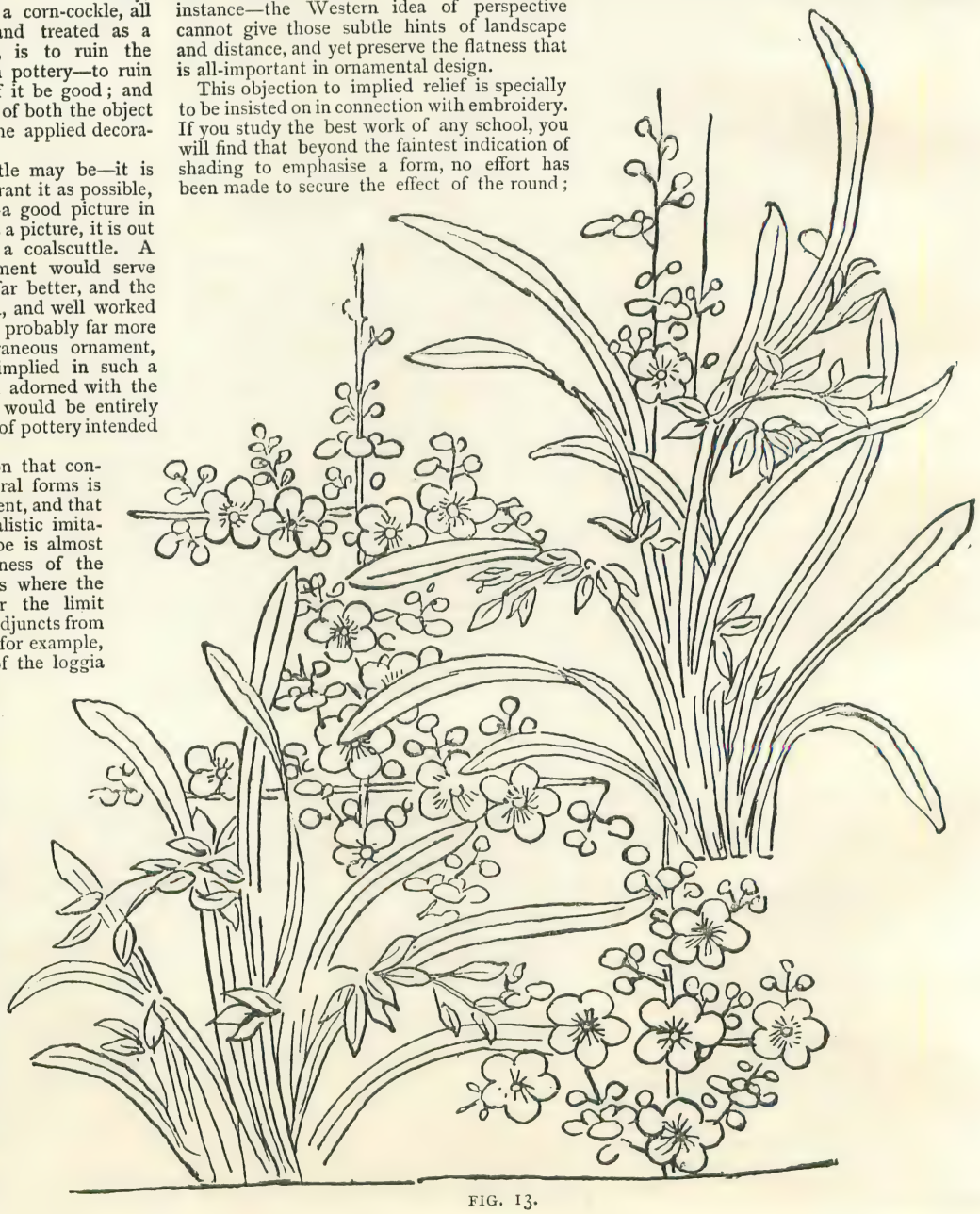


FIG. 13.

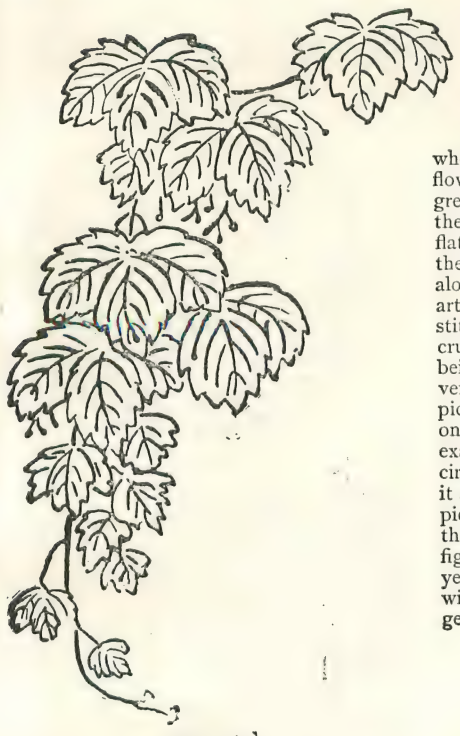


FIG. 14.

bility. As the painter is stayed by his impotence to reproduce actual light, so the failure to blend shades of colour must stay the artist in needlework.

This teaching, if true, is trite enough to-day; every manual insists upon it, every theorist proclaims it, but judging by results, not one in a thousand attempts to carry the excellent theory into practice. True the influence of the Æsthetic movement brought people to realise the charm of conventional art, but the followers imitated only the actual examples, and did their best to introduce as much realistic detail as possible, so that the design which in the hands of its creator was consistent and of one school, became a feeble compromise in the hands of its imitators.

A sunflower was well adapted for conventional treatment, consequently a sunflower was supposed to be a magic symbol; and whether treated with all the attempted naturalism of the old school or not, concerned them little; if it was a sunflower, it was correct, and that sufficed.

In needlework, advanced people shudder at the monstrosities of the old Berlin wool-work; and the pictorially treated groups of flowers were certainly bad enough. But crewels to-day are capable of crimes quite as deadly. Under the imprimatur of a society with "Royal" and "Art" in its title, one has seen a spray bent in a meaningless curve, from whose stem grew a red poppy, a blue cornflower, and a yellow wheat-ear, with emerald green leaves, in shape a happy combination of the foliage of the three. Three daisy blooms flattened out with five flat green leaves, like the fingers on an open hand, dotted at intervals along a border, is certainly a shade nearer good art than the cabbage roses shaded in square stitches of the Berlin wool *régime*, but only a crude recognition of the fact that flower forms being inimitable in needlework, were best conventionalised. To explain exactly wherein a pictorial representation and a conventional one differ, the sun may be chosen as a typical example. Everyone who sees a plain outline circle with radiating lines is prepared to accept it as a symbol of the lord of the day; yet as a picture of the sun it is hardly nearer its model than is the infantile drawing of the human figure on a school slate. When, however, a yellow disc of embroidery or metal is used with wavy tongues radiating therefrom, we do get a faint approach to the sun itself, and also

FIG. 15.

FIG. 16.

a piece of ornament pure and simple that has decorative value of its own.

In the rare occasions when needlework is applied to a tightly-strained surface, as a piano back or a panel of a screen, it might be possible to waive the vexed question, and allow a picture to be worked instead of painted; but even then it must be done in the archaic style of the old tapestries to be bearable. But for all ordinary purpose, whether on the undulating surface of a sofa-cushion, the folds of a curtain, or the hanging border of a shelf, you cannot break the surface of the material with an appearance of relief or perspective without completely marring its decorative value.

Again, it is well to insist upon simplicity in the ornament, however rich the whole effect may be, and on reticence in its use. A diaper of simple flower forms repeated, symmetrically or not, according to the style chosen, over a given surface of the stuff, will frequently yield a far richer effect than an elaborate pattern with ten times the amount of work covering the space, but failing to decorate it.

For all decoration of the household is primarily intended to take its place in the whole mass of objects seen at one time, and to give its value in helping to adorn the whole apartment. If you take a sofa-cushion, and embroider a posy of flowers with the utmost skill upon its centre, yet when treated as a natural

FIG. 17.

bouquet, from a distance, they represent a mere shapeless dab of colour. If, however, the same labour were expended upon a symmetrical pattern—whether with the formal symmetry of Western art, or the less conscious but only more subtle (not less symmetrical) arrangement the Japanese affect, then the thing decorated has a two-fold value, and fulfils its purpose both near and at a distance.

Could you reproduce the finest water-colour by Turner in exact facsimile upon a panel of white satin, and on another embroider one or two of the simple forms, as in figs. 11 or 12, and then survey them from the length of the room, the one would appear but a discoloured piece of material—the other a decorated panel with a quality of its own.

To attempt to make a piece of embroidery a picture, is only one degree less absurd than

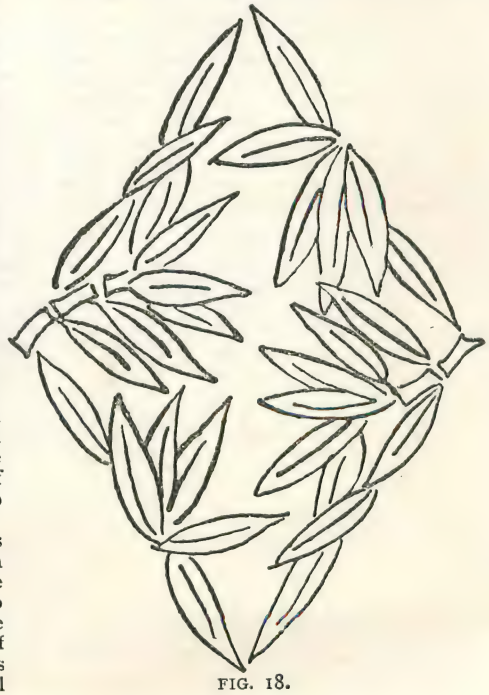


FIG. 18.

painting a picture to imitate stitches. The needle can never compete with the brush or pencil; but the needle can give certain richness of effect that no clever painting can

FIG. 19.

equal. To each the very obstacles to successful imitation of the other are vital points towards success in their own department; the quality of the stitches that give texture to the embroidery being, when rightly used, as valuable for decoration as the power of blending one colour into another that painting alone can accomplish fully. The tapestries after Raphael's cartoons could hardly be deemed good art, in spite of the mastery of the designs. The so-called pre-Raphaelite movement was one brave attempt to bring the public to appreciate the simple laws of design and painting; the Æsthetic movement was another, with similar purpose; but while each left its mark, the mass of people are still contentedly ignorant.

It has been well said that the joy of the political economist—division of labour—is fatal to the production of a work of art. Whether it be a penwiper or a monumental group in bronze, one mind should invent the idea and carry it through. This does not necessarily imply that one person must perform every atom of the mechanical detail. The sculptor may have his marble roughed to shape; the needleworker need not spin her own flax or weave her own fabric, but the individual expression of the artist should control the whole work. If a pattern is drawn by one —who is perhaps unfamiliar with the process that actually carries out the design, and could not execute his own idea, though his life depended on it—coloured by a second, traced or engraved by a third, and worked by a fourth, it must needs become more or less mechanical, and lack that curious interest

FIG. 20.

which makes the very shortcomings of handicraft far more delightful than the geometrical exactness of machine-made design. Of course this is a waste of time, and modern commerce, based always upon profit, condemns such foolish methods. But it usually happens that a work of art (?) produced in a hurry (which is entirely different from rapid work) finds its fame proportionately brief. The ancient saw that says "A thing worth doing is worth doing well," is as true as the day it first found shape.

A natural objection to the advice that every worker should carry out the whole scheme, from design to finish, would at once crop up. Many people with every wish to do so are entirely destitute of the power of inventing a design. For such it is obviously better to copy a good design, or adapt a pattern of undoubted value, than to hash up an awkward jumble of motives from other sources, and call the whole original. Rules for design in pattern are of much the same value as rules for composition in music or poetry. If faithfully obeyed, they will preserve the student from serious blunders, but are entirely powerless to help him to create a new melody, or infuse his rhymes with the spirit of poetry.

But if the would-be creator of fine needlework lacks the gift of design, it is more than

FIG. 22.

ever necessary to caution her against an indiscriminate choice from the patterns sold ready for tracing on to the stuff that is to be embellished. One in a hundred may indeed be excellent, but those who design for unknown buyers, find that the least labour for the greatest effect is the popular demand, and so comply with it only too readily. The least labour possible is a legitimate thing to ask, provided the effect is not cramped thereby; but to sacrifice all the essentials of good work for this one end, is better pushed to its logical

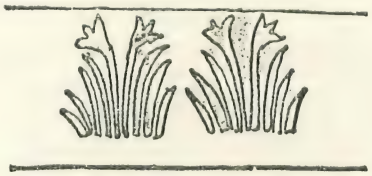


FIG. 23.

extreme, and sacrifice at once all labour—that is, leave the thing undecorated. One inch of good ornament well wrought is better than a square yard of commonplace pattern. A single motive, such as our illustrations supply, will add more beauty to, say the cover of a blotting-case, for example, than a crude piece of pattern sprawling over its whole surface, done hurriedly and with scamped work. The scale of the design is a very important matter, that the ready-made patterns cannot be trusted to decide. A border that would not disgrace a palace if applied to huge curtains, might be coarse for a mantel-border, and positively vulgar on a book cover. So many points have to be considered in regard to the absolutely right decoration for even the simplest object, that all advice given generally must needs be more or less vague. To those who live near any of our national collections, half an hour spent in intelligent study of old needlework will yield more valuable result than any text-book. But old needlework is not always right; bad taste is not entirely a thing of to-day, although the chances are in favour of the old work being good and the modern bad. Excepting always a certain group of workers to-day, whose labours, shown at various exhibitions and illustrated frequently in the current periodicals, betray a renascence of the long dominant feeling for decoration that

FIG. 21.

made the England of half a century ago a realm of contented ugliness in home life.

The Japanese embroideries, and most of the Indian and Persian work, until vitiated by European taste, are as a rule entirely good. True, many of their ideas are Oriental in their colour and thought, and can no more be translated into English idiom by an ordinary being, than their ancient manuscripts could be easily paraphrased into colloquial cockneyisms. But in all Oriental art there is much that appeals to the cultured taste of the West. With a growing appreciation for art, we may look to see the splendid heritage of the Indian Empire treasured as tenderly as our own cathedrals. When one reflects on the pilulously minute knowledge of Oriental art possessed even by the better informed Briton, we cease to wonder at the vulgarity and monstrosity of the decoration that still floods our markets, in spite of the new crusade for beauty in the house.

Many of these patterns are peculiarly suited for appliqué work; that is, for work wherein patches of other stuff, cut to the desired shape, take the place of stitches all over the ground enclosed by the outline of the ornament. If bold in scale and of coarser texture, such work may be done in the hand, but more delicate treatment requires the support of a frame during its manipulation. The designs here reproduced are clearly on too small a scale to be copied exactly for most purposes. Having enlarged the design, as explained later on, it should be traced with great care on to the material to be applied; if this is of plush or velvet, it will, of course, be needful to reverse the pattern, and trace it on the back

FIG. 24.

of the stuff. Having transferred the design, it is to be cut exactly to the outline with sharp scissors, and laid in its proper place on the panel to be decorated, which should have

a tracing of the whole design (supposing, as it most probably will be, that it is formed of several features). Each piece of stuff to be applied should be touched with very thick

FIG. 25.

gum, to keep it in its desired place, care being taken that only just enough is used to cause it to stick, otherwise it will soak through the material and be unsightly. Each piece must be quite flat and uncreased, and not stretched out of its proper shape. The edge is then outlined with a cord of the same colour, or of silver or gold twist, sewn neatly on, or the edges are sewn over with button-hole stitch worked in the colour of the piece itself, or in a lighter or darker shade, as personal taste may decide. The veins of leaves and small details of bird forms or conventional devices are expressed by stitches of the colour chosen for the outline. Petals of flowers, feathers of birds, and such lines as are absolutely necessary must be sewn as in ordinary embroidery. The value of these added lines is great, and where possible it would be advisable to indicate their position in the first tracing, unless the skill of the artist can place them right by the guidance of the eye alone. In all embroidery it is best to avoid tracing, and put in the "drawing" of the design with no mechanical aid, if the eyes and hands of the worker can be trusted to do so.

Fig. 13 is a design covering the front of a robe. The clever way by which each group breaks, as it were, out of the stuff, the value given to the subtle curves of the plants by the juxtaposition of the straight branches of the plum blossoms (miscalled hawthorn, which, on very high authority, I am told is unknown in Japan, despite our nomenclature "Hawthorn Blue" of its dainty china). The colour scheme of the original has the favourite French grey ground, with long leaves in bright greens, and branches of dead leaves in russets and orange yellows across them. The plum blossoms are white, with traces of pink in the buds, the stems of the branches black, or a rather dark brown. This group might easily be repeated to cover a much larger space, but is intended for working to large scale, as the tracing includes the whole design on the front of the robe it embellished.

The spray of fig. 14 is a charmingly-drawn branch of a vine-like creeper, but calls for no special remark. The Japanese Pegasus (fig. 15) is so adapted for the decoration of book covers to MSS. that it needs no apology for its insertion; worked in appliqué, it would be a noble symbol for guarding the emanations of our young poets. Fig. 16 is a corner spray of small beauty, but yet probably a useful motive for workers. Fig. 17 is a very clever arrangement of two sprays of foliage, capable of indefinite repetition, either by the diamond shape it fills, set side by side, or arranged to have an undecorated space between each in chequer fashion. Fig. 18 may serve a kindred purpose; while fig. 19, although Japanese, is so fatally commonplace that only failure to discover any other device of the right size to fill up the page can explain its presence, for it is as banal as the worst European art.

The grotesque birds, figs. 20 and 21, are deliciously comical, and yet admirable spots for decoration; the quaint way the bird character is represented by the simplest arrangement of lines is worth study; the self-satisfied delight of "21," and the half-frightened air of "20" are naïvely expressed. The border No. 22 is a curious example of a serious attempt to use figures for decoration that is rare in Japanese art; to be sure these are as conventional as the

FIG. 26.

infantile drawings upon a slate; but they fulfil their purpose. Fig. 23 is also an extremely simple suggestion of flower growth that has yet a touch of realism in its mere symbolism.

The device of No. 24 is again a purely Japanese notion, and one of great beauty. No pattern given is more likely to be useful than this; with the cloud forms worked in gold, and the flowers of varying colours, it might be repeated over the surface of a sofa-cushion or a tea-cosy, and make it sumptuous. No. 25 is probably a useful shape for application, and needs no special comment. The squirrel of No. 26 is from a genuine old example, and has some amount of charm in its grouping.

(To be concluded.)

LIFE.

WE sat in the garden. Merry strife
Of tongues, with laughter and jesting was rife,
When a grave voice questioned, "But what is Life?"

A father, whose face was lined with care,
Said, "Life is a burden that we must bear
With courage and love, and in steadfast prayer."

A mother whispered, "Life is a sea,
And the boats that I love have sailed from me:
May they sail to the Land where all would be.'

A boy said, "Life is a glorious game,
Where men are striving for wealth or for fame,
And I? I shall strive for a noble name."

A girl, with her girlhood's sunny air,
Said, smilingly, "Life is a garden fair,
And the flowers are springing everywhere."

But one in glorious manhood strong
Said, "Life is a stream that bears us along
To the rushing time of its own great song."

A grave-eyed woman said, "And to me
It seems that this Life is a school where we
Are trained for the Life that is yet to be."

A voice spoke, softly, from far away,
"Our Life is a gift from God. Let us pray
To use it for Him every single day."

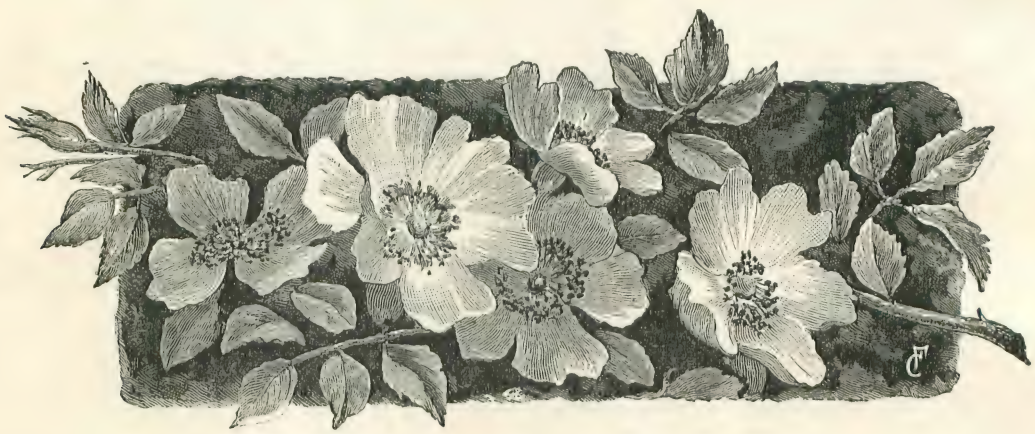
VERA.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

In many cases the spelling of a proper name is no guide to its correct pronunciation. Each of these cases is a trap to the unwary. They see the name in print, but perhaps they have never heard it pronounced, or they may have heard it pronounced wrongly. Hence, when they have occasion to utter it themselves, they either adopt this erroneous pronunciation, or trust to the spelling of the word and the "light of nature," with equally erroneous results.

Now rude people will laugh at these little slips, and though the laugher may very likely be, on the whole, far worse educated, as well as far worse mannered, than the person laughed at, yet no one cares to be ridiculed even by a boor. The following annotated list of words, whose orthography furnishes no clue to their accepted pronunciation, may perhaps help to cheat the scoffers out of an ill-natured laugh. If so, so much the better.

Daventry is pronounced "Daintry." Indeed, 'tis so spelt in Shakespeare (1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3), where Falstaff says: "The shirt was stolen from mine host of St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daintry." Evesham is pronounced "Esham," and has been time out of mind. Thus Taylor, the "water-poet" (who died in 1656), writes: "I came to the ancient towne of Evesham (corruptly called Esham)." Corrupt or not, the local pronunciation has prevailed, and you may safely follow it. Sawbridgenorth (in Essex) is pronounced "Sapsworth," improbable as that may seem; Madresfield Court (near Malvern), the seat of Lord Beauchamp, is pronounced "Matchfield," Lord Beauchamp's name "Beecham," and Malvern "Mawvern." Wimpole, the Cambridgeshire seat of Lord Hardwick, is pronounced "Wimple"; Pontefract (Yorkshire), generally shortened into Pomfret, is pronounced "Pumfret." Cirencester is pronounced "Sisseter" or "Sisster"; you may take your choice between the two. Gloucester is pronounced as it is always spelt in Shakespeare, "Gloster." Worcester is pronounced "Wooster," the "oo" like the "or" in "worsted," not like "woo." Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, is pronounced "Beaver"; Caius College, Cambridge, is pronounced "Keys," etc.; Derby is pronounced "Darby," at least by the "Upper Ten"; Hertford and Berkshire are pronounced "Harford" and "Barkshire." (Hertford is, etymologically, Hartford—the ford of the hart.) Beaconsfield is pronounced "Beckonsfield"; Disraeli "Dizzrayly," in three syllables, not four. Boleyn is pronounced "Bullen" (the "u" as in "bull"). It is indeed so spelt by Gray in the famous line: "And gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes." There is a branch of the unhappy queen's family still flourishing in Dorsetshire, who both write and call themselves Bullen. Lord Cassilis is called Lord "Cassils" by "those who know"; so Cholmondeley is "Chumley"; Marjoribanks, "Marchbanks"; Cowper, "Cooper"; Cecil, "Sessil"; Fiennes, "Fines"; and Cockburn, "Coburn"; while St. John is pronounced exactly as if written "Singe'un." Finally, let me add that the first syllable of Balzac's name rhymes with "gal," not "gall." This I mention because I once heard a writer for the *Times* call that famous novelist "Bawlsac." Ah! one more last word. Should anyone mispronounce any name or word in your hearing, the well-bred method of correction, if you must correct, is to take or make an opportunity of repeating the word or name rightly.



"PASSING RICH WITH FORTY POUNDS A YEAR."

I am a working woman; my holidays are like angels' visits, few and far between. So when, some four or five days ago, I unexpectedly found myself with a whole fortnight of leisure, I lost no time in packing my bag, and getting a wrap, waterproof, and extra pair of boots into my "hold-all." No superfluous gowns, or frail, bulky millinery, or crushable, space-demanding laces and frills. No, no! I wanted a real restful holiday, with as much freedom as possible. An hour later found me in a third-class railway carriage moving out of Sloyne Street Station, Wharfham.

The afternoon was not promising; we left the big town in a drizzle, and found the flat treeless country through which we passed in a cheerless, misty rain, that soon covered the windows and hid outside things. No matter, the journey was but a short one. I was going to Sandylees, an overgrown fishing village, some eighteen miles away. I would look over the "Deserted Village," which I had set my pupils to analyse and scan as a holiday task. Getting out my paper-backed "Goldsmith," I was presently finding quiet enjoyment in the exquisite little idyl, that seems to grow sweeter with each repetition.

I was lingering over the closing lines when the train stopped at that gathering of ramshackle sheds and cinder-laid platforms, named Sandylees Station. It was raining still, and in no uncertain fashion either, therefore the offered portage of a lad was quickly closed with, and his proffer of guidance to a modest lodging accepted.

"Endymion Cottage"—rather a fine name for a plain place—had a reputable air of its own, and its mistress showed the tiny, spotlessly-clean rooms in the snowiest of aprons and rosiest of cheeks. So it came to pass that within half an hour my baggage and outdoor coverings were deposited in the upper chamber, and I was seated in the rocking chair beside a newly-lit fire in my parlour, waiting for tea—that dedicatory feast which a woman always makes to the house god. Perhaps it would "clear up" later on, and I might get an evening walk.

Vain thought; the rain continued to fall steadily, and daylight, in apparent disgust, withdrew an hour earlier than usual; there was nothing for it but a fireside evening.

The first thought was, What is there to read? This sent me to a side table, where, ranged in neat order, on the steps and stairs principle, I found four volumes — "The Language of Flowers," "Adam's Private Thoughts," "Johnson's Dictionary," and "Beckmann's History of Inventions." Now it so happened that none of these excellent books met my immediate desires; but stop—underneath there is a monthly of some kind, an old friend, surely! Yes, indeed, The Girl's Own Paper for March, 1888. My eye ran down the contents on the cover, and was detained by, "Sixty Pounds Per Annum, and How I Live Upon It." I perfectly remembered the very able article; I had read it with the greatest pleasure and interest as it came out, and had, in common with hundreds of other readers, felt my indebtedness to the "Gentlewoman" who so cleverly showed us what can be done in London on sixty pounds a year. Now the title set me pondering. I no longer wished to read, so drew my chair up to the bright fire and fell a-musing.

"Sixty Pounds Per Annum, and How I Live Upon It." "Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year." "Sixty Pounds"—— "Forty Pounds." One phrase somehow suggested the other. You see the "Deserted Village" was very fresh to my memory.

"Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year!" Was the expression simply a poetical embellishment which it was impossible to substantiate? What of the multitude of ladies who have to live on forty pounds a

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

year; could it, with any manner of truthfulness, be said that they were passing rich? At this moment I bethought me of certain friends of mine, who of a surety are no more wealthy than was Goldsmith's good old clergyman, yet they, like him, are passing rich.

Facts, observations, experiences, rose to mind, and knit themselves together; and as the evening wore away I found myself grafting them into a web of my own theories.

A night's sleep, and a day's easy sauntering amongst sand-hills and over gorse commons, still left the mental weaving unbroken. Other days have come and gone, and the tissue of reflections has not fallen to pieces; nay, it has rather taken more abiding form, and I find myself possessed with the desire to "set my thoughts on paper;" therefore, it falls out that I sit down to write my ideas on how to be passing rich with forty pounds a year.

The poetic side of the subject is full of charm and inspiration, but we may only glance at it; to deal well with questions of income and expenditure we must needs be very practical. Before we set ourselves to a study in division, suffer me to call attention to certain conditions.

A dwelling must be chosen in the country. A love of rural life must be innate or engrafted. There must be a rigid line drawn between wants and needs. Every need must, as far as possible, have its definite allowance. There must be no mistiness over accounts. There must be no tardiness over paying bills, be they ever so small. There must be no leaving details to fall out as they list. There must be no helplessness over plain needlework and cutting out. There must be no indolence over small domestic duties. There must be an intelligent attitude towards the economics in cookery, dress, and the other incidentals of outlay. There must be the high thinking of a lady. There must be contentment of spirit. There must be loving sympathy.

With these conditions fulfilled, and forty pounds a year, a state of true wealth is positively attainable.

Hundreds of my dear countrywomen—ladies of all ages, gently born and gently bred, with incomes of about forty pounds—are straining and pinching out a meagre, anxious life in London, or large provincial towns, who might live easily, comfortably, happily, usefully, and with infinitely more status, if they would but make their homes in the country.

"Hot and cold water laid on," asphalted pavements, and gaslight are very comfortable additions to life. I would not depreciate them for a moment; nor do I pretend to enjoy dark roads and miry walking. Town and country each have advantages and disadvantages; but for cheap living, inexpensive pleasures, health of body, peace of mind, and the opportunity of exerting a wholesome, helpful influence, commend me to the country; always supposing, of course, that no duty or engagement demands residence in towns.

Granted a willingness to forego the conveniences and agreeable excitement and stir of town life, let us see what can be done in the country on forty pounds a year. Perhaps the reader may say, "The country is vague; give some particular district—localise your observations." I cannot; the choice is too great. North, South, East, West, and in the Midlands; on the coast and among the moors, anywhere, so you get far enough away from great towns and big railway stations, are sweet, healthful villages, and peaceful, pretty hamlets, where cosy nests could be made and home-altars reared. I have three such in my mind's eye at this moment.

Rose Lanyon, the only child of an army captain, was born in India, where her mother died when she was but a few months old. Rose has all her life been delicate, suffering much from bronchitis. When she was twenty-three her father was killed by a gun accident; she had no near relations, and from a life of easy comfort and some luxury had to turn to the problem of making ends meet on £40 10s. per annum. If you will carry your thoughts with me to an unnamed village in rich, sunny Somersetshire, you will see the place in which she has chosen to solve it.

The thatched cottage with diamond-paned windows, myrtle-covered walls, and wealth of roses is her home. That brave landscape, glowing in all its warm splendour, is hers too; and so is the balmy pure air, free from taint of smoke and soot and fetid exhalations. She has for her very own two rooms, and most snug and pretty she has made them. How proud she is of them, too! And how many pleasant afternoon teas are taken in the little sitting-room—for country life does not mean isolation. There is far more true sociality in the country than in town. But I must hurry on to a village I know of in the Midlands.

It cannot boast of such regal beauty or ardent sunshine as Somerset gives us, but it is comely after its kind, and more breezy than the South. Those two neatly-draped windows in the cheerful-looking brick house with a garden in front of it belong to Miss Hammond, an elderly lady, who, after keeping school for more than a quarter of a century, has retired on an annuity of forty pounds, bought with her savings. Nowhere in the county will you find a brighter fire, a snugger easy-chair, or more enjoyable cup of tea than in Miss Hammond's parlour.

That bed of thyme is where her handkerchiefs are bleached into such immaculate whiteness; those speckled hens with rosy combs that are scratching in the hedgerow supply her with new-laid eggs; and the sleek cows in yonder meadow have a direct connection with the rich cream that so subtly influences one's opinion of her tea.

Enough; we will away North.

How buoyant the air is! What a stretch of sky! Oh, what hills, what colouring, what moors! One can forgive the want of trees and the bareness of the pastures. So we are in bonny Scotland? And this cluster of houses is a "Clachan"? Yes; and that solid grey stone house standing in its "kail-yard," gay with gillyflowers and "snow-in-summer," and "flocks," and "cabbage roses"—that "modest mansion," only to be eclipsed in importance by the "Manse" at the other end of the hamlet—is Miss McKay's. She is an erect lady of fifty-five, with keen, dark eyes and a practical turn of mind; has seen much of the world; spent years governessing in Russia, in Austria, in Germany; a clever woman, commanding a good salary. For three decades that little grey house and that stretch of wild hill and moor were present in her day-dreams, incentives to the unswerving self-denial and common-sense thrift that carried her to the goal. She owns this cottage and garden—bought them for fifty-five pounds. She is an "independent lady," keeping her servant—a twelve-year-old lassie; rivals the minister in flower-growing, reads a good deal, paints more than passingly well, knows the haunt of every wild fern in the neighbourhood, enjoys life, and doesn't quite spend her forty pounds a year.

I may not linger; just a few matter of fact words by way of reminder. The human plant is so constituted that it requires consideration in the selection of soil, climate, and situation. Heavy, moist land grows capital wheat; but, unfortunately, it also often induces rheumatism. The mild, flowery South, that deals so kindly with delicate chests, is apt to have a depressing effect upon nerves that need bracing up; and a questionable water supply and indifferent drainage are a menace all round. But a word to the wise is sufficient. Common sense does not take the poetry out of life; it only makes it safe as well as sweet.

So far, my remarks have been general; let us now go into actual detail, for the pith of the thing lies there. This brings us face to face with the inexorable line to be drawn between wants and needs. We want many things—we need comparatively few. When we have large sums at our disposal we may look at the wants, but just at present we must consider the needs.

* * * *

Rooms to live in, and to be at all comfortable—a little attendance; some help from the laundress; food, fire and light, and clothing—these needs occur to us at once; but there are other things to be thought of. There is stationery and literature and occasional trifling travelling expenses; and, alas! sickness comes to all of us at some time or other, and the wise woman will make what provision she can against its coming. And here an inner voice solemnly reminds us that, however limited our means, we may not live to ourselves alone.

Let us set down these demands, taking the last first:—Charity, provision for sickness, rooms and attendance, laundress, fire and light, food, stationery, literature, travelling, and clothing. I think under these heads we can include all the needs. Now for the portioning out, which will give room for some dissent, and, I hope, much liberty of opinion.

It is essential that we weigh conscientiously and practically the claims of the several needs, and come to a definite conclusion as to the amount to be allowed to each. Then we must see to it that no want of care and uncertainty of mind cause us to exceed the allowance by a fraction.

£40 per annum = 15s. per week + £1.

We will leave the one pound out of our calculations for the present, and divide the fifteen shillings.

Let us begin by setting aside one shilling under the head of charity—collections at church; a few pence to buy wool to knit a pair of warm cuffs, or a muffler, for poor rheumatic old Joseph; or to get a tiny packet of tea to gladden feeble, bedridden Sarah; or a bit of flannel to make a small petticoat for the baby of some needy, overworked mother. A little self-sacrifice in the way of time, etc., is richly repaid by the privilege of doing such humble kindnesses, that bless the doer as much as they cheer the receiver. These little acts of generosity are the salvation of lonely lives; they keep them from withering into selfishness.

Next we set aside one shilling as provision against sickness. It may seem rather much out of fifteen shillings; but, O the comfort and freedom from anxiety that spring from the knowledge that there is a little sum laid by against a time when so many extra expenses come! It is worth making an effort to get the restful assurance.

Rooms and attendance. If possible, by all means furnish your own rooms. No matter how simple, let the surroundings be your own. There will be a home feeling about every article inexpressibly dear.

One large, or two small, unfurnished rooms can be met with in almost any remote village for one shilling or one shilling and threepence per week. My Somersetshire friend pays one shilling; Miss Hammond one shilling and threepence; whilst up among the Welsh hills and on Yorkshire downs I have seen pleasant rooms for which ninepence per week was paid. With safety we can reckon on rooms for one shilling and threepence; and one shilling a week would secure all necessary attendance; while sixpence a week would pay laundress; and for threepence a week we should find villagers willing to supply as many vegetables as a lady could use. The best and usual way is to pay so much for rooms, attendance, laundress, and vegetables; and from personal knowledge,

I am sure that three shillings per week would cover all these expenses. (If the rooms are furnished, most likely one shilling a week more would be charged.) Then there is fire and light; and here, again, I have positive evidence that one shilling per week would be ample allowance for both.

For food we will set aside 5s. 6d., which with methodical outlay would be equal to all demands in this direction. My strong-minded Scotch friend lives largely on porridge, broth, and oatcake, and besides paying nothing in rent, has more than enough fruit and vegetables for her use, and gets her eggs and chickens gratis, save for a trifling outlay on corn; fresh butter is from 10d. to 1s. per lb., "there away," therefore, her weekly food bill is not more 5s. or 5s. 6d., notwithstanding the "lassie's" keep. But Miss Hammond and Miss Lanyon are differently placed, and they are not strong-minded. In theory they are quite ready to admit all the good points of a vegetable diet, the nutriment to be got out of cereals, and the undesirability of using tea; but in practice they cling to "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Don't blame them too much; one is old, and the other delicate. Tea is a dear article, at least in the country, where for anything really good one has to pay 4s. a lb.; but two ounces for sixpence will last a week if used twice a day, and it ought not to be taken oftener, only you must make it yourself. Have a dry, hot pot, water that really boils, but has not been boiling any length of time, and a cosy under which to put the teapot. Excuse the digression. 1 lb. of sugar at 3d. (one week of moist and the other of lump); ⅛ of a lb. of bacon at 9d.= 3d.; butcher's meat, beef or mutton usually for stewing or soup, or an occasional dish of tripe, or of fish, or of chicken, 2s.; bread, meal, and flour, 9d.; eggs, averaging twelve for a shilling, 4d.; milk, at 3d. per quart, 7d.; butter, at 1s. 2d. per lb., 6d.; sundries, such as rice, seasonings, or biscuits, 4d.

	s.	d.
Tea	0	6
Sugar	0	3
Bacon	0	3
Butcher's Meat or Fish	2	0
Bread, Meal, and Flour	0	9
Eggs	0	4
Milk	0	7
Butter	0	6
Rice, Seasonings, Biscuits, etc.	0	4
	5	6

Many of the prices quoted are decidedly over those usually charged, but this leaves a margin for a chance jar of marmalade, or a cake or extra cheer in hospitality. The quantities given are quite sufficient.

Of course it would not be desirable to buy one-third of a pound of bacon or 2 oz. of tea; but one pound of bacon would, in alternation with eggs, supply a breakfast relish for three weeks; half a pound of tea would last four weeks, and so on. Quite a variety of tasty and nutritious little dishes could, with experience, be managed out of a larder furnished on the foregoing humble scale.

Stationery, literature, travelling expenses, etc. We all need pens, ink, paper, and stamps; we each like to indulge in a magazine and a weekly newspaper; and most ladies have travelling expenses of some sort, and are obliged to buy toilet requisites of one kind or other, so for these combined needs we will put down one shilling.

There is still dress, and I know many of my lady friends will strongly censure me for leaving it to the last, and for allowing so little for it; but after careful testing, my judgment is that a prudent woman would not curtail or displace any of the foregoing items for this one. Moreover, I am of opinion that on the sum available—2s. 6d. per week—a gentlewoman of ability and taste can dress becomingly and suitably. I take it for granted that she is able to do plain dressmaking, and knit a stocking. These are invaluable accomplishments, their absence not only regrettable, but a little censurable in these days, when their acquisition is made easy by all sorts of helps. I also assume that her taste and ideas on the "fitness of things" will cause her to turn aside from materials and colours in any way remarkable or perishable.

2s. 6d. per week = £6 10s. per annum. Any lady who is a capable needlewoman will be anxious to have as complete a stock of small wares as circumstances will allow; no wardrobe, whether small or large, can be other than ill-kept where there is a dearth of cottons, buttons, tapes, binding braids, mending wools, etc., so we will at once devote 4s. for a year's small wares; it is enough if well handled.

Substantial boots and woollen underwear should be kept well in view when making out the clothing list. One can always find a good shoemaker in the country who will turn out a pair of durable, well-shaped boots (not those abominations with pointed toes and high heels) for 15s., and a pair of equally enduring shoes for 10s. These will last quite two years. So that if we put down 15s. for a year's shoe-leather it will cover repairs and house slippers; the slippers can be made at home—8d. for a pair of leather soles ready pierced, and 4d. for tough, cheap wool to knit or crochet the tops; they are pretty, comfortable, and will last more than a year. Stockings, three pairs black merino at 1s. 0½d. per pair = 3s. 1½d; and one and a quarter pounds of wool at 2s. 4d. per pound = 2s. 11½d., will make three pairs of winter stockings; the six pairs will cost 5s. 0½d., and will last three years, therefore we put 1s. 8½d. aside for one year. Body clothes, three cotton combination dresses for summer wear—fourteen yards of calico at 5½d. = 6s. 5d., and for three winter ones fifteen yards of flannel at 1s. per yard = 15s.; the six costing £1 1s. 5d., and lasting three years; cost for one year, 7s. 2d. For three nightdresses fifteen yards of calico at 6½d. = 8s. 1½d., would last over three years; cost for one year 2s. 8½d. Corsets, one pair at 7s. 6d. Skirts—for two under ones six yards of flannel at 1s. = 6s., for one overskirt 4s., total 10s.; these would last three years; cost for one year 3s. 4d., or hardly so much, for when gowns are past wearing as outside garments they can generally be made into very sightly and comfortable petticoats. Slip-bodices—for three cotton ones, four and a half yards calico at 5½d. = 2s. 1d.; for three winter ones, five yards of flannel at 1s. = 5s.; the six costing 7s. 1d., and lasting three years, the outlay would be equal to 2s. 4½d. per year. One gown, £1 5s. Three gowns are quite enough to have at one time; the new one for best, the previous year's for second best, and a former one, sponged and repaired, into a respectable third. Mantles, one for winter at £2 2s., and one for summer at £1 1s. = £3 3s. for the two, which should last three years; cost for one year £1 1s. Millinery, 12s. It must be borne in mind that in the country millinery keeps fresh and pretty twice as long as in the town. One new bonnet or hat a year is quite sufficient; the old one can always be made to look neat and presentable for second best. Gloves, 6s. A waterproof cloak, at 15s., would last three years; proportion for one year, 5s. Umbrella, at 10s., would last two years; cost for one year, 5s. About 1 lb. of good wool for 4s. 6d. would make a full-sized, delightfully warm, soft shawl; it would last five years, so the proportion for one year would only be 11d.; while 3s. 6d. spent on suitable material would make a pretty, cosy muff, which would last three years, the cost for one year only being 1s. 2d. For silk neckerchiefs we will set down 1s. 6d. For pocket-handkerchiefs, 1s. 6d.; half a dozen of a nice quality costing 3s., and lasting two years. Some five yards of print, at 6d. per yard = 2s. 6d., would make two large and most useful aprons, for wearing when dusting, etc.; they would last two or three years—proportion for one year 1s. 3d. There is still a dressing-gown to go on our list, for surely no lady would ever willingly be without such a boon; eight yards of dark-coloured flannel at 1s. per yard and a dozen pearl buttons for 9d. = 8s. 9d. It would last six years, which makes the cost for one year only 1s. 5½d.

	£	s.	d.
Smallwares	0	4	0
Boots	0	15	0
Stockings	0	1	8½
Combination under-dresses	0	7	2
Nightdresses	0	2	8½
Corsets	0	7	6
Skirts	0	3	4
Slip-bodices	0	2	4½
Gowns	1	5	0
Mantles	1	1	0
Millinery	0	12	0
Gloves	0	6	0
Waterproof cloak	0	5	0
Umbrella	0	5	0
Shawl	0	0	11
Muff	0	1	2
Neck squares	0	1	6
Pocket-handkerchiefs	0	1	6
Aprons	0	1	3
Dressing-gown	0	1	5½
Balance	0	4	5
	£6	10	0

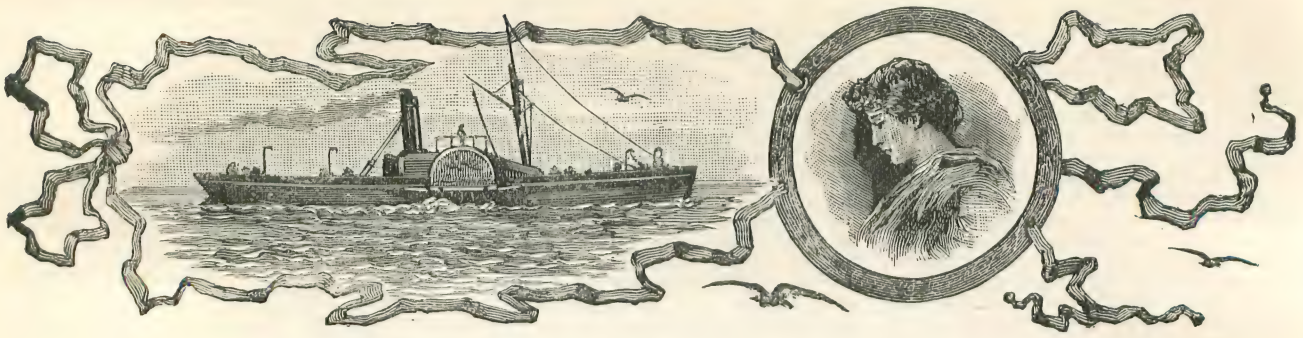
I have not taken into account laces or frilling, but there is a balance of 4s. 5d. to be applied as may be deemed best. Nothing could be more economical than well made bead frilling, enough for neck and hands only costing about 6d., and lasting twelve months, as it can be washed so easily.

We have still in hand £1 to cover unavoidable renewals in earthenware, table and bed linen, etc., for I have all along gone on the supposition that the rooms were taken unfurnished. Matters stand thus:—

	Per Week. s.	d.		Per Annum. £	s.	d.
Charity	1	0	..	2	12	0
Provision against sickness	1	0	..	2	12	0
Rooms, attendance, laundress, and vegetables	3	0	..	7	16	0
Fire and light	1	0	..	2	12	0
Food	5	6	..	14	6	0
Stationery, literature, travelling, etc.	1	0	..	2	12	0
Clothing	2	6	..	6	10	0
	15	0		£39	0	0
Balance	1	0		0		
				£40	0	0

So much for living on "Forty pounds a year," but what about the "Passing rich?"

A snug, peaceful little home; nourishing, enjoyable food; comfortable, lady-like clothing; some knowledge of the outer world and things literary through a good magazine and weekly newspaper; extensive landscapes and skyscapes, finer far than any on the Academy walls; flowers, or gorgeously tinted foliage for the gathering all the year round; free high-class concerts in spring, summer, autumn, and even in winter often; pure air; hearty, unsophisticated friendships; time for thought (rare privilege these days!); and opportunities for doing good. Surely, with these blessings, any woman might be "passing rich."



"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER X.

DOLLY.

BELLE had been hard at work during her nephew's wanderings. She was in no wise anxious about him till tea-time arrived.

"Boys will be boys. He won't be back till dark," said her father; and they and the little girls sat down to tea.

The meal was nearly over when Molly rushed in with the news that Miss Dulcey was coming in the pony carriage. Belle rose instantly, and went to the front door to meet her.

"Don't be alarmed, Belle," shouted Miss Dulcey before she pulled up; "Weatherley has tumbled down and cut his head." She had with difficulty extracted the particulars from him.

Belle helped Weatherley to the dining-room, and no sooner was he placed in his grandfather's easy-chair than he did actually faint. Everybody was in consternation. Belle, however, was always ready for an emergency. She had smelling salts and sal volatile at hand, which she promptly administered, and the boy soon recovered consciousness. Meanwhile she perceived that blood had saturated the handkerchief that bound his head, and she told Marjory to take Mamy to look at Miss Saucy; but Miss Saucy had been sent home.

"I can't go away from Weatherley," said Marjory.

"'Tan't do away," echoed Mamy.

"I'm—all—right," said Weatherley; and this comprehensive phrase reassured them.

It was fortunate, for Mr. Dauncey was about to send off for all the doctors in the neighbourhood.

"I fell and cut my head against a stone," explained Weatherley. "The squire bound it up; he was very kind, and it isn't worth talking about."

"The squire!" ejaculated Dauncey.

Molly came in with a roll of diachylon plaster, bandages, cold water, etc., for which Belle had sent her. Belle, with her usual decision, cleared the room of all but Miss Dulcey; and they, between them, staunched the blood and bound up the wound. It was in no way dangerous, and the faintness had been brought on by over-fatigue and loss of blood.

"Aunt Belle does all things well," said Weatherley, kissing the shapely hand that was so helpful, and trying to laugh as he repeated Miss Dulcey's rhyme.

They got him to bed, gave him a good tea, and heard the history of his day. Then, at his request, his grandfather and sisters were admitted to say good-night, and he soon fell asleep. But he was not allowed to rest long, for, to the general astonishment, Mr. Blyth, the doctor from Orchardson village, arrived. He had received a note from Squire Weatherley, sent by special messenger, asking him to go at once to Castle Farm to see one of the young Daunceys, who had met with an accident. He had come as quickly as he could.

Of course he saw Weatherley, and said all had been done that was necessary, adding that Belle was as good as any doctor. She and Miss Dulcey, putting two and two together, believed that they saw the guiding of the Divine Hand in the slight accident; but women are sanguine. Still, Miss Dulcey, as soon as she returned to The Gables, despatched Ben with a note to her brother, discreetly worded, to the effect that the boy was in no way dangerously hurt, and that everybody was much obliged to him for sending Mr. Blyth. Ben was not altogether pleased at having to carry this missive; but he was consoled for his late journey by five shillings from the squire, who bade him hold his tongue, and say nothing to anyone about him.

Ben was not given to conversation, so he obeyed; but before the end of the next day the squire's encounter with Charles Dauncey's son was discussed far and wide, and various opinions were hazarded as to results. But there were none—at least, as far as the world knew.

"The fact is, he don't like any of us; and I'm sure we don't like him," said Mr. Dauncey.

"Oh, I like him very much; he is quite different from what I expected," said Weatherley, who was much disappointed that the squire had not come to inquire for him.

Mr. Blyth came again, and said that he had written to Mr. Weatherley, at his particular request, and had told him that the hurt was of no great consequence, and that the lad would recover in a few days.

"I did not venture to say 'your grandson,'" added the doctor; "but I did say that he was a plucky young fellow, and seemed very grateful to the squire for his help."

Blyth and Dauncey were old friends, and there was a general feeling in the countryside that it was time the squire should forget his grievances. But he was not one of those who forget.

Weatherley was weaker than his friends imagined, and was kept in bed a few days. Marjory waited upon him, and Mamy sat on his bed or nursed her doll in his room the whole time. As to his grandfather, he fidgeted in and out incessantly, and he received visits from Mr. Burmester and Miss Dulcey, to say nothing of inquiries from the neighbours, until he fancied himself a hero. He had a good deal of fever, and his mind ran much on his father.

"Is there a letter to-day?" was his constant inquiry, and Belle had much trouble to quiet him.

Flo's parlour, as the second sitting-room was called, was the scene of his convalescence. Belle had found his sickness an anxious addition to her many duties; but she had nursed him through it, with the help of Marjory, who was a little woman before her time, as Weatherley was a little man. They had learnt much from their mother's long illness and their father's consequent grief and prostration; learnt their lessons early and well. Flo's parlour was a very pretty room. Flo called herself æsthetic, and had introduced some of the ornamentation which has become fashionable since that much-abused word has been bandied about. But Flo's taste was too refined, to use another much-abused word, to overdo ornament. Her shelves and brackets were not numerous, and the old china she had placed upon them was really good, and had descended from many generations of Daunceys. So had two or three carved and tapestry-seated chairs, which, like Belle's favourite bureau, would have fetched a fortune at an art sale. Her father set his face

against what he called "turning a farm into a china shop," and would not let her hang his "grandmother's plates and dishes" against the wall; so Flo was content with what Miss Dulcey called "mitigated æstheticism."

But the chief charm of Flo's parlour was its brightness. The sun was as kind to it as he was to the vicarage, and flooded it with light whensoever he condescended to pierce the mists of our uncertain climate. From the window the wide-spreading meadows and the winding brook were visible, and Belle always said she could see the cowslips nod their golden heads in the spring-time whenever she looked out of it. But Belle had few moments to spare, either for looking out of window or for idling in Flo's parlour. Still, she was always longing for Flo's return, and thinking how empty that special room looked without her.

It was cheerful enough on that morning in early autumn when Weatherley came downstairs after his short spell of illness. There was a fire, and Marjory had spread all her store of books on a small round table, and the sofa was drawn near the fire, and Rover, who always smelt fire, was asleep on the rug. Marjory had opened the piano and put a piece of music on it, which she intended to play for Weatherley's benefit, and Mamy, in imitation, had lain another piece on her stool, to "sing 'Tarlie is My Darling' to boder."

"How funny it is, Aunt Belle. I feel so odd and giddy," said Weatherley, as he came into the parlour, leaning on Belle's arm, and followed closely by his sisters.

"You are weak, dear," answered Belle, helping him to the sofa.

In burst Molly with a cup of beef-tea.

"Take you this, Master Weatherley. Name o' goodness, you are looking worse without the bandages than you was looking with them."

The truth was that more blood had flowed from the wound than even the doctor knew.

"I wish somebody would tell the squire how giddy I am. I'm sure he would be sorry," said Weatherley, who had been much impressed by the kindness of his grandfather. "He bound up my head, and held me on his horse, and was almost as gentle as you, Aunt Belle."

"It was only natural," said Belle.

"Belle! Belle! where are you? You are wanted," shouted Mr. Dauncey, in the passage, and "always Belle! Belle!" grumbled Molly, who ran out to tell him how she was occupied.

But Belle went out as her father came in, and found Dolly Burmester awaiting her in the dining-room. The girl looked mysterious, and glanced round to see that nobody was near.

"I was coming to see Weatherley," she whispered, "and I met the squire. He asked me where I was going, and I told him. He said, 'Make haste, and run back to me. I want to know how the boy is.' I thought I had better ask you, Belle, because the squire was angry with Weatherley, and perhaps I might 'make a muddle' of my answer, as father says I often do."

"Come in and see for yourself," said Belle. "But say nothing of the squire to anyone."

She was wise in her generation, for she knew that Dolly would speak the exact truth. They went into Flo's parlour.

"Dolly has come to ask after you, Weatherley," she said. "But she mustn't stay."

Dolly poured out a multitude of questions. She felt strangely important, and like many another ambassador, wished to know everything and tell nothing. Weatherley answered them, and greatly enlarged on the squire's kindness.

"He was awfully good to me," he said.

"So he is to me, always," returned Dolly.

"Awfully dood," echoed Mamy, who had climbed up on the sofa, and was nestling between Weatherley and her grandfather.

"I think he had better not talk any more to-day, Dolly. You shall come again to-morrow," said diplomatic Belle.

So Dolly ran off with her burden of news, and Belle watched her, wondering how it would end.

The squire was making believe to look in at the school when Dolly ran breathlessly up the hill. All the children had risen, made their best curtseys, and were seeming awestruck; for it was not his custom to visit the school. The mistress was just coming forward to ask whether he would like to hear them go through their lessons, when he espied Dolly.

"Not to-day, some other time; glad to see them so industrious and well-behaved. Good morning, Miss Cross; good-bye, children. Learn your lessons well, and never forget your catechism. It contains the whole duty of man."

He felt that he had done his very imperfectly that day, since he had been somewhat of a hypocrite in pretending interest where he did not feel it, and striving to conceal it where he did.

Dolly had been composing her speech during her hurried run, and had resolved to omit the patient's christian name, which she remembered angered the squire. But when she reached him, she forgot her speech, and blurted out—

"Weatherley is better; but he looks as white as a sheet. He says he's all right, and that you were awfully good to him."

"Thank you, Dolly. You needn't say that I sent you to inquire, or rather, asked you to let me know how he is. It is between you and me, you understand," said the squire.

"I couldn't help telling Belle," returned Dolly. "But she won't say; I'll ask her to keep our secret."

The squire smiled at Dolly's importance, said he was going to see his sister, and parted from her at the steps that led to The Gables.

Now Dolly knew, as did everybody else, that the squire rarely visited Miss Dulcey. Indeed, there was a coolness between them, caused by her having taken his daughter's side when she made what he considered an unequal match. So Dolly stood a moment to watch him toil up those steep stone steps, then ran off to her mother to bid her look at the unusual sight.

Miss Dulcey was in the garden giving orders to Ben at the top of her voice. She had her huge black hat on, and looked much like a Japanese. Her back was towards her brother, but Ben faced him. He heard the words—

"Well I never, Miss Dulcey, if there bain't the squire!"

"Did you never see him before?" asked Miss Dulcey, who naturally thought he was somewhere about the vicarage.

But Ben went off into various signs, which caused his mistress to turn and see her unexpected visitor, who was approaching her private door.

"Mind you do exactly what I tell you, Ben. The lawn and paddock must be both mown, and we'll have the tea after the games," said Miss Dulcey, pretending to take her brother's visit as a matter of course.

But she was a bad dissembler, and as Ben said afterwards, "Her got red all awver, and her ran off as frisky as a Welsh colt."

She met the squire at the door with both hands extended, and the words—

"Glad to see you at last, Hewson. Why, it's years since you were here last. How's Margaretta? She hasn't been for an age."

"She says you have not been to the Court," replied the squire, stiffly; for with the best intentions in the world, Miss Dulcey always contrived to rub him up the wrong way.

"You know, Hewson, visiting can't be entirely on one side, even between brothers and sisters, which we are in a half-and-half sort of way. But come in and have some luncheon; you are welcome as flowers in May."

"Thank you, Dulcey; let us rest here first." He went into the sanctum, and sat down in a really easy chair, while his sister seated herself in her customary place before her well-covered library table. She knew what had brought him, so she cut short some commonplace remark about the weather by dashing recklessly into the subject he wanted to begin.

"I know what you have come for, Hewson; so you needn't beat about the bush. The boy you were really kind to last week is nearly well—your grandson and my great-nephew. It makes one feel old as well as important to prefix 'grand' and 'great' to one's relationships; but it's no good to ignore them. Facts are stubborn things."

"I hear that the lad is better, and I did not come to ask about him specially," said the squire. "I wanted a word with you."

"That sounds awful! That is just what our father used to say when we had displeased him. I hope I haven't displeased you, Hewson?"

"You are always displeasing me, Dulcey; but we won't quarrel if we can help it. I want to know if you have heard anything of Charles Dauncey, and whether he has any chance of this fortune."

Miss Dulcey at once told her brother all that she knew of the "next-of-kin," save that she had paid Charlie's expenses to America. The squire listened with interest, and said, when she ended her details, that Jabez's son would probably turn up, and the Daunceys be worse off than before.

"Under such circumstances, what will become of those children?" he asked, hesitating.

"God feeds the ravens," she replied.

"I should not mind educating the boy, provided he were given up to me entirely. I never wish to see his father, or to have anything to do with old Dauncey. Do you think this could be managed?" asked the squire.

Miss Dulcey hopped off her chair in her surprise at the proposal.

"It would depend on the management," she said. "The Daunceys are as proud as Lucifer, and the boy seems to have their spirit of independence. But it would be a right thing for you to do." She should have omitted that last clause.

"There is no right in the matter," he said testily. "Where was your right when you abetted that—that—unfortunate marriage?"

"I am glad you have asked me that question, Hewson. I had no right; but I could not let Amy be married from a wretched lodging, while I had a house in town. I knew she was bent on leaving you, at all risks. Had you been less severe, it would have been different; but I don't blame you. She came to me, as you know, or ought to know, unexpected by me. She threw herself upon me, so to say. She said that if I would not take her in, she would go to Mansel, your old valet, whose wife would receive her. She never told me what passed between you and her. She was miserable, and the long and the short of the story was, that Charles Dauncey, who was the weaker of the two, joined her; and I, perhaps, the weakest of all, let them marry quietly from my house."

"Enough! enough!" groaned the squire. "It was a wretched business. But this boy! He is really a fine fellow, and I don't know which to admire most, his defence of you or his apology for having offended me. Moreover, he brought a message from his mother. I have been in a sort of purgatory ever since, and must do something to get out of it."

Miss Dulcey was astonished, and for once in her life did not know what to say. Her brother was a proud, reticent, and she fancied, unforgiving man; but here was "a touch of feeling," as unexpected as it was welcome. After a long pause, and more reflection than she usually gave to any subject, she said—

"I will consult Belle—Miss Dauncey, I mean. She has the common sense of the family, and will do nothing rashly. She is prudent, and would not compromise you; neither will I, glad as I am that you like the boy. And, Hewson, I have a sort of apology to make, since apologies seem the fashion. I didn't wish to offend you. Forgive me, and let us make it up, as we used to do when I was a troublesome child. I am not much more now."

"Ah, Dulcey!" ejaculated the squire, holding out his hand.

Just as she took it, luncheon was announced; and they went hand-in-hand to the dining-room

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITTLE RUSTIC.

CHAPTER II.

FOR ten days Lord Edward was confined to his own room. Occasionally, when he was propped up in an arm-chair in his dining-room, looking very mutilated with a bandaged head and his arm in a sling, some of us went up and talked to him; but he was not allowed to run the risk of tiring himself. At the end of a fortnight he came every day, for a short time, into the library, as he confessed himself heartily sick of his bedroom and dressing-room. One afternoon I went into the library, and found him there quite alone, a most dejected-looking object. "Have you come to take pity upon me?" said he.

"No," said I, with my customary candour, "I have come to fetch a book; but if you want amusing, I will read to you."

"I have been trying to read to myself," said he.

"What?" said I, taking some books on a table by his side. "French novels!" I exclaimed, having the usual schoolgirl belief that French novels in the lump are bad.

"Do you object?" inquired he, smiling.

"There is much more desirable literature here," said I, grandly, waving my hand in the direction of the book-case.

"Such as——?"

"Here is Carlyle ——"

"Carlyle!" cried he aghast. "You actually propose that a feeble and emaciated invalid should be provided with Carlyle as a means of passing his weary hours."

"Well, if you don't like Carlyle I will read you some of Dickens," said I; and taking down "Dombey and Son" I read some of my favourite bits.

"Isn't that delightful?" inquired I.

"I didn't hear," replied the invalid.

"Then I need hardly waste my time continuing," said I, indignantly,

"I was looking at you," explained he, apologetically.

"Oh, do I make funny faces when I read?" said I. "If so, I can quite understand you would be amused. The reader in papa's church makes the most awful grimaces, reminding one of nothing so much as a baboon. I never dare glance at him more than once during the service, or I should be expelled for unseemly mirth; but if you shut your eyes you might be able to listen."

"I have a violent headache," said he, pathetically.

"Oh dear! what a pity. If you like I will put some eau de Cologne on your head, and blow it, as I do for papa," said I; and away I darted, returning with a bottle of scent and a small handkerchief Just as I was beginning to feel quite exhausted by my energetic exercises, a shrill, treble voice exclaimed—

"What a charming tableau! Don't move, Miss Rankin!" and looking round I saw Miss Gregson. "Lady Marley is giving some tableaux next week, Lord Edward," continued she; "you and Miss Rankin really must repeat this charming scene."

"I shall be very glad to, if I have again so violent a headache as I had ten minutes ago, Miss Gregson," replied Lord Edward, calmly.

"Ah, we all know Miss Rankin is a witch," said Miss Gregson, sweetly, sinking into an arm-chair.

"I fear I must drag myself away," said the invalid, rising and looking at the clock; "my recreation-time is up."

"My dear Miss Rankin," began Miss Gregson, as soon as the door was closed, "you are very young, and will, I am sure, take my advice in good part."

"Thank you, Miss Gregson," said I, putting straight the cushion that had fallen off the couch; "when I require your advice, I will ask for it."

"My dear child, very few people ask for advice, but if they are wise they take it when they get it. I only wish to say that it is not—well, quite *comme il faut* for a young girl to force her society upon a gentleman, especially when he is alone, and——"

"There, there, Clara, I consider your advice, as you call it, uncalled-for interference. If Violet wants advice, her aunt is the one to whom she should apply," said Lillie, who had entered the room unobserved. "Run and get dressed, child," added she, patting my shoulder in a little patronising way I never objected to in her.

But Miss Gregson's words—"force your society upon a gentleman"—kept ringing in my ears, and made me feel intensely uncomfortable. Had Lord Edward not listened to my reading, and pleaded a headache in the hope of ridding himself of me? The thought was unbearable. In future nothing should induce me to bestow my society unasked. For several days I never entered the library unless I was sure some of the others were there.

And somehow, for the first time, I began to feel home-sick, and to think that I should not be sorry to return to Llanbara.

A week later my aunt held a reception, at which, much to my delight, I was told I might be present. The invalid also gained the doctor's permission to put in an appearance for an hour or two, but he was on no account to tire himself. My aunt presented me with a perfectly charming white silk dress for the occasion. I at first determined to refuse the gift with thanks, but as that would have entailed absenting myself from the reception, I thought better of my resolution, and accepted it. My anxiety as to my conduct on the, to me, great occasion was intense. A very little experience would have taught me how needless that anxiety was. In less than half an hour after I had walked with fast-beating heart through the almost empty drawing-rooms I was feeling completely dazed by the moving, rushing, pushing crowd of humanity around me. Everyone seemed in haste, or to be looking for someone with whom they were "going on" elsewhere. "I'm on my way to Lady So-and-so's"; "Have you come from the Blanks?" "Shall we meet later at Mrs. R.'s?" resounded on all sides of me. No one seemed even to attempt to enjoy the present moment; they had not time. I was struck with the jaded appearance of some of the young girls, who could only be a few years older than myself. But if they had already been to Lady So-and-so's, and were on their way elsewhere, it was not to be wondered at. Of very, very small importance was the little girl in white silk, who was now and then completely lost to view behind the ample back of some dowager, or nearly knocked down by some tall man anxious to get away. I began to feel positively lonely, and almost on the verge of tears, when a familiar voice close behind me exclaimed—

"Ah! I've found you at last! Where have you been hiding? Your cousin says you suddenly disappeared from her side, and she has not caught a glimpse of you since. Come with me. I have succeeded in finding a quiet corner."

Turning round, I faced Lord Edward, who was holding out his uninjured arm to me, to which I clung, as a drowning man to a plank, while we made our way down the room. He did not ask me how I had enjoyed my first glimpse into society, for which I was very grateful, as I really believe I should have wept, my disappointment was so keen.

"Why haven't you come to read to me again while I have been boxed up?" asked he.

"Because I preferred not to," I replied.

"Truth is wholesome if not palatable," said he, sinking down wearily upon a low settee just vacated by some departed guests.

"You seem very tired," said I; "I am sure you had better go and rest. You know Dr. Lambert said you were not to over-exert yourself."

"Are you afraid I shall bore you?" inquired he, ungrateful for my well-meant sympathy.

"I don't think I've quite learnt what boring means yet," said I, rather dubiously.

"I am very much afraid you are speedily becoming initiated into our wicked ways," said he, looking at me regretfully.

"What are the signs?" inquired I.

"When you came here there was a sweet simplicity about your dress, very——"

"Suggestive of lack of material," I broke in, indignantly.

"Very refreshing," continued Lord Edward, looking at my exquisite white silk, "to one who is heartily sick of walking fashion-plates. Also there was an earnestness about all you said——"

"That stamped me the country bumpkin I am," concluded I.

"And you certainly never used to make rude interruptions," added he.

"I am sorry I am taking the pointing out of my faults so badly," said I. "I really must, as you say, have greatly deteriorated, for I never used to mind in the least when Hugh made far more uncomplimentary remarks than any of yours."

"Faults!" exclaimed Lord Edward; "it would be impossible for me to point out your faults, because you have none."

"I think I had better try and find Lillie," said I, rising with great dignity. I might be an ignorant little country bumpkin, but I had sufficient discernment to know when I was being made fun of.

"Certainly," assented my companion, also rising.

"I think you are not very pleasant this evening," said I, as we re-mingled among the rapidly diminishing crowd.

"Evidently not," said he; "and as here is your cousin, I will no longer burden you with my undesirable presence. Good-night, Violet," added he, and a moment later he was gone.

Lillie was very kind, and Frank and Sir Humphry, who now found themselves more at liberty, talked to me for some time; but I felt intensely weary, and at last escaped to the quiet of the library. Ensconcing myself in an arm-chair, I suppose I must have gone to sleep, for I started up to find Lord Edward sitting opposite, and watching me.

"Oh dear! I've been to sleep, and I dreamed I was at home," said I, rising.

"You smiled several times, and seemed very happy," said he, standing up and leaning against the mantelpiece. "Do you wish you were at home?"

"I think so," said I; "and yet I am afraid after this unusual dissipation I shall be unsettled."

"When do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow. Aunt wished me to stay longer, but Hugh leaves for Edinburgh next week, and I must see him before he goes."

"Who takes you?"

"Myself," said I. "I came with Jehu Jones; but, unfortunately, Jehu Jones isn't here to take me back."

"Who may Jehu Jones be?" inquired his lordship.

"Jehu Jones is a sewing-machine agent, for whom I have a deep respect."

"Anything more?"

"And affection," added I.

"How old may he be?"

"Probably forty-five. I have known him since I was a baby."

"Oh, no doubt an excellent man," said his lordship, kindly. "Well, I myself shall take you back."

"What?" cried I, "are you going to Wales?"

"Yes, with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it has been bad enough to have a broken arm, without adding to the list a broken heart; and if the little rustic went away without me, such would be my deplorable condition."

"I have heard Amy Gregson and Sir Humphry talking nonsense like that; but—but I don't think it nice, and I didn't think you would do it," said I, indignantly, moving towards the door.

"My little country maiden hasn't learnt the difference between real love and flirtation. I love you with all my heart, Violet. Do you believe me?" said he, earnestly.

"Yes, I do," said I, adding, truthfully, "but I never really thought I was in love with you until just this minute."

"I can quite believe you," said Edward, laughing. "I need not ask, Miss Rankin, if you have had a former attachment," added he.

Just as I was telling Edward that he had made a great mistake in falling in love with me Miss Gregson entered, feigning great surprise at finding us there. She was about to retire hastily when Edward called her back, saying—

"I hope you will congratulate me, Miss Gregson; I have this evening obtained Miss Rankin's promise to become Lady Edward."

I asked him some time afterwards why he said "Lady Edward" so markedly; and he then confessed that was the title which Miss Gregson had informed her friends that she could acquire at any time by holding up her little finger. That was the first revelation that entered my dense country head of the reason of Miss Gregson's intense dislike for myself.

"I am sure I congratulate both you and Miss Rankin," said she, frigidly, and abruptly retiring.

I have now been Lady Edward for seven years; but neither Edward nor I have ever forgotten the day when I requested him to tell me how I might address him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

TWANKS.—The subject of board-wages and wages is a matter of arrangement between mistress and maid. Board-wages are generally paid when the whole family are absent from home, the servants only being left in the house. When the servants go away for their holidays, at the time the family go, their wages are generally paid them as usual, but not board-wages. But of course this is a matter of private arrangement.

JENNIE'S DAUGHTER.—The eggs used for sitting should be quite new laid. There is no need for keeping the eggs of one hen only.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Certainly you must not "wash the gilt frame of a pier-glass," for you would thus remove all the gilding. It would be wiser to get a bottle of liquid gold, as well as a broad flat painting brush and a fine-pointed one, and paint the whole frame with it. This would be less expensive than sending it to a gilder's, to be recovered with gold leaf.

WILTON.—Brass curtain-rods require very gentle treatment, or you may rub the brass lacquer off. There are good soaps for the purpose, and brass polish also. But you will generally find that a little whitening and a leather are the best appliances for ordinary use. Do not wait until the rods become too tarnished and dirty before you clean them.

MUSIC.

HETTY.—You are too young, and not strong enough to begin singing as yet, and perhaps you are growing fast.

MISTERIOSO.—1. Perhaps the piano was tuned up to "concert pitch." 2. A recent authority in Germany has written very strongly against long hours of practising. He says that many of the young people of the present day are suffering from it, and that the nervousness so much complained of is produced by too much practice.

AMY FIRTH.—We have pleasure in giving our readers the information you supply respecting your Society for Promoting Pianoforte Practising. One of your eleven rules is certainly a good one—*i.e.*, that "each member must learn one piece by memory during the term, or pay a fine of twopence." It is an accomplishment which, unfortunately, only too few of our musical girls acquire. "I cannot play without my music" is an excuse for disobliging your entertainers that amounts to ill-breeding. If your memory be so deficient as to incapacitate you from making yourself agreeable, never go out of an evening without your music. Intending members must write for all particulars to Miss A. Firth, secretary, Trinity House, Bradford, Yorkshire. The members have to practise five hours in the week, and must pay a subscription of sixpence each term.

ART.

GOOD OLD HAIR (?).—The figures you send for inspection are not well drawn, and we fear you will earn no money by designing, unless you take lessons in model-drawing and anatomy. All our most famous artists have worked their way to fame through years of toil, and in drawing, as in all other pursuits, there is no other "royal road" to success.

EMMA.—It is impossible, with our limited space, to teach our correspondents the art of sketching from nature. But we can refer you to "The Girl's Own Indoor Book;" where you will find an article by John Staples. If you have not got it, borrow the volume from a friend.

F. BURLING.—The oil-paints sold in tubes are quite ready for use. They are mixed with megilp, to dry them more quickly; or with turpentine, to thin them. But a beginner had better paint with the colours only, and add to them a little of "Roberson's Medium." This will act as both a drier and a varnish.

A FRENCH GIRL.—1. We fear the heads you mention would not be suitable to our paper, as the poems we publish are not adapted to the illustrations, but the latter are specially designed for them, and we have a regular staff of artists. 2. "Gretna Green marriages" are no longer legal. Gretna Green is the nearest village to the border between England and Scotland, and the notorious blacksmith's house the nearest of the houses.

KATHLEEN.—1. Amateur prize competitions are always advertised in art papers, such as the *Art Designer*. 2. You should use botanical blotting paper for pressing and drying flowers. A good deal is required, as the pads between the specimens must be changed daily. The blotting paper can be used again, however, when thoroughly dry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALICE (Germany).—We could not possibly make public the real name of any author who chooses to write anonymously. Should the writer wish the true name to be known, there would be no difficulty in dropping the assumed name when writing another book, and adding "Author of So-and-so."

W. M. CHRISTIAN.—We could not give you a hatter's or linendraper's address. The foreign method of knitting has been described at full length in a recent answer under "Work."

B. AND D. DE VITHE.—There is scarcely any distinction for which a fixed rule can be given between the two adjectives "little" and "small," but one being of one syllable and the other of two, is a difference very desirable in poetry. There is, however, a distinction in the use of the words which appears somewhat arbitrary. "Small" may be used as a noun—"the small of the back"; not "the little of the back." You say, "Give me a little more of so-and-so"; not "a small more." Yet you say, "Give me a small quantity"; not "a little quantity." Again, you say, "a little food," "a little air," "a little peace"; "small" could not be substituted in these cases. Study and practice alone will teach you. October 10th, 1872, was a Thursday.

ERENDINA.—In former times Dissenting chapels never did have spires. Now they have them where they are desired. Bells are of very early origin. Some were discovered by Layard, made of bronze, in the palace of Nimrod. They were used by the Romans in processions, and were naturally employed for summoning persons from a distance—unprovided with timepieces—for worship in the Western Church. The first mention of them as employed in this manner is ascribed by Polydore Virgil to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, A.D. 400. Nola was a city of Campana—hence the name Campanile, a bell-tower. They were introduced into France A.D. 550, and into England in 680—imported from Italy by Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth. In the eleventh century they were common in Germany and Switzerland. The first regular "peal of bells" was sent over from Italy to King's College, Cambridge, by Pope Calixtus III., in 1457. The "Church of England," as the National Church by law established, has always employed them.

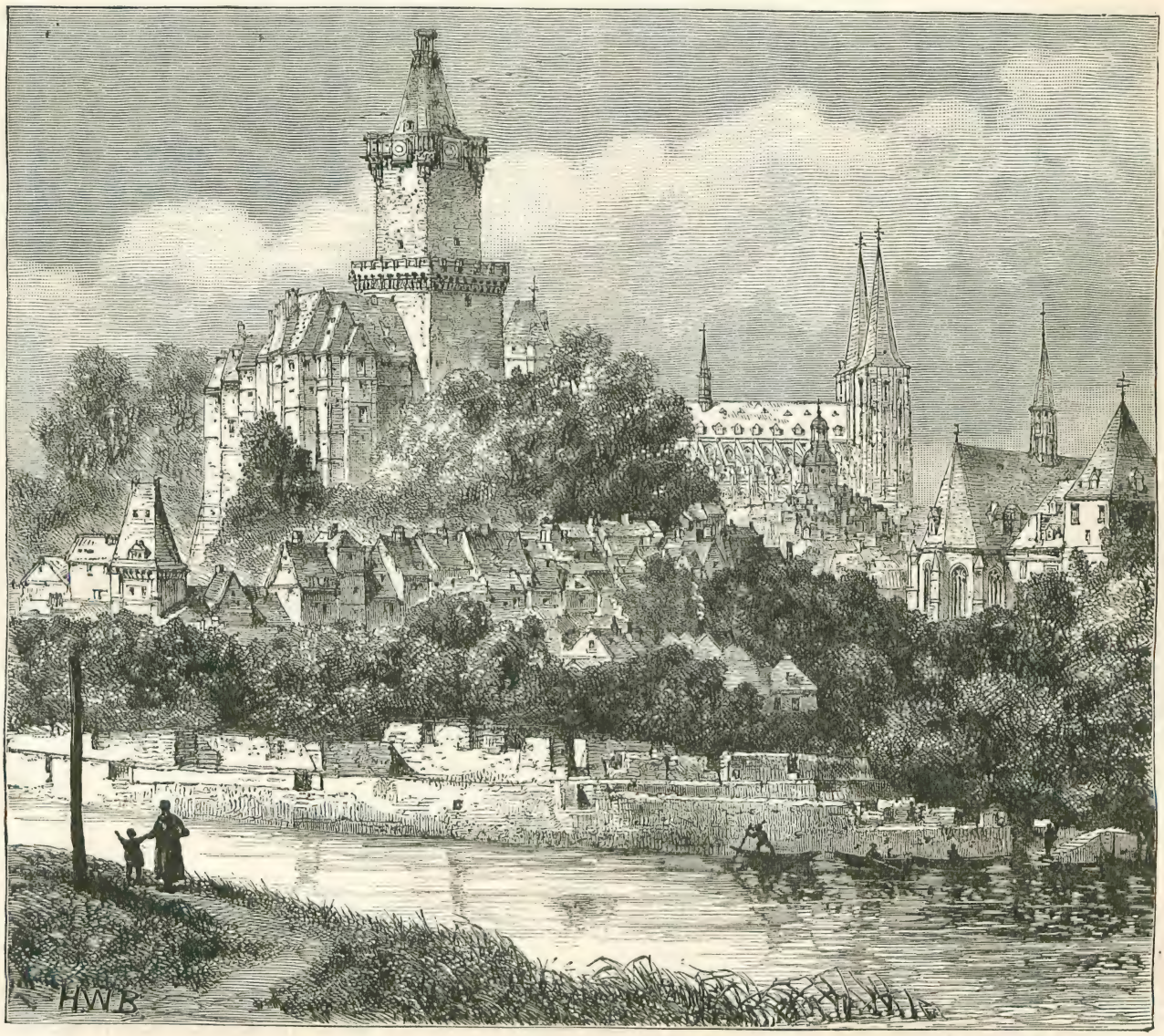
RANCE.—1. Short sight is not injured by moderate reading; but weak and overstrained eyes need rest in proportion to their inflamed or feeble condition. Old sight should be aided by suitable spectacles. All reading and needlework done at night is more trying to the eyes than such work by daylight. Gas is specially trying. 2. We have said all we have to say about shyness and nervousness. Do your very utmost to help your parents, and to be attentive to visitors and guests, quite irrespective of your own feelings. Never mind how uncomfortable you may feel, just speak and act as if you liked the occupation.

SOUTHERN, A "G.O.P." ADMIRER, AND OTHERS.—The number "55" is probably a mistake in printing. The right number is 120 stitches. Knit two together again, all round, which will bring it right.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 547.] JUNE 21, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CASTLE OF CLÊVE AND "THE MAGIC SWAN."



CLÊVE CASTLE.

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FROM passing through mile after mile of a flat, monotonous country, which intervenes between the Dutch Coast and the German Frontier, one suddenly comes upon a range of beautiful wood-clad hills, upon the first of which stands the Castle of Clêve, or, as we in England call it, "Cleves." A clear and rapid river winds round its base on its way to join the Rhine, which is some six miles distant. The not unpicturesque high street of the little city climbs round and round the hill, ascending by circuitous stages from the bridge at its foot to the old castle on its summit, while a second eminence, nearly as lofty, is crowned by the twin spires and sharply-pointed roof of the great Minster Church. A lovely forest or wood envelopes the town, and extends itself in every direction as far as the eye can reach. When we first saw the place the sun was setting in golden splendour behind the great hill, and the scene was one which will not be easily forgotten. The grand silhouette of towers and spires stood out in purple-grey against a brilliant orange sky, the upper boughs of the exquisite trees of the great wood were tipped with golden light, and the whole was reflected in the clear river below, calling to mind those lines of Wieland in "Das Schloss am Mehr," which have been so gracefully translated by Longfellow.

"O hast thou seen the castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.
And fain it would soar upwards
In the evening's crimson glow;
And fain it would soar downwards,
In the mirrored wave below."

The sombre-looking old ducal castle told out boldly with its many gables against the sky, and the vast brick tower called the "Schwan Thurm," or Swan Tower, reared its frowning machicolations and battlements high above all its surroundings, like some old mail-clad knight standing forward in defence of the weak and oppressed.

When one came to examine the place more minutely, and by the broad daylight, it must be acknowledged that Clêve, although an exceedingly pretty place, lost somewhat of its romance, and did not quite carry out those dreams of old-world picturesqueness which its first appearance had suggested.

The town itself, to begin with, is rather too neat and well kept to offer many subjects to the pencil of the artist, though these qualities are undoubtedly advantageous to its inhabitants and visitors; nor is Clêve particularly rich in architectural structures, either ecclesiastical or secular. It possesses five churches, three of which are "Katholisch" and two "Evangelisch." The minster is a large, lofty, fourteenth-century church, built of alternate bands of red brick and artificial stone; it has two lofty slate spires at the west end, and a graceful spirelet or flêche in the centre. These, and the commanding position which it occupies, give it the effect of a great cathedral when seen at a distance. Internally it is a graceful but rather plain building. It contains two very fine old monuments; one to a Duke of Clêve and his wife, adorned with well-sculptured effigies, and another to a lady of the house of Clêve, who is represented upon a brass plate fixed to the slab of her tomb, which is remarkable from having on its side what are called "weepers," that is to say, diminutive representations of persons dressed in funeral garb mourning round the tomb. There are also two well carved and painted altar-pieces, the works of a school of painters and carvers established at Calcar, a place celebrated in the sixteenth century as the great art centre of this portion of Germany. The "Klosterkirche," in the lower part of the town, also possesses some excellent carving. The principal Protestant church is a most singular-looking building, and would be certainly taken for a town hall rather than a church; it is not, however, unpicturesque, and has a very quaint belfry. Several of the hotels in the town have formerly been palaces, and have their rooms adorned with paintings, and possess beautiful gardens. The castle, sometimes called "Schwanenberg," though striking at a distance, is a singular jumble of styles—in fact, a regular piece of architectural patchwork when examined more closely. It is entered by an Italian gateway, adorned with an immense coat-of-arms, erected by Duke John Maurice in the middle of the seventeenth century. The little courtyard to which this gives ingress has some curious-looking doorways, which look like twelfth-century work, and its walls are covered with inscribed tablets, several of which date from the times when the Romans were masters of this district. The vast Swan Tower, a great brick structure 180 feet high, was rebuilt, as we see it at present, in the year 1439; and from its height and commanding situation is visible for many miles round.

A strange legend is attached to this tower. It is said that in very early times a knight in full armour appeared to a Duchess of Clêve, in a vessel drawn by a large white swan. The knight took up his abode in the castle, and was married to the lady; they lived together in great happiness for ten years, but at the end of that time the swan again appeared and carried off the knight. We need scarcely say that Wagner has immortalised this story in his beautiful opera of *Lohengrin*. A monument in the market-place records the event, and a fountain, in which the water emerges through the bills of swans, and the old tower has been known as the Swan's Tower for many centuries.

Another princess of the house of Clêve found a temporary husband in the person of that great English Bluebeard, Henry VIII. Anne of Cleves' matrimonial venture did not, however, end in the disappearance of her husband, but in an iniquitous divorce, founded upon no other charge whatever except that Holbein's portrait had rather flattered her, and that the lady was not sufficiently good-looking to satisfy Henry's fastidious taste.

As things went in those days, however, Anne of Cleves was perhaps not the most unhappy queen of her time, as she appears after the separation to have lived a life of peace and retirement many years after the death of her tyrannical husband, and was honoured by a public funeral, and a handsome monument was erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey. She was the only one of Henry VIII.'s wives who received this distinction, and one of the very few queens of England.

Few towns in Germany have such pretty surroundings as Clêve. The great wood comes quite up to the town, in fact, surrounds it on three sides; and as it is full of hills and dales, charming views can be obtained from it of the great valley of the Rhine, and the rich and fertile plain which extends on the one hand to Brabant and on the other to the ancient city of Cologne.

In one of the most sequestered valleys of this great wood stands a vast bronze tomb, adorned with trophies and insignia, amongst which the eight-pointed cross of the Knights of Malta is conspicuous. This tomb covers the grave of John Maurice, Duke of Clêve and Prince of Nassau-Siegen. There are many places of interest in the neighbourhood of Clêve; two are well worthy of a visit. The first is Calcar, some seven miles distant, a place which was celebrated in the sixteenth century for its school of art and the renowned master, John of Calcar, one of the greatest painters of his day.

The Catholic parish church (Katholisch Kirche) possesses several of his pictures, and some magnificent carved oak triptychs, works of the Calcar school of wood-carving. One of these contains as many as two hundred figures, executed with extreme delicacy. Xanton, some seven or eight miles further on, contains a still finer church, covered externally with sculpture, whereas its interior is a perfect museum of Mediæval art, carved altar-pieces, screens, stained-glass, pictures, tapestry, chandeliers, and a wealth of Mediæval embroidery and needlework, such as is probably not to be found in any other church north of the Alps.

Like Clêve, Xanton is celebrated as one of the scenes of the Nibelungenlied; here was the castle of the Nibelungs and the birthplace of Siegfried, the dragon slayer. It was one of the most important Roman stations in Germany, and its great church was first erected by the English Empress St. Helena.

In conclusion, we may recommend any of our girls who want an economical, health-giving, and enjoyable Continental holiday to visit Clêve. The hotels are numerous, handsome, extremely comfortable, and reasonable, and there are many excellent pensionnats. The mineral baths are also said to be efficacious in many cases.

H. W. BREWER.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

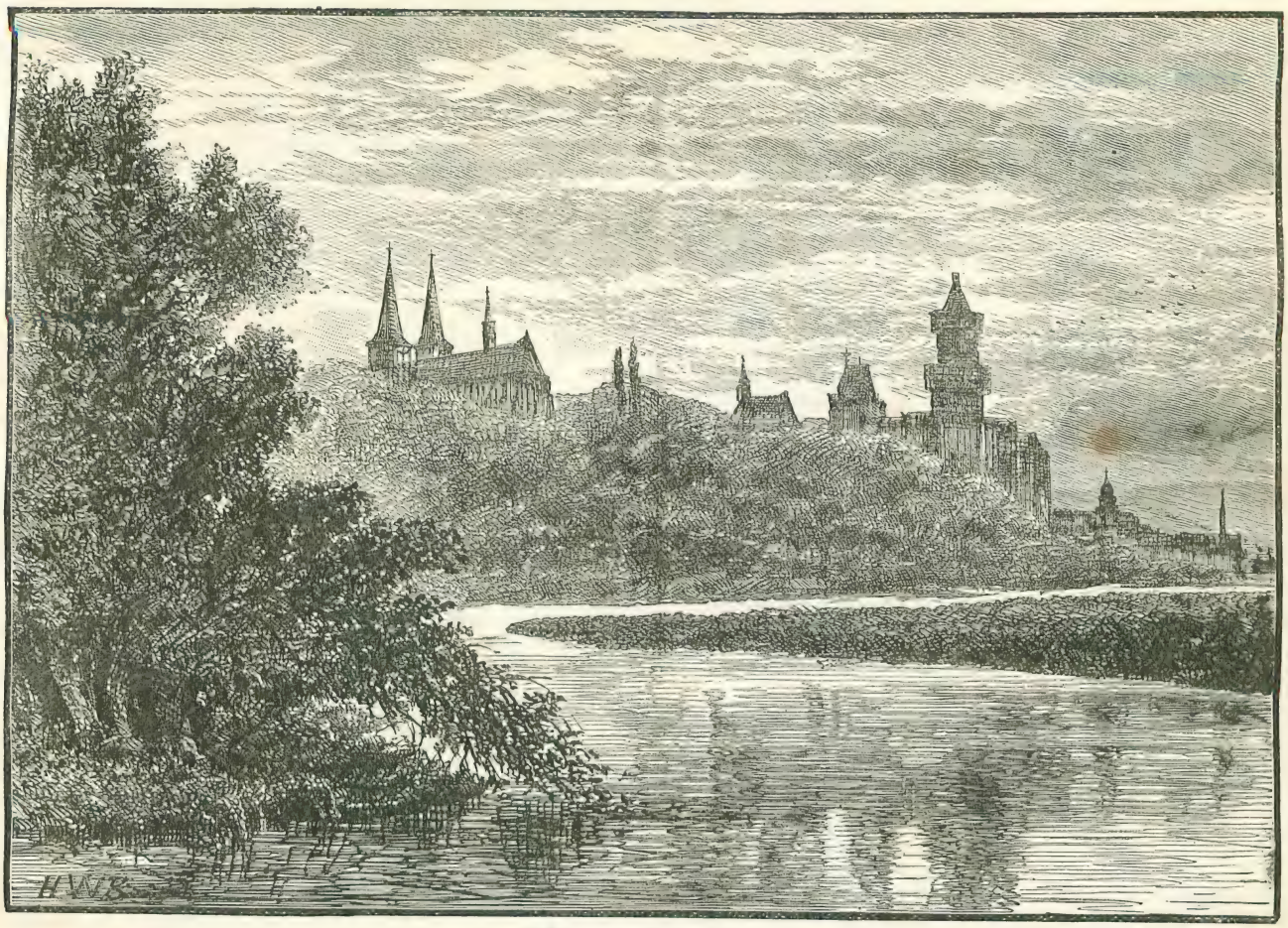
By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LONG-DEFERRED HOPE IS REALISED.

A FORTNIGHT later, on a raw, gloomy afternoon, Aldyth and her aunt stepped from a train on to the platform of Liverpool Street Station. A telegram received late on the previous evening had acquainted them with the fact that the Stanton family had arrived in London, and Aldyth was now on her way to meet her mother.

Aldyth's face was white and eager, and Miss Lorraine, too, looked excited. Aldyth had been disposed to maintain silence all the way, and the journey had never seemed to her so tedious; but excitement had had the contrary effect on her aunt. Unchecked by her niece's reluctant rejoinders, she had talked the whole time, chiefly on matters of little or no importance. But when they were in a cab, driving to the West-end hotel where the Stantons were to be found, Miss Lorraine, too, became silent, and



CLÊVE FROM THE RIVER.

her eyes were often turned upon her niece with a rather anxious expression.

It was no new thing to Aldyth to be in London. She and her aunt not seldom came up for a day's shopping in town, or gave themselves a few days' enjoyment of sight-seeing. They found such delight in the pleasures of town as only country people can, to whose ordinary experience it offers so sharp a contrast.

But to-day Aldyth had no eyes for the shop windows, nor for the beautiful equipages they met as they drove westwards. She saw nothing that they passed. There was a strange combination of thoughts—if thoughts they could be called—in her heart. Every now and then tears would rise to her eyes as she told herself how happy she was going to be. Life must be different for her from henceforth. All she had known or read or dreamed of a mother's love was to be realised at last. She started as from a dream and flushed crimson when her aunt suddenly laid her hand on her arm. "We are almost there, Aldyth. See, this is Charing Cross."

And, still with a dreamy sense of unreality, Aldyth recognised the wide space before her, the fountains, the lions, the statues; the omnibuses taking up passengers; the carriages dashing to and fro, with all the bustle and stir of London life.

"Oh, Aldyth! Oh, my dear child!" said Miss Lorraine, taking the girl's hand in hers, and speaking in agitated tones.

Aldyth looked at her wonderingly; but whatever Miss Lorraine was about to say—if indeed she knew—was never said.

Their cab was making its way through a crowd of vehicles. There was a bump and a jar which startled Miss Lorraine, always somewhat nervous when driving in London. Happily there was no cause for alarm; all was right in a moment; but ere Miss Lorraine had recovered from her fright they were at the door of the hotel, and an obsequious servant stood ready to help them alight.

Aldyth made an effort to subdue her excitement as they followed a waiter up the broad, shallow staircase; but in spite of her will her heart beat uneasily, and she felt quite faint as the man threw open a door and announced them. She need not have experienced any nervousness, however. The room they entered was a large one, with three windows overlooking the Embankment, and at first sight it appeared to be empty; but a young lady rose hastily from the depths of a great easy-chair by the fire, and came forward with out-stretched hand.

"Aldyth! do we meet at last?" she said, and kissed her affectionately. "How strange it is to think that you are my sister, and we have never seen each other till now! And this is your aunt, I suppose? How do you do, Miss Lorraine. I cannot claim you as an aunt, although Aldyth is my sister. Pray come near the fire, you must be dreadfully cold. I never knew anything like the cold of London."

Aldyth sat down, but her eyes were fixed upon the door which communicated with the next room. Was her mother there? Why did she not come to her?

"You are Gladys, I suppose?" said Miss Lorraine, pitying Aldyth's suspense. "Mrs. Stanton is quite well, I hope?"

"Oh, perfectly well, thank you," said Gladys. "She will never forgive herself for not being here to welcome Aldyth; but papa wanted her to go out with him. I think they were going to inquire about a house, and of course we did not know exactly when you would arrive. But mamma will be very vexed."

Aldyth said nothing. She could not have spoken without betraying how disappointed she was. All the way to London she had had a vision of her mother awaiting her, eager for her coming, longing to clasp her in her arms. This reality was so different from her anticipations that she experienced a painful revulsion of feeling.

"Do come nearer the fire," said Gladys Stanton, seeing her turn pale and shiver. "And you will like some tea—tea is always refreshing after a journey." She rose and rang the bell

as she spoke. Aldyth now looked more attentively at her sister. She was very fair, with large blue eyes, and an abundance of pale, silky hair twisted in a sort of picturesque confusion about her head. Her tall, willowy form was almost too slim, but it was a pleasure to watch its easy graceful movements. The small, oval face, framed by the masses of bright hair, had faulty features; but its expression was winsome, and the long blue eyes had a way of looking and the mouth a trick of smiling, the fascination of which Aldyth soon began to feel.

When the waiter appeared she ordered tea, and then inquired where the ladies' rooms were, and if their luggage had been taken up.

"Did the ladies want rooms in the hotel?" asked the man, with an air of surprise. "I am afraid that is impossible; I believe every room is taken."

"Oh, no, that cannot be," said Gladys; "Mrs. Stanton has engaged the rooms. You are making a mistake. Please go and inquire about them."

"Of course, he must be mistaken," she said, when he had gone; "I know mamma meant to engage rooms for you."

But when the waiter reappeared with the tea, he brought word that there were indeed no rooms to be had. The clerk declared that no extra rooms had been engaged for Mrs. Stanton's party.

"Oh, dear! Then mamma must have forgotten it. How tiresome of her!" said Gladys. "What will you think of us?" she added, turning with a pretty, deprecating air to Aldyth. "But you know we only arrived yesterday, and mamma has had so much to think of. She lost one of her trunks, too, and that has put her out very much. What is to be done now, I wonder."

"We must go to another hotel, of course," said Miss Lorraine, promptly; "there are several others in this neighbourhood."

Here the waiter interposed, and said that the ladies could have rooms in a private hotel on the opposite side of the street.

"Oh, that might do," said Gladys, as she poured out the tea; "you would be close by, and could be with us all the time. Would you mind that so very much?"

"Not at all; we should do very well there," said Aldyth, who by this time had conquered her wounded feelings and regained self-control.

"We must see the rooms before we agree to take them," said Gladys, promptly, with a business-like air. "Now do drink your tea whilst it is hot, and then I will go across with you and see if the place is fit for you."

Aldyth was beginning to feel much interested in her pretty sister. There was something surprising to her in the self-possession and *savoir-faire* of this girl of nineteen. She could have imagined that Gladys was older than herself, for Gladys' rich dress and the jewellery with which her person was lavishly adorned gave her a mature air. Her gown of ruby silk was more gorgeous than anything Aldyth ever wore, and, had she possessed such a one, she would have deemed it only suitable for a dinner or evening party.

Aldyth was still on the watch for her mother's arrival; but Gladys did not appear to expect her immediate return.

"We are to dine here at seven, as a family party," she said, glancing round the room. "Mamma thought it would be nicer than going to the *table d'hôte* to-night. Perhaps you would like to go to your rooms now; you would wish to change your dress, I daresay—not but what you look as nice as possible."

Miss Lorraine assented with some eagerness. She was anxious to be assured of comfortable quarters for the night before it grew later.

Gladys caught up a handsome travelling cloak and a large hat with drooping feathers which lay on a chair, hastily arrayed herself in them, thrust her jewelled fingers into a tiny muff, and declared herself ready to accompany her visitors. They had but to walk a few steps, cross the street, and they were in the other house. The rooms were very nice. Gladys found some fault with them, perhaps because she felt in duty bound not to be too easily satisfied on behalf of her friends. She lingered for a while, offering to help Aldyth unpack, and evidently anxious to do all she could for her new-found sister. When at last Aldyth assured her there was nothing more she could do, Gladys threw her arms about her and gave her a loving little hug and kiss.

"I am sure I shall like you," she said, impetuously. "I am sure we shall get on well together, although you are older than I am."

"I should be very sorry to think that we should not get on together," said Aldyth, her heart going out in warm response to this welcome affection. "You do not know how I have longed for a sister. It has seemed so hard to have sisters whom I could never see."

"Oh, I hope you will not be disappointed," said Gladys, impressively. "I do hope you have not romantic ideas about sisterly affection; for, if so, I am sure we shall shock you, since Nell and I are for ever quarrelling. But now I will leave you. Be sure to come over as soon as you are ready."

"She seems a nice girl, although so overdressed," said Miss Lorraine, popping her head into Aldyth's room as soon as her sister had gone; "I hope you will like her."

"I do like her; I am sure it will be easy to love her," said Aldyth, warmly.

"I wish you would come and see if you can open the register in my room," said her aunt; "I fancied the room felt stuffy when I entered, and now I find that the chimney is fast closed."

Aldyth went at once, soon had the chimney open, and rendered several other little services to her aunt. Miss Lorraine refrained from any comment on the fact of Mrs. Stanton being absent when her daughter arrived, and Aldyth was grateful for her silence.

When she went back to her room, Aldyth bolted her door, sat down, and burst into tears. She was so disappointed; there was no disguising the truth, though she tried to persuade herself that she was unreasonably disappointed. It was but too clear that her coming was not, to her mother, what her mother's coming was to her. And how should it be? Aldyth asked herself, trying hard to rally her common sense. Had not her mother three other children, and was there not for her all the excitement of returning to England after an absence of twenty years? And yet—and yet, Aldyth could not argue away her pain. Something within her heart would say that their meeting should have been more to her mother than all beside. The one ray of pleasure that lightened Aldyth's disappointment came from the kindness of her sister Gladys. The warmth of her loving caress and frank, impulsive words seemed to remain with Aldyth.

Aldyth did not long give way to tears. She remembered that time was passing, and that she must prepare for the meeting with her mother. Slowly and with more deliberation than she often bestowed on it, she began to make her toilet. She took down and shook out her long dark hair, brushed it till it shone like satin, then combed it straight back from her brows, and plaited it into a beautiful coil at the back of her head.

As she surveyed the effect, she smiled to think what a contrast her appearance presented to that of Gladys. "I should feel so untidy if I wore my hair in such a tangle," she thought; "and yet she looks very pretty so. I wonder if that is an Australian fashion."

With some anxiety Aldyth put on her gown—a soft grey cashmere with a vest of pale pink. It had won much admiration from Hilda Bland, but now Aldyth felt doubtful about it. She looked wistfully at herself in the mirror. "Shall I look old-fashioned beside Gladys?" she asked herself. "Oh, I do hope mother will like the look of me."

She smiled at the absurdity of the thought, but with the smile came tears. Were not mothers generally disposed to like their children's looks?

There was a tap at the door, and she opened it to admit her aunt. Miss Lorraine wore her best black silk and a dainty little head-dress of lace.

"Ah, you are ready," she said; "then we had better go across. It is half-past six."

"Shall I do, auntie?" asked Aldyth anxiously.

"Do! You will always do, child," said Miss Lorraine playfully. "Yes, indeed, you look very nice—far more suitably dressed than Gladys, in my opinion." And she kissed Aldyth.

After all, she told herself with secret pleasure, Aldyth was her child, and belonged to her far more truly than to that strange mother, just come across the sea.

Aldyth was trembling again as she went up the stairs of the hotel. Gladys met them in the corridor, took Miss Lorraine to their private sitting-room, but drew Aldyth back as she was about to cross the threshold.

"Come with me," she said; "mamma hates scenes, and she would rather see you alone first. We will go to her room."

They passed along the corridor; but Aldyth was aware of nothing till a door

was thrown open, and she found herself in the presence of a tall and handsome lady. Then she had a momentary bewildering sense that the photograph had deceived her, and this was not the form she had imaged to herself; but ere she could receive any distinct impression the lady had folded her in her arms, and a voice exquisitely sweet, and full, and caressing said, tenderly—"My dear child! Can it, indeed, be my little Aldyth come back to me like this?"

For a few moments Aldyth could not speak. It was like a dream—the tender pressure, the soft kisses, the caressing tones, and mingling with them the subtle, sweet perfume that pervaded her mother's dress.

In that brief interval Aldyth tasted the bliss for which she had yearned. But the next minute Mrs. Stanton's arms loosened their clasp; she drew back a step or two, and stood looking at her daughter, evidently awaiting her inspection.

Aldyth looked at her mother with eager, wondering eyes. She could see a likeness to the portrait now; but she saw also great differences. The rich waving hair, abundant as ever, was now silvery grey—a change which gave a striking effect to the handsome, clear-cut features and the large, flashing dark eyes, which had lost little of the brilliancy which in youth had made them so irresistible. Few women of her years could have borne to wear their hair rolled high up above the brows as hers was; but despite her grey hair, Mrs. Stanton had no look of age. Her cheeks were well-rounded, her complexion fresh; and her full, red lips closed over perfect teeth. She had the appearance of a full-blown beauty of the period when it was the fashion for ladies to powder their hair, by way of accentuating their bloom. Her figure was full and well-formed; and the daring simplicity of her black velvet gown, with square-cut bodice showing the round, white throat, set it off to perfection. Her beautiful arms were bare from the elbow, and adorned with heavy gold bracelets.

A glow of admiration might well kindle in Aldyth's eyes as she observed her mother.

"Well," said Mrs. Stanton, at last, not ill-pleased with the expression she read on Aldyth's face; "am I at all what you expected? What do you think of me?"

"You are not what I expected," Aldyth replied, slowly, in a low, fervent tone; "but—you are very beautiful."

Mrs. Stanton laughed. She was well pleased with her daughter's simple, ingenuous remark.

"Ah, you are a flatterer, I fear,' she said, lightly; "but really your appearance is not altogether flattering. I did not expect to see such a woman. You make me feel quite old. Let me see—what is your age, by-the-bye?"

"I was twenty-one last March," said Aldyth, a little surprised that her mother should need to ask.

"Ah, to be sure, I had forgotten," said Mrs. Stanton, carelessly, "and Gladys is just nineteen. But now Mr. Stanton will be impatient to see you, and you have yet to make the acquaintance of Cecil and Nelly. Come, darling."

So saying she led the way to the sitting-room.

Mr. Stanton did not look as if he were impatient to see Aldyth or anyone. He was a weary-looking man, with bald head and stooping shoulders. His manner was singularly nervous and shy, and though he greeted Aldyth not unkindly, he seemed to have nothing to say to her. But his wife was well able to supply his lack of words. She talked both for him and for herself.

"I have been telling Aldyth how anxious you were to see her, Robert. Now, is she what you expected? Not at all like me, is she? No, she resembles her father. It is very strange that not one of my girls is really like me. Gladys resembles me most; but then she is fair, like your family, and her features are not like mine. I often wonder how it is that people will persist in saying she is like me. Oh, here is Nelly! Come, Nelly, and let me introduce you to your sister Aldyth."

Nelly appeared by no means desirous of the introduction. She was a big, awkward girl of fifteen, dark, heavy-browed, and somewhat sullen-looking; but with good eyes, and a certain resemblance to her handsome mother, although she was undeniably plain. She seemed to have inherited her father's nervous, shy manner. She shook hands with Aldyth without looking at her, and rushed away to the further end of the room, where, hidden by a curtain, she leaned on a window-sill and watched the outer world.

Cecil did not appear till dinner was on the table. He was a good-looking lad of seventeen, bright and pleasant in manner, though somewhat foppish in his person, and not without the conceit common to youths of his age. Still, Aldyth felt that she should like him when she knew him better. But all her impressions that evening seemed vague and unreal. She felt like one in a dream as she sat listening to the talk that went on, and replying to the remarks addressed to her.

Mrs. Stanton, as seemed to be her habit, not only spoke for herself, but said everything that her husband should have said, whilst he, sitting opposite to her, silent and melancholy, occasionally murmured an assent. She had many questions to ask respecting Woodham and various families residing in its vicinity, to which Miss Lorraine was only too pleased to make full replies. Gladys, whose vivacity seemed inexhaustible, chatted fast with her brother and Aldyth; Mr. Stanton and Nelly were the only silent ones. The latter, seated opposite to Aldyth, made good use of her opportunity of observing the appearance of her half-sister.

If Aldyth's glance met hers she looked away hurriedly; but her eyes returned to the inspection, and Aldyth was conscious that they travelled over her, and that, apparently, no detail of her person escaped their notice. But as soon as dinner was over Nelly buried herself in a book and made no attempt to converse with Aldyth.

"Aldyth," said her mother, coming up to her and laying her hand on her shoulder, "I am glad to hear that your uncle, at his great age, keeps so hale and well. To-morrow we must have a quiet talk together, and you shall tell me all about him and your cousin Guy."

"Yes, I will," said Aldyth, her heart throbbing with joy at the thought of that confidential talk. "Oh, mother! I am so happy to think that I can talk to you at last."

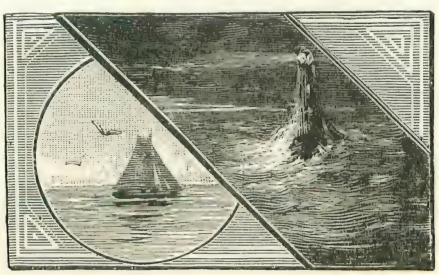
"Darling!" said her mother, pressing her hand. "But don't call me 'mother' in that solemn way, Aldyth. It makes me feel so—— I don't know what. Say 'mamma,' as Gladys does."

The lightly-spoken words jarred on Aldyth in her vivid emotion. But nothing could be more tender and caressing than her mother's manner to her throughout the evening; and when, on parting for the night, Aldyth found herself again folded in her mother's arms, her heart was too full of happiness to have any doubt.

"You are sure that you and your aunt will be quite comfortable there—you are sure you have everything you want?" asked Mrs. Stanton, with an air of maternal solicitude. "Mr. Stanton was so vexed—were you not, Robert?—that he forgot to order rooms for you in the hotel."

Mr. Stanton looked slightly surprised at his wife's appeal to him, but replied to her words in the affirmative. Then, at her suggestion, he found his hat and coat, and escorted Aldyth and her aunt across the street to their lodgings.

(To be continued.)



WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON.

PART I.

TIME was, and that even within the limits of this present century, when the idea of forming a "Women's Club" never entered into the fertile brain of the most "advanced" of our sex; although such an enormity had been suggested as a capital joke. But carried onwards by a flood of ever-augmenting difficulties — outcomes of the growth of an immense population—and with it the irresistible force of new and varied circumstances, we have had to overrule many old-world prejudices, and content ourselves with holding the helm and steadying the ship through flood and tide beyond our power to stem.

Amongst the urgent causes necessitating social coalitions for personal improvement and mutual service amongst the several ranks of more or less educated women, more notably than others we may observe the increase of improvident marriages and those of the physically unsuitable, the many failures of financial enterprises, the deterioration of the value of land, and, most of all, the debased moral rectitude of non-paying tenantry. All these evil diseases have tended to break up the old healthy constitution of English society. Thus the daughters of the very *élite* of the untitled aristocracy are driven from home, and from private works of benevolence or recreation, to become the bread-earners for themselves and their families. Patent as this phenomenon must be to most of our readers, an article like this demands such an introduction as showing the origin of the needs-be for women's clubs. Some live in the country, and visit town for business or otherwise, and thus need such institutions. Others, though living in town or the suburbs, have no study for the pursuit of their literary, artistic, or scientific work at home; and a third party has to attend classes, and requires some more conveniently central or adjacent resting-place than home for so many days a week. Besides these cases, there are those who would prefer to take a bed at a women's club when alone to going to a hotel, if visiting town for shopping or for interviews with friends. We have at least two or three women's clubs which are residential, for the benefit of country members; of such are "The Alexandra" and "The Victoria." In addition to clubs, we also have special restaurants for women, which shall be indicated after I have dealt with the former.

I said that the mere notion of a club for the benefit of women was once in the recollection of many the most grotesque of comical ideas. But some allowance must be made for insular prejudices and slowness to accept innovations. The first step towards the appearance of women in a house of public resort for reading and entertainment was made some fifty years ago in Russia and in Germany. The system of *table d'hôtes* and the mixing of men and women took some time to become acclimatised in the brain of English folk of the upper classes, and the doleful "private dining-room" was engaged, *de rigueur*, for the benefit of the wives and daughters ostensibly out on a pleasure trip to see the world, and to acquire foreign languages by colloquial intercourse. Happily, *nous avons changé tout cela*. To return to the question of foreign clubs, though not formed for the exclusive or joint benefit of women and men, the former have been allowed introduction into them in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and in some German towns. About eighteen years ago the idea was taken up by a club in London, "The Bohemians," who had their rooms in Grafton Street, and opened their doors on Sundays to the highest class of professional singers, prima donnas, and persons of like vocations. But a grave mistake in the selection of one of these guests put an abrupt end to this first attempt. "The Bohemians" passed through several changes, and survives under the name of "The Lyric." And now, without further preamble, I invite my readers to follow me, as I seek out the various clubs for women already existing in London.

I started on my interesting quest on a lovely morning, which made the grim, black houses less unattractive in their normally most melancholy atmosphere, and I selected for my first visit of inspection what I regarded as the parent-institution of the kind. It was the first to set the example of a "mixed club," that is, one formed for the benefit of both sexes. The name will be familiar to many—viz., "The Albemarle." The house has rather an imposing frontage, as compared with the majority of its neighbours. The two drawing-rooms are lofty and spacious, and are thrown into one apartment, and the dining-room beneath in the same way. But the entrance hall robs the latter of its otherwise equal dimensions with the reception-rooms above, and can only afford sufficient accommodation for laying some forty covers at a time. This is a very inadequate number to meet the daily demand. Ascending to the bedroom storey, I found a very plainly-furnished smoking-room for gentlemen and a small dressing-room adjoining, also a library or room for writing, supplied with suitable tables (at the back), agreeably quiet and retired. Above this floor is a ladies' dressing-room, the office of the lady-secretary, and that of the housekeeping manager.

I had till now regarded the Albemarle Club as a rather fossilised institution, and drearily formal in its high and unquestionable respectability, and I was agreeably taken by surprise by the information I obtained anent the enormous proportions to which it has recently grown. Within the last four years or so it has become a great financial success, under the admirable management, I should say, of the excellent secretary and the housekeeper. The *chef* would appear to be unsurpassed amongst his fellows in other clubs, so affirm many of the gentlemen frequenters of the club, who have the credit of being good *connoisseurs* in the mysteries of the culinary art.

In view of the multitudes who have to wait in relays to be accommodated with seats at the dinner tables, for whom some four hundred covers would often prove none too many, it has been for a considerable time past acknowledged that the mansion in use is very much too small. "When and where will you have it?"—words of query in a well-known game that sometimes elicit singularly enigmatic replies—would seem, as yet, to have found no solution of objective difficulties in this case, and no response of a generally acceptable character for the many expectants.

No less than twenty-nine rules are given in their prospectus, and amongst them there is one limiting the number of members to six hundred—men and women, so far as may be possible, in about equal proportions. The entrance fee has been suspended by a resolution passed at the general meeting in 1884, but the subscription for the current year of five guineas is required from every new member on election, and the same amount thereafter, to fall due on the first of January every year. But a reduction of one guinea each is made in favour of members of one family residing together, and foreigners, colonists, and residents in India may become honorary members for one month. Members are permitted to introduce their friends to dine or otherwise use the house, provided they be above the age of sixteen. No gratuity may be offered to any servant of the club. The house is opened at 8.30 a.m., and closed at 1 a.m., no one being admitted after 12.30 a.m. This selection from the rules may suffice for the convenience of intending members, and I now take leave of this important institution, and select the nearest of its neighbours for our next consideration.

Not far to seek—on the sunny side of New Bond Street—there is a small and unpretending club, exclusively for the benefit of women, and these, without exception, must be graduates, undergraduates, and students who have passed certain examinations.

Unfortunately, there is no very apparent sign of the existence of a club to a general observer in passing. I overlooked it myself, and was moving on, when I sought again for the number specified. Yes, I was not mistaken, "31" was the number, and I only saw a tailor's shop on one side, and engravings or pictures of some sort on the other. I tried a query at the former shop, and was politely let through a side door within, and a very small brass plate indicating the locality of the club was pointed out to me—the Women's "University Club."

Before me was a narrow staircase, much in contrast with the handsome entrance of the mansion before-named; but arrived at the second floor, I was shown into a bright front room that looked comfortable and cheery, though very unpretending, and all the more suitable for study, from being raised thus far above the noisy traffic of that ever-crowded thoroughfare, New Bond Street. This pleasant room was united to one at the back, in which I noticed three or more additional writing tables, and all desirable papers and periodicals were provided. In one respect this club resembled the "Albemarle," as it is non-residential. Tea and coffee and bread and butter can be provided in the house; but were dinner, or rather luncheon, desired by the students, mutton chops, beafsteaks, cheese, or any other simple viands would be sent in on demand—not dressed, nor kept in readiness in the house.

The entrance fee is only one guinea, and the annual subscription is of the same amount, payable on the 1st of January. Members elected in April or September are only required to pay the balance of the subscription due for the current year. Persons eligible for full membership must be qualified in one of the ways of which I give a list:—

1. They must be graduates of a University.
2. Registered medical practitioners of the United Kingdom.
3. Students or lecturers who have been in residence for (at least) three terms at Girton or Newnham Colleges, Cambridge; or at Somerville or Lady Margaret Halls, Oxford.
4. Undergraduates of any University who

have passed the examination next after matriculation.

5. Students who have passed the first professional examination of any medical corporation.

The committee are empowered to invite special members to join the club, such as ladies who have taken a prominent part in the promotion of education, but who are not otherwise eligible to become members of the club. The number of these "special members" may not exceed twenty-three; the regular members at the present time comprise about 250 persons. And now I think I have given all necessary information respecting this useful little institution. No doubt it must be found not only of practical service to those needing a quiet retreat for writing or study, but also of refreshment, and a pleasant rendezvous for friends who could not arrange for private meetings elsewhere.

My next expedition was made to No. 3, Old Cavendish Street, and with this little proprietary club, entitled "The Victoria," I was much pleased. I was shown into a nicely-furnished reception or drawing-room, not very large, but lofty. On the same (first) floor there is a very nice dining-room, with several small tables; also a comfortable library. On the first bedroom floor above there were four or five bedrooms, and on the second as many more. One bedroom could accommodate three people, as it contained a double and a single bed. Seven rooms are allocated to visitors, and fourteen, or even fifteen, persons could be received. The rooms on the second bedroom floor are charged for at a somewhat less rate than those on the first. This club is a real acquisition, as it is a nice quiet place, exclusively for gentlewomen, where young ladies may be respectably lodged without a chaperon for a night or two. I heard that the young daughters of the rector of an important parish in a large provincial town were sent there without either governess or maid. I mention this with a view to the convenience of country readers, who may be at a loss for a quiet, respectable, and inexpensive refuge in visiting this great metropolis. Dinners may be had if required; otherwise, breakfasts, hot or cold luncheons, and teas are ordinarily supplied, and at very moderate charges. Ladies'-maids can be taken in. The entrance fee for members is two guineas, the annual subscription is to the same amount; and although there is a proprietress (Mrs. Goering), there are many patronesses, amongst whom I may name the Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Countesses of Bective, Guilford, and Carnwath, and the Viscountess Strangford. Subscriptions are due in January, but ladies may join the club at any time, and be charged proportionately.

I walked on from Old Cavendish Street to the further side of Oxford Circus, until I reached No. 231, Oxford Street. A long list of names was to be seen on the side of the doorway, and amongst them I found that of "The New Somerville," "on the second floor." I went up, and found the office door open, and was received by the secretary, who was most obliging. This little office was separated from the large four-windowed general room by an iron revolving partition, which could be drawn up at will, whenever a larger room than that adjoining should be required. This, the general apartment, is pleasant, though unpretending. Two ladies were at tea in one corner, and there were others, busy or chatting and laughing together. There is a third room on the same floor, at the back, which is called "The Silent Room." Here those who have writing to do, or wish their readings and meditations to be undisturbed, can enjoy the amount of quiet they require. Above these apartments I was shown a room of considerable size, full of chairs and benches. Here the lectures, debates, and entertainments take place every week, on Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., and friends of the members are free to attend them. This apartment can be hired by the members for private receptions and entertainments. There is a lavatory on this floor.

The admission of members is by ballot—seven forms a quorum, and two blackballs exclude; but it is considered a point of honour not to blackball any candidate on account of her opinions—which, I imagine, are of a very mixed character. The club is opened at 9.30 a.m., and closed at 10.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. There is an entrance fee of ten shillings, and an annual subscription to the same amount. The lending library is free to all members, who now number upwards of 700, and applications from new candidates are still arriving. One special feature of this club is that a lower class, or so-called "working women," are admissible for membership. This scheme appears to have ended in failure; and, in my opinion, very necessarily so. Hereditary ideas, feelings, sympathies, and, in many cases, prejudices also, must render social intercourse on an equal footing not only inexpedient but impossible. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called, being a servant, care not for it." Here there is no confounding of ranks, so far as this world is concerned; although "God hath chosen the poor (who are) rich in faith;" and they who believe are "all one in Christ Jesus, who is the Head of all," etc.

I met with much civility from the secretary of this club, who invited me to make use of either her office or "The Silent Room" for writing my notes; and when these were completed I set forth again in the now slanting sunshine, to pick up what information might be obtained in a visit to a perfectly different kind of institution.

No. 12, Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, W., is a large house occupied by an aristocratic and purely fashionable club, yclept "The Alexandra." I was shown into a comfortable room at the back, occupied by the secretary, who somewhat reluctantly supplied me with the rules and list of members. It is a residential and proprietary club, providing six bedrooms for the use of country members, and two for that of their maids. There are two drawing-rooms, dining, coffee, and reading rooms, and at the present time a new library is being constructed at the back of the house. An entrance fee of five guineas is exacted, and the annual subscriptions amount respectively to three and two guineas, the first-named for town members and the last for country ones. At the present time the number of members amounts to 726. Under no circumstances may a gentleman be introduced within the precincts of this essentially feminine resort, nor even may a woman's step profane its sacred apartments who is not introduced as a visitor by a member of the club. Only two children may be permitted to enter, and that only for a short time, "if perfectly quiet," but "little boys above seven" come under the ban of their sex.

Luncheon is served between the hours of 12.30 and 2.30 p.m., and dinners are provided on due notice. For any further details inquiry should be made of the secretary, while for a view of the apartments the curious must obtain the good offices of a private friend, if she have one, who has acquired the status of membership in this very exclusive sanctuary.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Storehouse for Gold.—It is much better to have true gold in the heart than in the hand.

Be Patient.—People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one; but it is only that twenty-first one who can do her work out and out and enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures and all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience companions her.—*Ruskin.*

Wisdom, Power, and Riches.

Who is wise? She who learns from everyone.

Who is powerful? She who governs her passions.

Who is rich? She that is content.

A Love Story.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be. I admire you as a gentleman, I respect you as a friend, but——"

"Laura!" he exclaimed, "before you pass sentence, hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful house in Kensington, which shall be in your name. I will insure my life for ten thousand pounds, and——"

"George," calmly interposed the lovely girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiments of respect and esteem I feel for you, though so strong, are feeble in comparison with the deep love which—which I—which I have long——don't George, dear." For George had interrupted her again.

The Modest Girl.—The truly modest girl is she who retains her modesty when she is blamed as well as when she is praised.

A Piece of Advice.

"John," said an experienced member of the Society of Friends, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well, I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever differences have occurred between us she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

A Popular Belief.—It is a popular belief that if there was a woman instead of a man in the moon, lunar history would no longer be a secret to us.

Do not Quarrel.—Is life long enough for quarrelling? Are there so many good people that they can afford to shun and avoid each other?—*Richter.*

A LOVER OF THE SEA.

AN IDYLL OF THE MOON AND SEA.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

THE moon from her ethereal throne
Heard music of such strain,
As seemed now roused to mighty swell,
And then grew calm again.

And, asking in her starry realms
From whence these strange sounds came,
She learned it was the sea's great voice,
Of nether world-wide fame;

The sea's great never-ceasing voice,
Now roused to angry roar,
And now to sparkling wavelets lulled,
That frolicked to the shore.

The moon from her ethereal throne
Listened with deep delight,
Then spake: "Thou wondrous water-king,
Of fearful, boundless might,

"I deem thy song of choicest note,
Above all things that sing,
And fain to thy proud majesty
Would I my tribute bring.

"Tell me, what wouldst thou have me say
Or give, in proof sincere,
That such rare sovereign power as thine
I honour and revere?"

This heard the sea with pleasèd pride,
And then in gentlest tone
Thus spake: "O queenèd lady-moon,
In loveliness alone,

"Such gracious words do make me glad;
For thou art paramount
In every gift, in every grace,
And I, of poor account.

"But still I dare to love thee well,
And every anxious night
Hath watched and waited thy approach,
In robes of pearlèd light.

"And sometimes when thou hast not come,
Ah me! the blank, the pain
My life hath known, till piteous-kind,
Thou hast returned again.

"But if my music pleaseth thee,
Wilt thou accord me this—
To charm me with thy silver smile,
And greet me with thy kiss?

"Dear lady, and most beautous One!
From thy high throne above,
O cheer this elsewise weary waste
With token of thy love."

Nor lacked the moon her sweet consent,
But in a flood of light
She kissed the sea—and all the stars
Stood spell-bound at the sight.

And all the things that see the night,
Of water, sky, or land,
Gazed wonderstruck upon the scene,
So strange, so chaste, so grand.

* * * * *

And thus it was in ages past,
And is, and yet shall be,
That, with her silver smile and kiss
The moon doth greet the sea.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS MARGARETTA.

MISS DULCEY was on her best behaviour. She tried to avoid every subject that could irritate her brother, but in so doing she irritated herself, for she was accustomed to say out whatever she thought, and it was pain and grief to her to bridle her tongue. Not that she ever wished to give it the rein to annoy other people; but everybody expected a wholesome "bit of her mind" from uncompromising Miss Dulcey. Luncheon proceeded amicably, if stiffly, and the subject of the "grandson and great-nephew" was not renewed in the presence of the "neat-handed Phillis" who waited. She was as anxious as her mistress to please the squire, who declared, when she was out of the room, that he would give up men servants and take entirely to women, they were so much more attentive.

"That proves that Margaretta has all the trouble," laughed Miss Dulcey. "Why, all the mistresses are driven wild by their maids, who come for a month's holiday and change of air, or else condescend to scrub your floors in return for music or dancing lessons. At least, that is what my friends tell me; but having no finishing masters at Hollyfield, I don't speak from experience. Ah! here comes an experimentalist who knows how to manage with one female domestic. Here's Belle. Will you see her? It seems as if she came on purpose; but I did not send for her. I must detain her, or she'll be off when she hears that *'I'm engaged,'* as people say when they've nothing to do."

Miss Dulcey ran to meet Belle without waiting for her brother's answer. She told her, in breathless excitement,

that the squire was with her, and had something important to say, and bade her wait until they had finished luncheon.

Belle had come to communicate Dolly's little adventure with him. Miss Dulcey ran back to the dining-room, leaving Belle in some trepidation, for she was not without a certain fear of one who had shown so much antagonism to her family.

Miss Dulcey returned in due time, followed by the squire, who first bowed to Belle as she rose, then shook hands with her, as if on second thoughts. She had certainly never offended him, and had even apologised for her nephew's intemperate speech. Besides, there was something about Belle which inspired confidence. He had occasionally met her and had admired her manner—so free from self-consciousness and forwardness. Still, he was either too proud or too stiff-necked to address her. Miss Dulcey, being neither, dashed into the subject like a restive horse, to the extreme danger of upsetting her companions.

"Do you think Weatherley would like to have a first-rate education, Belle?" she began. "I'm not quite sure of him. Sometimes he seems good at books; at others, thinks of nothing but trade and that sort of thing."

"I am sure he would like a first-rate education, Miss Dulcey; but he knows he has no chance of one, unless——" Belle paused.

"Unless your father gets this fortune," supplied Miss Dulcey, glancing at her brother.

"Has he any chance?" put in the squire.

"He thinks so, and it is his of right as next-of-kin, unless his cousin's son should be alive," replied Belle. "But it seems to me very uncertain."

"Would you call Weatherley a clever boy, Belle?" asked Miss Dulcey. "I know he had all sorts of certificates framed and hung in—— well, in the house, or lodging, or whatever it might be, where——"

Belle came to Miss Dulcey's aid. She knew she was about to say "hung in his mother's room," and she had tact enough to know that the squire would not like the allusion.

"I think he has good abilities," she said. "Perhaps he has too high an opinion of himself, but he is honest and straightforward. All he wants is to earn his own living. That is what he means when he talks of trade."

"We are no nearer the end than we were at the beginning," said Miss Dulcey. "If my brother chose to educate Weatherley, would you all give him up entirely to him?"

This sudden question startled Belle, while it annoyed the squire. She recovered herself first.

"It would depend wholly on Charlie," she said. "Of course, we have no power. I should be only too thankful to feel sure that he was provided for."

It was curious that both the squire and Miss Dulcey had forgotten the boy's father. He was in America, and Dauncey, senior, appeared to them his guardian for the time being. Indeed, the yielding and gentle Charlie was always in the background. Belle, however, was not going to lose this chance for Weatherley. She said, addressing the squire with her clear eyes as well as her pleasant voice—

"If you will allow me, I will write to my brother. I will put the question direct to him. He has his children's interest at heart, and will, I am sure, do what is right. The boy is so grateful to you, sir, for your kindness to him, and for your excusing his rudeness, that he says he loves you very much indeed."

Had Belle been prime diplomatist, if there is such a post, she could not have made a better hit than by that last phrase. No one is indifferent to being "loved very much indeed," and the gratuitous love of a child is very precious. The squire had felt drawn towards the boy by those invisible cords of kinship, or heredity, or sympathy—call it what you will—and when he heard that unselfish love was offered in return, he could scarcely believe it. However, it fairly drove from his mind, for the minute, the obnoxious clause he had added when he broached the subject to Miss Dulcey. Nothing was said of the isolation from his father's family with which he had wound up before luncheon. All that Belle understood was that the squire might possibly adopt and educate his grandson, and she could see nothing against it. Her dear sister-in-law, Amy, would have been made happy, even in death, by the prospect, and she believed Charlie would be thankful.

"I can hear the result through my sister," said the squire. "Perhaps you will not mention the subject to anyone else until you hear from — from America?"

"Just as you wish," replied Belle, who would naturally have consulted her father.

She rose to go, feeling that she might be in the way. This was fortunate, since the squire was beginning to think of tabooing the Dauncey family in general, Weatherley excepted, and perhaps Belle, who had taken his fancy. He shook hands with her more cordially than before, and wondered how she could seem so cheerful under the weight of anxiety that he knew must oppress her.

"Ask Margaretta to come to my treat," said Miss Dulcey, when Belle disappeared.

"Margaretta complains of being old and feeble, and I can scarcely get her to pay the most imperative visits," replied the squire.

"Fiddle-de-dee! It is all over with one when one gives up. As well be dead and buried as to give up. Besides, one can always be of some use in the world, so long as one shuns the fossil age. Once reach that, and say good-bye to enjoyment."

"But how is one to avoid it, Dulcey?"

"By keeping up your interest in all your fellow creatures. Nobody fossilises so long as the heart is warm. Although I am what they call an old maid, I have children all over the world. I have a black *protégée* in Central Africa, who writes to me as if I were her mother, and am thinking of adopting another in New Guinea."

"My dear Dulcey, you are incorrigible, but I am glad to hear your nonsense once more."

The squire almost laughed, which did him as much good as it did Miss Dulcey, who was watching for signs of a reconciliation which she knew to be insecure.

"I did not make it clear to Miss Dauncey that I must have the entire control of the boy," he said.

"How could you, Hewson? You couldn't quite say to a daughter, I'll have nothing to do with your father; or to a sister, I must ignore your brother. You must leave that part of the negotiation to me. Women manage delicate matters much better than men. It's the truth, though you don't think so."

"I know women are sadly meddlesome; but we won't dispute. I told Tomkins to bring the horses to your stable. I can mount in the yard."

They went together to the back of the house, and thence to the stable, where they found the squire's groom and Ben in lively discourse. Miss Dulcey watched her brother mount his horse and ride off, followed by Tomkins.

"He be a grand gentleman, and I be right glad to see 'un here again," said Ben, half aloud, half to himself.

When Miss Dulcey had stroked Miss Saucy, she bade Ben return with her to their interrupted consultation in the garden; and, having given some final orders, went in and wrote to her sister Margaretta. She was determined to resume the old family relations if possible, and in her note she insisted much on forgetting the past, and making the most of the present.

Miss Dulcey was in the habit of giving the school-children an annual—or, more properly—biennial feed; that is to say, she entertained them with tea and cake in the summer, and roast beef and plum pudding in the winter. It was no wonder that they almost adored her, and that her word was their law; indeed, it was pretty nearly the law of the village, subject to the superior decision of the court of appeal, over which the vicar presided. Not that anyone ventured to appeal against Miss Dulcey's judgment, though she would sometimes appeal against herself.

The treat was settled for the day but one after the squire's visit, and there was great excitement not only at The Gables, but at every homestead. Miss Dulcey's cook made and baked all the cakes, and had she not been the best tempered of women she must have grumbled. But, as Miss Dulcey expressed it, "Charlotte only laughs and grows fat. If she goes on at this rate the kitchen won't hold her."

School treats are all so much alike that we will not attempt to describe Miss Dulcey's. She merely reversed the usual order of things, having games first in her paddock, and tea last in the schoolroom below her house. But we shall have something to say of her visitors. While the children were being marshalled at the schoolhouse, to their infinite delight and admiration Squire Weatherley's carriage drove past, and

it contained his sister, Miss Weatherley, or, as she was more generally called, Miss Margaretta. Miss Dulcey, who was in the garden, was delighted also, and hastened to the principal entrance to meet her sister. The embrace that followed was cordial and affectionate.

"Dear Margaretta, this is kind!" said Miss Dulcey.

"I am so glad to come. Hewson wished it. What has happened to make him so much more genial?" said Miss Margaretta.

"Come into the drawing-room, and I will tell you."

No sooner were they seated than Miss Dulcey rushed through the history of the squire and his grandson; to which her sister listened with a sort of tremulous attention, moving her hands nervously the while.

Miss Weatherley was a remarkable-looking woman, very different from her half-sister. She was a little older than the squire, and had lived with him and kept his house since the death of his wife. She had also brought up his only child, Amy; had greatly indulged her, and greatly resented her marriage with Charlie Dauncey.

"Miss Weatherley always looks as if she had walked out of a picture frame," was the remark, and not an original one, that people were in the habit of making upon her. She was tall, thin, pale, and elegant. Her white hair was in short curls on either side of her face, and might justly be called silvery, since it had a soft gleam on its unsullied snow; she always dressed in grey—silver-grey, they called it—and kept sufficiently to the fashion not to be reckoned peculiar. Out of doors, a white feather usually adorned her bonnet; indoors, white satin ribbon and the most faultless lace composed her cap. When the squire's friends discoursed of beauty, he always said, "You should have seen Margaretta when she was young!" and they readily believed him. But neither by word nor gesture did she manifest any consciousness of that departed grace which women find it so hard to forget.

"I am too old to undertake another child," she said, when Miss Dulcey finished her story.

"Hark! here they come! You can see them from the window, Margaretta. I must go out to receive them," was Miss Dulcey's sole reply; and she left Miss Weatherley standing within the oriel, glancing at the pretty procession that mounted the steps.

The children were singing as they came, and the sweet hymn, "There's a Friend for Little Children," reached Miss Weatherley as she listened and gazed. Miss Dulcey received her guests with "nods and wreathèd smiles" and many words of welcome, while the onlooker noted not only the school children but the teachers. Mr. Burmester was foremost, then came Belle with her class, and Dolly with hers. Belle led Mamy by the hand, but Marjory had been promoted to a wee class of small children, and headed them importantly.

Others there were, of course, who have nothing to do with our veracious history, but who were all equally interested in the treat. All these Miss Weatherley saw, and she looked curiously to see if she could recognise this great-nephew who was occupying her thoughts at the moment. She did recognise him amongst the boys, or fancied she did, from his likeness to her brother.

"How they all bob and nod and smile at Dulcey," she mused. "I wish I were more lovable. But her mother was less reserved than mine. Hewson and I are more alike."

She watched the procession till the last small boy disappeared, and then she heard shouts replace the hymn, and knew that the games had begun. She sighed as she remembered her youth and her own childhood's happy pastimes. Not that she was either morbid or discontented; on the contrary, she strove and prayed continually to follow in the steps of her Divine Master.

She was meditating as to whether she should go out and join the merry party, when Miss Dulcey entered accompanied by Weatherley.

"This is our nephew," she said. "He has strict orders to keep quiet and not to exert himself on account of the accident which I told you about, Margaretta. I thought you might entertain one another till tea-time. Tea at five, and a musical entertainment afterwards in the schoolroom."

"I cannot stay long, Dulcey," began Miss Weatherley, nervously; but Miss Dulcey was gone.

She shook hands with her great-nephew, and sat down. He did the same. They were silent for a few minutes, not knowing what to say.

"Your name is——?" she volunteered at last.

"Weatherley," he replied.

"Oh, indeed!" she ejaculated.

But if she was shy, he was not, and he wanted to propitiate this lady of whom his mother had often spoken to him.

"You are mother's Aunt Margaretta," he began. "She said you were a beautiful lady, and very good to her. She told me to give you her dear love if ever I saw you. Perhaps I may not have another chance, as my grandfather Weatherley doesn't ask me to the Court. I wish he would, and then I could tell you all about mother."

"Tell me now," she said, trembling with some emotion. He was beginning to pour forth his short life-history, when Marjory and Mamy burst into the room. Mamy had been crying after Weatherley, and Belle, not knowing the little by-play that was acting in the drawing-room, had sent them to him. Marjory drew back alarmed on perceiving the stately lady, but Mamy ran to her brother.

"Marjory, that is mamma's dear Aunt Margaretta, who brought her up," half whispered Weatherley.

Marjory looked frightened, but having been well schooled in the arts of politeness, went to Miss Weatherley, said "How do you do?" and held up her cheek for a kiss, to which she had been accustomed. Mamy, who was an accomplished imitator, thought it her duty to do the same. With her head on one side, and her finger in her mouth, as usual, she followed Marjory's example. Her "owdo," and her angel-face, completely overcame Miss Weatherley. She caught the child up in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Mustn't ky," said the tender-hearted little one, putting her arms round her neck; for childhood is full of sympathies.

"Please, don't! Mamma would be so sorry," pleaded Marjory, laying a hand on the shoulder of the sobbing lady.

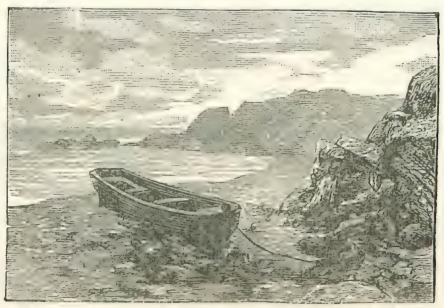
"We didn't mean to be rude or unkind, or anything," said Weatherley, joining the group, his usual self-possession deserting him for the minute.

"I know. I understand," said Miss Weatherley, whose woman's heart was conquered by the touch of loving hands, and the pleadings of children's voices.

And it was thus that Miss Dulcey found her relatives, old and young, when, with a not unnatural curiosity, she came to see how Weatherley was getting on with his great-aunt.

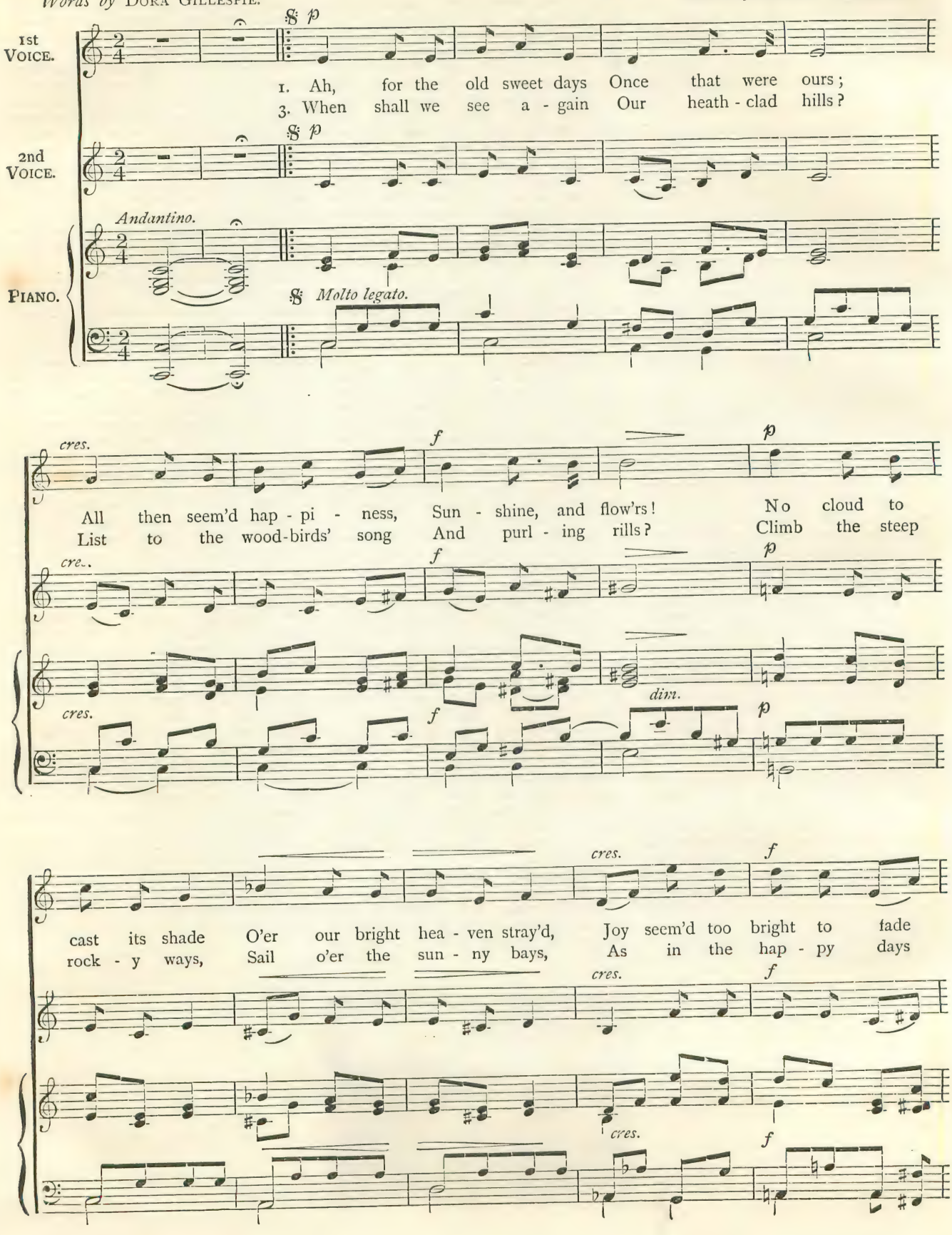
"Will you order the carriage, Dulcey? I must go at once, though I am very glad I came, and—and have seen poor Amy's children," said Miss Weatherley; and her sister rang the bell, understanding the emotion, and feeling thankful for it.

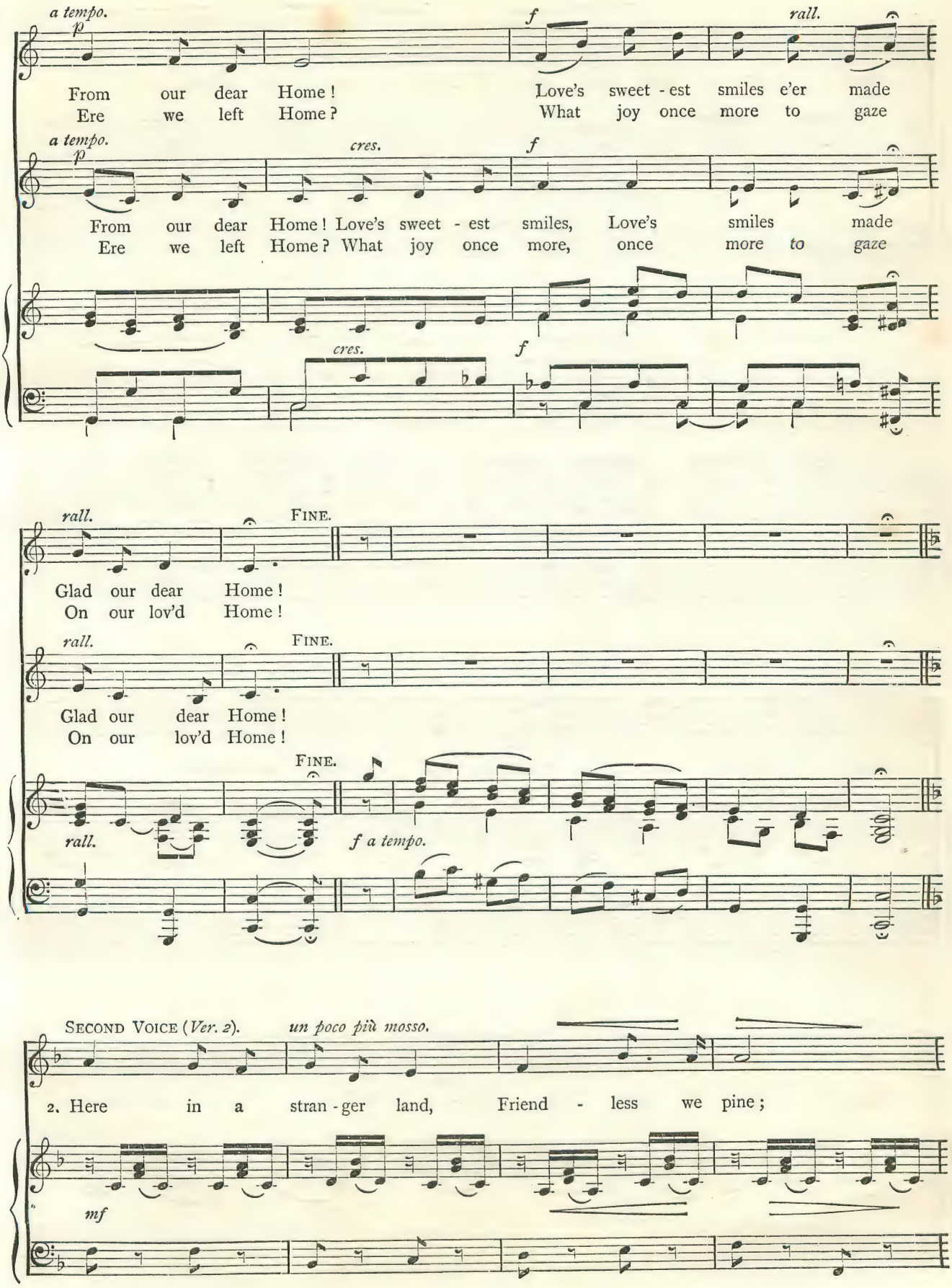
(To be continued.)

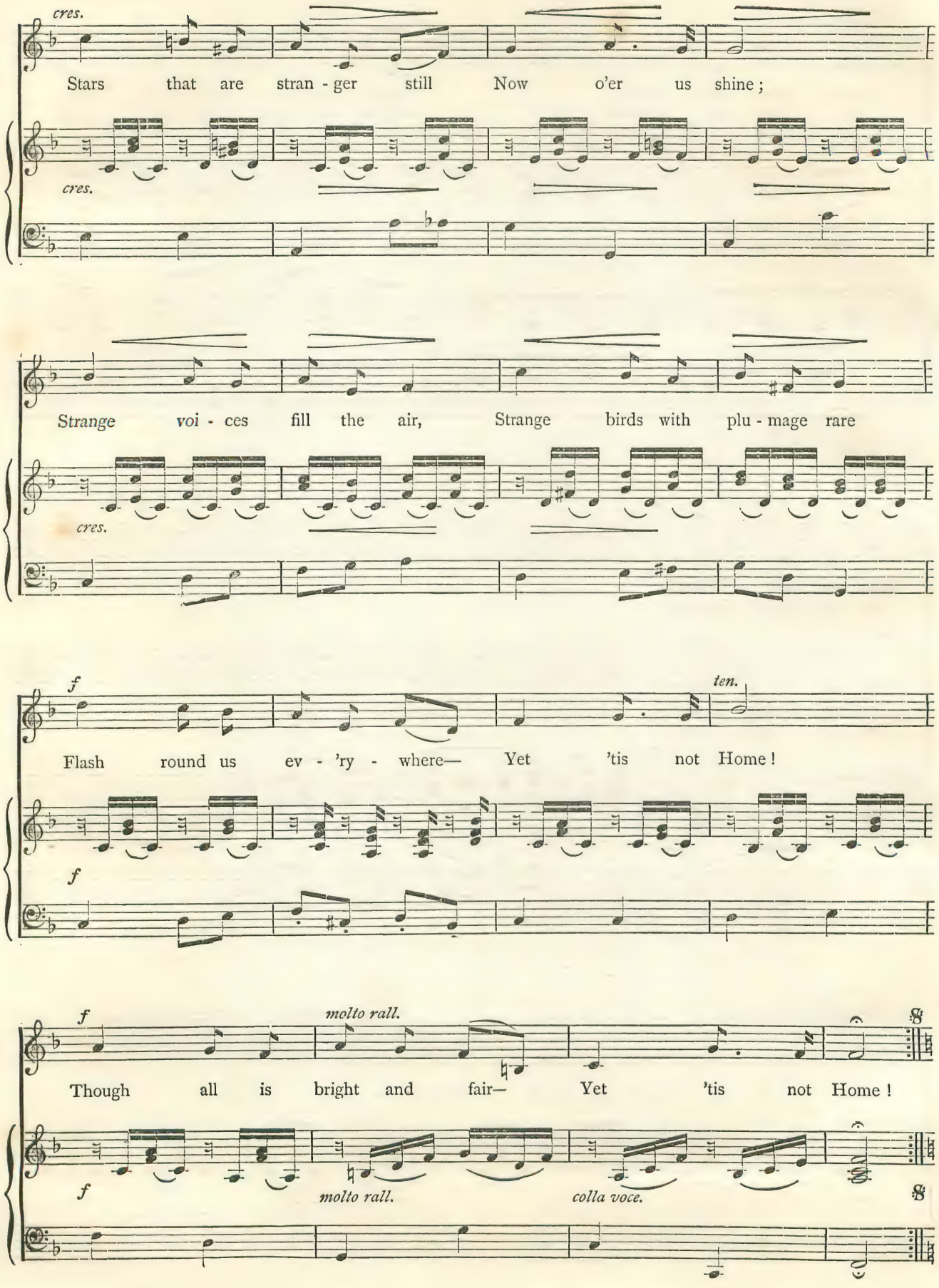


THE EXILES.

Words by DORA GILLESPIE. *Music by* SUCHET CHAMPION.

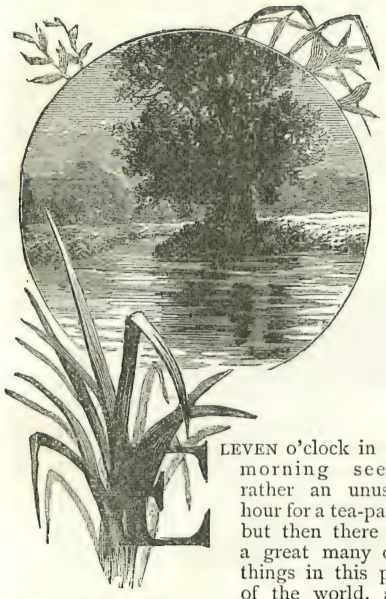



a tempo.
p
f
rall.
From our dear Home! Love's sweet - est smiles e'er made
Ere we left Home? What joy once more to gaze
a tempo.
p
cres.
f
From our dear Home! Love's sweet - est smiles, Love's smiles made
Ere we left Home? What joy once more, once more to gaze
cres.
f
rall.
FINE.
Glad our dear Home!
On our lov'd Home!
rall.
FINE.
Glad our dear Home!
On our lov'd Home!
FINE.
rall.
f a tempo.
SECOND VOICE (Ver. 2).
un poco più mosso.
2. Here in a stran - ger land, Friend - less we pine;
mf


cres.
Stars that are stran - ger still Now o'er us shine;
cres.
Strange voi - ces fill the air, Strange birds with plu - mage rare
cres.
f
ten.
Flash round us ev - 'ry - where— Yet 'tis not Home!
f
f
molto rall.
Though all is bright and fair— Yet 'tis not Home!
f
molto rall.
colla voce.

SOME MOORISH TEA-PARTIES.

By the Author of "A Californian Story."



ELEVEN o'clock in the morning seems rather an unusual hour for a tea-party, but then there are a great many odd things in this part of the world, and when I was invited to alight from my horse one lovely hot day in January last, and partake of this refreshing beverage at a farm belonging to the household in which I was a guest, I was not at all unwilling to accept the invitation, for I had been riding since eight o'clock. My attendant—I cannot call him a groom, for the name seems unsuitable—conducted me into the enclosure in which the house was situated as soon as I had signified my assent to the proposed visit (the invitation having been shouted out to us at some distance), and at the threshold of the long, low room which composed the house I found my host standing ready to welcome me. He was a grave, dignified man, a perfect gentleman in manners and appearance, and at the same time a most picturesque object as he stood with his hand slightly extended, so as to enable me to touch it with mine without showing my fingers (this being a highly improper proceeding), and as I touched it it seemed to me to be a hand which had never done any work, although he was a farmer. He then pointed to the cushions on the floor, on which I seated myself, retaining one for my elbow, and left the room in search of his wife, thus giving me the opportunity of looking about me a little. I was, of course, dressed as a Moorish lady, veiled from head to foot, only my eyes visible, and no more comfortable costume exists when you once get used to it; it would be impossible to live in the interior of Morocco unless you adopted it, as everyone who met you would curse you, and show other disagreeable signs of disgust at the presence of the hated Christian, if they did not proceed to open violence. But to return to my tea-party.

The floor was thickly carpeted with the bright-coloured fabrics of the country, and in one corner of the room was a heap of bedding, with a sack of flour and other provisions. Holes were cut in the walls which served as cupboards or shelves; in one was a curious green lamp, in another a beautiful brass tray, a basin of European make, some tiny glasses, and a tea-pot. My hostess shortly entered (a great contrast to her husband), followed by her daughter, a pretty girl of about fourteen. Both were dirty-looking, shrouded in coarse muslin garments of dubious shape, and bare-footed. My attendant, being a Jew, was considered of no account, and the women, therefore, uncovered their faces and hands before him. The tray with the glasses was given into his hands, and a canister of green tea being produced, some was thrown into a glass and carefully washed with boiling water from a large kettle resting on an earthen pot full of charcoal; then the tea was made in European fashion, to suit my taste, as indicated by my Jewish boy, and some delicious fresh milk out of the basin added to it. Presently the host brought a large sugar-loaf to the doorstep, cracked it, and handed us some enormous lumps. As soon as I had drank all I wished for, tea was made in proper Moorish fashion for the rest. It was carefully washed in a tumbler as before, a quantity of sugar put into the pot, then the tea and some leaves of mint and verbena, and the water added; this decoction was imbibed with great relish by all. Presently my hostess inquired if I should like some bread and butter, and as I wished to see what she would produce, I accepted the offer. She carried off the sack of flour in the corner of the room, and disappeared for about twenty minutes; at the end of that time she re-entered, bearing a wooden tray in one hand, on which was a flat-looking pancake of flour and water, and in the other a basin filled with lumps of butter. She tore off a piece of the hot cake and handed it to me, pointing to the butter. No knife was forthcoming, and I saw, alas! that I was expected to use my fingers. I tried to fish up a piece of butter with the aid of the cake in my hand, but they were too large to eat, and the excellent woman, seeing my difficulty, immediately divided one of the lumps with her fingers for me. Things were getting worse and worse, and at last, in desperation, I managed to enfold another lump in my piece of cake, and swallowed it hastily, trusting it would not make me ill; but I did not like to hurt their feelings after they had taken the trouble to make so many preparations, and I then signified, through my Jewish boy, that I had already breakfasted that morning, and did not wish for any more. After much discussion and renewed pressure, the viands were at last taken away. The Moors like their butter rancid, and bury it for a long time in the earth before eating it—sometimes for two to three years.

I could not speak Arabic, but from their tones and gestures it was very easy to understand the gist of their remarks; and after they had carefully examined my hands, and pushed up my sleeve to look at my arm, they directed their attention elsewhere, and I became aware that I was expected to let them see my foot, on which was a European shoe, which I had not removed as I ought to have done on entering the house. A glance of mute supplication seemed to indicate a wish that I should take it off, and the murmur of satisfaction which followed that I had interpreted the wish correctly. After they had exhausted my *chaussure*—a large number of women from the village having added themselves to the audience by this time—they turned to my hair. I allowed them to take off my háik (the long bernouse always worn by the better class of Moorish women), and the pieces of muslin which covered my forehead and face, so that they might see my plaits; and when this had been done, I dressed myself again in a very decided fashion, by way of intimating that I could not go any further, and then presented the mother with two safety pins, which she received with much gratitude. A baby was then brought in and offered to me; but I declined to take it—it was too sorely in need of washing—and they thought I was afraid I should drop it. Fortunately, just then, my Jewish attendant came in, and I intimated that I must be going, mounting my horse from a mound of earth outside. Just as I was starting, my host came up with a fine young cock from the farmyard as a parting present; and, after bidding them all farewell once more, I set out homewards.

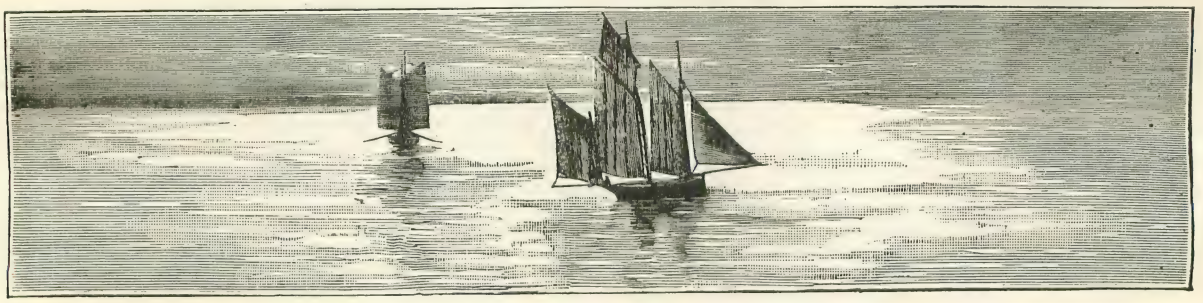
Another tea-party which took place a few days ago was managed in a more civilised fashion. Just as we were thinking of making our own afternoon cup, two Moorish ladies, mother and daughter, announced themselves. The mother had just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was consequently a very important and enlightened personage, and quite understood how to sit on the drawing-room chair which was offered her, though she was evidently very uncomfortable all the time, and the daughter very much more so. As soon as they were assured that all the gentlemen and men-servants had gone downstairs, they took off their háiks, and displayed gorgeous under-garments, and very wide, stiff, handsomely-embroidered belts. The elder lady described the perils of her journey in a most emphatic way, dilating much upon the sea-sickness from which she had suffered; and as soon as a convenient pause occurred in the conversation, they were asked to come into another room for tea. But they had heard footsteps on the stairs—male footsteps—and declined to move. Just then an English visitor staying in the house entered—out of pure mischief, we fear—and each lady seized a piece of her voluminous garment and carefully covered all of her face but one eye, out of which she glanced furtively at the intruder, who had to be bundled off as quickly as possible. At a town some sixty miles from where I write women may only show one eye; here, a very thin slit may be left for both eyes.

After the coast was clear we managed to get our tea, and filling each cup nearly full with sugar for the two visitors, poured a little tea on it, and they drank it without many wry faces; the English biscuits which accompanied it were much to their taste. Presently a small child came crawling up the stairs, a caricature of a man, in a tiny bernouse with a pointed hood; and this was filled with biscuits for the infant himself, who rejoiced in the name of Sidé Mohammed, and his brother, M'Hammid, who had been left at home. Soon after our visitors took their departure, and then the servants of the house in their turn took the tea-pot, and had a private party in the kitchen. When they take their meals they all squat on the floor, and eat with their fingers out of a large bowl; but as this, fortunately, cannot be done conveniently when the tea-pot is in question, they place the tray on the floor and pour it out into glasses.

As I write I am looking out over a vast expanse of country, with beautiful snow mountains in the distance, and a strange old city, studded with many a tall minaret, in the valley at my feet. I must, however, keep well away from the window, so as to see without being seen; for should any of my neighbours notice me they will think I am prying into their concerns, and be highly offended. The call to prayer has just resounded, and from every minaret the white flag has gone up; a hooded figure is walking round the terrace, calling on all the faithful to come and worship at the Mosques. The orange and lemon trees

in the garden are laden with fruit, the sun is shining hotly on this bright spring day, and the fruit trees are beginning to bud. There is a stork who has a nest on an old deserted minaret near my window, which affords me much amusement; and little sparrows, and other brown birds with crested heads, come up to me boldly and perch upon the bars, not in the least afraid of the scratching of my pen. The mules and horses are pulling the weeds and munching the grass down below under the orange trees with much delight; for some heavy showers fell a few days ago, giving sorely-needed refreshment to the dry, parched earth. The prickly pear hedges have still some crimson fruit on them here and there, and between the rows of olives the tomb of a Moorish saint peeps out; beyond is their cemetery, thickly strewn with stony graves—in truth, a strange scene, and a wonderful contrast to the one on which my eyes looked down this time last year—the shores of the blue Pacific.

In the courtyard below the Arab servants are squatting about, helping each other to do nothing. Two black slaves are working in the garden, but their labours produce but little result. Their home is in the desert, a long way the other side of the great range of mountains in the far distance. They are fine men, and their silver bracelets seem to glisten on their polished black arms like diamonds in the sunlight. They are well cared for here, and have become somewhat lazy and overfed. They speak a strange language, which is not Arabic, as they talk with each other at their work. One is old, and stricken in years; the other, young and strong, and with beautifully-shaped hands and feet. But the shadows are growing long, and the sun is setting, a sign, perhaps, that I should bring my musings to an end; the short twilight will soon be over, and the silence of night will fall on us quickly. Perhaps the old brown city looks its very best under the silvery light of the African moon, though the blazing crimson and gold of the early morning is wonderfully beautiful too.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POPPY.—You can obtain "The Girl's Own Indoor Book" at our publishing office (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.). Do not place your confidence and hope on your "frames and feelings"; they are perpetually changing and unreliable. There is One who "changeth not." Put your whole trust in His atonement and in His promises: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Remember, also, that He has said, "Why call ye Me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things that I say?" If conscious that you belong to this hypocritical class, the more uneasy you feel the better.

MISTLETOE.—We could not recommend any description of medicine to put you to sleep. Only a doctor, who knew you personally and the circumstances under which you desired it, could prescribe it safely. You might never wake up again, or, at least, you might give yourself a terrible headache, and upset your digestion.

DOROTHY.—We should think that you might possibly find employment in the new and valuable "Ladies' Guide" Club. The work undertaken by the members is of a varied character. As a full account of it will appear in our series on Women's Clubs and other institutions, we need not enter further into the question here.

MISS MARY CH——E.—Many thanks for your letter. We have looked further into the subject of the "bawbee," and find the first issue was dated 1559. Thus, according to Lindsay, it belongs to the second period of the coins of Queen Mary, that of her marriage to the Dauphin, from 1558 to 1560. The word means, as we said, a debased copper coin. The original probably was *bas-pieces*. This disposes of the pretty Stirling tradition of the bawbee being struck during Mary Stuart's infancy.

PEGGOTTY.—Even if "Barkis is willin'," we think you would be a very foolish woman to marry a young fellow so much your junior as seven years. He is evidently anxious to marry you for your income. Do not give up a comfortable home and situation, but wait for someone nearer your own age, who will value you for your own sake, and not for your money.

MARIE.—1. We read your letter with much sympathy and regret. We see no hope for your relative's cure, save in some well-managed home for inebriates, where she could be received for several years, until the acquired habit had worn out. 2. With opium and laudanum this is sometimes the case, we believe.

SNOWDROP.—Forgetfulness and a bad memory are too often due to a fixed habit of inattention to what is going on around you. If this be the case with you, you must keep yourself awake, interested, and attentive, and avoid dreamy, idle habits of mind.

MIRIAM.—"Peameal" and "Peaflower" are identical.

IVY.—The various ladies' dwellings are advertised constantly in the daily papers and elsewhere. If you had told us where you lived we could have advised you.

MIDGE.—The late wife of the Duke of Cambridge was not recognised as a "Duchess," simply because, though the marriage was personally binding, and the sons recognised as legitimate, it was not in accordance with the Royal Marriage Act, passed in 1772. This Act was passed in consequence of the marriages of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and of Cumberland, who married subjects. By this Act none of the descendants of George II. (unless of foreign birth) can marry under the age of 25, without the consent of the Sovereign. At and after that age the consent of Parliament is necessary to render the marriage valid. Thus, the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with the Lady Augusta Murray (1793) was pronounced illegal in 1794, and the claims of their son, Sir Augustus d'Este, declared invalid by the House of Lords, 1844. He married the Lady Cecilia Underwood, afterwards Duchess of Inverness. Special marriage laws were indispensable with reference to the Royal family, to prevent serious complications in reference to the succession to the throne. The marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg was a "morganatic" one; and her title of "Countess Hartenau" was conferred by the Emperor of Austria.

QUEEN ESTHER.—All surnames, such as James, Thomas, and Stephen or Stevens, are taken from Christian names originally.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.—The following recipe for dandriff was lately given us. One ounce of quassia chips, price one penny; one teacupful of cold water. Let it stand a day; then apply to the roots of the hair with a small sponge, brushing it well in. A solution of sulphur and water will also remove dandriff, if rubbed in every night.

ANXIOUS ONE NO. 2.—In "Toilet Table Elegancies," vol. vii., page 598, "Medicus" gives the recipe you require.

D. E. J.—We think you had better speak to the young lady's father and mother. If they be straightforward, honest people, they will help you to obtain a satisfactory answer.

EVELYN WRIOTHESLEY.—Although we do not consider your poem, "Ænone," is suited to our magazine, we are happy to say it is poetry. It is superior in merit to the others. "The Song of the Sea" needs revision. The number of feet and the beat in the several concluding lines of the six verses do not correspond. Nine feet in that of the first verse, then eight, and in the last verse ten. Beat out the number of feet in the lines that correspond one with the other with your fingers, and accentuate the emphasis in each by a stronger beat of the fingers. It is necessary to count thus. You will do well to persevere.

RICHMOND.—You should say, "No more, thank you," or, "I have quite finished," or merely, "No, thank you." Simple phrases are always the best.

QUEEN OF THE WUNKS.—1. We should like to know who the "Wunks" are? Possibly cannibals. Alas! we must deal a cruel blow to this royal lady, for we could not venture to accept a story written by her, although her courtiers have "told her she could write one good enough for us." 2. Yes, sermon paper would suit quite as well as foolscap for her to practise upon.

ANNA MARIA and JEMIMA.—We think that A. M.'s writing is rather better formed than Jemima's. It is easier to answer this question than the second, viz., whether we think that these two girls "will be old maids." Do they think we are wizards? and do they think that being "fond of kittens" seals their future fate, and leaves them to enjoy their freedom, and more leisure to employ themselves in any useful way? If so, we congratulate the little sisters, and hope they will long live happily together.

FAITHFUL READER OF "G.O.P."—1. When a hen eats her eggs she is fit for nothing but the table. If old, she would do for broth. 2. Slope your writing more from right to left.

LYDIA.—We could not prescribe for you. Your medical adviser should see you. As a rule tonics should be left off gradually, not suddenly.

MRS. CLARKE TRAVERS.—The only books we know on perfumery are Coolley's "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts" and "Piesse on Perfumery."

CONSTANT READER.—At an afternoon tea you need not remove a glove unless there be hot buttered cake or muffins, or you take bread and butter. You must know that it would soil your glove to touch what is greasy, and so, if troublesome to take off your glove, take what is dry. When speaking in a formal way to strangers, it is well not to give yourself the same degree of license in abbreviations, etc., that would be permitted at home. The case is the same as regards letter-writing, for you should not abbreviate at all, except in addressing members of your own family or a very intimate friend. It is disrespectful and ill-bred.

"DEAN'S HERALDRY."—Do not trouble yourself further about the man you named. You need not return the presents, but if you dislike such souvenirs, give them away.

PERPLEXED PRUDENCE.—1. The word "unmitigated" means not qualified, or moderated by other circumstances. To "mitigate" is to soften, to alleviate, to assuage—as to diminish suffering or sorrow, to moderate severity. "Figurative" means to represent by a figure, by resemblance, typical, metaphorical. Our Lord's parables were "figurative." If you have a good dictionary you should look out all words that you do not understand. 2. As to your being too fat, we advise you to take moderate exercise daily, and leave Nature alone.

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AN INTERIOR VIEW.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO GRANDFATHERS.

BELLE was ringleader in all the games, and while she, Dolly, and the rest were filling the air with laughter, she little thought what weighty issues were at stake, so near at hand. She did not even know that Miss Weatherley had come to the treat, but she knew that her nephew and nieces were happy together, and would return to her whensoever it pleased them. So she gave herself up to the occupation of the moment, which she always did, never looking much ahead to spy out what no magnifying glass, however strong, could bring near. The schoolchildren had *carte blanche* to wander as they liked over Miss Dulcey's small domain, and some might have been seen, arm-in-arm, admiring her flowers, others stroking Miss Saucy in the stable; others, again, feeding her pigeons in the yard at the back. But most of them preferred the games in the well-known paddock. Here Mr. Burmester and Belle reigned, and the hours sped all too swiftly for the children under their sceptre. The scene was idyllic, albeit of the nineteenth century. Meadows stretched far on all sides save one, and blue hills girdled them. The children sported and shouted, and The Gables and Vicarage looked kindly down upon them. All was brightness and enjoyment.

"Who wants tea and cake?" shouted Mr. Burmester, as the church clock struck five.

Belle looked about her, and perceived that Marjory and Mamy were at play under Dolly's superintendence, and that Weatherley was with Miss Dulcey, looking on.

"Where is Miss Weatherley?" asked the schoolchildren, who had a certain awe and admiration of that fair lady.

The question was repeated by Mr. Burmester to Miss Dulcey, who said she had gone home. Miss Dulcey looked unusually grave, and Mr. Burmester wondered whether she had offended Miss Margaretta. But there was no time for surmisings. Miss Cross, the schoolmistress, re-formed the procession, and the children marched down the gravel path and stone steps in the same order they had marched up. Weatherley joined it, and Miss Dulcey closed the procession, leading Mamy by the hand. They sang as they went, and while they all defiled into the school-house and took their seats at the tea-tables, Miss Dulcey beckoned Belle outside. She related what had passed in her drawing-room, and, with much feeling, told how she had found the children surrounding her sister.

"Wonders will never cease while childhood lasts," she said. "I had much ado to prevent Mamy from choking Margaretta, and spoiling the silver-grey satin; while the other children had their arms about her, just as if they had known her all their lives. I was obliged to send them off to Dolly while I had a talk with Margaretta. She is converted, but will only follow where Hewson leads. She is quite willing to second him in his efforts for Weatherley, if he remain in the same mind; but she has set her heart upon Mamy. Now I like Marjory best, because she gives no trouble, so we can have one apiece."

Miss Dulcey laughed, and Belle was so surprised that she could only exclaim that it was altogether incomprehensible, and ask what had become of Miss Weatherley.

"She went home, for she was really too much overcome to remain," replied Miss Dulcey. "I can't think what the end of it all will be. A muddle, perhaps; for the Daunceys are a stiffnecked generation, and won't be patronised."

"Still, there is hope. And if only we can have good news of Charlie, all will be right," said Belle.

"If you please, Miss Dulcey, Mr. Burmester is waiting to say grace," here broke in a small girl.

They hurried back to the schoolroom, and while Belle took her place at the head of one long table, Miss Dulcey stood by Mr. Burmester while he pronounced the blessing. She preferred flitting about, butterfly-like, from table to table, to being chained to one spot. Besides, they had servers and waiters innumerable; for all the teachers, and Miss Dulcey's maids, and the Vicarage servants, to say nothing of Molly from Castle Farm, were busy as bees, and if the children did not die of repletion, it was not for want of being pressed to eat and drink.

"Let 'em have their fill. I'll pay the doctor," said Miss Dulcey; and she was always obeyed.

After the feast, the children had more games in the playground, while the room was cleared of tables, and prepared for the village concert. Belle was prima donna here; not as amateur musician so much as organiser. She would have made a splendid worker in the biggest ragged school in the mightiest of cities; but she found her vocation just as well in the quiet village of Hollyfield. So did the vicar, who was as proud of his choir and Sunday-school singers as he would have been of his choir had he been Dean of St. Paul's.

Everybody came to the concert, even Mrs. Burmester, who was wheeled down in her garden chair, and received with acclamations by the children. A comfortable seat had been provided for her, and had she been the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury she could scarcely have been more warmly welcomed. "Not half so warmly," cried Miss Dulcey, when some such idea was suggested. Miss Dulcey stood at the door to welcome all comers. The wonder was that she had any hand at all when the room was filled, for they all shook hands with her.

"This *is* amazing! I *am* glad to see you!" she was heard to exclaim, just as the children were beginning a favourite hymn; for we must premise by saying they sang at intervals during our concert, much as glee-clubs do in more ambitious gatherings.

The first word was on their lips, when a murmur went through the room, followed by a shout and a great clapping of hands.

"The squire! the squire!" sounded on all sides, and in walked that autocrat.

"I was passing, and just looked in," he said to Miss Dulcey. "I can't stay long, so I'll sit near the door."

"Have you seen Margaretta?" asked shrewd Miss Dulcey.

"Yes; she told me you were giving a feast, so I came to partake."

"A feast of music, if not a flow of soul, for the gormandizing is over," said Miss Dulcey. "Let the children go on," she added, to the schoolmaster.

Two events happened during this short colloquy. Mr. Dauncey stalked in, passed the squire, and took a seat in a remote corner of the room, while his grandson pushed his way through the crowd, and greeted the squire with effusion.

"How do you do, sir? I am so glad you are come. Thank you for being so kind the other day," he said, and they shook hands.

As we have already said, Weatherley was not shy, and had nothing to be ashamed of, so he sat down by the squire, to the alarm of Belle, who was seated at no great distance, with Mamy on her lap. She knew well that Squire Weatherley would brook no pushing or presumption, and feared that his grandson's eagerness to make reparation and farther acquaintance would result in failure. Of course, all eyes were turned furtively upon them, but none so inquisitively as those of Mr. Dauncey, who stood up and leaned against the wall the better to observe them. He had a frown on his usually unwrinkled brow, and did not appear to be pleased with this sudden acquaintance. However, the concert went on. The squire was musical and critical, and made occasional grimaces and interjections at false notes and falser pronunciation.

"They don't sing quite as well as they do in London, but I like it better," whispered Weatherley, confidentially.

"What is that?" cried the squire, placing his hand behind his ear, for he was slightly deaf.

A village prima donna was beginning to sing "Comin' Through the Rye," a favourite ditty with the country folk, and one well known to the squire, because his daughter Amy used to sing it. A voice like a bird's suddenly joined in the

refrain, and everybody turned to discover whence came the sound. It proceeded from the little girl seated on Belle's lap. Mamy had been accustomed to join in all sorts of songs, and this was familiar to her, so her sweet, childish treble mingled with the less captivating voice of the damsel who was singing her best. It discomposed her slightly, but Mamy, nothing abashed, sang on, and the result was a universal encore.

"What is it?" repeated the squire.

"It is our little Mamy," whispered his grandson. "She can sing everything, and there's no preventing her joining when she likes. She sings to all the barrel organs. She is there, on Aunt Belle's lap."

The squire glanced towards Aunt Belle, who was trying to reassure Mamy, frightened by the applause she did not understand. The fair face was hidden on her shoulder, and he saw only the golden curls. It was but a child's head amongst a mass of people of all ages, but there was something singularly attractive in that small, golden-haired ball, when buried in shy surprise on Aunt Belle's sympathetic breast. The squire watched it while the prima donna responded to the encore, and "Comin' Through the Rye" was vigorously sung in a dialect certainly not Scotch. But no sweet child treble accompanied it this second time, and it fell flat on the audience, who had often heard it before from the same lips.

"Have you seen Marjory, sir?" asked Weatherley, intuitively understanding that his grandfather was interested. "That is Marjory, standing by Mrs. Burmester. She isn't fair like Mamy, but she's very pretty; everybody says so."

The squire glanced across to where Mrs. Burmester occupied the seat of honour, and saw a dark-haired child looking at him; for Marjory was standing up to watch him and Weatherley.

He suddenly pulled out his watch.

"I had no idea it was so late," he said, rising hastily, and going to his sister, who was not far off. "Good-night, Dulcey; you are really wonderful with your concerts and teas. I'll send my subscription. Wish the vicar good-night for me." They shook hands, and he disappeared without a word to Weatherley. But the boy was not to be daunted; he followed him.

"May I wish you good-night, sir?" he said. "Perhaps it will be a long time before I see you again."

"Good-night; good-night," replied the squire, so hastily that Weatherley feared he had offended him; but he was reassured by the words—"Are you quite well? Have you recovered from the blow?"

And so they parted. Weatherley returned to the concert, and the squire rode off. Many were the remarks that succeeded, and the surmises concerning grandfather and grandson were soon circulating far and near.

The evening came to an end with a further distribution of cake. There was an *ad libitum* supply, and the school-children departed with a big slice in apron or handkerchief.

"They have enjoyed themselves, Miss Dulcey," said Dolly, emphatically, and so they had.

But after all, enjoyment is transitory. So moralised Weatherley, who had conceived a sincere and disinterested attachment to the squire, who yet had not invited him to the Court. He moralised still more painfully before he retired to rest that night.

Scarcely was the little party from Castle Farm inside the dining-room when Mr. Dauncey closed the door with an ominous bang, and turned on Weatherley.

"So, sir," he began, "you are currying favour with the squire, are you? I should like to know how you have managed to scrape acquaintance with him."

"I didn't scrape acquaintance, grandfather; I met him twice by chance. The first time I was very rude to him; the second he was very kind to me. And now I know him quite well."

"Indeed! Perhaps you don't know, also, that he has cut all connection with us, because his daughter married my son. We don't want any of his condescension, and a boy who truckles to him may go and live with him, if he likes, but he shan't live here."

If Mr. Dauncey's temper rose, so did Weatherley's. The boy was as hot and independent as his grandfather. Belle trembled for the consequences, and laid her hand on her father's shoulder.

"It is late," she said, gently. "The children should be in bed. Will you settle this to-morrow?"

"No time like the present. I repeat that there is a wide gulf between Court and Farm, and anyone who chooses to pass it can't retrace his way. Take the little girls to bed, and leave the boy with me."

"I cannot, father. Charlie has put them in my care, and while they are here, I must see after them. I will come back to you as soon as they are in bed, and we will discuss the matter."

"I am not sleepy, Aunt Belle. I never used to go to bed till ten," said Weatherley, with an assumption of manhood that made his grandfather smile in spite of himself. "I know what I have to say if you will let me say it, and I don't want to offend anyone. Poor mother told me to be kind to her father if I could, and I disobeyed her the first time I spoke to him."

"I want no excuses, sir," said Dauncey, almost fiercely. "You are old enough to make a choice. You have two grandfathers—one a rich squire, the other a poor farmer. Choose between us. I'll have no dealings with a man who thinks dirt of my only son. I see the sort of lad you are. You are looking for the loaves and fishes."

"Indeed, I am not!" rejoined Weatherley, indignantly. "I don't know what you mean. I want to earn my own living, and that's all. Why are you angry with me because my other grandfather is kind to me?"

"A pretty sort of a grandfather! He has never done a thing for any of you, and hates your father and me, and would ruin us all if he could."

At this juncture Molly popped her head in, and asked if she should put Mamy to bed. Belle sent her off gladly with Marjory, and taking Weatherley by the hand bade him sit down and not answer her father. Then she said she had something important to communicate. The boy commanded his temper, and seated himself at his aunt's side, while Mr. Dauncey walked about as usual. Then Belle related, as shortly and clearly as she could, what had passed at The Gables during her interview with Mr. Weatherley and Miss Dulcey. She said that the squire had offered to educate and provide for his grandson on condition that he was wholly entrusted to him. She recounted as nearly as possible, word for word, what had passed, not venturing to enlarge on possibilities, or to hint at the probability that the boy would be separated from the Dauncey family. She told him her tale simply, without offering an opinion. Weatherley was for interrupting her a dozen times in his ecstasy of delight, but she kept hold of his hand and restrained him.

"And what did you say to all that flummery?" asked Dauncey, sternly, stopping in his walk and facing Belle and Weatherley.

"I said we would consult Charlie, father. He is the natural guardian of his children, and has power over them," replied Belle, firmly. "I think we must await his decision."

"Charlie hasn't the spirit of a mouse. His son has twice his pluck. He shall decide for himself. You may accept Mr. Weatherley's offer if you will. You will have a grand bringing up, and perhaps inherit the Court. But he has a will of his own, and if you offended him, would soon turn you off. Then there would be no other door open to you, for you should never come back here."

Dauncey was a far more intolerant man than the squire, and spoke these words in fierce wrath. The boy was frightened, but he felt his aunt's fingers tighten over his hand as she said—

"I hope Weatherley will be an obedient son. As there is so much anxiety just now about this American property, I think we had better decide nothing till we hear from Charlie. Perhaps, dear father, you will let us talk it over again to-morrow."

"Now or never. Make up your mind, sir, at once. I saw this evening where it inclined," said Dauncey, with a firmness that astonished Belle, who knew him to be by nature unstable.

"I will do exactly what father wishes," said Weatherley. "He will know best."

"He will not need to educate his son upon charity, now that we shall have a fortune as big or much bigger than the philanthropist's who offers to bring him up for nothing. I don't want to be beholden to a Weatherley." Here Mr. Dauncey paused, for he remembered Miss Dulcey, and how much he owed her in many ways.

"Dear father," put in Belle, "I am sure the squire intends no benefit. He may feel sorry for his past hardness, and

wish to make reparation. He doted on poor Amy, and the sight of the children, and Weatherley's apology, and perhaps the flight of years, have softened his heart. I wish it would please God to give us all softer hearts."

"Pray don't add butter or dripping or any kind of grease to the wheels of your arguments, Belle. That sort of thing has no effect on me. Mr. Weatherley chooses to cut me and all my family because this lad's mother married my son contrary to his will. I had nothing to do with it. I didn't want his daughter, though I loved her dearly when she belonged to us, and did all I could to prolong her life—impoverished myself to try and save it, for Charlie and the children's sake. And all this time he was harder than iron, and would have let 'em all starve."

"No, grandfather," interrupted Weatherley. "He sent money through Aunt Dulcey; he did, indeed. And if mother had not gone to heaven when she did, if only she had lived, they would have been friends again. I think her death prevented it."

"I daresay it did. He fancied we had killed her amongst us, and grew harder than ever. Be that as it may, Master Weatherley, until he asks me, in person, to forget the past, I am not likely to do so; and I repeat that you must choose between us."

Saying this, Mr. Dauncey flung out of the room, leaving Belle and Weatherley in much distress. They discussed the subject, but could come to no decision beyond the natural one, that Charlie was the person to be consulted, and that his wish must be law.

"I love them both," said Weatherley. "I would offend neither. Indeed, I could not leave grandfather Dauncey without his consent. I must tell the squire so; I think he would understand me."

"Do nothing till we hear from your father," said Belle. "Let us pray to our heavenly Father to order all things for us. He brings wonders to pass in a way we never dream off. If we could trust Him entirely, we need fear no evil, for He can turn even evil to good. It is strange that we cannot believe His promise to help all who trust in Him."

"I do believe it, Aunt Belle. Father and mother believed it, though they always said repentance and faith must go together. They were very, very sorry for having offended the squire, and I am sure they both repented."

"They certainly did," sighed Belle

(*To be continued.*)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

VI.—ANNE BOLEYN (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR)*.

In the room of the grave Spanish lady we have Anne Boleyn, whose singular attraction for her contemporaries seems to have lain rather more in her lively wit than in her piquante but by no means flawless beauty.

Anne, who was long declared to have been the elder, is now believed to have been the younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, or Bullen, of Blickling, Norfolk. Her mother, Lady Elizabeth Howard, was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk's, and figured as a Court beauty amidst the many festivals of the early years of the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. There is considerable uncertainty about the date of Anne's birth, some authorities giving it as 1507, but there is far greater probability in the statement which makes it 1501, the year in which Catherine came to England. Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, Anne's mother, died in 1512, when her younger daughter was in all likelihood eleven years of age. Anne, her sister Mary, and their brother spent their childhood and their youth between Blickling, with its grand avenues of oaks and chestnuts, and Hever Castle, in Kent. In both places the Boleyns had for near neighbours the family of Sir Henry Wyatt, who, in company with Sir Thomas Boleyn, was joint-governor of Norwich Castle. The future Queen, Anne Boleyn, and the future poet, Thomas Wyatt, and his sister Mary were early playfellows.

Anne was carefully educated in French as well as in English, and in music and needlework. Her attainments in French, for which she had a French governess, were sufficiently marked for the time to cause her to be chosen, at the age of seventeen (according to the more probable estimate of the date of her birth), as one of the young English ladies who were to accompany sixteen years old Mary Tudor to France, to join King Louis, to whom she had already been married by proxy at Greenwich.

As a necessary step to Anne's promotion (her eager, grateful anticipation of which is preserved in a girlish letter to her father, wherein she apologises for the faults in the composition, and tells him the French spelling is entirely "from her own head"), she had to go to Court and be presented to Queen Catherine. In connection with this ceremony, the girl remarks enthusiastically that it will render her still more desirous of speaking and writing French if she is permitted to converse with "so sensible and elegant a princess."

One word of description of the eager, young girl, who went with so good a will in the Royal cavalcade to Dover, and waited in the Castle there till the stormy sea would suffer the King of France's bride to cross the Channel, who, a little later, figured in the splendours of Mary's wedding, at Abberville, and triumphal entrance into Paris. For if Anne did appear at Court, and reside in the Castle of Dover, her first meeting with Henry must surely have occurred long before the various periods at which the event is said to have taken place. She was a tall, slender, well-shaped girl, with black hair, dark eyes, and a brunette complexion. She had two curious defects in addition to the fact that one of her upper teeth projected slightly; on the little finger of her left hand there was a double nail, together with an indication of a sixth finger, while on her throat was a small wen or raised mole, called a strawberry, which she commonly covered by a collar band. Her voice was marvellously sweet, both in speaking and singing. Her vivacity and skill in repartee were from the first remarkable.

According to Du Boys, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne's father, was in the princess's suite. If so, he may have received permission to take with him his daughter Mary, though she was not in the regular retinue, since she finished her education in France while her sister Anne was there. Among the English girls of rank in Princess Mary's immediate suite, recent investigations have discovered sufficient proof to reckon Jane Seymour, as well as Anne Boleyn, the two being about the same age. Neither returned with Lady Guildford and the ladies sent back to England by King Louis, nor did they go home with Mary Tudor after she was Duchess of Suffolk. They had left her service on the death of the French king, when certainly Anne Boleyn, and it is believed Jane Seymour, were admitted by favour into the household of Queen Claude, the young wife of Francis I. The notion that Anne Boleyn retired for a time from Court service, and entered, by her father's wish, a convent school at Brie, in order to render her French education more complete, doubtless arises from some confusion in which the sisters Mary and Anne Boleyn were mixed up together. To later students of their histories, Mary, not Anne, must have been the convent pupil.

If the young lives of Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, which were destined to cross each other tragically in later years, ran already in parallel lines, there is no evidence of such friendship between them as might have been expected to unite contemporaries and countrywomen in a foreign country. It is certain that Anne's popularity at the French Court far surpassed that of Jane, though the latter is said to have been the more regularly beautiful of the two. Anne's fascinations excited unbounded admiration among the gallant courtiers of Francis I. Even the Court ladies were fain to copy her style of dress, so quick, and without limit was her invention, so exquisite her taste. Next to this art, in the estimation of the gay throng, was the degree to which Anne excelled in singing, and in playing on the lute, harp, and rebec. Further, she was a proficient in dancing; so graceful and light-footed was she, that she not only reconciled the fastidious French to the skipping and bounding of the English voltas or high dances, she appears to have set the fashion in introducing them at a foreign Court, adapting and varying their figures, so as to lend them the charm of constant novelty. Never was there a gay, brilliant, thoughtless girl better qualified to be the star of a pleasure-loving Court.

The household of Queen Claude was no suitable field for such accomplishments and graces; but then the Queen's household was a gentle, modest contradiction in the middle of unbounded luxury and license. Poor Claude is a sweet and peaceful figure, relieved against a splendid, restless, vicious background. She was younger even than her young English maids-of-honour, or her beautiful English stepmother, who had reigned for so brief a space, been so short a time a "white widow," and then had wedded and sailed away with the lover of her youth. Claude, one of the two daughters of King Louis and Anne of Brittany, was not more than fifteen years of age when her husband Francis succeeded her father on the throne. She was meek and devout, "a quiet, narrow-chested girl . . . .

* Agnes Strickland—Froude, Du Boys. A. M. F. Robinson's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre."

gentle, pious, and awkward, with neat, pure features, and smooth-braided hair, that had no special charm or grace." "She sat in her chamber reading her missal, submitting to her mother-in-law, and embroidering red silken counterpanes." She left Francis's devoted mother and sister, Louise of Savoy, and Margaret d'Angoulême, Duchess d'Alençon, to help him to rule his kingdom; the one with an imperious, ambitious woman's strong will, the other with a tender-natured, intellectual woman's kindly graciousness, and dreamy far-reaching speculations. To both the girl-wife Claude, neglected by her dashing knight-errant of a husband, was but a child to be protected and petted, and left to the retirement she preferred. Her simple history had a pathetic ending. All along consumption had marked her for its victim, and she died at the age of twenty-five, leaving behind her a family of six little children, to whom her sister-in-law Margaret, the fanciful poet and story-teller, the ardent reformer and the charming woman of society, was a loving mother.

In Claude's lifetime her strenuous, honourable aim was to keep her ladies pious and virtuous amidst the surrounding levity and wickedness. Her patient practice was to lead them in procession to mass, as well as to have them to form her train in public, and to sit with them at their embroidery frames in private. So far from encouraging the idle dalliance and bold coquetry between the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, on which the Duchess Margaret smiled, Claude banished the gentlemen from her circle.

There was little field for a girl like Anne Boleyn in that convent-like household. One cannot help thinking that tranquil, docile Jane Seymour must have been much more to innocent young Claude's mind. But Anne was not fated to continue long in Claude's service. She passed from the Queen's household into the much more congenial establishment of the Duchess d'Alençon, in which the new-comer was better calculated to shine. To Duchess Margaret, with her love of art and beauty, her utter lack of personal jealousy, her passion for high-flown romance, and her impressionable, generous temper, the lovely, accomplished, witty maid-of-honour must have been a delight.

But what is to be said of the blue-eyed, fair-haired Margaret as a guide and example for youth? Her own conduct was free from reproach; she was good; she was even noble, in many respects. She was the foster-mother of the Renaissance—the new dawn of learning in France. She was the friend and protectress of the French Reformers. Not one of them desired more earnestly than she did the purification of the Church from its errors; not one was more sincere than she was in her mystical devotion. Yet withal she was an amiable, sentimental enthusiast, living in high-flown fantastic dreams. She was humane and compassionate; but she was also unpractical to her finger-tips. She tried in vain to recall the picturesque unsubstantial visions of the vanishing middle ages. She could not realise what the world was to commonplace people of more worldly natures; worst of all, she had lived in a capital and court notoriously the most corrupt in Europe, till her moral sense was thoroughly blunted; she entirely dissociated religion and morals. Good herself, she was absolutely tolerant, well-nigh quiescent, where evil in others was concerned. She even suffered herself to be entertained and amused by it, of which there is ample proof in the stories she wrote and left behind her.

Under Margaret's care, Anne Boleyn, with her far harder and lower nature, was, to say the least, unsheltered from temptation. In the lively, adventure-loving, defiant company she learnt a freedom of speech and manner which was no gain to her in after-life; and while still in France, before she was twenty, accusations of folly—not likely to be softened by censorious rivals—marred her fair reputation. There is a description of the beautiful, giddy girl preserved by an old French historian. She is described as wearing blue velvet with gold bells hanging from the points of the short mantle, the vest and surcoat starred with silver and lined with minever. She has the great hanging sleeves which she had herself introduced at Court to hide the defect in one hand. Her feet are in blue velvet brodequins, with diamond stars. On her head is a cap—half cap, half veil—of gold-coloured gauze, beneath which her dark curls fall.

The brilliant and learned biographer of Margaret states authoritatively that Anne Boleyn attended her mistress to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and that there she first met Henry VIII., which could hardly have been; nor can we discover elsewhere more than a presumption of her presence, in an entirely subordinate character, on the occasion.

In 1521 or 1522 Anne returned to England, in her twenty-first year, according to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, after an absence of three or four years. She was recalled, either by the threatening of war between England and France, or to further an arrangement of her father's. He had projected an alliance between one of his daughters and the heir of Sir Piers Butler, a kinsman of his own, by which a disputed inheritance might be amicably settled on the couple. Sir Thomas's elder daughter Mary had already entered into the first of the imprudent love-matches which excited the wrath of her family, and was, of course, *hors de combat;* therefore Anne, the younger daughter, was in request. If the suggestion had been carried out, history might have heard nothing more of poor, merry, reckless Anne Boleyn. She might still have redeemed the thoughtlessness of her exposed youth, by settling down into a noble English lady, content to be the fair and gentle châtelaine of her husband's castle. But that scheme, if seriously proposed, came to nothing, and instead Anne was appointed one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Catherine. There was the less chance of her continuing under her father's guardianship, since he had some time before taken as his second wife a lady of comparatively humble extraction, who, at the first glance, was not likely to be an acceptable stepmother to the granddaughter of the Duke of Norfolk and to the rest of her mother's kindred. Eventually Lady Boleyn and her daughter became great allies, and a warm attachment subsisted between them.

A very popular tradition assigns the garden at Hever as the scene of King Henry's first accidental encounter with Anne, when he is said to have been struck by her peculiar style of beauty, and still more pleased by the frank charm of her manner and conversation. She was calculated to adorn and enliven the Court, whose Royal gaieties flagged a little as years went by.

A third inference is that Henry's introduction to Anne occurred at Court, after she was Catherine's maid-of-honour. Be that as it may, without question she was the most admired of the beauties in Henry's palaces, as she had been in those of Francis; and her love of admiration grew on what it fed upon; so did her careless, scornful volatility, under which there was a certain sparkling hardness. It was a nature not incompatible with strong affections, and with possibilities of profound melancholy.

Another opening presented itself, by which Anne might have escaped her doom. In the ante-rooms of Sheen, Windsor, and Greenwich, in which jesting, laughing maids-of-honour congregated, a young nobleman in Wolsey's suite tarried till his heart was lost. The original loser of the heart was Lord Percy, eldest son of the powerful Earl of Northumberland, and the winner was Mistress Anne Boleyn. She listened to the suit paid to her with gracious favour; for both love and ambition would have been satisfied if she had wedded Lord Percy.

But all the great powers of State interfered—Henry, Wolsey, and the Earl of Northumberland, and dared the young man to carry out his purpose. It is doubtful whether it had gone so far, as one of the evil, ambiguous troth-plights of the day, secretly entered into by the pair. For although Anne was made to confirm the suspicion just before her death, Lord Percy had already denied it on oath. To plead such a contract would have served them little at the time, since a similar contract, which might be made to mean anything or nothing, had already been formed by the Earl of Northumberland, between his son and a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, and this the two fathers insisted on completing. The young peer offered some resistance, but assailed as he was on all sides, gave way and married Lady Mary Talbot, so that Anne lost both her lover and the opportunity of sharing a great earl's coronet.

Deeply mortified and bitterly resentful against her opponents, especially Wolsey, it is said Anne withdrew in some measure from Court, retiring to Hever, even returning to France, and there or at Hever she spent three more years. But in 1527 she was again, by her father's will, in waiting on Catherine of Arragon. Anne was now five-and-twenty years of age—in the meridian of her bright beauty and of the lightning play of her wit. What was called in solemnly mysterious language "the King's secret matter"—his intention of getting a divorce from Queen Catherine—was more and more bruited abroad, while to discerning eyes it was plain that Henry had fixed on Anne Boleyn as the Queen's successor.

Wolsey, striving for Henry's honour and authority, and through the King for his own and the Church's supremacy in England, could not believe in the infatuation which would place a subject in the room of the daughter of kings. But Henry's absolute subjection to the fancy of the hour, and his violent anger against all who attempted to cross his will, were gaining on him, and Anne's ambition was keeping pace with them. For she saw in the King's determination the means of indemnifying herself for her wrongs. She would solace her wounded pride. She would fill her starved and disappointed heart, empty of purer, sweeter aims, with the dreams of power which should replace the old craving for personal homage. She would overwhelm her rivals and enemies; she would promote to eminence and affluence her kindred and friends in the remotest degree. Before these great and terrible temptations, all loyalty and gratitude to her grave, sad mistress, whose majesty alone survived the wreck wrought in her by care and sorrow, paled and died—nay, was supplanted by insolent self-assertion and exultation in her own rising fortunes.

In adopting the King's views with regard to the rank she was to fill, Anne stooped to dissemble, to pretend to bow down before the great Cardinal, to seek to win him over by flattery, while she never wavered in her implacable hatred to his person, and war against his claims.

At the same time it is not necessary to think that Anne Boleyn was solely influenced by self-seeking in her inclination to rank herself on the side of the reforming party in the Church, which was beginning to be headed by Cranmer. She had heard the most advanced doctrines of the Reformation freely discussed and eagerly favoured in the salon of Margaret d'Angoulême, while Anne herself was a woman of a quick wit and an independent, fearless

spirit. Du Boys, who is not her friend, states—while making a grossly unfounded assertion against the manner of living of the Reformers—that she brought her reformed doctrines from France with her.

Students of the time and of the man have remarked on the fearful deterioration in Henry's character under the influence of Anne, under the rack of suspense, and under the evil of his association with her friends and kindred. With hardly any exceptions, and among the last her worldly old father could not be reckoned, her natural allies were unprincipled, frivolous, and dissipated. Less attention, and that more indirect, has been bestowed on the deterioration in Anne, which was yet true and sad enough. Her habits of dainty self-indulgence increased; her passion for coquetry waxed stronger; an element of untruthfulness, hitherto absent from her nature, began to show itself. The naïveté in her fine eyes gave place to craft; her mouth, never the best feature in her face, showed symptoms of repellent coarseness.

Still a third loophole and warning offered itself to Anne before her destiny was sealed. When the "sweating sickness," which cost Mary Tudor her only son, came to England, Anne Boleyn was the first person at the Court attacked by the malady. She withdrew to Hever, where she was brought to the point of death. She recovered to meet another fate.

Henry had already created Anne's father Lord Rochefort, and in 1532 he created her Marchioness of Pembroke, with an income suited to the title. In October of the same year, Anne, as Marchioness of Pembroke, went in the train of Henry to Boulogne, where he had a second meeting with King Francis; but to her sore affront, her former acquaintance failed to bring with him the ladies of his family. Not even Anne's old easy-minded mistress would, by countenancing her, acknowledge her title to the position she was already assuming.

At last the lagging course of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine approached its completion, and the public proclamation at Dunstable in May was anticipated by the private marriage at Whitehall, in January, 1533, of the King and Anne Boleyn. In April the marriage was more publicly solemnised, and in May the legality of the union was confirmed at Lambeth. Anne was then thirty-two years of age, still a beautiful and stately woman, in the portrait which represents her in a gown of tawny velvet, "studded with emeralds," matching in colour her green velvet mantle. She has a double row of pearls round her neck, partly hiding the mole on her throat; her coif is composed of rows of stringed pearls meeting a green velvet hood.

Anne was crowned with great ceremony and magnificence at Westminster, on Whit Sunday, the 1st of June. She went a few days before in a gala-barge—one of a fleet of fifty similar barges, "blazing with gold and streaming with banners," on her progress to the Tower. Before her was the Lord Mayor's barge, the stage of a gorgeously grotesque pageant, in which a dragon, with the usual attendant monsters, spirted wildfire into the Thames. At the Tower the King met and welcomed Anne with every mark of love and respect. She made a public entrance into London, like so many of her predecessors; she sat in a litter of white and gold, and she herself wore silver tissue lined with ermine; on her flowing hair she had the matron's coif and a circlet of rubies. A canopy of cloth of gold was borne over her head by four knights. Ladies of the highest rank in the country rode behind her, on palfreys and in chariots. The City outdid itself in pageants and decorations. On that day and the next, which was the day of her coronation, every fountain and conduit ran all day with wine, and the bells of every steeple rang lustily.

She was then the woman whom the King delighted to honour; but it was a significant fact that only the State of Venice and the Kingdom of France, among all the European powers, sent their ambassadors to represent them on the occasion.

Anne's child, a daughter, was born in Greenwich Palace, and christened Elizabeth, in honour of the King's mother. The child's sex was a severe disappointment to the King, who desired, above all things, male heirs; and to Anne, who, as mother of a Prince of Wales, might have hoped to see her prosperity indefinitely prolonged. The succession to the Crown was settled, in the first place, on the baby Elizabeth, to the exclusion of Catherine's grown-up daughter Mary; the title of Princess was taken from her, and she was styled simply "The Lady Mary."

For refusing to ratify the deed of settlement by their oath of allegiance, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, old and fast friends of Catherine's, were committed to the Tower, not without a shrewd suspicion that Anne instigated Henry to the tyrannous act. Then was spoken the famous prediction which has descended to posterity. When More's devoted daughter, Margaret Roper, visited him, he inquired how Queen Anne did.

"In faith, father, never better," Margaret answered. "There is nothing else in the Court but dancing and sport."

"Never better!" repeated Sir Thomas. "Alas! Meg, alas! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

But history retains proofs that poor Anne, in the middle of her desperate, incurable, mocking levity, and that biting wit of hers, which kept telling her of the insecurity of her position, now that she had gained the prize she had coveted, was not without some visions of reigning worthily, like her former mistress, Margaret, now Queen of Navarre, and as became a Queen of England. She might dream of thus atoning for the betrayal of her late mistress Catherine, with whom Anne had been proud to converse when she came a country girl to Court, for the betrayal of that mistress's daughter, and the sins against Anne's conscience, which had paid dearly for a doubtful and precarious boon. It was partly due to her influence that the Bible was translated into English. She interposed to protect those who were exposed to danger in this service. She exerted herself to befriend Latimer; she won the praise of Cranmer. During her brief period of power she sent donations (also like Margaret) from her privy purse, to relieve distress in the country villages. She had schemes for introducing remunerative manufactures into the country. She wished that capable youths should receive college education at her expense. She hoped that their talents and learning might profit the church and the country. She made an effort to be more decorous and sedate in her demeanour, and more domestic in her ways, reviving the example of Queen Claude, even of Queen Catherine, in sitting at work among her ladies. Anne and her women are said to have executed some of the tapestry still extant at Hampton Court—more ambitious and creditable work than the red silk counterpanes which had exercised the needles of the ladies of France. Queen Margaret was likewise skilled in embroidery; but she possessed resources which, unfortunately, Anne, with all her gifts of music and dancing, did not own in nearly the same degree. Margaret kept a couple of secretaries, a man to the right and a man to the left of her, as she worked. To the one she dictated her large correspondence; to the other she recited the pastorals, songs, and hymns which she improvised on the moment. Margaret was to the manner born; with all her anxieties and troubles, she could be tranquil and disengaged. But how the feverish pulses of Anne's restless heart throbbed! And how the very tenacity with which she clutched power, signified the absence of confidence in its stability, when she cried out—she might have grown deceitful but she was never reserved—with open joy on hearing the news that Catherine's sufferings and sorrows were ended! "Now I am indeed a Queen!" said Anne. She was washing her hands in a costly basin when the tidings were brought to her, and she immediately bestowed the basin on the messenger. With the same audacious, nay, indecent exhibition of delight, she congratulated her parents and friends on the removal of her enemy, whom she was to follow by a dark and blood-stained way in the course of four short months. On the day of Catherine's funeral, instead of the black which the King enjoined for the Court, Queen Anne and her ladies appeared in all the ostentatious gaiety of yellow. It was a mistake to suppose that yellow served as mourning in any Court in Europe, according to an explanation which some historians have attempted to give.

In January, 1536, Anne gave birth to a dead son—a misfortune which dealt another blow to her prospects. It was clear that her influence over Henry was on the wane, and not without some provocation on her side; apart from King Henry's shameful fickleness and recklessness, apparently, Anne could not overcome her inveterate vanity and levity. She had been free of speech to indiscretion always. After she was Queen she continued, except on rare occasions, impulsive and heedless, encouraging idle compliments and foolish pretensions, laying herself open to unwarrantable liberties from her attendants, because she would not take the trouble to keep them at a due distance, or to preserve her royal place, in half-despising the precautions required by her station, while she was yet resolute to retain that station. She had fits of hauteur succeeding her hours of unbridled relaxation*; but the hauteur would not repair the mischief which was done by the relaxation. Her conduct was particularly trying to a man of Henry's exacting, jealous temper, and with a single exception he had known nothing like it in the women of his family. His much-reverenced grandmother, Margaret of Richmond and Derby; his gentle mother, Elizabeth of York; his first wife, Catherine, were all models of high-bred dignity and propriety—absolutely beyond reproach. Mary Tudor had been betrayed into a little pardonable folly in her early girlhood; but her character in after-life had been that of a noble and stainless wife and mother; only his sister Margaret, whom Henry neither respected nor loved, had been as wilful and regardless a woman as he was a man. To increase his irritability, though he was little more than forty, his health was seriously failing. His great bulk was becoming heavy and unwieldy. He was lame from a painful ailment in one of his legs. The premature infirmity and suffering, which in the end maddened him almost to frenzy, were beginning to do their work.

Anne seemed to have a dim foreboding of what was coming upon her. Her health was not good, and her spirits were often depressed. She frequently shunned society, in which her place was no longer by the King's side. There was no more gay shooting at the butts, in which the two competed together. No more sweet singing and playing for one privileged listener, by an accomplished musician, whose

* Chapuys, the Emperor's Ambassador, wrote to his master of Anne's insolence to the old nobility, and of her treating her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, as no dog ought to have been treated.

gifts and skill had formerly entranced the best trained audiences. No more of the two-handed games of cards or dice, in which Anne, always fond of excitement on her own account, had sympathised with Henry's inordinate love of indoor sport, when he could not command out-of-door exercise: thus the pair had been accustomed to play together, winning and losing large sums of money in the process.

Anne had a great liking for dogs, while she abhorred the monkeys which Catherine had patronised. Anne's affection ranged over the whole canine race, from the spaniel which each maid of honour was allowed to keep, to the great boar or wolf-hound (her particular property) which accomplished the feat of killing a cow, down to the little dog called "Little Purboy," to which she was so much attached that, when it was accidentally killed, no one dared to tell her, till the King undertook the task. In those days of despondency and foreboding, she would wander with "Little Purboy's" former comrades in the remotest recesses of Greenwich Park, or she would sit for hours in the quadrangle of the palace, surrounded by the four-footed friends whom she found more faithful than many human satellites, listlessly playing with them or watching their gambols.

At last the blow fell; she was accused of high treason and infidelity to her marriage vows. It is quite impossible at this date to establish the truth or the falsehood of the outrageous and horrible accusations. A singular witness in Anne's favour has been found within the present generation. Chapuys's correspondence with his injured master has been discovered in the State archives in Vienna. Chapuys was Anne's deadly enemy. He hardly ever mentions her name without making use of an opprobrious epithet. He entertained the conviction, held by Catherine of Arragon and Princess Mary, that Anne was trying everything in her power to compass their deaths; yet not only was he evidently incredulous of her guilt, though he was satisfied that the King believed in it, he supplied proofs of the terrible atmosphere of hatred and malice which surrounded her. The principal nobility detested her. The Imperial party were hostile to her because she notoriously and uniformly took the part of France in the political complications of the day. The Roman Catholics abhorred her for the double reason that she favoured the Reformers and that she had taken the place of their rightful queen. The moment Henry's passionate regard for Anne appeared on the wane, and he had hardly spoken to her for months before she was accused, her innumerable enemies assailed her with every infamous charge which could be devised. The evidence laid before the members of the council, and the peers (already aware of the King's verdict) has long ago been destroyed, and the cautiously whispered contemporary opinions on her innocence or her guilt vary as widely as the contending religious and political factions of the period differed. The particular behaviour which brought her affairs to a crisis is thus described. With her natural love of talking and foolish jesting, she had betrayed a lamentable lack of delicacy and of good feeling, even at a time when manners were coarser than they are to-day, by referring lightly, in speaking to one of the members of her household, as to what might happen and whom she might marry if the King died, winding up the flighty tirade by declaring it should not be her hearer, in spite of his professions of regard for her. Anne's second conspicuous offence was, that when present at a *tilting*-match at Greenwich, she threw down her handkerchief to one of the combatants, who, after wiping his heated brow with it, or kissing it—according to different views of his action—took it upon him to return the handkerchief to the Queen on the point of his lance, when Henry immediately quitted the tilting-yard in a towering passion. Yet, silly and unbecoming as the proceeding was, it would have been simply looked upon as a piece of poetic license, from Queen or lady, prince or gentleman, in the household of Margaret d'Angoulême, in which Anne spent the most impressionable days of her youth. When one thinks of it, was not what is known of Anne's objectionable bearing, and of the bearing of her courtiers, which reflected hers, but a transplanting to an uncongenial soil, a vulgar, matter-of-fact, misunderstood rendering of the gay and gallant doings in what was called Margaret's "Court of Love"? There high-flown homage and platonic devotion were bandied on all sides, and addressed to Margaret herself, without a thought of blame. But the high-born lady of the revels was merely playing at a fanciful game, the dream of a poet. She was far removed from any ordinary interpretation of the situation. She knew how, when, and where to make her courtiers stop by her very faculty of pure idealisation and imaginativeness.

This we do know of Anne in her adversity, that in her native land she was more forlorn than the foreigner Catherine was in her evil day. The accusations brought against Anne were infinitely more crushing and disgraceful. So far from having many friends among her countrymen, some of her kindred were among her accusers. These included her sister-in-law, Lady Rochefort, with whom Anne had always been on bad terms, and her uncle the Duke of Norfolk. He was a distinguished soldier, while he is also described as "a small, spare, dark man, with cruel lips, and a more cruel temper." He is said to have treated Anne with marked rudeness while she was under examination at Greenwich. "Tut, tut!" he cried, in answer to her protestations of innocence. It was he who conducted her to the Tower on the 2nd of May, 1536. Just three years after she had entered the gloomy precincts, in the triumph of her approaching coronation, she returned by the Traitor's Gate a hapless prisoner.

When taken to her former lodging she protested "it is too good for me." Whether with the satire which rose so readily to her lips, whether from a sense of retribution because of the mistress at whose downfall and death Anne had rejoiced when the spring was still young. Probably both feelings, however opposed, were at work in her mind, for she added, "Jesu, have mercy on me!" and burst into tears; and the next instant broke into laughter; and this inclination to bitter laughter continued with her at intervals during the short and doleful time that was left to her.

But Anne did not fail in serious realisation of what was likely to be her end, and in preparing for it. While protesting her innocence, she desired to have the sacrament in her closet, that she might pray for mercy. She cried, "Oh, my mother, thou wilt die for sorrow!" referring to the homely stepmother whom Anne had learned to love better than the worldly father, who had become by a fresh creation Earl of Wiltshire.

Anne had already left directions for the care of her little daughter Elizabeth, nearly three years of age, with her chaplain. If she begged to see her child, there is no record of the petition. But it was remembered that she sorely regretted her conduct to "the Lady Mary," Catherine's daughter, whom Anne had helped to part, not only from her mother, but also from her father.

She wrote to the King * asserting her loyalty, beseeching him to do her justice, and praying God to pardon him if he condemned her. If her fate was sealed, she implored him to consider favourably the case of the innocent gentlemen who were in the same strait with her, accused of complicity in her guilt, and likewise lying in the Tower.

To the Council of Peers which tried and condemned Anne, her former lover, Lord Percy, who had succeeded his father in the earldom of Northumberland, was summoned. *He obeyed* the summons, but was seized with sudden illness, and left the hall of the Tower before the trial began. He did not long survive the woman he had loved.

The Queen defended herself wisely and well, as it was acknowledged; but while the rumour without was that she had cleared herself, her condemnation was a foregone conclusion. She heard with composure the terrible sentence, which even Norfolk pronounced with tears—"To be burnt or beheaded, at the King's pleasure." When her stern uncle finished the words, she appealed to Heaven with clasped hands and raised eyes. "Oh, Father! Oh, Creator! Thou, who art the Way, the Life, and the Truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death." She again addressed the Court, declaring that she had ever been a faithful wife to the King, though she did not say that she had shown him that humility which his goodness to her and the honour to which he had raised her merited.

Anne then left the Court quietly and with dignity. The King signed the Queen's death-warrant, and afterwards sent Cranmer to her. Cranmer advised her to submit, and it was believed at the time that she took the advice in the sense that if she submitted, her sentence might be commuted to banishment.

On the 18th of May, Anne, as part of her submission, consented to be taken to the Archbishop's palace of Lambeth, and to go through the form of appointing proctors, who admitted in her name that she had entered into a previous contract of marriage before she was wedded to Henry, on which Cranmer declared her marriage with the King null and void.

On Anne's return to the Tower, the tolling of the bell announced to her that her brother, and the other gentlemen sentenced with him, had passed to execution, and any hope she might have entertained of the remission of her sentence was dashed to the ground. The Queen herself was to be beheaded on the following day, on Tower Green, before St. Peter's Church. On the eve of her death she is said to have written some pathetic verses; but it is more likely that they are due to a compassionate contemporary. The verses begin thus:—

"Oh, death, rock me asleep!
Bring on my quiet rest:
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let it sound my death-toll;
For I must die,
There is no remedy—
For now I die."

Anne was the first Queen of England or noble English lady who was sentenced to die on the scaffold. For this reason a French headsman was brought to England to do the deed. Anne had loved France and French fashions, but she could little have anticipated the last with which she had to do.

The Queen spent a long morning in devotion, in the course of which she summoned the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Kingston, to hear her last protestation of innocence before she partook of the sacrament. There was a little unexpected delay in the execution, which did not take place till noon. The delay was the result of an attempt to keep the hour unfixed and unknown to the last, in order to avoid any public demonstration. For however ill the people had taken a subject's promotion, and however free they had made with the name of "Nan Bullen" in the days of her prosperity, her melancholy fate awoke indig-

* The authenticity of the letter is disputed.

nation and pity. Anne sent for the Lieutenant, and said she was very sorry for the delay, because she had thought to be dead by that time and past her pain.

She was answered, the pain would be little; it was so subtle.

Ca which she replied—"I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," putting her hands about it, laughing.

This was the last of poor Anne's repartees, and the utterance of it, at such a moment, caused the listener to protest and wonder—"I have seen men and women also executed, and they have been in great sorrow; but to my knowledge this lady hath much joy and pleasure in her death." But Anne's laughter was not for joy when it was all the answer she gave to the assertion made to her that she would receive justice at the King's hands. She had sometimes spoken wildly and wanderingly to the elder ladies placed around her (selected from the set which had been adverse to her), as if the enormity of her injuries were turning her brain. She had declared there would be no rain till she was out of the Tower. She had threatened that if she died, there would be the greatest punishment for her that had ever fallen on England. The next moment she had talked lightly again, and laughed idly.

According to Lord Bacon, who believed Anne innocent, she sent one more message to the King, which the messenger dared not deliver. It was full of her ready wit, if not of her quick mirth. "Commend me to His Majesty," she said, "and tell him he hathe ever been constant in his carreer of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness and a queen, and now he hath left no higher degree of honour, he gives my innocency the crown of martyrdom."

The Queen is said to have bestowed on the officer on guard, named Gwyn, in token of her gratitude for his "respectful conduct to her," a small golden *étui*, richly chased, in the form of a pistol, the barrel serving for a whistle and enclosing a set of toothpicks. There is a further tradition that she told him it was the King's first gift to her.

When the hour for the execution arrived, Anne was led out by the Lieutenant of the Tower. She wore a black damask gown, with a deep white cape. In the opinion of an eye-witness, she had never looked so beautiful. She was still not more than thirty-six years of age. She was attended by the maids of honour who, with the elder ladies, had been with her in the Tower.

Among the maids was her early playfellow, Mary Wyatt; for Anne had always remained faithful to the Wyatts, and the Wyatts were faithful to her. Thomas Wyatt, the poet brother, admired her, narrowly escaped perishing with her, and though restored to the favour of Henry, continued to defend Anne's memory to the last of his life.

Around was a circle, in which were the Lord Mayor—with the other civic authorities—Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the Secretary of State, Thomas Cromwell, etc.

Anne asked leave to speak to the authorities, but said little. One report of her speech is lifelike. "Masters, I here humbly submit me to the law, as the law hath judged me; and as for my offences (I here accuse no man), God knoweth them; I remit them to God, beseeching Him to have mercy on my soul, and I beseech Jesu to save my sovereign and master, the King, the most godliest, noblest, and gentlest prince that is, and make him long to reign over you." It should be remembered that exaggerated praise of the King and honour to him in all circumstances, at all hazards, was the rule in that generation. It was a curious, strained example of lip-loyalty. If Anne made any vague reference to her cause, it was to say that she was not there to accuse her enemies or defend herself, and if any man would meddle with her matter, she required him to judge the best. She thus took leave of the world and her audience. She is said to have spoken with a smile on her lips.

With her own hands she removed her little hat and collar, and put on a linen cap. She took a kind farewell of her ladies, and gave to Mary Wyatt a little book of devotion, which the Queen had carried in her hand.* According to one account, she refused to let her eyes be covered, and as her gaze disturbed the executioner, he signed to an assistant to advance, as if to deal the blow, on one side, while the principal headsman came forward, without his shoes, on the other. The Queen turned her eyes to the side from which she heard approaching footsteps, and at that moment the sword fell.

On that summer day, away in the oak and chestnut shades of Blickling, and in the gardens of Hever Castle, the birds sang as merrily as ever. In the ante-chambers and corridors of the Louvre, brilliant courtiers and gay ladies thronged and chattered and laughed, while she, who had been a bright child under those trees and in those walks; a merry, beautiful girl, the admired of all admirers among the great and noble, perished by a violent, shameful death, and slept in a bloody grave. Where her dust rests is uncertain; most probably she was buried, like so many victims of that and of succeeding reigns, within the Church of St. Peter, on Tower Green. Just possibly, as her Norfolk kinsfolk liked to believe, permission was granted for her body to be removed in silence and secrecy to her native county, and laid with her ancestors in their vault in the old church of Salle.

* The *étui* presented to Gwyn and the little book given to Mary Wyatt were both exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE last days of June and the earliest of July are very commonly the busiest days of the whole season in London amongst those who seek it for amusement or for sightseeing. Nevertheless, it is a thing rarely taken into consideration, by either women or girls, how early their new summer things will be required. The lack of forethought on this subject leads to disappointment for themselves, and, what is a still greater evil, to cruelty in driving others into over-work and undue haste in order to complete it. By the first week in May, or even the last weeks of April, there is quite enough novelty to enable us to do our shopping and have our gowns comfortably at home by the middle of May. How often one hears of people saying, "I have just had to fly off and order a gown in a hurry for so-and-so; I never thought about my best summer gown for out-of-door festivities;" and so the poor workpeople are even more hurried than they would have been by the neglect. If you make up your mind once for all that you are certain to need two gowns in the spring, it will save you much trouble and some expense; for things got in a hurry are certain to be what you do not want ultimately. In fact, you generally take what you can get at the time—perhaps even what can be made the quickest—so as to be in time for what you require. Now, these dresses you need in the spring are sure to be, first, a woollen one, tailor-made or otherwise, but certainly of wool, and suitable for ordinary walking out, while sufficiently in the fashion to wear through the year. The other gown must be of a more dressy character, of whatever material happens to be in vogue, be it surah, pongée, or any other kind of thin silk; or cashmere and silk, ladies' cloth and silk, or any other thing that happens to be in wear. With these two gowns you should have quite sufficient change to look well at all times; and your bonnets or hats should be chosen to suit either. It will depend on what else you have in stock what further you need; but there are few people without a good skirt, for which they can purchase a blouse or a jersey, to wear together in the house. For though I like to help you to look your best out of doors, I do not wish you to expend all you have on that, to the exclusion of a pretty and tidy gown for home use. If our elderly gowns be properly cared for, they may be relied upon to present a nice appearance at home; there is the place, after all, to look for indications of character and refinement.

In the autumn, at the end of October or beginning of November, as soon as we have looked carefully about us, and made up our minds as to the best material and style, we should choose our winter gown, bonnet, or hat. For home use and other wear we shall have our woollen dress, bought in the spring, while our best summer dress will answer for second best in the early days of spring, before we begin to wear our new gowns. The winter dress will need some thought, and should be well up to the new style, as in that case it will, if well worn, do far better service to us, and not look old-fashioned the second winter. A Frenchwoman never wears her out-of-door dress in

the house; but, alas! she remains in her curl-papers and peignoir till she does go out—a thing that no Englishwoman can or should do. But we agree with the French idea, in so far that we should try to save the wear and tear of our best gown by always having a second best to wear in the house, especially if there be much to do in the way of household duties; these, of course, are fatal to the preservation of a good gown. A very clever woman, and one who is obliged to look closely at every penny she spends (for she works for them all herself), told me she never bought a gown without considering how it would turn, and she thought that that was the chief thing to look at in the purchase of a dress. Another person of equally good abilities, and a clever manager, told me that she was not quite sure it paid to make over a gown, unless you had the time to do it yourself; but if you had to expend money for its being done, she was sure it did not pay the owner; it was best to wear it out as it was. Now all this depends on your time; and, according to my calculations, the moment you spend more than a certain amount on making-over a gown, it does not pay, because you can obtain one at present at such a cheap rate. Then I am sure someone will say, What would you do with a half-worn gown? That depends on how much it is worn. For instance, this year a dress could be altered with little trouble—new sleeves and a re-draped skirt, and perhaps a loose plastron, would make all the difference required; these changes could be made at home. But re-making, turning, and completely taking to pieces are (except in the case of a very expensive silk, satin, or velvet) rarely worth undertaking, unless your time be otherwise unoccupied, when, indeed, you might as well use it in that way as any other. I hope I have made myself understood, and that I have solved the question of re-making, or re-modelling only.

In our illustration, "Mantles, Capes, and Jackets," nearly all the ruling styles are shown, the taste of the present moment lying in the direction of capes, principally made of the same material as the dress, as a general thing, with either one or two frills pinked out at the edges. These capes are very useful and comfortable, and are as a rule becoming to everyone, save the very stout and the very short, when they give an unbecoming effect of breadth to the figure. In "An Interior View" the bodices most worn are shown, and any new hats and bonnets which have appeared since last month. The crowns are as flat as ever, and the large lace hats only look well when they are bent about in all directions, and look picturesquely untidy. The lady in the centre of the picture has the new plaid sleeves and sash worn with a cloth dress. These sashes are very much affected, and are draped in folds in the manner shown in our sketch, round the edge of the basque, and tied either in front, on one side, or else at the back, the first-named method being, perhaps, the most generally approved.

The collars of all dresses and mantles are made very high at the back, and those of most gowns are made very low in front, so as to expose much of the neck. These collars (generally called "Fife") are very generally made of velvet, and are seen on most gowns of woollen materials.

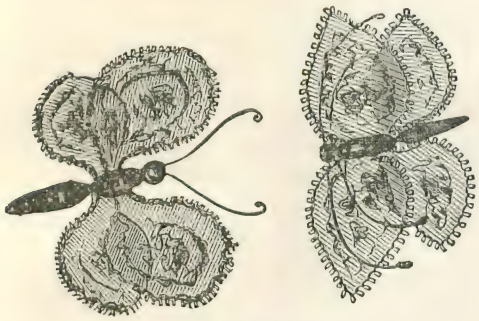
The newest veils are of "fish-net," as it is called, and these are considered more becoming than the ordinary net. Most of them have what are known as "patch spots," which are large spots in imitation of the old-fashioned patches, placed at irregular intervals over the veil. Some very new veils are of white net, with black velvet spots, stars, or crescents on them, at wide distances, and these look very well. But as a rule veils are not so much worn as they have been, and there seems a tendency to leave them off now that they have become of larger size, and reach below the chin. Few people like a veil over the lips, I find; and they complain of its discomfort in the way of tickling and irritation.

MANTLES, CAPES, AND JACKETS.

The newest gloves are of very pretty shades of almond, wood, mouse, and butternut, these shades being chiefly worn with gowns of positive greens and blues; while with neutral shades the gloves are selected to match. Swede gloves are now rarely seen, and kid seem to have taken their place, both for day and night wear. This is a change for the better in the way of economy, as a really good pair of gloves can be cleaned several times by a cleaner, and care should always be taken by the wearer not to handle anything greasy, which spoils them.

I notice that many more boots are worn than usual this year, and that the "Oxford ties" seem to be on the wane; the entire prevalence of very pointed toes to both shoes and boots is greatly to be regretted, and the wonder is that so ugly and unbecoming a fashion has ever lasted so long. The fact is that there is no longer a choice just now to be had in the shops, and unless you buy the "hygienic" shoes and boots, you are forced into buying the pointed toes. Many people do not fancy the "hygienic" ones, and it seems a pity that there should be no choice left to the unfortunate purchaser who does not want to pinch her toes. Such ugly feet as are seen at present I should fancy were never seen before.

Some of the new stockings are very remarkable in colour and design; but I have not seen them worn anywhere, and the generality



LACE BUTTERFLIES.

of people keep to black or else to neutral shades, to match the colour of their gowns. This is more especially the case with brown and dark navy blue. Some very nice ribbed cotton and thread stockings are to be found now, and I daresay will become popular, as the wide ribbings are the most becoming thing possible to the foot.

It is not improbable that we shall see the checked zephyrs and cambrics much used this summer, both in very bright colours and in shades of brown, pink, and blue. The white embroidery which is used to trim them tones them down wonderfully, and makes them becoming and youthful-looking. Printed lawns are also very pretty, and there are numbers of very attractive woollen canvases of all designs: some broché, with a tracing of tambour in the pattern, others with a satin stripe and an equally wide one of canvas, as well as many single thread ones of coarse texture, quite as coarse as a hair sieve. Some of the satin stripes are in colour, and these are extremely pretty.

There is a very decided attempt to bring in alpaca again; it is already much worn, and the broché ones, made up with plain silk of the same colour, are now constantly seen, the silk being used for the sleeves, panels, and perhaps cuffs also. The patterns and designs of alpacas are much improved this season, and they have, in consequence, very naturally become more popular, as their wearing qualities are most excellent. But it has taken some little time for the public to fancy them, as soft woollens are so very decidedly in favour.

The high "peg-top" or "leg of mutton" sleeves are as much adopted as ever, and are cut in two ways—either in two pieces, an upper and under sleeve, or else in one piece only, on the cross. The sleeves are all much longer, some of them falling over the hands, with expanding cuffs cut like the sleeves of the Japanese. These can be turned back if desired, and used as a cuff. The very high and very full sleeves are already a little passé, and the best dressed people have them cut in a moderate manner.

The seamless bodices have been very much worn, and will continue to be so, as they are both pretty and new. The tendency is still to conceal the fastening of the gown as much as possible, and many of them are buttoned

MANTLE—LACE AND SILK—FRONT.
(PAPER PATTERN.)

under the arm and on the shoulder, as well as at the back. When fastened behind, however, the buttons or hooks are concealed under some upright folds of the material; the fronts are seamless and the collar is high. On a well-made gown very few mantles are seen; and in the Park a mantle is the exception, not the rule, even the capes being left at home on a warm, bright day.

In spite of this, however, I have thought it best to give a lace mantle pattern, which is quite novel; and further on in the settled summer weather we shall see many of them worn with thin dresses. The materials are silk and lace flouncing, about twelve inches wide; piece-net may be used for the fronts if preferred to the silk. The quantity needed is three yards of lace flouncing and three yards of silk, or less for a small person. The pattern is in four pieces—back, front, flounce for sleeve, and Medici collar. The appearance of the mantle is well shown in our illustration, and the effect is most graceful and pretty.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bern-

MANTLE—LACE AND SILK—BACK.

hardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, and lace and silk mantle.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—IX. SQUIRRELS AND DORMICE.

By A NATURALIST.

THE common or red squirrel is one of the liveliest and most attractive of our wild creatures. He belongs to the wood, and although he makes very short excursions now and then into the pastures without, yet he never strays away far from a tree or trees. He will, however, cross a road, from one hedge to another, in order to get the hazel-nuts; or he may visit a meadow where trees are dotted about, to get some of the good things to be found there. And he will scratch truffles up, and make a meal of them. He is not always after beech-nuts when you see him busy under the beech-trees.

I have been watching the squirrel and his ways for some months lately, and have found him to be a very interesting little fellow. A very early riser he is; directly the sun is up he gets his breakfast. You may see whole families of squirrels in the course of a morning's stroll through the woods and plantations, where they are not molested. To a practised eye and ear, squirrels betray their whereabouts before they are actually visible. For one thing, you will see one or two scales of a fir-cone fall, which tells you the little animal is eating the seeds of it; or the tip of a bough will gently bend down and rise again. Or you may hear the tack, tack, tack of his claws sometimes on the bark of a tree. If he thinks you have no intention of coming nearer, after having spied you out with his bright, soft eyes, he will give one or two chuck, chucks, just to let his companions know that something strange is about.

We need not go any closer; we can see them well, as they sit there, father, mother, and three half-grown ones. I have a strong suspicion that they have just come from the cottage garden at the bottom of the plantation, for the whole roost are on the top of a larch-fir. They are in their summer dress, which is a thin one; their tails are only those of dormice. It is only in the winter months that the squirrel has a bushy tail and tips to his ears. This family has undoubtedly had a good feed from the garden, for they glide up and over the branches in the calm deliberate manner which tells of full stomachs and satisfied appetites.

For the sake of a little fun, we soon change all this by imitating the hoot and cry of the brown owl. It is effectual enough; there is a rush and a scolding chatter, the tack, tack of the claws on the bark, and away they go, their tails in a line with their bodies, fox-fashion; for the squirrel only holds his tail up over his back when he is in a sitting position. If he chance to be hunting over wet grass, which is a frequent pursuit of his after a shower, his tail is held up a little, just sufficient to keep it from getting wet through, but not in the fashion it is when he is feeding or sitting up, enjoying himself in the bright sunshine.

He makes a twig cradle, or dray, as the country folk call it, in which to rear his young ones; it looks like some large bird's-nest. His family are well looked after, and it is one of the most interesting sights, for one who is fond of outdoor life, to see a family of young squirrels taking their first lessons in climbing and jumping. Here in England he is not persecuted to any great extent, and he can get plenty of food, especially in our southern counties. Squirrels were introduced into Scotland some years ago by various gentlemen; and there they have spread and multiplied in all directions, but have damaged the larch plantations by eating off the tender top shoots and peeling the bark to such an extent that they have been destroyed wholesale.

The squirrel is a provident creature, laying up stores for the winter, not only in one larder, but in several different ones; and he knows just where to go when he wants a meal. Choice fruit is one of the good things that he loves; I have frequently seen him come from the woods, and run up the trees on a gentleman's lawn, to wait there until the gardeners had gone to their meals. Then he would come down, and actually enter the greenhouses to steal the fruit. The squirrels did this at one time to such an extent that one of the men was told off to watch and shoot them. It is only when they pilfer in the gardens that they come to grief, however; but they have such an idea of quality and quantity that they will leave the hazel-nuts and steal filberts and cob-nuts; while such common fruit as apples and pears they will despise, if nectarines or peaches are to be procured.

In spite of these little peccadilloes, the squirrel is, on the whole, a general favourite, and by all he is considered to be one of the greatest ornaments of our woods. In the mountains of Colorado we have eaten him when no other flesh meat was to be procured. He tasted good, like something between a rabbit and a chicken; but I confess I felt as though I were committing a sin, and eating something that was akin to a human, as the rustics say.

That beautiful and gentle creature, the dormouse, with his coat of fawn, and his soft, dark eyes, is, we are sorry to say, becoming comparatively speaking rare. Although a few years back I could have found a dozen of them, I cannot now find one in the same distance. The reason of this is that he is a creature of the hedgerows and bushes. Before the present system of farming was in vogue, the fields were smaller, and divided by fine old hedges, which furnished a home, and in fact a sanctuary, for our wild creatures. These hedges have been grubbed up; shelter and food have gone with them, and as a consequence the creatures also. So much influence over living things has this had, that even insect life has been affected by it, especially as regards the moths, and the various species of sphinxes in particular.

To return to our favourite, the innocent little dormouse. As you walk along the meadow, by the hedge-side, which is just beginning to show, by the slight change in its foliage and the undergrowth of hedge plants, that the summer is drawing to a close, you may hear a leaf rustle and see a twig or two move. On looking you may see the dormouse gliding along. If you frighten him he will jump, squirrel fashion, from twig to twig, and drop down among the roots; but we will stand perfectly still. He stops too; we can see him well as he sits up and looks wistfully round with those soft eyes of his. He looks like a little ball of fawn-coloured plush, and fancying there is nothing to hurt him, he begins to eat something that he had in his mouth when he was first startled. What dainty little forefeet, we might almost say hands, he has to hold his food up to his mouth with! He can use them deftly too. Whenever I see him I think of Oberon and his queen.

I have missed him from his well-loved haunts now for some time. It is long since I last saw his nest in the hedgerow, so cleverly made of dry grass blades, like a long-tailed tit's nest in shape, in which he sleeps, rolled up in a ball, the whole long winter through.

Like the squirrel, the dormouse provides for the colder months. The true lover of natural life grieves to miss a beautiful, harmless creature like the gentle dormouse; scientific farmings and the spread of bricks and mortar have done much to drive away this and other pretty wild things. The changes bring compensation, however, to many, if not to all of us.

"THE PRINCESS'S BOUQUET."

PERHAPS the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may like to hear what happened at a large school in the South of England several years ago. The pupils, one hundred and fifty in number, were all daughters of clergymen, and lived in a fine house, surrounded by extensive grounds. It was a well-known institution—bishops visited, celebrated professors lectured; in short, it was considered a model school.

It was a lovely summer's day, and the pupils were all out in the gardens. Some were playing lawn tennis, some sauntering about the shady walks; others, more studious, were turning their playtime to account by learning all they could in the short time that remained, for the term was nearly ended. The examinations were in full swing, and in a few days the prizes would be distributed. A royal princess had promised to attend on that eventful occasion, and to give the prizes to the happy recipients. You may imagine what excitement this caused, and how the girls talked!

"Do you know," cried one, "that the princess is to have a bouquet?"

"Yes, the girl who has the prize for good conduct is to present it," said another.

"What a pity! for Mary Chester is sure to get that prize, and she is so plain and awkward. If only Effie Durham could give the bouquet, she is so pretty and graceful."

"There is no chance of that. Mary Chester has the most marks for good conduct; and no wonder, she is such a prig. I can't bear a girl who has no fun in her."

"Hush! here she comes, walking with Mlle. Latour. How she can like that snuffy old French thing I can't imagine."

Just then a slim, fair-haired girl appeared on one of the terraces, and ran quickly down the steps. "Effie, Effie!" resounded on all sides, as her companions went forward to meet her. She was evidently a favourite.

"Listen, girls, all of you!" she cried. "The prizes are to be given away on Thursday, and the princess has promised a scholarship for the first girl in the school."

All eyes were immediately turned towards Mary Chester. She was not brilliant, but she was industrious, and as all the marks were added together to fix the places, Mary retained hers by virtue of her good conduct and general application.

"It's no use trying for that. Nobody has a chance. Of course Mary Chester will get it," were the remarks muttered on all sides.

Mary heard them, and the blood rose under her dark skin; she opened her lips to speak,

but appeared to think better of it, and turning sharply round dragged Mlle. Latour into a side alley.

"*What is it, ma fille?*" asked the kind French lady. "Your eyes are full of tears."

"It's nothing," replied Mary, making an effort to stifle her emotion.

"One does not cry for nothing," persisted Mlle. Latour; "come, tell me all about it."

Then Mary opened her heart. She confessed that she was unhappy because her schoolfellows disliked her. "They think me ugly and awkward," she sobbed; "and so I am, but I can't help it; and then they grudge me everything. They would like Effie to have the prize and the scholarship, and present the bouquet, just because she is pretty."

"I should never have suspected you of being jealous of another's beauty!"

"I'm not jealous," interrupted Mary, eagerly.

"Well, well," sighed Mlle. Latour, who knew the poor little heart was aching from the misapprehension of her schoolfellows, and just longing for love and kindness, "don't be unhappy, child. You work to please your father; isn't that enough? As for Effie! Bah, she is a baby! Her birthday is on Friday, and I have bought her some sweets as a present. Fancy giving you such a thing! You chose Molière for your birthday."

Mary smiled, and suffered herself to be comforted.

That night as she went to bed she ran against Effie Durham in the corridor. Now, Effie was considered delicate, and slept in a warm south room on the first floor, while Mary and four others slept in a north attic.

"Effie, you here!" she cried; "what are you doing in these higher regions?"

"Don't be inquisitive, Mary Chester," was her sharp reply as she pushed past her. Then, as if repentant, she turned back and thrust some chocolate creams into her hand. Mary smiled and thanked her. It was so like Effie.

However, she ate two creams and gave the rest away, soon forgetting the small circumstance in her anxiety about her examination papers.

Wednesday came, the last day of examination. The subject was arithmetic, and the examiner seemed to have hit upon peculiarly difficult questions. The weather was sultry, thunder rumbled in the distance; Mary had a headache, and as she bent over her papers the figures danced before her eyes.

Suddenly, to the astonishment of everybody, Miss Witherington, the head of the school, sailed into the room. She was a tall, imposing woman, magnificently dressed, and inspired awe wherever she went. All rose at her appearance. It was quite an event for her to come into the class-room during lesson-time. She kept house, presided at meals, received visitors, but never interfered with the studies. A raised wooden seat, moving on castors, which was called "The Rostrum," was then wheeled into the middle of the room. It was something like a pulpit in appearance, but the Archbishop of Canterbury in full canonicals would not have created more sensation than did Miss Witherington as she majestically mounted the steps and took her seat. There was an awestruck silence.

Then Miss Witherington cleared her throat and began—

"You are all aware that many things—fruits, sweets, etc.—have been missing lately. The culprit has never been discovered. Yesterday morning Mlle. Latour found that a box of chocolate belonging to her had been opened and tampered with. It was a large, handsome box, sent direct from Paris, and destined for a birthday present. This box has been opened (the key hung from one of the handles), and nearly all the contents are gone. The top layer was left intact to save appearances. I have questioned the servants, but from what I hear from them I believe they are perfectly innocent. They have, however, directed my suspicions elsewhere—to one of the pupils, in fact. I refused to entertain such an idea at first, but my confidence was shaken. I can hardly believe that anyone among you would stoop to such an action—dishonesty prompted by greediness—but I fear such is really the case."

Miss Witherington paused. Nobody broke the silence. You might have heard a pin drop.

She went on: "If the culprit will come forward and confess her guilt I shall welcome that voluntary return to the path of duty; if not, I must accuse her here before you all."

Still silence.

Miss Witherington then said in a stern voice—

"Mary Chester, come here."

The girl obeyed at once, looking very small and frightened by the side of the towering figure in "The Rostrum."

The sensation was immense. Could Mary Chester be suspected? Impossible! Miss Witherington must be going to consult her as head of the school.

"Did you do this thing?"

"No," came the answer, low, but firm and distinct.

Miss Witherington went on in her cold, judicial voice. "On Monday you were seen eating chocolate, and you gave some to those who slept in the room with you. How did you get it?"

Mary did not answer, but she shot a swift glance to the table where Effie Durham was standing. Nobody spoke, and Miss Witherington proceeded.

"Do you deny having the chocolate?"

"No."

"Will you explain how it came into your possession?" There was a slight, very slight, ring of triumph in the schoolmistress's tone, merely the result of having brought the guilt home to the right person, but it stung Mary Chester.

"She is glad to condemn me," was her bitter thought. But she gave no utterance to it; her head thrown proudly back, her large dark eyes (what honest eyes they were!) looking straight at Miss Witherington, she answered for the third time, "No."

"I'm afraid you can't. Everything points to you as the offender. The easy access you have to Mlle. Latour's room, the fact of your having chocolate precisely similar to hers, the indisposition you complain of to-day—all these things are against you. I had hoped you might possibly clear yourself, but my worst anticipations are realised. You must keep apart from your companions, eating your meals at a side-table, and sitting in full view of everybody during school hours, that all may see what you are doing. You may leave your examination, as unless this suspicion is cleared away the school committee will not allow your return."

A harsh sentence, but the fault was both disgraceful and contemptible, and it required a firm hand to govern a hundred and fifty girls. As Miss Witherington left the room sounds of sobbing were heard. They proceeded from Effie Durham.

"Do not punish her so severely—oh, not so severely as that!" she wailed out.

Mary gave her a contemptuous sneer, but nobody noticed it. All were looking at the pretty, weeping Effie, and thinking how kind and sympathising she was.

It was perhaps wrong of Mary to sneer, but the temptation was great. Effie's behaviour was really very mean and disgraceful; for she it was who had stolen the chocolate. True daughter of Eve, ensnared by what was "good for food and pleasant to the eyes," she had seen the pretty box, curiosity had tempted her to open it, greediness had tempted her to take it, fear had tempted her to conceal it, and now a still more craven fear tempted her to let another suffer in her stead. Mary knew quite well she had done it. Had she not caught her red-handed, as it were.

Perhaps you will say, why didn't Mary tell? I don't know how it may be in other schools, but in that one (it was a large school of some antiquity and standing, and had its traditions) the one unpardonable sin was for one girl to tell of another. There is always something revolting to a chivalrous nature in purchasing its safety by betraying someone else, and Mary shared the public feeling on this point to a very high degree. Even if she had not—if she had thought it permissible to tell—there was every probability that Effie would deny it. She had heard all, and had allowed Mary to be falsely accused and punished under her very eyes. Such cowardice and treachery were incomprehensible to Mary, who was truth itself. As she stood there, branded as a greedy thief before them all, she comforted herself with the bitter reflection that the girls would be pleased.

"They would rather I should bear the blame," she thought, "and now Effie can hand the bouquet to the princess."

The pupils had all resumed their seats, only Mary was left standing in the middle of the room. The stool of punishment used for those in disgrace happened to be elsewhere, and the junior governess in charge hardly knew if she ought to send for it.

"It will do you no harm to stand," she said, cruelly and thoughtlessly; "the rules do not allow pupils to leave the room during examination, so you must wait for the stool till that is over. A little standing will perhaps break your obstinate spirit."

So Mary stood. Pale, exhausted, her head aching, her knees trembling, she stood till the examination came to an end.

When Mlle. Latour heard what had happened she was quite overwhelmed. The law of separation did not apply to governesses, who could always speak to a pupil in disgrace, so the kind French lady flung her arms round Mary, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, why did I mention the stupid box! How could anyone suspect you of such a thing? It is absurd, monstrous! But tell me, my child, how you came to have that miserable chocolate? Tell me, your friend."

The young English teacher tossed her head. "That's a fine way of promoting discipline, mademoiselle!"

Mary, however, refused to tell, and the girls, who were listening and staring at a respectful distance, began to take more interest in her. A school is an epitome of the world. The favour of the multitude is immensely fickle. Opinions were veering round towards Mary.

The girls went out for their recreation, and she was left in the great desolate schoolroom alone. The wind had risen, and came in puffs through the open windows, waving the blinds and rattling the great maps upon the walls. The roar of the sea as it broke upon the shingly beach half a mile off came distinctly to her ears; the "shrill, happy laughter" of her companions was borne to her now and then; but Mary sat as if in a dream. She was worn out, body and mind. The sheet-anchor to which she clung was the nearness of the holidays. "Only two days more, and I shall be at home;" that comforted her. The afternoon passed wearily away; then came evening and bed. As sang the monks of old,

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong."

And Mary crept into bed, and forgot her troubles in sleep.

The governesses sat up late that night. The

marks had all to be added up, and the list of places made out before they retired to rest. Fortunately, there were plenty to do the work, and all was order and method in that large establishment. It was past midnight before Mlle. Latour went to her room. She crept softly to Mary's bedside as she passed, and drawing aside the curtain, looked fondly at her favourite. The dark hair was coiled tightly round the well-shaped head; the long lashes showed black against the white face; she had been crying in her sleep, for traces of tears were still on her cheeks.

"*Pauvre petite!*" sighed the French lady; but she did not kiss her, for fear of disturbing her slumbers.

The next day was everything that could be wished. A storm had refreshed the air; the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed brighter—all looked promising for the *fête* of the school.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and all the pupils, dressed in white with coloured sashes, were ranged on benches at the back of the room. In front, on chairs, were the visitors. They were arriving thick and fast, for all had been requested to take their places before half-past three, the time when the princess was expected.

Mary Chester sat apart from the rest in her everyday dress, and naturally all eyes were directed towards her. The visitors asked questions, which again and again brought out the story of the accusation against her.

"How sad!" murmured one sweet-faced woman. "She does not look capable of such a thing. Her expression is good; there is something striking, almost handsome, about her."

"Handsome!" echoed the girl she had questioned; "why, we all think her ugly! Effie Durham is the belle of the school. You will see her presently. She is to hand a bouquet to the princess. They are coaching her up to the last minute, for she must walk backwards after she has given it, as of course nobody must turn a back upon Royalty. She says she hopes it won't be a long way, as it would spoil all if she were to trip. But Effie will do it well, she is so graceful."

A tall clergyman now entered and took his seat among the visitors; it was Mary's father. Everyone was sorry for him—it was such a blow to find his daughter in public disgrace. The parents took their places among the other guests; they did not speak to their daughters till the prize-giving was over, but nods and smiles were exchanged all over the room.

Mr. Chester looked earnestly at his child in her terribly conspicuous solitude. She returned his gaze with such trust and affection in her eyes, and with such a pathetic smile about the quivering mouth, that kind-hearted women felt a lump come in their throats, and everyone longed to get her away from that dreadful stool.

But the princess was coming. All rose as the faired-haired daughter of the Queen of England made her way (bowing gracefully as she went) to the red velvet chair prepared for her. Miss Witherington, more magnificent than ever, sat at her right; the examiner stood at her left, and read out the names of those entitled to prizes, beginning at the youngest class, and as each blushing girl came up to receive her reward, the princess said some kind appropriate words.

But the pupils were getting uneasy. Where was Effie? Where was the bouquet?

At last came the turn of the first class. The examiner read out—"Maximum number of marks, Mary Chester." All looked surprised. Some of the pupils so far forgot themselves as to stand forward, and crane out their necks to see what was happening.

Mary was more astonished than anyone. Wild hopes began to rise in her mind. But Miss Witherington rose and made the disgrace more complete by saying Mary Chester had forfeited the prize by dishonest conduct. This announcement shocked all present. The princess flushed a little from distressed surprise, and took the last prize in her hand, as if impatient to give it to the recipient, and shorten the painful sensation produced.

But a greater and more painful sensation remained.

Effie Durham, her hair dishevelled, her white dress tumbled, her blue sash untied and trailing behind her, her face buried in her hands, her shoulders heaving with sobs, appeared at the door, pushed in by Mlle. Latour.

Miss Witherington was aghast. "What is the meaning of this?" she inquired in a low, stern voice.

Then Effie, coming forward, threw herself at the feet of the princess, and begged that the prize and the scholarship might be given to Mary Chester, who had been wrongfully condemned.

"I—took—the—chocolate!" sobbed out Effie.

The effect was highly dramatic, though only those near the princess could hear her confession.

Mary Chester, full of pity and distress, rushed forward and took hold of Effie's hand.

"No, no," she cried. "Please give her the scholarship, your Royal Highness. She is far cleverer than I am."

It was all very irregular. Miss Witherington was seriously annoyed—when she had planned everything so well, too.

The princess came to the rescue. She was little more than a girl herself, and as she bent over the two schoolgirls, the moisture in her eyes and the flush on her cheek made her look very youthful and winning.

She made a pretty, heartfelt little speech to them both, and said if the committee approved, Effie might receive the scholarship, as Mr. Chester was going to America almost immediately, taking his daughter with him. Here was a fresh surprise! Mary could hardly believe her ears; but she had to compose herself, take her prize from the princess with a low curtsey, and retire as best she could to her place.

Then the piano struck up "God save the Queen," and the princess bowed herself away, first congratulating Mr. Chester on his daughter's innocence being proved, and on his visit to America, "a country," said her Royal Highness, "I am longing to see."

And the bouquet! It had been entirely forgotten! Effie suggested it should be given to Mary, and the pupils received the idea with applause. It was Mary's hour of triumph. Her schoolfellows gave her a perfect ovation.

Mlle. Latour was triumphant. She it was who, acting on mere suspicion, had boldly taxed Effie with the theft, and had insisted on this public reparation, threatening to denounce her herself if she refused to confess. So Mary left the school in a whirlwind of congratulations, carrying the bouquet with her. Her life has been chequered since with many lights and shades; but that final scene of her school-life has ever remained the most vivid impression of her girlhood. I think if you were to ask her, she would be obliged to confess that she still keeps, locked away in a drawer, some faded flowers from the bouquet intended for the princess.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ALDYTH WAKES FROM A DREAM.

ALDYTH did not have the promised talk with her mother on the morrow. Several days passed, all so full of occupation that Mrs. Stanton had no leisure hour to spare for her eldest daughter. "When we get into our own house we shall have more time with each other, darling," her mother would say with a smile and caress, and then drive away with her husband and Gladys to visit friends or inspect houses. Aldyth and her aunt went about sight-seeing in London with Nelly and Cecil. Aldyth tried hard to win the favour of her younger sister, but for some time with poor success. Nelly's shyness was not to be overcome. When they were out she kept as much with her brother as possible, and Aldyth thus often found herself her aunt's companion.

Nothing definite had been spoken on the subject, but the Stantons seemed to take it for granted that Aldyth would remain with her mother as long as she was in England. Miss Lorraine's appetite for town entertainments was not easily sated; but when a week had passed she began to talk of returning to Woodham. Mrs. Stanton, however, begged her to remain with Aldyth till early in the following week, when they would move into the house which had been taken at Bayswater.

On the afternoon of the last day of her stay in town Miss Lorraine decided that she would like to call on one or two friends, and, rather to Aldyth's surprise, did not invite her niece to accompany her. Aldyth went across to the hotel to find out what her sisters intended to do. She found Nelly by herself, hanging over the fire in the sitting-room, and looking far from amiable.

"What, all alone, Nelly?" she said. "Where are the others?"

"Oh, mamma and Gladys have gone shopping. I never knew anything like their shopping; there is no end to it. And papa and Cecil have gone to the hospital to make arrangements for Cecil studying there."

"So! And you are left all alone. Well, I am in the same lonely condition, for auntie has gone off to pay visits, and never so much as asked me if I would like to go with her."

"Oh, I am used to that sort of thing," said Nelly, forlornly. "Mamma never cares to have me with her. I am too ugly and awkward."

"Oh, Nelly! how can you say such things of yourself?" exclaimed Aldyth.

"It is true," said Nelly. "Mamma feels that I am no credit to her, and she is ashamed for me to be seen. Oh, you need not look shocked, Aldyth. You do not know mamma yet."

"I hope you are mistaken in so judging her," said Aldyth, gently. "But now, Nelly, what shall we do, since we are left to ourselves?"

"I don't care," said Nelly, indifferently.

"Would you like to go across to the National Gallery? We seem to have neglected that just because it is so near. There are some of the finest pictures in the world to be seen there. But perhaps you do not care for looking at pictures."

"I care very much," said Nelly, brightening. "I really like pictures more than Gladys, only I do not make such a fuss about them as she does."

So they went to the Gallery, and spent a couple of hours there very pleasantly. Aldyth found that Nelly took a real and intelligent interest in the pictures. Aldyth, who was a devout disciple of Ruskin, had a profound admiration of Turner, and she soon kindled in Nelly a like enthusiasm for his paintings. Together they studied the slight sketches, which give such interesting indications of the gradual development of his genius.

As they talked them over Nelly grew confidential, and told her sister of her great desire to study art—a desire which would not be quenched by the efforts of all her family to throw cold water upon it.

"I want mamma to let me study at South Kensington," she said; "but she says it is of no use, for I should never do anything worth doing. She is going to look for a school for me as soon as she can find time. I am to go as a weekly boarder. *Is not that horrid?*"

"Perhaps you will like it better than you expect," said Aldyth. "No doubt there will be a good drawing master."

"Ah, that would be nice," said Nelly. "But all mamma wants is to get me out of the way. You know mamma means to get Gladys married whilst we are over here."

"Nelly!" said Aldyth.

"Ah, you are shocked at my saying so; but it is perfectly true. Mamma is determined that Gladys shall marry well. As for me, I don't know what mamma will do with me. I am afraid no one will ever want to marry me, and mamma will think it so disgraceful to have a daughter an old maid."

Aldyth could not help laughing at the way her sister said this.

"Indeed, Nelly, there is no disgrace in being an 'old maid,' as you call it," she said quickly; "it is far better to remain single than to make an unhappy marriage. And there are many honourable careers open to women. You might be an artist, perhaps."

"Ah, that would be delightful," said Nelly, her eyes kindling; "a great deal better than being married."

When they returned to the hotel, Nelly declared that she had thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon, and Aldyth was glad to feel that it had drawn them closer together. But she herself was far from experiencing perfect content. Day by day, in spite of her efforts to stifle it, a feeling of disappointment was growing stronger within her. "You do not know mamma yet," Nelly had said. Was it so indeed? Had she yet to learn her mother's true character, and was it so totally different from all that she had conceived it to be? The thought was full of pain. Aldyth tried to put it away from her—tried to persuade herself that she was attaching too much importance to the words of a thoughtless, ill-tempered child; but with all her endeavours the doubt was not to be dismissed.

And yet, as she watched her beautiful mother, and marked her queenly movements, her graceful kindliness, Aldyth found it hard to believe that her charming appearance masked a selfish, worldly spirit; for she saw her mother at her best. Eleanor Stanton was delighted to be again in London; her husband was completely under her sway; there was no one to oppose her will, and she was enjoying herself thoroughly. It was easy for her, as for many another woman, to be charming and loveable as long as her life was what she wished it to be.

It was close upon the dinner hour ere Miss Lorraine returned from her visits.

"You will be surprised when I tell you where I have been," she said as her niece helped her to change her dress—"I have been to Highgate to see Mrs. Glynne."

"Auntie!" exclaimed Aldyth in a tone of surprise—

"Yes, I thought I should like to see Susie again; we were great friends at school, and now I know her son so well I thought it would be nice to go and see her. And I am glad I went, for she seemed very pleased. I did not see Mr. Glynne, for he is at Woodham. The school re-opened last week."

"Yes, I know," said Aldyth.

"She is a sweet woman," said Miss Lorraine, talking as fast as the exigencies of her toilet would permit. "They live in a tiny house; but everything is as neat and as nice as possible. Aldyth, what are you thinking of? Not that cap. And I saw the daughter, a pleasant girl, not pretty but clever-looking."

"Oh, auntie, I wish you had taken me with you," exclaimed Aldyth.

"Oh, my dear, that would not have done at all," said her aunt, decidedly.

Aldyth coloured, and refrained from inquiring why it would not have done.

It was not without regret that she saw her aunt start for Woodham on the following day.

"It does seem strange that you should go home without me," she said. "If it were not that I am to be with mother, I should be sorry."

"I shall miss you dreadfully," said Miss Lorraine. "Home will seem strange without you. Now mind you come down, Aldyth, whenever you can. Bring one of your sisters with you, if you like; but be sure to come when you want a little country air."

"Of course I will," said Aldyth. "Remember me to uncle and Guy, and do not forget my message to the Blands. Good-bye."

Then the train glided out of the station, and Aldyth went back to her new home and new life.

"Have you not a letter from your uncle?" Mrs. Stanton inquired of Aldyth one morning, a few days later, as they sat at the breakfast table. By this time they were settled in the house at Bayswater, and beginning to feel at home there.

Aldyth replied in the affirmative.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Stanton. "I thought I could not be mistaken in the clear, old-fashioned writing, though it is many years since I have seen it. Does he send me any message?"

"No, he does not," said Aldyth, a little embarrassed by the question.

"Oh, I did not expect it," said Mrs. Stanton, with a laugh. "I know well he is no friend to me. How is the poor old man?"

"He does not say how he is," replied Aldyth. "He tells me about the horses and dogs, and the meet last week at Wood Corner."

"Do you ever hunt?" asked Gladys, eagerly.

"No," said Aldyth, "Guy has often tried to persuade aunt to let me, but she does not like the idea of a lady's hunting. Kitty Bland has ridden after the hounds once or twice, but her mother is very nervous about it."

"I would not mind what your aunt thinks," said Gladys, coolly; "I would go if I were you, Aldyth."

"My dear Gladys," said Mrs. Stanton, reprovingly, "I am glad that Aldyth has a better notion than you of what is becoming conduct in a young lady towards her seniors."

Gladys shrugged her shoulders and made a grimace.

"Does not your Cousin Guy write to you, Aldyth?" asked Mrs. Stanton, in so meaning a tone that it brought a quick flush to the girl's cheek.

"Oh, dear, no," she said hurriedly, "that is the last thing Guy would think of doing. He will never write to anyone unless he is obliged."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Stanton, and let the subject drop. She watched her daughter intently for a few seconds. She had already questioned Miss Lorraine pretty closely as to the relations subsisting between Aldyth and her cousin, and had drawn her own conclusions from that lady's reluctant replies.

Some time later, as Aldyth sat writing a letter in the breakfast-room, her mother entered, her wool work in her hand, and settled herself in an easy-chair by the fire, evidently intending to remain there.

"How cold it is!" she said, holding out her hands towards the blaze. "I have sent Gladys to take a walk in the

park with her father. He does not like walking alone, and it is better he should have company, for I am still anxious about him. To tell you the truth, Aldyth, he had a slight stroke of paralysis before he left Australia, and that, you know, is very alarming."

"Yes, indeed," said Aldyth, looking startled; "I had no idea his illness was so serious as that."

"It was, and after that, you know, one cannot tell what may happen," said Mrs. Stanton, in an easy, comfortable tone as she warmed her hands; "I am sure no one knows what anxiety I have gone through. He has had so much worry in his business; the doctor insisted on his giving up everything and coming away at once. He is in partnership with his brother; but they don't work well together, somehow. But I must not talk to you now, you are busy."

"Oh, no; this letter is of no consequence," said Aldyth, laying down her pen; "I am only too happy to listen to you, mother—mamma, I mean."

She rose from her place at the table, and took a seat opposite to her mother.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Stanton, sweetly, "that is right. Now we can have a nice, cosy talk; but we will not discuss my troubles. Tell me about your life at Woodham, my dear child."

"I think you have heard all that there is to tell," said Aldyth; "you know it is a very quiet place."

"Detestably quiet," said Mrs. Stanton; "I never could bear Woodham. I always disliked it when as a girl I used to go over there from Colchester, and my great dread when I became engaged to your father was that he would want me to live at Woodham. Well, I have escaped that, have I not? Do you often go to Wyndham?"

"Almost every week," said Aldyth. "Uncle always complains if I let a week pass without his seeing me."

"Ah, you are a great favourite with your uncle; I am very glad of that," said her mother, fervently. "Now tell me about your cousin—what sort of a man is he?"

"He is tall," said Aldyth, with a sparkle of fun in her eyes, "and he has broad shoulders, and he is very strong. His hair is light and his face ruddy; his eyes, I think, are blue; he has good features, and many people consider him good-looking. He rides well, is a bold hunter, a crack shot, and altogether a splendid specimen of a country gentleman."

"Oh, my dear! I don't want all these details," said her mother. "Tell me, do you like him? Are you great friends?"

"Yes, we are good friends," said Aldyth, carelessly; "you see I have known him all my life; he is almost a brother to me."

"Now, that is nonsonse, Aldyth," said Mrs. Stanton, quickly; "cousins cannot be brothers, and, after all, he is only your second cousin. What I want to know—and I think I as your mother have a right to ask—is whether he has ever given you cause to suppose that he wishes to marry you?"

Aldyth's face grew crimson. She was silent. It was a curious proof of the subtle change that had taken place in her feelings with regard to her mother that whereas at the time of Guy's proposal she had longed to tell it all to her mother, now that the subject was thus introduced she shrunk from its discussion, and would gladly have evaded it altogether.

"Surely you can tell me, dearest," said her mother, seeing her hesitation. "Who can care for your welfare as I do? If your happiness is bound up with your cousin's, tell me so."

There was something so ludicrous to Aldyth in the idea suggested by her mother's words, that she could not help laughing.

"Oh, mamma, it is not so, I assure you," she said; "I should never care for Guy in that way. He did ask me to marry him a little while ago, but he quite understands now that it can never be."

"But why?" asked Mrs. Stanton, a look of vexation clouding her brow. "My dear Aldyth, I do hope you have not been misled by the foolish, romantic notions some girls have about love. How could you be so blind to your own interests as to refuse your cousin? Do you forget that he is the heir of Wyndham?"

"I do not see what that has to do with it, mamma," said Aldyth; "you would not have me marry a man whom I cannot truly love?"

"But you say that you like him, that you are good friends," persisted Mrs. Stanton; "what more would you have? What is this love you dream of? It is all very well in novels and poems, but in real life one has to be guided by practical considerations. Does not your uncle desire this marriage?"

"Yes, he would like it," said Aldyth, in a low, pained tone.

"Then, my dear, how can you be so foolish? Do you not know how ready your uncle is to take offence? If you cross his will, you may lose your inheritance, as your poor father did. Stephen Lorraine has never said what were his intentions concerning you, but I always thought that he meant you should share Guy's fortune. Oh, dear! I would not have had you act so foolishly for the world; but perhaps it is not yet too late to set things right."

"You do not understand me, mamma," said Aldyth. "I am sorry to displease you, but I can never, never marry Guy. It would be most wrong of me to do so, feeling as I do."

"Then there is some one else you care for," said Mrs. Stanton, sharply.

Aldyth flushed. "You are mistaken," she said, coldly, "there is no one else; but I cannot see that makes any difference."

"Well, of all foolish, unpractical girls you are the worst I could ever imagine," said Mrs. Stanton, indignantly. "Why, most girls would jump at such an offer."

But Aldyth had risen, and was hurrying from the room. She ran upstairs with hot tears in her eyes, and a choking sensation in her throat. She was indignant with her mother for uttering such words. It was a sore wound to find that the mother, whom unknown she had loved devotedly all her life, was capable of giving her such low, worldly counsel. It was no longer possible to hide from herself the keen disappointment she was suffering. The truth was not to be disguised. Her mother, beautiful, charming, gracious as she appeared, was not the mother of whom she had dreamed through long years. The hopes she had built on her home-coming were all delusive. The perfect sympathy, the mutual confidence and help to which she had looked forward, were not to be. As she recognised this fact, certain words of Christina Rossetti's kept repeating themselves in Aldyth's mind—

"The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake."

Were other things dreams too? Was she, indeed, foolishly romantic, as her mother had said? Were her ideals all mistaken? The glorious visions of the poets, were they illusive? The grand possibilities that life had seemed to her to hold, as she studied the inspiring utterances of the great teachers of mankind, were they too phantasmal? Was there, indeed, no poetry in life, and would she be wiser if she consented to follow the dictates of vulgar, worldly prudence?

In the heart-sickness caused by the shock of her first real disappointment Aldyth questioned everything. What was the good of life if it were so low and sordid, so barren of all that is truly noble and elevating? But presently healthier feelings returned to her. She had taken refuge in her room, and was sitting gazing dully before her, when a ray of wintry sunshine entering through the window gleamed on a tiny bunch of violets which Nelly had placed on her dressing-table. Aldyth caught them up, and their beauty and sweetness comforted her. After all, the world was not the dreary place she had been imagining it. God was in the world, God, working ever for righteousness and purity, and loveliness, and God was love. Did not the poet Browning say that the grand lesson of life was to learn love—what love had been, what love might be? "I believe in love and God," said Aldyth to herself; "and, God helping me, I will be true to my ideal of what my life should be. I will not love my mother less because she is not just what I had fancied she would be. Is not a certain amount of forbearance necessary in every human relationship? I will strive to be to my mother all that a daughter should be, and perhaps in time she will come to think as I do about things. I hope she did not see how impatient and angry I felt just now."

And Aldyth dried her eyes, and seeing that the sunshine looked inviting, put on her hat and jacket, and set off to take her usual remedy for depression—a good walk.

(*To be continued.*)

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARIADNE.—Ask for the help of the Holy Spirit to forget yourself in your care for others. If you love certain persons truly, you must necessarily exercise self-abnegation for their comfort and happiness. Why do you make such hideous substitutes for the capital "I," when using it as a relative pronoun? It really looks as if "I" (myself) were the most prominent and remarkable of personages in your letter! The French write the word "je" ("I") with a small instead of a capital letter, which certainly looks unassuming and modest; however, this could not be done in English, and an ordinary capital letter should be used.

C. SYDNEY.—Either method would be correct; but the use of the initial "e" is considered rather more elegant, that is, "enquire," not "inquire." In the Latin the "i" is employed, and in Spanish also; but in French and Provençal the "e" is used.

MARIGOLD.—The meaning of the term "Janus-faced," as applied to any individual, is that they are guilty of duplicity, and are double-faced. The origin is found in the figure of the ancient Roman deity, called Janus, who was represented as having two faces, one on each side of the same head, looking in opposite directions. A temple was dedicated to him in Rome, which was never closed, excepting in a rare time of universal peace.

GENEVIEVE.—The quotation about which you inquire is certainly not from any well-known author, nor would it be creditable to an obscure one. We are glad you like our paper.

GOLDEN GERTY should slope her letters gracefully from right to left. When you are sixteen you might begin to take singing lessons, for not more than half an hour at a time, till the voice has gradually strengthened.

A DEFICIENT ONE should study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, to be had at our publishers.

LADY HORSESHOE needs to study many more rules of good-breeding than that in reference to shaking hands with strangers on a first introduction. She also needs lessons in becoming humility and modesty, as well as in writing and spelling. She writes in very presumptuous condemnation of what she calls our "searel stories," and complains that she "can't reed" some of them. Probably this is true, as she cannot yet spell. She is so good as to say she "hopes we shall think of her advice and criticisms," and that she is, nevertheless, our's "truely." She adds that she is "in her teens." It would be better if she were in her nursery.

A. B. E.—Drabs, greys, and stone colour will be the prevailing colours of the spring season. Your first query we may dismiss with the answer, "No." The colour of your dress and the ends to your cap have nothing to do with such questions.

JESSAMINE.—Yes, Martin F. Tupper did write the novel "Stephen Langton; or, the Days of King John," published in 1858.

SUMMER.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 549.] JULY 5, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

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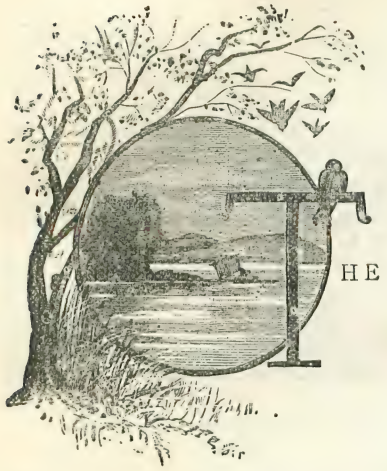
"MUCH CAST DOWN."

CHAPTER XIII.

FLO.



following day the atmosphere of the farm was heavy. Mr. Dauncey took little notice of his granchildren, and Weatherley felt personally aggrieved. Belle was worried in a thousand ways, and but for Molly, who always knew everything, must have broken down under her burdens. It was Molly who amused and occupied the little girls while Belle wrote that fateful letter to Charlie, and Molly who set Weatherley to superintend the farm work. He was equal to the occasion, and almost forgot that he had two belligerent grandfathers ready to quarrel over him. At any rate, they were all out of the way when Belle sat down at the old bureau and began "My dearest Charlie." Her pen flowed glibly enough, though her heart was torn by many conflicting emotions; the most powerful of which was anxiety concerning that dear brother. They had not heard from him for a fortnight; and she wished with all her heart that there were no such country as America in the world.

Still, she told her story, and asked him to be careful in his reply. Advise him she could not; for, look where she would, there were complications, and if this great fortune turned out a myth, she knew not what would become of him or his children. Indeed, she scarcely knew what would become of any of them, for her father could think of little but his hoped-for wealth, and neglected the farm in his great expectations.

He came in before she had finished, and stood by the bureau. He said he supposed she was writing about this "new speculation," as he termed it; for he had recovered his temper, though he had not changed his mind. Temper and mind are independent, though they act and re-act on each other. He had a versatile mind and a hot temper. Belle was glad to see him in his normal state, and answered him cheerfully that she was simply stating the squire's proposal to Charlie; then she ventured to add that if the squire adopted Weatherley she did not see that it need interfere with their relations with the boy. But she saw that her father was obstinate in his resolution and not likely to change.

"So long as I pay my rent I am under no obligation to old Weatherley," he said. "He is an unforgiving tyrant, and wants everything his own way. But if he gets the boy, I'll have no more to say to him. I don't wonder he's taken a fancy to him, for he's a fine, independent fellow, in spite of his conceited London ways and his cane."

Belle was glad to hear her father give a slight chuckle, and changed the subject to the next-of-kin. Once set upon that he forgot everything else. He was as hot upon that as ever.

"We can snap our fingers at the squire and everybody else when we get Jabez Dauncey's money," he said. "Why, we can buy him up, body and soul. Tell Charlie that rather than give up my claim, I'll join him, even if I cheat old Weatherley of his rent!"

"Aunt Belle, Aunt Belle!" broke in young voices, and the three children appeared, shouting, "A letter from father."

They had waylaid the postman as usual.

The letter was addressed to Belle, and she glanced through it, her father and the children watching her intently.

"What's the matter? Something is wrong," cried Dauncey, for the joy vanished from her face as she read.

"Charlie has been laid up," she replied. "But he says he is nearly well again."

Mr. Dauncey seized the letter, and ran through it.

"One of his old attacks of nervous depression; that's all. Business delayed—complications—no great progress as yet—claimants—everybody very kind—love to the dear children; hope they are good and obedient. Charlie all over," he commented.

"Will you read it out, Aunt Belle?" asked Weatherley.

There was not much to read, for the letter was short and somewhat disjointed. It was evident that the writer was making the best of his position, and Belle feared that he had been worse than he allowed. Weatherley, who was looking over her shoulder, exclaimed—

"It isn't like father's writing. Look, Aunt Belle, how shaky it is."

"Of course he's weak after a feverish attack," said hopeful Mr. Dauncey. "Charlie was always having attacks of one kind or another."

"Indeed he was not, grandfather," spoke up Marjory. "He never used to be ill."

"He never gave way," put in oracular Weatherley; "but I know he used to be very weak. I wish he had never gone to America."

So did Belle; but her father would not allow the indisposition to be of moment, and sent the children hastily from the room, in order that he might discuss it with his daughter, exclaiming, as Weatherley disappeared—

"He is the most bumptious, conceited boy I ever saw in my life!" Then, to Belle, "I am almost inclined to go myself and see after Charlie and the business."

"There is no money, father. I don't see how it can be managed," said Belle, cautiously. "Besides, Charlie is really better, and I hope there is no cause for alarm."

Her voice belied her words, for there was a tremulous choke in it, which, however, preoccupied Dauncey did not perceive.

"Pearce will lend me a trifle. He is so fond of you, Belle, that I'm sure there is nothing he would not do for us."

"Oh, father!" cried alarmed Belle, "don't go to him! You owe him more than you can pay already; and I would not be under an obligation to him for the world."

"But perhaps you would to save your brother's life, and to get all that Dauncey fortune. We could pay him off then, and you could pick and choose and marry a prince. For our nobility go in for big American fortunes nowadays, taking the incumbrance with them, as Miss Dulcey says. I'm not sure whether you would be attractive enough, but Flo would."

"Flo is attractive enough for anything," sighed Belle; "but I should be sorry to think she was to be thrown into the scales along with the money, even if the prince turned up."

"Whatever happens, I do not mean to give up the next-of-kin, and I will consult Pearce about it," said Dauncey, walking rapidly.

Belle rose from her bureau and arrested him. She held him by the arm, and looked so resolute that he was fain to listen to her.

"You must not consult him while there is any other chance," she said. "Better use the money laid by for the rent, or sell the hay, or anything, if you are determined to go to America; but better still to wait for another letter. Dear father! for my sake, have no more to do with Mr. Pearce. Indeed he does not bear a high character, and you, who are honest and trustful, cannot understand him. Let me at least consult Miss Dulcey."

"No, Belle. She is too generous, and would give the money. I could not accept it, though Charlie could, as her nephew-in-law. I will at least wait till the next mail. But what if Charlie should be worse?"

"We must try to leave him to God's care, father. Only let us do what is right."

"Right! I wonder what is right? Your mother was always pestering me with that word, and now you are for ever using it. I know it is right that I should see after the men, so finish your letter, and tell Charlie I'll go out to him if he wants me."

Poor Belle sat down again, and took up the thread of her broken epistle. She had already disposed of the squire and Weatherley, and set to work to reply to Charlie's letter, and to tell him what his father said. This was no easy task; for she believed that father and son were equally unpractical, and that it needed slight impulse to send the one across the Atlantic to the other.

When she had finished she went in search of the children. She found them in Flo's parlour, trying to console one another; for they had taken it into their heads that father was very ill, and would,

perhaps, die. As she entered the room, Marjory, who was the little preacher of the family, was saying, gravely, that if he died he would be very happy, because he would go to heaven to their mother, and it could not be much farther to heaven than to America. Weatherley had Mamy on his knee, and looked much cast down. He had not recovered from the dispute with his grandfather the previous evening, and had been watching for an opportunity to "have it out with him," as he expressed it: by which he meant, to apologise, if necessary.

"My dear children," began Belle, cheerfully, "I hope there is not much the matter with your father." As she spoke there was a sudden stir in the passage, accompanied by a joyful bark from Rover. In another moment the door was burst open, and in came "a dancing shape, a figure gay," at sight of which Belle and the children uttered a glad cry.

"Flo! Aunt Flo!"

This was the cry, and instantly two sisters, who dearly loved one another, were folded in a close embrace. Then there was much hugging of the three children, and finally the new-comer rushed back to the hall door, exclaiming that the fly was waiting, and the luggage must be brought in. Molly arrived in great excitement, with, "Miss Flo! There's glad I am," on her lips, and she was followed by Joe, who had seen the fly drive through the yard. The hubbub was great, and in the midst of it up sauntered Mr. Dauncey.

"Flo! my darling!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, father, here I am at last!" returned the truant daughter, and cast her graceful arms about her father. "Oh! I am glad to come home again. There's no place like home."

"How long will you think so, Flo?" asked her father, laughing, and forgetting late chagrin at the sight of his spoilt pet. "How well you look, child! A little brown, perhaps, but wonderfully healthy. Travelling suits you."

"I've had enough of it for the present. I mean to settle down," replied Flo, paying the driver with an air that drew forth an admiring laugh from her father, and an order to Molly that the man and horse should have a feed.

Belle, meanwhile, was superintending the transport of the luggage upstairs, and when this was accomplished, they all returned together to the parlour, the children clinging to Flo, whom they had known before Aunt Belle.

"Where is Mrs. Prendergast? Why are you back before the time appointed?" asked Belle.

"You shall know all when I have had something to eat. We have been travelling two nights and a day without intermission, and I do really feel a little tired. Shall we go upstairs?"

Belle bade the children tell Molly to hasten dinner, and the sisters went upstairs to their room.

"Dearest of dear Belles! sweetest of sweet rooms!" cried Flo, again kissing her sister. "There was nothing like either of you abroad, and it is like a dream to be here once more."

"Sentimental as ever," laughed Belle, unfastening Flo's mantle, and emptying the water-jug into the capacious basin.

"Delicious; plenty of water and big, clean towels," said Flo, dipping her face into the water, and afterwards rubbing it up.

Belle watched her with a satisfied smile. She was, at least, not changed for the worse, though the fashion of her hair was altered. Flo, like the rest of her sex, was always changing the cut of her hair, as if personal beauty and general attractiveness depended entirely on the arrangement of certain locks, which became long or short, coiled or loose, according to the fashion. At the moment Flo's were much frizzed and curled in front and drawn up at the back into a golden twist which rested on the crown of her head, and here and there a somewhat coquettish short curl touched her forehead lightly. It would be as difficult to describe Flo's golden head as her face. She had large, liquid blue eyes, that met the gaze of other eyes with childlike confidence. Her other features were strictly classical, by which we are supposed to understand that she had a straight nose and pretty mouth, etc. We get tired of the enumeration of female charms, and leave the rest to the imagination. But her figure was singularly easy and graceful, and she clothed it in a way peculiar to herself. Her bodice was always loose, her skirts flowing, and she eschewed an exuberance of frills and furbelows, which interfered, as she knew well enough, with the natural grace of her form. No one could tell whether she was conscious or not of the admiration she excited, go where she would; apparently she was unconscious, and this added to her charm.

"You have wetted that cunning curl," said Belle; "you usen't to have one there, above the forehead."

She looked in the glass and gave a touch here and there to the tortured locks.

"You are wisest, after all, Belle. You always look the same, and I love your smooth head," she said, tenderly stroking her sister's hair.

As they went downstairs, Flo's arm encircled Belle's waist, and so they entered the dining-room.

"Not improved, Flo. Dinner waiting," said Mr. Dauncey. "Can you condescend to farmhouse fare after all the foreign kickshaws?"

"Oh, it is delightful! I am so happy!" replied Flo.

Her appetite did not belie her words, and she made a good dinner. In spite of fatigue, she managed to tell her tale during its course, her father and the others listening with interest. Mrs. Prendergast had resolved to return before she originally intended, Flo did not quite know why. She was a charming woman, and had been most kind. Indeed, there had been nothing but enjoyment during their tour. She was much obliged to Miss Dulcey for recommending her as *compagnon de voyage*, and had promised Mrs. Prendergast to accompany her again, if she wanted her. They had parted at Orchardson Station, because Mrs. Prendergast went straight home, and she thought it best that she—Flo—should do the same.

"Mr. Mulready seemed so glad to see me, and was so very, very kind," she said, looking at Belle. "He saw to my luggage and the fly, while the porter looked after Mrs. Prendergast's and took it to her carriage, which was waiting. He desired to be remembered to you and father, and sent you that bouquet, which——I verily believe I left it in the fly, and perhaps it will go back to him."

"Oh, Flo! How could you!" put in Belle, aggrieved.

"I quite forgot it. I am so sorry!" cried Flo, whose memory was never good for trifles, and who was always getting into trouble for want of thought.

"What does it matter? It is only a few flowers," said Mr. Dauncey; but Belle was quite put out.

Flo did not perceive it, and chattered on, much to her father's delight. She was not aware that Mr. Mulready and Belle were good friends, and soon forgot the bouquet, if Belle did not. All the same she said that she had seen nothing abroad so pretty as Orchardson Station, and thought Mr. Mulready must be a born gentleman, he was so polite and had such good manners.

When dinner was over, Flo went to lie down. Belle insisted on her resting before entering further upon her various adventures, and while she slept long and peacefully in the room they had shared together since childhood, Belle and the little girls went to tell Miss Dulcey of her return. Nothing happened at Hollyfield that was not instantly communicated to Miss Dulcey.

She was much interested both in Flo and the events of the previous evening, and having sent the children into the garden, she began to talk about the squire and Weatherley. When Belle related what had passed at the farm after the concert, she said it was just what she had expected; but when she heard of Charlie's illness, she was greatly concerned. Belle did not mention the new difficulty connected with her father's proposed visit to America, but shrewd Miss Dulcey saw clearly enough that fresh weight lay somewhere or other on her god-daughter's amply burdened mind.

"My opinion is that Charlie will keep Weatherley with him, fortune or no fortune," she said; "and one can't blame him. Of course if you get the millions, the world would declare him right; if they go elsewhere, they will say he is wrong. That's the way of the world, Belle. Public opinion follows success—get a fortune to-day and you are a hero; lose it to-morrow, and you are a fool. That would be your father's state. As to Charlie's, I am afraid he is weak both in body and mind. Now, don't take up his cudgels! I mean he is too amiable to be decided, and an amiable man is useless out of his own family. There he is an idol, or ought to be; for there is a reverse side even in that delightful picture."

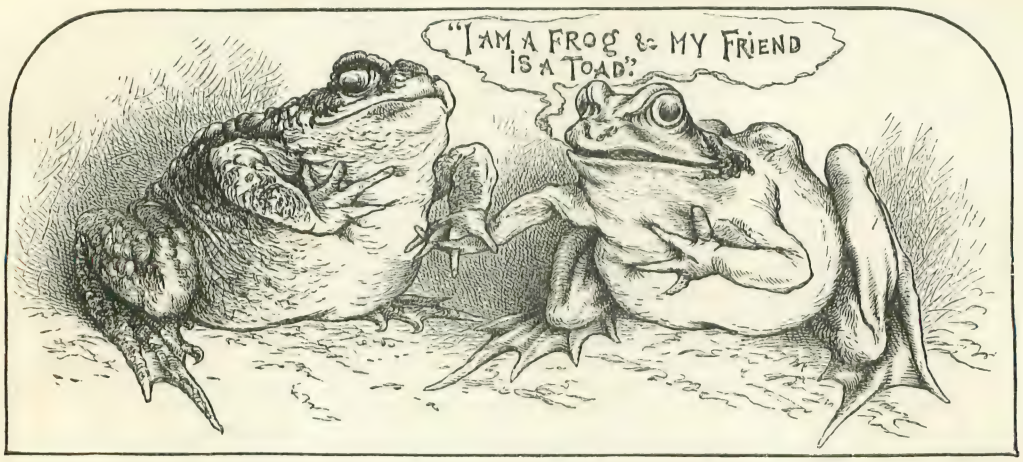
"Weatherley is not exactly what one would call amiable," said Belle, reflectively.

"No, he is masterful," returned Miss

Dulcey, "which has been the means of his attracting my brother to him. I think he will do. But what is to become of Flo? She will be a duchess if you get the fortune; if you are ruined, as you must be if you lose it, she is good for nothing. Why didn't she go in for the 'higher education of women,' instead of frittering away her time over accomplishments? Not that I believe in your certificated and learned ladies. Between ourselves, I hate 'em."

When Miss Dulcey wound up thus, Belle knew that the argument was closed. But she was always asking herself, what could Flo do? If she was too attractive for a companion, there seemed no other door opened to her. It was evident that Mrs. Prendergast had found her, if not exactly a rival, at any rate a hindrance; and since she was neither highly accomplished nor "certificated," she was not capable of obtaining a permanent situation as governess. In spite of oracular Miss Dulcey, Belle's common sense told her that it was best to qualify yourself for some sort of occupation if obliged to earn your livelihood. She had qualified herself for housekeeping and country work generally, and she knew she could secure a situation if obliged to leave home. But Flo's training had been so desultory, that she was fitted for nothing but a companion, and she was too attractive for that. Belle thought of her as she was at that moment, happy in sleep and unconsciousness, and wondered how she would feel when she awoke and realised that she was condemned to the dulness of Castle Farm, and, perhaps, daily tuition at the vicarage. Belle had been accustomed to her complaints when she returned from her visits to Charlie and Amy in London, and, in spite of her sisterly love, she dreaded them.

(To be continued.)



SNAKES, TOADS, AND OTHER ALARMING CREATURES.

By DARLEY DALE.

LONDON girls are often painfully nervous at the strange creatures they come across when on a visit to their country cousins, and the country cousins often share their ignorance if not their fears. A walk through a wood on a hot summer's day is fraught with fear, lest a snake should dart out and bite or sting (they are not quite sure which) the pretty, unwise things. Or they come across a dead blindworm which a previous more intrepid passer-by has slain, and the burying beetles have not had time to bury; this terrible sight provokes sundry screams and rustling of skirts and fluttering of feathers on the part of the town cousins.

In vain the country cousins suggest the horror is dead. It was once alive; and who knows if it is harmless even now? Or they are comfortably seated in a dry wood eating their luncheon, when a rustling among the undergrowth close by attracts their attention, and, horror of horrors! a viper slinks away. Now this is a legitimate fear; but in all probability they are too comfortable to pay much attention to it; it is gone and won't return, and the country cousins, with superior wisdom, are sure it is only a common snake, and therefore harmless. Then some wasps are attracted by the jam tarts, and, dear, dear, the commotion they cause! Up jump the girls, buzz, buzz, buzz the wasps, a battle ensues, the girls dodge the wasps, the wasps pursue the girls, and the end is a girl is stung, whereas if the group had sat still, in all probability no one would have been hurt.

Another day a town cousin has a terrible escape—an earwig is actually found on her counterpane in the middle of the day; it might have been in the middle of the night, and it might have been on her pillow, and then, of course, the result would have been fatal, for the earwig would have crawled into her ear, and the poor, pretty victim would have succumbed to her agonies.

For isn't it the sole mission in life of earwigs to crawl into people's ears? Does not their very name indicate as much? And don't they pinch dreadfully with those forceps-like tails? What other possible use can they put their tails to? Why were such ugly, useless, dreadful, cruel creatures made?

Again our girls were lingering in the garden one balmy but rare summer's evening, and a great toad dared to cross their path; the ugly, ill-mannered thing swelled its body out and spat at them, and naturalists only know what further insolence and wickedness it would have been guilty of, if they had not rushed into the house in fear and trembling lest it should jump after them.

Poor toad! It could not if it would.

A degree less repulsive are the croaking, jumping frogs they meet, in such numbers and such varying sizes, in a marshy meadow another day; but the pretty frogs are condemned as small toads, and pronounced venomous reptiles.

And, oh! the terror, a lizard, which, darting across a sunny bank one glorious day, struck into the hearts of all the cousins, town and country alike. Just fancy, if the creature had stung one of them, with that long, vicious-looking tail; short shrift indeed must have sufficed the victim, if, indeed, death were not instantaneous!

Poor pretty little lizard, how they malign it

Leaving the wasps and earwigs out of the question, for wasps undoubtedly sting, and earwigs we will return to presently—and neither are reptiles, with which we are chiefly concerned—let us remark, for the comfort of all our girls who need it, that the only British reptile which can hurt us is the viper. The common snake is perfectly harmless, so is the very rare smooth snake and the blindworm; lizards can neither bite nor sting; frogs are absolutely harmless, and the worst the toad can do is to emit a watery liquid which is innocuous. That the bite of the viper is dangerous is perfectly true; it is the only poisonous reptile indigenous to England and Scotland; in Ireland it does not exist—it was banished from that island, with the snake, by Saint Patrick hundreds of years ago, and has never dared to return.

Here it is too plentiful, particularly in chalky districts, where it may be found in dry woods and on sandy banks in warm weather. In the winter it hibernates at the foot of a tree, or in a hollow stump, or in a hole in a bank, coiled up with other vipers.

It is between two and three feet long; the head is thicker than the body, the tail pointed; its colour is a dingy yellow, with black markings, and it may be distinguished from the common snake by the following marks:—

The viper is found in dry places; the snake in damp spots.

The snake is larger than the viper.

The viper has numerous small plates on its head; the snake has few, but large, plates on its head.

The viper has a dark, zigzag, blotched line down the entire length of its body; the snake is spotted all over with a darker colour.

The tail of the snake tapers far more than the tail of the viper, which is better described as pointed.

The head of the snake is more depressed and more pointed.

The viper is marked with an obscure V on its crown.

Both snake and viper are so quick in their movements that only an accustomed eye could distinguish one from the other at a glance; so, perhaps, as the bite of the viper is very dangerous, our girls will err on the safe side in fleeing from both.

The viper strikes rather than bites; it coils itself up with the upper part of its body raised in the air, and then, quick as thought, darts its head forward and strikes its tooth, behind which its venom is secreted, into its victim.

The warmer the weather the more virulent the poison, but if promptly treated the bite is seldom fatal in this climate. The best thing to do when bitten by a viper is to suck the wound at once, and tie a tight bandage above it; on reaching a house, wash the wound well and apply olive oil, and give the patient a dose of ammonia. There is one peculiarity of a comforting nature about the bite of a viper—his poison is quickly exhausted, so that if he inflicts two wounds, the second wound is not so serious as the first, the third is less venomous than the second, and so on; this applies to all serpents whose bite is poisonous.

Vipers bring forth their young in eggs, which are hatched before they leave the mother's body; from twelve to twenty of these very undesirable reptiles are hatched at a birth, and so pugnacious are they that they will put themselves into an attitude of defence if irritated directly they are born.

The common snake, though quite as alarming as the adder or viper in appearance and manner—for both give one that strange thrill of horror a serpent, and a serpent only, can produce—is perfectly harmless, and this is a consolation to the nervous, seeing that it is also very common in all damp places in England and Scotland. Like the adder, it has never been seen in Ireland since the days of St. Patrick. It is rather larger than the viper and handsomer; perhaps it is vain also, for it changes its skin several times during the year.

This curious operation of changing its skin does not occur at any fixed time; before it takes place the animal is blind, for the whole skin becomes opaque; by degrees the old skin is detached from the body, then the snake cracks it at the neck, and, creeping through some thick undergrowth, leaves it attached to some bushes, and emerges in all the splendour of a new coat, fitting exquisitely, and far more brilliant than its discarded one, which is now called a "slough," and the whole operation is called "sloughing."

The snake feeds on birds, mice, lizards, and frogs, but the latter are its favourite food; it swallows all these unfortunate creatures whole, sometimes yawning afterwards, so that frogs have been seen to seize the opportunity and hop out again. It produces its young by eggs, but not in the same manner as the viper, which, to use a long word, is ovo-viviparous, while the snake is oviparous, that is, the young are hatched after the egg is separated from the parent. The common snake usually lays its eggs in a hotbed or in a dunghill, heat being necessary for the hatching of the young snakes, and having provided her offspring with the necessary warmth to bring them into the world, the snake takes no further trouble about them.

As we have said before, the snake is found in damp places and near water; sometimes it dives for water-newts when it desires a change of diet. Like the viper, it passes the winter in sleep in some secluded spot, generally in company with others.

Neither snake nor viper nor any serpents drink, nor do they require frequent food—one meal will last them for weeks or months, as their digestion is very slow, and when they do dine they dine well.

The blindworm, which our London cousins have doubtless stigmatised as a dreadful snake, is no snake at all, and perfectly harmless, though some ignorant people believe it to be most venomous. It is the connecting link between lizards and true serpents, for though so like a snake in appearance, it is no serpent. It has no forked tongue like a serpent; its jaws do not expand like the jaws of a snake; its eyes have movable eyelids, like a lizard's, and it has rudimentary legs beneath its skin.

It has very small eyes, hence one of its names, the blindworm; it is very slow in its movements, hence its other name of the slow-worm. Like snakes, it casts its "slough," but never eats it afterwards. If attacked it becomes rigid, and though you may break you cannot bend it; if you attempt to do so you will break it; if you catch hold of it by the tail it will escape, leaving a piece of the tail in your hand. It has the power of reproducing this tail to a certain extent, or perhaps it would be less prodigal of it.

The slowworm is much smaller than the viper or the common snake; it varies from ten to fourteen inches in length, and is of a brownish steely-grey colour.

It produces its young in the same way as the viper, bringing forth from seven to twelve at a time. It passes the winter in sleep, coiled up with about half a dozen of its kind, but it bears cold better than the snake and viper, and comes out of its winter retreat earlier. In this country most reptiles hibernate for six months. During this time they neither eat nor grow, their respiration is very low, and their circulation very slow while this sleep lasts.

Just as harmless as the blindworm is the pretty little lizard, though he is a very near relation of the fierce crocodile, and a descendant of those huge Saurian reptiles with whose fossil remains our London girls at least must be familiar from seeing them in museums. A pretty, bright-eyed, slender, sun-loving little creature he is, very shy, and so active that he scarcely gives us time to glance at him as he darts across a sunny wall or bank; very graceful, too, in his quick movements. In the summer-time, indeed from early spring until the autumn, he may be seen basking in the sunshine, but so timid is he, that he will retreat into his hiding-place before the bravest of our country cousins has time to approach him.

The lizard found in this country is the small viviparous lizard, so called because it brings forth its young alive, as its name implies; ovo-viviparous is the exact description of its method of bringing forth its young, for instead of depositing her eggs the mother keeps them in her own body until the young are hatched. After this she does not pay them very much attention, but they are fully formed when hatched, and able to take care of themselves.

The food of this pretty little reptile—for a lizard is a true reptile, although a harmless one—is insects, which it darts at with great rapidity and swallows whole. Like other reptiles, it does not like our climate, and being unable to winter abroad, perhaps, too, aware that there are drawbacks even to that bliss, it very wisely goes to sleep till the warm days come again. It burrows in the ground, and retreats to this burrow when it is disturbed or alarmed. This little creature is almost the only reptile known in Ireland; its harmlessness, perhaps, prevailing with the saint, when he banished the snakes, to allow the pretty lizard to remain.

There is perhaps some excuse for shrinking from a toad, for, though harmless, the toad is undoubtedly a repulsive-looking creature; its slow movements, and its habit of discharging an unpleasant fluid when disturbed, do not add to its attractions, although this fluid is harmless. The toad requires very little air and very little food; at least it can sustain a prolonged fast with very little inconvenience, though all the tales of toads being shut up in wood or stone for years without either food or air must be taken for fables. It does not like cold, and becomes torpid during the winter, secreting itself in some hole or tree, or even among some stones, where it remains until the spring. In the spring it takes to the water, where it lays its eggs and remains until its young are hatched. Here it shows some taste for the beautiful, for it makes a very pretty necklace of its eggs, though we scarcely think any girl would care to wear it, for the jet-like beads are the young tadpoles, presently to break from the chain of transparent gluten in which they are set. These necklaces are in two strings, three or four feet long. The tadpoles live in the water until the early autumn, when they introduce themselves into the world as young toads.

The toad feeds on worms and insects of every kind; he is only particular that they should be alive, and to ensure this he prefers them to be in motion when he devours them. He catches his prey with his tongue, which is covered underneath with a viscid liquid to which the insect sticks. He darts his tongue in and out of his mouth, when he strikes an insect, so rapidly that you can scarcely witness the operation.

The toad changes his skin at intervals, and the operation is rather an interesting one to watch. The old skin splits down the centre of the back and front of the creature; by degrees it rolls back, and then the toad extricates itself by means of its mouth and feet, until it emerges in its bright new dress; it then rolls the old skin up into a small ball and swallows it.

If toads are repulsive, frogs, though they resemble them somewhat, are not. They are altogether more attractive; they are brighter in colour, generally smaller than toads, and much more active; they leap, while toads crawl; their bodies are polished and glistening, the toad's body is rough and dusky. The colour of the frog varies at different times, for he, too, changes his skin at intervals, and the new skin is always much brighter than the old, which gets faded with the wear and tear of the frog's active life.

Happily for our nervous London cousins, the tadpoles of the frog spend their life under water, for otherwise they are such odd-looking creatures that if met ashore, in all probability even the country cousins would be unable to give them a name, and who knows what mischief a lively imagination might not attribute to the poor innocent tadpoles!

But it is possible a fishing excursion might be organised, and perhaps some unhappy tadpole caught in the landing-net, so, lest he should strike terror into the fair fisher's heart, we will describe him. He is not in the least like a frog, so if a country cousin denies the fact that he will be one, let her be forgiven; he seems to be merely a head and tail—a large round black head, and a slender fringed tail; this is when he is quite a baby tadpole. If he should be six or eight weeks old when caught he will look like something between a frog and a lizard, for he will have developed legs, and the nearer he is to becoming a frog the less like a lizard is he, until at last the tail or lizard part disappears entirely and rapidly, and a full-blown frog is the result, as harmless as the tadpole.

So we find the only English reptile we need fear is the viper, and, common as it is, it is quite possible to spend years in the country without coming across one, though on a hot summer's day a dry wood is a very likely place to meet one.

Some girls seem afraid of every insect and animal they see, apparently on the principle that the unknown is to be avoided; hence a

large slug causes a panic, though, except to the gardener, it is perfectly harmless, in spite of its slimy path and great, soft, black body and horned head.

The larvæ of some insects are alarming-looking creatures to the uninitiated; for instance, the caterpillar of the goat-moth is a great soft thing, as large as a man's finger; it is harmless, but we don't advise any girl to touch it, for it gives out a strong and most offensive odour, which is very difficult to get rid of. Bees, wasps, hornets, gnats, and some flies are no *doubt troublesome; hornets* only are dangerous, and the first three are best left alone, as they rarely attack unless attacked. The gnat usually proclaims his presence in bedrooms by his trumpet-like hum, and as his bite is very venomous, it is better to have a gnat hunt where they are numerous before retiring. A veritable insect pest is the almost invisible *bête rouge* or harvest bug, which buries itself under the skin, making bumps which last for a fortnight; but it is such a tiny creature that there is no escape from its onslaughts; and the little midge is a still greater plague—greater in the sense of size, at any rate.

One precaution can be taken against these little plagues; put quassia-chips into your bath, this will make your skin so bitter that no insect will touch you.

As for earwigs, naturalists assure us that they are grossly maligned when it is said they creep into the ear; at the same time the writer knows two scientific men, one of whom was a botanist, the other a zoologist, though his line was among the microscopic infusoria; and each of these once had an earwig crawl into his ear during the night, and suffered horribly. But these are probably exceptional cases, though quite likely to occur to people sleeping out of doors, though this was not the case in either of the above-mentioned instances.

The earwig's forceps-like tails are generally useful to them, not in nipping people's fingers, but in seizing other insects, though they feed chiefly on leaves and fruit.

They are the hares of the insect world, for they are very timid, quite as much afraid of the town cousins as the town cousins are of them, and they race away with tremendous speed. They possess very beautiful wings folded over their backs, but they seldom fly except at night, for they are nocturnal in their habits.

Objects of almost universal dislike, they have one redeeming trait—they are excellent mothers, and brood over their young like a hen, both before and after they are hatched; and, like every insect, and, indeed, every living creature, bird or beast, a better acquaintance with them will render them objects of interest rather than of fear, often of admiration instead of disgust; for they were all created to be of service to man in some way, and not the least of their uses is to arouse our admiration and wonder at their instinct and their habits.

A NOBLE SISTER OF CHARITY:

LETTICE, LADY FALKLAND.

Of all the great and good Englishmen who belonged to the time of the Civil War in the seventeenth century, no one is remembered with higher honour than Lord Falkland. Too soon for his country, this true patriot and gallant soldier fell in the first battle of Newbury, February 20, 1643. Loyal and chivalrous, he could not refrain from taking the side of the King when affairs came to an open rupture, although he felt that the Parliament had justly protested against some of the acts of arbitrary power. If any man could have saved the nation from calamity by proposals of conciliation and peace, it was Lord Falkland. Of him Lord Clarendon, in his history, says, "His nature was so gentle, and his disposition so obliging, with courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him."

While the name of Lord Falkland thus lives in history, comparatively little has been heard of his wife, Lady Falkland, a woman of the highest excellence, worthy of such a husband, and with a character for wisdom and goodness such as has rarely been surpassed. Her name was Lettice Morison, a daughter of Sir Richard Morison. She also died young, in February, 1646, aged thirty-five, surviving Lord Falkland only three years. The record of her life we owe to another lady of those times, also memorable for her wisdom and virtue, Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, a leading man on the Parliamentary side in the Civil War. That a Republican lady thus celebrated the praises of her Royalist contemporary, shows how personal excellence is above mere party feeling, and it is the happiness of our more peaceful time that we can admire the devotion and imitate the example of each of these noble women. From Mrs. Hutchinson's memorial of Lady Falkland our readers will be pleased to see some extracts.

After telling of her happy married life, and the sorrow of her sad bereavement, Mrs. Hutchinson says that the years of Lady Falkland's widowhood "abounded in prayers and alms-deeds." Her first and grand employment was to study and to practise our blessed Saviour's sermon on the Mount, beginning with those virtues to which the beatitudes are annexed.

Much of her charity was such as could not be concealed; though often she sent relief to prisoners and needy persons, with strict charge that it should not be known from whence it came. Some of her near neighbours, who were either very old and not able to work, or very young and not fit for work, were wholly maintained by her. To other poor children she contributed much, both for their spiritual and their temporal well-being, by erecting a school for them, where they were to be taught both to read and to work. Much care she took that no man or woman or child should want employment, that their own hands might bring them in a competent subsistence, and accounted that to be the best management of her estate which set most poor people to work; for if it were to their profit she little regarded her own detriment in it. So that her principal care herein was to keep them from idleness, the root of most sin and wickedness.

As for the poor at home, and for strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the faint and weak, and in clothing the naked. Sometimes when she had given all the clothing she had of her own, she would in extremity beg garments from her servants (whom she requited soon after with new), that the poor wayfarer might not go naked or cold from her door. When one objected that idle and wicked people were by this sort of charity relieved at her house, her answer was, "I know not their hearts, but can only judge their carriage and speech; and I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants than that one member of Christ should go empty away."

And this her mercifulness extended to enemies as well as those who professed to be friends to the same cause. When many prisoners were taken by the King's soldiers, and were in great need, she consulted how she might send relief to them; and when it was said that such acts would raise jealousies in some of her loyalty to his Majesty, she replied: "No man will suspect my loyalty because I pity and relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity if he would see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew. However, I would rather be so misunderstood than that any of my enemies should perish for want of it."

Beyond all, her mercifulness towards the sick was most laudable. When any of her poor neighbours were sick she had a constant care that they should neither want relief nor such attendance as their weak condition called for; and, if need were, she hired nurses to serve them. Her own frequent visiting of the poorest cottages, and her ready service to them on their sick-bed, argued as great humility as kindness in her; yet the books of spiritual exhortation she carried to those sick persons declared a further design she had therein of promoting them towards heaven, by reading to them, and by administering words of holy counsel to them. "There is no ground more fit," she would say, "for sowing good seed than this, while the ground of their hearts is softened by sorrow and sickness." And to gain this advantage it was that she was so frequent a visitor of the sick, going day after day to their bedside. This honourable lady hath been observed sitting in a cottage, waiting the sick woman's leisure, till the slumbers or fits were over, that she might read again to her, and finish the work she had begun.

For meekness also she was most eminent. She was second to none of her sex and age, I believe, among us for perspicuity of understanding and clearness of judgment; yet as far from self-conceit as from ignorance. Her way, indeed, was, upon debates, to object till all arguments she could think on to the contrary were satisfied, and when that was once done no cavil was heard, but her assent was readily given. This ready submission of her judgment to the best reasons I mention, to show the meekness of her wisdom. And she seldom delayed to do what she was convinced was fit to be done.

The greatest difficulty with her was as to her affections. Her natural temper, she would often complain, inclined her to anger, and being so well aware of it, she most diligently observed herself, and did in a great degree conquer that froward inclination, which was the more commendable because of the many difficulties she met with in it.

And now, after the exercise of all these virtues in this high degree, such a poverty of spirit and humility appeared in her, that on all occasions she was bewailing her weakness and lamenting her spiritual wants. If she ever heard any of those who were about her speaking of what she did, and wishing they were as forward in grace and virtue as she was, her reply was, "Oh, ye are not so backward; yet you wish yourselves better. Ye know not how vile and corrupt my heart is." So that in some respects—in view of God's law—she counted herself the greatest of sinners. In no respect would she esteem herself better than the least of all saints—a well-wisher towards holiness, and a beginner still.

Thus she daily practised those graces and virtues to which our Saviour annexed such special blessings, and studied to be ever more and more perfect in them with as much diligence as a scholar doth his lessons; and with as much success and good speed too.

Much more is told by the biographer about this excellent lady. What we have given is as nearly as possible in the quaint but clear and expressive language of the memoir. As Lady Falkland, she had wealth and influence above many, but there is no reader, even the youngest or humblest, who cannot emulate the spirit of this Christian gentlewoman, and strive to do good to others as there is opportunity.

IS BEAUTY EVANESCENT?

By MEDICUS.

Is beauty evanescent? If I wished anyone save myself to answer that question; if I appealed for a reply to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for instance—ten thousand sweet voices would be lifted up at once. "Beauty evanescent?" they would exclaim. "Why, of course it is. What can you be thinking of to put such a query? 'All things fair must fade away.' Wise men are never tired keeping this fact before our eyes. Poets in all ages down to the present have sung the song in mournful numbers. And if you lift up your eyes and gaze around you in the garden where you now sit at work, you will have an answer in the affirmative to your question. The month of May is already far spent. June will soon be here. June and summer. But where are now the beauty tints that erst were on the trees; the tender greens, the lightsome yellows, or the foliage-shades of bronzes and blues that spring had painted here and there on the hedgerows? Gone, gone, gone! But a fortnight ago no proud bride was ever adorned with glory and loveliness like that which Nature had, with so wanton a hand, thrown over the orchard trees. But May winds blew, and May rains fell, and the snowy petals came down in showers, and the sunshine has strengthened the leaves; they no longer look like silken tassels, they are erect and hardy; but, alas! their young beauty has faded or fled. Even the birds seem to note the change, and the songs that we hear in copse or grove are less jubilant now, have lost the gladsome, hopeful ring they had, while bud and burgeon yet adorned the boughs."

Now, I readily admit the truth of all this, and I for one never could witness the departing glories of spring-time, without a certain degree of sadness of heart. I grant at the same time that wise men are right in calling attention to the fleetingness of all that is bright and beautiful in the world. At the same time we are wise in making the best of beauty while it does last, and not only this, but we do well to make that beauty last as long as possible. This fact is peculiarly applicable to female beauty and comeliness. I have ever maintained, as I do now, that healthful adornment of the person is a duty you girls and young women owe to those with whom you come into daily contact, especially to us poor men folks, who, I must be pardoned for saying so, are far more capable of appreciating your brightness and freshness than is the sister sex.

The refrain of an old song keeps ringing in my head as I write. It is a somewhat mournful one—

"Time wears awa', time wears awa',
And winna let us be,
It's stolen the wild rose frae your cheek,
The blythe blink frae your 'ee."

Well, I wish to prove to my readers in this short paper, that although beauty is really evanescent, it need only be slowly so. That though, as time wears on, the wild rose may leave your cheek and the "blythe blink" be stolen from your eyes to some extent, there are ways and means of retaining both for a far longer time than most people dream of. Sickness apart, remember, for sickness ages one very quickly. And I should add, chronic ill-health apart, for this makes twenty girls look old while sickness ages one.

To begin with, while they are yet very young, and probably scarcely out of their teens, most girls do actually waste beauty's bloom. The first wrinkle, or the first grey hair, is yet—so they imagine—an immeasurable distance away; they cannot help feeling that youth and loveliness will always be their lot, and so they take few, if any, precautions to retain their pristine health. Even when out of their teens, they are beautiful of course, but if they still go on turning a deaf ear to the dictates of reason, still go on disobeying the golden rules of health, a day comes, far sooner than they could have expected, when they are rudely awakened to the disagreeable fact that—that—how shall I put it?—that other people do not consider them quite so young as they themselves do.

So gradually has the change come over the trees in my garden here, so imperceptibly have the tender tints of spring given place to the riper greens of summer, that it is only by remembering what they were three weeks ago that I can grasp the fact that they have indeed altered, and that the leaves are young no longer. It is precisely the same with female beauty that has not gone hand in hand with health: spring tints leave it, complexion changes, but the change is not perceptible to her who sees her face in the mirror a dozen times a day.

"The fact of my getting old," said a young lady candidly to me the other day, while we were talking about complexion, "was first brought home to me by overhearing two chits of girls of barely sixteen talking about me. 'She is quite an old thing,' said one; 'she can't be a day under thirty.' 'And,' said the other, 'she is so wan and withered.' I could not help believing there must be truth in what the latter said, although I really am a day or two under four-and-twenty."

Complexion, we cannot be wrong in believing, is the first point of beauty that suffers from either age or ill-health. If the health does not improve, wrinkles come next. But stay a moment, please; do not imagine that I refer to those deep wrinkles called crowsfeet, nor to lines across the brow either. The wrinkles I refer to come long, long before these, and are so tiny as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, yet so numerous as to alter the whole tone of the complexion, giving to the face deeper shades and less high lights. These minute wrinkles have precisely the same effect on the countenance that the dots or lines in an engraving or coloured photograph, due to what is called stippling, have on the picture. After these, in the process of ageing, we get a lack of brightness in the eye, and this in its turn is due to two things: first, a change in the colour of the whites—a loss of spring tint, you might call it—and, secondly, to a lessened degree of fulness and rotundity.

As regards the eyes, there are one or two drugs which I could name—but won't—that give an artificial brightness to the eye by temporarily enlarging the pupil. But this does not restore rotundity, nor can any outward application ever invented change the tint of the eye's white. Well, now, take the case of a girl who has lived too well, perhaps, but not too wisely, who has neglected to pay tribute to the laws of health; this poor lass becomes cognisant one day of the fact—which has been patent to her companions long ago—that her complexion is not so fresh as it used to be. What shall she do? Oh, happy thought! she has it. Other people do it; why shouldn't she? Do what? Paint? Dear me, no. I should not be the kindly-hearted, modest Medicus I am if I called the process by any such objectionable title. She will use cosmetics. She cannot take up a ladies' periodical without reading advertisements of "requisites" warranted to restore

"The pristine bloom of youth
To beauty's faded cheek."

Of course, she never thought that she would have to use any of these aids to beauty.

Yet stay, though; can she use them and still escape detection? This is doubtful, she thinks. But, after all, what does it matter? It is only a little harmless powder, and it is more to protect the skin than anything else; and has not one as good a right to wear powder for this purpose, as to carry a parasol on a sunshiny day in summer? Certainly one has. So she crosses the Rubicon. A neat little parcel comes for her by post one day; it is flowers, perhaps, or a book, or it is nobody's business what. Only after this—for a time, at all events—there is a drawer in her bedroom which is always kept locked. Perhaps it contains her jewellery; but servants have prying eyes, and brothers have a disagreeable habit of coming "slap-dash" into a room to look for a pin or a needle, so lock the drawer by all means.

I really happen to know all about the make-up of a young lady who wants to carry her years well; but I am not going to tell tales out of school. Nor need I; for female hand was never formed yet artistic enough to outline a vein or darken an eyelid in such a way as to escape detection by that curious animal called man.

Now these powders, so much vaunted in advertisements, nearly all contain deleterious substances that not only have an injurious

effect upon the skin itself, but upon the veins, arteries, and nerves that are spread out under the skin, and on the healthful action of which true beauty entirely depends.

There are other powders sold which may be called "ill-less, goodless," containing nothing more or less, perhaps, than a purified kind of starch and orris-root. If anything of this kind be needed to protect the face from the sun, it is surely a pity to have to pay fifty prices for it.

But beauty washes are ten times more dangerous, and if this health sermon of mine does no other good than that of warning my readers against these, I shall not have taken up my pen to-day in vain. I could scarcely put it too strongly if I tried. I shall be content, however, with the duck's foot and Malaga raisin similes. You are aware that the former is very rough and yellowish-red, and the latter very much wrinkled; well, I can assure you that is the condition of complexion which the use of these baneful beauty washes ultimately produces in the faces of those who use them. After a time powder the countenance they must, or they would not be in a fit condition to enter society. And I think it is a very sad case with a lady not yet old, to be reduced to make up with complexion powders before she can go out to dine, say, or to a garden party, and whose beauty might yet have been adorning her, had she only used a little common sense a few years before.

I could go much further, and cut much more deeply by telling more of the truth; but I do not desire to make anyone unhappy.

"Suppose, Mr. Medicus," someone may say, "suppose a girl who has been using cosmetics for some little time were to abandon this habit, is there hope for her?"

"All depends upon her age," I reply. "If she is still young, there is hope for her. If she be not, she must remember that the wisest men in the world, or women either, cannot defy the ravages of time."

There is a beauty, however, let me remind the latter, that is not of the flesh fleshly, and which hardly anyone is too old to get or retain. It is the beauty of mind. I am sure I could introduce you, within an hour, to many ladies far, far from young—far, far from good-looking, but whose presence and conversation simply fascinate and captivate men, and in whose society mere beauty looks like a painted doll or hairdresser's dummy. Such ladies are the true salt of the earth, in my opinion, and it refreshes a man to even talk with one of their number for half an hour.

But as to our younger sister? Yes, I said there is hope for her complexion. It stands thus: the skin is not a lasting covering of the face—I mean that it is being continually worn away, in exceedingly minute scales, from the surface, and renewed from the inner surface, so if the injurious cosmetics have not been persisted in, until real injury has been done to the microscopic veins and arteries, that supply the skin with blood, and to the nerves, then the face will resume the appearance it ought to have, if the applications are given up.

They need not be given up all at once either, but gradually; and meanwhile renewed attention must be paid to the state of the health, and the laws of hygienics obeyed to the letter. It is wonderful how obedience of this sort alone will renew youth, and restore a faded complexion.

But there are other and local means to go hand in hand with this. The present paper is long enough already; but next month, with the kindly permission of our Editor, I shall write a paper showing how health and comeliness—well, beauty if you choose to call it so—may be got and retained without the aid of shop cosmetics. I will, however, at the same time give recipes for a few harmless "requisites" that will be found of far more value than anything you may purchase at the perfumers for five times the amount of money.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER.

By E. C. VANSITTART.

CHAPTER I.

"Not to be taken care of, but to take care; not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

—*Mrs. Charles.*

A FEW years ago, towards the end of June, any visitor at Bex, in the Rhone Valley, might have come upon a wooden châlet of quaint and rambling form, with a covered gallery running all round the house and communicating with every room. Vines grew up its sides, peeping in at the windows, while swallows were perpetually darting to and fro to their nests under the eaves; a small garden bounded by shady walnut trees surrounded the building, and beyond lay an orchard and vineyards.

The sitting-room was lit by streams of afternoon sunshine. It was evidently a hired house let for the season, but everything possible had been done to beautify and make it comfortable: rugs covered the rough wooden floors; curtains hung across the doorways; the tables were laden with books, magazines, and photographs; tastefully arranged masses of wild flowers and ferns gave a look of refinement to bare boarded walls, while the windows commanded a view good for tired eyes to behold. Before, behind, on every side rose mountains and hills, black with firs, or green with chestnut, walnut, and beech trees. Just in front the Dent du Midi reared itself, dazzling white as the sun shone upon the eternal snow, and all round the air was full of a thousand country sounds: rushing mountain torrents and streams, birds singing, crickets chirping and the tinkling cow-bells on the slopes. In spite of the warmth and brightness of the outside world, a wood fire was burning on the open hearth; and near it, on a couch, lay the sole occupant of the room, an elderly lady wrapped up in a shawl, whose face still bore the remains of great beauty, though marred by a somewhat discontented expression. Her eye impatiently scanned the little clock on the mantelshelf; as it struck six, the door was opened suddenly by a girl, laden with wild flowers, and followed by a long-haired Scotch terrier. "How late you are, Winifred!" said the invalid, in querulous tones.

The new-comer, throwing her shady hat on to a chair and laying down her flowers, knelt by the couch and took both the invalid's hands in her own. "I know, dear mother, and I am so sorry, but we lost our way coming back. It was such a lovely walk! I only longed all the while that you could have been with us. Just look at the flowers I have brought! Let me put them in water at once; I never can bear to leave them to droop." And she got up to arrange them.

Winifred Trafford was tall and slight, looking so much younger than her twenty-seven years, that few could believe her so old. Without being strictly beautiful, her face possessed a charm far more attractive than mere perfection of feature; it was delicate and refined, with clear white skin and lovely colouring; thoughtful grey eyes, of strange depth under dark lashes, and exquisitely curved brows; soft brown hair crossed by golden threads, and a sensitive mouth. When at rest it was a sad countenance, yet when animated could light up with brightness and sparkling fun. Those grey eyes could flash, too, with indignation and anger at some tale of wrong. As the mobile mouth tightened with pain or repressed feeling, it betokened a true, pure woman, who instinctively inspired confidence and trust; the very touch of her small muscular hands was restful, conveying as it did a sense of latent strength. But hers was a nature susceptible of great suffering. With an artist's eye and a musician's ear, both unproductive, because uncultivated, yet all the while keenly alive to the influences of music and art, Winifred was unable to derive any consolation from her natural tastes—in her case peculiarly unfortunate, as her warm, loving heart had from force of circumstances been repressed, and might have found relief in the magic power of song. Her father had held a civil appointment in India for many years, and after the death of several children he and his wife had sent Winifred, the one surviving girl, aged six, to Mrs. Trafford's only brother, Dr. Russell, a London physician in large practice. The child had known no other home than that shared with her cousins, Eva (her junior by several years) and Robert. During the fourteen years she spent in London her parents only came home twice on a few months' leave; so, in spite of weekly letters, they seemed strangers to their daughter, who dreamt with yearning of what it would be to live with them, watched over by her own beautiful mother; for though attached to her aunt, who tried in every way to make the child feel herself one of the family, and guarded her with true motherly care, Winifred had somehow always felt herself an outsider. She and her cousin were like sisters, but the depth of Winifred's nature threw more tenderness and warmth into her love for Eva than the latter quite realised. Of the doctor they saw but little, for his ever-increasing professional engagements left him scant time for home duties—all delegated to his wife.

When Winifred was twenty Mr. Trafford

UNDER THE VERANDAH.

returned from India, and settled in London, a few doors from his brother-in-law, whose home was soon after darkened by his wife's death, causing Dr. Russell to throw himself more and more into his work, leaving Eva to spend her many lonely hours at the Traffords. Mrs. Trafford, by this time a confirmed invalid, was utterly absorbed by her own ailments, and took no share in housekeeping, for which the luxurious style of Eastern life had quite unfitted her; all that fell on Winifred, who fortunately had been well trained by her aunt. The months that followed were very quiet ones; for, on account of Mrs. Trafford's health, they did not go much into society, limiting their circle to a few intimate friends; yet this was a very happy time, for between father and child had sprung up a deep, mutual love and understanding. She had become his constant companion. They walked, studied, and read together; he cultivated her tastes, and carried on her education to a point rarely attained by women. If Winifred was disappointed in the ideal mother she had dreamt of, she never admitted it even to herself, but gradually fell into her father's way of treating the invalid as one spoilt, never to be worried nor thwarted, always to be considered first and saved every shadow of trouble.

Thus five years slipped by when Mr. Trafford, suddenly struck down by paralysis, had died after a very short illness. To Winifred it was a terrible blow, for she had learned to love and revere her father beyond expression, never ceasing to grieve over all the years of separation from him. The shock of her husband's death nearly killed Mrs. Trafford, and her health suffered so severely that a few months later it became necessary to give up their town house and go abroad for two winters, spent in the South of France. This summer, having been recommended by her medical man to try a few months in Swiss air, we find them established in the châlet they had hired for the season, near Bex.

Their only neighbours were a Captain and Mrs. Nugent, who rented the adjoining house. A slight acquaintance between the two households had soon ripened into intimacy. Captain Nugent was a typical, frank, kind-hearted British sailor; and his wife a quiet, gentle little woman, very much absorbed and rather over-burdened by her numerous young family and small means. She had taken a great liking to Winifred, felt sorry for her loneliness, and did all she could to enliven it, encouraging the girl, who loved children, to spend all her spare time in the nursery or schoolroom, where she was worshipped by the young folk, whose hearts she had taken by storm. Though uneventful, this mountain life was happy in a quiet way. Most of the day was taken up in attending upon her mother, reading to her and trying to amuse her, varied by long walks and rambles with the Nugents. She had made friends, too, with some of the peasants round, and used to collect their children twice a week for a sewing class. She was interested in botany, always in search of rare species, and there were her weekly journal-letters to Eva to fill up the evenings.

The usual relations of mother and daughter were curiously reversed in this case; it was the daughter who bore the burden and worry of housekeeping accounts, business transactions, and money matters, the mother being shielded, guarded, saved every annoyance, and tenderly cared for. In her heart of hearts Winifred was lonely, burying all her anxieties, as well as all her hopes and wishes, in her own bosom, and fighting sometimes against hours of deep depression. Yet Mrs. Trafford did not mean to be selfish; she loved her daughter truly, and was very proud of her; but, as sometimes is the case with invalids, she had grown to think her own health the first and most important consideration, and made it the centre round which everything revolved and upon which everything depended.

While we have been thus sketching the past, Winifred completed her pleasant task of refilling the quaint country jars with the contents of her basket, keeping up a running commentary on the blooms and the places she gathered them in.

"By the bye, mother, I heard a piece of news to-day. Mrs. Nugent's brother has taken the chaplaincy here for three months, and is to arrive for the first Sunday in July. He has been overworked in a large London parish; his sister says the two Sunday services here will not interfere with the absolute rest he has been ordered. The children are all wild with excitement at the idea of having 'Uncle Rupert' occupying the spare room, and always at hand to go about with."

"I am glad, for Mrs. Nugent's sake," answered Mrs. Trafford, "and for ours too, if he prove a pleasant acquisition; this place is so very dull." The invalid sighed.

"Poor mother! the days must seem long, I know. Is that more comfortable?" as, going up to the couch, she smoothed and settled the pillows with the tender touch of a born nurse.

"Yes, thank you, my child; somehow you always have a way of filling up gaps and finding out weak places." It was not often that Mrs. Trafford admitted even so much, and Winifred's face flushed with joy as she murmured—

"Dearest, I only wish I could do more; it all seems so little."

"I had a letter from your Uncle Henry this afternoon; he talks of going to Norway with Robert for his summer holiday, and asks if Eva might come to us during his absence. Of course, I shall be only too glad to have her, poor child, and she could occupy the little spare room next yours."

"Oh, mother, how delightful! When would she arrive?"

"Not for another month or six weeks, and nothing is settled yet, so you had better not count too much upon it." And, taking up a book, Mrs. Trafford put an end to all further conversation on the subject, for that day at least.

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER IV.

FOLLOWING the example set by every dinner of the least pretensions, our article will start with the subject of soup. A good story is told of two soldiers, one of whom went without soup, whilst the other made it of excellent quality from a stone. They had entered a village, and at the first open door they came to the first begged for all the materials to make simple broth. He was told, however, that he had the impudence to ask too much, and was ordered to go elsewhere.

His comrade took a stone from his knapsack and asked if they would only have the goodness to lend him a pot in which to boil his stone. No one could object to that. The pot was supplied, and soon the soldier was boiling a large stone under the curious eyes of the idlers of the village.

"Could not one of you oblige me with a little salt?" the cook asked. The salt was given.

A minute later, "A few herbs," said he, "make a pleasant seasoning for stone-soup, but I must contrive for once to relish it without a perfect flavour." In a trice one of the spectators threw a bundle of herbs into the pot, with the remark, "So clever a fellow should have soup to his taste when he shows us how to make it of a stone."

After another interval the soldier observed, "Stone-soup is good soup, but there is no question that a scrap of beef or bacon brings out the flavour of the stone." Another kind spectator at once supplied him with a piece of bacon.

An hour had not elapsed since his arrival in the village when the soldier was enjoying an excellent meal, made of the materials supplied for the improvement of his soup.

After soup comes fish. It is a curious fact that there is no class of persons who eat so few fish as sailors. The reason is that they seldom obtain them. With few exceptions fish are not found on the high seas at a great distance from land. They abound most along coasts in straits and bays, and are seldom caught in water more than forty or fifty fathoms in depth.

An anecdote is told by Mr. Hayward of an Irish nobleman who had expended a large fortune in (as he said) the cause of his country. When about to breathe his last he summoned his heir to his bedside, and told him he had a secret to communicate which might prove some compensation for the dilapidated condition of the family fortunes. It was this—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce. "If this," dryly remarks Mr. Hayward, "was a fair sample of his lordship's judgment, no wonder he was ruined."

There are some very enthusiastic fish-eaters on record. Quin, the actor, a great gourmand, was one of them. He was remarkably fond of dory and red mullet, and used to go down to Exeter for the express purpose of eating them.

One morning after his arrival in the West, his valet came to call him as usual.

"Well, John, any dory in the market?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, I will lie in bed to-day. You may call me this time to-morrow."

One of the Dukes of Portland was as fond of red mullet as Quin. He used to go to Weymouth during the summer months for the sake of the mullet that formerly were plentiful there. The largest used to be had for threepence or fourpence apiece; but his Grace was known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half.

But whatever one may think of soup and fish, the roast is, at table, of the first importance. "A dinner," says a French author, "may be compared to the rooms of a house, and the roast is the *salon*, or principal apartment." The roast, by its excellence, juice, and tenderness should satisfy; if it be bad,

burned, or hard, however excellent all else the dinner must be confessed a failure.

To find the cook who understands how to roast is the great difficulty, for in plain roasting it is not easy to repair a mistake once made. "The art of roasting victuals to the precise degree," it has been well said, "is one of the most difficult in this world; and you may find half a thousand good at other branches of cookery sooner than one perfect roaster."

The noble sirloin is a roast regarding which there is a pleasant story. It is said to owe its name to King Charles II., who, dining one day on a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked what it was called. On being told it was the loin, he exclaimed that it should be knighted and henceforth called Sir Loin.

The ballad of the "New John Barleycorn" has it that—

"Our second Charles, of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased o'er the meat,
Arise, thou famed Sir Loin."

A poetic recipe for roasting mutton has been written by Dean Swift; it is a recipe with a ring of enthusiasm:—

"Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast;
Dress it quickly, I desire;
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove—
Mutton is the meat I love.

"On the dresser see it lie;
Oh, the charming white and red
Finer meat ne'er met the eye;
On the finest grass it fed.
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely browned.

"On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knife be sharp and clean;
Pickles get and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green.
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
Oh ye gods! how I shall dine!"

According to Charles Lamb, mankind for the first thousand ages ate their meat raw, and the art of roasting, or rather broiling, was first discovered by a Chinese boy, Bo-bo, who had accidentally set fire to his father's house, as he had often done before, and so burned to death a number of little pigs. Stooping down to feel one of them and ascertain if there were any signs of life in it, he burned his fingers, and to cool them applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it!) he tasted—crackling! This tasted so delicious, that he at once fell to devouring the pig, and the father, Ho-ti, coming home, he imparted to him the secret of this new-born pleasure.

Strange stories now got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. As often as there were any little pigs in the house so sure was it to be in a blaze.

"At length," says Lamb, "the terrible mystery was discovered, and father and son were summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given and verdict about to be pronounced upon them as two abominable wretches who had thought of improving upon the good meat that God had sent them, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig might be handed into the box.

"He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers as Bo-bo had done before them, and Nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the force of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, without leaving the box or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a unanimous verdict of 'Not Guilty.'

"The judge winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that were to be had. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. The custom of firing houses continued till, in the course of time, a sage arose who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it."

When the natives of Taunton eat bacon it ought to be with thoughts of gratitude to the West-Country porker that saved their town when it was besieged during the Civil War of the Commonwealth. The defenders of the castle found themselves, it is said, reduced at last to one single pig. They wished, however, to persuade the besiegers that there was ample provision within the castle walls for a lengthened siege, so they drove this solitary and unfortunate animal round the ramparts, pricking it to make it squeal. This it did with such effect that the enemy soon took themselves off, thinking there was no chance of starving out a garrison which had such an unlimited supply of bacon.

Roast poultry has long been a favourite dish in this country. Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Justice Shallow directions for a dinner which might be eaten with relish nowadays. "Some pigeons, Davy," he says to his servant; "a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws." We learn that the price of a capon in those days was 2s. 2d., from the paper found in Falstaff's pocket, which also disclosed that that "fat rogue" had only a halfpennyworth of bread to 5s. 8d. worth of liquor. "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

A good turkey story comes from Scotland. Not long ago there lived in the valley of Glenfruin, about three miles from Helensburgh, an old lady who was celebrated for having a famous breed of turkeys. On one occasion she sold one of these to a gentleman called Mr. Brown. When cooked and served up at table it was found to be so tough as to be quite uneatable.

Meeting the old woman a short time afterwards, Mr. Brown said to her, "What did ye mean, Jean, by selling yon turkey to me?"

"What was wrang wi't?"

"It wasn't good at all."

"No guid?" quoth Jean. "It was bound to be guid. It won the first prize for eleeven years at the Eelensburgh Cattle Show!"

In the preparation of sauces the skill and knowledge of the cook are seen at their best. Soyer used to say that sauces are to cookery what grammar is to language and the scale to music. By their means the most homely fare may be made relishing, and the most excellent and independent improved. "It is the duty of a good sauce," says the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, "to insinuate itself all round and about the maxillary glands, and imperceptibly awaken into activity each ramification of the organs of taste."

The late Dr. Lancaster used to be an enthusiast on the subject of sauces. "I wish," he says in one of his lectures, "I could persuade some of my lady hearers who spend so much time in thumping their pianos, in vain endeavouring to discourse sweet sounds, to try their hands in the manufacture of sauces. How many an uneaten dinner which goes away to be thrown to the dogs would be consumed! How often would the rich be thus lured on to take the food necessary for their restoration to health, which they now loathe, and die for the want of! Fine ladies may think this subject beneath them; foolish women may think they know quite enough about it; but the time may come when both alike will repent their pride and folly."

By means of condiments and spices we make what we eat pleasant. The success of a dish, indeed, depends to a great extent upon the seasoning, the taste which food possesses always giving it most value in our estimation. That "it's the seasonin' as does it," may be seen from an account given by Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick of his observations when living with a pieman.

Mr. Weller is unpacking the luncheon basket to refresh the partridge-shooting party of the 1st of September.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass; "wery good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it ain't kittens; and arter all, though, where's the odds, when they are so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat; "I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brook,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ay,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a winkin' at me; 'they ain't in season till the winter though,' says he. 'Not in season?' says I. 'No,' says he; 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean,' says he, 'that I'll never be a party to the combination of the butchers to keep up the price of meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear, 'don't mention this here agin, but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a pointin' to a wery *nice little tabby* kitten; 'and I seasons 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand; and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beef-steak, or a beef-steak a kidney, or any on 'em a mutton at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary!'"

"He must have been a very ingenious young man that, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder.

"Just was, sir," replied Mr. Weller, continuing his occupation of emptying the basket, "and the pies was beautiful."

Amongst the salads of our ancestors were a great many which are no longer in vogue. They ate leeks cooked in wood ashes and seasoned with salt and honey; borage, mint, and parsley, with salt and oil; lettuce, fennel, mint, chervil, parsley, and elder flowers mixed together. They also classed among their salads an agglomeration of feet, heads, cocks' combs, and fowls' livers, cooked and seasoned with parsley, mint, vinegar, pepper, and cinnamon. Nettles and the twigs of rosemary formed delicious salads for our forefathers, and to these were sometimes added pickled gherkins.

The making of a good salad, according to a Spanish proverb, needs four persons—a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a sage for salt, and a madman to stir it up.

A recipe for a winter salad, written in verse by Sydney Smith, seems to have caught the public fancy, for it has been many times reprinted. It runs thus:—

"Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavour needs it, and the poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and chicken are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say—
Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!"

Frenchmen have the credit of understanding how to make salads so excellent that salad-dressers of all other nationalities are thrown into the shade. A singular story is told by Brillat Savarin, of a Frenchman who made a fortune in London by his cleverness in this line. He was a Limousin, D'Albignac by name, and a political refugee. Though his means were small subsequent to his arrival in the metropolis, he happened to dine one day at one of the most famous taverns of London. Whilst he was in the act of finishing a slice of juicy roast beef, five or six young men of the first families were regaling themselves at an adjoining table. One amongst these came forward, and addressing the Frenchman in a polite tone, said—

"Sir, it is a general opinion that your nation excels in the art of making a salad; would you have the goodness to favour us by mixing one?"

D'Albignac, after some hesitation, consented, asked for the necessary materials, and having taken pains to mix a perfect salad, had the good fortune to succeed.

Whilst the salad was in progress, he candidly answered all questions addressed to him on his situation and prospects; stated that he was an emigrant, and confessed, not without a slight blush, that he received pecuniary aid from the British Government.

It was this avowal, no doubt, which induced one of the young men to slip into his hand a five-pound note, which, after a show of resistance, he accepted. He gave the young man his address, and some time afterwards was not a little surprised to receive a letter, in which he was asked in the politest manner to come and dress a salad in one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square.

D'Albignac, who began to have a distant glimmering of durable advantage, did not hesitate an instant, and arrived punctually, taking with him some ingredients destined to add new relish to his mixture. He had the happiness of succeeding a second time, and received on this occasion such a sum as he could not have declined without injuring himself in more ways than one.

This second success made more noise than the first, so that the reputation of the emigrant quickly spread. He soon came to be known as the fashionable salad-maker; and—fashion going for so much—all that was elegant in the capital of the three kingdoms insisted on having a salad made by him.

D'Albignac, like a man of sense, profited by his popularity. He soon sported a carriage, in order the more readily to transport him from house to house, together with a liveried servant carrying in a mahogany case everything necessary, such as differently perfumed vinegars, oils with or without the taste of fruit, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, ketchup, and the yolks of eggs. Subsequently he caused similar cases to be manufactured, which he furnished and sold by the hundred.

By degrees the salad-dresser realised a fortune of eighty thousand francs, with which he ultimately returned to his native land.

Tea is a blessing for which we are indebted to the Chinese, who first used it, they say, as a means of correcting the injurious properties of bad water. Europeans traded for a long time with the Celestial Empire before this invigorating beverage sufficiently secured their attention and esteem to make them anxious to introduce it to the notice of their folks at home.

How tea first came into the world is thus told by the Indian mythologists. Darma, a Hindoo prince, once set out on a pilgrimage to China, vowing before he started that during all the journey he would never take rest. Nature, however, proved too strong for him, and he fell asleep one night. This made him so angry with himself that on waking he cut off his eyelids and flung them on the ground. They sprang up transformed into tea-shrubs, by means of whose leaves one may drive off slumber, and make exhaustion give place to cheerfulness. Darma recommended the plant to his disciples, and so it became popular.

The first Europeans who discovered the value of tea seem to have been the Dutch. When the English began to use it they got it, not direct from the East, but from Holland. It was dear in those days—the original cost, it is said, was sixty shillings a pound—so no wonder its use was long confined to the wealthier classes.

The earliest authentic announcement of the public sale of tea in England that readers of old advertisements have yet met with is the following:—

"That excellent, and by all Physitians approved, China drink called by the Chineans *Teha*, by other nations *Tay alias Tee*, is sold at the Sultaness Head Cophee House, in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." *Mercurius Politicus*, September 30th, 1658.

The first introduction of tea into Europe raised a fierce storm of opposition in some quarters. It is true that in the seventh century half the physicians of Holland published treatises in its favour. They hailed it as a panacea, and the most moderate eulogisers affirmed that two hundred cups a day might be drunk without injury. But on the other hand, Patin, in France, spread alarm at its use, and described it as "the impertinent novelty of the age." In Germany, Hahnemann considered the dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and the Scotch Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, insinuated that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published on the subject from various motives. Whilst some praised the infusion as the fountain of health, if not of youth, others indignantly made a fool of it as filthy hay water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached, abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

Amongst the famous men of our country, the one most enamoured of the Chinese beverage seems to have been Dr. Johnson, who draws his own portrait as a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

No doubt we may take too much tea. The term tea-drunkard is often used in Russia to point out one who devotes herself in excess to the cup which cheers, and, in spite of the poet, sometimes intoxicates. Strong tea is well known to be a powerful though fleeting excitant of the nervous system; and those who have tried drinking a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style—that is, without cream or sugar, but flavoured with a drop of lemon-juice—within the space of a couple of hours, say there is something very appropriate about the epithet tea-drunkard.

The best method of making tea has been discussed to weariness. On its first introduction people were often sorely perplexed as to how it was to be got ready. "Mrs. Hutchinson's great-grandmother," says Dr. Doran, "was one of a party who sat down to the first pound of tea that ever came into Penrith. It was sent as a present, and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a bottle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, and they wondered how any person could like such diet."

If we go to the original home of tea, we find the mode of preparation considerably different from our own. "The Easterns," says one writer, "don't use a teapot at all. In China the leaves are simply put into a cup, and the infusion drunk out of the cup. In Japan the leaves are first powdered, and then as much of this powder as would go on the top of a knife is flung into each cup, and neither cream nor sugar added. The Chinese, indeed, eat the leaf as a kind of second course, apparently on the same principle that Frenchmen will take a plat of beef, which they know has already contributed to their bowl of bouillon. But neither of these peoples adopt the teapot, and they have both a contempt for the English fashion of letting tea draw! The bouquet and most delicate flavour comes off with the first water, and what is called 'strong tea' is, according to Eastern notion, a fluid in which all the bitterness remains, and all the delicate quality disappears."

It is rather odd that coffee should have been introduced into Europe much about the same time as tea. It came, however, from quite a different part of the world. The coffee-plant is a native of Abyssinia, from whence it made its way into Persia and Arabia. The peculiar property possessed by coffee, of dissipating drowsiness and preventing sleep, was taken advantage of in connection with the long-drawn-out religious services of the Mohametans, although the strictly orthodox and conservative section of the priests spoke vehemently against its use as an intoxicating beverage, and therefore prohibited by the Koran.

Coffee made its way slowly westward, and reached London about the middle of the seventeenth century. A coffee-house was opened in the metropolis in 1652; it was in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. The beverage suited the popular taste, and additional coffee-houses were soon established, much frequented by the soberer classes of people. Government did not look on coffee-houses, however, with much favour, and attempted to suppress them, on the ground that though "the retailing of coffee might be an innocent trade, it was used to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, and so was a common nuisance."

With the studious and hard-working coffee is much in favour. "It is a slow poison," said someone to Fontenelle, the famous French author, when he saw him drinking strong coffee.

"It must be a very slow poison indeed," answered Fontenelle, "as I have been taking it now for more than seventy years."

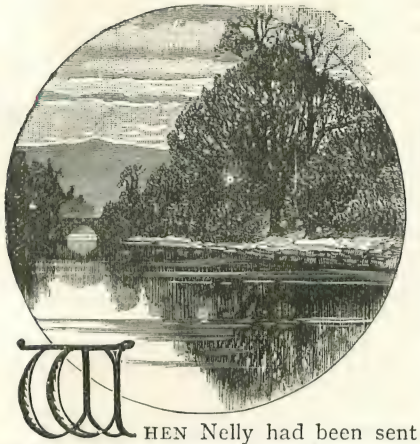
(*To be continued.*)

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTRASTS.



WHEN Nelly had been sent to school Aldyth found herself more at leisure. Gladys was always good-natured and bright; there was something very charming in her pretty, careless ways. It was impossible to help loving her, and yet after she had lived with her for weeks Aldyth felt that she knew her no better than on the first day of their meeting. It seemed impossible to have a quiet talk with Gladys; she was always self-occupied, restless, eager about trifles. Apparently she did not know what serious thought was. She had inherited her mother's gift of fascination, and, like her, knew how to use it for the accomplishment of her own ends. Aldyth could never have said that her sister treated her unkindly; yet again and again she found herself gently pushed on one side that Gladys might take the lead. Gladys had been first in the family for too many years to be willing now to resign her premiership in favour of Aldyth just because she, too, was her mother's daughter and nearly three years older than herself. But she did not assert her supremacy in any rude or disagreeable manner, and Mrs. Stanton endeavoured to veil her preference for Gladys. "You do not care for dancing, Aldyth, so I must not take you to this party"; or, "This entertainment is not intellectual enough for you," she would say, when invitations came in, and Aldyth, not without heartache, yet in all sincerity, would reply that she would rather remain at home.

Aldyth used to look forward to the Saturday of each week, for early on that day Nelly would come home from school. She and her young sister had become the best of friends, and found much enjoyment in each other's company. It was good for Nelly to confide to so sympathetic a listener the details of her school life. Her mother had neither time nor inclination to interest herself in them. Her main anxiety concerning her youngest daughter's education was that she should learn to speak French and acquire a good deportment.

Nelly had good abilities, but she was naturally indolent. The training she had received had not taught her to love knowledge; but now, under Aldyth's influence, she began to take an interest in literature. She was working well at her drawing, and cherished the hope of being an artist; and when Aldyth pointed out to her the fact that every kind of knowledge may be of service to a painter, she bestowed more pains on her general school work.

Aldyth could not doubt that her step-father was a man of wealth, for Mrs. Stanton and Gladys spent money lavishly, and the style of their home was most luxurious. There were so many servants that Aldyth could find no domestic duties to perform. She was at no loss how to employ her leisure. Mudie's library supplied her with the books she desired to read, and all the varied means of culture that London affords were open to her. But there were times when Aldyth's conscience smote her for leading a selfish, aimless life, and she longed for her poor people at Woodham, and the many occupations of her busy life there. However, work for others always comes to those who are willing to undertake it, and ere long it came to Aldyth. One day, Gladys having a pleasanter engagement in prospect, Mrs. Stanton took Aldyth to visit some friends at Blackheath. There was a small party invited to meet them, and amongst the number were a clergyman and his wife, in whom Aldyth soon felt considerable interest. Mrs. Wheatley was a small, frail-looking woman, but full of life and energy. Her features were plain, but her countenance had a charm which beauties might envy, for it betokened rare intellectual power combined with all that is good and sweet and womanly. Aldyth felt drawn to her at once, and probably the attraction was mutual, for as soon as an opportunity occurred, Mrs. Wheatley moved to a chair beside Aldyth and began to talk with her.

How is it that half an hour's talk with some persons seems equal to months of intercourse with others? In an incredibly short time Aldyth felt perfectly at home with Mrs. Wheatley, and could talk to her as if she were an old friend. To her surprise, Aldyth learned that this delicate, refined-looking lady lived in one of the least desirable localities of the East-end of London, having resolutely determined, contrary to the advice of physicians and friends, that she would make her home in her husband's parish, and live among the poor people she desired to help and raise.

"You must not believe all that you hear about Whitechapel," she said, brightly, to Aldyth. "People talk of the impossibility of getting fresh air there; but even in Whitechapel there is a breeze sometimes, and when it is close and heavy in the streets there is fresh air at the tops of the houses. Our rooms are on the fourth story of the house, and there is the flat roof of a tenement on which I can take a walk when I choose, and where I am trying to cultivate some plants. Nor is the moral atmosphere so hopeless as some would make out. I could show you brave men in Whitechapel, whose patient endurance of a hard and painful lot is absolutely heroic, and women whose pure, noble lives, under circumstances the most adverse, would put duchesses to shame. I know they have often taught me lessons I needed to learn."

Aldyth was much interested. It was vexatious that just then the lady of the house should come to her with a request that she would play something; but she could not refuse. She went at once to the piano, and played a bright little gavotte by Gluck; then, being urged to play again, she gave one of Schubert's exquisite, entrancing melodies. Mrs. Stanton was not without satisfaction in her daughter's performance and the admiration it won. She wished that Gladys could have been persuaded to give more attention to her practising.

Happily no one had taken Aldyth's place, so she was able to return to Mrs. Wheatley's side.

"You play very well; it is a pleasure to listen to you," said that lady, simply. "I wish you would come and play to my working girls some evening."

"Your working girls?" said Aldyth.

"Yes; we have established a club for girls employed in factories and workshops. It is open every evening from seven till ten. We have various amusements for them, and we try to teach them sewing and cooking. We have a good piano, and I am always glad to get someone to give us some music. Besides, it is so easy for a girl like you to win an influence over them."

"Indeed, I will gladly do anything I can," said Aldyth; "I should really like to help."

"I am sure you would," said Mrs. Wheatley; "it is a work that appeals to a girl's heart. These girls have to support themselves when quite young. Many of them have left their parents, and live in poor lodgings, sharing their room, perhaps, with several others; and when their work is done they have no place of recreation save the streets or the music-halls. A warm, well-lighted room, where they can spend the evening pleasantly, is a great attraction to them. We have some rough, intractable girls to deal with; but we hope gradually to soften them by kindness, and I am sure you would be a great help in doing so."

"I will try what I can do," said Aldyth. "I will come next week, if mamma will let me."

Aldyth was sure that her mother would not allow her to go unattended to Whitechapel, so before naming the matter to her she spoke of it to one of the servants, explained to her the kind of work in which she had been invited to join, and asked whether she would be willing to share it by accompanying her once a week to the East-end. The servant, an honest, good-hearted girl, was proud and pleased that Miss Lorraine should

seek her assistance, and gladly consented.

Mrs. Stanton made no objection to Aldyth's plan, though she thought it an incomprehensible whim of hers to wish to go to such a horrible place. It was a happy thing for Aldyth that her mother rarely interfered with her wishes, except when they were adverse to her own.

So Aldyth went to her work in Whitechapel, and made acquaintance with the factory girls of the East-end. It was work in which she soon became deeply interested, and it inspired her with many new solemn thoughts about life.

As Mrs. Wheatley had foreseen, the girls "took to her" at once, for women of the lower classes are quick to recognise a "real lady" when they see one, and to feel the charm of her gentleness and simplicity. Aldyth's pleasant look, her smile, the sweet tones of her voice, her fresh, pretty gowns, and the dainty, flower-like neatness of her person, could not have charmed any male admirer more than they charmed these girls. They clustered about her, they applauded the bright, well-chosen music she gave them, and they watched eagerly for the chance of a talk with her.

Aldyth had no difficulty in gaining their confidence. They could see that she liked to hear all they could tell her about themselves, and one by one they told her of the troubles and hardships of their lives, not complainingly, but in a simple, matter-of-fact manner, that was touching in its very unconsciousness.

One evening Aldyth, returning tired from Whitechapel, met Gladys alighting from a carriage at the door of their home. She had been spending the evening in a very different fashion at the house of some friends. She followed Aldyth into the dining-room, where a light supper awaited her.

"I will sit with you while you take your chocolate," Gladys said, throwing off her cloak and sinking gracefully into an easy chair by the fire. "The Andersons are so nice, Aldyth; I've had the most delightful time. You were a silly not to come with me instead of going to those stupid girls at Whitechapel."

Aldyth looked at her sister for a moment ere she replied. Gladys, dressed all in white, with her pretty neck uncovered and her coronal of golden hair gleaming in the lamplight, had never looked more fair. But Aldyth had a sudden painful sense of the contrast presented to her sister by the girls she had left, as young as Gladys, and some of them as fair, but with weary faces and thin, bent forms, whose clothes were shabby and tawdry, and whose lives had so little of what was bright and pleasant in them.

"Oh, Gladys!" she said, "don't grudge our girls any pleasure I can give them by going. If you only knew what their lives are! If I were one of them, I think it would make me feel bad to look on a girl like you."

"And why, pray?" asked Gladys, with an air of surprise.

"Because you have so much to enjoy and they so little," said Aldyth. "Most of them are as young, if not younger than you, and a few of them—forgive me, Gladys—are almost as pretty. I often long to try the effect of dressing them in fresh, becoming frocks. But their lives are hard and rough. Most of them toil from eight in the morning till eight at night, and some of them, who call themselves 'shop girls,' work till even later. There was a girl to whom I spoke to-night, a bright, young girl of fifteen, and when I offered her a book she told me she could not read because her eyes were so bad, owing to her having to do her work—stitching babies' bibs—under a strong gaslight all day long. Another girl, who has to go up and down many flights of stairs during the day, could not join in a game because her ankles were so dreadfully swollen. Does it not seem hard that some young girls should have to live so, whilst others have everything that heart can wish, and nothing to do but enjoy themselves? I am sure when I look on those girls I am ashamed to think what an easy, self-indulgent life I have always led."

There was a passionate quiver in Aldyth's voice as she spoke, which showed that tears were not far from her eyes. Gladys was not unmoved by her earnest words.

"But they belong to the working class," she said. "They cannot expect to lead such lives as ours."

"Oh, they know that well enough," said Aldyth. "It is wonderful to me how patiently they bear their hard lot. 'Ladies have fine times of it; it is good to be born a lady,' I heard a girl say to-night; but it is rarely we hear such remarks. And yet human nature is the same in every class, and these girls have the same feelings as you and I."

"Aldyth!" said Gladys, in a sceptical tone.

"Indeed they have," said Aldyth. "They yearn for happiness as we do; they feel the same eagerness for every attainable pleasure; they love things that are bright and pretty. Ah, you should have seen how eager they were for a few flowers I took to-day. The bunch was gone in no time, and the girls who could not get a flower were sadly disappointed. I had to promise that I would bring some more next week. I shall ask aunt to send me some from Woodham. The primroses must be coming out there now."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble," said Gladys.

"Oh, I think we more fortunate girls are bound to do all we can to help and gladden our poor sisters," said Aldyth. "Do you know when I was with them to-night, I kept thinking of those words in the Bible—'Who maketh thee to differ from another? and, what hast thou that thou didst not receive?' I think we are apt to forget that all the good things we have received—our education, accomplishments, personal attractions—are all trusts, given to us to be used for others, and not simply for our own enjoyment."

"Oh, don't be so dreadfully solemn," exclaimed Gladys, suddenly springing up. "Aldyth, you really must marry a parson, for at a pinch you could make his sermons for him, and it would be a great pity such a talent should be wasted."

"Why not say at once that I should mount the pulpit and preach?" asked Aldyth, laughing. "But, Gladys, I do wish you would come to Whitechapel with me some night. It would give the girls such pleasure to hear you sing."

But Gladys held up her hands in horror at the idea.

"I could not really, Aldyth. You frighten me by proposing such a thing. I should be afraid of catching smallpox or something dreadful if I went there. Oh, surely one martyr is enough in a family! Ah, yes, you may shake your head. I know I'm a sad girl—I know I care for nothing but pleasure—but that's my way, and you must take me as I am."

"Oh, Gladys, you do not mean that. It would be a poor thing to live only for pleasure," Aldyth said.

"I do mean it, you dear old mentor," said Gladys, stopping her mouth with a kiss; "and I do not find it a poor thing either, so there! But now it is time we got our beauty sleep, so, if you are ready, we will go upstairs."

Aldyth found in her room a letter from Hilda, and, tired though she was, she could not resist reading it ere she went to bed. The envelope felt thick, so she might expect a good budget of news, and with pleasurable anticipations she tore it open and sat down to read the contents. This was what Hilda had written:—

"My own darling Aldyth,—Am I not very good to reply to your dear letter so soon? But you will not wonder when you hear the exciting story I have to tell. You know, I daresay, that since Sultan went lame, and the veterinary said he would need a long rest, your uncle has bought a new horse for the gig. He is a splendid animal as far as appearance goes, but Miss Lorraine said from the first that he had a vicious look. However, your uncle thought he had got a good bargain, and he must needs go out with John in the gig to try him. Guy wanted to drive him for the first time, but your uncle would not hear of it. He was still very displeased with poor Guy; nothing he did gave satisfaction. However, Guy occupied the back seat of the gig, and came into Woodham with them; but seeing that the horse was going all right, he got down at the post-office, and said he would walk home. To tell you the truth, Aldyth, dear, he meant to linger about the town with the hope of seeing poor little me.

"Well, Mr. Lorraine called on his dear friend, Miss Rudkin, and John walked the horse up and down whilst he was there. Whether the delay irritated him, or whether he took fright at a tramp who was coming along the road with a sack on his back, it is impossible to say, but Mr. Lorraine had hardly taken his seat ere the horse began to plunge wildly, and when John whipped him he bolted. Old John was powerless to hold him in, and he went down town like the wind. Kitty was at the window and saw the horse run away, and she says she

shall never forget it. Fortunately the road was clear.

"The horse tore down the High Street till close upon the corner where the old church juts out, and what would have happened then no one dares say, if Guy—dear, brave, noble Guy!—had not come to the rescue. He was standing talking to someone outside the saddler's, and saw the horse coming. In a moment he was in the road, gave one bound, and caught the reins, and, hanging on with desperate strength, forced the animal to stop. How he did it I cannot imagine, it makes me tremble even now to think of it; but you know how strong he is, and now he has proved that he is as bold as he is strong.

"Oh, Aldyth, you can never laugh at Guy again, or run him down. You ought to be very proud of your brave cousin. But I forget that you will be anxious to know how your uncle was after such a fright. He really bore it wonderfully well. He was a little faint at first, and they took him into Hall's and gave him some brandy. In half an hour he seemed all right, and oh, Aldyth! he thanked Guy before everybody, and said he had saved his life, and called him a brave fellow. And, only think, the next day he insisted on going for a drive again with the same horse, only Guy drove, so no harm came of it. But would anyone except Mr. Lorraine have done such a thing?

"I met them as they were driving, and your uncle nodded to me quite pleasantly, and Guy looked so pleased. Oh, I hope it is not very foolish of me, but I cannot help thinking that perhaps after all things will come right for us. Surely Mr. Lorraine must be kind to Guy now he has saved his life!

"Miss Lorraine has just been in on her way home from Wyndham, and she says she believes that her uncle is more affected by the shock than he will own. She thought him looking very shaky. Oh, Aldyth, how I wish you were here! There is so much I should like to tell you, and it is impossible to put everything in a letter. Mr. Glynne's sister has come to stay with him for a few weeks. She seems a very nice girl, and we have invited her to spend Tuesday with us. But I must not write more now. With fondest love, dearest Aldyth,

"Your devoted friend,

"HILDA."

Here was news indeed! All desire of sleep vanished from Aldyth as she read it. She was moved both to thankfulness and to self-reproach as she thought of her uncle's danger and Guy's brave conduct.

"Perhaps I have been too hard on him," she said to herself. "Perhaps there is more in him than I suppose. Anyhow it was a brave deed, and I am glad, oh, so glad and thankful, that he had strength and courage to do it."

One effect of Hilda's letter was to awake in Aldyth a longing to return to Woodham. She had now been absent from the little town for several months, and it was with somewhat of home-sickness that she recalled all the varied interests of her life there. It was spring weather now, and amid the London streets and squares she yearned for the country lanes and the woods and fields bright with primroses and cowslips. And to think that Mr. Glynne's sister was now at Woodham! Aldyth would have given much to make her acquaintance, and to join in the long walks which she would be taking with the Blands. But she sagely reflected that we cannot have everything at once in this life. She had, what for years had been her heart's chief desire—the society of her mother and sisters, and she must be content to resign her old life at Woodham, which, as she now saw plainly, had been full of quiet happiness. She was finding a niche in her new home, and learning daily that even in London there were many who needed her. Her stepfather, who whilst the days of his wife and Gladys were wholly occupied with gaiety, seemed to grow more and more weary and depressed, often sought her help in little matters for which his wife had no leisure, and seemed glad of her company. Cecil came to her with tales of his hospital experiences, and found to his surprise that Aldyth knew more about surgery than most girls, and could listen with intelligent interest to the "horrors" at the very mention of which his mother and Gladys stopped their ears. And Nelly looked forward with delight to the pleasant "outings" which Aldyth contrived that they should have together almost every Saturday afternoon. Even Gladys invariably sought Aldyth whenever she needed assistance of any kind. But to her mother, despite tender words and caresses, Aldyth could never feel that she was very near and dear. The long years of separation seemed to have left between them a void that could not easily be bridged over.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

A. E.—*If you do* not wish to incur much expense, do not buy a box of oil-colours, but just the separate tubes of colour and some hog's hair brushes. The tubes may be had at from threepence to one shilling and three halfpence, and brushes from twopence-halfpenny to one shilling and threepence. You might try painting first of all in greys, and learn the management of light and shade, before going to further expense in the purchase of varieties of colour. Get, for instance, a tube of flake white (sixpence) and lamp black (threepence), and practise with these. The Japanned tin boxes are the best to buy; this, with colours, brushes, palette and scalpel, drying oils, etc., will cost about a guinea.

ERICA.—See answer to "Dewdrop." For light rose-red use scarlet lake, and a very little carmine, and shade with cobalt-blue and pink madder, or else cobalt and crimson lake. To produce a lilac shade use cobalt and pink madder, to which add Chinese white for the highest lights, or still better, leave the lights. For purple use cobalt, or French blue with crimson lake, and deepen with crimson lake, to which add a little brown madder.

LA CAMEBIERE.—Silver may be worked upon as in *répoussé* brass-work; but it is much softer metal, and must be treated gently. Copper requires burnishing. If you wish to finish off your own work you must procure the special instrument for turning in the edges of the metal, and you must make proper holes in the brass to put in the brass pins to secure it as required.

KHWA.—The gilt edge to a china cup is laid on after the article has been fired as a liquid, and when burnt in is burnished. You must procure the best china-painting gold.

A DESPONDING ONE.—To dry your water-colour painting upon an indiarubber tobacco pouch, mix a water-colour megilp with the colours before applying them. Turck's aquarelle is the best.

SHAMROCK should prepare terra-cotta plaques for water-colour painting by washing them over with white of egg, and use aquarelle with the colours.

NYDIA.—The only way to set chalk drawings is to spray over them a fixative, sold at an artist colourman's.

DEWDROP.—There are so many branches of art, that it is impossible to sum up what leads to success in a few words; perseverance must accompany more or less talent, always supposing that you have been taught in a good style at first. Paint always from Nature; pay attention to light and shade, as well as to accuracy of form. A keen appreciation of colour is also necessary; and if you have not this, confine your art to studies in black and white. For a bright poppy use vermilion, cadmium, scarlet lake, and neutral tint.

WORK.

ECONOMY.—The articles on "Dress Allowances" gave particulars of the management of sums from £8 to £100. You are only mentioning the last of the series. There are also articles in vol. x., pages 140, 340, on "What Should We Afford for Dress?"

LIZZETTE.—Velvet is much used for trimming cloth dresses at present, and a plain border of it is frequently seen at the hem of the dress; see our dress illustrations for the month.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—We prefer not to use our space in giving work descriptions and illustrations that can be purchased in book form at a cheap rate.

ELDER SISTER.—We have entered fully into the subject of typewriting as a means of earning a livelihood, in our articles on "Work for Girls," now two years ago. We hear on good authority that the typewriting market is overstocked, and that there is but little to be made in it, unless you have formed a good connection and are certain of regular employment. This is the case in London; we cannot say anything about the provinces.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOASTED TEACAKE may bow to any gentleman introduced by a friend of her family in passing, but should not stop for conversation. If she met him in society when under proper chaperonage she might speak to him if he addressed her. We are pleased that you like our stories so much.

A WOULD-BE WIFE, we may safely venture to say, is utterly unsuitable for such a position in life. If you love a man and respect his character, and believe that, judging from his disposition and tastes, you could mutually make each other happy (even were he 42, while you were only 22 years of age), the disparity might be overlooked, though a disadvantage in later life. As to "how long a young widow need wear mourning for a husband she did not like?" the question shows an utter lack of good feeling. Proper respect should be shown to one to whom you were voluntarily bound in ties so close and so sacred. One would gather from your letter that you thought marriage—little matter with whom—was the end and object of your life; and that you were ready to put yourself up in the market to be sold to the highest bidder! We are ashamed of you!

RUTH PINCH.—We do not know the two lines you quote. At any rate they are doggerel, and a person who could not do better than that should not have imposed them on the public. You do not say what the marks are which you wish to remove from your dress.

ELAINE.—You should melt the sealing-wax in a little bottle of spirits of wine, and when dissolved, and of the consistency of treacle, apply it to your frame or basket with a painting brush.

C. S. and A DEFICIENT ONE.—The rule is not of universal application; it had reference to those that end in either "eive" or "ieve." In these cases you generally find that when preceded by a "c" the "e" follows next to it, as "deceive," "receive;" but in the case of a different consonant the order is reversed, as "believe," "grieve."

WHAT SAYS THY FRIEND?

WHAT says thy friend?
  Harsh, cruel words,
  As hempen cords
  Which wound? A tear
  Such bring. 'Tis clear
He's *not* thy friend.

What says thy friend?
  Soft, honeyed words,
  As silken cords
  Which bind? A sneer
  These hide. Beware!
He's *less* thy friend.

What says thy friend?
  *The truth in love.**
  Angels above
  His trust declare
  Afar and near.
He *is* thy friend.

H. E. C.

* Eph. iv. 15.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XI.—NO. 550.] JULY 12, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FLEMISH, BRUSSELS, AND MECHLIN LACES.

BY MRS. ERNEST HART.

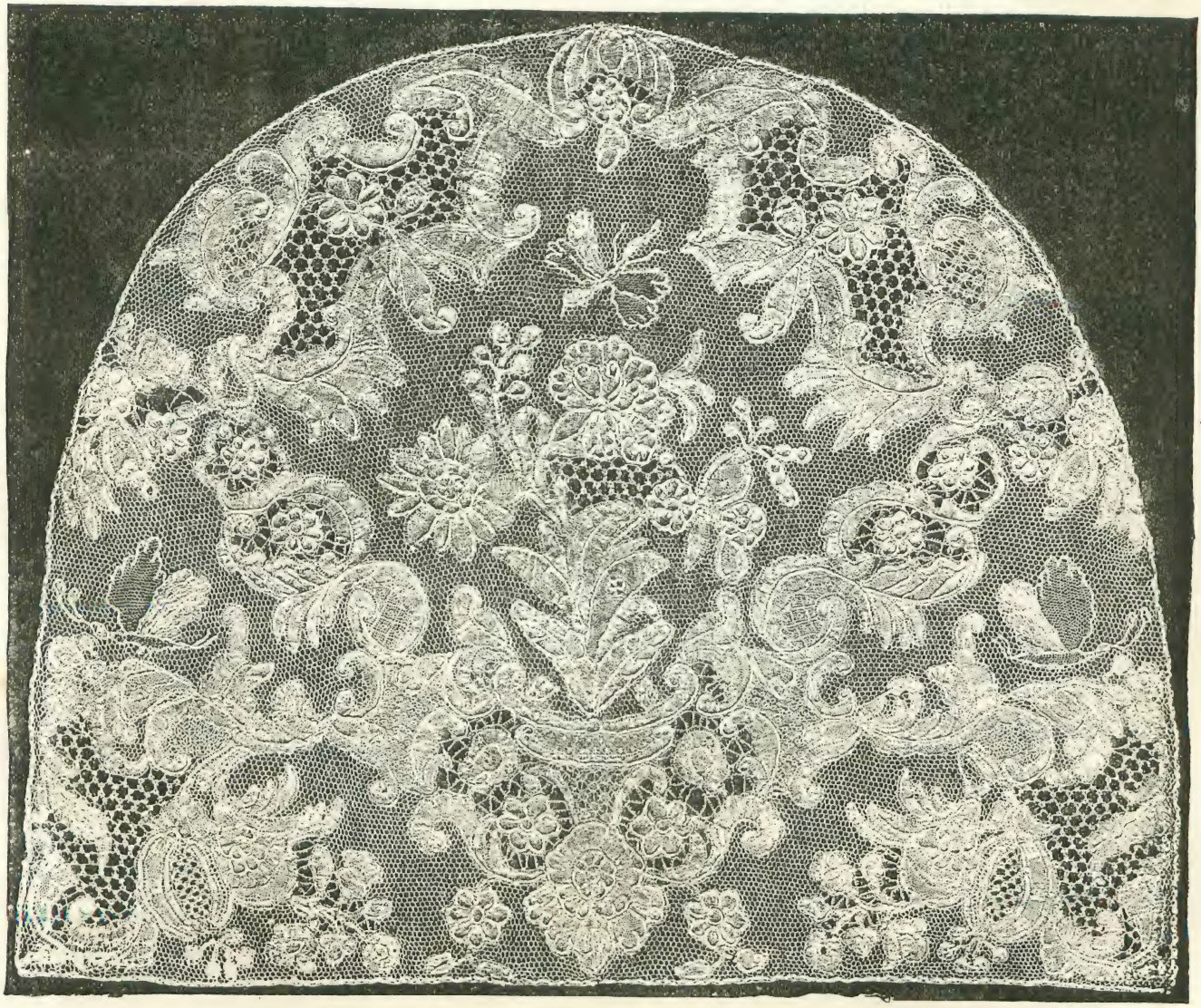


FIG. 3.—CAP OF POINT D'ANGLETERRE, PARTLY PILLOW LACE AND PARTLY NEEDLE-POINT.
(*From a specimen belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.*)

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PART IV.

THE Low Countries, which was the home of many arts, such as painting, weaving, and wood-carving, was also the nursery of lacemaking. There seems to be little doubt that the earliest pillow lace was made in the Netherlands. In an altar-piece which was painted by Quentin Matsys towards the end of the fifteenth century, and which is in a side chapel of the choir of St. Peter's at Louvain, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow with bobbins; and in the following century an artist called De Vos painted a series of pictures showing the occupations of the seven ages of life. In the third, which represents the occupation of mature life, a woman is depicted making lace with a pillow on her knees, and her hands are busy with the bobbins. It is improbable that either Quentin Matsys or De Vos would have introduced lacemakers and their pillows into their pictures unless pillow lace-making had been in their time one of the common industries of the country.

England, Germany, and France (with the exception of Alençon) all learnt the art of lacemaking from Flanders; it was the Flemish lacemakers who, fleeing from the religious persecutions of Duke Alva, taught the Devonshire and Buckinghamshire girls how to make lace; and a refugee from Brabant taught the art of throwing the bobbins to Barbara Uttmann, the founder of the lace industries of Germany. After Colbert had established the lace industries of France, Flanders became so alarmed at the exit of her lacemakers to that country, that a law was passed threatening to punish those who enticed away her workpeople.

In spite, however, of exile and emigration, in no country has the lace industry flourished so continuously as in the Low Countries. With an origin lost in the obscurity of ages, it has held its own through all the chances of fortune and the changes of fashion up to the present day, and is now, as it was two hundred years ago, a great source of national wealth, and employs a large proportion of the female population of the prosperous little kingdom of Belgium.

The teaching of lacemaking is a subject of national female education in Belgium. The nuns are now, as they were in bygone times, the principal teachers: and the lace-schools, of which there are a large number, are either attached to convents or are supported by private charity. Children begin to learn at five years of age, and at ten they are able to earn their livelihood. A quaint writer of the seventeenth century gives a picturesque description of the dexterity with which the lacemaker flashes her bobbins, and weaves her thousand threads into a pattern, and says—"In this her amusement she makes as much profit as the man earns by the sweat of his brow; and no maiden ever complains at even of the length of the day." And "this web, which shows grandly round the throats and hands of kings, is of the lightness of a feather; but in its price is too heavy for our purses." This enthusiastic writer saw, however, only the brightest side of lacemaking, and concealed, or ignored, the fact that the making of these web-like laces was so trying to the eyes that the workers are said to have generally lost the precious gift of eyesight at thirty years of age. At such cost are luxuries often produced. Figs. 1 and 2 are examples of old Flemish laces. In both specimens it will be noticed how extremely fine is the thread of which the lace is made; indeed, it looks like the thread of a spider's web, which a breath can blow away, and in reality it is almost as fine. It was in the making of this exceedingly fine thread that the Flemish excelled all other people, which gives their lace its peculiarly delicate appearance. The cost to health and eyesight at which it was made was great. Contact with dry air caused the thread to break, so it was spun in dark, damp underground cellars. To enable the spinner to see this almost invisible thread, in the spinning of which she was guided almost more by the sense of touch than sight, black paper was placed behind the distaff, and the room was so contrived that only one solitary ray of light fell upon the wheel at which she worked. Only the most skilled spinners could make this fine thread, and the worker was highly paid, though no payment could compensate for the unhealthiness of her life. A pound weight of this wonderful thread cost £240. Machine-made thread and Scotch cottons have now taken its place.

The beautiful gossamer Flemish laces were so much appreciated in France, where the heavier needle points were chiefly made, that very large sums of money were expended for them by the wealthy people in France. To prevent the money leaving the country the French Government levied heavy duties on Flemish laces. When fashion, however, demands something which the laws have made it difficult to obtain, the perverse ingenuity of man will generally discover some way of supplying the wants of extravagant people. The consequence of this law against the importation of Flemish laces into France was that it led to all kinds of illegal smuggling. Many and various were the devices resorted to to conceal the lace till it had been got across the frontier. One of the favourite and for a long time most successful plans was to pet and fatten a dog in France, and when it had grown big and heavy it was taken across the frontier and given over to the care of a Belgian, who half-starved and ill-treated the poor brute. When it had grown thin and lank, the skin of a bigger dog was fitted over it, and the intermediate space was filled with lace; the skin was then stitched up and the dog let loose. It naturally found its way back to France, to the home where it had been well treated, where it was welcomed with its borrowed skin and contraband burden. This trick was discovered, but some thousands of dogs were caught and killed before it was put a stop to.

To turn now to Brussels lace. The city of Brussels has been the home and centre of an important lace industry for many centuries. Two hundred years ago Brussels lace was known as Point d'Angleterre, and the name has sometimes led to the mistaken idea that England really produced the beautiful laces known by this name. The story of how it came to be called Point d'Angleterre is not a very creditable one. In the time of Charles II. Flemish laces were greatly in demand for the lace ruffles which were then in fashion, but the English Parliament, like other foreign governments, became alarmed at seeing such large sums of money leaving the country for foreign laces. A law was therefore passed prohibiting their entry into England.

The courtiers and fashionable people were in despair. What could they use for their ruffles so elegant and beautiful as the gossamer Belgian laces? At first an attempt was made to induce the Flemish lacemakers to come to England and make their lace here; but this did not succeed, as the flax of which the hand-spun thread was made could not be cultivated in this climate. The English merchants then thought that they would deceive the government by means of a name, so they went to Brussels, bought up all the finest laces, smuggled them into England, and sold them as "English Point." Brussels lace bore this name for many years both in England and France. Fig. 3 is a beautiful example of Point d'Angleterre.

In Brussels point lace every kind and art of lacemaking is introduced. The flowers which form so important a part of Brussels lace are made either on the pillow or by the needle. They are all made separately; and in the old Brussels lace they were attached by brides (fig. 4), or by a gossamer net, which was made either with the needle or on the pillow. In most modern Brussels lace the real lace flowers are appliquéd on to a machine-made net. Each part of the lace is made by a different worker. One makes the net ground, another the edging, a third the needle-point flowers, and another the pillow-made flowers and sprigs; a fifth worker makes the open-work stitches in the ground, and a special worker unites all the different pieces of the ground together by an invisible stitch, which can only be detected by the aid of a magnifying glass, and the striqueuse finally sews the flowers on to the net. The needle-point net-ground is only made now for the lace used in royal trousseaux. Much of the most beautiful modern Brussels lace is a combination of needle-point and pillow-made flowers with machine-made net-ground and point-lace stitches. Needle-point or pillow-made flowers are used as the artist or designer wishes to obtain the different effects of lightness or richness. The introduction of machine-made net led to an enormous development of the Brussels lace industry, while it greatly lowered the price at which it could be produced. Much larger pieces, such as shawls and deep flounces, are now produced, which formerly were impossible owing to the enormous cost of making the ground-net by hand. The designs for these laces are the subject of the most constant and careful study, and beautiful and artistic combinations of flowers with birds, butterflies, and cupids, etc., are frequently shown in Brussels lace. At the Paris Exhibition last year the exhibits of Brussels lace excited the admiration of the whole world. Flounces, both in black and white lace, were shown, singularly beautiful and graceful in design, and fans which were real works of art. I remember seeing a fan, representing a flight of swallows, in black thread, which was more like the work of the engraver's tool than the result of the throw of the bobbins. Point gaze is a Brussels lace much sought after. In it the flowers are either needle or pillow made; they are edged by a cordonet, which is not made of button-hole-stitch, but of a thick cord-like thread, bound down by stitches; the whole is connected by a delicate needle-made net. The least expensive of the Belgian laces is that known as Duchesse, in which pillow-made flowers are connected by brides.

There is no doubt that Brussels lace is the most fashionable and popular of laces; and this is due to the beauty, originality, and endless variety of the designs. The success of this industry is an illustration of the old adage, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well." While we in England and Ireland let our lace industries well nigh perish for lack of encouragement, and our designs degenerate for the want of practical art teaching, the Belgians, both publicly and privately, have always taken every possible means, by schools and technical or artistic teaching, to carry their lace industries to the highest pitch of perfection, and in this they have succeeded.

The Mechlin laces are among the most charming of small laces, and suitable for ruffles, etc. They are made entirely on the pillow. The patterns are generally small, and consist of sprays of flowers or leaves, which are outlined by a coarser thread of silk-like flax.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

HILDA IS HAPPY.

THREE days had passed since Aldyth received Hilda's letter. Her aunt had sent her a full account of what had happened, and a few curt, but not unkind, words from her uncle had assured her that there was no need for her to feel any anxiety on his account.

It was about five o'clock on a bright afternoon, and Aldyth, having had occasion to go to a shop there, was walking in Oxford Street. She was near Regent Circus when, to her great astonishment, she perceived her grand-uncle a few yards in front of her, stepping cautiously from an omnibus. He did not perceive her, and she looked at him for a moment or two, hardly able to believe her eyes. Her uncle, who professed to dislike London so much, and had not been known to visit it for years! Indeed, it was a great event for him at any time to go beyond twenty miles of his home. But there he was, in his old velveteen coat, his white hat, his drab gaiters, just as Aldyth was accustomed to see him at Woodham, but looking strangely out of place on the London pavement. She hurriedly made her way to his side.

"Uncle! I little expected to see you in Oxford Street."

He turned, surprised and pleased, yet his manner betrayed some discomposure.

"Ah, Aldyth, is it you? Well, it is happy chance that we should meet thus. Yes, you may well be surprised to see me here; but business brought me to town. I came up on business."

Aldyth could not remember that her uncle had ever come up to London on business before. He was wont to manage all his business through the agency of Mr. Ralph Greenwood.

"Were you coming to see me, uncle?" she asked.

"Well, no, I was not," he answered, still with a shade of embarrassment in his manner; "I have finished my business, and I thought I would take a little look about town before going home by the evening train."

"Then you will come and see mamma?" said Aldyth, eagerly. "She will be so pleased to see you."

The old man did not at once reply. He only smiled a peculiar, grim smile, which said, as plainly as words could utter it, "but I should not be pleased to see her."

"Do you really think she would be pleased?" he asked, sarcastically, after a few moments. "Suppose she had some of her fashionable friends with her, would she be delighted, do you think, to see a queer, old-fashioned countryman like me come into her fine drawing-room?"

"I do not believe that would make any difference, uncle," Aldyth said.

He laughed sceptically.

"Ah, my dear, you must excuse me," he said; "I knew your mother before you were born."

Aldyth's cheeks were burning. She wished he would not speak of her mother in that contemptuous tone.

"I am glad I happened to meet you," she said, "since otherwise I should not have seen you at all. Shall we go into the Park and sit down for a little while? It is quite warm, and I want to have a talk with you."

He assented with evident pleasure. In a few minutes they were at the Marble Arch, and entering the Park found a quiet seat under some trees.

"Aldyth," said her uncle, suddenly, "you will be good enough not to mention to your mother that you have seen me to-day; and do not name it when you are writing to Woodham. I do not wish my coming up to town to be talked about there."

Aldyth promised; but she could not but wonder that her uncle should think it possible to keep people at Woodham from knowing that he had made a journey to town.

Presently she expressed her thankfulness for his recent escape from danger.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "it was a narrow escape—a narrow escape indeed. And Guy acted like a hero. He saved my life at the risk of his own; there's no denying that. How he hung on to that brute of a horse I can't tell. His wrists feel the strain yet."

"Oh, uncle, I hope you do not drive that animal still," Aldyth said.

"Well, no, I suppose I shall have to give it up; he's not safe in the shafts. Guy can ride him. Guy is a good rider. Sometimes I think that perhaps I have been too hard on him; he is a good fellow, is Guy. I did hope I should have seen you married to him, Aldyth; but I suppose it cannot be."

"No, uncle, it can never be," Aldyth said.

"I had set my heart on it," he continued, sadly, not angrily; "but you young people have a way of thwarting all my plans. You must have your own way, however things go. I thought you cared for Wyndham; I thought you would have taken a pride in the old place."

"I do love Wyndham," Aldyth said.

"Yes, but you do not care to live there—at least, not as Guy's wife. Aldyth, tell me, you would not be one to pull down and alter the old place, if it were in your power to retain it as it is?"

"Certainly not," said Aldyth, wondering at the question; "I am not one to desire change. I like things to be as they have always been."

"Ah, yes," he said, musingly. "Well, there is no saying how things will be. Perhaps some other girl will be the mistress of Wyndham. Would you mind if it were so, Aldyth?"

"Why, no, uncle," said Aldyth, smiling. "I assure you I have never thought of such a thing as being the mistress of Wyndham. Guy and I are really not at all suited to each other."

"Yes, but there are other ways," he said. There was a pause of some minutes, and then he asked, abruptly, "Are you and Hilda Bland as good friends as ever, Aldyth?"

"Oh, yes, uncle, indeed we are."

"Does she write to you?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well," he said, and his voice quavered as he spoke, "there is no saying how things will be at the last. I change my plans, and then I change them again. Sometimes I think I am getting old and weak, and do not know my own mind. But I mean it for the best. However things are, I mean it for the best. I suppose I have a right to do as I like with my own? They'll find fault with me, no doubt, when I'm gone; but I mean it for the best."

His voice had dropped, and as he rambled on thus it seemed to Aldyth that he had forgotten where he was and that she was by his side. She had fancied him unchanged when first she saw him; but now it seemed to her that there was a change in him, though it was one not easy to define. She laid her hand on his, and he looked round with a startled air, but recovering himself slowly, he said, "I don't know why I should talk about going. I am not so very old. Several of my ancestors lived to be ninety, and why should not I? I have always lived temperately. Why should not I see ninety, please God?"

"I trust you will, uncle," Aldyth said, gently; "but now, at what time does your train leave for Woodham?"

"Eh? the time; half-past six, to be sure. What's the time now? Oh, I don't trust any of your London clocks." And he pulled out the huge gold repeater familiar to Aldyth from her childhood. "Ah, I must leave you, child. I am glad we met. When are you coming to Woodham again? You do not look so well as when you left us. Tell me, are you happy with your mother and sisters? Do they treat you properly?"

"Yes, indeed they are very kind to me; I have nothing to complain of," Aldyth said, but nevertheless there was a yearning in her heart for Woodham and its peaceful, pleasant ways.

"Well, if they do treat you badly, you know where to come," her uncle said.

As they walked through the Park to the nearest entrance many a passer-by looked curiously at the quaint, old squire and the tall, graceful girl by his side, whilst he on his part bestowed a fierce scrutiny and more or less unflattering comments on every person or equipage that met his gaze. When Aldyth had seen her uncle into a cab for Liverpool Street, she hurried homewards, and reached the house barely in time to change her dress and appear at the dinner-table as usual.

Her mind was full of her uncle during the evening, and she found it difficult to avoid mentioning him. A few days later Aldyth received a second letter from Hilda, the contents of which gave her both surprise and pleasure.

"Oh, Aldyth," Hilda wrote, "you

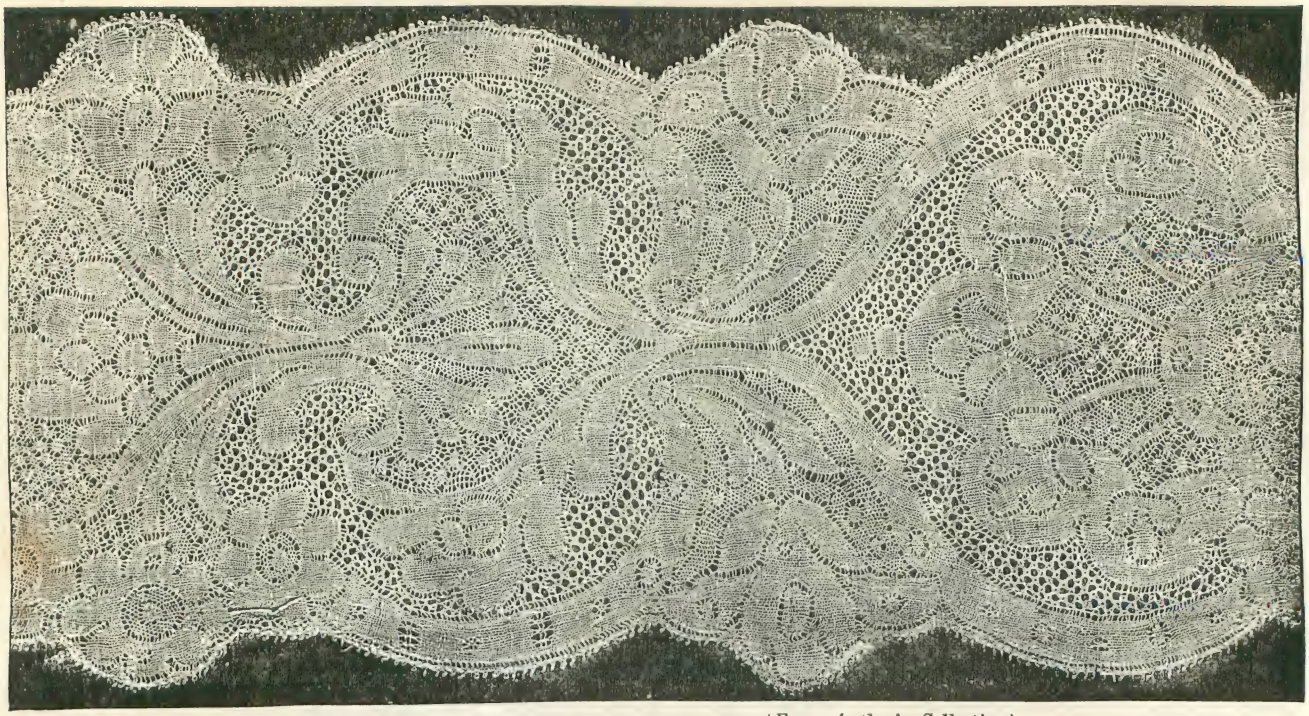


FIG. 2.—OLD BRUSSELS LAPPET, PILLOW LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

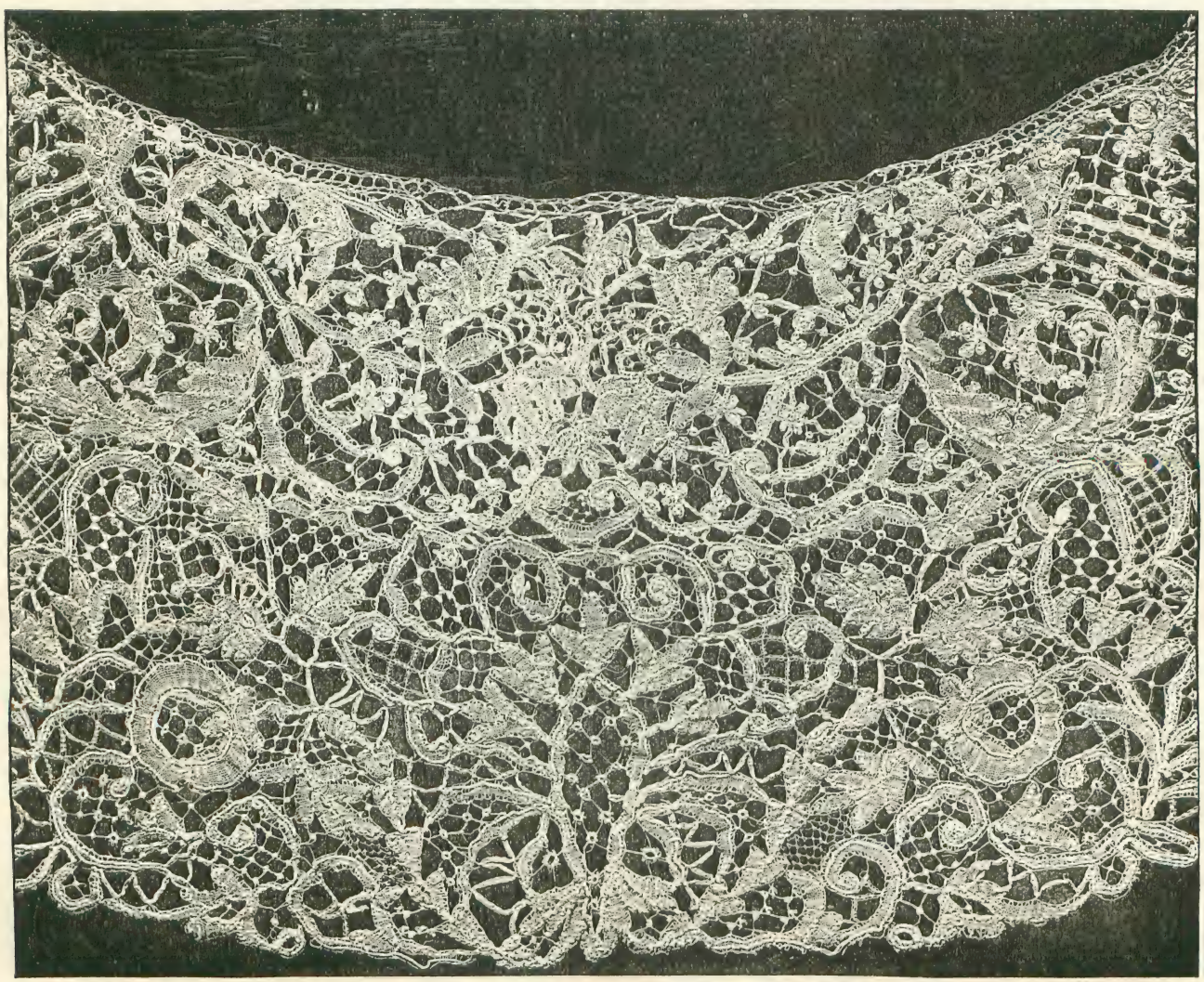


FIG. 4.—COLLAR OF OLD BRUSSELS LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

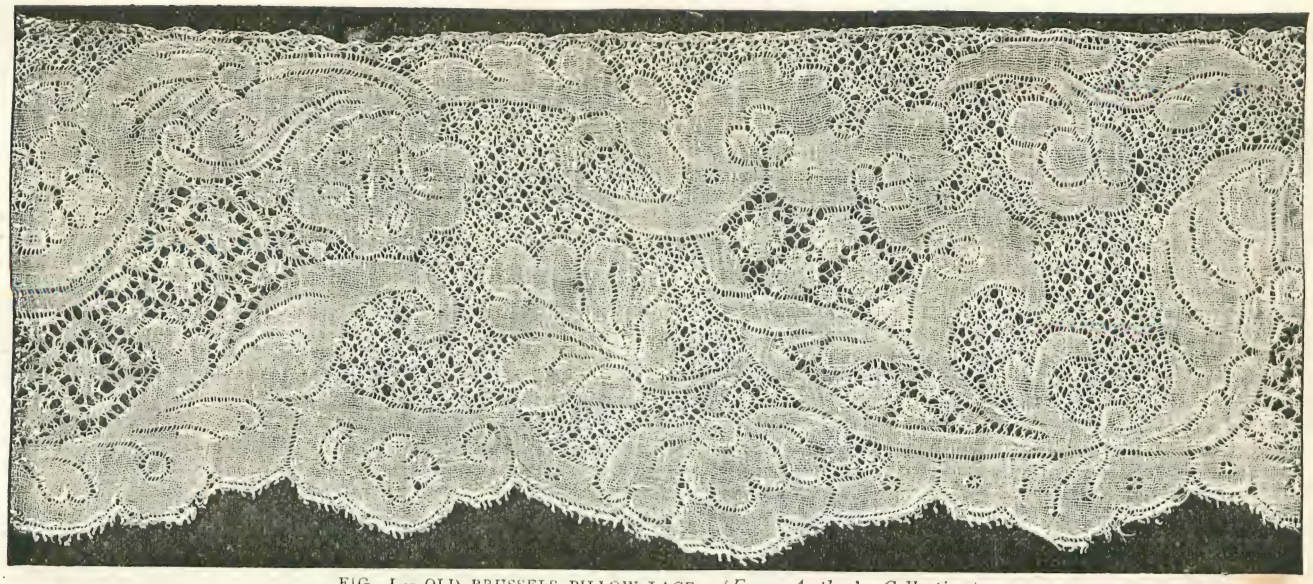


FIG. I.—OLD BRUSSELS PILLOW LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

will hardly believe the good news I have to tell you. I can hardly believe it myself, though it makes me so happy—I cannot tell you how happy I am. But I must explain. On Saturday mother had a most polite note from Mr. Lorraine, begging her to come on Monday with her two daughters to spend the day at Wyndham. The carriage should be sent for us at any hour that would suit our convenience. You may imagine how surprised we were, for Mr. Lorraine has been barely civil to us since the day he called here and behaved so rudely, and I do not think mother had forgiven him for telling her she did not look after her daughters properly. However, I persuaded mother it was her duty to forget that now, and Kitty wanted to see the horses at Wyndham, and I—— Ah, I need not tell you how I felt about it! Anyhow, mother accepted the invitation, and about noon we started for Wyndham. The dear old man—yes, I can call him dear now—received us with charming courtesy. He had arranged that Guy should take me and Kitty for a ride in the afternoon; was it not good of him? You can fancy how delighted Kitty was, nor was I less so; and as for Guy, I never saw him in such spirits. Kitty rode Pansy, and the lovely creature was so tricksey. She does not get exercise enough now you are away.

"But now for the most wonderful item of my news. It was easy to see that the squire was in a very good humour with Guy. Well, whilst we were riding Mr. Lorraine had a long talk with mother, and told her he had decided to let Guy take his own way with regard to his marriage, and if he still wished to marry me, he was free to do so.

"And, to make a short story of it, Aldyth, we are now engaged, and in a day or two all Woodham will know it. But, of course, you must be the first friend to hear of it; I know how glad you will be. You can sympathise with me in my happiness as no one else can. Oh, I am happy! I can say with Juliet—

'My true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.'

"I wonder what people will say when they hear of my engagement? It will be a surprise, for it has always been said that you would marry your cousin. But, talking of gossip, what do you think is Miss Rudkin's latest piece of news? She declares that your uncle went to London by the first train on Wednesday morning, and that he drove all the way to Wickham, and took the train there, in order that people should not know that he went! Did you ever hear anything so absurd? I suppose you have not seen him in town?"

There was much more in the letter, which Aldyth read several times. She was delighted to hear of Hilda's happiness, and inclined to esteem Guy more highly than she had ever done before. It never occurred to her that she had any cause to deplore the engagement as likely to be detrimental to her own prospects. Aldyth was not wont to concern herself greatly about her future, and she had never felt anxious to know her uncle's intentions with respect to his property. A healthy, happy girlhood has no temptation to be greedy after wealth. It seemed to her a fortunate circumstance that her uncle's horse had run away, since Guy's gallant conduct had so softened the old man's feelings as to make him for once renounce a cherished wish.

And so people had said that she would marry Guy! It was not surprising, but it vexed her to think of it. Had Mr. Glynne heard it said? The colour deepened in her cheeks as she asked herself the question. Well, if so, he would now know that it was a mistake. Aldyth was glad to think this; she did not like the idea of his supposing that she would be willing to marry Guy.

Hilda's letter had put Aldyth into excellent spirits. But when she hastened to share the news with her mother and sister, the brightness of her mood was checked. Mrs. Stanton heard it with feelings that were beyond control.

"You can pretend to be pleased at this, Aldyth?" she asked, in a tragic tone.

"There is no pretence about it, mamma. I am unfeignedly glad that Hilda is to marry Guy. I used to doubt if he were good enough for her; but I think better of him now."

"You ought to be ashamed to talk so!" cried her mother, in tones sharp and high. "I have no patience with you. To think that you might have been the mistress of Wyndham! You should bewail your folly instead of rejoicing. One would think you had no sense."

Aldyth stood silent; but it was not without a strong effort that she kept herself from uttering hot, indignant words.

"Now you have crossed his wish, I daresay your uncle will not leave you a penny," continued Mrs. Stanton. "You might, for the sake of us all, have played your cards better than that. I hope you will not infect Gladys with your stupidly romantic notions."

Here the flow of Mrs. Stanton's eloquence ceased abruptly, for Aldyth turned without a word and quitted the room.

"You need not have dragged my name into the discussion, mamma," said Gladys, with scorn in her tones; "you might know that I belong to another order of being, and could never act like Aldyth."

"I hope not, indeed," said Mrs. Stanton, devoutly. "I trust you have more wisdom."

"I don't know about that," said Gladys; "though the Bible does say that 'the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.' You and I belong to this world, mamma. I rather fancy Aldyth must be one of the 'children of light.'"

"What do you mean by speaking in that absurd way? It is not like you, Gladys."

Aldyth had hurried from her mother's presence that she might not be overmastered by an impulse to relieve her

irritated feeling by quick, passionate words. She had a great dread—born of the sacred idea of motherhood she had ever cherished—of being driven to utter bitter, unbecoming words to her mother. It was no uncommon thing for Gladys to address her mother disrespectfully. Angry words sometimes passed between them, though they were good friends as a rule; but if Aldyth ever had a scene with her mother, she knew that the thought of it would leave an indelible stain upon her consciousness, and turn to bitterest irony the hopes of past years.

Mrs. Stanton did not again refer to Guy's engagement; but she treated Aldyth with marked coldness during the next few days. But, as if to atone for her mother's unkindness, Gladys' manner towards her sister was more affectionate than usual. It was she who insisted that Aldyth should accompany them to the Horticultural Gardens on Saturday afternoon. Aldyth consented with some reluctance, for she would have preferred to spend the time with Nelly, as usual. But she could hardly regret that she had come when they reached the gardens, which were looking their loveliest in the first fresh beauty of the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton seated themselves under the trees to listen to the band, but the girls preferred to move about, admiring the flowers and observing the well-dressed crowd. Some of the ladies were so fair and so charmingly dressed that they seemed to rival the flowers in beauty. Aldyth did not wonder that many eyes were directed towards her sister; she saw no one prettier than Gladys in her gown of palest blue, and large white hat. But attractive as was the appearance of Gladys, Aldyth did not suffer total eclipse as she walked by her side. Several persons inquired the name of the tall girl who was Miss Stanton's companion, and decided that though she might not be called beautiful, there was something very interesting about her.

Aldyth went so little into society that she did not expect to meet anyone she knew. Gladys stopped now and then to chat with acquaintances, and was careful to introduce her sister; but Aldyth felt herself amidst strangers, till suddenly, as she stood on the outskirt of a little group, a gentleman paused before her, bowing, and saying, in tones of pleasurable surprise—

"Miss Lorraine! This is an unexpected pleasure. Somehow one seems to forget that it is possible for Woodham people to come to London."

It was Captain Walker. Aldyth greeted him with pleasure, and they entered at once into an enjoyable chat over Woodham affairs. He had not heard of Guy's engagement, and the news seemed greatly to please him.

Aldyth was amused at the warmth with which he expressed himself on the subject. Presently Aldyth introduced him to Gladys, and a little later to her mother, who, deciding at once that the young man had a distinguished appearance, received him most graciously. Captain Walker remained with them as long as they continued in the gardens. As he saw them into their carriage, Mrs. Stanton informed him that they were always "at home" on Sunday evenings, and begged that he would give them the pleasure of his company on the following evening.

Aldyth had always liked Captain Walker, and it was a pleasure to her to see an old friend who knew all about Woodham and her life there. She was sorry that her mother had invited him for Sunday evening; for ever since her coming to London she had made it a rule not to join the party gathered in the drawing-room on that evening. The Lord's day was sacred and precious to Aldyth. She liked to feel that it was different from every other day. It was no hardship, but a pleasure to her when at Woodham, to attend both services at the church, and to spend the afternoon with her class in the Sunday-school. But Sunday observances were deemed irksome in her mother's home. In her Australian life Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the religious habits of earlier days. She had learned to laugh at the old-fashioned "Sabbath" of her childhood, and she considered that she had sufficiently recognised the sacred character of the day if she attended a short service in the forenoon. That over, the rest of the day might be given to pleasure and self-indulgence.

Aldyth could see little difference between Sundays and other days in her new home, but she could not bear so to waste the day she found so helpful if rightly spent. She had the courage to avow her convictions on the subject, and to make a point of attending an evening service. Mrs. Stanton laughed at her "Puritanical" notions, but left her free to do as she liked. Nor did she raise any objection when Nelly began to accompany her sister. Mrs. Stanton found her youngest daughter not easy to manage; she was apt to get cross and sulky if anything put her out, so that her absence when visitors were expected was rather a relief than otherwise.

Aldyth thought it probable that she would be urged to remain at home on the following evening, but, rather to her surprise, no notice was taken of the fact that Captain Walker was her friend. She went to church as usual, and afterwards remained quietly in her room till the visitors had departed. Coming downstairs then she found her mother and Gladys in high good humour.

"It was a pity you took yourself off," Gladys said. "We have had a delightful evening. Captain Walker asked where you were."

"You never told me, Aldyth, that he was nephew to Sir Richard Courtenay," said Mrs. Stanton, in a tone of reproof; "for aught I knew he might have been just anybody."

"I had forgotten it, mamma," said Aldyth. "Now you mention it, I remember hearing Guy say that he was related to Sir Richard Courtenay."

"You should remember such things," said Mrs. Stanton, frowning. "Why, Mrs. Gibson tells me it is not at all unlikely that the baronetcy may fall to him."

"Well, I never heard that," said Aldyth.

"Whatever he may be in the future he is very nice now," said Gladys. "He understands music perfectly. He says my voice reminds him of Antoinette Sterling. He is going to bring his violin with him when next he comes."

It was not long ere the captain repeated his visit. Aldyth was at home, and, much to his satisfaction, she accompanied his violin on the pianoforte. As they played one favourite piece after another it seemed like a return of the old days at Wyndham. But Aldyth was careful that Gladys should not feel herself excluded from the evening's entertainment. It was found that her voice went charmingly with the violin, and she was persuaded to sing several times. But however the captain might applaud, a quick ear would have detected that Gladys' musical performance lacked the accuracy and finish of Aldyth's. It was a difference akin to that which distinguished the characters of the two girls. Aldyth had studied music with the thoroughness which marked her pursuit of every kind of knowledge; in her desire after perfection she had spared herself no pains, shrunk from no sacrifice of time and pleasure, with the result that she had attained a beautiful touch, and played with rare power and expression. Gladys had studied in a superficial, half-hearted fashion, wishful only to acquire a certain effectiveness. It followed in consequence that Captain Walker, although he had likened her voice to that of Antoinette Sterling, was perfectly aware that her singing was very faulty and her choice of songs poor.

"Captain Walker," said Aldyth, leaning back from the piano to address him when they had just finished a brilliant fantasia, in which he had played his part with great skill, "I wish you would come to Whitechapel some evening and play to my factory girls."

"To Whitechapel!" he repeated, with an air of surprise.

"My dear Aldyth!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton, in a tone of rebuke; "how can you ask Captain Walker to go to that dreadful place? If you choose to go there yourself, you cannot expect that your friends will like to do so."

"No place can be too dreadful for me to which Miss Lorraine goes," said the captain. "I shall be only too happy to be of any service to her there."

"Oh, thank you," said Aldyth. "It would be so kind of you to come and play to the girls some evening. They are very fond of music."

"I call it a poor compliment to Captain Walker to ask him to play to a lot of low factory girls," said Gladys. "What can they know of good music?"

But Captain Walker did not appear to regard the request as uncomplimentary. He looked pleased, and listened with interest as Aldyth talked to him about the work at Whitechapel. He readily promised to help, and a day was fixed for his visit. But there was a cloud on Mrs. Stanton's face as she heard the arrangement made, and Aldyth soon learned that she had given annoyance to her mother and sister.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL MEN'S WIVES.

By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married," "The Five Talents of Women," etc.

IRLS and women are fond of speculating what profession they would have entered if they had belonged to the other sex. "If I were a man," says one, "I would have been a bishop;" another would have been a judge, another a great doctor, another a general. They all think that they would have got to the top of the tree.

Well, young ladies, you cannot directly fill these positions, but you can do so indirectly, in a way that is quite as honourable and not less influential. You may marry, and have in your hands the moulding of the careers of men who are clergymen, lawyers, doctors, officers, and such like. Now it may or it may not be easy for you to marry a professional man, but it certainly is not easy to make him a good wife. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." There are girls who are ready to marry any men whom they like and who like them, without reflecting for a moment upon the sort of lives that will have to be lived by the wives of these men. Or they ask themselves the question: Would I like the position of a clergyman's wife—an officer's wife? and so forth; but not so often the more important question: Am I suited in disposition and training to fill these positions with credit?

Just think, for instance, how much society and public opinion, not to speak of God and her own conscience, require of a clergyman's wife. She is expected to be a friend of all her husband's parishioners, both rich and poor, a teacher, or at least an overseer of the parochial schools, the promoter of guilds, clubs, and other benefit societies for women. Her daily life is subjected to the microscopical gaze of the parish gossips, and they are not easy to please. Obviously a girl is not fitted naturally, or indeed at all, without a considerable amount of preparation to take up this position of light and leading. It requires tact, prudence, knowledge of human nature, good manners, good temper. I knew of one clergyman's wife who set a whole parish "by the ears" by carelessly repeating something that was said to her of another whose bad manner utterly destroyed her husband's chance of usefulness. The fact is, women require to be "called" to be clergywomen, as much as men have need of being "called" to be clergymen. One often hears it said of a woman who makes herself very useful in a parish that she was born or "cut out" to be a clergyman's wife. Such women seldom marry at all, and more seldom do they marry clergymen. When, however, a girl who is going to become a parson's wife enters upon the situation conscientiously, and carefully prepares herself for it, she may be sure that she will double her husband's usefulness.

Having been a chaplain in the army for thirteen years, I know the duties and temptations of an officer's wife as well as those of the wife of a parson; and I can say that it is anything but an easy thing to perform the one and to resist the other. The wives of officers are generally supposed to have the control of plenty of money, and to lead brilliant, eventful lives, full of interest and movement. The reality is often very different. As a rule officers have only enough private means to eke out their pay and make it do with economy. When married, therefore, they must "come to smash," to use their expressive phrase, if their wives do not understand domestic economy and "management" generally. To do them justice, many of them do. I know officers' wives who on a few hundreds a year keep up a good appearance, and are not covered with shame and confusion when their husbands bring home a brother officer to lunch or dinner. Nor have the frequent changes of home incident to military life disheartened them. Resembling the ants, who when their nests are disturbed soon rectify matters, these ladies furnish up new homes upon their regiments changing stations with great quickness and at a very small cost. Then the frequent separations of military husbands and wives involve inconveniences and temptations which might prove too much for some women. The husband is in India and his wife has to remain a "grass widow" at Southsea or elsewhere, for the education of the children, or he is in the plains in India and she on the hills. To a young and handsome woman there is danger in this, unless she has been carefully brought up, and has prepared herself beforehand by adopting moral and religious principles.

Very great is the influence for good which an officer's wife may exercise upon a regiment. While keeping her own place, and making others do the same, she may—especially when her husband gets field rank—become a sort of mother to all, and make the last joined subaltern feel that he is not altogether away from purifying family life. An officer's wife will be able to put any useful or ornamental accomplishment she may have acquired to a good account. Is it cooking? She may want it much in a colonial garrison where the servants are unsatisfactory. Music will be a resource for herself in some dull station, and will come in useful when asked to help in entertainments for soldiers. Gratefully do I remember the artistic taste which Mrs. R—— used to bring to the decoration of my garrison chapel, and the pretty pieces of furniture which she made out of her packing cases were the admiration of all who visited her.

A lady friend once ventured to ask General Gordon why he had never married. The General answered, speaking slowly and solemnly: "I never yet have met a woman who, for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead—accompany me to the ends of the earth perhaps; would stand by me in times of danger and difficulty, and sustain me in times of hardship and perplexity. Such a woman I have not met, and such an one alone could be my wife." More fortunate was Sir Henry Lawrence. He did meet and marry a woman who fully realised even Gordon's ideal of what a soldier's wife should be.

It is said that a doctor begins life where other men leave off—with a carriage and a wife; and certainly if it be necessary for him to marry in order to get into practice, his success in keeping together his professional connection greatly depends upon his wife. The same thing applies to the wives of barristers. They can, if they have good manners and are socially successful, do more for their husband's advancement in life than would at first sight appear possible. Then many barristers desire to become members of Parliament, and it is admitted that women exercise a great influence upon politics, an influence which perhaps is all the greater because they have not votes.

It is often the case when you see a great man, like a ship, sailing proudly along the current of renown, that there is a little tug, his wife, whom you cannot see, but who is directing his movements, and supplying the motive power.

This truth is well illustrated by the anecdote told of Lord Eldon, who, when he had received the Great Seal at the hands of the King, being about to retire, was addressed by His Majesty with the words—

"Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon."

The Chancellor, in acknowledging the condescension, intimated his ignorance of Lady Eldon's claim to such notice.

"Yes, yes," the King answered; "I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor."

Burke, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Beaconsfield, and several other statesmen, have ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives.

It is well known that several of our best literary men would never have been able to do the work they did if it had not been for their wives. These helpmates, by managing for them the practical business and social conventionalities of life, enabled them to pursue their work in peace and comfort. The power of a literary man is doubled when he gets a clear-headed, sensible wife, who shields his sensitiveness against disagreeable things; who acts like one of those cushions that sailors put down the side of a vessel to keep it from jarring too roughly against the dock.

Nor is it only in this indirect way that literary men are helped by their wives. Fenimore Cooper became a novelist through his wife's challenge. One evening, while reading a novel, he threw it down, saying, "I believe I could write a better book myself." "Let me see you do it!" said his wife, with a smile. In a few days he had written several chapters of "Precaution," which, when finished, he published at his own expense. The novel attracted little attention, but it gave Cooper an inkling of his capacity for story-writing, and the "Spy," his next novel, appealed so strongly to the patriotic sympathies of his countrymen that it became a great success. Hawthorne, too, was induced to write his chief work by a remark of his wife.

All good girls and women desire to be of use in the world, and this is why they are applying for employments which until now were retained by men. Some go so far as to pretend to despise the oldest profession of all, that of wifehood. They speak of it as if it only meant suckling fools and chronicling small beer. We have briefly pointed out—and if we had space we might do so at much greater length—that the wives of professional men, and, indeed, of all men, exercise quite as useful and important an influence upon the world as do their husbands. Girls should cultivate and prepare themselves for anything that may happen. They know not to what position of usefulness God may call them through matrimony.

"A WORLD TO ROVE IN."

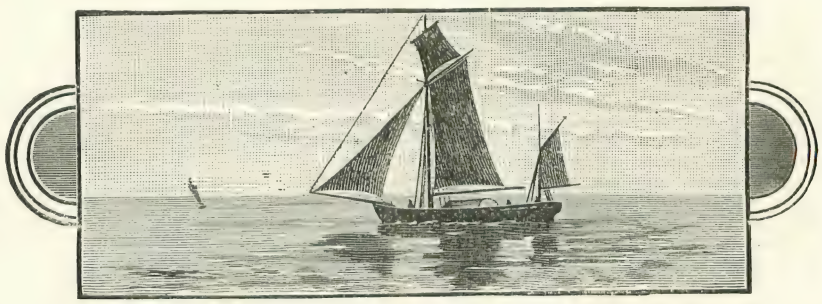
A SUMMER SONG.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A SWEET, warm world in the sunlight basking
Under the widespread arch of blue;
A maze of blossoms the green grass masking,
Fragrant and fresh with the morning dew.
Brooklets singing
And woodpaths ringing
With musical notes, soft, clear, and true.

A full, rich world that o'erbrims with gladness,
And beauty, and sweetness, for you and me;
A young, bright world, with no sign of sadness
Traced on its brow that our eyes can see.
A world to love in,
A world to rove in,
From morn till eve, with the bird and bee.

Come out, come out, from the dusty city,
And roam in the wild wood's shady ways;
The sun is mounting (the more's the pity),
Not long the freshness and fragrance stays.
'Midst soft airs blowing,
With hearts o'erflowing,
Thank God, thank God, for such summer days!



THE STORY OF A SUMMER.

By E. C. VANSITTART.

CHAPTER II.

"The world was fair, so fair, everything seemed to promise happiness.
Only——Ah! how much that one word means!"

NIGHT of heavy rain some days later ushered in such a lovely morning that Winifred, with her faithful companion Smut, the terrier, set out for the village on some household errand. Every blade of grass, each leaf and flower was studded with diamond drops quivering in the sun's gleams with that peculiar "clear shining after rain." Her way lay through fields of long, waving, flower-dotted grass, to pine-woods where the air was scented with the aromatic odour of turpentine, and the ground beneath a soft carpet of pine-needles; past brooks and streams flowing with gentle murmur between fairy borders of tall fern; then on to the high road with the river rushing alongside; and over everything towered those pure white mountains. So to the village itself, where the old houses stood in gay little gardens, bright with sunflowers, carnations, and roses; where green vineleaves hid the brown, wooden balconies, whose upper line was alone marked by masses of scarlet geraniums and nasturtiums growing luxuriantly in the green wooden boxes so dear to the Swiss heart. Nothing was lost upon Winifred of all this loveliness; she drank in the changing scene with keen appreciation of its beauty; to her highly-strung nature such enjoyment was so keen as to border on actual pain. Many friendly greetings were exchanged by the way with the country people. Her purchases in the market-place, where a group of housewives surrounded the stone fountain, washing their linen and chattering gaily all the while, were soon completed, and Winifred was setting out on her homeward way, when she suddenly heard Captain Nugent's cheery voice behind her, calling out—

"Miss Trafford, do stop and let us overtake you!" while three young Nugents—Daisy, Johnnie, and Nelly—beset her.

"Oh, Winifred, we have been to the station with father to meet Uncle Rupert. And, fancy! he says he has brought out a lawn-tennis set, and will teach us to play!" began Daisy.

"Yes, and he has brought his microscope," chimed in Johnnie, "and is going to show us a butterfly's wings and beetles' legs through it."

Not to be outdone in news, Nelly panted out—

"And he is going to put up a hammock in our garden. Oh, I am so glad he has come! We are to have holidays for a whole month."

At this moment Captain Nugent joined them with a stranger, and said—

"Rupert, let me introduce you to our neighbour, Miss Trafford—my brother-in-law, Mr. Earle."

Winifred turned and saw a tall, thin man, of thirty-five or forty, with thickly-curling dark hair, a studious face, and clear, brown eyes.

"How glad you must be to have got to your destination," was her easy remark.

"Yes," he answered; "and after being so many hours cramped in the train and on board the steamer, I felt I wanted a walk, and so left my luggage to follow in a cart."

"You always were a great walker," laughed Captain Nugent. "How is your mother to-day, Miss Trafford?"

"Much better, thank you; I really think this place suits her. She went for a drive yesterday, for the first time; and though very tired afterwards, she seems none the worse."

"There is something exhilarating in Swiss air," remarked Mr. Earle, "if you only knew what it feels like after London." And he bared his head to the breeze.

Rupert Earle was a scholar and a gentleman. At the University he had distinguished himself, taking high honours; but after receiving holy orders, his one aim and object had been

to find work, and work he found in a crowded parish of East London. There he had laboured for the last ten years, "spending and being spent," teaching the ignorant, comforting the sorrowing, raising his neighbours to higher things, fighting a brave, and, as it often seemed, hopeless battle against the teeming masses of vice and misery. Often he had well-nigh lost courage, but he never lost faith; always foremost in every noble enterprise, heading every good cause, throwing himself into every breach. His friends sometimes said what a pity it was that a man of such talents should have cast himself away among the most benighted population of the great city, when, had he chosen, he might have risen to eminence at Oxford. But he was absorbed heart and soul by his charge. He had done wonders. The once empty and neglected church had been beautified and restored; its services were now attended by reverent congregations; his night-schools were thronged by numbers of rough men and boys whom he had humanised into devoted followers; the children were sent regularly to day-schools. He had established homes and refuges for outcast girls and women, a club and coffee-tavern for working men, and he did much personally towards keeping them out of the public-houses, by instituting musical evenings, penny readings, and lectures, in all of which he took a foremost part.

The strain of such a life can perhaps be only realised by those who have tried it; to be for ever fighting against overwhelming odds of evil, constantly brought into contact with what is lowest, most unlovely, and degraded in human nature—to live perpetually surrounded by disease, poverty, sin, and death—to feel how, when all our efforts are spent, all our goods bestowed, it is only a drop in the ocean—this is disappointing and depressing beyond measure, enough to make even the bravest heart quail and faint; but though the marks of such a struggle were stamped on Rupert Earle's face, his sweet sunny nature had remained unchanged and unembittered. Ready to take a keen interest in all the leading questions of the day, yielding to none in thorough enjoyment of even the smallest pleasures that came in his way, and entering more than most into the joys and sorrows of his fellow-creatures—in a word, his was "the heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise."

* * * *

Winifred was constantly thrown into his company, either at their own house, where Mrs. Trafford always welcomed the gentle, earnest man, to whom she felt much attracted, or during the long daily rambles with the children, or evening discussions at the "Rosenau" (the Traffords' abode) over a newly-arrived book, or the name and family of the unknown specimens gathered during the day's excursion. Her mother was better and less exacting; the newcomer was a kindred spirit; life seemed to grow brighter to Winifred. A few weeks of such intimacy often brings hearts nearer each other than years of ordinary acquaintance. In their long walks and rambles, these two generally paired off together, and Winifred asked much about the life in his London parish, which had a strange fascination for her, leading to an exchange of thoughts on deep subjects, the solution of many, to her, perplexing social problems, and to a knowledge of each other; while his weekly sermons in the little English church taught her most of all.

One afternoon they had wandered into the heart of the hills, leaving the Nugents and their children far behind. After steady climbing for some time, they reached a clearing, whence they looked down on the green valley below. There was a great calm all round, whose silence was only broken by a stream close by and the birds singing in the trees. They both paused, Winifred sinking on to the logs of a felled tree; her companion stretched himself on the soft starry moss at her feet; an eagle was sailing slowly through the sunlit air, and they followed its flight with dreamy eyes, till it was lost in the infinite blue vaults overhead. Then Winifred drew a deep breath, and broke the spell which had seemed to bind them—

"I wonder if you will understand my meaning when I say that these solitudes give me the feeling of being in church."

"Yes," he answered, "I know what you mean. The mountains stand so far removed from the world and all its pettiness, so near heaven, that our earthly span when measured by their existence seems very short. When we think of all the generations these 'everlasting hills' have looked down upon unchanged, what is the longest human life with all its joys and sorrows? A dream of the night!"

"And not only that," said Winifred, musingly; "they also teach one such a lesson of patience by their very steadfastness. There is a sense of repose about them."

"To be brought into close contact with anything very great rests one; the sea gives me that feeling too."

"Does it?" replied Winifred. "I cannot agree with you there; I have no love for the sea. As a child, I always used to feel it came between me and my parents. During the years I lived with Uncle Henry and his family, we spent several summers by its shore, but it never lost its terrors for me even when I most realised its grandeur; whereas these immovable mountains, with their crown of everlasting snow, almost entrance me."

"Yes, in one sense, the sea is always restless, but it has associations for me, connecting links with my boyhood passed on the Cornish coast; and even now, after all these years, I miss its mighty murmur at night; the wind soughing through the pine branches most nearly approaches it, and during the gale yesterday evening I could almost have fancied myself back in my old home."

"What a contrast this peaceful nook must be to your London home!"

A shade passed over his face as he answered: "No words can describe it; sometimes the beauty, purity, and quiet of nature in these solitudes almost stifle me when I think of the vice, noise, and sadness of those slums. I am sure one ought to come down from the Mount of Glory and return to the haunts of men wiser, better, more patient and forbearing."

Once more silence fell upon them, for thoughts such as these stir hearts too deeply for speech, and their very dumbness becomes more eloquent than words when two minds understand each other's workings, as these had grown to do. After some time, Winifred roused herself, looking at her watch, and exclaimed: "I had no idea it was so late! I must hurry home, mother will be wanting her tea; the others must have lost their way."

As they descended the slope rapidly, discussing commonplace topics, Rupert asked, "Did I hear aright yesterday that you were expecting a relative to join you soon?"

"Yes, my cousin, Eva Russell; she and I were brought up together as more than sisters; she is coming to stay with us whilst her father and brother go to Norway on a six weeks' fishing trip."

"It will make it much pleasanter for you. You must often feel lonely and anxious about your mother."

"I have grown accustomed to that," she answered, with the patient smile habitual to her, "but Eva's coming will make an immense difference, of course. I am glad you should meet her. She is so clever, she can master any subject she chooses; and she is beautiful too—unusually so, though perfectly unconscious of it, which enhances its charm. Since my aunt's death, and our exile abroad, she has had a very lonely life, Uncle Henry's time being so much absorbed by his work; and her brother, a soldier, now stationed at York with his regiment, can only pay them flying visits."

At this moment they came upon the Nugents, and all further intimate talk was put an end to by the clamorous delight of the children taking possession of "Uncle Rupert," to display the treasures found in the woods.

At last came a day when Winifred could no longer hide from herself that she had grown to love this stranger with the passionate absorbing love which only natures such as hers are capable of. Life had become transfigured before her; this magnet seemed to have changed everything to her eyes, even while things remained unaltered around her. The little daily worries and trials which used formerly to oppress her lost their sting; her mother's querulous complaints and unreasonable demands no longer tried her; she never felt lonely now.

The sight of Rupert Earle's face made her heart beat quicker with joy; the sound of his voice was as music to her ears. She did not look on, but just let herself drift with the shining tide; to know that the morrow would bring them together again was enough for her. Only sometimes she wondered whether such bliss could last. Those who have not been accustomed to much happiness are almost always afraid of it; they look upon it as we behold "a bird perched upon our window-sill," as a French philosopher has said, every moment expecting their unwonted guest to take its flight. Wonderful power of love, that one individual out of millions should be able so to influence our hearts that the whole world should seem full or empty, all things around become dark or bright, according as they are met singly or in company with our conqueror!

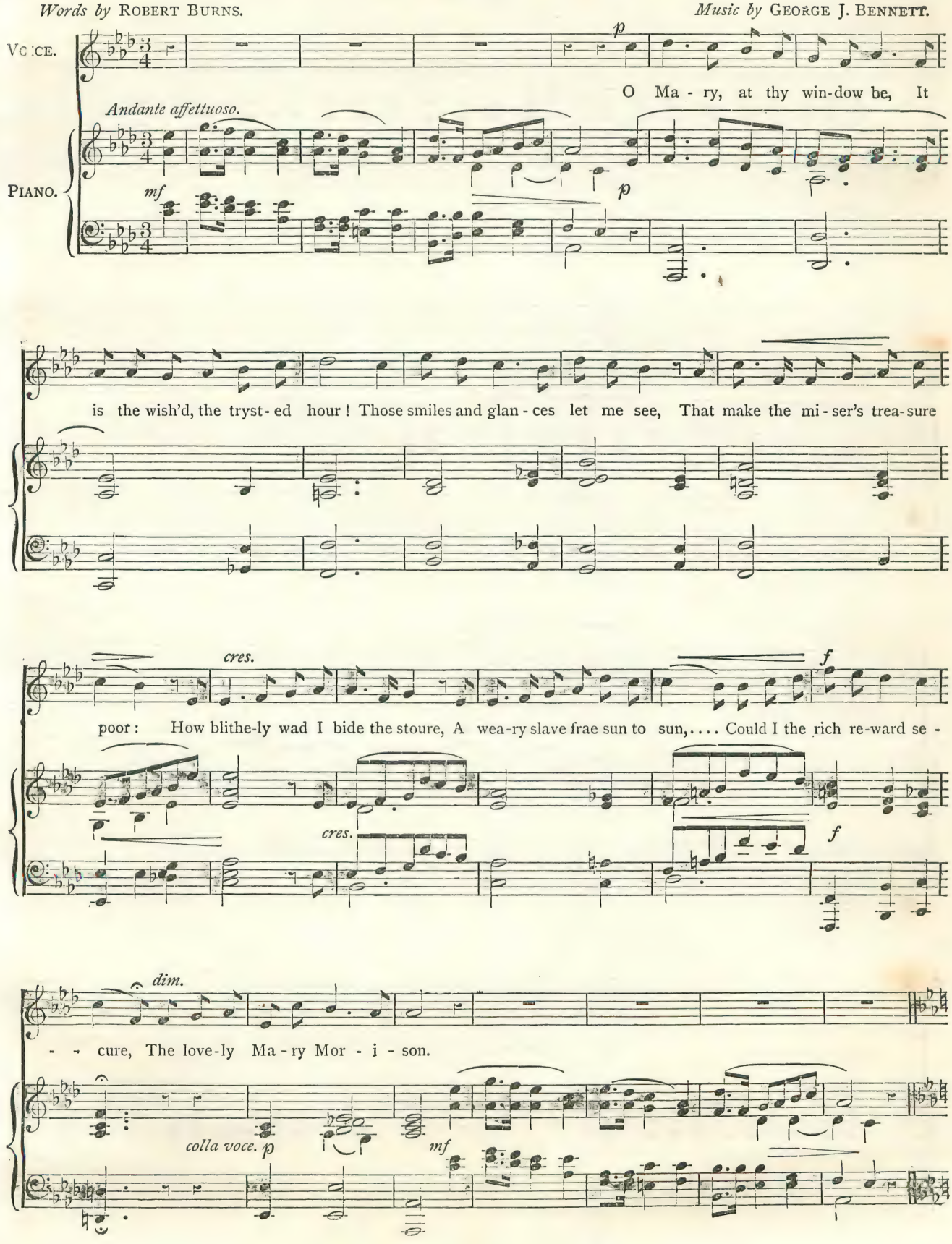
How fair they beckon us when viewed by that "light which never was on land or sea"! Winifred soon realised with a woman's unerring instinct that her feeling was not unrequited, though the constraining power was weak compared to her devotion; yet she knew it; she had only to raise a little finger, so to speak, and he would be hers, heart and soul. As Rupert watched her patient forbearance and unselfishness in daily life, marked how she threw herself into other's interests, and as he more and more penetrated into the depths of her pure loving nature, which, when once it yielded, gave itself unreservedly, he told himself that never had he met her equal, and began to dream of what it would be to have that gentle presence ruling in his home.

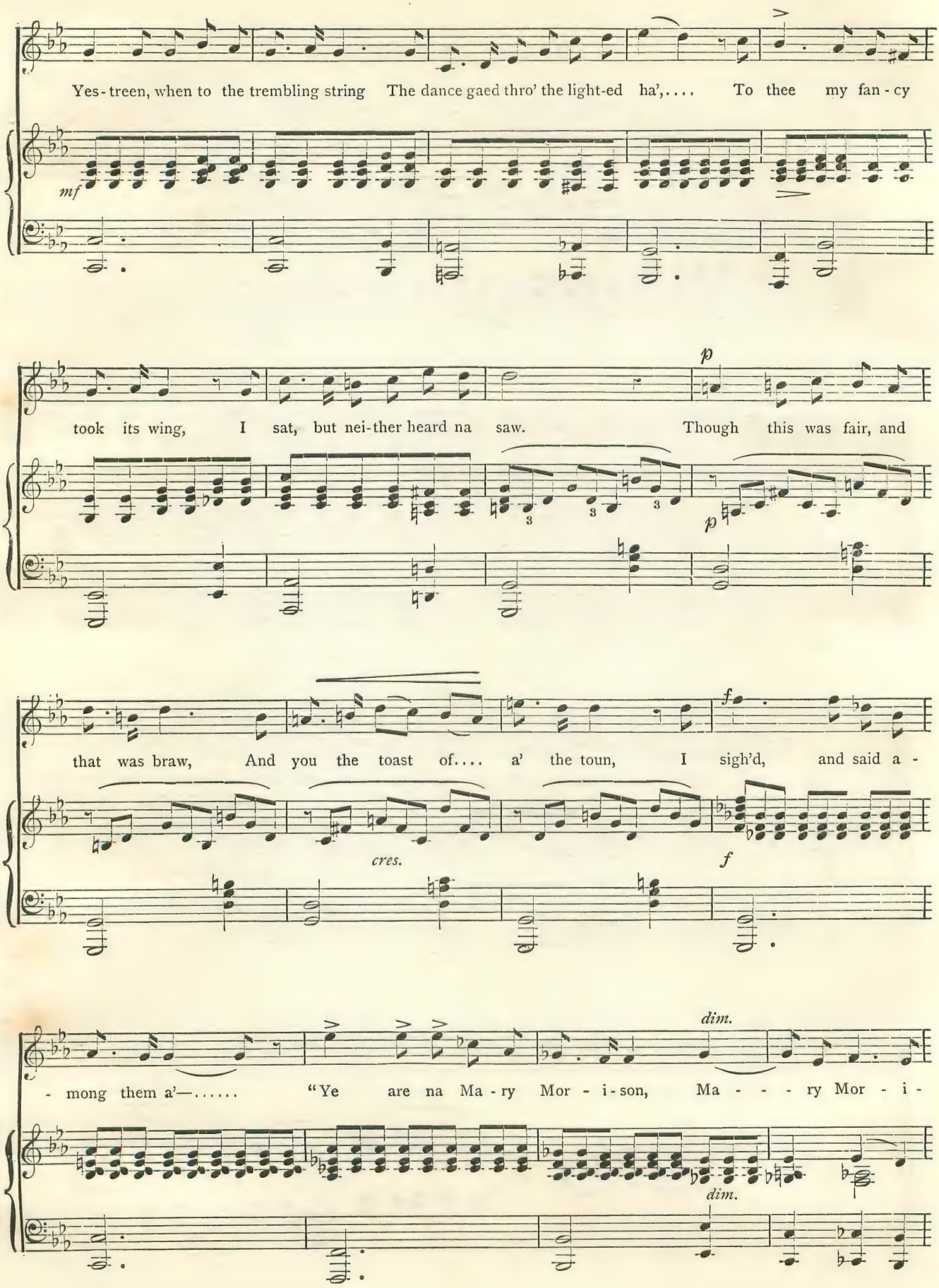
Mrs. Trafford had no idea of the idyl which was being woven beneath her very eyes; all her thoughts so centred on herself that they left none free for others' concerns; and if she did casually remark, as she could hardly fail to do, that Winifred had never looked so happy nor been so high-spirited, she attributed it solely to the prospect of Eva's expected company. Mrs. Nugent, too, was so wrapt in the cares of her young family that her perceptions were blunted; and the only one of the little community who was aware of the fast-growing intimacy was Captain Nugent, who kept his observations to himself, smiling grimly at the obtuseness of "womankind," and looking forward with glee to the moment when he should be able to triumph over his wife. Meanwhile he did all he could to throw the two together, for it seemed to him that they were well fitted for each other, and he held his brother-in-law would be a fortunate man indeed should he succeed in winning Winifred for his wife.

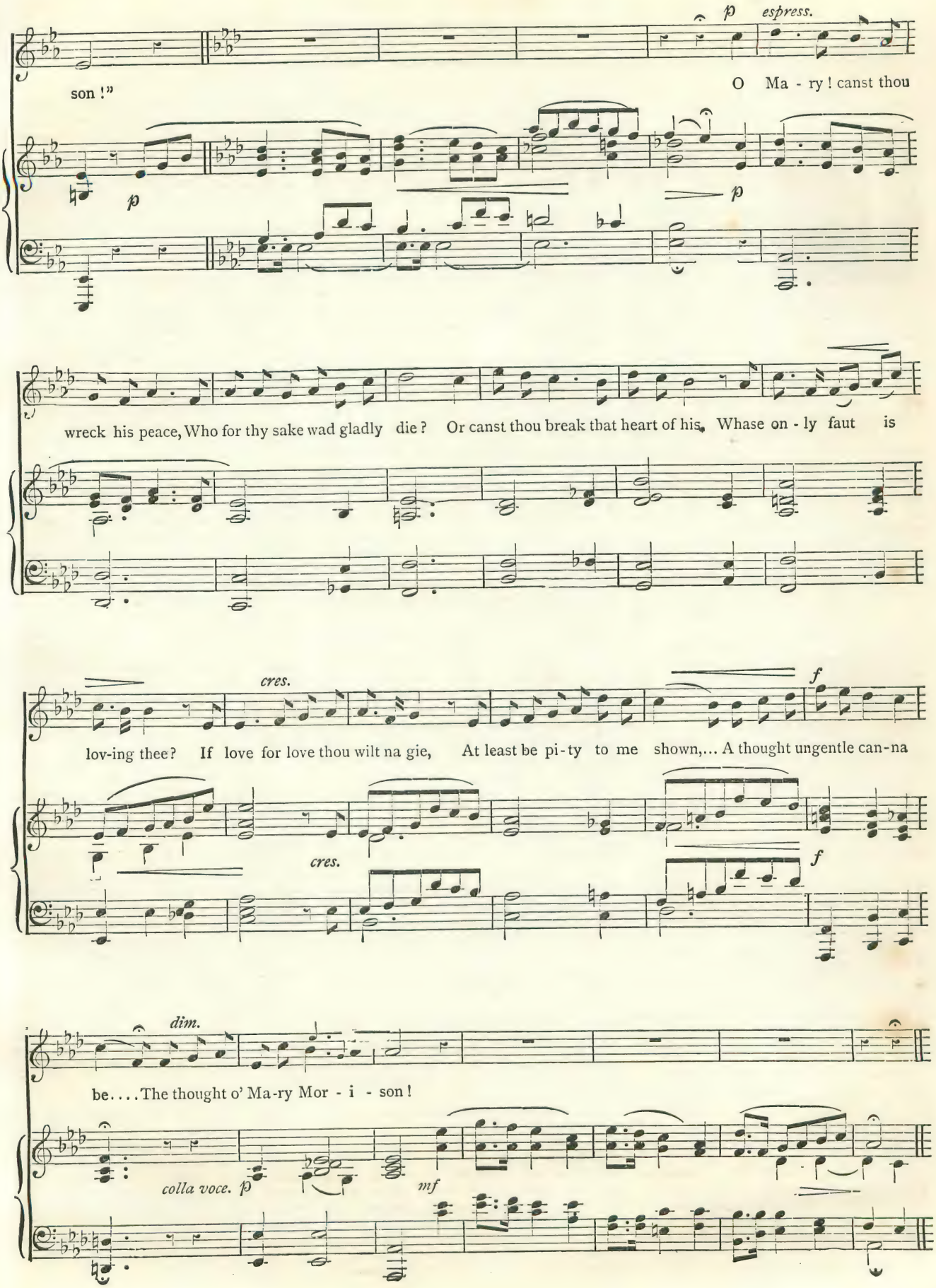
(To be continued.)

MARY MORISON.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. *Music by* GEORGE J. BENNETT.




Yes-treen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the light-ed ha',.... To thee my fan-cy
mf
took its wing, I sat, but nei-ther heard na saw. Though this was fair, and
p
p
that was braw, And you the toast of.... a' the toun, I sigh'd, and said a-
f
cres.
f
-mong them a'—..... "Ye are na Ma-ry Mor-i-son, Ma-----ry Mor-i-
dim.
dim.

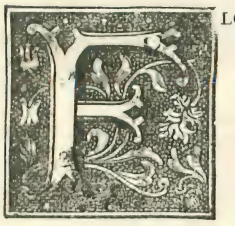

p espress.
son !"
O Ma - ry ! canst thou
p
p
wreck his peace, Who for thy sake wad gladly die ? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on - ly faut is
cres.
f
lov-ing thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi-ty to me shown,... A thought ungentle can-na
cres.
f
dim.
be....The thought o' Ma-ry Mor - i - son !
colla voce. p
mf

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLO'S PRESENTS.



LO slept undisturbed far into the evening. Her father was annoyed at her not appearing at the tea-table. But when his favourite Marjory said that she had been travelling two whole nights and one whole day without stopping, he declared that the world was going mad, and he believed sleep was the best curative for brain disease. He was very irritable, and evidently found it difficult to be civil to poor Weatherley, who beneath a bold front had a very sensitive heart.

To Belle's great delight, Miss Dulcey looked in, and, with her usual straightforwardness, said she had come to see Flo, and to have a word with her father. Belle took the children from the room, and told Weatherley to amuse his sisters until Miss Dulcey wanted them.

"She is probably come to talk about you and the squire. You will need prudence beyond your years," she whispered to the boy.

"I shall do what father wishes," was the prompt reply.

Belle feared that he would have to lean on a broken reed, for she knew as well as Miss Dulcey that her brother was wanting in decision; but she hurried back into the dining-room to hear Miss Dulcey taking her father to task.

"You won't ruin the boy's prospects by keeping him away from my brother if he wishes to see him," she was saying. "If we offend Hewson now he has made this proposal, he isn't likely to make another. He is nearly as obstinate as you are, Mr. Dauncey, and I take it——" Miss Dulcey paused.

"Say it out, ma'am. You think that if we could be well hashed up together we should make a tough dish that nobody could masticate," returned Dauncey, suppressing a smile.

"You have hit it off exactly. But there is always a tender slice somewhere, even in the worst of joints, if one has the patience to try for it; and since my brother has shown his tit-bit, you may as well let us have yours. He has taken a fancy to the boy, and surely you won't stand in his light?"

"Now, Miss Dulcey, if you think I am going to be won over to try to conciliate a man who has been my enemy for fourteen years, and my son's enemy, and the boy's enemy for that much, you are mistaken."

"Scarcely an enemy, Mr. Dauncey. You must allow he was sinned against. You wouldn't like—well—you wouldn't like young Peach to carry off Flo? They say he's desperately in love with her."

"Charlie is a gentleman, Miss Dulcey; young Peach is—I never thought of him before—but he is—the son of a farmer; and there are farmers and farmers."

"We won't quarrel if we can help it, Mr. Dauncey. But we all know there isn't too much money in your family, and one must live."

"There will be, Miss Dulcey; there will be! Tell the squire, with my compliments, that he shan't have the boy if I can help it. We shall soon be as rich again as he is; and we shall be able to purchase a baronetcy, or an earldom, or anything else we like, for money rules the world."

"And brains. We must have brains to manage the money. Without 'em it will go to the dogs. Your grandson has brains, and they haven't been quite muddled and melted as yet by all these competitive examinations. Not but that he expects to go through them. But, between ourselves, Mr. Dauncey, half the young men, and women, too, look absolutely dazed with cramming. And you may cram the mind as much as the body. A fat animal loses his spirits and the lustre of his eye from over-feeding; and I shouldn't be surprised if they put the prime beasts in spectacles, just as they do the young people, for blindness is quite the fashion."

"Ha, ha, ha! I should like to see my bull Tommy in spectacles!" laughed Mr. Dauncey; and the idea tickled his fancy so much that he forgot his grievances, and told Miss Dulcey that if anyone could come over him it was she.

"Then you will reconsider your resolution about Weatherley? It isn't often that a penniless lad becomes the bone of contention between two grandfathers. Belle, a word with you. It is getting late, and I am in a hurry."

Miss Dulcey knew her man, so she gave Dauncey no time for a reply, but hopped briskly out of the room, with a hasty good-morning. Belle followed. She had not spoken during the interview.

"You are that rare bird, a good listener, Belle," said Miss Dulcey. "There are not many of the genus left, and they are getting fossilised. Why, everybody chatters at the same time, and nobody listens to what anybody else says. We are all in our own concerns, and don't care a jot for our neighbours'. I'm a talker, I confess, but I like a little conversation. Women clamour for equal rights, but each wants the talk to herself. That is my case at the present moment."

She went into Flo's parlour and turned the key in the door.

"I am not going to murder you, dear; but I am afraid of those long-eared little pitchers. While Flo sleeps, I will just tell you that I heard from Mrs. Prendergast this morning, saying she would be back to-day, and asking me to inform you and your father that there is a certain Mr. Mute after Flo. She mentioned him before. He has been following them from place to place, and as he is the first person who appears to have attracted Flo, she has made inquiries concerning him. But she cannot discover who or what he is. He appears to be a gentleman, and his manners and conduct are unobjectionable. As Flo is only a companion, he can scarcely be an adventurer in search of an heiress. I am afraid this 'attraction,' as Mrs. Prendergast calls it, has hurried her home, for she hates that sort of thing as much as I do. A *bonâ fide* proposal, acceptance, or refusal is all very well—you know where you are; but your 'hangers on' are highly objectionable. Give my love to Flo, and tell her I hope she has come home for good. Be sure to emphasise the *good*."

Miss Dulcey unlocked the door and hurried off, leaving Belle with an additional anxiety. This was partially relieved before she slept that night. Flo, wearied out by continual travelling, did not awake until late in the evening. Belle persuaded her father to excuse her coming downstairs, and so she remained in bed sleeping peacefully until the rest of the household had retired to rest. Then she awoke, bright and animated, and began to talk to Belle. They were early people at the farm, and the hour was not late, so Belle gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment, and listened to her sister's adventures, seated by her bedside. Flo began almost immediately upon the subject that had caused Mrs. Prendergast to write to Miss Dulcey.

"Now listen, Belle," she said, "for I am really in earnest."

"A new lover?" laughed Belle.

"I am not sure, Belle, but such a charming person! Only he has such a name. Mute! Mr. Mute—Mrs. Mute! I could never marry a man with that name."

Flo sat up, and, of course, her fair hair fell about her as is the custom on such occasions, and, equally of course, she looked more natural than she did in the morning, when it was much perplexed by various turnings and windings.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" inquired matter-of-fact Belle.

"Not exactly; but he said he was coming here as soon as possible to see me again, and to—well—to ask my father. It was very provoking; but the train started at the moment, and there was no time to say what he intended to ask."

Both sisters laughed.

"My dear Flo, you don't care for him," said Belle.

"Yes, I do; very much indeed. But I could never change my name to Mute. Ours is, at least, a respectable old name; and you have no idea how well it sounds when people call it Dawncey. He always said Dawncey. I dislike the short, sharp 'a' as in dance; I think the broad, foreign 'a' prettier. Don't you, dear?"

"No. I prefer everything English, as you know. But where did you meet and part from Mr. Mute? It certainly is 'alliterative,' as young Peach says."

"Poor fellow! How is he? Peach is not aristocratic, but it is better than Mute. I met him—I almost forget where; I think it was at Bordighera. But we had a narrow escape of a railway accident, and he helped us out of our carriage and saw to our luggage. Mrs. Prendergast said he was quite a gentleman; and she is sadly fastidious. After this we were always meeting, and it was so odd that we were always going to the same places. Even when we went to Florence he turned up there; and it sometimes happened that we were in the same carriage. He is very good-looking. Where did we part? At Boulogne. He must just have arrived there from Paris, for he reached the station only a few minutes before we started. I saw him, and bowed from the window. He hurried up, and said those very uncomfortable words."

"But how did he know where you lived?"

"I think he asked me. At any rate he managed to find out all about me, and made many inquiries concerning father. As he was a stranger, I was cautious, and did not say a word about the 'next-of-kin.' I was determined that he should not think of us as probable millionaires. Now, if he comes to see us, it will merely be because he likes me. That is romantic!"

"Very," put in Belle, drily. "But how did you get the opportunities for so many confidences?"

"When Mrs. Prendergast fell in with old friends, they didn't always want me, and I used to wander about alone. Then Mr. Mute always turned up. I am afraid I cannot get over the name, though I used to forget it when we were together."

"You had better forget it altogether, Flo, for you will probably never see him again," said Belle.

"Then I shall go at once into a sisterhood, or nursing institute, or something of the kind," returned Flo, dolorously.

"That is what all the girls do when they are disappointed, Miss Dulcey says," laughed Belle.

But she found that Flo was not inclined to laugh. She looked serious, and Belle began to wonder whether her volatile, fascinating sister was caught at last.

"He may be here to-morrow or next day. I hope you will receive him kindly. He knows all about you, and what an excruciatingly good, dear sister you are," said Flo, with an entreating gesture.

"I wish you would not use such exaggerated words. Of course I shall receive him kindly if he is an honourable, honest man."

"That he is; you see it in his face. He is the sort of man you would like, only you are so matter-of-fact," said Flo, with the half-reproachful, half-tearful intonation of voice that Belle knew well, and which always conquered her.

"Darling! I hope it will all come right; but we must leave it till he either appears or writes. Meanwhile, you have all your old friends to see, who won't like to be put off for a new one; and you have to settle whether you will undertake Dolly and Marjory, about which I wrote to you; for we are not very flush of money just now."

"We never are, Belle; and, oh, I do hate teaching!"

Flo threw up her arms despairingly, and jumped out of bed, nearly upsetting Belle.

"Let us pray together, and I will try to be good," she said, bursting into tears.

Belle took her in her arms and soothed her. She saw that she was unusually excitable, and told her that she meant to talk no more that night. Accordingly they knelt down side by side, and Belle offered up her humble, simple prayer for both, and for all near and dear to them. When it was concluded, she added, as they rose from their knees, "Now I shall give you your little 'pillow.' Get into bed like a good child." Flo obeyed, and Belle took a small text-book from her table and read, "Cast all your care upon God, for He careth for you," which was the text for the day.

"That is a nice text," said Flo, and was soon asleep again.

Not so Belle. She sat long, pondering. Her brain was over-excited by the events of the day. She tried to review them. They came rushing up, *pêle mêle*, and not like ordinary troops. Her father and Weatherley and their mutual difficulty; Miss Dulcey and her efforts at conciliation, and repetition of Mrs. Prendergast's letter; Flo's sudden arrival, and her wonderful disclosures; the bouquet returned to Mr. Mulready, and what would he think of such neglect? and, last, Charlie and his children. Her darling Charlie! What if anything were to happen to him in that far-off land? What if her father should determine to go out to him? Belle was bewildered by the rush of thoughts that overwhelmed her.

She stemmed them at last by the barrier she had ever found the surest. She always wound up the day by prayerful study of God's Holy Word, and so she ended it now on her knees with that sacred volume before her. She knew that God gives strength to all who ask for it, and having a childlike faith, she received the boon she craved—"strength according to her day." She was soon slumbering by her sister's side, and rest and quiet brooded over the farm.

It was noisy enough next day. Whilst the workers worked, Flo and her nieces unpacked the treasures from abroad. It was pretty to see her lithe figure kneeling before her boxes, while the little girls waited upon her. They flew hither and thither at her behest. Marjory filled her chest of drawers with the articles Mamy carried to her, and the drawers were more neatly arranged than they might have been had Flo herself been their settler. Flo had brought presents for everyone, and many ornaments for her parlour. As they turned up, the children were sent off with them. Their delight was unbounded. They were trotting up and down stairs all the morning, Mamy with a doll in her arms, dressed as a Florentine peasant, and Marjory adorned with a Roman sash. A whole set of indescribable ornaments was arranged on Aunt Belle's tables, and a wonderful tobacco-box and smoking cap placed on grandfather's chair against he came in from the fields. Weatherley was to be astonished by photographs and paper-knife, and the whole house was aroused by Molly's outcry when the children took her a Neapolitan apron.

"Aunt Flo says Ben will like that," said demure Marjory, and Molly said she would keep it for Sundays, though people would think she was out of her mind.

"Flo, you must have spent all your money," exclaimed Belle, joining the unpackers, and setting to work with them.

"Not quite, but I longed to buy lots more," she replied.

She had forgotten no one. Miss Dulcey, Dolly, all the men about the farm, were included in her munificence, and she contemplated making a tour of donations in the afternoon. She had herself received many presents which were all relegated to her parlour.

She was bright as the brightest and lightest of butterflies at dinner, and her father was charmed into good humour. Not so Weatherley. Not even the photographs and paper-knife could remove the cloud from his usually open forehead. At home all his offences had been pardoned before the day on which they had been committed was over; but he perceived that his grandfather had not forgiven him for a fault which he knew to be involuntary. He could not understand why he might not love the squire; forgetting that he had disliked him very much until circumstances had brought them together. Marjory tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted. Belle confided the state of the case to Flo, who was inclined to side with her father. She had been offended more than once because the squire had not paid her the attention she considered her due when they had met accidentally at the vicarage or Mrs. Prendergast's, and so the polities of the farm became somewhat hazy. Moreover, she did not see why Weatherley should be adopted and the little girls neglected. Besides, with the fortune, they could ignore the squire.

She forgot all about them in her afternoon tour. She dispensed her favours royally, if not always quite judiciously, and her niece Marjory, who accompanied her, said she was the fairy princess of some tale she had been reading. When they reached The Gables, Miss Dulcey greeted her with her usual outspoken warmth.

"I am glad you are safe at home again, Flo, and have not carried off some foreign marquis. But the foreigners are too wise to be run away with by penniless girls. You see I am up to the times, for women run off with the men nowadays."

"Yes, we are equal to any occasion," returned Flo, nonchalantly, who always did her best to pay Miss Dulcey off in her own coin, and failed.

"So clever! I am quite *Mute*," said Miss Dulcey, with an emphasis on the unfortunate name. Flo started up with her face suddenly red.

"Now, Miss Dulcey, how have you got hold of that?" she cried. "You must roam the world at night, like the spiritualists. You know everything."

"I correspond with Mrs. Prendergast; and if you have a secret, never confide it to one of two female correspondents, for it is sure to make the grand tour."

"I thought Mrs. Prendergast was above such gossip," said Flo, magnificently. "It is very unkind of her to write about me. She seemed my friend."

"Our best friends are often least to be trusted, Flo. That is why I am so open-mouthed. Mine know everything concerning me, and a deal that doesn't concern me. Now sit down and tell me all about him, and the foreigners generally, while Marjory goes and helps Ben to groom Miss Saucy."

When Flo had confided her adventures to Miss Dulcey, that lady said she had no opinion of the Mutes, either by name or at a funeral; indeed, she believed Flo's admirer had invented the name, and advised her to beware of him, if he chanced to turn up again. Flo was much offended, as she generally managed to be after a conversation with Miss Dulcey; but she was well aware that it was useless to take offence, so she assured Miss Dulcey that Mr. Mute was perfect, in spite of his name.

"Anyhow," laughed Miss Dulcey, "he can't follow me to the grave, for I've inserted a clause in my will, brief, but to the purpose—'No mutes, no wreaths, no crosses.' Besides," she added, more seriously, "it is not safe for young men and women to become intimately acquainted who know nothing of one another. I am not straitlaced; but I have seen a little of life, and there is generally something amiss where there is mystery."

"You are quite mistaken. There is no mystery," said Flo, indignantly. "Mr. Mute had many friends, and was in the best Italian society."

"Indeed! What is his profession? I suppose he told you, since you were so confidential."

"I think he is an artist, or a literary man, or a newspaper correspondent. He often took notes. He is exceedingly clever and agreeable, and Mrs. Prendergast thought so. Why did she mention him to you, Miss Dulcey?"

"I suppose because it was through me that you became acquainted with her. She does not know your father, and looks on me as a sort of guardian. The fact is, Flo, that young ladies who accompany middle-aged widows as travelling companions should be very careful in making acquaintance with young men. Mrs. Prendergast is not so particular as many ladies; but I think it just possible that she found you somewhat of a flirt, and, my dear Flo, girls in subordinate positions have no right to make themselves agreeable to the other sex."

"Now you are joking, Miss Dulcey. I assure you I am not a flirt. I dislike most of the men I meet, they are so vain, and think themselves so irresistible that they are not worth the trouble of pleasing. But Mr. Mute is quite different. And he has such a fine figure and such a handsome face."

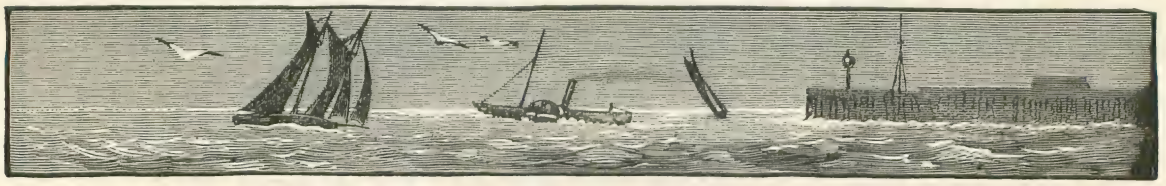
"Oh, Flo! You are not improved. However, you are not likely to see your hero again, so I leave you with your impressions for the moment. I daresay Dolly and Marjory will effectually disperse them."

"How cruel you are, Miss Dulcey. If I am not improved, you are not. Do you remember how you used to tease me when I was a child? And now I am——" Flo paused.

"A *fait accompli*," supplied Miss Dulcey. "A very flighty young woman, who should have a duenna to look after her, instead of two children to superintend. But never mind, Flo; put a good face upon it, and when the fortune comes, who knows?"

"Yes, who knows?" repeated Flo, laughing and shrugging her shoulders.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

VIC.—The poem "Resignation" is by Longfellow. "Lead, kindly Light," is by Newman. "The Tale of a Tub" is the title of a comedy produced in 1633 by Ben Jonson. It is also the title of a work by Jonathan Swift, published in 1704. "The Shipwreck" is a poem in heroic couplets by William Falconer, 1762. "Modern Painters" is by Ruskin.

BESSIE.—Pitman's Shorthand Manuals are to be found at all stationers, we think, at a very small price. You can learn shorthand quite well without help, if you persevere, though a few lessons are an immense advantage.

GOVERNESS.—We have answered your question many times, and said that Englishwomen should exercise great caution in going abroad as governesses, especially to France.

AMY ROBSART, FECKLESS.—You had better obtain Part iii. of the "Englishwoman's Year Book," price 6d., which contains everything on the subject of the Medical Education of Women in the three kingdoms. The publishers are Hatchards.

LINGUIST must have a teacher for the pronunciation of German, but could advance a long way in the grammar alone.

STUPID NELL, SWEET, AND TWENTY cannot do better than follow the "Girls' Year," which appears in vol. ix. of the "G.O.P.," and contains instruction how to make the most of your time in self-tuition and self-training.

ESPERANCE does not say whether she has had any experience in housekeeping or living on the Continent. Without that, and a good knowledge of the language, all places would be dear. We should advise her to go to Switzerland, and look about her. It is not a cheap country to English residents. The return ticket to Geneva, Lausanne, or Lucerne is about six pounds. A new "Bædeker's Guide" is the best for such information as "Esperance" will need. Lausanne, Zurich, and Geneva are the chief educational centres for English girls.

MUSIC.

ALPHA BETA.—Reading music at sight—like all other things—has to be acquired. You must read all the music you can get, trying it over on the piano, and you will find yourself gradually improving.

WHITE ROSE.—You should begin your studies at one of our musical colleges. There is no occasion for going to Milan till you have been thoroughly well trained.

F. W. ELLIS.—We thank you for your useful prescription for a worm-eaten violoncello. Your experience in reference to your own valuable instrument will be gratefully received by many. Take a very fine sable brush, clean out the small holes made by the creature, and blow away the dust. Then with the same brush carefully drop into it as much corrosive sublimate as will fill it, giving time for the drop to sink and leave space for another. Beware of the dangerous nature of this drug, and place it under lock and key. A solution of it in water is very effective in ridding a lawn of all kinds of vermin, syringed over it. The due proportions must be ascertained from a chemist.

A YAWNER.—You are either hungry or over-fatigued when you begin to sing, or else you have not sufficient sleep for your age. Go to bed at nine or half-past, and eat a biscuit before you sing, or take a lozenge—either a cayenne pepper or ginger one. Some little weakness causes it.

SEAGULL.—We cannot say. The 17th January, 1875, was a Sunday.

ELIZABETH S. M.—The corset laced so tightly would certainly prevent correct breathing. Write to "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. Henry Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., for a pattern of the American Emancipation Bodice, which was illustrated in our "Dress" article in September, 1888.

M. M. E. L. B., ESTE ES NUESTRO SECRETO SABE.—We fear the music would not be suitable for our columns, but if you like to send on the chance, pray do so.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SENEÇON.—We have read your letter with sympathy and much surprise, as there seems to have been, so far as you are concerned, an amount of plain speaking which is very remarkable. You must remember that while facts are valuable, opinions are of no value at all in this case; so be happy in your own mind. Fix for yourself a high standard, and try to follow it.

FLEUR DE L'EPINE.—1. There is no chance under the circumstances of the child getting sunstroke. 2. You would have to go to some secondhand bookshop for it.

HOPEFUL.—We think from what you say that you saw a bright constellation called "Orion," mentioned in the Book of Job; or else "Charles' Wain" (or "The Great Bear"), in which there are seven remarkable stars. The "Pleiades" is a small cluster of stars, consisting nominally of seven, but said by some astronomers to number eighteen. You could not, however, count them without the aid of a strong telescope. You must not forget that God is your Father, loves you, and gives you everything, so you must remember His love, and try to please Him in everyday life. There is no room for fear, for you are the object of His protecting care just as much as the wonderful star-worlds above you, at the sight of which you felt so frightened. If you seek truly the forgiveness of your sins and turn to better ways, you will be happier than you have ever been before.

M. J. SYKES.—We do not give advertisements and recommendations of shops in our Answers.

HILDA.—The intending husband provides everything—furniture, bedding, linen, etc., and brings his bride to a home fully prepared for her reception. He should not take her from her own home until he can provide a suitable one in its place. She only provides (or rather, her father) her own trousseau, and anything else her father may like of his free will to give her.

VOL. XI.—NO. 551.] JULY 19, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MEMORIES.

always with kindest wishes
believe me sincerely yours
Helena Faucit Martin

"To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy.
—*Tennyson.*

THAT most kindly of men and most genial of poets, Leigh Hunt, writing many years ago, described the lady writers of his day in a humorous and somewhat fantastical poem, entitled "Blue Stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets." He heads his list of authoresses with "Mrs. Adams, rare mistress of thought and of tears."

Sarah Flower Adams.—When these words were penned by Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Adams had not yet written that beautiful hymn by which her name is known to every Christian congregation, of every shade of religious feeling, where the English tongue is spoken, and where English hymns are sung. I am happy in the possession of the original copy of the words as they flowed from the heart of the writer. The small faded sheet has been photographed so as to reproduce it exactly, even to the two words corrected, as when first written.

believe me yours very truly
Sarah F. Adams

But, it will probably occur to my readers to ask, if Leigh Hunt did not know this now the best known of Mrs. Adams' many beautiful hymns, to what work did he refer which they know not of?

Let me tell you, for I have the book which he then had in his mind, and a great favourite it is of mine. I never refresh my recollection of its thrilling pages without regretting that it is not better known. The work which is referred to in those admiring words of Leigh Hunt's, "rare mistress of thought and of tears," is a "Dramatic Poem," published in 1841, entitled "Vivia Perpetua," the subject taken from the history of the Early Christian Church. It treats of the martyrdom of a noble lady of Carthage and her slave Felicitas (with others). I may add that the story of these two women, of their

Mary Cowden Clarke

high-hearted constancy and meek fortitude, so beautifully portrayed in this noble and pathetic poem, is a well authenticated one.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," writes thus of the legend:—"I must regret that the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua and her slave Felicitas has never been worthily treated" (pictorially). "It affords not one, but many scenes of surpassing interest, full of picturesque and dramatic sentiment, and capable of being treated with the utmost tragic pathos, without touching on the horrible or the revolting. Perpetua, binding up her tresses in the amphitheatre after she had been exposed before the people, and wounded by the wild beasts let loose upon her, is an image one can hardly endure to bring before the fancy; but Perpetua in prison, before her judges, turning from her father, taking leave of her infant child, and rising superior to

Love ever yours
Elizabeth Hamilton

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Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!
Even tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Response: Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

=

Tho' like the wanderer
The sun gone down
Darkness be over me
My pillow stone
And my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee

Response: Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee

=

Then with the way appear
Steps unto heaven
All that thou sendest to me
In mercy given;
Angels, to beckon me
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee

=

Response. Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

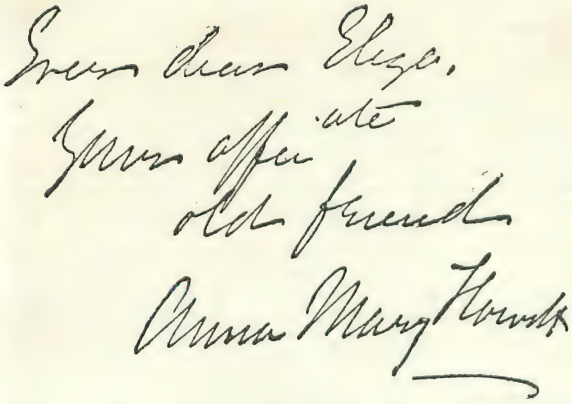
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise!
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise
So by my woes to be
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Response - Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Then with joyful wing
Cleaving the sky
Sun moon & stars forgot
Upward I fly
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee

Response - Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee

November · 1840.



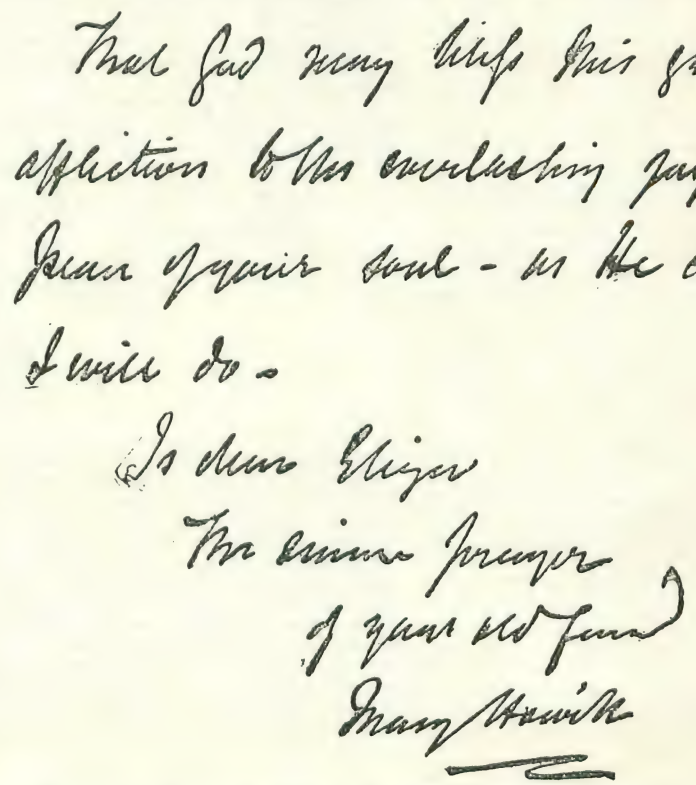
every temptation, every allurement to deny her Redeemer; Perpetua going forth accompanied by her slave Felicitas, herself recently a mother, to meet a frightful death with a mild, womanly spirit, without assumption or defiance; both young, both mothers, with nothing to sustain them but faith, and that courage from on high which has never been denied to those who steadfastly trust in the hereafter; these surely are themes that might be held not unworthy of Christian art and sympathy in our times."

Mrs. Adams, like many other authors in those days, when my father was editor of a literary journal, was anxious to have his opinion on her manuscript before publication; and I, although but a child, was allowed to be present with the audience assembled for the reading, which consisted of only a few select friends.

I picture to myself the bright, sunny little sitting-room, with all the sweet scents of the old-fashioned flowers—the roses and clematis that struggled for supremacy in at the open windows—the added fragrance of the full-flowering old lime trees that stood in a solemn row outside the little garden, half shutting out the meadows that lay between us and Kensington Gardens, where the lowing white cows grazed all day. All the scene rises up before me. Inside the dainty little sitting-room, with its old-fashioned pink and white chintz curtains, and old, black-framed engravings on the walls, and the piano filling up the tiny back-room; while the rich expressive voice rose and fell with the thrilling emotions, until, in the scene in the prison between Vivia and her father, Mrs. Adams fairly broke down, overcome with the grief and trials of her own creation, and several of the audience sobbed aloud.

A deep love of Shakespeare was a special feature in my early home. Many an evening were whole scenes of the great dramatist recited, with due "emphasis and discretion," each one taking his or her part in these domestic entertainments. I particularly remember our reading the scene in *King John*, where Mrs. Adams, as Queen Constance, gave touching expression to the mother's grief for the loss of her son, Prince Arthur; and again, in the great trial scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, the dignity with which she gave those noble lines beginning, "The quality of mercy is not strained."

Thinking of our Shakespearian readings reminds me of what, indeed, probably at the time suggested them—namely, those famous revivals of Shakespeare that Mr. Macready, the great actor, was then placing before the public, with such true appreciation of the poet. Miss Helen Faucit, who afterwards became the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, was one of his most able supporters for the female parts. Her graceful and truly feminine realisation of Shakespeare's heroines went far to give that air of refinement and purity which marked and characterised the few years of the Macready management.



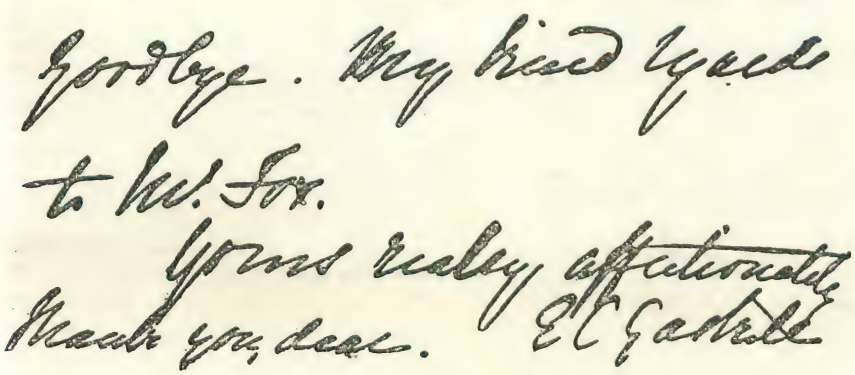
Mary Cowden-Clarke, another lover of our great dramatic poet, was for some time our next-door neighbour, at the time when she and her husband lived with the Novello family in one of the cottages at Craven Hill, in the then rural neighbourhood of Bayswater. The long peaceful life of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke has been told so well and so carefully, lately, in these pages, that I will only ask my readers to turn back to page 353 of last year's volume, where they can see the face and read the loving record of her whose hand signed the name inscribed above.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's love of Shakespeare was evinced in that work, invaluable to students of the poet, to which she devoted so many years.* She was the eldest daughter of that gifted family of which Clara Novello was the youngest.

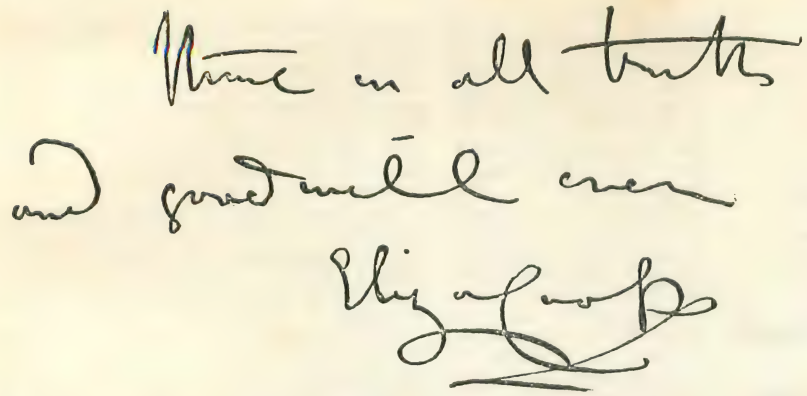
Clara Novello; the Countess Gelucci, as she is now known—Clara Novello, as the sweet singer is known to the public, whose brilliant soprano voice was formerly identified in people's minds with our great sacred oratorios. All those who had the happiness to be present at the Handel Centennial Festival at the Crystal Palace will never forget, as long as they live, how that multitude held their breath as her thrilling voice rang out, filling the vast space like a silver trumpet with the triumphal song, "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

I thought of the contrast between her early and her later life, when some years after, in answer to my somewhat regretful query to a friend after Madame Gelucci's marriage, and "Does she not sing any more now?" "Oh, yes, she sings her dear little baby to sleep, and is so happy," was the prompt answer.

When I was in my twentieth year I had seriously taken up the study of art as a profession; rather an unusual and independent step for a girl to take, when I was young, now a good many years ago. A friend of about my own age, Anna Mary Howitt, eldest daughter of William and Mary Howitt, the Quaker poets, studied for some time with me. We went daily to the only drawing school where at that date there was a possibility for girls to obtain any thorough art training. It was known as Sass's School—a Mr. Sass having been the original founder. I remember



* The "Concordance" of Shakespeare.



well one summer evening visiting my friend at her pretty old-fashioned home at Clapton, which Mrs. Howitt has described in her "Autobiography," with the long walled-in garden running down to the river Lea. The two younger children were scampering about after every butterfly and bird that flew past, while Mrs. Howitt walked up and down, knitting and talking, talking and knitting. How her busy needles used to fly, turning out roll after roll of pretty lace edging, an art she was good enough to instruct me in. Mrs. Howitt was describing the new novel which was expected to make such a sensation. She and her husband had read it in manuscript, and had been appealed to by the yet unknown writer to help her to find a publisher. They were full of sympathy for the authoress, the sweet Manchester lady, who had roused herself from her own bitter grief for the loss of her little son (by scarlet fever), by throwing her sympathies out to the rough Manchester working folk amongst whom she lived. Mrs. Gaskell says, in the preface to "Mary Barton," that first novel of hers, that the thought occurred to her (when she had been longing for country life for herself), "how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed her in the busy streets of the town in which she resided." She goes on to speak of the profound sympathy she felt "for the careworn men, doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want."

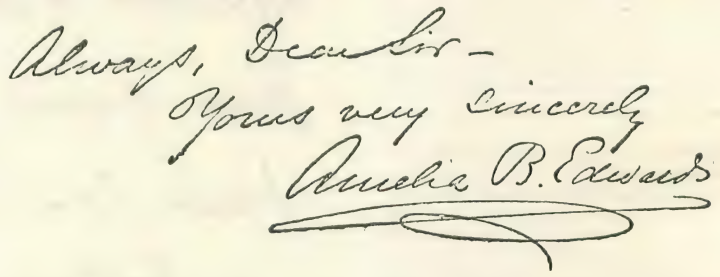
Elizabeth C. Gaskell.—How well do I remember the first time I saw her who was afterwards such a dear friend to me. No, it must have been the second, and not the first time. I had procured "Mary Barton" from a library, and was sitting in my little studio, doubled up in my sitter's chair, palette and brushes unused, instead of being steadily at work as usual, engrossed in the novel, when a light tap came at the door, a clear bell-like voice asked might she come in, and that bright face, with its radiant smile and clear blue eyes, made its appearance; and the novel, at its most thrilling point, had to be laid aside, to make its author welcome. I was so absorbed in the novel that I laid it down with a strangely divided feeling as to which pleasure were the greater—to finish the novel or to welcome the writer.

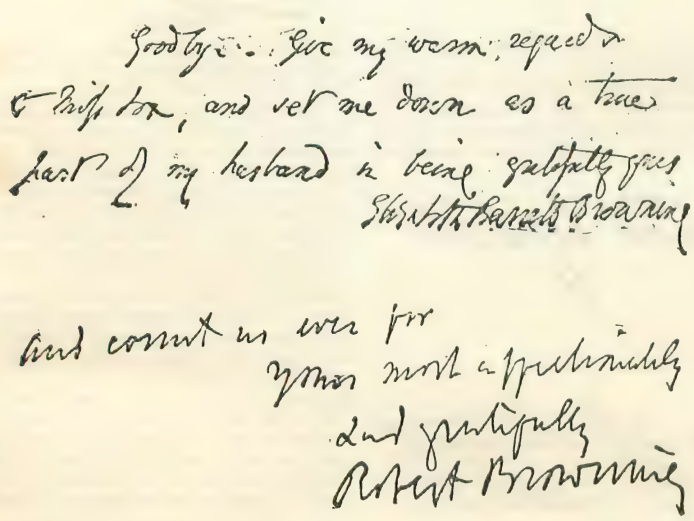
In after years I paid many a long visit to her in her busy Manchester home, and joined her with her husband and daughters in many a pleasant summer ramble far away from smoky Manchester, "by meadow green and mountain grey." I have stayed with them by the blue dazzling sea at Morecambe Bay, by those same treacherous sands of Silverdale, where the "Sexton's Hero" gave his life amongst the wild waves to save that of his rival and of the girl he loved. I have wandered with them over the wild Yorkshire moors, under the shadow of Ingleborough, past Malham Cove and Gordale Scar, until we lost our way, and wandered on and on in the bright moonlight over the billowy hills until long past midnight. We were on those same Fells where the wild winds came down and whistled round the cottage of John Middleton, till his hard heart was melted within him by the death of his sweet invalid wife; and he forgot his cruel North-country proverb: "Keep a stone in thy pocket for seven years; turn it, and keep it seven years more; but have it ever ready to cast at thine enemy." And the enemy came, and the "Heart of John Middleton" was softened. "A woe had come upon him, but the burning burden of a sinful, angry heart was taken off."

Do my young readers know these stories? They are not written in a didactic style, or as if they were intended for moral lessons. Yet the highest lessons of life shine through them as if with transfigured light. Only a few months before Mrs. Gaskell's death, a great French novelist observed to Lord Houghton: "Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor any other female writers in France can accomplish—she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be the better for reading."

An amusing little incident with regard to my friend occurs to me. Mrs. Gaskell had the greatest dislike to being lionised. She disliked to be lionised fully as much as some ladies like to lionise their acquaintances when they become famous.

I remember once when she was visiting me in London, our going to an evening party together, where it soon became evident to us that such were the views of our hostess. Mrs. Gaskell determined not to be victimised. She perceived at the far end of the room a sofa pushed up into a corner, and well protected by a large table in front of it. In an unguarded moment she ensconced herself at the very furthest end of it, motioning to myself and another young friend to follow and protect her retreat. We two girls were only too pleased to be thus honoured. She made us sit between herself and the rest of the party, thus keeping them at bay for a great part of the evening, while engaging us in continuous and delightful conversation. We felt very naughty, as I believe we all three enjoyed ourselves very much. The hostess, meantime, in vain brought up one great notability after another to be introduced to the now famous authoress. I must add that I do not think our hostess ever quite forgave me my not unwilling part of the game.





Mary Howitt, Eliza Cook, Elizabeth B. Browning, Mrs. Norton—sweet singers all, but very different.

Mary Howitt, the poet of the children! How I used to delight in her books about birds and flowers when I was a child! How often I have read them to children since! Her descriptions, her bright characterisations; how apt and piquant they are! The monkey, "Little merry fellow, Nature's primest Punchinello." The nautilus, "the airy voyager, kept afloat, In his pearly boat, sailing merrily over the sea"; "before history began." The woodmouse, "The tiny thing," eating his dinner "under the mushroom tall, whose table in the wild is spread by Him who cares for all."

Her pleasant rhymes come back to my memory—the songs that made the flowers

I will not further intrude on you at this moment, the more especially as the pain in my head confuses me after a while; and your time is so much occupied, that it must require great patience to go through our long egotistical letters. Meanwhile I beg you to believe me Dear Sir

Yours most truly
Caroline Norton

seem brighter, and gave to each bird and creature a new interest.

She herself, with her loving heart and reverential words, as if she took into her lap and pressed to her bosom every child that learned and loved her songs; like those motherly figures of Charity one sees sometimes in old churches on the Continent. Here, for an instance—

"Dear children, all rejoice and sing,
Like the glad birds, for this spring.
* * * *
"Dear ones, 'tis now the time that ye
Sit down with zeal to botany.
* * * *
"Go out through pleasant field and lane,
And come back, glad of heart again,
Bringing with you life's best of wealth,
Knowledge, and joy of heart and health.
Ere long each bank where on ye look
Will be to you an open book,
And flowers, by the Creator writ,
The characters inscribed on it."

Her love of nature in all its varied aspects, her love of the poor, her love for little children, for all dumb animals shows forth in all her poems, and a higher feeling still runs, like a silver thread, shining through in all the simple songs and tales.

Eliza Cook may be especially called the poet of the poor. A popular lecturer told me once, many years ago, that a lecture on her poems would attract a larger audience of working men and women than a lecture on any other author. The charm must have somewhat passed away. She died less than a year ago, having quite outlived her popularity. Her best known song is a touching address "To the Old Arm-chair," beginning—

"I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair."

Fashion has changed our tastes in poetry as well as in many other things, but we might do worse than revert occasionally to the simple, heartfelt, and quite intelligible lines of Eliza Cook. I had forgotten entirely what they were like, and felt an odd surprise in turning over an old volume of them to find how many there were that I had liked well enough to learn by heart in my young days. "Old Songs," "Old Story Books," "When I Wore Red Shoes," "The Heart that's True," "I'm Afloat," "Buttercups and Daisies," were among my favourites; and if we find them a little jingling in metre for our present taste, still it is pleasant and refreshing to find them so full of kindhearted, healthy feeling. While in some a higher note is struck, and the following lines would be not unworthy of Mrs. Adams—

"I thank Thee, God, for weal and woe,
And whatso'er the trial be,
'Twill serve to wean me from below,
And bring my spirit nearer Thee."

Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Browning. All happy wives and happy mothers; making their homes all the fuller and happier for their great gifts. Mrs. Browning, the poet-wife of a poet-husband—thorough women all.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the *Honorable Caroline Norton* deserve the credit of having espoused the cause of the poor children, who, to the shame of England be it spoken, were doomed to wear out their young lives in the ceaseless toil of her factories and mines, without ever knowing the gladness of playtime or the healthy work of schooltime.

Their powerful voices helped the nation to realise the woes of the poor, and to know what evil systems had grown up in the manufacturing districts; while in the House of Commons, Lord Ashley pleaded the cause of the children by the mere stern statement of the sad facts, which he finally succeeded in ameliorating.

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
* * * *
They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity:
How long (they say), how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart;
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart."

So appeals Mrs. Browning in "The Cry of the Children." While Mrs. Norton describes in detail the miseries of the children who worked in mines.

"So lives the little trapper under ground;
No glittering sunshine streaks the oozy wall,
Not even a lamp's cold glimmer shineth round
Where he must sit (through summer days and all,
While in warm air the cuckoos call).
* * * *
"A feeble song the passing hour will mark!
Poor little nightingale, that sing'st alone!
Thy cage is very low, and bitter dark;
But God hears thee, who hears the glad upsoaring lark."

Poets and mothers—their hearts bled for the young children, and their mothers' voices were heard pleading in poetry for the woes of the suffering down-trodden children of the poor.

E. F. Bridell-Fox.

VARIETIES.

Enemies and Friends.—Let our enemies speak evil of us; it is their proper function. It is worse when friends speak well of us foolishly.

Blondes and Brunettes.

Lecturer: "All statistics prove that the blonde women are more difficult to get along with than the brunettes."

Astonished man in the audience (starting up): "Are you certain of that?"

Professor: "It is a fact."

Astonished man: "Then I believe my wife's black hair is dyed."

Pilgrim-Fashion.—Pilgrims in the Middle Ages were known by a peculiar garb and various badges, the hood and cape, the staff and scrip, and water-bottle, and the low-crowned hat, turned up in front and fastened with strings, being common to all; while the palm specially marked a pilgrim from the Holy Land; a shell, one from Compostella; a bottle or bell, one from Canterbury, and so on.

Other People's Opinions.—It is never the opinions of others that displease us, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon us.

A Convincing Proof.—The best proof of the power of prayer is praying.

"What is a Christian?"

"Truth above all—it is the Christian's word;
Love over all—it is the Christian's soul;
Live beyond all—it is the Christian's hope.
To lay down mortal life for Christ who lived
For truth and love, and died for Life Immortal—
This is to be a Christian."

"*Vivia Perpetua*," *a Dramatic Poem, by S. F. Adams.*

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUMMONS TO WYNDHAM.

CAPTAIN WALKER came to help entertain the factory girls—not once only, but several times. He endured with a good grace hearing himself described as "the man with the fiddle," and played his best to a clamorous audience, who talked and squabbled through his finest passages, but showed their appreciation of his performance by applauding vociferously at the close.

Aldyth reflected that she had never given him credit for so much good nature as he now manifested. Fond as he was of high-class music, he could even condescend to play a festive jig to which the girls could dance. Aldyth felt much gratitude for his willing assistance, and she was far from comprehending how sweet to him were her acknowledgments of the same. It never occurred to her that she was the attraction which drew him so often to Whitechapel. She gave him credit for feeling a genuine interest in the work, for she did not suppose that it was for her sake merely that he took so much trouble.

Yet in truth the motive which actuated Captain Walker was one which has drawn many another man into a temporary performance of good works. He had been charmed with Aldyth whenever he met her at Woodham or Wyndham; but he had shared the common belief that she was destined to marry her cousin, and had steeled his heart to resist the attraction she had for him. But now he knew she was free, there was no resisting the fascination of her society. He could hardly have explained wherein the strength of that fascination lay. He had been much in society; he had seen many women who were prettier than Aldyth. He admired Gladys Stanton; it amused him to talk and laugh with her; but she never excited within him a painful sense of his own inferiority, nor caused him to approach her with timid, tender reverence. But Aldyth was different from any other girl he had ever known. She had all the freshness and brightness of girlhood, and yet she was a woman in her exquisite sympathy and kindness, her strong self-reliance, her unswerving pursuit of all that was good and true. He had a new revelation of the gentleness and purity and kindness of her nature when he saw her surrounded by the rough, coarse girls who gathered about her at Whitechapel. Rough as they were, they grew gentle in her presence. A word, a glance even, from her was often enough to check a quarrel. Captain Walker felt jealous sometimes, as he marked the gentle words and smiles Aldyth gave these girls. It gave him a strange sensation to see Aldyth dancing with a big, clumsy girl, whose black hair was cut in a hard straight line above her brows, intensifying the boldness of her glance. But the defiant expression was vanishing, and a smile of pleasure brightened the girl's face as Aldyth uttered a word of encouragement. Never had he felt more convinced of the womanly sweetness of Aldyth's character; yet, at the same time, there swept over him a feeling that his love was hopeless.

But the feeling did not last—how should it? Captain Walker's past experience had not prepared him to expect disappointment, so he made the most of his opportunities of seeing Aldyth, and they were many; for Mrs. Stanton lavished invitations on the distinguished-looking Captain, and seemed to think no party of pleasure complete without him. But her efforts were not crowned with the success she desired. As the hot, sultry days of July set in, and everyone was planning a tour or talking of the seaside, Mrs. Stanton began to feel seriously dissatisfied with the result of her endeavours. In vain she had thrown Gladys as much as possible into the company of Captain Walker. Nothing seemed likely to come of it. Mrs. Stanton began to suspect that it was Aldyth's fault. If only she had not that craze for factory girls! It was too bad of her to drag the Captain to that horrid Whitechapel once every week.

One night, as Aldyth was brushing her hair preparatory to going to bed, her mother, who with Gladys had been spending the evening out, came into her room, looking sadly perturbed.

"Ah, you are not in bed," she said, as, all resplendent in satin and lace, she sank into a chair. "I want to have a little talk with you about our plans, if you are not too tired."

"I am not very tired," said Aldyth, sitting down and shaking back her hair.

"Have you been to Whitechapel this evening?" asked Mrs. Stanton, abruptly.

"Yes, mamma," said Aldyth.

"And Captain Walker with you?"

Something in her mother's tones brought the colour into Aldyth's face.

"He was there," she replied, slowly, "and he kindly saw me home."

"Why did he not come in?" asked Mrs. Stanton.

"Really, I suppose, because I never thought of asking him," said Aldyth.

An expression of impatience escaped her mother's lips.

"I cannot understand you, Aldyth. I should have thought you would have wished to help and not hinder your sister's happiness. Have you not noticed how often Captain Walker comes here? and of course it is to see Gladys. You must have observed it."

"He comes here a great deal, certainly," said Aldyth, with some embarrassment.

A few days earlier she could have accepted her mother's explanation of the motive of the Captain's frequent visits; but since then one little thing and another had occurred to put her on her guard, and to-night he had let fall a word which had forced her to receive a wholly unwelcome idea.

Mrs. Stanton was quick to see her embarrassment.

"Surely you are not thinking of him for yourself, Aldyth?" she said, in a cold, suspicious tone.

"Mamma!" said Aldyth, flushing crimson.

"Oh, I suppose you are shocked at my outspokenness; but what is the use of mincing matters? I should like to know what you do mean, that I may act accordingly."

"I have no such meaning as you impute to me, mamma," said Aldyth, proudly.

"Well, then, I will be quite frank with you," said Mrs. Stanton. "I can see that Captain Walker greatly admires Gladys, and I should fail in my duty as a mother if I did not do all in my power to secure her a happy marriage."

"But can you be sure that it would prove a happy marriage?" Aldyth ventured to ask. "It seems to me that those only are true marriages which are arranged by Providence. If we girls are to marry, God will bring it about in

His own good way. I do not believe in planning and scheming."

"Then it is because you are foolish and inexperienced," said Mrs. Stanton, sharply. "I have no patience with your ridiculous, old-maidish notions, Aldyth. Few girls would marry well if their mothers did not take some trouble on their behalf. If you like to throw away your own chances, you need not interfere with those of Gladys."

"I have no wish to do so," said Aldyth.

"Forgive me if I seem cross," said Mrs. Stanton, in a gentler tone. "You do not know how worried I am. It is of the utmost importance to us that Gladys should marry well, and soon too. The fact is, she is a great expense, and we are not nearly so well off as we appear. Mr. Stanton has had great losses in his business. Sometimes I fear we shall come utterly to grief. So, you see, Gladys must make a good marriage."

Aldyth was silent for a few moments. She pitied her mother as she noted her weary, harassed look. But the plotting and planning, the keeping up of pretences in which her mother trusted, seemed to her hateful.

"Would it not be better to reduce your expenses at once?" she suggested presently. "We should do very well in a smaller house and with fewer servants."

"Such a thing is out of the question," said Mrs. Stanton, hastily. "We must keep up appearances, at any cost, till Gladys is married. But I want you to understand how critical the position of things is; I want you to promise me that you will not stand in your sister's way."

"Mamma! as if I should!" said Aldyth, with some indignation.

"Well, then, I will say what I came to say," continued her mother. "We are thinking of going to Eastbourne at the end of the month. Captain Walker talks of going there too; but I thought, perhaps, you would rather return to Woodham for a few weeks. Your friends would be delighted to see you, and there is no air like one's native air. Besides, there is your uncle to be considered."

Aldyth did not at once reply. The idea of going to Woodham was welcome; but the way in which it was suggested gave her pain. It was too evident that her mother wished to be rid of her.

"Yes, I should like to go to Woodham, if you would rather not have me at Eastbourne," she said, at last.

"My dear love! Of course we should like to have you with us. I was only thinking what would be best for you," said Mrs. Stanton, rising, and coming to kiss Aldyth and stroke her hair.

But Aldyth was beginning to know the value of her mother's graceful caresses.

"You might join us afterwards at Eastbourne," Mrs. Stanton said, still playing with Aldyth's hair; "but I think it would be well for you to go to Woodham first. Why should you not go at once? You look as if you needed a change. You are not used to London; the hot weather is trying you. Write to your aunt to-morrow, and say that you will come."

"I can scarcely start at a moment's notice," said Aldyth, in a voice unusually high and hard. "There are arrangements to be made at Whitechapel; you must please allow me time to settle things a little."

"Certainly, love, arrange it as you will," said her mother, dropping a light kiss on her brow. "I am only anxious for your welfare. Good-night." And she glided away, leaving Aldyth smitten with a sense of intolerable pain.

But Aldyth was not to have time for the arrangements she desired to make. Had Mrs. Stanton waited a few hours she would have seen her end accomplished without the aid of artifice. Early on the following day a telegram was brought to Aldyth. The sender was Miss Lorraine, and the brief message ran thus:—

"Your uncle seriously ill. Come at once."

In less than an hour Aldyth was on her way to Woodham.

It was a hot journey, and the heat of the day was at its height as she came into the well-known little station. Who was that standing on the platform? Her heart beat more quickly as she saw John Glynne. He came forward to help her from the carriage.

"How are you, Miss Lorraine?" he said, and there seemed such kindness in his warm, firm hand-clasp. "Your aunt has allowed me to have the pleasure of meeting you, as your cousin could not be spared. The carriage is waiting to take you to Wyndham. Have you any luggage?"

"Only a small portmanteau," said Aldyth. "How is my uncle? The telegram, of course, gave no particulars."

"He is very ill, I grieve to tell you," said John Glynne. "He was seized with apoplexy when he was dressing this morning. Of course at his age there can, I fear, be little hope for his recovery."

"I suppose not," said Aldyth, tremulously. "I thought him altered the last time I saw him."

"And when was that?" asked Mr. Glynne.

"Oh, some months back, when he came to London," said Aldyth, off her guard. But seeing he looked surprised, she recollected herself, and said hastily: "But I should not have mentioned it. I forgot that uncle begged me to tell no one that he had been to London. It was such an event in his life to leave home for a day that he seemed ashamed that anyone should know of it. It was only by chance it came to my knowledge."

"Really!" said John, smiling. "Well, the secret is safe with me."

He secured her portmanteau, accompanied her to the chaise, and saw her seated beside old John. Then they shook hands once more. "I shall see you again," he said. "You will stay some little while now you are here?"

"Oh, yes," Aldyth said, smiling brightly on him. He had said little, but his manner had told her how glad he was to see her. And despite the sad occasion of her coming, Aldyth was glad to find herself at Woodham.

After the noise and stir of London the repose of the country was delightful. The old High Street had the same familiar aspect. There was Mrs. Bland in the bow-window, smiling and nodding. Miss Rudkin's high cap and sausage-like curls appeared above the wire blind on the opposite side of the road. And now they had turned from the town, and were on the long straight road to Wyndham. The scent of hay was wafted across the hedges; fields of mellowing corn, with poppies glowing here and there, bowed before the breeze; cattle rested beneath the trees, or cooled themselves in the ponds; all the broad, flat landscape seemed to breathe peace, and with a keen sense of contrast Aldyth recalled to mind the dim, close streets of Whitechapel.

After she had gathered all that old John could tell her of her uncle's illness, she paid little heed to his garrulous repetition of the facts. She gazed lovingly on every familiar scene, and let the restful beauty of the day enter into her heart.

As they drove up to the Hall, Guy appeared on the steps to welcome her. He looked pale and excited, and he talked rapidly, though in subdued tones, as he led her into the house.

"He is no better," he said; "unconscious most of the time, though sometimes he seems to understand what we say. He keeps talking, but so incoherently it is difficult to understand him. But he has asked for you several times; he utters your name distinctly. No, you must not go upstairs till you have taken something. There is luncheon for you in the dining-room. What will you have? Coffee? Wine? You shall have what you like, but you must take something."

"Poor uncle!" said Aldyth, sitting down and allowing Guy to wait on her; "does he suffer much, do you think?"

"The doctor says not," Guy replied. "It is sad to see the poor old man lie in such a state; but still at his great age it is not to be expected that he can recover. Eighty-one! Who would wish to live longer than that?"

Aldyth did not linger long below. It was with a feeling of awe that was almost dread she entered the darkened room where the old man lay. She had never been brought into close contact with death, and she felt instinctively that this was the chamber of death.

Miss Lorraine, quiet and watchful, sat at one side of the bed, the old housekeeper at the other. Between them lay the stricken man, his face strangely altered, the pupils of the eyes contracted, the expression one of deep distress, whilst he babbled inarticulately, and his hands restlessly roamed over the coverlid.

"Do not be frightened, dear," said her aunt, coming to meet Aldyth, and leading her to the bedside. "I am glad you have come, for he has mentioned you several times. There—'Aldyth,' he said. Did you not hear it?"

But Aldyth, unaccustomed to illness, could make nothing of his incoherent utterances.

"'Aldyth,' he said. 'Bring Aldyth,'" repeated Miss Lorraine. "Speak to him, dear; let him know you are here."

"Uncle," said Aldyth, bending down to him and speaking very clearly; "uncle, I am here. Do you understand? It is Aldyth."

"Ay, Aldyth," he murmured; "Aldyth and Guy. Bring Aldyth; I want her."

"I am here, uncle," Aldyth said again. "Is there anything you wish to say to me?"

"Ay, I want Aldyth," he murmured. "I want to explain—Aldyth and Guy—Guy and Aldyth—the two children are always together. Tell her——" Again he sank into confused babblings. Presently his voice was raised again, and even Aldyth could distinguish the words, "Bring Aldyth—I want her."

"Dear uncle, I am here," she said, and took hold of his hand. His fingers closed convulsively over hers.

"Don't leave me," he said, and it seemed that for the moment he recognised her. He made an eager movement, half raising himself in the bed, and began to talk rapidly and inarticulately. He appeared trying to tell her something, but scarce a word could Aldyth understand.

"There's something on his mind, if only he could make you understand," the housekeeper said. "There! 'my will,' he said—I heard the words quite plain."

"I did not hear it," said Guy, who had come into the room, and stood near Aldyth.

"You may fancy he says anything," observed Miss Lorraine.

"There was no mistake about that," said the housekeeper, with an air of superior sagacity. "Now, he's talking about the farm—don't you hear?"

At that moment the prolonged howl of a dog rose from beneath the windows, startling and affrighting the worthy old soul.

"You know what that means?" she whispered. "It's a sure sign. Not but what I knew before. There was a robin this morning singing close to the front door, and I knew that boded ill. Ah, me! The poor old master! But we must all go when our time comes."

Hour after hour passed wearily by, and brought no change but increased weakness and restlessness and more imperfect articulation. Life was slowly ebbing. The doctor paid his last visit and went away, with no expectation of seeing his patient again in life. All night the laboured breathing, the sad struggle, so pitiful to witness, went on. Guy, unable to bear the scene, went away ere the end came; but Aldyth was not to be persuaded to quit her place beside her uncle. All night she and her aunt watched him, and her hand held the cold, heavy hand of the dying man till life had fled. Then at last she broke down, and wept from mingled sensations of relief and pain. Miss Lorraine had stood by too many death-beds to be thrilled and unnerved as Aldyth was. She soothed the girl, and put her tenderly to bed. Aldyth, oppressed by a sense of the gloom and mystery of death, presently sobbed herself to sleep, without giving a thought to any consequences her uncle's death might have for her. The hopes and fears that were alternating in Guy's mind, and causing him much inward agitation, lay quite outside her consciousness.

(*To be continued.*)

BON VOYAGE!

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "Ripples and Breakers."

BRAVE hearts on deck, sad hearts on shore,
Friends parted, some to meet no more;
The last "Farewell" and "God-speed" said,
While kerchiefs wave and tears are shed;
The good ship floats adown the tide,
And closest links are sundered wide.

Alas! how many ships go forth
Chartered south, east, or west, or north,
With living freights, high hopes and aims,
And half-ripe projects wanting names;
Ships that ne'er find their destined shore,
Are never seen or heard of more.

While others sail o'er sunny seas,
Unchecked by squall or adverse breeze,
And ride to port all trim and taut,
Of loss or damage showing naught;
As though good fortune set the sails,
And Providence lent favouring gales.

'Tis ever so; we send to sea
Life's hopes in barks all fair to see,
And know not whether this or that
May "reach the haven they'd be at,"
If storms may drive, or rocks may rend,
Or a free course bring joyous end.

My sisters, let the bark that bears
Your lifelong hopes be sped with prayers;
Faith-winged, those potencies may fly
Farther than thought, or sun, or sky,
And bring some radiant angel down,
The voyage with all good to crown.

BON VOYAGE!

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

MULREADY AT THE FARM.

LATE that evening, after the little girls had gone to bed, and when the elders of the family, Weatherley inclusive, were at supper, an unexpected visitor arrived at the farm. Molly appeared with a mysterious air, and said Miss Belle was wanted particular, so Belle left her father and the others to their surmises, and followed Molly.

"Mulready, station-master, in Miss Flo's parlour. He asked for you," whispered Molly.

Belle, usually calm enough on any sudden emergency, lost her self-possession at this announcement. What could Mr. Mulready want at that hour? He usually came at tea-time, when able to leave his post; why should he appear so late? Poor Belle's thoughts flew to the returned bouquet; and she wondered if he had been offended and had come to inquire why she had sent it back. He was always such a kind friend, and supplied her with such a treasure of flowers, that she would not for the world have annoyed him.

She was all of a flutter when she opened the door and went into the room. Molly had lighted a candle, which burnt so dimly that she scarcely perceived Mr. Mulready at first; but he rose to meet her. His manner was unusually grave, but his shake of the hand long and warm. Indeed, he held her hand while he said that he had asked for her in preference to her father, because he had news to communicate which he thought it best to tell her first. This preamble frightened Belle—as preambles always do when they preface matters of vital interest—and she exclaimed—

"Then it is not the nosegay! I knew nothing about it! Something is the matter!"

"The nosegay!" he repeated, with a half-smile. "Oh, no! I knew that was a mistake. A cablegram has arrived for your father from—from Montreal. I came over with it myself, thinking how much he dislikes telegrams, and that I could let him know the contents without——" Here he paused.

"Charley is either ill or dead," said Belle, fixing her terrified eyes on Mulready.

"He is ill; I fear dangerously ill. Sit down and let me read what it says."

Belle sat down, too overwhelmed to resist.

"'Charles Dauncey seriously ill. Broken blood-vessel. Come or send.—Stint and Co.' That is the message," said Mulready kindly, taking Belle's hand.

"My darling Charlie! Perhaps he will die! He should not have gone! What will become of us?" groaned Belle.

"It is all in God's hands, dear Miss Dauncey," said Mulready. "Will you, or shall I, tell your father? Someone must go at all risks, and there is no time to lose."

"To Montreal!" exclaimed Belle.

"I think so. 'Come or send' sounds imperative."

"I will tell my father; you will wait," said Belle, dashing a tear from her eye, the precursor of a flood had she not stayed it.

She returned to the dining-room, and said that Mr. Mulready had received news of Charlie.

"One of those confounded telegrams!" cried her father. "What's the matter? Say it out! I knew from his letter that he was worse than he said."

Belle broke the news as best she could, and the consternation may be imagined. Weatherley ran off to Mulready, and returned with him.

"What is to be done?" asked Dauncey, in despair.

"Someone must go," was the reply.

A consultation ensued, in which poor Weatherley put in his claim as son to see after his father; while Dauncey declared his intention of starting at once. Mulready believed that the boy would have more discretion than his grandfather, and, perhaps, with his mannish ways, carry as much weight; but, of course, he was too young for such responsibility.

"I will start by the first train to-morrow morning, get to Liverpool sometime in the night, and be off the next day," said Dauncey, decidedly. "If I had gone first, instead of Charlie, this would never have happened. But I was overruled, as I always am. As next-of-kin I was the right person; and it is evident that Providence orders that I should see after the business myself. You must pack up a few things for me, Belle; and you will see after matters while I am away just as well as if I were at home—better, perhaps."

Belle could devise no other plan. With tears in her eyes she said she would do her father's bidding, while Flo stood with her arm on his shoulder, and Weatherley, with resolute face, confronted Belle.

"And what am I to do? He is my father," broke in the lad.

"Help me to work at home, and to pray for him," whispered Belle.

The boy's brow relaxed, and he gave a loud sob. He had been restraining his feelings just as his aunt had been. Mulready took him by the hand and led him out of the room, saying that he wanted a word with him. Once more in Flo's parlour his grief gave way, and he sobbed out that he was sure his father would die, and that he should never see him again.

"And mother told me to take care of him," he said.

Mulready comforted him by pointing out to him that the breaking of a blood-vessel, though serious, did not necessarily mean death; and that he must strive to be a stay to his aunts and sisters, while their natural supports were away,

"There is so much for you to do," he argued. "I have gone through it all myself, and understand what you have to bear. You must rouse up like a man, and help to keep things going at home while they are abroad."

"I will!" cried Weatherley, with a determination that astonished Mulready. "I am ashamed of myself for giving way. May I consult you sometimes when I am in a fix? Aunt Belle is only a woman, you know."

This sudden change of thought and schoolboy language was a relief to both, and when Belle came in she found her nephew and her friend in earnest discourse.

"I am only in the way now," said Mulready. "If I can be of any use to you, let me know. Look on me as a true friend, Miss Dauncey: one born for adversity. I have gone through that thorny path myself, and know what it is. I will send over the fly in time."

He held out his hand to Belle, whose repressed tears flowed gently at the kind words, while Weatherley took his arm and said, with his natural resolute manner—

"We will take care of them all between us."

Mulready smiled, and saying that he should be on the platform to receive Mr. Dauncey the next morning, hurried away.

As usual, everything devolved on Belle. With her heart breaking for her darling brother, she packed a large portmanteau with what she conceived to be necessary for her father's uncertain term of absence. She had scarcely time to reflect whether it were wise for him to go; but she saw no other course. They could not leave Charlie to die alone in a strange land. Her one comfort was that he had written of the kindness and hospitality of the Americans, and she knew that he was sure to make friends, because, as she said to herself, "everybody loves Charlie." She found Weatherley very helpful, and almost as good a packer as herself; indeed, there were few things that he could not put a hand to. Meanwhile Flo entertained her father, and managed to amuse him, despite his grief. They were both of such volatile natures that a chance word influenced them for joy or sorrow, good or ill.

"I wish I was going with you," said Flo. "I have been trying to persuade Mrs. Prendergast to visit America. You can go and be back in no time."

"It is the money, Flo. I know not how we shall find it," sighed her father.

"I wish I hadn't spent so much on presents," returned Flo. "But I have nearly five pounds left, and that will help. When you get to Montreal you will probably have tens of thousands. How

provoking and contrary things are! Just when one wants money, one can't get it."

"It has always been the same with me," groaned Dauncey. "Your mother kept me back when I had a chance of luck, and now Belle fetters me with her 'bird in the hand.'"

He was pacing the room according to custom, and Flo had her arm in his, now restraining him, anon moving restlessly with him.

"Perhaps I shall be too late after all," he exclaimed, stopping suddenly.

As he did so, Weatherley came in and stood before him.

"Grandfather," he began, looking him in the face, "what am I to do about the squire? Perhaps father will be too ill to say what he wishes, and you are——" He paused.

"The next-of-kin," suggested Flo.

Dauncey sat down. A stern expression settled on his irritable face for a moment.

"Come here, my lad," he said. "If your father dies, there's another reason for my hating Squire Weatherley."

"But he could not help it, grandfather," said the boy.

"Maybe not. But he could have helped him and your poor mother to money enough to keep the pot boiling, and so have saved them the anxiety of straitened means, and perhaps have saved their lives. You are a 'cute lad enough, and know which side your bread is buttered; so you must make your own choice. I won't stand in your light; but if you take up with the squire, you may say good-bye to me."

"That I could never do," said Weatherley, bravely. "But I want to be educated so as to earn my living, and do something for father and my sisters. I love you, and I love the squire too. You have both been very kind to me."

"Then choose between us," cried Dauncey, with unusual energy. "I'll have nothing to say to anyone that truckles to Squire Weatherley."

"Then shake hands, grandfather, for of course I must choose you," said Weatherley, very gravely. "Tell dear father that it is not my fault if I can't obey mother, and be dutiful to her father, as she wished. But I must tell the squire the reason—or—or—Miss Dulcey."

"Do as you like, and let me hear no more of Squire Weatherley," said Dauncey; only this time his voice trembled slightly.

"You must forgive me, grandfather. I only want to do what is right," said the lad.

Flo put her arms round her father's neck, and with her most enticing of manners said that it would be glorious to have the Court to look forward to; but not even Flo could shake Dauncey's implacable enmity, in which personal pique mingled. He took Weatherley's hand, however, and drew him towards him.

"You are a fine fellow, and I'm glad that the squire can't get what he wants for once in his life," he said, rose hastily, and went in search of Belle.

He found her and Molly trying to strap his portmanteau. Molly disappeared, and he and Belle were left alone together. He had a salutary fear of Belle, though he rarely owned or showed it, for he knew that no man ever had a more devoted daughter.

"What are we to do, Belle?" he began, giving way to some sort of despair that suddenly took possession of him. "I suppose I am an old man, and if anything happens to Charlie I am afraid I shall never get back alive. You and Flo will do very well without me. She is sure to get a husband, and you must marry Pearce. As to the children—well! I hope the squire won't get hold of 'em."

This idea roused him from his despondency, and he began to talk of money. How was he to pay for his journey to America? How maintain himself there until he proved his next-of-kinship? How bury Charlie if he died?

"Oh, father! pray don't talk so! I shall never be able to keep up," said Belle. "You must take the quarter's rent, which is ready, and we must try to sell the hay, and—but we need not speculate. We are sure to be protected under so many adverse circumstances: for He who binds on the burden knows how to loose it."

Dauncey was a religious man, in his own estimation, at least, but not a Christian according to Christ's teaching. He could not realise that trouble and pain were man's heritage and education, and therefore murmured under the load that he had not strength or power to cast off. He nurtured feelings of hatred against a man more forgiving than himself; not because he really nourished "murder in his heart," but because he felt it a sort of duty to withstand one more powerful than himself; and he speculated whenever he could, in the hope of redeeming what he had already lost by similar ventures. He was essentially a proud man, and we all know, or ought to know, that pride and weakness are well-nigh synonymous.

Belle knew all this right well, and had a difficult task to wade through it and bring the sterling worth which lay at the bottom of her father's character up to the surface. She loved him dearly; indeed, without the love she could not have laboured. Love makes labour light.

"I would go with you, dear father, but there is so much to do at home," she said, as between them they clasped the last strap of the portmanteau.

"My dear child, you would only hamper me," he said; "I shall get on well enough when once I am started."

The start was made at daybreak. Mr. Mulready sent over the fly, as he promised, and Dauncey was ready for it. So was Weatherley, who was to accompany him to the station. Belle knew that she was wanted at home, and that the little girls must be told of their father's illness; and Flo was just aroused sufficiently to rush downstairs in her dressing-gown and wish her father good-bye.

Belle had given him the treasured quarter's rent, and Flo her five pounds, so that he had just money enough for the journey. He was quite persuaded that before he returned he would be the acknowledged owner of a huge fortune, so he left the future to take care of itself. The parting was very sad, and many tears and prayers followed him and Weatherley as the fly drove off.

"Don't cry so, Miss Belle!" said Molly, who stood beneath the porch with the sisters to watch the departure. "Mr. Charlie is a deal stronger than you are thinking."

"Thank you, Molly, I shall be better soon," replied Belle, hurrying up to her room.

"You will be helping her now, Miss Flo," continued Molly. "She need be a horse or a ass, or one o' they 'viathans of the Scriptures, to stand master and all the worry. She do slave just so much as if she was a born blackamoor."

"Oh, Molly, of course I shall help her!" said Flo. "You must tell me what to do. I can shell peas, and cut up kidney beans, and do lots of things."

"Better be teaching the little girls, and taking them off Miss Belle's hands. No knowing if they won't be here for good and all."

Flo was startled by this idea. She hated teaching. If only Mr. Mute would appear, perhaps something agreeable might happen. Her mind turned readily from impending troubles to possible pleasures, and she was comforted. The rooks began to caw in the castle trees, the sun shone out, the peacock strutted towards her. She dried her eyes, and suddenly remembered that she was not dressed—at least, that she was only half dressed—so she pinched Molly's bare, red arm, and hurried after Belle.

She found her on her knees in the children's room. They were sleeping well, and were literally in each other's arms. Marjory's protecting arm was thrown over Mamy, whose angel face nestled close to her sister's. Flo's momentary brightness was obscured at once. She knelt down at Belle's side, and silently prayed for the sleeping children and their father. She knew how they all loved Charlie, and suddenly realised the possibility of his never coming home to cheer them with his gentle presence. She was very impressionable, and the sight of the children, with Belle kneeling by their bedside, caused her to break out into tears and sobs, which aroused Marjory, and turned unselfish Belle's attention to her.

"Why are you crying, Aunt Flo? Is dear father worse?" asked Marjory, sitting up with a scared face. She woke Mamy by this movement, and thus the little ones and their elders were face to face.

Belle kissed the children and bade them get up, as it was quite late; but Marjory was not to be put off, and inquired again what was the matter. Mamy's "Don't ky, Aunt Flo," completed the need of an explanation, and Belle gently told them that their grandfather was gone to be with their father, who was not so well.

"How did you hear?" asked the acute Marjory.

By degrees the truth was told, and the question, "Will he ever come home again?" had to be answered.

We need no words to bring the scene before the imagination of their friends.

Marjory seemed to understand the situation perfectly, and set herself to comfort Mamy, who did not understand it, but began to sing "Tarlie is my Darling," which she had learnt from Aunt Belle, and which she was always singing.

"You are more of a woman than I am, Marjey," said Flo. "We will not cry any more, but try to be good until father comes back. He is sure to get well."

"Fader tome back," echoed Mamy.

Breakfast was a melancholy meal, or would have been but for Mamy, who, by some strange intuition, connected her father's illness with Weatherley, and asked if he had gone to the squire's to tell him about him. She was always talking of the "pretty lady," and asking when she should see her again. She had truly a fortunate fancy for her great-aunt, Miss Weatherley.

News flies fast in a country village. Ben heard that the station fly had actually come to Hollyfield by daybreak, and had carried off Mr. Dauncey and his grandson. He communicated this to the maids, who in turn informed their mistress, and no sooner had Miss Dulcey finished her breakfast than she ran quickly down the steps and the hill, and athwart the paddock, despite the turkey-cock, to learn what had transpired. She was immediately surrounded by her younger friends. Her brisk, incisive manner always put people either in spirits or on their mettle, and she soon infused some of her own decision into them. Although she had her fears for Charlie, she would not let them appear, but said, with uncompromising cheerfulness—

"We mustn't meet trouble half way. There's nothing in telegrams nowadays. And as to the Atlantic cable, I don't believe it is to be depended upon, any more than the telephone or any other monstrosity. People think nothing of breaking a blood-vessel in these fast times. I wonder they retain one unburst in their bodies. Cheer up, Belle. You must keep your spirits up for all our sakes. I have great faith in Charlie's power of rallying."

"So have I, Miss Dulcey," cried Flo, ever ready to change from grave to gay. "I saw him once in London—you remember, Marjey?—almost at the point of death, and he got better."

"So he did," rejoined Marjory, cheerfully, and "So he did," repeated her sweet echo.

When Miss Dulcey got Belle to herself, she told her not to be anxious about the rent, as she was sure that matter could be settled. "Be anxious for nothing," she added, and poor Belle promised to strive against an unusual fear that beset her in spite of herself, and so the morning wore away; at least, its early hours, until Weatherley's return.

(To be continued.)

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

EMBROIDERY IN WHITE COTTON FOR HOUSE LINEN, UNDERCLOTHING, ETC.—SATIN-STITCH.

THESE fourteen illustrations show the different stitches in satin-stitch embroidery, which, although not difficult to work in its simplest form, needs that these different forms should be well understood. A frame is not generally used by amateurs; but, in order to bring the

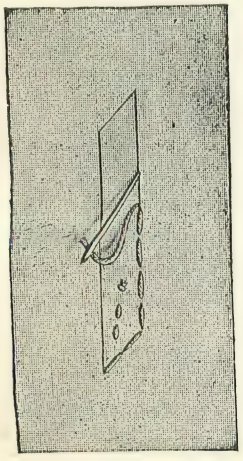


FIG. 1.

work to great perfection, the frame is needed. For success in this work it is necessary that the pattern be accurately drawn, which may be done in the following manner:—After the material is stretched on the frame, the pattern is secured under it with fine needles. The outlines of the drawing are traced very exactly with a fine-pointed hard pencil. Should the material be too thick to see the drawing plainly, it should be held up to the light.

The tracing of the outlines is in fine cotton, and the embroidery and filling is worked with French cotton, suitable in size for the material, independent of the size or style of the pattern.

Fig. 1.—The small dots show the centre, which is to be filled ready for the embroidery, and the outline is traced by taking shorter stitches behind than in front, which secures the correct shape required.

Fig. 2 shows the filling in with moderate length stitches interlacing each other, and made of sufficient thickness for the work to be properly raised and rounded.

Fig. 3 indicates the manner of working the actual embroidery, and is begun at the upper point of the pattern. The stitches are taken very evenly and closely together, but not overlapping each other, and are worked from right to left. In order to keep the outline clear and perfectly even, the needle must be inserted in a slanting direction, so as to lose the appearance of edge to the stitch.

Fig. 4 shows the manner of finishing off, namely, by passing the needle through the last stitch and carrying the thread along the back.

As designs are frequently formed of more than one simple row of stitches, our next two illustrations show the way of working some of the more elaborate forms.

In fig. 5 will be seen the left side worked as already explained, leaving a small piece at each end uncovered.

In fig. 6, after filling in the right side, the embroidery is begun at the upper point, carrying the stitch quite across, until meeting the embroidered portion on the left; then continuing the work down the unfinished side, being careful to keep the centre stitches in a perfectly straight line; then finish off the lower point in the same way as the upper.

Figs. 7 and 8 show a pattern with an angle. In the former may be plainly seen that the filling is not carried the whole length, but meets at the angles; and in working the over stitches, care must be always taken to keep the stitches slightly slanted at the bend.

In designs such as fig. 9, the filling in must be much thicker in the middle than at the ends, and care taken not to overlap the stitches, so, at the inner part of the curb, the stitches are placed very closely together, and spread out on the outer edge.

Figs. 10 and 11 show a divided leaf. The filling is done up to the point on one side, and worked over so far as the leaf is separated. The next half is then filled, and the work commenced at the point, crossing quite over until joining the first finished side, when the needle must be very carefully inserted, so as to keep the division very distinct.

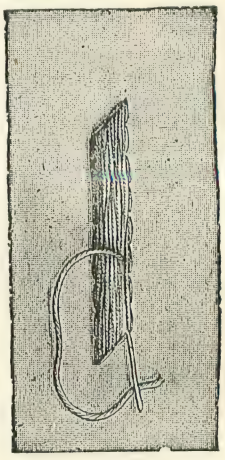


FIG. 2.

Figs. 12, 13, and 14.—After tracing the outline, three stitches mark the spaces for the divided work. Fill in one half the whole length, and work over the three divisions as shown in design fig. 13.; fill in the point, and take the stitches quite across (excepting at the parts worked already), where the stitches meet (see fig. 14).

It is essential to carefully notice the design before commencing the work, so as to produce the different thicknesses by the quantity of filling laid in.

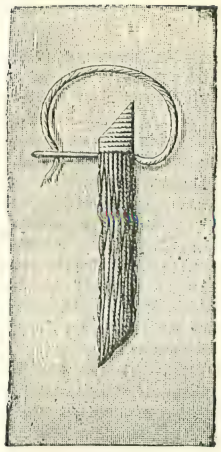


FIG. 3.

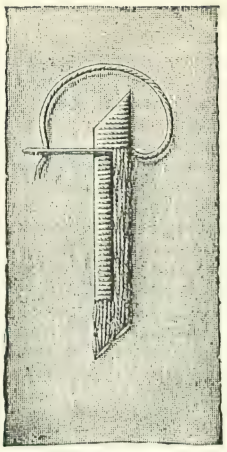


FIG. 6.

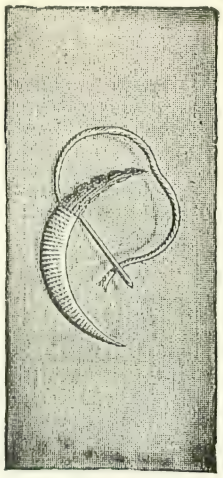


FIG. 9.

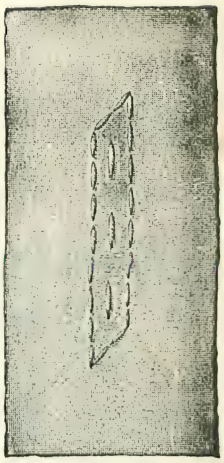


FIG. 12.

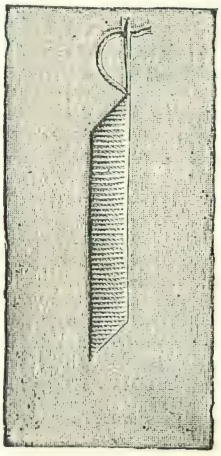


FIG. 4.

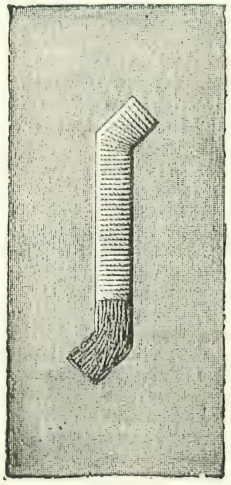


FIG. 7.

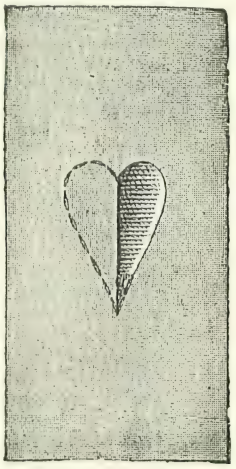


FIG. 10.

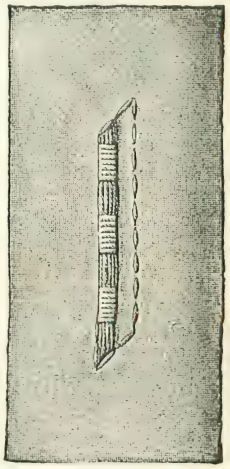


FIG. 13.

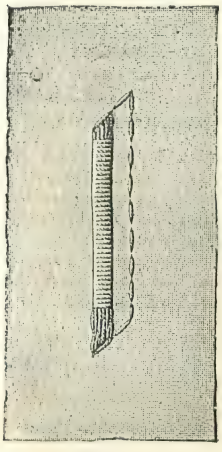


FIG. 5.

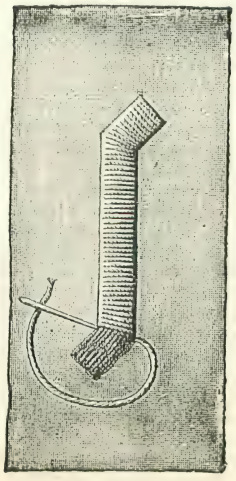


FIG. 8.

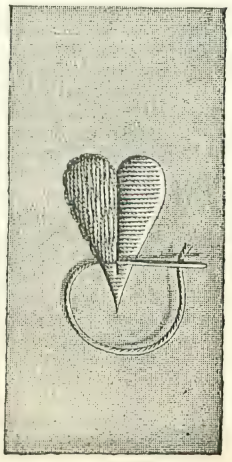


FIG. 11.

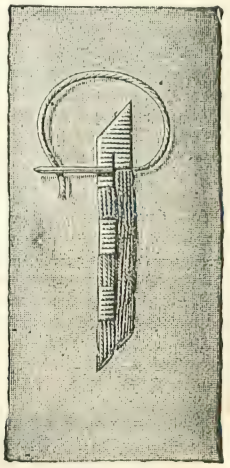


FIG. 14.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER.

By E. C. VANSITTART.

CHAPTER III.

"As we may live years without living one single moment,
So we may in some moments live years."

"EVA reaches Geneva to-morrow at 3 p.m.," remarked Mrs. Trafford, laying down a telegram she had just received, while they were all sitting out under the walnut trees with the Nugent party, drinking tea. I should like her to have been met there, Winifred; but I do not see how it is to be managed."

"If you would allow me," said Captain Nugent, "I should be delighted to take Miss Trafford to meet your niece, and escort them back."

"Capital!" put in Mrs. Nugent, "and then you could do all sorts of shopping for me. There are so many things I want for the children and the house that cannot be got at the village, and Rupert might go with you; it would be a good opportunity for him to see Geneva."

Winifred's eyes sparkled, but she answered quietly: "I could not leave mother for so long."

"Oh! you need not let that prevent your going; I promise to keep Mrs. Trafford company all day, if she will let me, and to look after her in every possible way," was Mrs. Nugent's good-natured reply.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Trafford. "Yes, Winifred, I should like you to go; Eva will feel lonely coming so far by herself, and you could do our shopping too. I want those silks matched for my work, and you might get some new books." So it was finally settled that the little party should take the first steamer from Villeneuve the next morning, and return by train in the evening.

Winifred never forgot that ideal trip down the lake. It was a hot midsummer's day, but under the deck awnings a cool breeze made them forget the glaring high road and dusty trees which they had faced on their way to the jetty. A discordant shriek and hoarse orders sounded from the bridge as they settled themselves, and the vessel glided off, heading for Chillon, across a sea of blue crystal, bounded by green hills on either side, with snow mountains rising like phantoms out of the heat mists. Swans sailed slowly past; a few fishing boats with rich brown sails tacked in the distance, and swallows skimmed the surface of the glassy water. So on, past smiling villages and white towns dotting the coast. At each little landing-place there was a cheerful stir and bustle, passengers embarking and disembarking, chiefly market women with their baskets; then the bell would ring and the voyage be renewed, while the gentle breeze, which died away while they were stationary, again fanned their faces with soft caress. Captain Nugent talked and smoked with the commander on the bridge, and his two companions sat silent in a kind of dream, words seeming out of place in such surroundings, which all too soon came to an end. As they landed and walked through the sun-baked streets in search of various shops, hustled by crowds of noisy German and American tourists, they were brought back roughly enough to everyday prose. They lunched at a hotel, and afterwards sat on Rousseau's Island, overcome by the intense heat, till it was time to go to the station. There, amid noise and confused clamour, they waited for the train. As it steamed alongside the platform, Winifred rushed forward towards one of the carriages, exclaiming, "There she is!" A tall girl waved in answer, and as soon as the train came to a halt they got into the compartment, which happened to be nearly vacant. The two cousins greeted each other warmly, exchanging many a hasty question and answer, before Winifred suddenly remembered that there were formal introductions to be made. Rupert Earle watched them with his grave eyes, and confessed that Winifred had not exaggerated her cousin's beauty. Eva Russell was unusually tall for a woman, but so perfectly graceful and well proportioned that she never conveyed the idea of excessive height; her head was very small, with delicately-formed ears and a wealth of dusky brown hair; her complexion exquisite, a clear white skin with rosy tints, and violet blue eyes. There was a look of refinement and high breeding about her, enhanced by tiny hands and feet, a quiet dignity in her queenly bearing which made her a striking figure in any crowd, yet, as Winifred had truly said, she was quite unconscious of her beauty, and as simple as a child in her innocence of the admiration she universally excited. Her brain power was such as few women possess in these days, and had been cultivated and sharpened to a rare extent. But under this lovely exterior lay a strange contradictory character, for, reserved to a fault, she was like a sealed book, unknown even to her nearest and dearest; cold in manner, proud, and most undemonstrative, she often seemed harsh and stern to those she really loved best; never stooping to tender little devices or caressing ways, wanting in gentleness and that tactfulness which is woman's truest charm; self-absorbed and unconsciously selfish, all the while possessing noble qualities and wide capabilities for good in depths none dreamt of; true, loyal, and able to put forth irresistible powers of attraction when she chose, her whole being was an enigma. Though several years younger than Winifred, no one would have supposed it from her manner, so often scornful and repellent that Winifred, with all her love and devotion for her "sister," was fain to confess that she was in many ways a stranger, though they had spent all their lives together. Outsiders often marvelled at the elder's unfailing sweetness and patience under the unlovable manner, but Winifred knew burning passions were hidden beneath that cold exterior, that force of circumstances had much to do with its assumption; knew, too, how the girl had never got over her mother's death, and could have told how that much the world deemed "coldness" and "pride" was but repressed feeling and wistful yearning. Sometimes she herself longed for a word, a touch to break down that icy barrier of cold reserve, but never betrayed how during those years of exile from the Indian home Eva had suffered a hungry craving for more tenderness to be unsatisfied, or how she had often pained the lonely loving heart beside her, all the more so, perhaps, that Winifred knew, as none else did, how true to herself this strange nature was.

A warm greeting and welcome awaited Eva from her aunt, to whom she had ever shown her best side, being always unusually gentle and attentive, consequently the invalid was very fond of her. Smut, too, gave her a rapturous greeting after his fashion, for amongst her many talents that of winning the love and devotion of animals was very marked.

"You seem very intimate with your neighbours. What sort of a man is that Mr. Earle? Clergymen are generally such a tiresome set," was one of the scraps of conversation a listener might have caught had he dropped in that evening and joined the trio at Châlet Rosenau.

"I think you cannot fail to like him though," answered Mrs. Trafford; "he is quite unlike any of his cloth I have ever met, and the Nugents are really charming. I do not know what Winifred would do without them in this dull place, they have been so kind."

"Winifred always had a way of making friends easily," observed Eva, rather contemptuously; "she could not live a solitary life."

Winifred, who was working in a corner of the room, made no reply; but her colour deepened. Why did Eva's careless words often have the power to wound her thus?

A few days later a conversation very much akin to the above, and yet very different, took place in the next house between Captain Nugent and his wife, while Rupert was reading the paper at the open window.

"I do not much like that Miss Russell," began the captain, "notwithstanding her beauty. Her manner to her cousin is simply abominable sometimes. I would not put up with it from a junior if I were in Miss Trafford's place."

"Surely you are mistaken," said Mrs. Nugent, looking up from a pile of small socks she was darning; "I think she is most attractive. The only thing I cannot understand is her saying she does not care for children. Just fancy!"

"Well," laughed the captain, "you cannot expect everyone to rave about the chicks as you do, little wife."

"No, of course not; but a girl who does not like children seems so unnatural. Why, yesterday I asked her to take baby for a moment, and she looked so horrified at the bare idea that I carried him up to nurse instead. Imagine any girl refusing to hold the darling!" and Mrs. Nugent looked quite aghast.

"And yet," remarked Rupert, from his corner, "Miss Trafford mentioned casually one day that when the children of Dr. Russell's coachman were laid up with some illness or other last year, his daughter devoted herself to them entirely, and that nothing could exceed her tenderness and kindness, and that the children became so fond of her that they watched for her coming."

"Ah! I did not know you were listening to our argument," said Captain Nugent. "What do you think of her?"

"It is too early to judge yet," was the evasive answer; "but she seems to be a singularly clever and taking girl."

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes," said Captain Nugent, getting up and going to

the door; "but, in my opinion, she cannot compare with her cousin."

"There I agree with you; Miss Trafford is one in a thousand." And then, as if he had been betrayed into saying too much, Rupert buried himself again behind his newspaper, which often affords a man the sheltering refuge a woman finds in bending over her needle-work.

* * * *

Soon the reapers were to be seen hard at work in the glowing harvest-fields, or resting at noontide under the shade of the spreading trees, while in the vineyards the purple clusters of grapes were gaining depth of colour and sweetness in the hot sun, and the mountains were of ever-changing hues; blue in the mornings, green in the midday heat, violet at sundown, black in the moonlight. Day after day the sunsets succeeded each other as gorgeous pageants, till sometimes the very heavens seemed to open and let down a flood of glory, tipping the virgin summits with rosy red and shining gold.

The Nugents and their neighbours were more than ever united. Eva was a great walker, and often she and Rupert Earle climbed higher up the hills or went further than even Winifred could manage, and she then dropped behind with the children. In their many discussions also she was now often silent, for she told herself, in her humility, that she could not keep pace with such an intellect as Eva's; but Rupert always appealed to her in the end, and deferred to her opinion. After the first day or two Eva had never again alluded to Rupert Earle, and when her aunt had once playfully asked her what she thought of him on further acquaintance, and whether she had modified her dislike to clergymen as a class, she had answered in her coldest manner—

"I really do not know."

A dread fear had fallen upon Winifred as the weeks rolled on—a fear which cast a shadow over everything, making the sunshine seem a mockery, and robbing her surroundings of their brightness; at first she would not admit it even to her own heart, but gradually it took form. Eva, unknown to herself, was beginning to love Rupert. He did not return her affection, Winifred knew, feeling as she did that it was herself he was inclined to love; he was only attracted to Eva by her beauty and her cleverness. For days she fought against the thought, trying to imagine it a wild dream born of her own strong attachment, but there came a moment when her fears were confirmed and she could no longer doubt. It was one afternoon a few weeks after Eva's arrival, when the two cousins, accompanied by the gentlemen, had driven to St. Maurice, Mrs. Nugent having volunteered to spend the time of their absence with Mrs. Trafford.

It was a beautiful drive through the green, open valley filled with golden sunshine, past orchards bending under their weight of fruit, rosy apples, pears, yellow and purple plums, chestnuts, and walnuts. The clear river flowed below, bounded by tall poplars on each side, the neighbouring rocks were covered with delicate ferns, while willows and alders dipped right into the water. On and on through woods, crossing streams which nestled in the folds of the blue hills, dreamingly watching the exquisite play of light and shadow on the landscape round. At last they reached St. Maurice, a picturesque little place. Leaving the carriage at an inn, they went first to see the old church with its beautifully carved choir stalls; and afterwards they climbed a high rocky hill, for the sake of the view; one side was very steep, ending in a precipice which overhung the river some thousands of feet. Winifred, having caught sight of a rare flower a little way down the slope, remarked—

"I wish those flowers were not growing in such an impossible place," when, before she could utter an exclamation of horror, Rupert darted down the incline and gathered the coveted blossoms. Turning to remount, he lost his footing, and for one moment it seemed as if he must be hurled down that dizzy height and dashed in pieces on the rocks far beneath, but he clung on to some bushes and so regained his balance. Winifred's heart stood still as she closed her eyes, only for a few seconds though, for Rupert's—

"I am all right, do not be alarmed," came up to her as he began to ascend, and then, turning round, she saw Eva leaning against a tree, pale as death, almost unconscious, and trembling in every limb. "What is the matter?" they all exclaimed; "are you feeling faint?" Eva recovered herself quickly.

"It is nothing," she answered, haughtily; "I am not given to fainting, thank you!" but Winifred had caught the look in her eyes as Rupert fell, and she knew it was fear for his safety which had made the proud, cold Eva, who had never lost her self-control in her life before, nearly faint. That moment was a revelation to both girls.

They were all very silent during the drive back, Rupert being rather shaken by his fall, the two cousins absorbed in thought, and Captain Nugent absent-minded. Winifred's eyes rested on the purple and violet shadows which lay on the giant mountains above them, the pure unsullied whiteness of whose summits was once and again veiled by sunset mists; but she did not take in the beauty of the scene—something seemed suddenly to have passed between it and her vision.

"I do not like the look of the sky this evening," observed Captain Nugent, rousing himself as they neared Bex.

"Why, it has been one of the finest days we have had," said Eva, wonderingly; "and just look what a sunset!"

"Yes, but I am afraid it is what we sailors call a 'weather breeder,'" was his answer.

Winifred was right in her surmise. Eva, involuntarily, unknown to herself, had grown to love Rupert Earle. From the first she had been strangely attracted by his gentle manner and clever head; he was the only man she had ever met whom she could look up to, whom she would call her master. She, who had always declared she would never marry, who had been wont to look with contempt on the yielding of other women, was now entirely fascinated and subjugated by this grave, earnest man. Strange as it may seem, it had never crossed her mind that possibly Winifred also might have been influenced by him; and her own nature was not sufficiently unselfish to be on the watch for marks of suffering or of happiness in others, even when those most dear to her were concerned. To do Eva justice, had she dreamt how matters were, she would have been generous enough to stand back, whatever it might have cost her, and however ungraciously she might have done it; but no such thought occurred to her. That moment on the edge of the precipice had opened her eyes to her own feelings, and it was a shock even then to her proud nature to find that, unbidden, unasked for, she should have given her heart to another.

Alone in her room that night the girl spent long hours, walking restlessly up and down, fighting the last fight for her independence, as it were, but conquered all the time by the gentle, constraining power of love.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ELAINE MARY, we fear, must consult her inspector, and should certainly complain of the neglect of the substitute obtained for her during her absence.

PRACTICAL.—There are many articles in the "G.O.P." which will help you, especially the series called "Work for All," in vol. v., commencing at page 25.

A. W.—The address of the teachers of the "Sloyd System" is 106, Great Portland Street, W.

GERMANIA.—The Guelph line had its origin (says Gibbon) in the princely house of Este, Marquesses of Este, of Liguria, and Tuscany, which in the eleventh century divided, and from the elder branch the House of Brunswick is descended. Cunigunda, sister and heiress of Guelph, Duke of Lower Bavaria, married in 1040, Azo, Marquess of Este, and from this alliance came Guelph, Count of Alldorf and Duke of Bavaria, who married the sister of our Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. One of their sons, Henry the Lion, married our Empress Maud.

WORK.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The best method of disposing of fancy work is to go round yourself to the various shops, and take your wares. There is always a market for wool-work and pretty ideas in wall and house decoration.

HOUSEKEEPING.

COLONIAL, SEMIBREVE.—Write a letter to the author, asking leave to use the verses, addressed to the office of the paper in which you saw them, and write on the letter, "Please forward." This is all you can do.

BESSIE MABEL.—There are several ways of cleaning steel. One is to make a paste of four ounces of emery powder and two ounces of soft soap, and apply it with a rag to fender, fireirons, etc., rubbing off with a leather. For fine polished steel, crocus powder and sweet oil is the best. If the steel be rusty, cover with sweet oil, and leave it for twenty-four hours, then rub off with leather. Very fine emery-paper may also be used to rub off rust. 2. The best thing to do with packed flowers when they arrive, is to cut off the tips of the stalks and put them in tepid water, perhaps rather warmer than tepid.

A VICAR'S WIFE.—An old recipe we have says that mildew may be taken out of silk with a mixture of two ounces of essence of lemon and one ounce of oil of turpentine gently rubbed with a linen rag upon the spot. We should try a little real lemon juice instead of the essence, and make the attempt on a worthless piece of silk to judge of its success.

G. W. does not even say how the damp has affected her vases, nor of what they are made. She had better take them from their wrappings, and give everyone the benefit of them. If we could only persuade our readers never to hoard up anything! But where the teaching and admonition of the Scriptures fail, how shall our poor voice be heard? Hoarding up so often means a selfish clinging to what we cannot use ourselves.

MUSIC.

GERTRUDE W.—Many thanks, but it is not quite up to our mark.

I. L. M.—It is not wise to begin singing too young—about sixteen is quite early enough, as you should have made good progress in your musical studies first; this will be a great assistance to you. The strength of your voice is very dependent on the state of your health.

ART.

WEE WIFIE.—1. The material for painting dessert d'oyleys on is called "jean," and can be procured at any good draper's. 2. The question is a personal one, and you must carefully weigh the reasons for and against, yourself.

MAKE.—The line, "Stone walls do not a prison make," is from a poem by Richard Lovelace, 1658.

E. T. P.—You can draw or paint the design you intend for a magazine, but unless designed for a coloured picture it would be useless to colour it. An original design, if accepted by a magazine, is either photographed on a wood-block or redrawn upon it, and it is then cut by an engraver. The dark parts will be cut in deeply, the lightly-shaded parts more slightly, and the medium between the two extremes. Some artists paint their designs with broad washes of black or sepia, and lay on Chinese white for the high lights. Others draw in pencil, and indicate the blackest parts with Indian ink; the most important part being to indicate distinctly to the engraver the gradations of shading, and the high lights. There is an excellent series of articles in the "G.O.P." by a practical and well-known engraver, Richard Taylor; "Wood Engraving as an Employment for Girls," is the heading, vol. vii., p. 372, 474, 548, 619, 748.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. K. F. tells us that "if not six foot of misery" she is at least five feet ten inches of that unpleasant article; and that if something cannot be done to make her shorter "she must do something desperate!" If, as she says, "Pa is quite proud of my height," she is wrong and quite unkind in her intention to shorten herself. At which end is the reduction to be made? We fear that the whole two feet must go, as she would be a suicide if she cut off her head!

Jakie Jingles.—To feel your own unworthiness is the first step towards fitness for the holy rite; to endeavour to improve is another; to pray for forgiveness, and the help of the Blessed Spirit to amend your life and give you a true and living faith that "brings forth fruit meet for repentance," is better still. If in this way you do not prepare for that consecration of yourself and your life to your Heavenly Master, you are neither fit to live nor to die. Take Him henceforth as your Saviour; trust in His death and merits solely for acceptance, and strive to please Him both in word and in deed, and beware of wilfully turning your back on Him.

Mooda.—Say, "I wish he were," "One of my children is." Procure a manual of the first rules in harmony. We could not give instruction lessons.

Esperance II.—The translations are good and the poetry fairly so.

Esperance I.—You may have as many books as you like in an edition, from ten to five thousand. The word "edition" means the whole number of copies of a work published at once—it has nothing to do with the size of the book.

A. E. C., E. B. G.—Consult a reliable solicitor.

An Australian Maiden.—The best thing to do when you think a whitlow is coming is to consult a doctor and put yourself under treatment.

Marcelle, I. J. C., Sunbeam, Lily, M. G. W., Workbox, Awkward Nineteen, Warnford, Wild Daphne, all send us poetry—so-called—none of which is remarkable or worthy of a poet laureate.

Patter.—Blotting-paper succeeded the universal use of sand for drying up ink about fifty years ago. It is made by leaving the size out of the paper, as then it can imbibe wet ink.

I. C. J.—We are much obliged for your kind offer, but we must decline it.

Cheshire.—It would be best to come up and see for yourself whether either will be of use to you personally. We could not give an opinion.

Rosebud would have to learn both dress-making and hairdressing in order to obtain a situation as a lady's-maid.

Louie.—The constant use of washing-soda for washing the hair will make it brittle and poor. Much washing in any case is not advisable.

Tiny.—Recent stains may be quickly washed in ammonia and water, and then in clean water. White flannel dress protectors are the best in some cases.

Vera (New York).—We think your idea that one may give much pleasure by remembering the birthdays of our friends and relatives is a kindly and amiable one. *Many would thereby be gratified*; but many would not thank you for drawing attention to the annual recurrence of those milestones on the highway of life. You should be careful not to wound the weakly sensitive feelings of a large proportion of the community, who would inwardly ejaculate, "Save me from my friends!"

Squidgen.—Your question and proposal to dispose of several volumes (in monthly parts) of the "G.O.P." should have been addressed to our publisher. Write to "The Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row," and he may arrange with you, perhaps satisfactorily.

Three Captives fully deserve such "captivity" as that of which they complain. If we had met you each walking with a young man, not with acquaintances of your family—not to say with the approval of your parents—we should have forbidden you to go out of an evening, excepting with an attendant. You are, clearly, not to be trusted to your own self-respect. 2. No one has yet discovered a general cure for insomnia. The causes are various; constitutions are not all alike, and what may suit one is useless for another. Go to bed before too weary, let the mind rest from study and excitement for some time previously, and avoid a late meal.

L. M. B., Cook and Housemaid, Alice.—All information concerning all the colonies and Western Australia is to be obtained at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., by letter or by personal application. This office is under the supervision of the Colonial Office, and the information is the most trustworthy to be obtained.

An Admirer.—The wages of lady cashiers vary from ten shillings (the lowest per week) up to one pound.

LOVELY SUMMER.

Leonie, Perdita, and many others. It is impossible to give one recipe which will suit everyone's skin. Vaseline and cold cream suit some skins, and glycerine others; while many people use oatmeal and honey, or even oatmeal-water plain. Chapped hands are a great trouble to most girls. Glycerine should never be used pure, as it dries and discolours the skin. Three parts of rose-water to one part of glycerine is enough. This should be applied just before drying the hands, and well rubbed in; then the hands should be very carefully dried, sparing no pains to make them really dry. In this method lies the secret of avoiding chapped hands.

Lall.—If the young man be engaged to someone else, you had better leave his letters unanswered, especially as he used to court you. He appears to be rather dishonourable in his ideas, and you must be guided by the highest law of all, in this as in all matters, *i.e.*, that of doing unto others as you would they should do to you.

Bashful Fifteen.—Inflamed eyes, if merely red from cold or over use, can be cured by a frequent application of equal parts of pure Eau de Cologne and water.

One Much Grieved.—You give us no clue to what your friend is doing. Perhaps her mother would be the best person to bring her to a consciousness of what she is doing amiss. Pray for wisdom to direct you; an injudicious word might do more harm than good. We sympathise with you on finding your "Suede gloves turn into a thick jelly." You should send them to a cleaner, as the method of cleaning with benzine is dangerous. It should never be done by candle or lamp light, as the gas from it might catch fire.

H. C. K.—We do not know of a book, but there are constant articles on dress in the "G.O.P."

Nancy Jones.—We think the best way is to write the order first, and the name and address after; and then the name of the tradesman, or else address it to him.

Marie.—"Derby" and "clerk" are both very generally pronounced as if spelt with an "a," not an "e," and always so in the higher circles of society. 2. The lady bows, of course, on being introduced.

M. B., A Sufferer.—We have made inquiries, and regret that we cannot help you; but we think the plant named failed after all to do any good in curing the disease. It was tried in Washington.

Mizpah.—The author of "John Halifax Gentleman," was Mrs. Craik, who died in 1887.

Ivy.—Mourning for a parent is worn for a year. The deep crape mourning is worn by many people as long as it is good, and then black only is put on. Mourning is a matter of feeling, and you are free to do so if perhaps you may prefer to wear it longer.

Unhappy One.—The same gifts are not bestowed on all. Some may be able to testify to their faith in Christ with their lips, while to others He gives the power to glorify Him in their walk and conduct through life; only be contented, Christ is our Captain and Leader.

Jane Eyre.—Wearing a veil with spots is said to injure the eyes.

Prina must try gymnastics. She does not give her address; but if in London, there are several good girls' classes always going on for the Swedish, as well as other systems.

Laura, Only a Girl.—Many thanks for your paper, which is well written, but not suitable for our columns. 2. On all such questions your father and mother are the safest guides.

Edna Earl.—January 2nd, 1867, was a Wednesday. We were glad to read your note and find you had set your feet in the way of the practical religious life. You must strive to make the Christian life beautiful in the eyes of others.

Monkey.—Rosario is a town of the Argentine Republic, Province of Santa Fe. It is one of the chief commercial towns of the Republic, and the eastern terminus of a great railway system. It has a college and manufactures, also tramways and gas; population 23,160.

Somebody's Darling.—1. The "poetry" is rubbish. 2. The 12th May, 1875, was a Wednesday.

Jimmy.—In England it is the lady's place to speak first.

Five Years.—The dress required by a governess would depend on her situation, and on whether she dine with the children at the early dinner downstairs, or has to go downstairs in the evenings. A tidy house dress, a walking dress, and, if required in the evenings, a "nun's veiling," or a black lace gown.

Paddy should procure Herbert Fry's "Charities of London."

A Troubled Woman.—Neither glycerine nor oatmeal could "give consumption;" but taking them as your niece does is not proper, and it indicates that there is something amiss already which makes her pale. The oatmeal should be made into cakes and baked, and the glycerine diluted with water; and a little taken occasionally might soothe the irritation, producing a cough. Your niece must be in an unhealthy state to take either of these things in the way she does.

E. A. M.—We could not prescribe for a symptom without first ascertaining the cause. Acidity is apt to produce cramp. Your father had better obtain advice. We have given articles about the hair, as well as many Answers.

E. M. should keep her marking ink in a damp place. *Probably she keeps it in a warm, dry place.*

Nestar.—There is a certain substratum of truth in the story of "Lorna Doone." We have more than once told that of the Chinese legend on the "willow pattern"; see vol. ii., p. 432.

Marguerite.—You should say, "Of whom I lately heard, and who, I trust, are well." Writing fairly good, but the pen bad.

VOL. XI.—NO. 552.] JULY 26, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

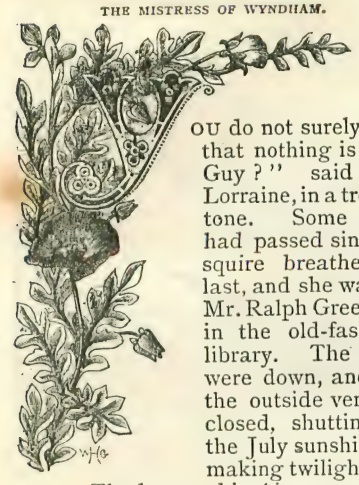
ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

All rights reserved.] "'I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH HIM HERE.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISTRESS OF WYNDHAM.



"YOU do not surely mean that nothing is left to Guy?" said Miss Lorraine, in a troubled tone. Some hours had passed since the squire breathed his last, and she was with Mr. Ralph Greenwood in the old-fashioned library. The blinds were down, and even the outside venetians closed, shutting out the July sunshine and making twilight in the room. The lawyer, his *pince-nez* on his nose, sat before the squire's old bureau, turning over some papers in a quick, business-like manner.

"By no means," he said briskly. "No, no, it is not so bad as that. Guy has five thousand pounds and the farm at Wood Corner. Not a bad provision for a young man, but a poor equivalent for the heirship."

"When was this will made?" asked Miss Lorraine.

"At the beginning of the year. Guy had had a disagreement with his uncle. It was a great mistake, as I told him at the time. I did my best to soften Mr. Lorraine's feelings. I all but refused to make the will; but if I had done so he would have sent for someone else. What a pity it is young people are so unpractical! Why could not those two have married now, as everyone expected of them?"

"But uncle seemed to have got over that annoyance," said Miss Lorraine. "He received Hilda Bland kindly, and gave his consent to the engagement. I thought Guy was quite reinstated in his favour."

"It seemed so," said Mr. Greenwood. "I am sure I quite hoped to have the pleasure of setting this all right some day. I told the squire so when he signed the will; but you know the kind of man he was—a wee bit obstinate, don't you think? Nothing harder for him than to retract. It seems Guy was able to persuade himself, from something his uncle let fall, that the matter had been set right; but I know nothing of it. I suppose he delayed sending for me. There is nothing more common than for men to put off business connected with their wills. We lawyers are constantly meeting with such instances."

"Then you think he intended to make another will?" suggested Miss Lorraine. The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"He never confided his intention to me," he said; "but it seems to me that after the brave way in which Guy saved his life—and he was evidently touched by it—he should have cherished some such intention. However, he did not do it; so we must make the best of things as they are. I am afraid it will be a sore disappointment to Guy."

"He will feel it, no doubt," said Miss Lorraine; "and, for one, I am sorry that things were not equally divided. Does all the rest come to Aldyth?"

"Well, not absolutely," said Mr. Greenwood. "Five hundred pounds go to Miss Tabitha Rudkin, and you, Miss Lorraine, receive the same sum. Then there are several small legacies and bequests to local charities. But Miss Aldyth has Wyndham and the bulk of the property. She will be a rich young lady when all is told."

"I never expected he would leave me a halfpenny," said Miss Lorraine, coolly; "and I cannot say I am glad Aldyth should be so rich. It will hardly increase her happiness."

"That's as it may be," said Mr. Greenwood. "I don't myself think it well to make girls too wealthy; there is danger of their fortunes falling into unworthy hands. But Mr. Lorraine was careful to take certain precautions. The man who marries Miss Aldyth will find that he has no control over his wife's fortune, and will touch none of it after her death, supposing he should survive her, unless he consent to take the name of Lorraine."

"Ah!" said Miss Lorraine, expressively, "that was like uncle, to try to order things as he would, even after his death. Well, Aldyth is not likely to be married at present—perhaps she never will be."

"And meanwhile," said the lawyer, "she is the mistress of Wyndham—not an unenviable position."

"I wonder what she will say when I tell her?" said Miss Lorraine, moving off in search of Aldyth.

"And what will Guy say?" asked the lawyer, looking troubled. "I suppose he had better know without delay. Will you say to him, if you come across him, that I should like to have a few words with him here?"

Aldyth had risen, refreshed by her sleep, and was in the dining-room, talking with Guy, who had just returned from Woodham, whither he had ridden on business connected with his uncle's decease. Guy had still a haggard, excited look, but he was talking of Hilda as Miss Lorraine entered.

"Yes," he said, "it was wonderful how uncle came round after that day. Before he used to speak of Hilda in a way that made me wild; but when she came to luncheon he began paying her compliments, to my great surprise, and he said to me afterwards that she was a perfect little lady, though it was a pity she was so small."

"I do not think so," said Aldyth, heartily. "Hilda is charming. I would not have her an inch taller. I am so glad uncle changed his opinion of her."

"Yes, she is not a bad little party," said Guy, complacently. "She suits me down to the ground."

Aldyth was amused to see that Guy had apparently forgotten his episodical wooing of herself.

"Guy," said Miss Lorraine, "Mr. Greenwood is in the library, and he would like to speak to you."

The colour flew into Guy's face. He rose and went away at once without a word.

"The forewoman from Spencer's will be here directly about our mourning," said Miss Lorraine, glancing at the clock. "You must have handsome mourning, Aldyth; it will be expected of you."

"Of course I will have what is proper," said Aldyth, a little wondering at this remark. "But must I wear heavy black this hot weather?"

"Certainly, you must wear black, and I would have crape on my hat, if I were you," said Miss Lorraine, decisively; "but I forget, you do not yet understand your position."

"My position?" said Aldyth.

"Yes, my dear; you will be surprised when you hear. Mr. Greenwood has been telling me about uncle's will. Of course it must be formally read on Thursday; but there was no harm—indeed, it was better he should give me a hint as to its nature."

"Yes," said Aldyth, wondering to what all this might lead.

"And it seems that Wyndham and most of the property is left to you."

"To me, auntie?" said Aldyth in amazement.

"Yes, dear, to you; I knew you would be very much surprised."

"But Guy—Guy is uncle's heir."

"He was to have been," said Miss Lorraine; "but uncle took offence with him at the beginning of the year, when he wanted to marry Hilda Bland, you know, and uncle meant him to marry you."

"Oh, dear," said Aldyth, flushing hotly. "Do you mean to tell me I have been the cause of Guy losing his inheritance?"

"You are not to blame in the matter," said her aunt. "Hilda Bland might say she was the cause. It was just uncle's wilfulness."

"But it is very hard for Guy," said Aldyth. "It does not seem fair that I should have all and he nothing. Oh, he will be vexed!"

"Guy has five thousand pounds and the farm at Wood Corner," said Miss Lorraine; "but of course that is very different from what he expected."

"Cannot it be altered, aunt?" said Aldyth. "Must I take Wyndham? I am sure if I had had the least idea uncle meant to do such a thing, I would have begged him not to do it."

At that moment there came to her recollection the talk she had had with her uncle as they sat together in Hyde Park. She remembered how he had spoken of Wyndham; how anxious he appeared that the old place should remain as it was, and the promise she had given to do all in her power to keep it unchanged. But he had spoken of another mistress of Wyndham; evidently his thoughts had turned to Hilda Bland.

Doubtless he was then in a state of indecision with respect to the disposition of his property. Had he finally decided to let his last will stand, or had death, coming so unexpectedly, settled the question for him? It was impossible to know.

"You cannot set aside your uncle's will," said Miss Lorraine. "He meant you to be the mistress of Wyndham.

He has thought of everything and made careful provision for your future. If you marry, your husband is to take the name of Lorraine."

Aldyth's colour deepened. "I shall never marry," she said, with decision.

"It is a great pity," said Miss Lorraine, musingly—"it is a great pity you and Guy were not suited to each other."

Aldyth did not reply. Her face looked so full of trouble that her aunt went to her and kissed her.

"Why, Aldyth," she said, playfully, "you look quite overwhelmed. Most girls would be elated by such good fortune. Think how pleased your mother will be."

'Yes, she will be pleased," said Aldyth, as if the idea had not occurred to her before. But her face did not brighten.

"I never wished to be rich," she said presently; "it will not make me happier. Only," she added, as she thought of her poor, overworked girl-friends in London, "it will give me the power to brighten other lives. That is the best thing about wealth, I think."

"Bless you, child," said her aunt, kissing her again, "you always have brightened the lives of others. You have made mine happier ever since you came to me as a tiny child."

Aldyth rose and threw her arms about her aunt, returning her kisses with interest.

"Aunt," she asked the next minute in a frightened whisper, "shall I have to live here now?"

"I do not know, dear; but I suppose it must be your home," said Miss Lorraine, cheerfully.

"I can never bear to live here alone," said Aldyth, almost in tears. "You must live here with me, auntie."

"Well, well, dear, we will see; it is early yet to make plans," said Miss Lorraine, soothingly. She was not prepared to renounce on the instant her pretty cottage at Woodham.

Aldyth passed through the next few days with a strange sense of unreality. She went about the house and grounds, looked at all the quaint, old-fashioned belongings, so familiar to her, and told herself they were now her own; but it did not seem as if it could be true. She had not much time for solitary musing. There were many things to be arranged, and though nothing was said about the will till after the funeral, everyone about the place soon seemed to know that Miss Aldyth's opinion was of the first importance, and everything must be referred to her.

Guy's bearing but too plainly proclaimed the disappointment of his hopes. It made Aldyth miserable to see him; but he would not allow her to express any feeling on the subject. He checked the faltering words she tried to utter with a cold profession that he "was glad things had turned out so well" for her.

"Women are better diplomatists than men," he said, sneeringly. "They are clever enough to win their ends without losing favour at court."

The words stung Aldyth, who felt that they were unjust. It hurt her, too, that Hilda sent her no word, nor took the slightest notice of her being at Wyndham. She had an uncomfortable sense that most persons were treating her in a new manner. Mr. Greenwood, the banker, one of the executors of Mr. Lorraine's will, and his brother, Mr. Ralph, became quite ceremonious in their deference to her wishes. The servants, whom she regarded as old friends, showed an unusual assiduity in waiting on her. The rector of Woodham suddenly grew interested in her views on various questions, and the new curate in charge of the old church, actuated possibly by the hope of future subscriptions, called twice ere her uncle had been dead a week. As for her mother, it was with a bitter sense of amusement that Aldyth read her congratulations.

"My darling child," Mrs. Stanton wrote—"It makes me so happy to know that your lifelong devotion to your grand-uncle has met with its right reward. You deserve to be rich and prosperous, for you have always been so good and unselfish, so willing to do all in your power to make others happy. I confess I trembled when I heard how you had disappointed his wish that you should marry your cousin; but it is plain now that you acted for the best. Of course he feels it, but he is a man, and can make his way in the world; it is much better you should be provided for. We miss you every day. How I wish you were coming to Eastbourne with us! Papa will not accompany us, after all. He has received such accounts of the state of his business that he has resolved to return to Melbourne at once. I am sorry, for he is hardly fit to go alone, and he will not hear of my returning so soon. But I must hope for the best. It is such a comfort to know of your good fortune. Do write again soon, and let me know when I shall see you.

"Your loving

"MOTHER."

So, nothing now was to be said about her stupidity and folly. Her notions were no longer ridiculous. She was good and unselfish, and all she had done was right.

Gladys had added a few characteristic lines.

"You lucky girl!" she wrote. "So you have money and lands, horses, carriages, an establishment; all without the trouble of a husband! If I were you I would never marry, but enjoy my liberty, and do as I liked. I, alas! can only get a fortune by selling myself. Fancy mamma's indignation — that tiresome Captain Walker is not going to Eastbourne after all! He feels bound instead to visit an aged relative in Essex. I believe he backed out of it because he found you were not going, but mamma says that is nonsense.

"I hope you will soon invite me to visit you in your new grandeur. You will let me have a gallop on one of your horses, won't you, Aldyth, dear? and I'll vow that you are the dearest sister that ever was."

Aldyth could smile over Gladys' words. She showed them to her aunt, who said at once—

"You see, you need not fear being solitary in this great house; your mother and sister are only waiting for an invitation."

"Oh, to be sure!" cried Aldyth, her face lighting up with unexpected pleasure, "I had not thought of that. Fancy my having mother and Gladys here as *my* guests! I should like that. And Nelly, too, must come; she is so fond of the country. And Cecil might come for the shooting. Oh, that is grand!"

Miss Lorraine was surprised to see what pleasure Aldyth derived from her suggestion. She wondered if it had ever occurred to old Stephen that Mrs. Stanton might largely benefit by Aldyth's inheritance. In his thoughts of what the future might bring forth, had he ever pictured that fair lady coming as a visitor to Wyndham? Probably not. But Miss Lorraine kept her reflections to herself. She would not cast a shadow on the first gleam of satisfaction Aldyth's fortune had caused her.

After a week full of strange and exciting experiences, the calm repose of Sunday was very welcome to Aldyth. She drove with her aunt to Woodham Church in the morning, and had an uneasy consciousness that she was much observed as she entered the building, whilst at the close of the service many of her acquaintances studied her furtively, but seemed shy of speaking to her.

She was glad to regain the shelter of the carriage, and was content to find herself passing once more along the straight, monotonous road between the quiet fields. Miss Lorraine, fussily conscious of her fresh mourning, and the importance which their bereavement gave them in the eyes of their neighbours, had much to say, and had apparently observed every individual who had attended the service. But Aldyth did not find it necessary to pay close attention to her aunt's remarks. A word now and then was enough to satisfy Miss Lorraine, and Aldyth's thoughts took their own course in the intervals, revolving chiefly about the query why Mr. Glynne, whom she had seen as she passed out of church, had chosen to stand at a distance, lifting his hat ceremoniously, when he might have come forward with a friend's greeting. He had been so kind and friendly the other day; was he going to be different now?

In the warm afternoon Aldyth wandered from the house, and crossing the garden and a meadow beyond, approached a knoll of trees, which seemed to promise a cool retreat. Seating herself in their shade, she threw down her hat and gave a little sigh of relief at finding herself in this cool, quiet spot. All about her lay the green, still country, breathing a calm which seemed to belong to the day. The fields on which she looked down were *her* fields, Aldyth told herself with a faint smile; those were her cows she saw going forth into the lane on their way to be milked; the woods to the right, rising against the sky, were her woods; yes, even that tiny rabbit, which whisked away as she raised her hand, belonged to her.

The thought of this great, unexpected inheritance weighed on Aldyth's mind. Her father had grown up with the expectation that at some future time it

would be his; Guy, in his turn, had counted himself the heir; but she, to whom Wyndham had fallen, had never seriously imagined that such a possession would be hers. It brought with it a heavy burden of responsibility. Was it well to have so much, when many lives knew such want and negation? His possessions had not brought her uncle happiness. He had been kind and generous to her; he had given Guy a liberal allowance; but in other quarters he had earned the reputation of being closefisted, and it was certain that he had never spent much on his own pleasure. Aldyth had heard it said that he was in the habit of saving a third of his income each year, and it was owing to this fact that her own wealth was now so considerable. And he might have known so much of that best happiness which springs from making others happy! But there had been little love in his life. That was the pity of it. Aldyth could not but be aware that there were few persons in the neighbourhood who really regretted the death of her grand-uncle.

As she thought of it there came home to her more powerfully than ever before the truth that love is the great secret of life, the vital lesson that the discipline of life is destined to teach us, a lesson written by God Himself in glowing characters for all time to read on the Cross of Calvary.

"Life," Aldyth murmured to herself, in the words of her favourite poet—

"'Is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.'"

Then, beneath the rustling trees with the sweet, summer calm about her, Aldyth cast herself anew upon the Eternal Love, praying to be delivered from vulgar lust of acquisition, from worldly desires and aims, and to be made so pure and loving that she might not miss the vision of God here on this beautiful earth, nor fail to hear the voice of God speaking to her inmost soul.

CHAPTER XX.

UNWELCOME CHANGES COME IN FORTUNE'S TRAIN.

"GOOD-BYE, Aldyth! I'm off."

"Off? Off whither, Guy?" asked Aldyth, in her astonishment looking at his outstretched hand without taking it. She had but just finished breakfast. Guy apparently had breakfasted earlier, for he stood before her, hat and stick in hand. And now Aldyth perceived that his dog-cart stood at the door, and a servant was placing what seemed to be luggage at the back.

"I am going to my own house," said Guy, stiffly. "I was down there on Saturday, and made every arrangement."

The colour flew into Aldyth's face. "Oh, Guy, why should you!" she exclaimed, deeply pained. "Surely things cannot be comfortable enough for you at the Farm, and there is no reason why you should not remain here."

"Excuse me," he said, proudly; "you do not understand. I see strong reasons why this house can no longer be my home."

"Oh, Guy, you speak as if we were enemies," said Aldyth. "Is it my fault that Wyndham was left to me? You know I would rather it had not been."

To these words Guy made no reply whatever, and his silence was irritating to Aldyth. She felt that he wanted to put her in the wrong. But she controlled herself, and after a few moments' reflection sympathy overcame irritation.

"It is dreadfully trying for you, I know, Guy," she said. "How I wish I could set it all right! You are mistaken if you think I rejoice at what has happened."

A low, impatient exclamation escaped her cousin.

"Why cannot you stay on here with me and aunt?" asked Aldyth, with the kindest intentions. "You need not think of getting your own house ready till Hilda is prepared to share it."

"If I wait for that, I shall wait a long time," he said, bitterly. "Do you think I can contemplate marriage on the income I shall draw from that wretched farm? I am not such a fool. No, that dream is over."

"Guy!" exclaimed Aldyth, startled and distressed.

It had not struck her that Hilda's happiness might be imperilled by the new, wholly unlooked-for turn of affairs. She recoiled afresh from the position in which she found herself. Wild ideas of setting aside her uncle's will, of insisting upon an equal division of the property, of refusing to live at Wyndham, flitted through her brain, only to be followed by a keen sense of their impracticability. Whilst these thoughts possessed her, Guy again held out his hand. She took it mechanically, and the next instant he hurried from the room. Three minutes later she saw him drive away from the house. Aldyth burst into tears. It was hard to have to pay such a price for an inheritance she had never desired. She fell to hate the wealth that was bringing such isolation into her life. Her cousin, the playmate of her childhood, was driven from the home in which he had been brought up; her dearest friend was alienated from her, and all through no fault of her own. It was hard. Aldyth needed not to be told that she had become a chief centre of interest in the little world of Woodham. Past experience made her perfectly aware that her name was constantly on the lips of the gossips, and that truth was likely to suffer in the rapid exchange of ideas regarding her that was going on. But she would have smiled had she known the magnitude to which her fortune had been blown by the breath of rumour. According to some persons, the savings of old Stephen Lorraine had been enormous, and his niece had come into possession of little short of half a million. And to make the contrast as striking as possible, Guy's bequest was proportionately reduced. He had been cut off with a shilling and the farm at Wood Corner, which everyone knew did not comprise the most productive acres in the neighbourhood.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Glynne?" asked Clara Dawtrey, brave in the consciousness of a fresh pink gingham, which he must admire, as she stopped that gentleman in the London Road.

"What news, Miss Dawtrey?" he asked, fixing on her his peculiarly earnest gaze.

John Glynne had the quality of being a thorough listener. Clara found the gravity of his expression and the close attention he was paying to her words rather disconcerting, as she said, rapidly—

"Oh, the news about Aldyth Lorraine, I mean. Do you know that she has become a great heiress? Old Stephen saved tremendously all his life, and she has come in for no end of money. He was as close as possible; they say he would not even buy a new suit when his brother died. But I do call it a shame that such a nice fellow as Guy should have nothing."

"Is it so?" asked Mr. Glynne, quietly. "Does Mr. Guy Lorraine inherit nothing?"

"Oh, he has that mean little farm at Wood Corner, but what is that when he expected to be the heir of Wyndham? I am sorry for Hilda, but I must say it is amusing to think of Mrs. Bland's disappointment. She must have congratulated herself that Hilda was going to make such a good match."

The young lady laughed gleefully, but not a muscle of John Glynne's face changed. It was impossible to judge how he was affected by the news just out in Woodham, for it was the evening of the day on which old Mr. Lorraine's funeral had taken place.

"I would not be Aldyth Lorraine for anything," continued Miss Dawtrey, still uneasy beneath Mr. Glynne's gaze. "I should feel odious, taking everything like that. And in many ways it must be hateful to be an heiress. I should feel sure that every man who asked me to marry him only wanted me for my money. But the man who marries Aldyth will find that he cannot do as he likes with her money; old Stephen has tied it up tightly. But she ought to have married her cousin. I shall always say that. Everyone expected it of her."

"Is a young lady bound to fulfil the expectations other people have formed concerning her?" asked Mr. Glynne, with a slight smile.

"Not at all," said Clara, readily; "for my part, I make a point of doing the reverse; there is nothing I enjoy more than astonishing people. But Aldyth has always been so good and proper."

John Glynne lifted his hat and moved on without saying more, though he wondered at the idea of goodness suggested by Miss Dawtrey's words. The next minute he was passing Myrtle Cottage, which, with its closely-drawn blinds, had a deserted air. Even the little housemaid looked forlorn as she stood in the front garden, watering the geraniums. The memory of pleasant evenings spent within those walls came to him with a

painful reminder that the pleasure was not likely to be renewed. Aldyth would never return to make her home in the cottage. The vision of her, rich, courted, removed to a distance from himself, rose before his mind. The wealth she had inherited would be an impassable barrier dividing them.

The news had come as a blow to him; but he rallied himself to bear it bravely. Till this moment he had hardly been aware how strong were the new hopes that had sprung up in his heart from the hour when he knew that Guy Lorraine had chosen another bride. They must be crushed now. "It is well that I know in time," he said to himself, "well that she can have no idea of all that she is to me; for it would be preposterous for a poor tutor to approach as a suitor the heiress of Wyndham."

But it was impossible to resist the suggestion which came with the memory of her last glance as she drove from the station, that possibly under other circumstances he might have won her love. John paused, and, with his arms folded on the top of a gate, and his unseeing eyes gazing across the fields, pictured to himself in imagination what this change might mean for Aldyth. He could not imagine her elated by this sudden dower of wealth. It was easier to think of her as shrinking from its burden, and fearful of herself, lest she should fail to discharge aright the new responsibility. Would it make her happier? Hardly, for she was not one to prize material prosperity. Her tastes were simple; she had a child-like enjoyment of the common things of life. He thought her one of the least worldly of women. Was there any real danger of her giving herself to a worthless fortune-hunter? He could not think it. Her pure, strong face rising before his mental vision seemed to declare the idea absurd. The man who won her must be worthy of her love and confidence.

"God bless her!" Glynne said within his heart; "ay, and He will bless her, for she is as pure and good and selfless as an angel, and, whatever her lot may be, she will make others better and happier."

But though he had so high an opinion of the woman he loved, though he held her exalted above all vulgar conventional notions and aspirations, one to prize her womanhood more highly than her wealth, his pride yet saw in her fortune an insurmountable obstacle to his ever offering her his love.

"Hilda," said Kitty Bland, to her sister, two days later, "mother is going to drive to Wyndham this afternoon. I suppose you will go with her to see Aldyth?"

They were in the garden. Hilda was stretched comfortably in the hammock, and Kitty, seated on a chair under the trees, with a basin in her lap and a basket by her side, was engaged in the homely occupation of shelling peas.

"I shall do no such thing," said Hilda, pettishly. "It is like you to suggest it, Kitty. How do you suppose I can bear to go to Wyndham?"

"Very easily," said Kitty, in her most matter-of-fact tone. "You always have liked going there, and I should think you would like it better now that Aldyth is at Wyndham, and not that dreadful old Mr. Lorraine. Oh, yes, I know it's bad form to speak the truth of people when they are dead; but he was horrid. He was for ever annoying people whilst he lived, and he did his best to make things uncomfortable all round when he was gone."

"He treated Guy shamefully!" said Hilda, with emphasis. "After the noble way in which Guy saved his life, it was too bad! I can never bear to see Wyndham again—the place that I used to think would be my home."

"You have not thought so long," said Kitty, coolly; "it is barely three months since you became engaged. And, as I so often tell you, you should not count your chickens before they are hatched."

"At that rate one should never look forward to anything," said Hilda, discontentedly.

"Well, it is better not," said Kitty. "But, really, the house at Wood Corner is very nice, Hilda; a much more cheerful place than Wyndham, which, with that pond and so many trees about the house, always strikes me as gloomy."

"Oh, Kitty, it is lovely at night to see the moon shining on the pond, and the nightingales sing so beautifully in the trees!"

"Ah, I forgot; you are romantic, and enjoy that sort of thing," remarked Kitty. "You would like to live like Mariana in a moated grange."

"Oh, don't speak of that!" said Hilda, with a shiver. "I hope I may never be as wretched as Mariana, though sometimes I think——"

She did not finish her sentence. Kitty saw that tears were in her sister's eyes, and tried to cheer her by saying, briskly—

"Well, I mean to make the best of things. I am very sorry for Guy's disappointment, and all that; but since he was not to have the property, I am glad it has come to our dear old Aldyth. Fancy her owning all those horses! That's a good thing for me, I know. She will give me a mount whenever I want one. How I wish she went in for hunting, that we might follow the hounds together!"

"You think of nothing but your own pleasure, Kitty," said Hilda, impatiently. "For my part, I am disgusted with Aldyth; I can never feel towards her as I used."

"Why, what has Aldyth done?" asked Kitty, in the utmost astonishment. "It is not her fault that her uncle left her the property."

"I am not so sure of that," said Hilda. "Guy thinks she must have known, and she might have used her influence on his behalf."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Kitty, warmly. "When did you know Mr. Stephen Lorraine allow anyone to influence him? He always did as he liked. I am surprised that you should say such a thing of Aldyth. After all your professions of friendship, too! You ought to know her better than to suppose that she would willingly supplant Guy?"

But Hilda would not take back her words, nor would she be persuaded to accompany their mother to Wyndham. She remained at home, sulky and miserable, whilst Kitty and Mrs. Bland went to see Aldyth.

Mrs. Bland would have been wanting in the natural feelings of a mother if she had not lamented Guy's altered prospects. She considered that the young man had been unfairly treated, for although old Stephen had been very guarded in the conversation he had with her, when he yielded his consent to an engagement between Hilda and Guy, his manner had conveyed to her the impression that he meant that his grand-nephew should be his heir. The unexpected turn of affairs consequent on Mr. Lorraine's decease caused her considerable anxiety, but she never thought of blaming Aldyth in the matter. She rather felt that the girl was to be pitied, for she foresaw that Aldyth's inheritance would bring with it cares and difficulties which would weigh heavily on her young heart. So Aldyth saw no change in the face of her old friend, and was again pressed lovingly to the motherly heart, which had taught her to place so high a value on the filial bond.

"Dear Mrs. Bland," she said at once, sure of her sympathy, "I don't think you need to be told that I would much rather not have had Wyndham. It is a real pain to me that Guy should go away, and I should be established here. I would reverse our positions if I could."

"I do not wish them reversed," said Mrs. Bland; "an equal division of the property would have been the right thing, in my opinion. *I always thought* you would have a handsome legacy, Aldyth, for your father was very dear to Mr. Lorraine, and continued to be so to the end, I believe, in spite of that unhappy estrangement."

"Uncle once spoke to me about Wyndham," said Aldyth, "and I promised him I would use any influence I had to prevent the old place from being greatly altered after his death; but I am sure, although he spoke in that way, I never dreamed that he meant to leave the place to me."

"Of course not, my dear; how should you?" said Mrs. Bland. "Well, it is a great disappointment for Guy; but perhaps, after all, he will be none the worse for having to work harder and depend more upon himself. His marriage must be indefinitely postponed; but they are young, and a lengthened probation will be a good test of their love. Hilda, poor child, cannot see it in that light. But here come some more visitors—Clara Dawtrey and her father, I declare! You will have all Woodham out here this week, Aldyth."

"I could dispense with much of this civility," said Aldyth, smiling. "I hate to be treated as if I were somehow different from my former self. I do hope my friends will not change towards me."

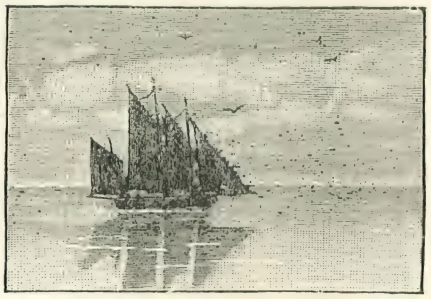
"They are not likely to do that as long as you remain what you are," said Mrs. Bland, kissing her.

But Aldyth soon learned with sorrow that Hilda's love for her had cooled, and perhaps the change which she discerned

in another friend cost her still deeper pain. Mr. Glynne was not amongst those who traversed the five straight miles of dusty road to pay their respects to the heiress of Wyndham. Aldyth hardly expected that he would come unless invited; but when some weeks later she chanced to meet him at Mrs. Greenwood's, there was such a lack of the old friendliness in his manner as made it impossible for her to respond to his grave politeness except with a courtesy equally distant. Had anyone told John Glynne that he had spoken coldly to Aldyth Lorraine, he would have been surprised. He was conscious of an inward excitement on seeing her that forced him to exercise strong self-control. Whilst talking to others he thought only of her, and nothing that she said or did escaped his notice. But it was impossible for Aldyth to know this. She was conscious only that he remained aloof from her, and when others were paying her considerable attention, appeared indifferent to her presence. When he quitted the drawing-room without having attempted to exchange a word with her, Aldyth's heart throbbed with painful resentment.

"Why should he be different to me now?" she asked herself. "I never needed a friend more than I do at this time, and he is so wise and good; he could advise me, he could help me. There are so many things I should like to say to him, but I cannot utter a word when he looks at me in that grave, severe way. Oh, I did think I could rest on his friendship; but that, too, is slipping away from me."

(To be continued.)



WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON.

PART II.

PROBABLY but few of my readers are aware of the existence of a mixed association, the committee of which consists of both sexes in equal numbers, distinguished by the title of "The Denison Club." Its address is 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., and in my peregrinations I made the discovery that the object of my search was the last house in the street, with a pleasant look-out on the gardens of the Embankment. I walked up to the first floor, and seeing no bell, I went in. A female attendant was sitting there, keeping guard alone, and in a few minutes she replaced her presence by that of the secretary. He gave me a prospectus of the society to supply all information respecting its *raison d'être*, and as there were no other apartments to be seen than three small sized rooms thrown into one, and the secretary was far from communicative, I had to content myself with the paper he gave me, and will extract the little that there is to be gleaned from it. The institution had its origin in the weekly meetings at dinner, provided in a Strand-side tavern, of from six to a dozen men, mostly workers on charity organisation committees, with a view to discuss common problems. Out of this small beginning the circle of philanthropists expanded. They were recruited by fellow-sympathisers; a club was formed, and made its first home at Toynbee Hall. The opening meeting was attended by forty or fifty members in the summer of 1885; but difficulties arose, which led to their removal to their present rooms. "A club of social workers without women was an absurd anachronism," says the hon. secretary; and so the original members joined hands with the new workers, and a mixed club was started in the spring of 1886.

My readers will inquire what this little association combined together to effect. It was "to promote friendly intercourse and frank discussion between men and women interested in social and industrial questions, and to encourage study and investigation."

Tea and coffee can be obtained by the members; writing materials and a few newspapers are provided gratis. The room is open every day (Sunday excepted) from 12 noon till 10 p.m.; but, as a rule, it is reserved for the use of men only on Wednesday evenings. To give some idea of the subjects discussed, the following may be named: "Trade Societies," "Regularity of Employment," "Poor Law and the Condition of the Poor," "How far Women's Unions can be Successful," etc. The subscription required of members is £1 annually.

I had intended to give some information respecting the "Trained Nurses' Club," to which I next paid a visit, being in the same street, at No. 15. But as the hon. secretary promised to send me the forthcoming report, I will discuss its merits by-and-by, and pass on to the "Lady Guide Association," at 16, Cockspur Street, S.W. I had not an idea when I entered the pretty, well-appointed office, just facing the equestrian figure in bronze of George III., that the club was one so comprehensive in its work, and offered so much to its members—the serving and the served—whether of the town or the country. Great taste is exhibited in the whole style of the reception, reading, and writing rooms, and although not a large house for the supply of the many requirements, it has the advantage of being residential, and can also afford accommodation for a few country members for some days if desired. There are two reception-rooms, one in which gentlemen may be received, the other for ladies only, with lavatory and a dressing-room (convenient for those too far out of town to dress for evening entertainments at home). There are two compartments screened off in the ladies' club-room, for the use of those who require privacy, whether for seeing doctors, or other persons on business. There is a very nice *salle à manger* on the entrance floor, behind the several offices, where breakfasts, dinners, luncheons, teas, and suppers are served daily, and where members may entertain their friends. The ordinary annual fee for membership is £1 1s., and, in addition to the free use of the sitting and dining rooms, a reduction is made to them in every department of the work carried on by the acting resident members. So extensive are the ramifications of business undertaken here, that I scarcely know where to begin; yet this article would be of little general use if I omitted to give a list of them. Lady guides—by the hour, day, week, or month—for London or abroad, are provided; also teachers, companions, readers, singers, artists, amanuenses, shorthand and type writers, and repairers of wardrobes. Dressmakers, milliners, and needlewomen are recommended; purchases are undertaken; arrangements made for entertainments (dinners, balls, etc.), and professional entertainers provided. Apartments are found, houses taken, rooms at hotels engaged; houses are let or sold, and their artistic decoration and furnishing arranged. Travelling tickets are procured and steam passages taken. Travellers are met at stations; arrivals, departures, and addresses are registered; tickets for places of amusement are procured; money exchanged (deposit and ready-money system); and parties of six persons are escorted for rounds of sightseeing and excursions at so much a head, inclusive of food. I need say no more. Truly we have already a good list of duties, for which this useful association makes itself responsible, under the patronage of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. I ought not to have omitted the domestic servants' department, although the association does not supply a registry office, and servants are not to be found there in daily attendance.

On entering the outer doors, the visitor will observe a number of little arched openings on her left, in the painted screen dividing off the

small offices, where orders are registered and advice is given, *in re* the several departments of business executed. Of these there are some eight or more. The whole apartment is very prettily painted in the palest tint of pea-green, and in the distance an open glass door reveals a view of the restaurant. Of course for information as to terms, the visitor should either write or make inquiries in person, when some thirteen or more printed papers will be presented to her, as they were to me. These will give the fullest particulars on all the above-named subjects, and I feel sure that the recipient will be ready, as I am, to speak favourably of all she will see, and of the politeness which she will experience from the lady who will conduct her over the premises.

"The Dorothy" is a name already well known, but in any case deserving of honourable mention. It consists of a pair of sister establishments. The first experiment was of a very charitable character, and the locality selected was in Mortimer Street, W. The object of the promoters was to meet the requirements of persons of very small pecuniary means, and to provide a good dinner or luncheon, including meat, at the trifling price of eightpence. How great a boon this has proved, and how extensively appreciated, has been demonstrated by the number of those availing themselves of it.

Students, and young women engaged in business houses, have the advantage of quick attendance, and a thoroughly good supply of food provided for them during the brief space of leisure time allotted to them. In the sister institution in Oxford Street, No. 44 (opposite North Audley Street, W.), dinners or luncheons are supplied from twelve to two o'clock, and at any cost, arranged for with the manager; and afternoon tea and coffee, ices, strawberries and cream in their season, and the meal which is supplied at eightpence included. Newspapers and writing materials are supplied free of charge. I was taken all over this institution, and found that the two kitchens and all the domestic offices and store-rooms were upstairs, so that the dining saloon and the lower premises were perfectly free from unpleasant reminders of cooking operations. The lavatory is below the tea and coffee room, and is specially well appointed, with an attendant to wait upon its visitors. There is a large central stand of marble in this brightly tiled apartment, supplied by some dozen of basins and jugs, which will prove a delightful acquisition to those who come into town from the country on hot summer days, and make "The Dorothy" a place of rendezvous and refreshment for themselves and their friends. I must here draw attention to the fact that no gentlemen-friends are eligible for enjoying the privileges of this essentially female institution; and any meetings of the "town and country cousins" of the two "opposite sexes" would have to be relegated to the rooms of the Lady Guide Association.

"The Welbeck," a home and institute in connection with the Y.W.C.A., is a very important club or association. The building is a union of two or three houses, and "returns" at the back. One of these is 101, Mortimer Street, the entrance to the restaurant; and the houses formerly known as "The Russell" or "Lotus Club" are entered from Regent Street, nearly opposite the Polytechnic. I think it took me fully an hour to walk over the institution, which is planned for the comfortable accommodation of two classes, having their respective dormitories—rooms arranged cubical fashion—and their sitting-rooms; I mean the upper or student, and the workwoman or servants' class. There are good reading and lecture rooms; the latter is capable of accommodating about three hundred persons. These Regent Street premises are now renamed "The Morley Halls," having been acquired for the Y.W.C.A. since the winter of 1886. The list of viands that are always ready, or that may be ordered in the Welbeck Restaurant, shows a considerable variety of every description (excepting made dishes), and the prices vary from one penny to fivepence. For example, at the first-named price you have a choice of pea-soup, almost any ordinary vegetable, rice or tapioca pudding, jam roll or tart, or blancmange, or a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa, a ham sandwich, cake or bun, or a slice of bread and butter for a halfpenny extra. As the readers of the "G.O.P." are made up of all classes, I think that many amongst them will be glad to read these particulars.

Certainly, the "Young Women's Christian Association" is a wonderful club—so extensive in its grasp of ways and means, both social and religious, of benefiting all its members. Amongst their many offices in the "Morley Halls" there are those of the Continental department and International Union; for Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Italians, French, Germans, and other foreigners are instructed, and receive advice and assistance as they may individually need. Arrangements are made for those of every nationality in the matter of emigration, or for residence abroad, as students or teachers.

Before proceeding further, I would certainly advise English girls who desire foreign situations of any kind to seek addresses and recommendations here.

It would take too much space to enter into an exhaustive account of all the departments of this really great institution. I will only add that the "Central Institute" is at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W. In this house the "Travellers' Aid" branch is located, and lodgings for a single night are to be had. But I believe that twelve homes and restaurants exist in London under the auspices of this institution. I should not omit to name that the dining hall is used as a gymnasium in the evenings; and also that classes are held for instruction in every branch of an ordinary education, besides work—such as dress and mantle cutting and making, and shorthand writing—as well as Bible classes, choir singing, etc.

I may now pass on to the Girls' Friendly Society, of which the central office is at 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., but there are about a dozen lodges connected with it in London, one each in Edinburgh and Dublin, and about thirty in the provinces. This association is specially designed for young working women and domestic servants, who constitute the members, all of whom must have been, and continue to be, of unblemished character—the special ground of eligibility. Ladies are desired as associates to assist in the work, the objects of the union being the advantage of mutual help, both religious and secular; the encouragement of purity of life, dutiful conduct towards parents, faithful service to employers, and thrift. The usual advantages afforded by clubs are enjoyed in the several lodges, into which I need not enter. Her Majesty the Queen is the patron.

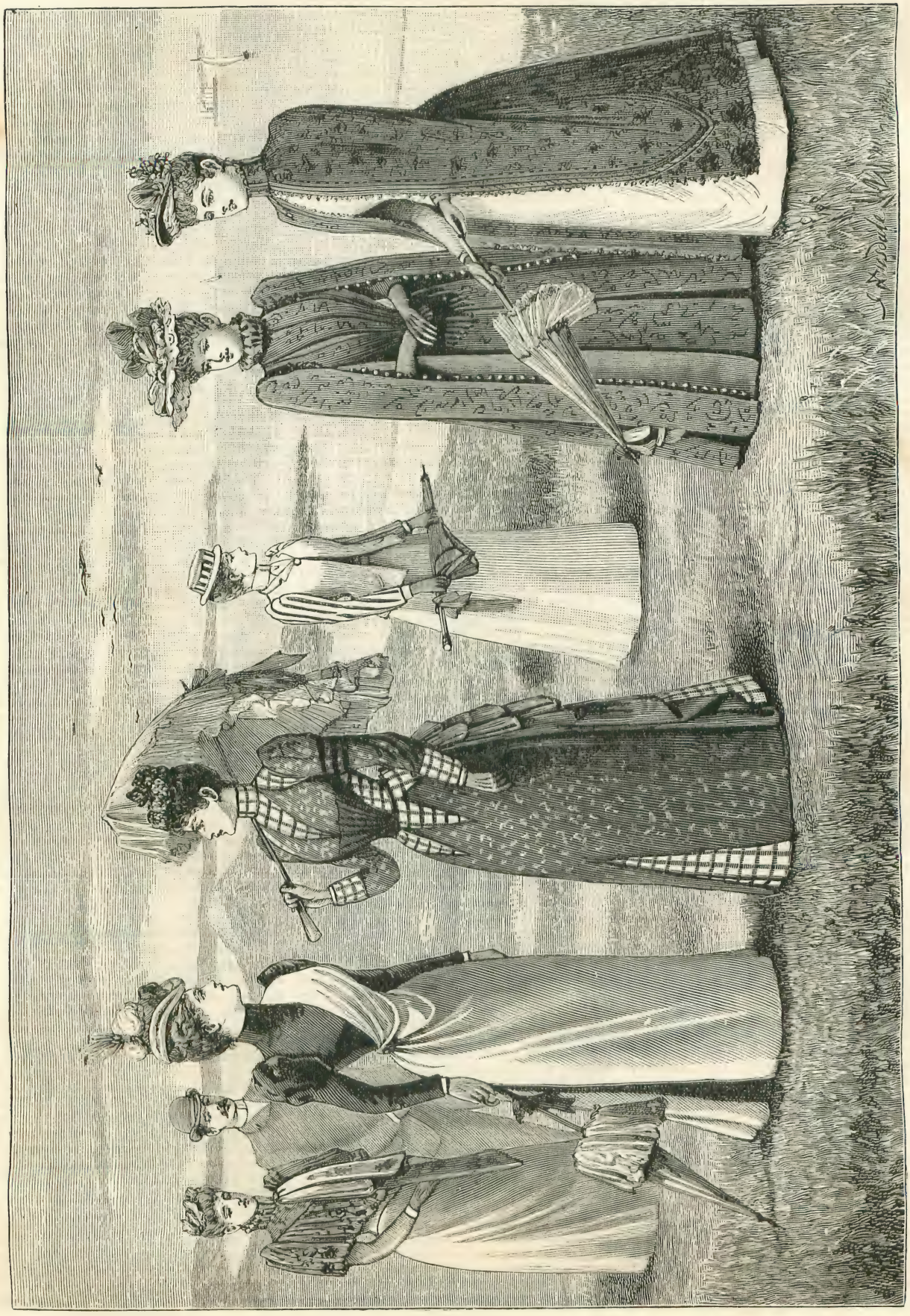
Amongst the innumerable minor clubs inaugurated by benevolent women for the benefit of all classes of girls, we find about a dozen for general education, or special branches of the same; and besides these we have magazine societies, essay writing, musical practising, drawing and painting clubs; needlework societies, exercise and early-rising clubs, and religious unions, and "last, not least," "The Ministering Children's League," an immense and most valuable organisation; and one or two invalid clubs, associations for mutual comfort and kindly offices, exchanges of books and of other articles, and agreeable correspondence, chiefly for the benefit of the bedridden. Most of these clubs and unions have been named, with more or less information respecting them, in the little "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (*Griffith and Farran*), and although some have become defunct since the publication, or their direction may have severally changed hands, yet there remain an ample number from which our readers can always make a selection.

I will now return to the "Trained Nurses' and Midwives' Institute," at 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. The present office is a very small one on the entrance floor, but the "Froebel Society" has a larger room, into which there is a door of communication, and they lend this for the meetings and other purposes of the "Nurses' Institute," until better accommodation may eventually be afforded. Here medical lectures are given once a month, and social meetings take place, from 5.30 to 10 p.m., for the refreshment and relaxation of nurses off duty for that time. About fifteen or twenty can meet together between these hours, and from thirty to seventy usually attend the monthly lectures. Medical papers are taken in, and a small lending library has been inaugurated, for which contributions of books are much desired. In a publication called the *Hospital* (of March 15th) there is an interesting account of the presentation by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales of certificates, signed by herself, to the first thousand nurses who joined the "Pension Fund." This pension is to be paid to the subscribers on their attaining the age of fifty years, according to the amount they have individually subscribed. The certificates were of an artistic character, designed by Miss Lilian C. Smith, and were greatly appreciated by the recipients. £1,400 is now being raised to bring the "Donation Bonus" Fund up to £40,000.

The last institution of the nature of a club formed for the benefit of women owes its existence to the "Ladies' Dwellings Company, Limited," having its place in Lower Sloane Street, the mansion bearing the name of "Sloane Gardens House." The annual fee for membership is only five shillings, which entitles to the daily use of the club. There are drawing, writing and reading rooms, and a very fine dining-hall will be opened shortly, to be used for all the meals. Already there are forty-eight ladies in residence, and the new block of buildings at the side, to supply sixty-eight additional rooms, was opened in May. On looking over the rules I was pleased to see an important step made in advance, ensuring much comfort for the residents. The use of musical instruments is prohibited between the hours of 10 p.m. and 8 a.m., nor can a sewing-machine be used between those hours; also dogs and cats are excluded.

In conclusion, I would observe that possibly some may say I have not restricted myself exclusively to the subject indicated in the title of these articles. Perhaps not strictly so in all cases. But there are diversities in the several characteristics of such associations. They are not all formed exactly alike in constitution, nor have they each precisely the same objects in view. But inasmuch as they are all united in one common bond of fellowship, *i.e.*, union for the benefit of women of every class, whether socially, intellectually, or religiously, or all three objects combined, I should not have felt my work complete had I left out any of the institutions I have named. Besides this view of the latitude I might fairly be allowed, there is another and weightier consideration that will *fully justify the extension* of my subject. By this means I am able to meet the requirements of extra thousands amongst the ever-appreciative and faithful readers of the truly invaluable GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.



ON THE COAST.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE last fancy in the way of exercise for girls and women that has arisen is in America. This is the bicycle, which has so long been thought the exclusive property of men. There is a school in St. Louis where women are taught the mysteries of bicycling. Divided skirts are worn, with an undivided skirt over them, and long boots. Alpaca is the favourite material, and both skirts are of the same hue, untrimmed, and without gathers. The sailor hat is the one adopted, and the American ladies are said to prefer this style of exercise to any other. "It seems strange," says a writer in a contemporary, "that this craze in America should be simultaneous with the agitation about riding astride in England."

I am sorry to see reports of accidents and deaths from tricycling, and that a young married lady has just died from syncope, from this cause, in Northampton. It is needful, however, to be carefully informed before we put the blame on the tricycle, for there are always people ready to form judgments in a hurry, and there are also those who are rash and foolish in their amusements. So many people find that tricycling has become an added pleasure in their lives, and they can fly abroad almost like the birds themselves, and enjoy fresh air and change which otherwise they would never get. To women and girls it has come especially home, as there are really few forms of exercise in which all can join. Like everything else, over-fatigue and over-exertion must be guarded against. Tight stays especially should be avoided, and also long-continued exertion without rest, or too long rides in any case.

When the summer weather has fairly set in, there is little to be said about new fashions until the autumn ones show themselves, and shopkeepers make use of what they have in stock, and make up orders from models already often copied. So, the chief thing to do is to look round, and make note of what we see; and the first thing that I think we shall notice is the very decided revival in trade, for no one in London can fail to be cognisant of the fact that the season has been a full one, and plenty of money has been spent.

They have come so quietly that it is hard to realise that there have been many changes. The dress-improver has gone, in its extreme dimensions, but we still have a tiny pad, which gives enough rise to make the skirt set well; and though the steels have departed, the tapes which tie the skirts back remain. The princess dress is certainly amongst the most popular of revivals, and the full breadth of material inserted at the back gives a certain amount of *tournure*, to which is often added a tiny amount of padding. Full sleeves are the most striking feature of all our dresses, full and gathered at the shoulder, and tight-

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

fitting, and buttoned close to the arm below the elbow. There are various ways of making the sleeve. When it is cut on the cross it is in one piece only, like the old, old *gigot*, or "leg of mutton sleeve," but smaller and differently set into the armhole. When the material is used on the straight, two pieces are employed, an upper and an under, the size of the under being much reduced, so that when the sleeve is joined up the under is not visible at all. The linings are cut out as if for a tight coat sleeve, and in cutting out the material it must be left about seven or eight inches longer, and four inches wider, in the upper sleeve than the lining, while the under is cut the same size. Before joining the sleeve together the full part of the upper must be gathered round the top, the gathers beginning at the back seam of the sleeve and extending nearly to the seam at the front. At the sides it is pleated down six or seven inches on the lining.

I hear that the most effectual preservative against the ravages of the moth in furs is to wrap them in sheets of stout brown paper, folding them up, and pasting up the ends, so that no air can enter. The furs must be well beaten and shaken before putting them up, so that no dust may remain in them. If they be greasy round the neck, the grease may be taken out with hot sand, which should be well rubbed in, reheating till the fur be clean, and then shaken out again. The use of brown paper is said, I am told, to be a furrier's secret, and it acts perfectly when properly done.

SAILOR BLOUSE. (PAPER PATTERN.)

Buttons are returning to favour, after having suffered quite an eclipse. Now they are seen in *tiny rows* — sewn over seams — made of silver, bone, horn, gilt silk, and gimps, and will probably be a feature of the autumn garments.

Satin for gowns is said to be coming in again, and very excellent as a well-wearing material it is. It is made very plainly, with no trimming but a thick *fourreau* or pinked-out *ruche* round the hem—a style that proves very becoming to tall people, but not to short ones.

Plain grey tweeds, with black velvet sleeves, seem to have been the choice of many people lately. The Princesses of Wales have worn light tan-colour and dark-brown velvet sleeves, with small *toques* to match. The Princess herself has a dress of the kind, with which she wears a circular cape having a deep flounce, and clasps of lovely workmanship in gold at the throat and in front.

The seamless bodice has been and will be much worn. The lining itself is cut in the old manner; the covering, cut on the cross, is in two pieces, one for the front and one for the back. The fulness is drawn to the middle of the front and to the middle of the back, to appear perfectly seamless. The lining of the bodice must hook up the front, while the outside material is carried over the front to the left side, and fastened under the arm, while the upper part fastens on the shoulder.

I hear that flounces are to be worn again. The form they take will be three deep ones, covering the whole of the skirt, the top flounce sewn on the basque of the bodice and meeting the top of those below. This seems to be the newest thing, and I also hear that the revival of the horrid crinoline is only a matter of time, and has been decided on in Paris. Here, in England, however, we are of a different mind, and probably many of us will not be at all willing to adopt it, with all its evils, again.

The dresses of the last few years lend themselves very easily to being remade and remodelled into an absolutely new guise, after the taste for straight skirts and much-trimmed bodices. We will take for example the much-pleated skirts of woollen gowns, used last year and the year before. Their great width will give plenty of material for a plain skirt, with a straight front and sides and gathered or pleated back; and new full sleeves can also be procured out of them, if wisely cut. If faded, most of these plain woollens will turn, as they are the same on both sides; and it is better to turn them instead of cleaning them, on account of their somewhat loose texture.

The skirt, if too short or worn at the edge, can be lengthened without any difficulty, and in doing so be brought up to the very last style of the pretty and simple fashions of the day. A border of striped woollen material can be added, or a bias fold of silk or velveteen, lined with crinoline, can be stitched on at the upper edge. Or the skirt can be trimmed with three or four rows of velvet ribbon, of graduated widths or all of the same width; and if it be needful to lengthen it, the lengthening may be managed underneath these rows, so as to be quite invisible. The foundation skirt of all made-over dresses should have the steels and mattress removed, and should likewise be refaced with the material of the gown, should lengthening be at all needed.

The blouse and shirt bodice show no signs of decadence; in fact, for girls they are almost more seen than any other form of bodice. They are made of silk, linen shirting, embroidered muslin, flannel, and coloured cottons, and have yokes in some cases, and full sleeves in all cases, however the bodice may be made. The tucked ones, however, seem the most popular just now. Some of the French ones are very elaborate indeed, and quite take the place of the dress bodice. Here in England, it will be noted, the blouses of red silk, tucked very finely, and those of white made in a similar manner, are more used than any others.

Cotton and linen dresses, especially those of dark blue with stripes and fine lines of colour in them, are now made up in regular tailor style, the skirts on the cross and the bodice as well; and also made double-breasted, with large pearl buttons to fasten them.

In "Tailor-made Gowns" we have a good representation of the kind of gowns that are being made and worn at the seaside. As will be seen, stripes play a great part in them, and skirts and bodices cut on the cross are worn as much as ever.

In the illustration, "On the Coast," the two latest cloaks are seen, and the last cape with one frill only. A very pretty form of "princess" is seen on the left, also with the favourite cross-over front.

For our paper pattern it will be seen that we have selected the new style of sailor blouse, which young girls have been wearing not only as blouses but as bodices, made of the material of the dress. It is in six pieces, and will be found an extremely easy pattern to make at home; price 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

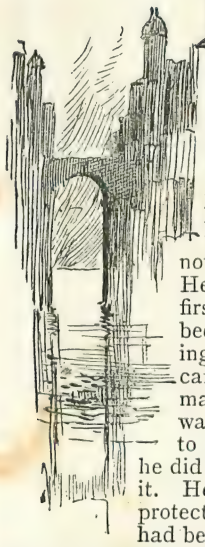
As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, and sailor blouse.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

SYMPATHY.



THE inmates of the fly maintained a solemn silence for some time. Mr. Dauncey was not inclined to talk, and Weatherley did not know what to say. He was afraid of giving offence to his grandfather, who, he knew, did not understand him. He felt that from his first arrival he had been a sort of laughing-stock, because he carried a cane like a man, and had mannish ways. He had striven to correct this, though he did not see the harm of it. He had been a sort of protector to his family, and had been appealed to even by his father for his opinion; and he was much humiliated by being put down, as he continually was, by his grandfather. Still, he was not born to be snubbed, he thought, and meant to assert himself when necessary. Indeed, he began to imagine himself of some importance, even in the country, when made a bone of contention between two rivals. But he was not thinking of these matters, which seemed secondary when trying to summon courage to speak to his grandfather, and when reflecting on his father's serious illness. He was thinking of what he could do to help at a time when he perceived that help was needed. Ever since he could recollect, he had been thinking similar thoughts, and perhaps no budding genius, whether in the sentimental, prosaic, or scientific school, originated more useful ideas. At last he burst forth suddenly with the words—

"Will you tell father that I will take care of Marjory and Mamy? He needn't be afraid for them. And tell him that we all love him dearly, and pray for him, and are almost sure that God will let him come back to us. Tell him that I am going to offer myself as a clerk or anything to Mr. Pearce, so as to help Aunt Belle. I shouldn't mind being a shoeblack if I could do that. Of course if you get the fortune it will be all right; but while you are settling it out at Montreal, there are a lot of us to keep at home!"

"For goodness sake, hold your tongue, boy!" cried Dauncey, on whom this unintentional home-thrust took effect. "There's no doubt that the fortune is ours; but what we have to think of now is to save your father's life. Everything else, fortune inclusive, may go to the dogs if we can only do that."

"Yes; but the rent must be paid," said Weatherley, slowly and thoughtfully. "And we children have such appetites; and Aunt Belle can't do everything. May I just tell the squire about father?"

"The squire again! Tell him what you like, but say we won't be beholden to him for so much as a crust of bread."

"But if Aunt Belle can't pay the rent?"

"Then he may sell us up, and we shall all go to the workhouse."

"Oh, grandfather! I promise to try not to offend you; but if dear father is well enough, ask him what he wishes me to do. You see, I am the eldest, and shall have to work, as dear mother used to tell me."

"You will drive me out of my mind, child! Here we are, I am thankful to say, and there's Mulready waiting for us, looking over his hedge of sunflowers, and we are ten minutes too soon, thanks to his exactitude."

Dauncey was out of the fly almost before it pulled up, and was shaking hands with the station-master. He had great confidence in him, and wondered, as everybody else did, what could have brought him to Orchardson.

"There is just time for you to swallow a cup of coffee," said Mulready. "I daresay you have had no breakfast."

"He didn't eat a morsel," said Weatherley.

Mulready hurried them into his parlour, where a coffee-pot stood on the hob. He made Dauncey take a cup of the comforting beverage, and eat some bread and butter. He saw how haggard and worn he looked. In a few minutes the train arrived.

"Give my love to father, and tell him——" began Weatherley, and the rest was choked by a sob.

"God bless thee, lad! Do for the best," said Dauncey, a sentence which relieved Weatherley's mind.

When the train was gone, Mulready took him into his parlour, and made him breakfast with him. But before they sat down he had to strive to comfort the lad.

"I don't know what will become of us if father dies, we love him so!" the boy groaned out.

"You will then have two fathers in heaven instead of one," returned Mulready, gently. "But we will hope that his life will be spared. All is in God's hands, and He does all things well."

"That is what dear mother used to say," said Weatherley, and his voice and face cleared. Hope and trust were his watchwords and safeguards.

Moss, the boy-of-all-work of the station, looked in to see if his master wanted anything; and Jack, a fine collie, sat watching outside the door, to announce the next train with a bark, as was his custom; while a witchlike black cat sat on Mulready's knee. Weatherley remarked that all his surroundings were neat and pretty, and wondered how he and Moss managed to keep them so. As if guessing his thoughts, his host told him that a good woman, who lived at a neighbouring cottage, came in and out continually to "do for him," as he laughingly expressed it, and that she was in his tiny kitchen at that time. Besides, he said, all the children knew him, and he never wanted for help when he needed it. Weatherley greatly admired him, and considered him as a sort of Robinson Crusoe cast upon the desert island of a railway platform. He enjoyed his coffee and a plate of cold tongue, and by the time they had finished breakfast was cheered in a way unaccountable to him. The fact was, that while eating and drinking he made a confidant of Mulready, who listened to all his plans with evident interest. He was, however, careful not to mention the conflicting views of his two grandparents. He had an innate sense of honour, which prevented his compromising anyone.

"By all means make friends with the squire, and avoid Pearce, the lawyer," said Mulready, just as Jack uttered a sharp bark, to inform him that the distant thunder of an incoming train was audible.

Mulready was instantly on the platform, but as he had issued no tickets he knew that there were no passengers from Orchardson. As it happened, none got out, so that he was able to gather a nosegay for Belle, of geraniums, calceolarias, petunias, and the like, for it was early autumn.

"Here are my two biggest sunflowers for your little sisters. Tell your aunt I shall make cuttings for her of my scarlet geraniums."

"You like Aunt Belle?" said Weatherley, interrogatively.

"Who does not?" replied Mulready, with a smile.

He put his flowers into a basket, and said he had a few minutes to spare, and would walk a little way with Weatherley. He improved the occasion, as people say, by giving him good advice. He saw at a glance that the boy was honest, truthful, intelligent, and self-reliant; but he saw also that he was impulsive and somewhat conceited.

"If you want a friend, come to me," he said, when he took leave of him. "I was left to my own devices when nearly as young as you, and know something of the world."

"Thank you," returned Weatherley, and hurried on, swinging the basket.

"Take care of my flowers!—they are an old bachelor's children," cried Mulready.

The hedges were now covered with traveller's joy and other autumnal treasures, and Weatherley relaxed his pace to admire them. He began to wonder what the Montreal hedges would be like, and to recall the many American stories he had read. Then he bethought him of his poor father, and the buoyancy of youth suddenly went out of him. He sauntered on with a sort of listless abandonment, which everyone feels now and

then and which is especially sad for those usually energetic. "What was to become of them all?" he asked himself. If only he were a man he could support the whole family, but now his powers were limited by boyhood. Depression at that age is not common, and should not be encouraged, either by the individual or his pastors and masters. It certainly was not natural to Weatherley, and he felt very miserable indeed. He looked so, moreover, and his misery found the usual relief. He began to cry, and being in a lonely road, he was not so much ashamed of himself as he would have been had spectators been at hand. He was suddenly aroused, however, by the brisk canter of a horse. He glanced up, and, to his delight and confusion, saw the squire. He was longing to see him again, but not with these childish tears on his cheeks. As the squire pulled up he tried to pull up also, and to resume his usual manner.

"What's the matter?" asked the squire, anxiously.

"Nothing—yes—something!" stammered Weatherley, scarcely knowing what to say. "My father is very ill in America, and my grandfather has just gone to look after him. I have been to the station to see him off."

The squire, who had a kind heart beneath what people chose to call his pride, was off his horse in a moment, and shaking hands with the boy.

"Tell me all about it. When did you get the news?" he said.

"Last night, by telegram. 'Broken a blood-vessel. Come at once,' it said, and Mr. Mulready brought it over himself. Poor father is so delicate that we are afraid ——" here again Weatherley could not repeat what they feared.

The squire looked distressed, but could not bring himself to comment on Charlie's state. He inquired, instead, if there were any news of the "next-of-kin." "Because," he added, "Mr. Dauncey's personal statements might have weight."

"Grandfather said that money and everything else might go to the dogs, if only father could get well," replied Weatherley. "I wanted to see you, sir, to ask if you would wait for the rent. Aunt Belle had it ready, but grandfather was obliged to take it to pay his passage."

"It is not due until Christmas. What did he say about my proposal to educate you?"

"He—he said I might choose between you; but if I chose you I must give him up," stammered Weatherley.

"Old idiot!" ejaculated the squire. "And what do you mean to do?"

"I could not leave him. He was always very good to us all in London, and now he is keeping us in the country. You would not think it right of me, would you, if I did?" said Weatherley, looking into his face.

The squire was puzzled to answer this question. Many qualms were tormenting his conscience at the moment, and he was thinking of the boy's mother, and his own animosity towards the Daunceys. He replied by another query—

"What reason did Dauncey give for such a selfish, irrational decision?"

Weatherley paused before he replied, but, being truthful by nature, he spoke honestly at last—

"He said—I cannot remember the exact words, but he meant that he would not have anything to do with any one who—well, who had taken no notice of father and mother, or—or—us children, while we were poor."

The squire turned away from the boy, ostensibly to loosen the rein he was holding, and to allow his horse to pick at the hedgerow grasses. He looked pale and stern, and his lip quivered. A fight was going on between his good and bad angels—by which we mean his two natures—and neither we nor he could tell which conquered. He glanced at Weatherley kindly as he said—

"The fault is not yours. Let me hear what your father decides. I suppose you will abide by what he says, which will be, probably, influenced by the gain or loss of this fabulous fortune. Your grandfather seems to think he has the best right to it, as he probably has; but those contested fortunes generally swallow themselves up, so that nothing comes to the claimants. Are you anxious about it? What would you do with it if it came to you?"

"I should not know what to do with it, sir; but I daresay grandfather would, because he owes a lot of money. He is very anxious about it, but Aunt Belle dreads it, because, she says, it would put us in a false position. Besides, she does not know if it has been honestly made, and would rather spend one honest penny than a thousand she knows nothing about. So would I."

"Your father seemed to think differently. He went off in a great hurry to put in your claim."

Weatherley's countenance changed at this allusion to his father. His own mind was full of doubts that he could not explain even to himself, much less to another; so he said, simply—

"You don't think it wrong of father to go after what he believes to belong to him?"

"By no means. I think him and your grandfather quite justified in putting in their claim, though they might, perhaps, have been in less hurry, and have written first. Is your father excitable, like your grandfather, or rather is he irascible?"

"Oh, no; father is the most peaceable man you ever saw. Only you see, sir, he is so delicate that he is afraid he will not be able to support us, and mother used to say that made him nervous."

Weatherley was scarcely conscious of the effect the mere mention of his mother had on the squire. On this occasion it was unfavourable to the father for whom he was unconsciously pleading, since had he been worth anything, Mr. Weatherley thought, his Amy could not have alluded to his nerves to their children. He had known Charlie as a young practitioner who had been once or twice to the Court, in place of Mr. Blyth, and had rather liked him; but although he was at that time well acquainted with Mr. Dauncey, he knew little of his children. Subsequent events had, as we have seen, closed all intimacy.

"Let me know your father's mind as soon as he has made it up," he said. "I daresay I shall see you and your sisters at The Gables. I suppose they have not forbidden your receiving a gift from me? On second thoughts, my sister will let me know about your father. I hope he will get better. Good-bye."

The squire put a sovereign into Weatherley's hand as he shook it; hastily remounted his horse, and rode off at a rapid pace.

The interview had revived the boy's spirits, and the sovereign seemed a mine of wealth. He picked up his basket and walked briskly homewards, hopeful once more.

He found the house besieged with visitors within and without. The news of Charlie's illness had spread, and been even magnified into his death. The villagers came by twos and threes to inquire, and Molly had more than she could do to attend to them.

"Name o' goodness, don't be stopping my work!" she was saying, when Weatherley appeared, and the inquirers turned to him for information.

It was pleasant to him to know how much beloved his father was, and how much respected his grandfather, in spite of his failings.

"God help 'em both! God bless 'em! They've kind hearts, and never turned their backs on a poor man," were the thrice-blessed words often repeated.

"None of us will ever do that," said Weatherley, with more pride than he fancied, and they shook hands all round.

"What an incessant shaking of hands!" some critic will say.

There was more of it when Weatherley entered the dining-room, for he found Miss Dulcey, Mr. Burmester, Dolly, and Mr. Pearce there. What brought Pearce nobody knew but himself. The fact was that he had received a few lines from Dauncey, sent by purpose messenger from Harborough Station, informing him of the state of affairs. Flo was the only member of the family present. Just as Weatherley came in Miss Dulcey was enunciating a favourite theme, as she almost knelt in the window-seat, and watched the people as they came and went.

"I pray to die in the country. If one dies in town nobody cares a halfpenny for it. One's next-door neighbours go about their business just as if there was no solemnity close at hand. 'Tis a hearse, and nothing more; unless, indeed, it is full of flowers. Then they say, 'What a beautiful wreath! What a magnificent cross! Those flowers must have cost a fortune.' Now here, at Hollyfield, from old Betty Bond down to Dolly there, everyone would be exclaiming, 'Miss Dulcey's gone, poor dear! What a loss we'll have! Nobody 'll fill her place,' and the corners of the aprons would be quite wet. Why, the whole village has come to inquire about Charlie."

"So much respected," put in Pearce.

"Not a bit of it. 'Tis love for one's neighbours. Remember, Mr. Burmester, wherever I die, I mean to be buried at Hollyfield, so that Betty Bond, Dolly,

and the rest of them may shed a few honest tears over me. Eh, Dolly?"

"How you do talk, Miss Dulcey!" said Dolly, who took it all literally. "Nobody could do without you."

The appearance of Weatherley turned the conversation to inquiries about Dauncey's departure.

"How did he bear up?" asked Flo, with clasped hands; she was always inclined to be dramatic, and would have liked to go on the stage—so she thought.

"He went off all right," replied the more matter-of-fact Weatherley.

Miss Dulcey laughed, and went in search of Belle. Mr. Burmester and Dolly took their departure soon after, and Flo was left alone with Pearce the lawyer; for Weatherley also carried off his basket of flowers to Aunt Belle.

Pearce was an admirer of beauty as well as worth, so he made himself agreeable to Flo during the absence of her sister. She was by no means indifferent to the well-dressed and dapper little man's complimentary speeches, and for the moment forgot her anxieties, to indulge in polite banter, or, as it is pertinently expressed, in chaff. She was an adept in this superficial game, and threw herself into it without counting either gain or loss. They played at it for some time, when Pearce interrupted it by saying, as he looked at his watch—

"The fact is, Miss Flora, I came over to ask your sister if I could be of any use in this emergency. I have an appointment at two. Would you mind asking Miss Dauncey if I could have a few minutes' conversation with her? I know how much engaged she must be; but it is important."

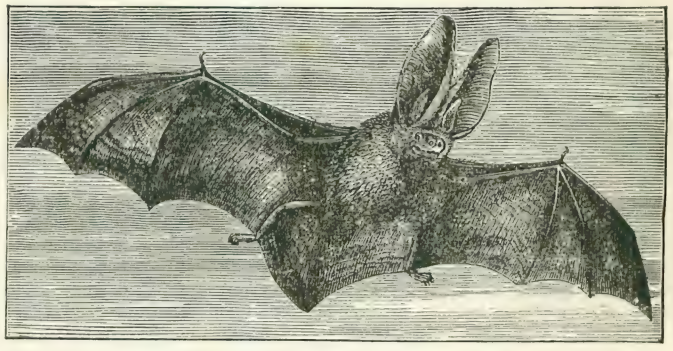
As Flo left the room Pearce muttered—

"She certainly is one of the most elegant and attractive girls I ever saw in my life."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR WILD CREATURES.—X. BATS.

By A NATURALIST.



In different counties these go by various names; in some parts they are called "flutter-mice," in others "flittermice," and in the marshlands of Kent "flindermice." These names will at once suggest to those of you who study German "Fledermaus." In Shakespeare's time they seem to have been called "rearmice," for in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Queen Titania bids some of her fairies "war with rearmice for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats."

Being essentially creatures of the night, little really is known about bats by the general public. If only they were allowed to rest in peace by those ignorant of them and their ways, it would be well. But instead of this they are killed, when the chance offers, as creatures of ill omen, and are universally in bad repute. That magnificent insect, the death's-head moth, shares the same fate. Here again the friend of man is destroyed by his crass ignorance, for the bats take the place of the swifts, the swallows, and the martens when these retire for the night; and so the destruction of the vast hosts of insects that would, if a check were not put on their increase, render life a misery, goes on day and night.

In England we have fourteen or fifteen species of bats; some of these may have flown over from the Continent, for they are very strong and swift on the wing. We have not sufficient space here to give all their names and their distinctive marks in form and colour, but will confine ourselves to mentioning the species that are most generally known—the mouse bat or common bat, that beautiful creature the long-eared bat, and the great bat. This last is rightly named, for he measures fourteen inches from tip to tip of its wings.

I have been fond of watching bats and their ways, and have even kept them as pets, so that I can speak about these curious and most useful creatures with some degree of authority.

The different species feed on different insects. I came to this conclusion from personal observation. All three varieties named are common in certain places in our Southern counties. You may see them all on the wing at the same time, flying at different heights; doubtless because the various sorts of insects fly at different levels. A very pungent odour proceeds from the bat, something like aromatic vinegar diluted; that is the only smell, at least, that I can compare it to. This sometimes betrays their whereabouts and leads to their destruction.

I was ranging the woods in Surrey one day in company with a woodman, when he suddenly stopped as we were passing a hollow tree, placed his finger on the side of his nose, and said, "Bats!" He wasted no words, but quickly cutting a pliant switch, poked it into a hole in a dead limb, and in less than ten minutes fifteen great bats lay dead on the sward.

"They gits down the chimbleys, that's what them there varmints does, and eats the bacon. I allus settles them things when I comes across 'em." I made no comment, for the woodman's prejudices are strong and deeply rooted. Better educated people than they still regard bats as ominous visitors, and if one chances to fly into a house through an open window, they consider it as a warning of approaching sickness or death.

Twilight is the time for watching the bat on the hunt for his food. The soft, moist evening air is favourable to insect life. In the cold winter months he hibernates; a very wise arrangement, for in our cold climate there would be scanty provision of insects to feed on then.

The bat gives himself over to long, deep slumber, "his breathing becomes gradually slower than in ordinary sleep," Professor Owen has told us; "the pulsations of the heart diminish in force and frequency; the supply of stimulating arterial blood to the muscles and brain is progressively reduced; relaxation of the muscular fibres is converted into stiff inaction, and sleep sinks into stupor." . . . . "Cold, senseless, motionless, and asphyxiated, its entry into death's chamber is prevented only by its being brought to his very door."

Whilst the hibernating animals lie in their winter torpor they are of course independent of supplies of food. I will close this little paper by telling you of a long-eared bat that I once kept as a pet. The little fellow was found behind some woodwork whilst some repairs were being carried on in a gentleman's country house; and, knowing my proclivities, one of the workmen brought him to me on the end of a piece of board, which was handled very cautiously. I let him run up my arm, upon which I was requested to take him home with me and tame him, as I was so fond of wild creatures. Taming creatures with me means giving them their liberty within certain bounds inside my home, and providing them with food suitable for them; they have no unnecessary cramping or stint of anything. I placed the little fellow in a paper bag and carefully carried him home.

A most amusing little fellow he turned out to be. He flew all over the house, upstairs and downstairs. Sometimes he would settle on my beard, stop there as long as it pleased him, and then fly away somewhere else. The odd grimaces the creature would make as he hung, head downwards, from the fold of a curtain, were most extraordinary, his beady eyes fixed on me all the while. Sometimes he was not to be seen for a whole week, although my wife and I would hunt for him all over the house. Then he would suddenly make his appearance at tea-time, whirling round and round over our heads, settling down on myself, and performing other bat-like freaks. As I said, he was allowed to fly all over the house; but after a time we found it better to let him find a new home for himself—he became too much for us. After we were fast asleep he would turn up from neither of us knew where, and fly round and round our faces, brushing the tips of our noses with his wings. The first time this occurred we were fairly bewildered as to what it could be, until I made out my precious bat in the darkness. I got out of bed, captured him—which was no easy matter—and stowed him away in one of my coat-pockets; but he was gone before morning. At last these night visits became a perfect nuisance. Many an evening were the doors and windows opened in the hope that he would betake himself elsewhere, and sometimes we thought he had gone; but no, he liked his home too well, and always turned up again. After a time we could stand it no longer, and had to resort to stronger measures. He began his whirligig antics round my head one evening as I sat alone, trying to read; at last I jumped up, closed all the doors excepting the outer one, and through that, out into the night, in most inhospitable style, I drove him forcibly. He never returned.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER.

By E. C. VANSITTART.

CHAPTER IV.

"What have we to do with finding in this world—we, whose whole business in this world is to lose?" —*Tertullian.*

THAT night, separated only by a thin wooden partition, another very different battle was being waged. Winifred was suddenly confronted by certainty—Eva loved Rupert. Oh, how hard it was! Could it be required of her to give him up to Eva, who had always been so cold, so reserved, who had so rarely given up anything for her, who had so often hurt her by bitter words and careless neglect? Winifred was but human, and her whole being rose up in revolt against such a sacrifice. She was quite distracted for hours, kneeling by her open window, with her arms resting on the broad ledge; all the past seemed to stand out in letters of fire, accusing Eva of selfishness and lack of love; but after a time better thoughts came. She told herself that if Eva's love for Rupert remained unreturned, the girl would be hardened and embittered, would more than ever bury her thoughts and feelings within herself, would never marry—she was not one of those who would love twice any more than Winifred herself. Already she had begun to soften, and, as Rupert's wife, would develop all her latent powers of tenderness and devotion; he was the very man to call forth all her noble qualities, to make her the perfect woman she was meant to be. And that Rupert would return her affection Winifred did not doubt, were she herself out of the way, for his partiality had not yet reached such a pitch that her withdrawal of herself need cause him any acute pain.

From the first he was dazzled by Eva's beauty; he could not fail to care for her in time, since no one could be more fascinating, more charming than the callous Eva when she chose. Had she not promised her aunt on her deathbed to act an elder sister's part to the motherless girl? Yet, to put away with her own hand the happiness held out to her—this was hard indeed; but the way was very plain before her feet. Could she take away the chance of happiness that might be Eva's? and besides, ought she to leave her invalid mother? Would not that alone be an insuperable barrier to her marrying? Never had Rupert been so dear to her as at this moment, never had she so realised the depth of her own love! She raised her head and looked out; it was quite dark down in the valley below, but up above the pure white peaks were shining serenely grand against the starry sky. It was as though a tender hand were laid on her aching heart with a quieting touch. What was her little life seen in the light of those eternal hills, which had looked down for ages on tempest-tossed souls long since at rest! Hot tears fell as she prayed for strength. She would lay down her own hopes, she would not think of herself. How many such noble self-renunciations are made in silence and solitude, unknown, unnoted by human eye! How many women evince sterner heroism, requiring more courage than that demanded of a soldier on the battlefield! How many a conflict, bitter as that between life and death, is fought out in quiet chambers during the night watches!

The next day Captain Nugent's prediction was fulfilled. After weeks of cloudless sunshine, the morning broke gloomy with a leaden sky, dark clouds rested on all the hills around, and a heavy gale was blowing. Winifred went out early and walked fast; it was a relief to her to wrestle against the fierce wind; it was like fighting hand to hand with the inward suffering, and seemed to give her a tangible grasp of her pain. She came home utterly spent, physically—even Eva observed how tired she looked; but the inner turmoil had been replaced by a great calm. Her one wish was to leave, but that was out of the question. During the days that followed, true to her resolution of withdrawing herself as much as possible from Rupert's company, regardless of her own shrinking from the thought of even appearing to slight him, she always found some pretext for not joining in the usual walks or excursions, or for keeping in the background when meetings were unavoidable. Her mother, too, had got a chill, and was less well, which furnished her with a good excuse for remaining at home. Once or twice Eva remarked: "You are perfectly ridiculous, Winifred; you know Aunt Mary can quite well be left sometimes." But Winifred gave no answer. Rupert's reproachful eyes haunted her, and she had to steel herself to resist his pleading attempts to include her in their walks.

The marked change in her manner at first pained him—he could not understand it; but when, after a time, he noted how studiously she avoided him, how she seemed to shun his very presence, he grew disappointed, and finally piqued. Was it caprice? he asked himself. He never would have thought her the kind of woman to play fast and loose with a man. Evidently he had been mistaken in ever thinking she cared for or even liked him. He was grieved and perplexed; but little by little grew accustomed to the alteration, and finding all his efforts to win her confidence gently but decidedly repelled, he resigned himself to the inevitable, and man-like, began to bestow more attention on Eva.

What Winifred suffered during those days no words can express. Seeking to stifle her own love, and seeing the other two daily growing nearer each other; knowing Rupert misjudged her, thought her capricious and changeable; feeling she had refused "the good and perfect gift" which might have been hers. The most trying of all was having to renew the struggle again and again; sometimes, after having spent hours of the night on her knees in her little room, and having fought it out with bitter tears, she felt resigned, ready to give up her own will. Ah! if only the giving up might have been final, once for all! But the next day, the next hour, perhaps, some trifle brought back the old feeling, her will rose up again rebellious against the Divine decision, and the hours of bitterness and darkness had to be fought through once more. At times it is very hard to be patient; our whole being, heart and soul, cries out for a little happiness, and, as it were, beats its pinions helplessly against the bars of inexorable destiny, till, wounded and wearied, all its pain is summed up in the one longing "for the wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest." Yet she did not die; for sorrow does not kill. Life lives on, though brokenly; still it lives, though all that made it life lies dead, and all that made it sweet and lovely is gone. Sometimes she wondered at her own capacity for suffering, and she realised how behind each depth of pain there lies a deeper depth. There was no outward sign; but a shadowy look had come into the grey eyes, and a wistful expression round the sensitive mouth, and there were moments when the note of pain in her own voice startled her. No one noticed the change; Mrs. Trafford was less well, and too much taken up with her own ailments; Rupert and Eva were absorbed in each other, and Mrs. Nugent's thoughts engrossed by her children all laid up with colds, while her husband had been suddenly called off to England on business.

A change was slowly passing over Eva too—what suffering was doing for Winifred, joy was working in her; this new love transformed her whole nature, softening, humbling her proud spirit, making her more pitiful, more gentle, less selfish. Never before had she been so sweet in the home circle, and as Winifred daily marked the change, she felt more and more strongly that her course had been the right one. There are other ways of laying down our lives for those dear to us than dying for them—it is often harder to live for them; and this Winifred found. As for Rupert, he now loved Eva as only such a man is capable of loving, with a power that refines and purifies.

The summer was nearly over, and in spite of the exquisite, brilliantly clear days which succeeded each other, the trees were putting on autumn tints, throwing them out in glorious contrast to the dark green of the firs; the little rivulets were swollen to angry torrents, the fields covered with pink colchicums, and the red berries of the mountain ash gleamed like coral in the mellow sunlight, a sure sign in Switzerland that autumn's reign has begun. The mountains, and even the nearer hills, were covered with freshly-fallen snow, as pure as if they had been brushed by a passing angel's wing.

In spite of the radiant sunshine and the blue sky, life looked very grey to Winifred; the beauty of the outer world only seemed to accentuate her sense of loss. When one has personally nothing left to look forward to in this world, then it is that courage is hard to muster. The only way is to try and put away self entirely, to live in the lives of others; this she was striving nobly to do, but it was sometimes a weary fight. Blessing, however, comes out of such pain if rightly borne, detaching us more and more from earth, teaching us to set our affections entirely on heavenly things.

"We must be thinking of packing up soon," remarked Mrs. Trafford one day, when she was alone with Mrs. Nugent; "it is quite time for me to be moving south."

"Where shall you go?"

"Well, I thought of the Italian lakes first, then on to Florence and Rome for the winter; the Riviera did not suit me last year."

"Italy would be pleasanter for Winifred; she has been looking very pale lately."

"Do you think so? I do not know anyone stronger that Winifred, or in more perfect health."

"She does not look strong though," persisted Mrs. Nugent. "Well, I shall think of moving too within a fortnight. My brother returns to London next week."

"Would you let Eva travel with you?"

asked Mrs. Trafford. "Her father has been back some time now, and I have only been waiting to find a suitable escort for her."

"I shall be delighted to have her as a travelling companion." So it was settled.

Something in Mrs. Nugent's words had struck Mrs. Trafford, though she had rather resented them at the time. When Winifred came into the room and they were alone together, her mother examined her anxiously. Yes, Mrs. Nugent was right, the colour had faded from the fair face, there were dark lines under the grey eyes, and a weary look about the slender figure. Mrs. Trafford's heart smote her. How was it she had never noticed the change before? All the warm mother-love buried deep in her heart awoke.

"Come here, Winifred," she said, gently.

The girl approached, and knelt down by the couch, her favourite attitude.

"Why are you looking so tired, my darling?" asked Mrs. Trafford, tenderly stroking the soft brown head.

Tears rushed to Winifred's eyes at the unwontedly loving tone and touch, as she answered, "I am not tired, dear mother."

"You are not looking well, and you have been so quiet lately; a change will do you good. I have just settled with Mrs. Nugent that Eva shall travel back to England with her the week after next, so we might leave at the same time."

Winifred's face was hidden as she rested her head against the couch, but Mrs. Trafford felt her shiver.

"What is it?" she asked. "You will be glad to leave now the summer is over, will you not, dear?"

"Oh, yes; so glad, so very glad and thankful," came in a stifled voice, which forbade further inquiries.

"My Winifred! What should I do without you?" murmured the invalid, and at that moment Winifred felt that after all life was worth living, and if a reward were wanting for all she had endured, it came to her then in her mother's caressing words.

CHAPTER V.

"Years teach us that sometimes it requires more heroism to live than to die."

It was the last day of the united life so long carried on. Rupert Earle and Eva had gone for a farewell walk, accompanied by some of the children, Winifred, as usual, having made some excuse to stay at home. She was now standing near the window of Mrs. Nugent's nursery, having volunteered to look after the baby while Mrs. Nugent and the nurse packed Rupert's things. She felt sure he would take this last opportunity of speaking to Eva; had she not marked every sign of the growing love between those two? Wearily she leant against the window-frame, and looked out with eyes that did not take in the beauty of the outside world. How hard life was! Suddenly the baby stirred, awoke, and gave a cry which quickly summoned her to the cradle. When the child saw her, he smiled, and held out his arms to her as she took him up, the touch of the fondling baby hands rousing strange depths of hidden pain; for Winifred was essentially a womanly woman, and the motherly instinct implanted in the heart of every true woman was very strong in her. The little golden head resting against her breast—the questioning eyes looking up—the cooing, dove-like voice, stirred vague yearnings she could not have put into words. If some quiet tears did drop on the golden head, no one ever knew it, for baby was a safe confidant, and laughed and crowed unconsciously all the time.

That evening, after Mrs. Trafford had gone to bed, and Winifred had retired to her own room for the night, a low knock startled her. She went to open the door, and there stood Eva, a vision of loveliness in her white dressing-gown, her dark hair hanging down her back, with an unwonted flush upon her face and an unusual brightness in her eyes.

"May I come in for a few minutes? I have something to tell you."

Never before had she come like this to her cousin's room, and Winifred knew what was impending. She turned a shade paler as she answered, gently—

"Of course; come in, dear."

Rather abruptly, as was her way, Eva, going up to the table on which stood a photograph of her own mother, said—

"I wanted to tell you, first of all, Winifred—but perhaps you have guessed?—Rupert Earle asked me to-day to be his wife, and I I could not say no."

Winifred's arms were round her at once.

"I am glad, very glad for you! I hope you will be very happy! You cannot fail to be so with such a man. How dear Aunt Louisa would have rejoiced!" as she looked at the photograph.

Tears, rare tears, sprang to Eva's eyes as she murmured—

"I do not feel worthy; and, Winifred, I wanted to say, too, I am so sorry that I have sometimes been so harsh, so hateful to you. I hope you will forgive me. This great joy humbles me so, I cannot express it; but you know I never was good at saying things."

"There is nothing to forgive," answered the sweet voice, which had such tones of pain in it.

* * * *

Rupert and Eva were married three months later. Those who knew Eva Russell as a proud, reserved, cold girl, would not recognise her in Eva Earle; a beautiful woman, whose stately manner is tempered by gentleness, a "help-meet" to her husband indeed, taking keen interest in every scheme and detail of his work, walking side by side with him every step of the road, indefatigable among the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful. A little "Winnie," golden-haired and blue-eyed, nestles in her arms, and no mother is more tender. Shadows there are, too, on Eva's face, for twice the angel of death has visited her home, and borne away her lambs; and Winnie is the only remaining sunbeam in that East London rectory—a treasure to be held lightly, for she is but a fragile flower.

As for Winifred, she is unchanged, still looking younger far than her years. That summer at Châlet Rosenau had left her much poorer, for it brought her the greatest loss a woman can experience—a loss which put an end for ever to all the hopes and sweet dreams which, unknown to herself, she had lived upon till the rough awakening came; but she tried bravely to take up the "broken threads" of her life, to make the best use of what remained, as she laid down her own renunciation at the foot of the Great Renunciation.

In some ways their wandering life has brought relief, for it has separated her from the Earles, and spared her being tried beyond her powers; and as years went on, Mrs. Trafford leant more and more on her daughter, grew more loving and tender; but the habits of a lifetime are not got rid of in a day, and though she will always be more or less of an exacting invalid, she allows her deeper impulses to sweeten her manner to her never-wearying comforter.

Sometimes Eva in her happy home will say to her husband, "Poor Winifred! what a sad life hers is! I wish she had married; she would have been so much happier."

And Rupert answers, "Yes, I always wonder she has not."

Yet Winifred is not unhappy; a great peace has come to her; she is one of those women who attract by the power of sympathy which their own trials have intensified and sharpened. Is not that one of the compensations of suffering? The sad, the sorrowful, old or young, all are attracted to her; all feel they can trust her, lean upon her, look up to her. She has her hours of loneliness and pain, but she comes out of them with the "blessing of peace" written in her sweet eyes, more ready and willing than ever to help others, to take a share in bearing their burdens.

We need not follow her further; her life is but that of many—begun with so much worldly promise, ending in such apparent failure, at least so far as we here in our blindness can judge, perhaps one of the "blessed of our Father" when seen in the fuller light of eternal day.

[THE END.]

OUR PAINTING COMPETITION.

EXAMINERS: BIRKET FOSTER AND THE EDITOR.

The painting of "A Surrey Water-mill," by Birket Foster, which was given in this magazine last December, has been copied by almost as many of our readers as took part in the "Morning Gossip" competition. The work, on the whole, has shown a commendable amount of care and enthusiasm, but in a good many instances the competitors expended their energies on a vain and useless attempt to copy the lines of the engraving, thus spoiling what otherwise might have been a good picture. The average of merit is, perhaps, higher this year than was the case with the "Morning Gossip" competition; but at the same time we miss the rare excellence that was shown in the work of several of last year's competitors. On the other hand, many who sent in exceedingly wretched attempts the last time are conspicuous this year, either by their absence or by greatly improved work.

We are glad, and we hope our readers will be encouraged by the fact, that this competition shows a distinct improvement over its predecessor, not only in average merit, but in the care shown in protecting the surrounding border from smudges and dirt. The work of the examiners was also much lightened by the fact that almost all of the pictures came flat. Of the copies sent to Mr. Birket Foster he has made the following awards:—

FIRST PRIZE (TEN GUINEAS).
Emma Roberts, Clapham Park, S.W.

SECOND PRIZE (FIVE GUINEAS).
Ethel Mary Nevell, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION.
Eva Bistrup, Birkenhead.
Luise Scudder Ryall Sweet, Southsea.
Catherine M. Beck, Grays, Essex.
Mary Angus, Edinburgh.
Caroline Handley Preston, Dalston, N.E.
Emily Firth, Leicester.
Florence Broadmead, Bridgewater, Somerset.
Ellen Louisa Stansfeld, Bedford.
Florence Buck, Croydon, Surrey.
Lucy Elizabeth Thomas, Aberdare.

Answers to Correspondents.

WORK.

AN AFFLICTED ONE.—The strips of silk when joined together are sent to the weaver's: two pounds making a square yard of carpet or rug. About one shilling a yard is charged for weaving, but the initial difficulty is to find a weaver who works on his own account at home; and here we regret that we cannot help you.

A SEPTEMBER BIRD.—The foundation for straw frames is first made of cardboard, in the shape and of the size needed; and then the straws are cut to the length required, and glued on neatly.

CONSTANT READER.—Macramé lace is stiffened by steeping it in a solution of gum arabic and distilled water. The mixture should be strained before using through muslin.

ATDOAM.—More stitches must be cast on for knitting in cotton than in wool; but as you do not mention the age of the person for whom the sock is intended, nor the material, we cannot give you more than general information. A full-sized gentleman's sock in "Scotch fingering" will require 104 stitches, and about fifteen more for cotton. A child's sock in Andalusian wool would require sixty-six, in crochet cotton about eighty stitches. Much depends also on the tightness or looseness of your knitting; and if you find that your knitting is very tight you must, unless you can alter the habit, select coarser needles.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CHEF.—A very pretty style for table decoration, when fruit is banished, is to arrange the ornaments in shades of one colour. Thus, if yellow be selected, let the candles and their shades be yellow, and place a strip of brocade of that colour down the centre of the table, puffing it up into irregular folds. Into these latter put small silver or china flower-vases, and employ a rather higher centre-dish, and fill the vases with flowers of a deeper and redder shade of yellow. A few small flat dishes might contain some yellow-hued bonbons and look pretty. It is the fashion at present in Paris to place yellow satin bonbonières on the table for the guests to take away with them, or give to each other. Pink, white, and pale green are all colours that lend themselves to this kind of table decoration; but the hostess had better select the colour according to the flowers which she can the most easily procure.

EDYTHA.—To keep a tiled hall clean and bright you should wash it over with soft soap, rubbing it in well with a house flannel.

MARY.—You have probably taken off the red coals at night and laid them on the coloured tiles of the grate, and this has cracked the glaze, and it has come off. You can do nothing except replace them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS GIRL should consult the doctor, and get a mixture from him to be ready for her mother's use before she gets a fit of spasmodic coughing. Do not wait till the fit comes on.

EIFFEL.—You should get rid of the blight on the rose-trees by syringing them with tobacco-juice, or washing with a sponge, soap and water. The etiquette of pouring out tea is to have the cream and sugar handed to each person, so that they may serve themselves or not as they please.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—The Hanseatic League was a commercial confederation of the Middle Ages, the name being derived from Hanse, "an association for mutual support." Hamburg, Lubec, Brunswick, Dantsic, Bremen, Cologne, and many other towns entered into an alliance for mutual defence against pirates and banditti; Berlin, Cracow, Königsberg, and Bergen, amongst others. Lubec was the capital of the league, and the place of assemblage. A dissolution took place in 1630, only Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubec remaining in confederation, and recognised as "free towns." Since the foundation of the United German Empire they have formed a part of it, while retaining their own internal democratic form of government.

A. M. R.—The enlargement of your neck is symptomatic. Your surroundings are not healthful, or the water is bad, very probably. In any case you should consult a doctor; it may be the commencement of a *goitre*.

ANNIE.—Take your bath tepid if you are afraid of cold water. The bath recommended by "Medicus" is a good rub with hot water and soap, and a sponging quickly afterwards with tepid or cold water. There would be no danger of any bad consequences from such a bath.

SHIRLEY.—We read an account in a paper that there was great cruelty practised in the taking of ospreys, as the old birds are killed, leaving the young ones to starve for want of their care.

PANSY.—If you rose at 6 a.m., and were quick, you might have your bath and take a short walk as well, before you went into the shop. 2. A cheap way of staining floors is to paint them with paraffin or kerosine oil; and after the second or third coat and good rubbings the floor looks very well indeed. Boiled or linseed oil can also be used, with the stain from brown ochre to give colour to it.

CORA seems to be in a bad way, according to her own account. She is dreadfully "in love" with a young man, and when she meets him suddenly she "trembles from head to foot, and can scarcely breathe"; and she wants us to tell her how she is to know if he cares for her. This is a complete poser to us, for we have never, never experienced this kind of feeling. Our young man never gave us time to feel anything, as he asked us at once; and our own young woman smiled so sweetly that we asked her within the week. We are sorry to find such a dilatory young man as Cora's seems to be, and we can only advise her to wait patiently, and to lay in a good store of breath. Get a prescription to cure the staggers, dear, which do not seem to have been successful hitherto. When you see your admirer in the same broken-winded condition, you may take courage, for he will be far gone in the same trying complaint.

BEAUTY and CLARISSA.—Flushing in the face is generally to be traced to constriction from stays, to indigestion, or to poor and unequal circulation of the blood. If in any doubt as to the cause, you had better consult a doctor.

MARY HOPE, CLYTIE, CARDEW, and Others.—The nursing profession and the training hospitals are just now much over-stocked; the only method would be to select some hospital, and inquire for a vacancy.

CINDERELLA.—We cannot suggest anything, save getting a better-paid situation. 2. We believe that legally it has been decided that letters are the property of the writer, not of the receiver. Your so-called friend seems to have been a cruel mischief-maker.

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.—You should inform your employers immediately, we think. 2. The St. George's Classes, Edinburgh, seem to offer what you require; address Miss Walker, 3, Melville Street, Edinburgh, and inquire particulars.

HILDA.—The answer on the subject of Annuities will be found at page 416, "G.O.P." The papers are supplied at any post-office.

DESPAIR.—We can only recommend first-class medical aid, as we have no means of knowing the kind of disease, nor its causes, all of which must be known in order to give an opinion. But we are quite sure that "Despair" is a very bad element in all and any disease, so try to be hopeful.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER appears to forget that "Medicus" distinctly says that "the bromide of ammonium is to be taken under competent medical advice," so she had better consult her own doctor.

FRANCES had better send the cat away for a time, as, if young, she may forget her habit of killing chickens. Is she well fed? and has she something to play with, like some reels of cotton to run after? Our domestic animals suffer dreadfully from *ennui*, and we could often amuse them a little if we tried.

CELANDINE.—The "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price one shilling, can be obtained at 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. 2. The benefit derived from a cold bath is supposed to be the shock. Now this shock is not good for all persons, and the form of bath recommended by "Medicus," the hot rubbing and cleansing, and the cool douche, is by far the safest for general use.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P." can wear either black silk, black ribbon, or black feathers with crape; any of them would be correct.

TRUE TILL DEATH.—Certainly, cultivate your one talent to the utmost of your ability. Go to the Art School and study perseveringly. There is no talent that is so delightful as the power of sketching; and nothing that, at any period of life, repays you so well. Never mind what anyone says to discourage you. Every girl in the present day should try to find some method by which, at need, she should support herself.

DAME NATURE has not had patience enough to grow acorns in water, we fancy, as they take some time. Put the acorn at the top of a bottle that fits it, fill the bottle with water not quite touching it, and wait.

KATHIE H. had better dismiss all such ideas from her mind, and attend to her education. Judging from her handwriting and spelling, that is evidently the most important duty before her. A long and arduous training is required, and a first-class education for all careers nowadays.

WILD ROSE.—Dr. Johnson's theory on the origin of the superstition of placing a poker across the bars of the grate to make the fire burn up, is that we owe it to the dark ages of Christianity, and that the poker laid in this manner formed a cross with the bars of the grate, and this representation of the cross would drive away the evil spirits that prevented the burning of the fire.

MAPLE BROWN.—The 1st July, 1874, was a Wednesday. 2. You do not say of what material the shawl is composed; better send it to a cleaner, if valuable.

AMOR VINCIT.—"Love conquers all things" is the free translation of it. 2. The 21st May, 1872, was a Tuesday.

INQUIRER.—In a marriage at home, the bride being married in her travelling dress, with bonnet or hat, the guests and relations would wear walking dresses—not taking off their bonnets, but wearing them and dressing as if going out to luncheon.

KATHLEEN had better go to a dentist, as her teeth evidently need attention. Wet feet prove a fruitful source of toothache.

"A ROUGH RIDER."—We hear of young girls in the country wearing garibaldis or jerseys for riding in the summer. A thin habit is very easily obtained, as they are quite commonly made by ladies' tailors.

VIOLETTE should quote the weight as "five stone," not "stones."

A STUDY.

(From a Pencil Drawing.)

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"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

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"'HOW DID HE GET SUCH AN AWFUL NAME?' SHE ASKED."

CHAPTER XVII.

MULREADY AGAIN.

"My own true blue Belle! making the best of things," said Miss Dulcey, when she found her goddaughter.

Belle and the little girls were busy in the kitchen, preparing a currant dumpling for dinner. They had consoled one another, and Molly had helped by assuring them that she had often seen Master Charlie as bad as bad could be, and yet he got quite well.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Dulcey," exclaimed Belle. "I was going to write, but I knew you would hear of our fresh trouble, and come to me."

"Of course. But you have heaps of sympathetic friends. Flo is entertaining one, as you probably know."

"Yes. What can he want? Money, perhaps."

At this moment Weatherley appeared, with his gift of flowers for Belle, and the two huge sunflowers for her nieces.

"Mr. Mulready sent them," he said. "He was so kind. He gave me a jolly breakfast, and cheered me up, and told me he would be my friend if I wanted one."

"He is always kind," said Belle.

"You must bring those sunflowers to The Gables, children," put in Miss Dulcey, "and show them to that obstinate oaf, Ben, who will declare that ours are just as fine."

"They are almost as large as the sun," said Marjory. "But then we know the sun is millions and millions of times bigger, only it is so very far off that it looks little to us. Do you know about the sunflower, Aunt Dulcey? It is a Bible flower, you know, because here are the crown of thorns, and the nails, and the glory, and everything of the crucifixion. Aunt Belle showed them to me."

Marjory was about to explain the mystical glories of the flower, when Flo interrupted her with Mr. Pearce's message to Belle.

"I cannot see him. I know what he wants. He believes in this fortune, and will lend us any amount of money on the strength of it," cried Belle. "If it is a failure, he has us entirely in his power."

For once Belle spoke unadvisedly before the children, who listened, and took in what she said.

"He is very civil, I am sure," said Flo.

"And it will not quite do to offend him," added Miss Dulcey. "I will come with you, though I daresay I shall annoy him before I have said a dozen words."

"That is kind!" cried Belle.

"It really is, for I hate the sight of a lawyer," returned Miss Dulcey. "He can't propose before a third person," she added, in the passage, "and I shall know what to say to him about the next-of-kin better than you will. How d'ye do, Mr. Pearce?"

Pearce was anxiously looking for Belle, and was not as much honoured as he might have been at being first greeted by Miss Dulcey. However, he assumed his best manners, and said how distressed he was to hear of Charlie's illness, and how glad he should be to be of service at so critical a time.

"You will want advice on business matters, Miss Dauncey, and I hope you will command me," he added.

"I know more about Jabez Dauncey than anyone else, except Belle's father," said Miss Dulcey, "and he will be on the spot. Perhaps this illness of Charlie's may be a good thing after all, as it takes Mr. Dauncey out to tell his own tale. I am a believer in Providential care, you see, Mr. Pearce, and think nothing happens by chance. I daresay you are like half the men of the present age, and only believe in what you see. Agnostics, I hear they call themselves. Are you an Agnostic?"

Miss Dulcey fixed her penetrating eyes on Pearce, who attempted a smile, and said he was not an Agnostic, for he believed in the ladies, whether he saw them or not. Here he cast a meaning glance at Belle, who coloured, and asked if any particular business had brought him over, for if so, it was unfortunate that her father should have left home so unexpectedly.

"I came on no especial errand, but I wanted to know the last news from Montreal. I had a letter from Stint and Co., requesting a certificate of Jabez Dauncey's birth, and we cannot find it in the registers at Monkston, where he is said to have been born."

"May I inquire, without seeming over curious, who is to pay for all these lawyer's letters?" asked Miss Dulcey. "They are not written for nothing, and unless Mr. Dauncey prove his claim, we all know he can't pay them."

"Of course the estate will be charged with legal expenses. All will proceed according to law."

Miss Dulcey laughed her peculiar, half amused, half sarcastic laugh, and said she wondered how the law got anything out of an estate when there was no estate.

"We all know the old story of the lawyer who ate the oyster, and gave the two shells to the rival disputants; but when there is no oyster, what's to become of the lawyer's claim?" she asked.

"He generally knows what he is about," returned Pearce; "and in the present instance I believe Mr. Dauncey is tolerably secure of the fortune, if no son turn up."

"But if the son should turn up, and he is disappointed, what about the lawyers?" persisted Miss Dulcey.

"They must take their chance. Virtue is usually rewarded," replied Pearce, with another meaning look at Belle.

Miss Dulcey understood him, and inwardly resolved that his virtue should not be rewarded according to his desires. She remained until he took his leave, and then told Belle that the sooner she got rid of him the better. Belle feared he had too strong a hold on her father to be got rid of, and said so.

"Then the sooner we all set to work to earn our living the better. Flo must begin without delay," said Miss Dulcey.

She summoned Flo, and bade her come with her and see Mrs. Burmester, who wanted to settle at once about Dolly's education. Flo was beginning to protest against unseemly haste just as they had heard of Charlie's illness; but Miss Dulcey would take no denial, and carried her off to the vicarage much against her will. She was sure she could not teach, she argued; but all she got in return was that she must try.

Good Mrs. Burmester was so kind and sympathetic that she overruled all her scruples, and, in less time than it takes to write, Flo was engaged as daily governess to Dolly, and Marjory was to study with her. But for practical Miss Dulcey, this would have been under consideration for days, and perhaps weeks, but she put her foot upon it, and it was done. She hated dawdlers and dawdling.

"No more Mutes and foreign tours at present," she said, with satisfaction.

And so Flo began her work the very next day, to the great delight of Dolly and Marjory and the amazement of everybody else, Belle especially.

It was fortunate that the engagement was made, for an event happened a short time after that entirely upset Flo's equanimity. Mr. Mulready again made his appearance at the Farm. At first he was received with a sort of terror, since he was supposed to be the bearer of another telegram from Montreal; but this fear was groundless. He asked for Flo, and was ushered into her parlour, where she received him alone. As it happened, Belle was out. Mulready admired the room. He wanted to gain time. At last he began upon the business that had brought him.

"I have a message for you, Miss Flo, from an acquaintance—I might almost say, from a friend of mine—Mr. Mute."

Flo started and looked surprised; then, recovering herself, asked what the message was.

"He arrived at Orchardson this morning," continued Mulready.

Flo almost jumped from her seat in delight, exclaiming—

"Why did he send you? Why did he not come himself?"

"I cannot say; but the facts are these," said Mulready; and as it took him a long time to tell them, owing to Flo's constant interruptions and questionings, we will detail them more briefly.

Mulready was on the platform when

the down express arrived, and was surprised at being greeted by one of the passengers who got out at Orchardson Station. He did not recognise him at first, but slowly perceived that he was an old acquaintance. They had known one another abroad, before he came to Orchardson, but had since lost sight of each other. It was Flo's admirer, Mr. Mute. He said he was taking a holiday in England, and having made her acquaintance abroad, had determined to pay her a visit on his little tour. Mulready suspected that Flo had made a conquest, and thought that a stranger at the Farm would increase Belle's anxieties. He did not say so, however, but invited Mr. Mute into his sitting-room while he settled as to whether he would walk or take a fly. Mulready, who was hospitable, soon placed cake and wine before him, and they began to talk about the Dauncey family. Mute made many inquiries, but they ceased when Mulready said that Mr. Dauncey had gone to America—ceased, that is to say, only to be resumed on a different tack. Mr. Mute said he was going to the Farm, with a view to making Dauncey's acquaintance, and inquired what had taken him to America. Mulready related the story of the next-of-kin, and Charlie's illness. He added that the inmates of Castle Farm were naturally in great distress. After hearing this account, Mr. Mute rose suddenly and said he had changed his mind, and should return to town by the next train.

"Will you do me a favour, Mulready?" he said, in a strange, unsteady voice. "Will you go for me and tell Miss Flora Dauncey that I was coming to call upon her; but that, hearing she is in so much trouble, I will defer my visit for the present. I shall still hope to see her again, though I cannot say when."

Mulready said he would do so, but thought Mute had better take the message himself. This he decidedly declined to do, and waited impatiently for the up train. Mulready was obliged to attend to his work, so there was no time for more conversation; indeed, Mute was in such a state of excitement that conversation was out of the question.

"My kindest remembrances to Miss Dauncey. I shall hope to see her again, and you also, Mulready," were his parting words, as he stepped into the train.

Fortunately for Flo, she took offence at these proceedings. She had a good stock of pride, and could not believe that a man would so suddenly change his mind for any but worldly motives. So she completely masked her feelings from Mulready, and said, half scornfully, that she was sorry he had had so much trouble, and still more sorry that Mr. Mute should have gone out of his way to land upon Orchardson platform, instead of some more picturesque spot.

"How did he get such an awful name?" she asked, nonchalantly. "Who is he? Nobody seemed to know anything about him abroad."

"He is a very nice fellow, clever and gentlemanlike; that is all I know of him," replied Mulready.

"You need not repeat the ridiculous message. I will tell my sister," she said, as Belle came in. "There is nothing the matter, Belle. No telegram; so don't be alarmed."

"How kind of you to come and see us!" said Belle. "We will have supper directly." And she and Mulready were happy, if Flo was not.

But when Mulready took his leave, and Flo communicated to her sister the real cause of his visit, Belle discovered that Mr. Mute had made a deep impression on the volatile girl, despite his name. Her pride, however, stood her in good stead, for she maintained the *rôle* of stoical indifference so completely that no one, save Belle, could have imagined that any deeper feeling lay beneath.

"I quite understand," she said. "He fancied that I was somebody until he came to Orchardson. He did not know that I was only a companion to Mrs. Prendergast, for she always treated me as friend and equal; and of course I made the best of our position, and used to magnify the Dauncey descent. Probably Mr. Mulready said we were farmers, and nothing more, whereas I gave him to understand that we merely lived at Castle Farm, because my father liked the country. I assure you I did not tell a falsehood, for you know he hates farming."

Belle would have sympathised, but Flo brooked no sympathy. She begged her to believe that she had only amused herself, and could never have married a man of the name of Mute. Indeed, she laughed as she pronounced it, and Belle said gravely that if a mere name could separate friends, it was best as it was, and she was glad he had not come to Castle Farm. This irritated Flo, and gave Belle an insight into her real mind.

There was so much trouble to meet, however, that Flo's conquests seemed of comparatively little importance, and before the following day was over Belle had almost forgotten Mr. Mute. But Flo rode the high horse, and was so unlike herself that everyone asked what was the matter with her. Her change of mood was attributed, not unnaturally, to anxiety about her father and brother, and Belle alone suspected that she was chafing under an imaginary insult and disappointment. She requested Belle to write and ask Mr. Mulready as a personal favour not to mention Mr. Mute's visit, for she dreaded that the news of it should reach Mrs. Prendergast and Miss Dulcey. She went to the vicarage in her capacity of governess, and was so sharp with her pupils that Dolly and Marjory were quite frightened, and when she took them for a walk she was so silent that they believed she was angry with them. Disappointment takes people in all sorts of ways, and it certainly did not improve Miss Flo.

There was great excitement at the Farm that afternoon while Flo was on the back of that high horse which she rode so uncomfortably. Scarcely had Mr. Dauncey's sudden departure caused more astonishment, for the excitement was occasioned by the arrival of Miss Weatherley. Molly was breathless when she told Belle that the squire's carriage was actually passing through the brown gates, and she nearly died of syncope as she ushered Miss Margaretta into Flo's parlour.

"I should like to see Miss Dauncey alone," said that lady to Molly, and Belle, scarcely less surprised than Molly, went to her at once.

Belle was always neat, and did not require to change either her dress or manner for a chance visitor, whether from court or cottage. Miss Weatherley was more nervous than Belle, and was some time before she explained the reason of her visit. She remarked on Flo's pretty room, and said it was much embellished since she had seen it last, which was before Charlie's marriage, and inquired for Flo, and asked various questions, to which Belle duly responded. Finally, she dashed into her actual business. Dashed is not, perhaps, quite the word, for she hesitated as she made the leap, and we all know that "he who hesitates is lost."

"I have to apologise, Miss Dauncey," she began, "but my brother——well, my brother sent me with a message for you"—a pause. "Two or three mornings ago he met our——well, his grandson, you know, to whom he has taken a great fancy. His name is Weatherley, I believe, doubtless given to him by his poor mother. He is quite confidential with my brother, and told him of the anxiety you are under at present on account of your brother's illness and your father's departure. He added something about the rent, and I have come at my brother's particular request to beg that you will be under no anxiety on that head, but will pay it when you can, or not at all, if you will do him the favour to accept it as a small contribution towards the maintenance of his grandchildren."

Miss Margaretta stopped short here, and glanced at Belle as one that was asking not granting a favour. Her white curls and white feather shook nervously, and she evidently dreaded a refusal as a suppliant does when not sure of success. But Belle was neither proud nor hard; she did not think it either grand or magnanimous to refuse a benefit, nor did she usually find it difficult to accept one. But this was so unexpected, and so strange, that she was overcome by surprise and gratitude. The strain on her feelings had been great ever since that fatal telegram, and she had been obliged to keep them under for the sake of others; now the tension gave way, and the tears, so many days restrained, broke forth. She could only stammer out a blurred confusion of thanks, which made Miss Margaretta more nervous than she was before. She was seated on the couch, and rose and fell back more than once before she spoke the simple words—

"Come here, my dear."

Belle went to her, and sat down by her side. The kind lady took the girl's hands, kissed her cheek, and muttered something about "grandchildren," and "the squire's duty," and "poor, dear Amy," which increased Belle's emotion. She mastered it, however, and with her own frank, natural manner, said—

"Oh, Miss Weatherley, will you thank the squire a thousand times? We could not pay the rent now, for my father was obliged to take it for the voyage. We

shall be able to pay it, I hope; but if not, I will accept it for the children, if I may. I think such a kind act must overcome my father's prejudices. Under all circumstances, a present weight is taken from my mind."

"I fear you have many weights to bear, my dear. Dulcey often tells me about you, and I should have shown more sympathy but for my brother's—— well, his——you understand. May I see the children?"

This turn of thought was good for Belle. She went off at once, and returned with Mamy. Marjory was at the vicarage, Weatherley could not be found. No sooner did Mamy perceive who it was that wanted her, than she gave a joyful little cry, and once more endangered Miss Weatherley's laces by casting her tender arms about her neck.

"Oh, the darling!" exclaimed this her great-aunt. "If I could only be spared to bring her up as I did her mother, I should be thankful to Almighty God."

"Dod," repeated Mamy, suddenly folding her little hands, as she was wont to do at the mention of that sacred name.

"She has been taught reverence," said Miss Margeretta, bowing her head.

"All the children seem naturally reverent and affectionate," returned Belle.

Perhaps there is nothing in human nature more convincing of its complex character of good and evil than the affection of the young for the old. Mamy's spontaneous love for Miss Margaretta was a type of this, but not so unaccountable as the love of the infant for the veriest hag with whom it is brought in contact. Neither infirmity nor wrinkles destroys this—not even cruelty. It was not extraordinary that Mamy took possession of the seat in Miss Margaretta's heart left vacant by her mother. To conceal an agitation which was both praiseworthy and natural, she turned to Belle with inquiries. They tumbled one over another in her nervous haste, and Belle answered them almost as rapidly, for she was much overcome by the interview.

She said that her father had both telegraphed and written from Liverpool before his voyage, but that they had received no further news of her brother; that Flo was at the vicarage as daily governess; that Weatherley was making himself useful both indoors and out; that Marjory was so steady and painstaking that she was having a good influence on Dolly; and that they would be able to get on now the squire was so kind. From the present there was a sudden transition to the past, and Belle recounted all she knew of the life and death of the dearly beloved niece, Charlie's wife and the children's mother. Both she and her questioner had difficulty in restraining their feelings, particularly when Mamy put in a word from time to time when her father's name was mentioned; her mother she did not seem to remember.

"I am detaining you," said Miss Weatherley at last. "If I can be of any service either to you or the children, will you do me the real favour of letting me know? Trouble loosens the heartstrings, and I am sure my brother would help you if your father would let him. Not that he has said as much to me. I was surprised at his asking me to come here to-day with the message, for he never names any subject connected with poor Amy; at least, he never has done so until the children came into the country. Providence cast the boy in his way, and will, I believe, work more miracles. He is already less reserved with me, and if I could only overcome my reserve, we might help one another. But we were born too much alike. It has done me good to open out to you."

As there seemed nothing more to say, Miss Margaretta took her leave.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S "NOMS DE PLUME."

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE difficulty of classifying the pen-names, pseudonyms, or noms de plume of women has been rather great, and I have at last concluded to give them according to date, for although they do range themselves into some kind of order, still I think the mention of them will be more interesting if they be taken by the date. That, it seems to me, shows almost more than anything else the changes of women's own thought about themselves and their position, as well as about the things on which they wrote; and as their range of subjects has grown wider, the use of pen-names has also increased. Changes of feeling and thought seem also evident at different periods, advancing from the use of the Christian name and the initials, to that of "A Lady," "A Lady of Title," and from that to "The Author of So-and-so"—a mode of concealing identity, and yet of claiming authorship, which is still much liked. Then came a period of what may be called moral names, such as "Theresa Tidy," a name used by Mrs. Elizabeth Graham (1763-1844), an English writer for children. Another writer for the young, Lady Eleanor Fenn (1746-1813), writing under the title of "Mrs. Lovechild," or "Solomon Lovechild."

Miss Louisa M. Alcott (1833-1888) wrote at one time under the name of "Tribulation Periwinkle," for children; and here in England we had a Miss Jane Atkinson, who adopted the name of "Jenny Wren" as a pseudonym for the same purpose. Mrs. Gatty, however, preferred to use the name of "Aunt Judy" to her magazine. And I find "Aunt Mary," "Aunt Louisa," and several cousins engaged in amusing our babes. "Mrs. Overtheway" is a name employed by Mrs. Ewing, daughter of Mrs. Gatty, who is the present editor of *Aunt Judy*. The original "Mother Goose" is said to have been Mrs. Rebecca Howse, of Oxford (1737-1818).

Many of our best-known and most famous women do not seem to have ever used a pseudonym; Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Radclyffe, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Somerville, Joanna Baillie, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning amongst others. In most of these cases it will, I believe, be found that the young writer was sheltered within the home, under the wing of some appreciative person—father or husband, as the case might be. This gave courage and ability to bring out the best that was in them.

It is delightful to find out what good and worthy women our English authors and writers have been; and what admiration and appreciation surrounded them in life. Most of them seem to have glorified their station in society with the "sweetness and light" of their well-spent days. This is the case, and very remarkably so, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Radclyffe, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, the Brontës, and many others; and in America we find also the tale of beautiful lives carried on in the best traditions of the old country by the Cary sisters, Louisa Mary Alcott, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Sigourney, Elizabeth Wetherell, and Maria Mitchell—a list which might be indefinitely extended, like our own.

"A Lady" is one of those ordinary pen-names that has served to conceal the identity of several well-known authors. Mrs. Rundell, the writer of what was known in the first edition as the "Family Receipt Book," published in 1808-1810, by Murray, was introduced as being the work of "A Lady." This book is interesting as having been paid for by Mr. Murray at the rate of £2,000 (a high price, even if paid to-day), and as having run through such a number of editions—that of 1861 being called the two hundred and thirtieth thousand. Mr. John Murray still publishes a "Modern Domestic Cookery," based on Mrs. Rundell's; and, indeed, I fancy that most of our English cookery books owe much to her. She was the wife of the senior partner in the firm of Rundell and Bridge, the eminent London jewellers; and she not only wrote her cookery book, but two others—"Domestic Happiness" (1806), and "Letters to My Two Daughters" (1814). Mrs. Jamieson's "Diary of an Ennuyée" (her first essay in literature) was also published as by "A Lady"; and so also was "Amy Herbert," Miss Sewell's first book. Miss Jane Austen's (1775-1817) four first books were published as by "A Lady," while the last two were posthumous. Charlotte Elliot, author of the beautiful poem, "Just as I am," also used this disguise; and Lady Wilton, author of one of our first and best books on needlework, wrote in the first instance under the pen-name of "A Lady of Rank." The compiler of one of my reference books declares he has on his list upwards of fifty works written by "A Lady." Perhaps in the early days of this century this marks a period of time when talented women were shy of acknowledging that they knew anything more than their neighbours, especially if they lived in the country. We find one of the most learned women of her day, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter (1717-1806), the friend and correspondent of all the most cultivated men of the period, and the translator of "Epictetus," began to contribute to literature under the name of "Eliza" and "Chariessa," and later on wrote under the name of "Mrs. E. C."

The romantic female name in literature dates from a very early period of Greek and Latin writers, of Italian and French, as well as English ones, who veiled their female idols under various beautiful names—Chariessa, Celia, Sacharissa, Delia, Almeria, Imogen, Amaryllis, Iolande, Irene, Iris, Ianthe, Musidora, Pamela, Amanda, and Althea. These were adopted as pseudonyms. In later years we have the eccentric Lady Ellenborough (1807-1882) using "Ianthe" as a pen-name before she adopted that of the "Arab Chief." "Pamela" was the name under which Lady Edward Fitzgerald was known, and there are several other instances of the kind.

"The Matchless Orinda," the name by which Mrs. Katherine Philips, an English poetess, published her works (1631-1664), was bestowed upon her by her friends, amongst whom she numbered Jeremy Taylor, who addressed to her his "Discourse on Friendship." She was an excellent French scholar, and the translator of Corneille's "Pompey," and other French works.

I find "Immortal Molly" amongst the celebrated names of women (1703-1784). She was a Mrs. Mary Fowle, a lady of Cambridge, the daughter of an alderman, who lived and died in her native town, and was for many years a famous "toast" in the University under that name, which caused the Rev. Hans de Veil to write the following epigram:—

"Is Molly Fowle immortal? No.
Yes, but she is; I'll prove her so.
She's fifteen now, and was, I know,
Fifteen full fifteen years ago."

The "Idler in Italy" and the "Idler in France" (1841) was the name selected by Lady Blessington (1790-1849) for her travelling sketches; and we have "An Idle Woman" to-day, in the person of Mrs. Minto-Elliot, a well-known writer, wife of the Dean of Bristol, who was a brother of the Earl of Minto. She has written charming diaries and travels in Italy, Sicily, and Spain, as well as deeper books of history, biography, and description.

The original "Plain Woman" was, I find, Lady Catherine Barker, daughter of the first Earl of Ducie, who adopted that as her pseudonym (1815). She was married, in 1841, to John Raymond Barker, Esq. Miss Catherine Barker published her book, "Alone Amongst the Zulus" (1866), under the name of "A Plain Woman" also. There is a curious likeness between the names of the two ladies who selected this very honest and straightforward pseudonym.

Amongst the almost purely American developments of the adopted name must next be mentioned the floral, or those which chronicle the name of some month in summer, and have a pet name of the diminutive kind prefixed to it. The prevalence of these names amongst women over the water is quite remarkable, and gives one an idea that the writers in America have a romantic side to their characters, which our women writers do not possess, as these names have never been at all fashionable here. The use of them seems to date, I think, from Mrs. Sarah Payton Parton's assumption of the name of "Fanny Fern," under which nom de plume her popularity and success were great and universal throughout the States. Her first book, "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio," was published at Cincinnati in 1853. Then, following in the same year, "Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends"; and in May, 1854, a second series of "Fern Leaves." The total sale of these three books in the United States was 132,000, and in Great Britain 48,000. The "Fern Leaves" were short essays on various subjects in nature, and it was probably their freshness and novelty which gave them popularity. Fanny Fern's novel, published in 1855, "Ruth Hall," had an extraordinary sale, 50,000 copies in eight months; and for one of her stories, "Fanny Ford," the *New York Ledger* paid £20 a column. Her last book was published in 1868. Mrs. Parton's success was not achieved until after her second marriage, when she must have been about forty-five, and her career of writing, during which her popularity never waned, lasted about fifteen years. In this time she produced eight books, and probably made more money than has ever been made by any woman writer under the same circumstances. Mrs. Parton died in 1872.

Of course such a success produced many imitators, and to it may also be attributed the fact of the popularity of this kind of nom de plume in the United States. In 1854 we find "Minnie Myrtle" bringing out "Myrtle Leaves," and so popular was the "Myrtle" idea, that in the list of American authors we find a second "Minnie," a "May," and two "Mollie Myrtles." In England "Mrs. Harriette Myrtle" is the pseudonym of Mrs. Miller, the widow of the well-known geologist, Hugh Miller; and, strange to say, another Mrs. Miller has adopted the name of "Harriette Myrtle" as a pen-name.

It is open to question whether Mrs. Parton took the idea of her nom de plume from the name "Fanny Forester" by Mrs. Judson, who wrote under it from 1844 to 1853; but it is possible that this lady was the originator of these alliterative names. Mrs. Judson was the third wife of that well-known American missionary, Dr. Judson, the founder of the Burmah mission in 1815, the translator of the Bible, the dictionary, and many religious works into Burmese. Dr. Judson was fortunate in having married three wives, all literary and intellectual women, and well able to help him in his missionary labours. The lives of the three Mistresses Judson were published in New York in 1855, and had a great sale. The third Mrs. Judson, "Fanny Forester," brought out in 1846 two volumes of tales, poems, and essays, under the title of "Alderbrook," which met with immense success.

Of the same sylvan alliterative order is "Grace Greenwood," the name used by Mrs. Sara Jane Lippincott, who published "Greenwood Leaves" (1849), a collection of sketches and letters, and a second series, under the same title, in 1851, besides many other very successful books, poems, and travels in Europe. Mrs. Lippincott was first known as a writer in the *New York Mirror*, under the name of "Grace Greenwood," and her identity was discovered by means of some poems published under her real name. She is widely known as an editor and writer in the United States.

"Gooseberry Greene" is the name selected by an American writer on cookery and household economy. We find several diversities of May, the month of which name Mr. Lowell declared was "very like mayn't." "Mattie May," "Morna May," "Mayflower," and "Millie Mayfield" have all been used as pen-names, and "Mignonette" has found admirers on both sides the Atlantic.

Mrs. Jennie Croly's talks on women's topics, under the name of "Jennie Juneiana," and her children's books are well known both in England and America. There is also a "Jessie June."

"Susie Sunshine" is Mrs. Mackarness's nom de plume in America for some children's stories, called the "Susie Sunshine Series," and I find "Silvia Sunshine" adopted by Miss Brooks, a Tennessee lady, in 1880. I have also on my list a "Getty Gay," "Minnie Minnister," and "Tatty Trundle" (or "Trudle"), and "last, but not least," in the work of alliteration I find the "Minstrel Maiden of Mobile," who ought to write "rhapsodies of restless roars" one would think.

I do not know whether there will be a run on the names of prominent heroines in negro melodies as pen-names, but certainly the young lady who recently made the circuit of the world so speedily has made "Nelly Bligh" the name of the famous lady of colour (who, like our white ladies, "shuts her eye when she goes to sleep") so very popular that we shall probably see some imitators.

A curious but not unnatural form of nom de plume is the statement of the relationship on the title page of "In Memoriam" volumes. "Her Niece" was the name chosen by Charlotte Barrett, niece of Miss Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). "His Widow" has had followers. It was selected by Mrs. Fanny Bryne, the widow of Miles Bryne, exiled in 1798 from Ireland, and also by Mrs. Eliza Boaz, the widow of an Indian missionary at Calcutta. "One of Her Sisters" was chosen by Miss R. Bolton, the granddaughter of the Rev. W. Jay.

"His Niece" was Miss Frances Dorothy Cartwright, who wrote the life of her uncle, Major John Cartwright. "His Daughter" is the name of Madame H. de Witt, the authoress of the Private Life of Monsieur Guizot. "His Mother" and "Her Mother" have both been used; and "His Sister" wrote the life of Edward William Lane, the Egyptian traveller. Nor in this list must the names of Miss Hogarth and Miss Mamie Dickens be omitted, who, severally as "His Sister-in-Law" and "His Eldest Daughter," edited the letters of the late Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Kingsley, in writing the life of her dead husband, the late Charles Kingsley, preferred to call herself "His Wife," instead of his widow—a touching and believing acknowledgment of faith in a living and everlasting union.

Then we find "His Stepmother," "His Three Daughters," "His Twin Brother," "His Intimate Friend," and "His Grandson;" and, last of all, and perhaps the most pathetic also of these memorials of departed worth, and of living regret and abiding sorrow, we find "His Grandmother." Alas! for the dim eyes that had survived to weep so late and long, and lose so sadly the young of her household.

Two royal ladies—one dead, the other living—who have won fame with the pen, must now be mentioned. The first, Amalia, Grand Duchess of Saxony, was born 1794, and died 1870. She was a dramatic poet of much ability, and wrote under the nom de plume of "Amalie Heiter." The other royal dame is "Carmen Sylva," Elizabeth Queen of Roumania, who has written in both poetry and prose, which have been translated into English, French, and Russian. Another princess, though not royal, is Princess Hélène Ghika, a Wallachian authoress, who is well-known in Europe under her assumed name of "Dora d'Istria."

Amongst miscellaneous noms de plume I have found that Mrs. Hemans, the poet, wrote under the name of "Clara Balfour"; Mrs. Grote under that of "A Mutual Friend"; Miss Lucy Aitkin, the daughter of Dr. John Aitkin, wrote under the name of "Mary Godolphin"; and in the way of names adapted to circumstances, we find an American poet—Mrs. Maria Brookes (1796-1845)—assuming the pen-name of "Maria del Occidente," or "Mary of the West." One of the names best known to the days of our childhood was, I suppose, that of Mrs. Markham, who wrote the histories most used by every child. The real name of this lady was *Elizabeth Penrose*. The well-known "Charlotte Elizabeth" (1792-1846), who wrote the "Siege of Derry," "Judah's Lion," etc., was Mrs. C. E. Tonna.

The pseudonym of "Mrs. Alexander" covers the identity of one of our best known and most popular of authors, Mrs. Hector, who wrote "The Admiral's Ward" (1882), and "The Executor" (1883), besides others. Under the name of "Theo Gift," Miss Dora Havers writes "Pretty Miss Bellew"; and Mrs. Maggie Argles writes under the name of "The Duchess"; Mrs. Eliza M. J. Booth is "Rita"; "E. Owens Blackburne" is the pen name of Miss Elizabeth Casey, and "Hesba Stretton" serves to conceal Miss Hannah Smith's identity, the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," perhaps the most widely circulated in all lands of any short story ever written. The list of this lady's works is a very long one—upwards of forty volumes, large and small. Miss Henrietta Keddie, under the name of "Sarah Tytler," is the author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." Miss Eliza Meteyard is well known as "Silver-pen"; and "Edith May," the author of "Kate's Story," is Miss Anna J. Drinkwater. The famous "Meg Dods" of the cookery book is Mrs. Johnstone; and "Ouida" is Miss Louise de la Ramée. "Violet Fane" is Mrs. Singleton; and Miss M. B. Stuart writes under the name of "Grace Mortimer."

The next class of noms de plume consists of those which have, perhaps, become so unintentionally by the marriage of the authoress. In art, we have an instance of this in Adelaide Claxton, now Mrs. G. G. Turner; Miss Thackeray, now Mrs. Richie; Miss Annie Thomas, now Mrs. Pender Cudlip; Miss Helen Mathers, now Mrs. Henry Reeves; Miss L. T. Meade, Mrs. Alfred Toulmin Smith; May Laffan, Mrs. Noel Hartley; Isa Craig, Mrs. John Knox; Miss Clayton, Mrs. Needham; Miss Thompson, Lady Butler; Miss Buckley, Mrs. Fisher; Madame Albani, Mrs. Ernest Gye; and others. It sometimes happens that women give up working in their professions, whether in literature, art, or music, on their marriage, but not often, as the foregoing list will prove.

One of the most frequent forms of the nom de plume is "By the Author of So-and-so." This was the style used for many years by Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Mrs. Archer Clive, the author of "Paul Ferroll" and "Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife" (1855-1860), adopted the same idea. Miss Charlotte Yonge was and is generally described as "The Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,'" and Miss Charlesworth, as the well-known author of that most popular work, "Ministering Children;" the same seems also the case with Miss Anne Manning, who wrote "Mary Powell" and the "Household of Sir Thomas More." In the instance of Mrs. Charles Barnard, commonly known as "Claribel," the author of many popular songs and a volume of poetry, the personality of the authoress seems completely merged in her nom de plume. The identity of the author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family," the "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan," and other books that have taken an immense hold on youthful as well as on elder minds, seems also to be wrapped up in her lifelike and vivid creations. The mental effects of her books are immense; no one could read them without feeling all their powers awakened to strive towards a new and higher life. Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the writer, is a daughter of the the late John Rundle, Esq., for many years M.P. for Tavistock, and married, in 1851, A. P. Charles, Esq., who died in 1868. Mrs. Charles was born in 1828, at Tavistock, in Devon, and began to write in 1850. She is the author of about thirty books, most of them valuable additions to the history and literature of the Christian Church. The author of "Charles Anchester," a well-known musical tale, was Miss Sheppard; and "Emillia Wyndham" was the work of Mrs. Anne Marsh.

Four of the most excellent of our children's books are by Mrs. J. Mortimer, who is best known as the author of "Line upon Line" and "Precept upon Precept," and not least amongst them "The Peep of Day" and "Reading without Tears." The author of "Our Farm of Four Acres" was Miss Coulton; and the Hon. Emily Eden is best known as that of the "Semi-detached House." Another of these instances is that of the Baroness Tautpheus, whose name is not so familar to the ordinary mind as is that of the interesting tales of which she is the author—"The Initials," "Quits" and "At Odds." The German atmosphere in "Quits" is wonderful. The Baroness is of Welsh origin, and was a Miss Montgomery before she married the Baron Tautpheus, the Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria. The Baroness began to write in 1850, and all her books have seen many editions.

In my next article I propose to deal with the writers who have adopted male noms de plume, which, to my mind, marks a distinct advance in many ways in women's thoughts and feelings.

(*To be concluded.*)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

VII.—JANE SEYMOUR* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

HENRY VIII. showed a strange incapacity to avail himself of previous experience, and an equally strange indifference to old associations, by marrying for his third wife a second maid-of-honour, who, like Anne Boleyn, had spent a portion of her youth in France, where Anne was supposed to have learnt her freedom of speech and manner. But, at least, the King indicated something of the alarm and repulsion with which his late wife's foolish conduct had inspired him, by choosing for the next partner of his throne a woman who, though she had passed through the same hurtful ordeal which had helped to mould Anne, was from the first as quiet and staid as her former companion was sprightly and giddy. Except in the detail of receiving and accepting a royal lover's suit, a worse than doubtful honour, which in those days seemed utterly to dazzle and blind the recipient where higher considerations and finer feelings were concerned, Jane Seymour went through a not very long life with the modest reserve and wise abstention from meddling with questions out of her province, characteristic of those happiest of private women who have no history. Hers was not the distinction (which compelled precedence) of surpassing excellence in the much-prized accomplishments of singing and dancing, or of a reckless, witty tongue. She had the gift of beauty, certainly; but it was beauty of a tranquil, it might be slightly inanimate, type.* Her other gifts were comprised in her commonsense and prudence—excellent qualities in women and queens—and in that good nature which caused her to weigh more calmly and deal more fairly with conflicting claims than ever Anne Boleyn or Catherine of Arragon had done. If Jane Seymour had not the grandiose dignity of the cruelly-used daughter of kings, she had the ordinary respect-inspiring merit of a woman who had tried, for the most part, throughout her life, to do her best according to her light.

It is no grave disparagement to either Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn to say that, differing widely as they did in dispositions and standards, they could never, however intimately associated at different periods of their lives, have been friends; indeed, no historian pretends they were. Judging from human nature in the abstract, it is much more likely that both as girls and women they misunderstood and misjudged each other, and were more or less opposed from the first. Therefore no bond of friendship was necessarily outraged by the marriage which rendered Jane Anne's successor; and when one considers that the two had served as equals in the Courts of Mary Tudor, when Queen of France, and of Claude, who succeeded Mary, it is rather idle to speak of Jane's disloyalty to a mistress who had formerly been her fellow-servant, and had not been her mistress for more than three years at the utmost.

The great stain on Jane's name and memory is her prompt acceptance of Henry's suit—unseemly in time if not in place—and her consent to marry him with indecent haste. How much a royal tyrant's despotic will, as well as the dread of losing his fleeting favour, or how much the urgent recommendation of his council and peers, that Henry should marry immediately, had to do with this error, is no longer within a chronicler's power to decipher.

As part of the wholesome obscurity which surrounded Jane Seymour's early days, little or nothing is remembered of them—even the date of her birth has not been preserved. It is known that she was one of the daughters of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire, and of Margaret Wentworth, daughter of Sir John Wentworth of Nettlestead, Suffolk. She is understood to have been one of eight children. There is proof sufficient to show that she went along with Anne Boleyn to France, in the suite of Mary Tudor, and, like Anne, passed into the service of Queen Claude.

A portrait of Jane as a maid-of-honour has been discovered in the Louvre, and serves to prove how fair of face the young Englishwoman was at this date. If no other record survives of her attractions, such as was retained of Anne Boleyn's manifold charms, Jane escaped the poignant shafts of envy and detraction—no evil tongues were busy with her name.

More than ten years afterwards Sir John Seymour made interest to have his daughter

* Agnes Strickland. Froude.

* According to Chapuys (the Imperial ambassador), Jane was short, fair, rather pale, "of no great beauty"; but tastes differ.

appointed one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Anne, doubtless putting more weight on their former connection than it was worth; anyhow he gained his suit.

At the time of Anne's death, Jane Seymour was at her father's house in Wiltshire, where preparations were going on with such haste for her marriage with the King, that they were actually wedded on the 20th of May, 1536, the day after Anne's execution.*

Anne's melancholy fate had produced no softening of Henry's wrath against her, a result which reads as if he had persuaded himself of her guilt. He may also have persuaded Jane Seymour of Anne's worthlessness, so that the two came to regard, with a perverted logic, their immediate marriage as "a tragic necessity," a righteous protest against the dead woman's crimes, and an emphatic assertion that they had a right to behave as if she had never been.

It would appear that when Henry arrived at this frame of mind with regard to any of his queens, he was of opinion that a fresh marriage blotted out the previous one, alike in his own eyes and in those of his subjects, and that therefore the sooner it was accomplished the better for all parties.

In looking back on the dim past, there are two ideas little short of manias of the men of the time, the paramount effect of which strikes and startles us. There was a divinity which hedged a king, so that unless it came to the point of his being deposed and slain, he was rendered absolutely exempt from censure, and from well-nigh all responsibility in public judgment and speech. There was a haunting dread of the King's dying without direct heirs, and so plunging the country into the miseries of civil war, such as happened on the accession of Mary. With Mary set aside, and Elizabeth also dispossessed of her inheritance, the King's successor could only be looked for amidst a company of contending claimants.

There is a grim and grisly legend that Henry waited, either in Richmond Park or in Epping Forest, surrounded by his huntsmen and hounds, under the pretence of being engaged in the chase, for the signal gun from the Tower which should announce that he was free from the last link that bound him to Anne Boleyn. Then the King and his train turned in the direction of Sir John Seymour's seat, where they arrived the same night, on the eve of the royal bridal. But there was no call for so dramatically unnatural a situation. There were decorous messengers in abundance to carry the news, to the person principally concerned, with more certainty and privacy.

The fact that the bridegroom as well as the bride wore white—a custom then dying out for men of Henry's age and size—at the ill-omened marriage, may have been significant of the asserted integrity of the motives of the pair. The same day the newly-married couple dined at Marwell. They proceeded next to Winchester, and arrived at last in London about the season of Whitsuntide, the time of the year which figured so conspicuously and so often in Henry's nuptial rejoicings. On St. Peter's Eve the King took the new Queen to Mercers' Hall, where she stood by one of the windows to witness the annual ceremony of setting the City Watch.

In the first Parliament after the King's third marriage a bill was passed, excluding Henry's two children by his former marriages from the succession to the crown, which was settled on the heirs of King Henry and Queen Jane.

Miss Strickland quotes a singular instance in which the new Queen was favoured by a compliment intended for her predecessor. Coverdale's English Bible, published at Zürich in 1535, was dedicated to King Henry and Queen Anne, and an attempt was made to cause the dedication to suit the change in the Royal Family by printing the letter "J" over the name Anne.

As on a former occasion, the whole kindred and connections of Jane Seymour profited by her elevation to the throne. They filled the places formerly occupied by the displaced and superseded Boleyns, the whole unblushing system being a strong argument against the marriage of a king with a subject. But as far as Queen Jane's personal influence went, she exerted herself to enlist the King's interest in "the Lady Mary." Even before her marriage, Jane had advocated the cause of Mary, for whom she had displayed a kindly regard.* Mary, in her turn, always viewed her step-mother Queen Jane as her good friend. By Jane's instrumentality, Henry was partially reconciled to his daughter, at this time in her twenty-third year, and Mary came several times on visits to the Court during Jane's reign. The concession was gracious and honourable in the woman, who was herself walking on a slippery path, and that so blamelessly that it could be said of her, "her name was mentioned both by Protestants and Catholics with unreserved respect." The writer whose verdict is least favourable to Jane Seymour, while the Queen reaped golden opinions from other historians, including her contemporaries, remarks, as the worst judgment that could be passed on her behaviour after she was Queen: "She purposely steered her course of royalty so that her manners appeared diametrically opposed to those of Queen Anne, while her actions were utterly passive and dependent on those of the King."

As to the first count, to say Queen Jane had royal manners, totally unlike those of Queen Anne, was a considerable meed of praise to Queen Jane. With regard to the second indictment, how her actions could have been active and independent of those of such a lord and sovereign as King Hal—rapidly waxing brutal in his bluffness—it would be hard to say. Jane Seymour's motto was "Bound to obey and serve"; Anne Boleyn's had been "Me and mine."

In the January following Jane Seymour's marriage, that of 1537, the rare event occurred of the freezing of the Thames; so that she crossed it on horseback, in the company of the King, on their way to Greenwich Palace. In the following summer she was with the King in a progress to Canterbury.

Her coronation, for which she does not seem to have pressed, was deferred on account of the ravages of a pestilence then raging in the country. Therefore, in lieu of the gorgeous accounts of state dress and princely pageant, which none gives better or with greater zest than Miss Strickland, she furnishes us with two personal descriptions of the Queen, taken from a drawing and a picture of Hans Holbein's, in which the writer hardly leaves Queen Jane the claim to a vestige of the beauty for which she was celebrated in her day. "Coarse and apathetic-looking"; "a large face, with small features"; "the expression sinister"; "the mouth very small"; "the lips thin, and closely compressed"; "the eyebrows very faintly marked"; "high cheek-bones, and a thickness at the point of the nose." To crown the condemnation, the comment is added that Holbein "generally gave a faithful representation of his subjects." The more finished portrait is admitted to be less unfavourable; the complexion is allowed to be fine, and the features regular. Still, even here the expression is reckoned "cold and hard," while the figure is pronounced "stiff," and the elbows "very square." Nay, though no fault is found with the flowing scarlet robe, the representation of a little poodle-curled up on it comes in for its share in the detraction: "A queer little white poodle; and which looks the sourest, the mistress or dog, it would be difficult to describe." Blue-eyed, fair-skinned Jane Seymour, serene and discreet, the aspersions of your beauty and temper will not trouble you now—they were praised enough in their generation.

Jane's child was born at Hampton Palace on October 12, 1537, with great danger to the mother, during which she is said to have begged those around her "To take care of her infant in preference to herself." The child was a boy, and his entrance into the world was hailed with almost mad rejoicing. His christening was conducted with the greatest pomp. The procession went by torchlight from the Queen's chamber to the chapel in Wolsey's palace. We may take it for granted it was by the motherly Queen's wish that the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, figured prominently in the ceremony. Mary presented the child at the font to Archbishop Cranmer. Elizabeth, a little girl of four, carried the chrisom while herself borne in the arms of the Queen's brother. The inveterate old courtier, the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, was not conspicuous by his absence; he appeared bearing a white wax taper, and having a towel hung round his neck. As the boy had been born on the eve of St. Edward's Day, he was named Edward, and was carried back to his proud mother's apartment to receive her blessing.

But sorrow succeeds joy, as night follows day. The Queen had caught a chill, had eaten some unsuitable food, and was seized with violent illness. After one or two alternations in her condition, she died in the night of the 24th of October, to the great grief of the King and the universal lamentation of the nation. Calculating her age as near that of Mary Tudor, Queen of France, and Anne Boleyn, she must have been thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age when she died.* The Queen's body was embalmed, and lay in state for several days. It was removed from Hampton Court to Windsor, and buried in St. George's Chapel with every honour. The old custom of having a waxen image of the deceased exposed in the funeral-car was in full force. The image which represented Jane Seymour was clothed in her robes of state, wore a crown, beneath which the long hair fell on the shoulders, a gold sceptre was in the right hand, the fingers were covered with rings, and the neck with jewels. The shoes and hose were of gold cloth; the head rested on a pillow of gold cloth and gems. Throughout the funeral-rites "the Lady Mary" acted as chief mourner.

Henry spent the first part of his widowerhood in strict retirement. He and the whole Court remained in deep mourning for three months. It was the solitary instance in which Henry put on mourning for a wife; that which he wore for one day, in recognition of the funeral day of Catherine of Arragon, was ostensibly mourning for a sister-in-law. As a further proof of his tender friendship for Jane, the King desired that "the bones and body of his true and loving wife Jane were to be placed in his tomb." In 1813 Jane Seymour's coffin was discovered and left close to the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which had been previously exposed. The vault which contains both is now sealed up.

SARAH TYTLER.

* Chapuys wrote that Jane was in London, and went the day after Anne's execution to the palace where the marriage contract was signed. He was greatly surprised and a good deal disgusted by the marriage, but acknowledged that it gave general satisfaction.

* Chapuys referred to Jane Seymour's "great affection for Princess Mary." Elsewhere he reported that it was said Queen Jane was proud and haughty, an impression given probably by the difference between her manner and Anne's.

* Chapuys made her only twenty-five at the time of her marriage, which must have been an error.

A GUITAR MELODY.

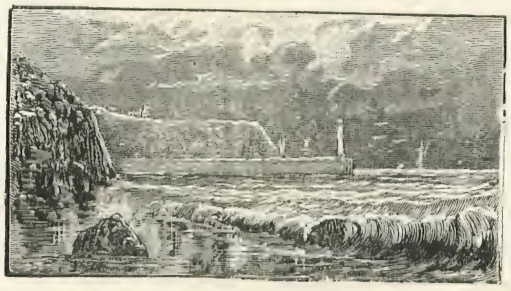
By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Do the right readily,
Work thy work steadily;
  On heights unclaimed before
  Make thy steps sure,
Where troubles throng the way,
Where hope makes long delay,
  Happy for evermore
  Those who endure!

Grow as the daisies do,
To their own praises true,
  Though dark their wintry bed,
  Though storms appal;
Like them persistent be,
Till thou the distant see,
  And on thy dauntless head
  Heaven's sunlight fall.

To the right dutiful
Make thy life beautiful,
  And though the year may bear
  Contrary days,
Proof against tearfulness,
Fashion thy cheerfulness,
  Weave from the woof of care
  Garments of praise.

On, though the path be rough;
That pilgrim hath enough
  Who hath a steadfast heart
  Girded for strife.
Though foe or friend allure,
On, for the end is sure;
  Thine is the victor's part,
  The crown of life!



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candalaria," "After Shipwreck," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCHOR WEIGHED.

"The greatest Scripture characters were pilgrims, and the most remarkable people in the world's history tramps on the face of the earth. Courage, then—rest and motion make up the world. Circumstances are God's mould, into which He casts us to act upon our better nature for eternal ends."
—*From "A Father's Letters to his Daughter."*

"WILL you not try the climate of the South of France, father?—three months, say, at Cannes; it is not so dear there as at Mentone; you have been so much better, on the whole, the last few months, and South Kensington seems to have all we want to make life pleasant."

"Excepting health, Marjory."

"You have been much better here, though, much better than you were in Lancashire."

"Yes, that was not the place for me, certainly; but I have made up my mind to spend no more capital in trying to get what I begin to feel is not to be had anywhere. Since I lost money in those New Zealand mines, we have only just enough to live on with care. But, Madge, are you forgetting it is the day for your visit to the doctor, and I want to send a note by you this morning?"

My father had never been really strong; his constitution was naturally a delicate one. Immediately after their marriage, he and my mother went out to Queensland, and there I was born. He had inherited sufficient property from his father to make him independent of any business or profession, and the sea suited him; so that we never knew what it was to be settled long in one place. My mother was a brave, energetic woman, who easily adapted herself to circumstances, not through indifference or apathy, but owing to force of will. Although it had been a great disappointment to her never to be able to make a permanent home, she was of too strong and sensible a nature to repine and fret. She and my father were admirably suited to each other; their natures were the one the complement of the other, and the love and consideration he showed amply compensated her for other conditions in her lot which might have made some women discontented. He might have well applied to her those lines in a late translation of the Æneid of Virgil:

"My yokefellow upon the road
  Of every sea he went;
'Gainst every threat of sea and sky
  A hardy heart he held."

But she took scarlet fever through nursing a poor young Irish girl, and died when I was fifteen. She and my father had been settled in a little town in Brittany whilst I was at school in Germany for three years. The Irish girl had gone there with a family as nurse, and when it was found she had the fever, the lady who had brought her away from home took her children back to England at once, for fear of infection, and left the poor young thing alone with an old Frenchwoman, who, my mother found, was neglecting her.

Bridget got well and went back to Ireland; my dear mother sickened and died.

After that my father was more restless and unsettled in his life than ever. We went out to Queensland again, ostensibly to look after matters connected with a sugar plantation in which he had shares. We spent some months in Tahiti, on another large plantation for growing cotton, visited the Sandwich Islands, and finally came to England. My only near relative was an aunt, a sister of my mother's, who had a house and some other property in a village near Manchester. She had, however, married an Italian of good family, and when we went home from Australia, had just settled with her husband in Florence. My mother and she had not met for some years before the death of the former, but my father and I had spent some time in Manchester, in order to look after some business of my aunt's, in which I, through my mother, was also interested. The cold, rainy climate there did not suit him, and, by the advice of a London physician, whom he had always consulted when in town, we were now in a lodging in a quiet street leading out of a square near the South Kensington Museum

"Take care of the dear father for me," were the last words my mother spoke to me. How often had I repeated them over and over to myself in the loneliness of my own room! My father was country and home and family to me. He was nearly all my world; for our wandering life had prevented my forming those friendships and pleasant little ties and associations dear to most girls. At my German school we were of many different nationalities, and I had to work so hard—being backward in the ordinary subjects to which most attention is given in school education—that I had little time for cultivating the sentimental friendships often formed at an ordinary boarding-school. One dear friend I had, to whom I devoted all my spare time—Edith Morrison; but she was an American, from Philadelphia, and she was now in the States again. I heard from her once or twice a year still—just often enough, as she expressed it, for us not to lose tracks of each other.

A GUITAR MELODY.

My mother's face had been the most beautiful one I had ever seen; in my mind none could ever compare with it, and in this my father, I knew, agreed with me. She was tall and shapely; her eyes were like the speedwell in the shade of a country hedgerow, her hair dark auburn. The touch of her hand still soothes me when troubled dreams disturb my rest. No wonder my father, who was naturally of a reserved, sensitive nature, and never very strong, could not rally for many months after her death; and now a complaint had developed itself, which baffled the skill of several of the best medical men in London.

Compared with my mother, I was plain in appearance; but I was strong, and could walk, ride, and row as well as most young women of my age, which, at the time my story opens, was just eighteen.

To return to my visit to Dr. Somerville, my father's physician and our friend. In order that our bill might not be too heavy—he had not said that, but we knew he had thought it—he would not make many visits at our lodging; but he told me to keep him informed of my father's condition. The walk across the park would do me good, he had said; and I had to go to his house in Park Street two or three times every week.

On this particular morning there was also a note to take to him. The doctor looked graver than usual after reading it, I fancied, and he did not speak to me at once.

"Will you be coming over this afternoon, or to-morrow?" I asked him, anxiously.

"I see no use in coming, my child. I may as well tell you frankly that there is nothing further I can suggest to help your father. It is only throwing away his money paying more fees."

Dr. Somerville's tones were firm and decided, but his honest eyes were full of kindness and sympathy as he looked down at me. I stood before him, nervously interlacing my fingers, and trying hard to keep my feelings within bounds.

I could not control my voice to answer him at once, or rather to plead with him not to forsake us; he could help us in one way, if not in the way he wished. Seeing that I could not speak, he went on in a more easy, cheerful tone—

"I did not mean that I would not come to see you again; on the contrary, I should be very sorry to lose sight of you both. But I think it right to discontinue my professional visits. If your father decides to stay where you now are for a few months longer, I will look in as a friend sometimes, and have a chat with you both, when I am in your direction; and my wife says you must come and see her as often as you can. You ought to have exercise and more fresh air; and then you can tell me how your father goes on, in case I am not able to call as often as I wish."

The tears would not be kept back any longer, though I tried my best to be strong and to thank him.

"Come along, my child," he said, without appearing to notice the struggle to control myself; "come along, and see the wife; she has just come downstairs, and has something pretty to show you this morning."

Mrs. Somerville often had something pretty to show that was new, for she was greatly loved by all those favoured patients whom the doctor introduced to his wife; and many were the gifts, large and small, that came from both men and women who had benefited by his advice, and who often found him more generous in his treatment and care than they could have expected. Unlike some more selfish men, he delighted in turning their gratitude, if it was bent on finding some practical expression, into a channel which cheered and brightened the life of his wife, who suffered from an incurable ailment, which confined her almost altogether within the house.

That day she could not persuade me to stay and take luncheon with her, and afterwards share her drive in the park, as I so often had done during the last year. I was anxious to get home, feeling sure my father's illness must have shown graver symptoms than before, to lead the doctor to speak as he had done. When I got back to our temporary home—we had been so well served and cared for in that house in South Street, that it was beginning to seem like home to me—I found my father propped up with pillows in the bed where he had lain for the last month, writing on closely-lined foreign letter paper, several sheets of which he had already covered.

"I know what Dr. Somerville said, Madge," he began, before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to frame the doctor's message aright. "I knew what he would say when I sent you this morning. No doctor living will ever cure me now. Since this new trouble came, nothing can ever help me effectually; although I believe if I could have a sea voyage again immediately it would patch me up for a time. And who do you think has been to see me this morning? It seems as though he had come at the very nick of time for my Madge and me."

He was making his tones as cheery as he could, the dear father, because the sad, hopeless look on my face I know pained him, though I did try to smile as he looked up at me from those weary sheets. I knew he would suffer afterwards from the unwonted effort of writing so long. He must have been busy all the time I had been away.

"Well, tell me quickly, dear fa', it must have been someone pleasant from the look on your face; though you have managed to write volumes, too, since I left you."

"It was John Merryweather, an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I have not seen for twenty years. We met last just before your dear mother and I were married. We went to Queensland, you know, then, and he went to the United States. He had just demanded and received his portion, and was making a new start in the world, full of high spirits and of hope. But I heard of him next as penniless; he had lost all in a commercial venture, and was then teaching school in Ohio, 'boarding round,' as he termed it, amongst the scattered farmers of a great tract of half-cultivated land. After that he tells me he managed to make his way to California, where he got gold, and now he is a wealthy importer and merchant in Honolulu, and has also a house of business in San Francisco."

Here my poor father had to stop to take breath, and to give a tug at his pillows.

"Well, fa', dear," I observed, when he was a little rested again, "and what has that to do with us? I see it concerns us in some way, from the look on your face. Why, you look quite peart and cheery." ("Peart" was a word of our landlady's.)

"It means that you and I will pack up and be off to sea as fast as we can. I am going to be a bookkeeper in my old age, Madge. I suppose you did not think your father capable of keeping books, or of any other useful employment, did you, now?"

I was certainly perplexed and incredulous at this last announcement.

"I know you will manage to do anything well that you try to do, father; but are you really in earnest? And do you think you have sufficient strength for work of that kind?" I asked.

"I must work, Madge, in some way or another, or else die in the attempt. I cannot bear to slowly linger on in a lodging; better to wear out than to rust away, you know; and I have been writing to an old friend of mine in New Zealand, who is a director of several companies there; I fancy he is mixed up in one for which I could work an agency in the Sandwich, or rather the Hawaiian Islands, besides doing my bookkeeping."

"Oh, father, it sounds so unlike you altogether; I cannot imagine you in such a position."

"Unlike me to work for our bread, and to pay my way honourably, Madge! I fear I have done little work all my life so far, but it is not too late to begin, and my friend Merryweather says he has a furnished house, empty just now, next to his own, into which we could go at once on landing in Honolulu."

"But you really are not strong enough, father."

"The sea will do wonders—it always has seemed to renovate me; and please God I shall be stronger before I have to begin work. I am only to work at the firm's books for part of the day. Now run away and take off your things while I finish my letter."

It was very bewildering to me, the thought of this sudden move; it almost took away my breath, the notion of a bookkeeper's post for my father. Another consideration in connection with the change in prospect pained me more than I liked to own even to myself. Instead of taking off my hat, I sat down as I was in my little bedroom at the top of the house, and gazed over the roofs of the opposite houses into vacancy. To my mental vision the figure of another beside my father presented itself persistently. I realised that my heart was not so exclusively filled by a daughter's love as it had been a few months ago, and I was weak enough to indulge in the selfish and useless wish that this friend of my father's had turned up earlier. From these thoughts the sound of my father's handbell roused me, and throwing off my hat and cloak I ran down to see what he wanted.

"There, Madge, I have finished my letter, and, so far as I can arrange the matter at present, all is settled. Send this letter to the post, and then we will talk the thing over quietly together."

My father then explained to me the exact position of his affairs, which was graver than I had any idea of. He had not told me the whole of the facts before, as he feared to distress me too much. Not only was the larger half of his money gone, but the little fortune my mother had left to me was lost also. She had appointed him sole trustee for me, and he had been tempted to invest my money, as he thought safely, in an enterprise abroad, which had turned out an utter failure. Our income was now reduced to such an extent that it would be quite impossible for us to remain in England any longer without great privation. He knew that no real permanent cure was possible for him, since the complaint he suffered from had so far developed itself; and if he stayed now where he was, without change, he felt he should give way and sink rapidly. If the voyage did not do him so much good as he expected, at any rate he would have the consolation and satisfaction of having done all he could, he said. Dear father! he stroked my hair fondly, and told me he wished to prolong his life as much as possible for my sake, and to make my life happier and easier for me, under our changed circumstances, than it could be if we stayed in England now we were so poor, comparatively speaking.

I had begun to love England; I had even dreamed of making some money by my own work. That idea had occurred to me as soon as I heard of our first money loss. At Dr. Somerville's house, at the little sociable gatherings his wife delighted in having, I had often met an artist who was also said to be a rising poet, a contributor to many of the magazines of the day. He seemed to enjoy

talking to me; he made me tell him all about our life in the South Sea Islands, and he had once suggested that I should try to write some papers or stories which he said he should enjoy illustrating for me. Ah, how pleasant was the vision his words had opened to a somewhat lonely girl, whose experiences had been so different from those of the women he met generally in society, and who had so much quiet time for indulging in imaginations and fancies, for cherishing sweet hopes, and building castles in the air. My dear father was included in all my plans; I never dreamed of a life that should part us in this world. Now there must be an end to all that I had looked forward to with such sweet joy of late; for I believed Maurice Norton loved me, although he had never told me he did—not in words. I must banish all thoughts of love, however, from my own mind now, and avoid meeting him again. Only once I would like to see him before we left England; just once, to say good-bye.

His was the thorough artist nature—impressionable, sensitive, and susceptible to emotion. He would not miss me long, I told myself. And to bind his future to mine when I had to go to the other side of the world, and when, as I now knew, my father could never live in England, was not to be thought of for a moment.

All this I turned over mentally in my own room, to which I had escaped after a walk beside my father's bath-chair that same evening. It was early in June, and the park had looked lovely in all the luxuriance of foliage and blossoms not yet harmed by smoke or blight. The rich joyous notes of the thrush had filled me with pain, and—shall I confess it?—with a yearning and longing for what could not be mine. I had listened to its song a few evenings before with Maurice, whom I had met accidentally in the flower-walk in Kensington Gardens; and we had both been very quiet, one of us very happy then.

He had walked home with me afterwards, and sat for a while talking to my father about some new work he had lately been commissioned to do; work which promised to bring good remuneration, and possibly fame.

My father, unlike myself, was more cheerful than usual; he had not been off his bed or couch for several days until then, but he declared the prospect of sea air and the voyage, with employment at the end of it, had made a new man of him.

He was tired, though, when we got back to South Street, and I was able to get to my own room early.

(*To be continued.*)

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART VI.

ANOTHER Order or Badge instituted to commemorate the patriotism of a woman is that of "The Olga," so named after a Grand Duchess of Russia, married, in 1846, to Charles XII. of Wurtemburg. The Order instituted in her memory was inaugurated by her husband, A.D. 1871, and was, like our "Victoria Cross," conferred for special gallantry on the battlefield; but, in the case in question, the fact of being a woman did not constitute a disability. The brilliant example set by the Queen served not only to obtain a lasting memorial of honour for herself, but also a reward of merit for those of her sex who should prove themselves worthy followers in the footprints she left "on the sands of time."

The badge consists of a dead silver cross *trèflé*, with an inner one of red enamel. On a medallion—likewise of dead silver—there is the monogram, in raised gold letters, of the King and Queen, united within a circle of burnished silver. It is suspended by a grey watered silk ribbon, having a red border, and the date of the institution appears on the reverse.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse has also a decorative badge, to reward the services of both sexes, irrespective of rank, and corresponding to the "Iron Cross" of Prussia, and the "Red Cross" of our own British Empire. It is called the "Sanatory Cross." The badge is a twelve-pointed variation of the "cross *pattée*," on the arms of which is distributed the legend, "Für Pflege der Soldaten. 1870." On the reverse are the Grand-Ducal crown and cipher, and on the arms of the cross the inscription, "Den 25ten August, 1870." This decoration is suspended by a ribbon of a deep scarlet colour, having a narrow border of silver.

The "Iron Cross" of Prussia—designed, as I observed, for the same purpose as the last-named—was founded by Frederick William III., March 10th, 1813, and restricted to the campaigns of 1813 and 1815. It was again revived during the Franco-Prussian War, as a decoration of honour and reward for heroic actions in the cause of the Fatherland, both in peace and war, and conveying with it, on certain occasions, a pension. The Order was remodelled by the Emperor William I., and consists of two classes.

I feel proud to say that one of our own countrywomen was the first lady on whom the distinction was conferred, after the terrible war in question. Already distinguished as a nurse, Miss Florence S. Lees acted as Superintendent of the Ambulance of H.I. and R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia, for the wounded in the late French and German War. She served with the 10th Prussian Army Corps before Metz, where she had charge of the 2nd Typhus Station; and afterwards of the ambulance before-named. Miss Lees certainly worked hard for any distinctions, and they were personally many, from the Princess of whose ambulance she took charge. She is author of "A Handbook for Hospital Nurses" (Isbister and Co.), in the preface of which a further account of her studies in the various European hospitals and distinguished services will be found. Since her trying experiences of those sanguinary times, she has taken upon herself the more peaceful duties of private married life, and changed her name for that of the Rev. Dacre Craven.

Our own corresponding decoration, the "Red Cross," was instituted by H.R. and I.M. the Queen, in 1883, for services of special devotion in nursing the sick and wounded in our Army and Navy; and many have well earned the honour amongst our countrywomen. The cross is of crimson enamel edged with gold, having on the arms the inscription, "Faith, Hope, Charity," the date of the institution, and the effigy of Her Majesty in the centre. On the reverse are the Royal and Imperial cipher, and the crown, both in relief.

The "Order of Sidonia" is a decoration of distinction, founded in 1871 by King John of Saxony, in memory of the Duchess Sidonia, mother of the Albertine line. This Order is exclusively designed for services rendered by ladies in war, and consists of a Maltese cross of white enamel, edged with gold. An enamelled circular field argent, garnished with eight gold rue-leaves, is charged with the effigy of the Duchess Sidonia in gold, surrounded with a dark blue enamel fillet, inscribed "Sidonia." The escutcheon of Saxony is on the reverse, on a field argent, and beneath, on a dark blue escrol, is the date of the Order. This badge is worn on a scarf of watered violet ribbon, with two white and green stripes. It will be seen that we have in this decoration another tribute to the passive heroism and unselfish devotion exhibited whenever such attributes are called for, although but rarely brought prominently forward and held up as an example to humanity in general.

Following in the same lines, we find that both Turkey and Persia have recognised the special devotion exhibited by members of our own sex, whether in personal exposure to danger or practical benevolence and compassion for the sufferers in war. By His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. a special decoration of honour was instituted, entitled the "Order of Nishani Shefakat." In this case it was to acknowledge and commemorate the benevolence displayed by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Layard, and other ladies working with them, and the name of the decoration is derived from the word *shefagat*, meaning pity, mercy, or benevolence. It seems that the Sultan sent a telegraphic message by the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs to his ambassador in London, saying that "being much touched by the kindness and generosity displayed by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts towards the victims of the Russian atrocities, he desires to express his most sincere thanks, not only to that noble lady, but to the other members of the committee through her initiative." This was dated "August 20, 1878." Lady Layard had the pleasure of being personally invested with the decoration by the Sultan on the spot at the time.

The insignia consist of a five-pointed star in red enamel, with golden edges and globules at the points. The cipher of the Sultan appears on the circular gold centre, surrounded by a green enamelled gold-edged fillet, charged with five gold small pentagonal stars. From the inner angles of the star issue five clusters of jewelled rays, seven in each. To the upper cluster a gold-edged red enamelled crescent is attached, with the points directed upwards, and embracing a similar red enamel pentagonal star. The decoration is suspended from a gold chain. There is a star without rays in the angles, attached to a watered white ribbon, and at about a quarter of an inch from the edges there are two stripes of red, with narrow green borders.

I said that the idea of decorating women has borne fruit in the really large and open-minded brain of the most progressive of Eastern potentates, the present Shah of Persia. The "Order of the Sun" was founded by Feth Ali, Shah, 1808, and consists of two classes—a Star and a Medal. It was subsequently transformed into the "Order of the Lion and the Sun," the badge representing the sun rising behind the back of the lion, or the sun "in Leo," *i.e.*, the sun in its fullest power in the zodiac. The Shah Nasr-ed-Deen conferred this decoration on Madame la Maréchale MacMahon (Paris: August, 1878), by the hands of the Persian Minister, Nazat Agha. This was a step in the right direction,

and one can scarcely yet appreciate at its full value to Eastern women the precedent thus established.

Amongst all the Orders or decorative distinctions open to women, not many have been inaugurated in France; indeed, I believe I may say, none exclusively for their benefit and encouragement. Of course, I except the ancient order of the knights and knightly ladies, "Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem." The stigma resting on the gallantry of the ruling powers has at last been removed through the arbitrary action of one of the sex thus neglected. I allude to the Order of "The Legion of Honour." It was established at the beginning of the present century, and was originally composed of three classes, *i.e.*, Grand Officers, Commanders, and Legionaries; but after the coronation of Napoleon, 1804, the first class was subdivided into "Knights of the Grand Eagle," and secondly, "Grand Officers." The primary idea in the inauguration of this Order was that of establishing "Equality." Every social grade was eligible for the dignity conferred, through personal merit; and, through its means, "the First Consul desired to popularise the idea of personal distinction, and so, at the same time, pave the way" (as Sir Bernard Burke observes) "for the establishment of the Empire, and the more exclusive titles of nobility which accompanied it." This Order was first established as the "Order of the Eagle," by Napoleon, in 1802, when First Consul. Then the "Eagle" was renamed a "Cross" during the subsequent monarchy; and after that the "Order of the Holy Ghost," the effigy of Henri IV. being placed in the centre; the Fleurs-de-lys of 1816 (between the rays of the star of the Order) were substituted by double lances draped with the tricolour. Napoleon III. restored its Imperial character, and it has been since modified by the Republican Government.

I said that it needed the decided action of a woman to obtain for the "weaker sex" the benefits monopolised by the stronger, and this work was very promptly and cleverly accomplished by the ex-Empress of the French. I cannot inform my readers as to the number of Frenchwomen who have deserved well of their country that have latterly received the reward of their merits from the grudging hands entitled to award it, but I

LEGION OF HONOUR, FRANCE.

can tell how the Empress contrived to create a precedent in favour of these neglected ones. It appears that she requested the conferrence of the Cross on the great animal painter, Rosa Bonheur (so affirms M. Peyrol, her brother-in-law); but Her Majesty received the ungracious reply that, "as it had never hitherto been granted to a woman, they, the ministers, protested against creating a "precedent," and refused even to make an exception in compliance with her wishes. But they had to do with a stronger will and a more faithful friend

"LION AND SUN," PERSIA.

than their mightinesses imagined. The Imperial lady was prepared to "bide her time," and the very next year brought it. She was proclaimed Regent during the absence of the Emperor in Algeria, and thus she became the head and fount of all honour. Without previous notice to those who rejected her request, she paid a morning visit to the great painter's studio, and kissing her—the more graciously to enhance the value of the decoration—she pinned the Cross to her breast with her own hands.

Since creating this truly desirable precedent, a specially interesting award of the distinction has been recently made, of which perhaps some of my readers may not have seen any account. The Governor-General of Tonquin conferred the Cross, in the presence of the troops, on the head or "superior" of the Sisters of Mercy serving in the field, for her remarkable and heroic self-devotion. I think it well to give the presentation speech *verbatim*, as it relates the services of the lady in question.

"Sister Maria Theresa, you were only twenty years of age when you first gave your services to the wounded at Balaklava, and were wounded in the execution of your duty; you were again wounded at Magenta. You bravely nursed the wounded through all our wars in Syria, China, and Mexico. You were carried off the field at Wörth, and before you had recovered from your injuries you were again performing your duties. When a grenade fell into your ambulance, you, without hesitation, took it up in your hands and carried it to a distance of a hundred yards from the ambulance, when it exploded, wounding you severely. No soldier has ever performed his duty more heroically than you have done, or lived more successfully for his comrades and his country. I have the honour to present you, in the name of France and the French Army, with the Cross which is only conferred upon those who have shown remarkable bravery in action. Soldiers, present arms!"

Another decoration for women was instituted by Her Majesty the Queen, designed for the elevation of the social position of trained nurses, not necessarily for special service in the field. I refer to the badge of St. Katharine. The appointment as a "St. Katharine's nurse" is tenable for three years, but subject to a stipulation that either incompetence or misbehaviour shall entail dismissal. Each member receives pay at the rate of £50 per annum, in addition to the salary of which she might be in receipt from the institution to which she already belonged. The "Lady Augusta Stanley Institution" furnishes the first three members, and, at the desire of the Queen, the institution receives in addition £50 per annum for the sustenance of each nurse, who, on being selected for such a distinction, wears a badge or armlet with the letters "St. K." in the centre, a decoration which she continues to wear as an honorary distinction after the expiration of the three years' service above-named.

The last decoration instituted as a reward of merit which can find space in this (sixth) part of the series is that designated "The Order of Civil Merit" of Prussia. That its benevolent action and its influence for the encouragement of all services to the cause of humanity and of science is extended to women as well as men, was exemplified, amongst others, in the case of a remarkable Frenchwoman. This lady, Madame Marie A. V. Gillain Boivin, was a celebrated scholar, author, anatomist, and obstetrician of great reputation, born A.D. 1779, and died in 1841. Madame Boivin was chief superintendent of the Maternity Hospital in Paris, and was decorated by the King of Prussia, receiving from him the medal above-named. Not only so, but the University of Marburg conferred upon her the degree of "Doctor of Medicine." This talented woman distinguished herself likewise as a writer, and gave the world a medical work which has passed through several editions, and is quoted by eminent authors of the present day.

Before closing this series, as I propose, in my next (the seventh part) I have two or three additional Orders and distinctions to mention. Several more, instituted specially for women, and also for both sexes alike, might be named, but as they are now some of them extinct, while others appear to be scarcely sufficiently well authenticated, it is not worth while to occupy space even with their names. Those rewards of merit that remain to us may suffice to encourage well-doing amongst all classes, and the brief account given of the Royal Orders of the aristocracy, many of them instituted for self-

IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

discipline and the more efficient carrying out of practical benevolence, will, I trust, serve to open the eyes of any persons who, in ignorance of their work and origin, may hitherto have regarded them with unmerited jealousy.

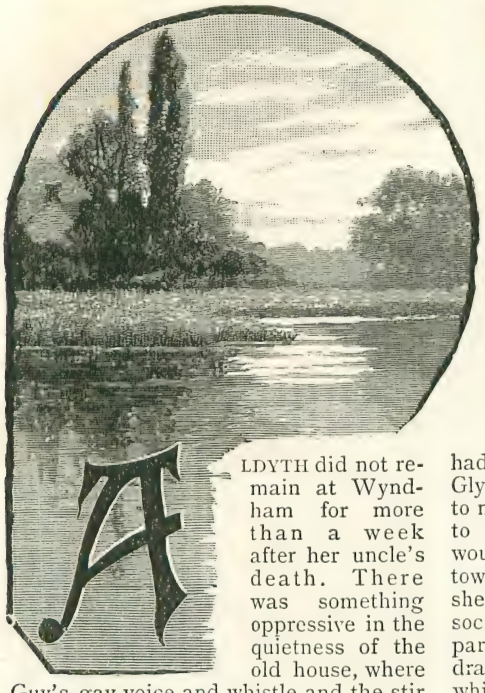
(*To be concluded.*)

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

GUY MAKES A DISCOVERY.



ALDYTH did not remain at Wyndham for more than a week after her uncle's death. There was something oppressive in the quietness of the old house, where Guy's gay voice and whistle and the stir of his comings and goings were greatly missed, and Miss Lorraine, though she drove into the little town almost every day, pined for the neighbourly interests of her life at Woodham. "Let us go back to the cottage, auntie," Aldyth said; "we shall feel so much more at home there, and we can come out here constantly to see that things are all right, though there is no doubt Mrs. Rogers will keep everything in perfect order. Yes, let me go home with you till mother and Gladys can come to me. Then I will return and endeavour to rightly discharge my duties as the mistress of Wyndham."

This suggestion was so entirely to Miss Lorraine's mind that she was at once convinced of its wisdom. Aldyth was in no way bound to take up her abode at the Hall forthwith. So a day or two later she was again domiciled in her aunt's home, occupying her old bedroom, and taking up with a new zest, born of a sense of impermanence, the simple, homely duties she had always performed. She was living the old life again; but the familiar surroundings only made her the more conscious of a certain change in herself. The last few months had enlarged her knowledge of life; some hopes had been disappointed, some illusions swept away, and certain grim realities belonging to human lives had been painfully thrust upon her notice. As she sat at her writing-table, old thoughts, associated with the objects that met her view, came back to her with somewhat of pain in their memory; the future, so different from anything she had expected, inspired her with some dread, yet through all, her inner nature kept its deep calm. Her heart was too sound for any disappointment to render her cynical. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no experience can embitter the heart of a woman who is set upon living the highest life possible to her, and who thinks less of winning happiness for herself than of bestowing it on others.

Aldyth had not long returned to Woodham when an event occurred which cast a shadow on the social life of the little town. Mrs. Greenwood, the banker's bright, clever wife, had never been a strong woman, though her remarkable energy hid the fact from ordinary acquaintances. Her sudden death, from an unsuspected heart disease, was a sad shock to her friends. A woman of keen intellect and cultured tastes, she had taken the greatest interest in Mr. Glynne's lectures, and done her utmost to make them a success. She was ready to lend her help to any scheme that would promote the social welfare of the town. Without children of her own, she found intense enjoyment in the society of young people, and many a party of them she gathered in her large drawing-room or in the fine old garden which lay behind the bank. Aldyth Lorraine had been a great favourite with her, and the girl felt that she had lost a friend whom she could ill spare.

Much sympathy was felt for Mr. Greenwood, a man verging upon sixty years of age, whose home must now be so desolate.

It was manifested on the funeral day, when many persons met in the pretty cemetery just beyond the town on the London road, to see the coffin, with its pall of flowers, lowered into the earth. Aldyth had come with her aunt, and, the brief service over, she caught sight of Kitty Bland standing at a little distance, who beckoned to her to join her.

"Let us wait till the others have gone," she said, as Aldyth approached her; "I don't want to walk back with them and hear them talking it over."

"Willingly," said Aldyth; and they turned to the more secluded part of the cemetery and sat down in the shade of some old elms.

Miss Lorraine, who did enjoy "talking it over," had walked on with acquaintances.

"So Hilda has not come?" said Aldyth.

"No," said Kitty, drily. "She says she cannot bear to go to a funeral, she is so sensitive, the impression remains with her for days."

"I did not wish to come," said Aldyth, "but aunt said she thought it would seem kind to Mr. Greenwood, though I am quite sure he could not notice who were here. I do not want to associate dear Mrs. Greenwood with the grave. She was so bright and good; she seemed all spirit, and I try to think of her as having entered upon a freer and more blessed state of existence."

"Yes, that is the right way to think of her," said Kitty. "I will tell you what Mr. Glynne said the other day; I thought it was so nice of him. He overtook me as I was coming up the street, and we walked a few steps together. We met little Dottie Greenwood and her nurse, and the child—you know how fond she is of him—ran up to him and said, with such a sorrowful look on her sweet little face, 'Dear Aunt Mary is so ill that she is dead.' 'But she is not ill now,' he said, as he kissed her; 'Aunt Mary is quite well now.' And Dottie smiled and repeated, 'Yes, Aunt Mary is quite well now.' It touched me so, somehow; and yet he only said what we all profess to believe. Mr. Glynne is very good, don't you think?"

"I am sure of it," Aldyth said, and was silent. She never said many words about John Glynne.

"He must feel Mrs. Greenwood's death very much," continued Kitty. "She was a good friend to him, and he was often at her house."

Aldyth had more than once heard Mrs. Greenwood profess a high regard for John Glynne, but she did not remark on it.

"Mother says she is thankful Mr. Glynne came to Woodham," continued Kitty. "Charley has so improved. It is wonderful how fond the boys are of Mr. Glynne, and what influence he has over them. He never seems to lecture them, but he has a knack of saying just the right word at the right time. And then I think his example impresses them. He is such a perfect gentleman, though really I believe it is higher praise to say that he is a thorough man—so strong, and true, and brave."

"'His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*'"

thought Aldyth; but she did not give Kitty the benefit of the quotation. She was content to contribute nothing to the conversation when it reached this point; but it was not because the subject of it was uninteresting to her.

"Guy was not here," remarked Kitty, after a pause. "I thought he would be. I wonder if he will honour Hilda with a visit this evening."

Kitty's manner of saying this was so peculiar that Aldyth looked at her in some surprise.

"*Honour* Hilda!" she said; "that's a strange expression to use, Kitty."

"I do believe he regards his visits as an honour," said Kitty, with scorn in her tone; "I would not put up with such a lover if I were Hilda."

"Why, what is amiss with him?" asked Aldyth, quickly.

"Oh, it makes me wild to see the way he treats Hilda," said Kitty, with sudden

warmth. "He keeps away from her for days; he shows the utmost indifference to her wishes; he makes it only too plain that his feelings towards her have changed, and he means her to understand that it is so."

"Oh, Kitty! you don't say so!" exclaimed Aldyth, her voice full of pain. "You must be mistaken. Why, he was so fond of Hilda that he risked uncle's anger for her sake."

"Ah, yes; but he never expected to lose all for love," replied Kitty. "His love could not stand that trial. He has never been the same to Hilda since Mr. Lorraine died."

"Then his was not true love," said Aldyth, indignantly. "Such love is not worthy of the name."

"So I think," said Kitty. "If I were Hilda, I would soon tell my gentleman to march. I really believe he wants her to break off the engagement, but she will not see it."

"Poor Hilda!" said Aldyth. "Oh! it is disgraceful of Guy! I did think he really cared for Hilda."

Kitty shrugged her shoulders.

"Preserve me from such a lover!" she said. "I am sorry for Hilda, but really I feel out of patience with her sometimes. She ought to see the true state of things, but she only cherishes her wounded feelings, and thinks herself the most unhappy of girls. She said this morning she wished she were going to be laid in the grave instead of Mrs. Greenwood."

"Oh, it is very sad for her," said Aldyth, tears springing to her eyes. "I feel almost as if it were my fault; and yet—and yet—if Guy can so easily change, it is better she should know it now."

"That is what mother and I say," remarked Kitty; "but of course we dare not hint at such a thing to Hilda. We have to ignore that there is anything wrong. But I do wish she would pluck up spirit and act as she should. If she would talk to you about it, perhaps you could give her a little advice."

But Aldyth knew that Hilda was not likely to approach the subject with her. Confidences between them had ceased. With her return to Woodham, Aldyth had resumed the old friendly intercourse with the Blands, but she could not break down the barrier of coldness and constraint by which Hilda kept her at arm's length.

"Kitty," said Aldyth, a little later, as they took their way down the hill, "I am going to Wyndham early to-morrow. Could you go with me and spend the day? We would have a ride in the afternoon; the horses must need exercise."

"Oh, Aldyth, how good of you! Of course I can come," said Kitty, delighted. "I have been longing for a ride. And you won't tell mother, if I try some of the fences, will you? I'll promise not to break my neck."

"That is more than you *can* promise," said Aldyth, laughing.

The hot July and August days passed pleasantly away, and were spent so much in the old manner that Aldyth was often able to forget that she was the heiress of Wyndham. Gwendolen Bland had come home for her holidays, determined to put as much enjoyment into them as possible. There were tennis-parties and picnics, boating on the river both in sunshine and by moonlight, school treats, flower shows, harvest festivals, and all the various entertainments common to country life to be participated in. It was a vexation to Clara Dawtrey that Mr. Glynne was not on the ground to see how well she played her part in the annual tournament given by the Woodham Tennis Club; but he had left the town when the Grammar School holidays began, and would not return till September.

Aldyth received bright letters from Eastbourne, where her mother and Gladys were having a good time. Nelly, who missed Aldyth, and could hardly forgive her for refusing an invitation to join them, was less content. It had been decided that Mrs. Stanton and Gladys were to visit Wyndham in the autumn; but no date had been fixed for their coming, and at present they seemed disposed to stay on at Eastbourne into September. Aldyth was looking forward with pleasure to welcoming her mother, and took trouble to get the house and garden at Wyndham into as nice order as possible, so as to please her mother's eyes.

"Do you think I might have the furniture re-covered, auntie?" she said one afternoon, when she and Miss Lorraine were in the old drawing-room at Wyndham. "I can't have a new carpet and new curtains without having something done to the chairs and sofas."

"I would buy new furniture, if I were you," said Miss Lorraine. "Uncle often talked of re-furnishing this room."

"Yes, when Guy was married," said Aldyth, with a smile. "I don't think anything less than a wedding would justify such an outlay. But really I have no wish to banish these spindle-legged chairs; they are quite in correct 'high art' style, and as for that carved ebony chair, I believe it would fetch a hundred guineas at Christie's. When I get my blue-green upholstery and an oriental carpet, you won't know the room."

"It will be a great improvement, no doubt," said Miss Lorraine; "there's some old blue china in the store-room you might make use of for decorative purposes."

"The very thing!" cried Aldyth, gleefully. She was beginning to take some pleasure in her possessions. She had fine taste, and an artistic sense of colour; it was an enjoyment to her to plan the re-arrangement of her drawing-room.

She had dragged the large, old-fashioned settee from its place against the wall; she had pushed the ebony chair well into the light, and thrown the faded anti-macassar which covered it on to the floor, when the sound of a quick, firm step in the hall surprised her.

"Why, that is never Guy," she said; "I fancied he had vowed not to cross the threshold of the Hall again."

"It certainly sounds like his step," said Miss Lorraine, and she hastily opened the door.

It was Guy, and the next moment he stood in the doorway.

Aldyth coloured. She would have preferred that he should not find her turning things about in the old drawing-room. It must be painful to him to be thus reminded of her possession of Wyndham.

But Guy showed no annoyance, though he appeared a trifle embarrassed as he entered. He quickly recovered himself, however, and began to exhibit a good humour which astonished Aldyth, who had seen scarcely anything of her cousin since he quitted Wyndham. When they had happened to meet he had maintained towards her a chilling courtesy; but now, here was the Guy of other days, as bright and kind as if nothing had happened to alienate them.

"I've come at the right time," he said, apparently unaware that there was anything surprising in his appearance. "I see you want a little help. Aldyth, don't attempt to move that chair; it's too heavy for you. Cousin Lucy, you want those curtains taken down, don't you? I'll tackle that. If you want a handy man to do your jobs, here I am."

Miss Lorraine laughed, and looked delighted to see him in this mood. It was impossible for her long to regard Guy with disapproval. She had told herself it was but natural he should resent Aldyth's acquisition of the property. His uncle had not dealt well with him. So she welcomed with joy this manifestation of the old friendliness, and was ready to do all in her power to cement the reconciliation.

And Aldyth, too, was pleased. It would have pained her to feel that anyone regarded her as an enemy, and it had especially grieved her that her old playmate and cousin should look on her with coldness and suspicion. With one accord the two exerted themselves to "make much" of Guy, so that he found it easy to establish himself on the old footing at Wyndham.

"We shall have tea almost directly," said Miss Lorraine; "you will stay and take some with us?"

"Of course you will," said Aldyth, scarce letting him reply; "there is nothing more to be done here. I was only trying effects. Come into the garden and help me get some flowers for the vases."

"With pleasure," said Guy. It was just what he wanted, to be alone with her. So, having found basket and scissors, they went forth. The late sun was sending its long rays across the newly-mown lawn, and lighting up the golden hearts of the water-lilies floating on their broad leaves in the centre of the pond. Beyond the garden, visible through an opening in the trees, a harvest field, with its busy workers gathered about the heaped-up cart, made a charming picture.

"And how is Hilda?" asked Aldyth, lightly; "I have not seen her for the last few days."

"She is very well, I believe," he said, but with something so unusual in his voice and manner that Aldyth looked at him curiously.

"When are you coming to the Farm?"

he asked, the next minute. "You must pay me a visit some day. I have got things pretty tidy there, though not, of course, just as you would arrange them."

"Ah, you cannot expect the house to look quite as it should till Hilda reigns there as mistress," said Aldyth, with a smile. But the smile died away as, glancing at him, she saw the strange effect of her words. Guy's face had grown crimson; he looked painfully confused, and seemed anxious to avoid her glance, as he stood beating the grass with his stick. But it was impossible to evade the consciousness that Aldyth's eyes were upon him, and that she waited for an explanation of his too evident confusion.

"You must not speak of that, Aldyth," he said, with an effort; "Hilda will never be the mistress of my home. In fact—I came here to tell you—our engagement is at an end."

"Oh, Guy!" was all Aldyth could say.

"Yes, it is so," he said, finding words more readily now; "and, on the whole—though, of course it has all been excessively trying—I believe it is for the best. We are not in the least suited to each other."

"I never thought that you were." The words slipped from Aldyth almost unawares. "But what a pity," she added quickly, "you did not find this out before; it would have spared Hilda so much suffering."

"It was a pity," he said gravely; "but you are hardly the one to reproach me, Aldyth, since it was mainly your fault."

"My fault! What do you mean?" she demanded.

"You know of whom I first thought," he said, insinuatingly; "I hoped I had overcome that feeling. I fancied I could love Hilda, but I found it was a mistake."

"Do not speak of that, if you please, Guy," cried Aldyth, her eyes flashing indignation on him; "I will not hear such words. I cannot trust myself to say what I think of your conduct, it seems to me so unworthy a man, not to say a gentleman."

She turned from him in anger as Miss Lorraine appeared at the drawing-room window, beckoning to them to come in. Aldyth had to fly to her room to cool her burning cheeks and recover self-possession ere she took her place at the tea-table. "To think that men are like that!" she said to herself, with a feeling of general distrust; "and Hilda, I have not a doubt, is at this moment breaking her heart for his sake. Poor girl, how I pity her! And yet I can easily see that this sorrow may be a blessing in disguise."

Aldyth scarcely spoke to Guy during the remainder of his visit, but Miss Lorraine continued to pet him, and his self-complacency showed no reduction.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. G. O. E.—Send your card and the terms you ask as a visiting governess, but do not call. If required, you will receive applications.

Anxious E. M. T.—In "The Girl's Own Indoor Book" we have given a series of articles, entitled "Work for All," and also papers on painting, cooking, dressmaking, etc. You do not say for what kind of employment you are either suitable already or likely to qualify yourself.

C. S. A.—The terms per annum of the several universities at Cambridge and Oxford for women vary but little as a rule. For example, at Newnham College, Cambridge, the fees are seventy-five guineas per annum. The Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, £75; St. Hugh's College and Somerville Hall, Oxford, each £60 per annum; Girton College, Cambridge, is the most expensive, viz., £105 per annum. The Royal Holloway College (at Egham, Surrey) gives board, lodging, and tuition, at £90 per annum.

ART.

Rosebud.—1. To paint in water-colours you should match your sky tints when the day is bright, and where there are no overhanging trees to throw shadows. The colouring should be cobalt and white, with cool green shadows. On a cloudy day the water will be grey in tone with white reflections. By moonlight it will be of an indigo blue, with white for high-lights, and neutral tint for depths. Swans are coloured with white and black, with yellow ochre shadows where half tints are required. 2. The room you mention is too small to have a piano standing out any distance from the wall, though it should not touch it, nor the skirting-board.

Robin.—1. Should the grease have fallen on the palette only, you can wash it off with turpentine, and then clean the palette with soap and water, a very quick application, so as not to warp the wood. But if the grease has fallen on the moist colours, you must cut it out with a knife. 2. Yes, Miss Young's writings are quite suitable, as also Mrs. Ewing's and "L. E. L.'s," for a girl of sixteen.

R. J. L.—The advice we give must depend on whose make the paints for your magic-lantern may be. If they be Hughes', then mix the varnish with them. Our correspondents should always supply us with full particulars if they want opinions or help from us.

A Wild Rose.—To remove the glaze from photographs preparatory to painting them, use a thin coating of white of egg. The paints used are powder-colours mixed with water, a little aquarelle, and a very thin wash of water-colour size. White hard varnish is applied as a finish.

Scotch Rose and Helen Weir.—Water-colour megilp should be mixed with water-colour paints while in a liquid state on the palette; a very few drops suffice. It is used to dry and harden them; but is only added when painting on satin and other materials, and on terra-cotta.

Doris Cheyne.—The pencil sketch which you enclose is, in some respects, well done, excepting that the arms and feet are out of proportion. You ought to draw from models, and study anatomy. There is too much flourish about your capital letters.

E. F. A. must keep her oil-colours in a very cold room or cellar, quite away from hot air. Oil naturally hardens and dries up in a warm climate like that of India.

Claudine.—1. The process you mean is called "incised work." When the clay is moist, a sharp cutter is used, which cuts the outlines, etc., of the design into the material. These lines are then toned with a brown colour, and the article is baked. Sometimes a differently coloured clay is placed over the original clay of the vase, and the cuttings pass through this upper layer, and expose the foundation underneath. 2. Your letter is a very interesting one, and it is a pleasure to us to hear of the welfare of our readers. The money sent for the home was accepted, and with our thanks.

Georgie.—Oleographs are sold in large numbers in Garrick Street, Covent Garden. They may also be hired from many of the artists' colourmen.

Daisy Carvolth.—To paint flowers upon wood, you must first draw the design, and then paint the coloured background, not allowing it to interfere with the flowers and big leaves, but carrying it over the small ones and tendrils. Use a little of Turck's Florentine medium, mixing it with the paints on the palette. When the background is dry, paint in the flowers, commencing with the shadows and the high lights, and carry the outline of leaves and flowers a little over the background, so that the spray may stand away from the distance in good relief. Your writing is good.

NEEDLEWORK.

Onward and Upward.—The buttonholes on a man's shirt designed to hold studs are cut as follows:—On the right side the hole should be cut and worked in a horizontal direction; on the left they are cut and worked perpendicularly. A child's frock, being fastened with buttons sewn on one side, and needing only one set of buttonholes, the latter should all be cut and worked horizontally. In "feather-stitch" the ribs are evenly worked, one on each side of the centre line. In "coral-stitch" they are arranged to follow each other, first on one side of the central stem and then on the other.

G. E. M.—To "purl" in German knitting, hold your hands over both pins (or needles), and the latter between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. Then bring the thread to the front of the work, pass it over both pins, and hold it tightly over the left hand. Put the right pin through the stitch and before the left pin, and with a jerk of the left hand bring the thread behind it. Then draw the pin out behind the left pin with the stitch on it.

Nadle.—"Embroidery paste" is used to stiffen the back of woolwork when completed. It is made like ordinary paste, but with the best flour. It should be passed through a strainer, to free it from all lumps and impurities, and a piece of alum about the size of a nut should be dissolved and mixed with it.

Lancashire Lass.—You will have to clean the soiled woolwork with ox-gall, or else send it to a cleaner, which would be much better than to attempt to do it with an unpractised hand at home. Paint of a light colour may be cleaned with soft soap and fullers' earth, using warm water and a house flannel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aginoria.—We should not recommend you to read straight through the Old Testament at first, but to take selections. If you have no books giving a list, we advise you to read a chapter each day, or even a few verses, of the Books of Genesis and Exodus, of the Psalms and the Proverbs, and all the Prophets, and the New Testament from beginning to end, consecutively, a few verses of the Old and the New daily. It is also desirable to have a text-book, and thus to have a special text for each day's consideration. It is a matter of common experience that these texts are often remarkably applicable to the circumstances of the reader at the time. Always pray for a spirit of teachableness and humility, and childlike faith that will, with the aid of the Blessed Spirit, make you "not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, bringing forth fruit with patience." The "G.O.P." is by no means "too old for a girl of thirteen," because we write for young and old, rich and poor.

Hyacinth.—If you shake some violet powder into the kid gloves you may find the evil removed. Otherwise you had better wear silk gloves, or thread ones.

Nineteen.—1. You may ask a gentleman with whom you have played before to join a game of tennis, but you must be careful who you do invite to do so, as you would thus place yourself under more or less obligation to him. 2. Your writing is not well formed.

Hal.—To clean gold lace burn some rock-alum, and sift it to a very fine powder. Dip a soft brush in this, and rub the gold lace with it, and you will find that the colour and brilliancy will be at once improved.

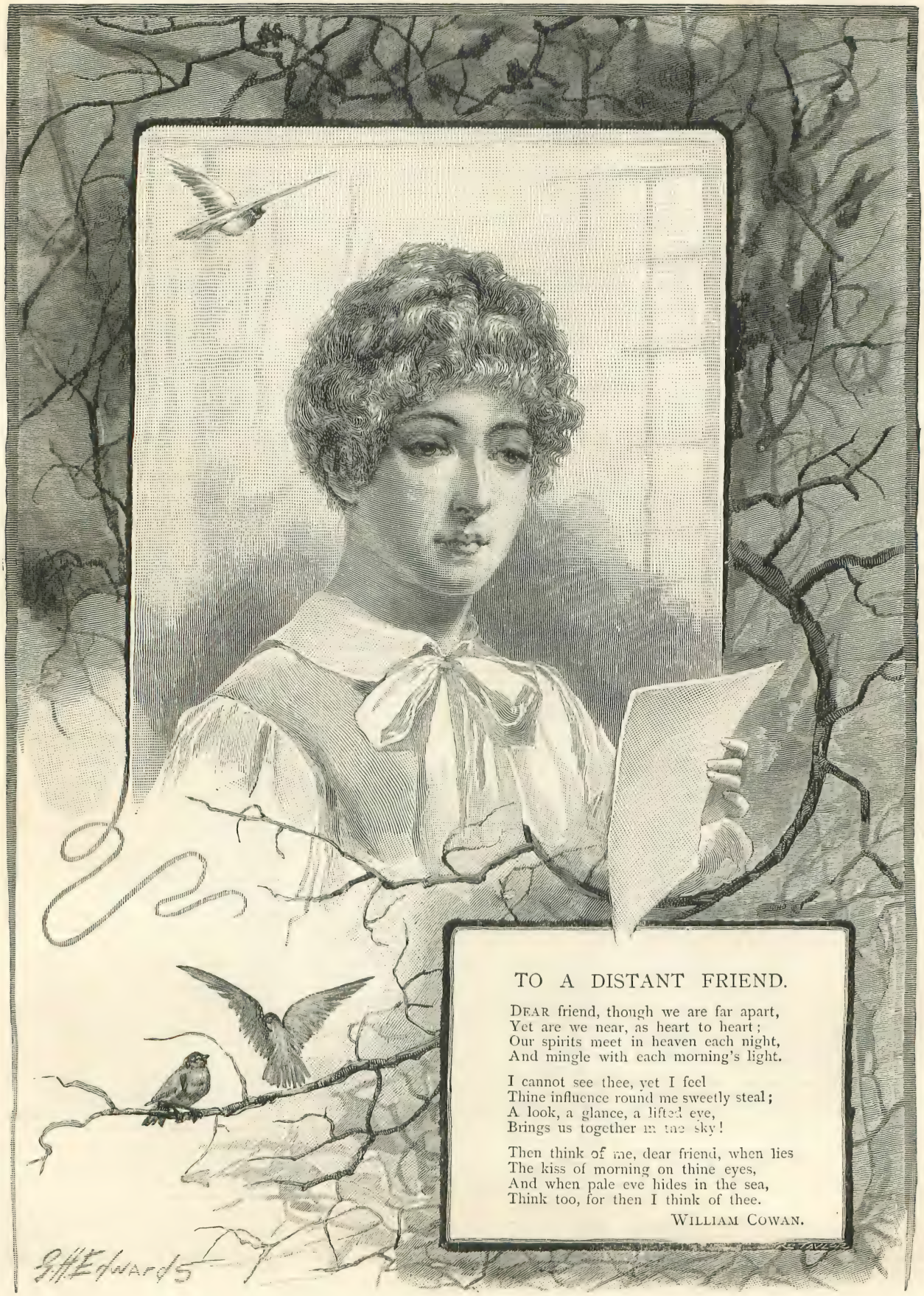
The Nailor.—The work you name is not out of print. It can be bought at a secondhand bookshop or stall.

Fare, Fac, and Lita.—Perhaps you might get some good art connoisseur to call and see the picture which has been so long in your family, or you might make a small outline sketch of it, and send it, for an opinion, to, say, Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall.

Troubled One.—There is Miss Spencer's Home for Incurable Women at Ashchurch Grove, Shepherd's Bush, W. You might write to the lady superintendent. We do not think that any charge is made. There are others non-paying, but admission is by election. You do not name your age or social position, nor to what profession or trade your father belonged. Many of these have special charities for the benefit of their widows and daughters; and for lack of sending full particulars our correspondents make it impossible for us to give the advice they desire.

M. S. B.—You had better write to the house agents of several seaside and inland watering-places, and learn from them how many such schools there may be already in their neighbourhood. If you said you inquired with a view to taking a house, it might be for establishing a school yourself, it would be worth their while to give you full particulars. Enclose stamped and directed envelopes. You might find work as a visiting governess.

Gamma.—Any letter sent to our office will be forwarded to the author you mention.



TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

DEAR friend, though we are far apart,
Yet are we near, as heart to heart;
Our spirits meet in heaven each night,
And mingle with each morning's light.

I cannot see thee, yet I feel
Thine influence round me sweetly steal;
A look, a glance, a lifted eye,
Brings us together in the sky!

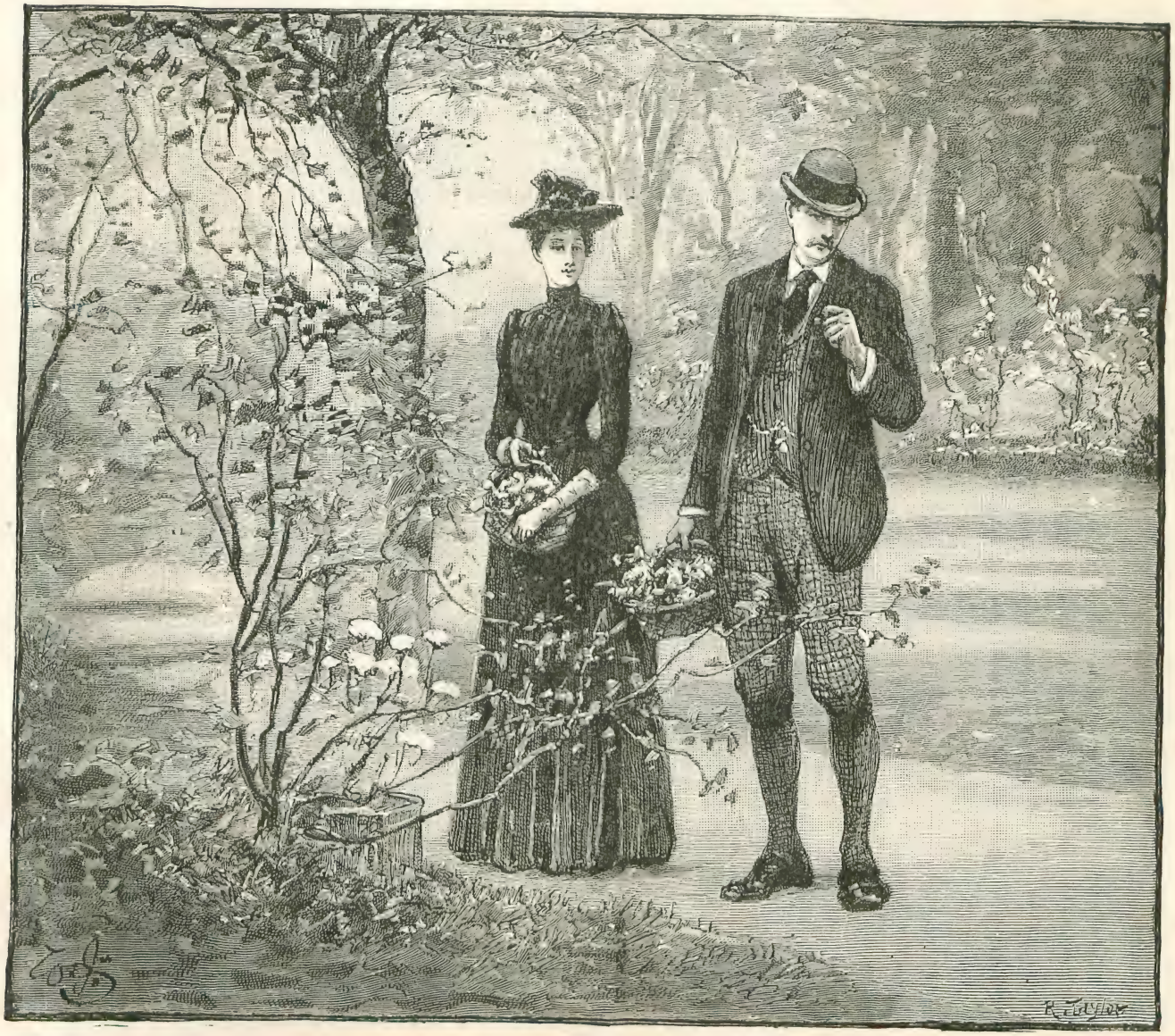
Then think of me, dear friend, when lies
The kiss of morning on thine eyes,
And when pale eve hides in the sea,
Think too, for then I think of thee.

WILLIAM COWAN.

VOL. XI.—No. 554.] AUGUST 9, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.



"'IT SEEMS TO ME SO UNWORTHY A MAN, NOT TO SAY A GENTLEMAN.'"

(*See page* 703.)

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CHAPTER XXII.

A STRICKEN HEROINE AND A SHAMELESS SUITOR.

"Do leave me to myself, Kitty; it is the only kindness you can do me now."

Hilda Bland was the speaker, and as she spoke she turned her head on the pillow so that her sister could see no more of her than a mass of loosened, disordered hair. Kitty stood by the bed holding a tray on which was set out a meal which might have tempted the most fastidious appetite. But Hilda would not so much as look at the dainty morsel of chicken, and Kitty's expression was a curious combination of pity and impatience.

"Really, Hilda, I cannot see any sense in starving yourself; you will not improve matters by falling ill."

"If I could only be ill enough," sighed Hilda; "if I could only die!"

"If you absolutely abstain from food you will die," said Kitty, in a matter-of-fact tone; "but I should call it cowardly to put the extinguisher on yourself in that fashion, and it would be cruel to mother."

"It is easy for you to talk," murmured Hilda; "you have had no trouble; you do not know what it is to be deceived by one whom you loved and trusted. I feel that all happiness is over for me, and I can only drag out a hopeless, miserable existence. Do you wonder that I am sick of life?"

"Perhaps not, dear," said Kitty, gently. "You have been very badly treated, no doubt; but Guy has acted so mean a part that if I were you I would pluck up heart and show that I did not think him worth caring about. There are many things in life to live for still."

"I am weary of them all," said Hilda. "'We are weary, my heart and I,' I keep thinking of those lines. Everything has become hateful to me. I only want to lie still and be let alone. I can never bear to walk out in Woodham again."

"You feel so now, but the feeling will pass," said Kitty. "If only you would rouse yourself and face your trouble bravely it would be so much better. I know it is a trouble, but many another girl has had such a disappointment, and there are worse troubles."

"It is easy to say so," said Hilda, bitterly; "but you know nothing about it. You have never loved as I have."

"And I devoutly hope I never shall," Kitty could not help saying; "but if such trouble came to me I think I should do my best to bear it bravely. It is God who sends us trouble, and He means it to work our good."

"I don't see that there can be any good in my trouble," said Hilda, "and I do not believe God sent it. It is Guy who has deceived me and made me wretched."

"Nothing can happen to us apart from the will of God," said Kitty, "and He will help us to bear our sorrows if we put our trust in Him. When trouble comes to me, as I know it must some day, I hope I may be able to resign myself to His will, and learn the lesson He means it to teach me."

It was rarely Kitty spoke thus seriously, and her doing so showed how anxious she was to help her sister. No one gave Kitty credit for much thoughtfulness; but, as is the case with many a lively girl, the hidden currents of her life were deeper than her friends supposed. It was not by chance that she was always cheerful, good-tempered, and unselfish. At the root of her character lay a simple but strong religious faith, and she had never forgotten the resolve made at the time of her father's death, that she would be good, and do all in her power to cheer and help her mother.

But Hilda was not in a mood to profit by her sister's words.

"I daresay you think so," she said, impatiently; "but wait till your turn comes—though I am sure I hope you may never know such trouble as mine. Do take that tray away, Kitty; it is impossible for me to eat."

So Kitty went away, feeling that she had wasted words, and that probably the best thing for Hilda at present was to be left alone.

But, notwithstanding this reflection, scarce half an hour had passed when she again appeared in her sister's room.

"Aldyth is downstairs," she said. "She is so sorry, Hilda; she feels as we all do. Would you like to see her?"

"Oh, no!" cried Hilda, excitedly. "The last person I should wish to see! I do not say she is to blame; but it is her having Wyndham which has caused all my misery."

"Really!" exclaimed Kitty, finding her sister incomprehensible. "I should rather think it was Guy being what he is. It seems to me well that you have found out in time that he is one person in prosperity and another in adversity."

With that Kitty left her sister and descended to the drawing-room, where Aldyth sat talking with Mrs. Bland. The mother's kindly face wore a look of care, but she spoke cheerfully.

"Poor child!" she said; "she feels it sorely now, but I am thankful it is no worse. If she had married him under the impression he was a hero and then found out, when it was too late, that he was of common clay, if would have been a far greater misfortune. I fear her love would not have borne that strain, and it is a terrible thing for a woman to find herself bound to a man whom she can neither love nor respect. I always felt they were not suited to each other. I fancy Guy did not know his own mind; it was a caprice, which opposition strengthened. I think few men are capable of making right choice of a wife before they are twenty-five. But it is hard that poor Hilda should have to suffer for his lack of discretion."

"She will not see you, Aldyth," Kitty said; "there is no rousing her anyhow."

"I am afraid she finds a kind of romantic satisfaction in cherishing and even exaggerating her unhappiness," said Mrs. Bland; "that is the way with you young things when trouble comes to you; you like to think that nothing can ever be the same again; you do not want to be comforted."

"Now, mother, you have never seen me in trouble," said Kitty, lightly; "you do not know how wise I should be."

"No, indeed, child," replied Mrs. Bland, with a tender glance at her eldest girl. "God grant I never may."

"The best thing for Hilda would be a change," she added, turning to Aldyth. "I had a letter from my cousin, Mrs. Lancaster, a fortnight ago, asking me to let my girls go with her and her daughter for a tour in Brittany. Hilda did not care about it, so we refused the invitation; but I think perhaps she might be persuaded to go now, and as my cousin does not start till next week, I have written to ask if she is still willing to take the girls."

"Oh, that would surely be good for Hilda," said Aldyth. "She has never been abroad. Oh, I hope you will be able to arrange it."

"I should not wonder if Hilda positively refuses to go," said Kitty.

But her sister proved in this instance more tractable than Kitty expected. Life was strong in her after all; and, since it became every day more clear that she was not going to die, absence from Woodham seemed the only condition under which life could be endured. Hilda's pride was, perhaps, as deeply wounded as her affections. She dreaded to meet the observant, perhaps pitying, glances of her acquaintances; she hated the thought of the talk concerning her broken engagement that must be going on in Woodham. But each wound was deep, and the disappointment was none the less keen that she had perhaps been more in love with love than with Guy Lorraine. She had cherished her love, she had brooded over it, she had fed it with all food of the imagination which she could draw from poet or romance writer. And the romantic love thus fostered was not the strong, clear-sighted love which discerns and comprehends every fact relating to the one beloved. The true Guy Hilda had never known. The greater on this account was the pain she suffered when her lover began to treat her with carelessness and indifference; the more crushing the blow dealt by the coolly-written letter in which he informed her that he had discovered that he had "mistaken his feelings" when he thought that he loved her, but was now convinced that they were "not in the least suited to each other."

As she had brooded over her love, Hilda now brooded over her sorrow: nursing it, magnifying it, letting her fancy play over it, and desiring, not comfort, but due appreciation of the greatness of her misery.

Aldyth was glad when she knew that Kitty and Hilda had started to join the Lancasters in London. She believed that the thorough change and diversion

afforded by a foreign tour must help Hilda to recover her spirits.

Aldyth felt deeply for Hilda, whose state of mind she understood perhaps better than Kitty did, for she had seen all along how completely Hilda had deceived herself with regard to the character of Guy Lorraine. It annoyed Aldyth to see how utterly Guy ignored that he had anything to be ashamed of in his treatment of Hilda Bland. He rather seemed to pride himself on the way in which he had acted. It commended itself to his sense of prudence, and he was not the only person at Woodham who regarded his action thus favourably, nor was Clara Dawtrey the only one who derived satisfaction from the thought of Hilda Bland's mortification. But Aldyth could only explain the irreproachable air with which Guy bore himself by the assumption that he was so constituted as to be incapable of certain thoughts and feelings which to her appeared natural and essential. She was destined to receive further proof of this theory ere long.

Aldyth comforted herself with the reflection that it was probably a happy thing for Hilda that the engagement had come to an end. Her sensitive, emotional nature must have suffered constant pain in daily association with one whose ideas were so matter-of-fact, and whose perceptions were obtuse to all that did not immediately concern himself. Aldyth's own feelings towards her cousin at this time were strangely mingled. In her disgust at his conduct towards Hilda she had shrunk from him, and but for Miss Lorraine's efforts and Guy's persistence in trying to ingratiate himself with her, the reconciliation just effected might have been ruptured as soon as made. But there was a motive which urged Aldyth to avoid another estrangement from her cousin. Although she was in no way to blame for the fact, she could never forget that her gain had been Guy's loss. It was not a gain that had brought her increased satisfaction; but she knew that his loss had caused Guy much chagrin, and that many persons pitied him on account of it. She was painfully conscious of this whenever she saw him, and it made her tolerant of his society and anxious to do all in her power to make amends to him for his loss.

Guy understood his cousin sufficiently well to divine that this would be her feeling; but whilst Aldyth was racking her brain to devise delicate and practicable modes of making up to him in some degree for what he had lost, he was looking forward to a means of restitution which never crossed her mind. People seeing the cousins together again, and apparently on the old terms, were quick to say that it was plain why Hilda Bland had been jilted. Guy did not trouble himself about what people might say; but to Aldyth the idea was so impossible that she never conceived that others might entertain it. She persuaded Guy to accept as a gift from her the horse which he had been wont to ride when he lived at Wyndham, she consulted him on various matters connected with the estate and allowed him to help her; but at the same time she treated him with the frankness and occasional severity of an elder sister, though in truth she was his junior; and there was nothing in her manner that could flatter his vanity or encourage the hope he was cherishing.

But the self-esteem of some persons requires little support, and the event which one will regard as impossible will strike another as highly probable. Guy had no idea that the purpose he had formed involved an astounding surprise for Aldyth, and perhaps she should have been better prepared for it than she was.

One warm afternoon Aldyth was in the library at Wyndham, worrying herself over some business details submitted to her by her bailiff, which she could not understand. Her head ached, the heat was stupefying, and her perplexity only increased the longer she studied the account. It was with a sense of relief that she heard Guy's step in the hall, and called him to her. There was a welcome in her glance ere she said brightly—

"Oh, I am glad to see you. Do come and tell me what this man means me to understand by this complicated document."

"Willingly, if I can," said Guy, as he drew a chair to her side. The matter was simple enough to him. He had been accustomed to look after his uncle's business affairs, and in a few minutes he had explained everything Aldyth found puzzling, and also given her a little advice with regard to the business under consideration.

"Tomlinson is a good fellow," he said; "but you must not let him have everything his own way. An agent should not have too much power."

"But how can I help it?" asked Aldyth; "he understands these things, and I do not."

"That's it," said Guy, seizing his opportunity. "You need some one by your side who knows how to manage an estate. Dear Aldyth, I wish you would let me help you."

"You do help me, Guy," she said, puzzled by his manner, but yet far from seeing his drift; "you are very good to help me as you do."

"Ah, but I could be so much more to you, if you would let me," he said, and now his voice took a tender tone which roused her to a sense of danger; "if only you would let me share all your burdens and cares; if you would let things be as uncle always meant them to be."

Considering the circumstances of the case Guy certainly expressed himself with much cleverness, and showed what imaginative language even commonplace minds can command under sufficient stimulus. But the effect of his words was not such as he desired.

Aldyth started up, a flush of anger on her cheek. "Guy, I cannot think what you mean by speaking in such a way."

"Oh, yes, you must know," he said; "I told you before that I loved you." He paused, checked by the scorn he read in her glance.

"I should think that would be a reason for not saying it again," she replied in cold, clear tones which had an edge of contempt. "If I remember rightly, I made you aware then how I regarded your professions, and you cannot surely imagine that, after all that has happened, and Hilda Bland being my friend, I should regard them otherwise now, especially as——excuse me, Guy, the motive is so evident."

Guy looked down, and his face flushed, but he said doggedly—

"You may say what you like, but I think you owe something to me. You forget that what has happened makes a great difference to me."

"No, I do not forget it," said Aldyth, warmly; "I cannot forget it; I am oppressed by the knowledge that it is so. I would set matters right between us at once, if I knew how."

"There is but one way," he said.

"Then it is a way I shall never take," she said, her eyes flashing on him. "I would not set a wrong right by committing a greater wrong. I would give you Wyndham to-morrow rather than do that."

"But that would be impossible," he said. "I could not in honour accept such a gift from you."

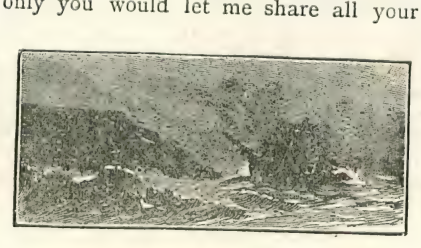
"I should not have thought considerations of honour would have troubled you, Guy," said Aldyth, unable to resist the retort.

But she was ashamed of it when it had passed her lips, and feeling that there was danger in her growing excitement, she turned to quit the room. Ere she could reach the door, it was opened by a servant, evidently looking for her. On the salver in his hand lay a telegram.

"For you, Miss Lorraine," he said. "A man has ridden from Woodham with it."

Aldyth passed into the hall as she tore the envelope open. The telegram was from Eastbourne, and the sender was Gladys. "We are in dreadful trouble; come to us," was all it said.

(*To be continued.*)



MOTIVES FROM OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERIES FOR ENGLISH NEEDLEWORKERS.

By GLEESON WHITE.

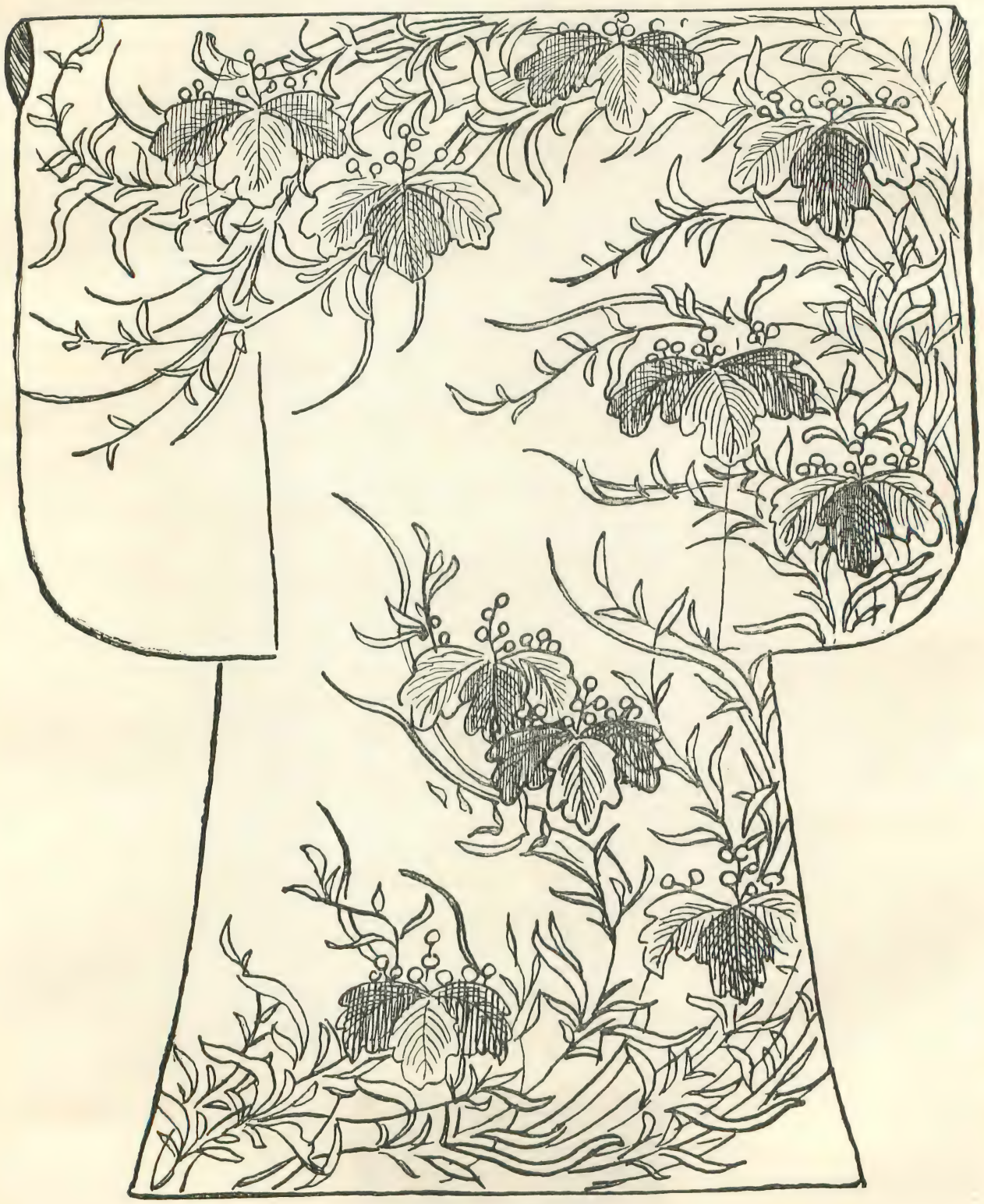


FIG. 27.—JAPANESE ROBE.

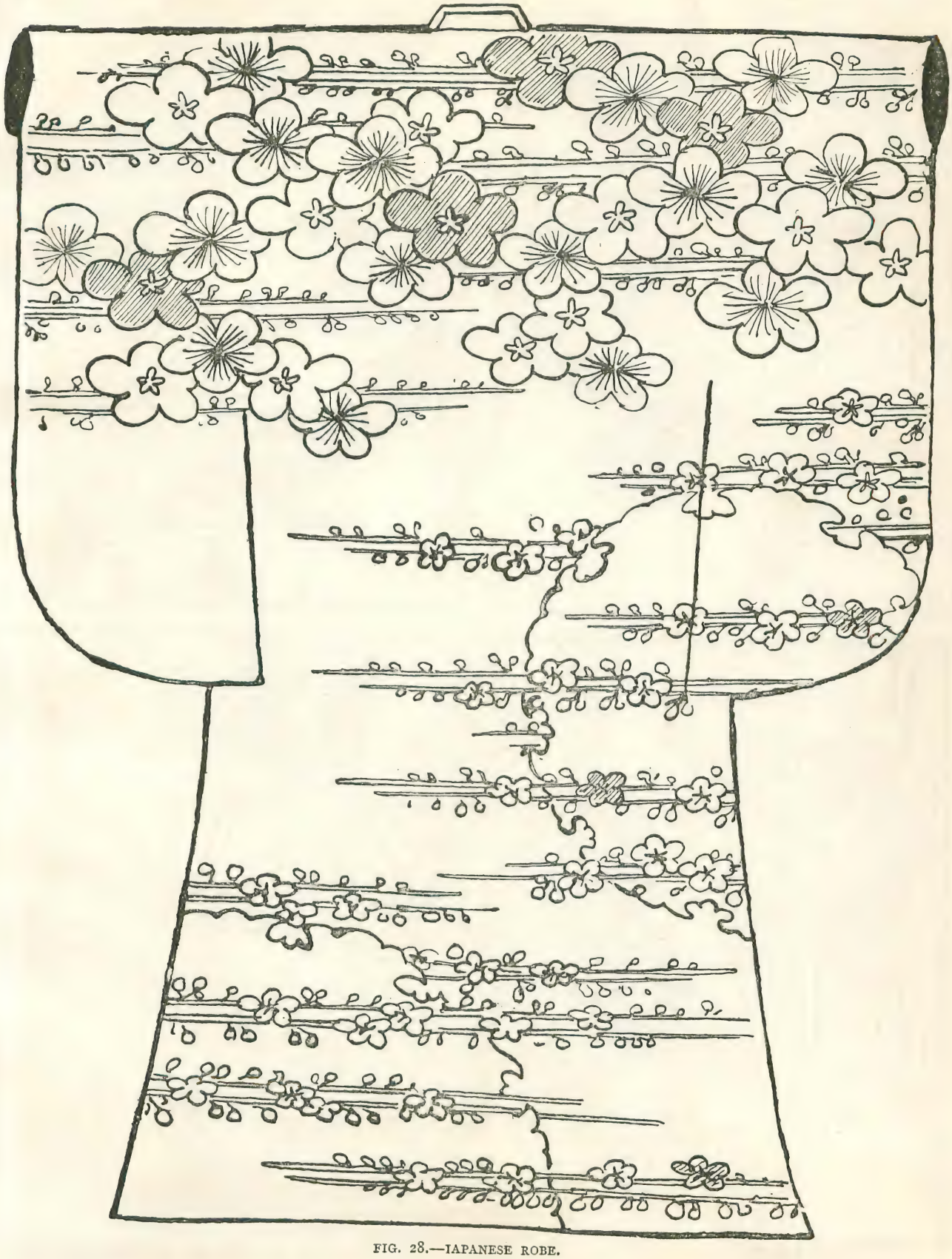


FIG. 28.—IAPANESE ROBE.

FIG. 20.

FIG. 20.

FIG. 31.

PART III.

APPLIQUÉ embroidery is obviously somewhat a makeshift for the real thing, but for bold work it is telling; and owing to the increased richness possible when velvets, plushes, and cloths of gold are applied in this way, many effects quite legitimate may be obtained by this method, at far less labour than by the needle alone; but at its best it cannot compare with the patient stitching that creates the whole pattern with no adventitious help.

If it be desired to reproduce a Japanese design in a Japanese way, it is almost impossible, without the study of an actual example, to describe the method of the native worker. In one part, minutely-elaborated detail is expressed with a prodigal amount of stitching; in another, a few long stitches suggest the sprays of fir trees against the sky, or the movement of cloud forms, the dashing of spray, or the delicate stems of grasses, in a way that betrays the artist, and can no more be imparted by dull words, than the masterly strokes of a Rembrandt etching or the bold splashes of a clever water-colour sketch. In all manifestations of art, it is just what is unteachable, that quality that comes from within, that betrays the artist. You may acquire critical knowledge, geometrical precision, and become learned upon styles, to avoid anachronisms or blunders; but the finest touch that is 'Art' is often an unknown quality to those who employ it. Why he did so and so—that apparently spontaneous line or blot of colour—why his design took this form or left out that one—the inventor himself knows not; he felt it was right and did it, is all he knows and all we know; but the guiding influence that makes for art, is and must always be a dead secret. For art, in its very essence, is inimitable, and entirely a personal expression of the worker's mood. No matter if it is in embroidery for a d'oyley, or a fresco for a Campo Santo, the wilful egotism of the craftsman who trusted entirely to his own feeling, and did what, so far as he knew, nobody had done before, is usually the genesis of art. Yet a fine frenzy is not necessary, nor is the magic success always a spontaneous easy effort. The happy moment when the right way became the only possible one to follow may happen at the first touch, or may be after a heart-breaking series of failures; but the critical verdict of the worker—the other attribute of art—knew in the first case that the first thought was best, and knew in the latter that not the second nor the third, nor, may be, the seventy-time-seventh, was the one he waited for, but when it came he knew it, and forbore further quest.

From my own collection of Japanese books, embracing several hundred volumes and many thousand designs, I have selected a few that seemed best suited for modern needlework. These were chosen, not because they were the best art, still less because they were the most original and un-English, but for practical reasons. Yet to make any selection is almost a hopeless task, for only those who appreciate originality in design, and can realise the supreme difficulty of gaining effects that are totally new from ordinary details that are the commonplace material of every designer, can fully understand the prodigal abundance of Japanese motives for decoration. The native artist seems to find any object, natural or artificial, capable of use, and from the meanest motives works out unexpected yet delightful patterns.

To study even a single text-book of ornament in these volumes leaves one aghast at the fertility of invention and construction displayed by its artist, and when after becoming familiar with hundreds of their books, a new one turns up, it is as spontaneous and fresh as though it were a first harvest from virgin soil. When one recalls the limited motives that are the stock-in-trade of many styles, the endless arabesques of one school, and the comparatively limited ideas of even the German Renaissance, which is perhaps the most abundant of any Western school, and compares it with the literally inexhaustible riches of Japan, only a fellow-enthusiast could tolerate the exuberant and unmeasured praise such beauty rightfully deserves.

For the mass of this wonderful decoration is no mere shifting of a few motives into new patterns, as a kaleidoscope will transform a few broken pieces of glass to an infinitude of different forms. The likeness in such variation is as strong as the difference; but in the Japanese mind a fresh treatment accompanies every fresh idea, and since under their magical touch any motive can be treated in a thousand different ways, the possibilities of their art are even less limited than Nature herself.

The mistaken view that Japanese design is chiefly noticeable for its lack of symmetry and sheer eccentricity of purpose, gains small support from a study of these books. Now and again, it is true, some proofs of "the glorious gospel of haphazard" may be found; but the great majority of these patterns conform to laws of symmetry in their planning in a way hardly apparent without careful study. As, in the hands of a great master, the dull forms of a fugue are clothed so skilfully that it interests a non-musical person by its splendour of sound, and conceals science by lovely harmony, so the artists of these patterns take the dry skeleton of a geometrical pattern and clothe it with living beauty, that tires as little as Nature tires. But mere rhapsody is worthless; those who do not know the subject distrust it, and those who know prefer their own rhapsodies to those of other people.

The designs that are more or less based upon filling a circle are especially beautiful in this school of ornament, and seem singularly well adapted for practical application. Elsewhere stress has been laid on the decorative value of the whole design as well as of its parts; or, to put it as an instance, a surface decorated with several of these medallions will have a double value, for the detail of

their decoration is delightful upon close inspection, and the round spots they appear to be from a distance are yet decorative in a way no spray of flowers or all-over chintz-like ornament can possibly be.

The two designs 27 and 28 are tracings of two embroidered robes from a collection of patterns that fill six volumes. In 27 the imperial device of the horse-chestnut is introduced, the darker leaves being a rich dull blue, the lighter ones a paler shade; their foliage is in dull green, and the berries a bright yellow, the ground being a dull neutral colour. Fig. 28 has a quiet grey background, with the flowers worked in white with yellow petals, those shaded in the drawing being of a pale brownish yellow; the tiny spots of red in some of the buds have much to do with the scheme of colour; the two discs crossed by the branches are of exquisitely pale blue. The motive of this design is incomparably fine, and as an example of the splendid end brought by such simple means merits careful study.

The pattern No. 29 is from an old example figured three or four times in the books of this collection alone. It is on a white ground, with positive black for the shaded parts in this sketch—the flowers being in blues and reds of somewhat vivid tone; but it is not possible to convey the colouring in words; the wheel shapes are in solid black, and black outline.

Fig. 30 is an exquisite all-over pattern, probably with delicate pink flowers and sage green leaves; but the design is uncoloured, and, excepting a vague recollection of a piece of real work very similar in style, it is not safe to describe its treatment.

Fig. 31 is more nearly the conventional idea of Japanese art; it is on a primrose ground, with white storks and foliage *au naturel* in green.

To enlarge these designs, a simple way is to procure a sheet of Letts's sectional tracing paper, ruled in tiny squares with red; then, having prepared a sheet with pencil lines crossing each other—at any required scale, but in perfect squares—even a non-artistic person will have little difficulty in enlarging the design to the required size.

The use of these designs is not limited to mere copying. A study of their method will enable a cunning draughtsman to work up original motives on these lines, and produce work that, if not so fine as the original (and with all deference to unknown readers, I doubt if at present we have any artists to beat the Japanese in this particular branch of art), might certainly be at least individual, and, so far, better than tame copies of even the best.

If these few reproductions send some clever embroidery workers to study the wonderful achievements of old Japan, they will certainly be thrice blessed; for such advice blesses him that gives it and they who take it. To become fascinated with Japanese designs is to acquire a taste that, as far as personal experience of such hobby-riders goes to prove, is a cumulative delight that grows by what it feeds on, and never fails to arouse fresh sensations of delight at the boundless store of the Land of the Rising Sun.

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A CRESCENT moon the dusky sky is climbing,
Belated stock-doves seek the forest shade,
A little stream its vesper hymn is chiming
Across the dewy glade;

Where softly flutes the song-bird in the sedges,
And starry white the virgin lily gleams,
'Neath the dark fringe that laps the river edges,
Where the wild swan dreams.

On the earth the young moon's silver fingers
Like a benediction seem to rest,
While the reflex of the bright day lingers
In the fading west.

Yet, despite the beauty and the sweetness,
Upon our hearts a restless sadness steals,
A yearning, which a sense of incompleteness
Of earthly joy reveals.

God made us for Himself; methinks such yearning
But shadows forth the soul's divine unrest,
Which all unconsciously is inly burning
To be by Him possessed,

Who is the type of loveliness and sweetness,
Who is the one pure source of joy and light,
All that we yearn for in a full completeness,
Too great for mortal sight.

It is His voice divine within us speaking;
Sometimes we hear it through earth's shadows dim,
Yet know not that our vague unrest is making
A dumb response to Him.

We must be patient, till the cloudless dawning,
When He no more His face from us will hide,
When we shall wake in heaven's eternal morning,
And shall be satisfied!

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candalaria," "After Shipwreck," etc.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE VERSUS DUTY.

"It brings to the soul that its voice hath met,
No rest, that cadence learning;
But a conscious part in the sighs that fret
Its nature for returning."

I DID not go out to walk alone in Kensington Gardens again; nor did I go to Mrs. Somerville's on her next "at home" day, when Maurice would expect to meet me. The morning following, the doctor came to South Street, and after his usual talk with my father, he walked into the sitting-room up to the little work-table where I sat busily stitching, and said—

"My wife missed you yesterday, so did somebody else."

My heart commenced to beat faster, and I felt my cheeks burn; I bent lower over my work.

"Our artist friend is going to Italy soon, he tells me, and he is likely to remain there for some months."

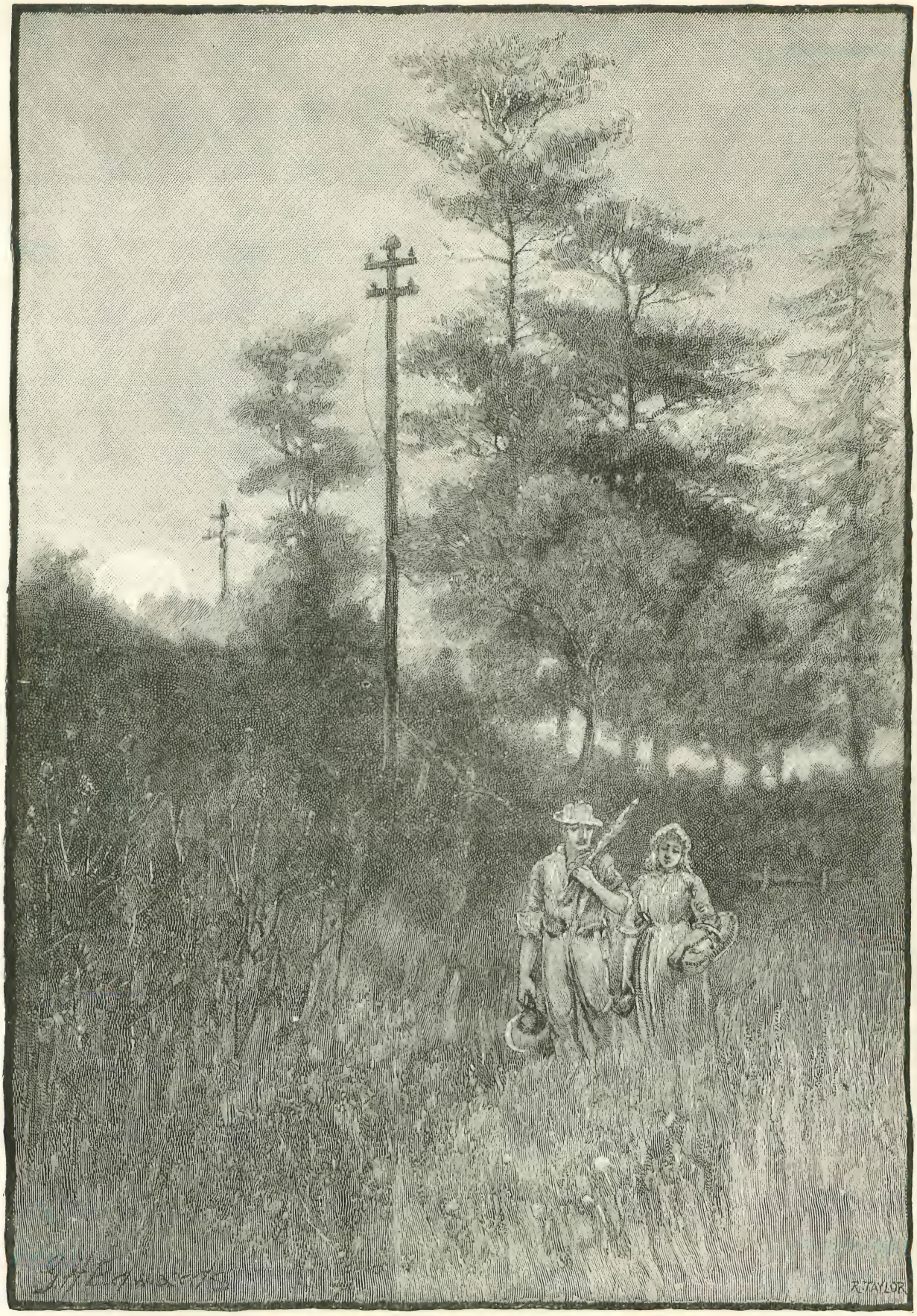
"That will be of great advantage to him," I managed to answer, in a quiet voice.

Dr. Somerville was looking at me critically, I felt. With an effort I raised my eyes firmly to meet his gaze, and said—

"It is wonderful how much better my father has been since he decided to go abroad again, is it not?"

"Yes, it has certainly done him good; the thought of work seems bracing, as well as the idea of a voyage. But how do you like the idea of it, Marjory?" I was always Marjory, never Miss Wilson, to my dear friends in Park Street.

"I must like it, doctor, and I shall need all



EVENTIDE.

my time and thoughts now, for we are to sail in five weeks, father says."

"You are a brave girl, Marjory; I will tell the wife you will come and see her as often as you can in the forenoon, shall I? She will have you to herself then; just now she has quite a little crowd on her 'at home' afternoons."

"Yes, I would rather do that."

I got up a little nervously from my seat, and fetched some photographs of Honolulu, which Mr. Merryweather had brought us, to show to the doctor. I knew what was in his mind, and I wished to change the current of his thoughts as well as my own.

That evening my father and I had a long talk together about the South Sea Islands, those we had already visited, and about my dear mother and her enjoyment of the beauty of some of their palm-fringed, coral-lined shores. The Hawaiian Islands, my father said, were more temperate in their climate than the Society group; we should find the heat more bearable. It might please God to prolong his life for a number of years yet. Before we bade each other good-night, he stroked my hair fondly, as he did on rare occasions, when unusually moved, and said: "One trouble is lifted off my mind, Madge; when we first talked of this plan of ours I feared it might be a blow to you; I thought that you had perhaps been indulging in hopes which it would pain me to disturb or interfere with. I see I was mistaken, you are preparing so cheerfully for the change before you. I am glad of it, my darling. I could not have borne to see you pine and fret. I should have given up this idea of going abroad again, if you had done so."

"I have no cause to pine or fret, father; do not think that for a moment."

He took my face in his hands, and held it up towards his.

"No one will ever love you more fondly than I do, Madge, and you are only a girl—only eighteen. I could not spare you yet."

"I would not leave you for the world, father," I said, earnestly; and, thank God, I meant it.

One afternoon, before we sailed, I was tired with my packing and the preparations for our voyage, and I went to sit for a while under the great plane tree in front of the South Kensington Museum. I had not energy to walk far, but I craved air and sunlight.

Soon I was lost in thought, and gazing over into the old garden with its dark cedars. I did not notice steps drawing near, and I started when Maurice Norton's voice reached my ears.

"I am fortunate, Miss Wilson, at last. I feared you would go without my seeing you again. I should have written, but I wished to see and speak to you. I might have called, but I wanted to see you alone."

My hands were cold, and my manner, I know, must have seemed unfriendly and constrained. I could not help it, feeling as I did. He seated himself beside me, and I tried to talk on several subjects of indifference, but did not succeed. Soon he become constrained and moody, as my manner grew more natural and pleasanter. Then I jumped up, and said it was time for me to go back to my father. On that he took my hand, and held it so tightly in his own that it pained and frightened me.

The tears actually started to my eyes; but it was not merely physical pain which caused them.

"I have hurt you. Forgive me, Marjory—Miss Wilson. But tell me, is it true that you are going to the other side of the world? Are you going away for long?"

"Yes, for altogether, I believe. My father has no chance of getting better if he remains here."

"And you? Do you like the idea of leaving England and your friends?"

"Do not ask me. I have no choice. My father needs me. I am all he has, you know."

"I have to go to Italy soon—next week, probably."

"I know; Dr. Somerville told me. It will be a very good thing for you, will it not?"

"Yes, it ought to be; but, Marjory, I care for nothing just now unless you will promise to remember me, to let me write to you sometimes, to wait for me, and trust me."

"Ah! do not talk in that way. I can promise nothing; my life belongs to my father. You do not understand. I promised my mother never to leave him."

"But some day, Marjory?"

"No, Maurice." As I called him by his Christian name for the first time, he noted it, and his face brightened at the sign. "No; I will promise nothing. But I am glad I have seen you, just to say good-bye."

"I may call, may I not?"

"No, please do not."

"I shall write."

"Not before we go, Maurice. Do not; but if you care to write to me, write, as a friend might, to San Francisco, when you are settled in Rome. We sail very soon now. I shall call at the General Post Office there for our letters. I can only be a friend, Maurice—remember that."

We had reached the door of our lodging. I bade him good-bye with trembling lips. The door was opened by someone coming out, and we parted.

For days afterwards, whenever I went out of doors, until I knew he must have left for Italy, I seemed to be walking in a dream. I looked eagerly into every hansom cab I met; my eyes wandered everywhere; I was possessed with a longing desire to see Maurice's face once more.

After that I compelled myself to dwell only on the future that was before my father and myself; and I had plenty to occupy myself with, in buying all we needed and in arranging matters of business which my father's want of physical strength prevented him from attending to himself. If I broke down sometimes when I was weary, and gave way to yearning thoughts of what might have been, no one suspected it; I fought my battle out, as so many other women must do, in the silence of my own little room.

Aunt Mary, my mother's sister, had intended to return to England about this time, to settle in her Lancashire home, for she was now a widow. But an attack of illness prevented her from doing so, and we had to leave without seeing her, as my father feared to defer his voyage, lest he should become too weak to undertake it at all.

Dr. Somerville gave us an introduction to an old college friend of his who had settled in San Francisco, and who was also a physician. This proved of great service to us later on.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATES.

"A lonely mission, built by monks
Upon a barren strand;
A sleepy little settlement,
Half buried in the sand;
A bustling camp of lawless men,
From every quarter blown;
A mighty city by the waves,
A queen upon her throne.

"She looketh West—all Asia's wealth
Lies ready to her hand;
East, and her soft eyes rest upon
The far-famed silver land;
North, and her mighty forests bow
Their heads to greet her gaze;
South, and between the olive leaves
The yellow citrons blaze."

We read the above verses amongst others in the *San Francisco News Letter* the morning after our arrival at one of those comfortable, really homelike hotels of which there are a number in that city. There is a peculiar charm about the atmosphere of California, which lays hold of almost everyone who makes any long stay in the state. After we had been a few weeks there, I thought the picture in the poem I have quoted from—which had seemed to me so overcoloured—a very faithful one. Before very long I grew to love it dearly, although great sorrow came to me there.

The entrance to the harbour is not called the "Golden Gate" because through it the seekers after wealth passed to dig gold, as so many folks imagine. Colonel Fremont gave it that name because he fancied it very much resembled the entrance to the Bosphorus.

We had expected to sail out again in the course of a few weeks, but my father, who at first seemed so well and full of hope, was suddenly seized with an acute attack of illness, which left him weak and prostrated for many weeks. The physician Doctor Somerville's letter had introduced us to advised him to give up all thought of going on to the Hawaiian Islands, and urged him to settle in a small furnished house which a patient of his wished to let for a year or two, as he was going to travel in Europe.

In this we were installed as soon as my father was well enough to be moved; our income was small, but we got the house at a very low rent, considering that it had nearly all the furniture we needed. Food is cheap in California, and we were both well stocked with clothing. Our chief expense was the capable Chinaman my father insisted on engaging, lest I should overtire myself in housework.

I had gone to the post office to get our letters at once on our arrival in port, and amongst those for me was a long one from Maurice, which I did not open until I was safely in my own room.

My heart beat quickly and my hands were cold as I looked first at the beginning, then at the ending, before I read through the whole. Then I re-read it more carefully, weighing every sentence, pressing out all the possible meaning of the words, trying to feel quite satisfied and happy. I say trying, for in some way, which I could not explain to myself, instead of experiencing the warm glow that I might have felt on getting this really affectionate letter, I felt chilled and blank.

As I had requested him, he had written as a friend; he had also sent me some poems which he begged me to criticise. Italy inspired him, he said; and he was beginning to play with the pen, besides wielding the brush vigorously. He wished I could see some sketches he had begun, a commission from a firm of publishers in London. Then he asked for a letter as quickly as I could send one in answer to his; he wanted much to know how my father was, and how I had enjoyed the voyage so far, and he quoted one of Wordsworth's sonnets from Michael Angelo, which he said came into his mind whenever he thought of me—

"This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;
This ship to all the rest did I prefer;
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir."

Surely I had no right to feel disappointed and pained because there was no word of waiting for me, or of meeting again. It was too soon for that. And had I not forbidden him to write otherwise?

I answered the letter. fully and speedily.

Then I tried to school myself into a state of indifference, and repeated constantly to myself, "This ship was nought to me, nor I to her," until I was roused by my father's dangerous condition, and forgot all thoughts of self for a time.

My father's health improved again rapidly after we got into a little home of our own. The people who owned the house wrote that we might remain in it as long as we chose; they had decided to settle elsewhere. So I began to make it look like an English home; we unpacked the few household treasures we possessed, and soon became accustomed to the thought of remaining indefinitely in San Francisco.

There were many pleasant excursions to be made, which the convenient tram-cars and the steamers plying to and fro across the bay rendered easy, even to an invalid. Often we went over the water to the suburbs of Oakland and Alameda, where, beyond the more populated roads, the ground was covered with nemophila, which spread like a blue carpet underneath the oak trees. Of the darker side of Western life I naturally saw very little, and the fresh unconventionality of the cultured and refined classes charmed me.

Some of the acquaintances we made through our Honolulu friend—whose friendship still proved of value to my father—were Presbyterians, and very active members of their church. They soon invited me—I might say pressed me—into sewing circles and "sociables," which met in the most comfortably furnished "parlours" underneath the church; and they also persuaded me to help at the Chinese Sunday-school, where teachers were always in great demand.

The Chinamen are very glad to go there, because it helps them on in their study of the English language, a most necessary accomplishment in their busy and laborious lives among the smart Americans. The religious people hope, of course, to infuse Christian belief whilst patiently teaching them to read and write. So eager are their scholars in the pursuit of knowledge, that one or two at most are generally found enough for each teacher to instruct.

I found my own faith and patience sorely tried in this occupation; now and again Ah Sin or Wang Fo would smile in a most superior and unbelieving fashion when we read of miracles, or I ventured to speak of some of the mysteries of our religion. I confess that after a few Sundays I gave up all attempts to do more than help them to read and understand the text, leaving it to their own most capable Chinese teacher and missioner to do the more spiritual part of the work.

Whilst I was busily engaged there one Sunday afternoon, all my attention engrossed by my one pupil, a shrewd, intelligent, old Chinaman, two visitors came into the schoolroom, unnoticed by me until a voice close to me said—

"Well, well, to be sure! why, this is Miss Wilson, Robertson. I thought I must be mistaken in her face at first, but there is no mistaking her voice."

I started and looked up at the speaker, whose face was beaming as he held out a hand in most friendly fashion.

"You do not remember me, Miss Wilson? Have you forgotten the pleasant drives and rides we had together among the cotton fields and in the banana avenues at Atemaono? and our little disputes and differences as to the comparative merits of American and English institutions?"

Then I recognised Mr. Horatio Stiggins, the travelling correspondent of an American journal, who had spent a week at the house of a cotton planter in Tahiti, at the same time as ourselves, about six years ago. He had always amused me by his dry humour, and had been very kind and attentive to my father, who was ill at the time.

"I did not know you at first, Mr. Stiggins; I could scarcely expect to meet you in a Sunday-school; you remember ——"

"That I used to talk nonsense about Sunday-schools and other religious institutions? So I did; but really, I liked to draw you out—you were so young and so orthodox, you know. I trust your dear father is with you now, and that you will allow me to come and pay my respects to you both at your present residence. I will not take up your time now; I see this very intelligent heathen Chinee, who is so fortunate as to have you to teach him, is quite impatient at the interruption in his studies. No, I am not quizzing, I assure you."

I was by no means desirous of prolonging the conversation there and then, and I thought it would interest and amuse my father to see Mr. Stiggins again, so I gave him the address of our little house in Pine Street, and told him when he was most likely to find us at home.

"I shall do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow, and I shall bring a newspaper along with me, to show your good father and yourself a card I gave you in my journal."

I had not the faintest idea what he could mean by a "card," but I restrained my curiosity for the present, and devoted myself to my pupil.

The following day Mr. Stiggins made his promised visit, and then I saw the "card" he had been good enough to give us.

Being quite unaccustomed to personalities in newspapers—my father always regarding the so-called society papers with horror—I felt myself grow crimson as I read in the journal for whom Mr. Stiggins was the lively correspondent, an elaborate account of my father and myself, our travels, our aristocratic connections, even our personal appearance, all described in most flattering and exaggerated language. *It fairly took away my breath,* and made me blush to see myself in print in these colours. Mr. Stiggins seemed quite disappointed at my silence.

"I thought it would gratify you," he said, folding up his paper again. "I mailed one to Tahiti, in the hope that it would reach you in some way; but our mutual friend there wrote me that you had left soon after myself."

My father changed the subject of conversation, and soon they were chatting pleasantly enough; but I could not feel cordially towards our visitor again, *and sat, as my father* said afterwards, with my horns drawn in closely.

"I was afraid of closer contact with a substance that was foreign to my nature," I answered, flippantly.

"You must be polite to him now, Madge, since you gave him our address. He is harmless enough and very amusing."

So Mr. Horatio Stiggins often came to smoke beside my father on our little verandah in Pine Street. He was now settled in San Francisco, and he even persuaded me to write some short stories and verses for his paper, for which he paid me what seemed a very good sum. It helped me to do many little things which brightened our home and our life for a short space.

It was long before I had a letter from Maurice Morton again. My letter to him had been posted before it was decided that we were to remain in California, and his reply would go first to Honolulu, to the care of the Merryweather firm, who would send it back to us in due time. Had I felt sure that Maurice still loved me, I should have written again to him as soon as our plans were altered.

And so my first attempts in literary work were made under the auspices—I might say the guidance—of Mr. Horatio Stiggins, of the Californian *Comet*, instead of my English artist and poet. They were more successful than what I might have produced had it been otherwise; what we love best ourselves is rarely the most acceptable to the general public; brain children are like our family offspring in this respect.

To Mr. Stiggins' practical encouragement the story of a few years of our life is due. It soon became a habit with me to note down all that interested and affected me and mine, as well as what was likely to prove useful as copy for newspaper and magazine articles.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC AMONG THE WORKING GIRLS OF LONDON.

A VERY interesting and important work of great philanthropic value has been going on for several years in the movement known as the Working Girls' Club Union, which owes its origin and its parent club, in Soho, to the ability and generosity of the Honourable Maude Stanley, by whom it was founded and started in 1885. Belonging to the Club Union are no fewer than twenty-seven branches in London and the country. They exist under slightly different conditions, but all aim to provide a place of instruction and recreation for our working girls, and in some instances, as in Greek Street, lodgings for those among them who may otherwise be homeless; at the Greek Street Home there are forty beds, and they are almost always full, the privileges of the Home being thoroughly valued and appreciated by its occupants. Miss Stanley's valuable little book, entitled "Clubs for Working Girls," might be studied with advantage by readers of this paper, among whom helpers, who are much needed in the work generally, might be found. The following list of classes at 59, Greek Street, taken from the *Girls' Club Union Magazine*, shows how many openings exist, for those who are willing to do so, in giving instruction to girls in less fortunate positions of life to themselves—

MONDAY—Night School.
,, Dramatic Class.
,, French.
TUESDAY—Singing.
WEDNESDAY—Gymnastics.
,, Plain and Fancy Needlework.
THURSDAY—Night School.
(*Under Government Inspection.*)
Confirmation Class.
SUNDAY—3.30, 40, Dover Street, Bible Class.
WEDNESDAY—A Musical Evening.

It is not, however, my purpose here to dwell upon this admirable and successful

scheme in its general branches, but to notice specially one part of its many-sided advantages. As may be seen from the class list, music has always formed an important portion of the recreative and educational side of the Soho Club, and for the past three years it has also held an educational position in the Club Union. In 1888, Miss Stanley started a Girls' Club Union Choir Competition, taking place in the May of that year, and having for its object the purpose of showing what musical work had really been done at the winter classes, and also to provide an incentive to steady work with a definite object and result. A challenge picture of St. Cecilia has been held each year by the winning choir, for the possession of which the friendly combat of the choirs takes place.

Last year a very creditable competition was held in the Soho Club in Greek Street, when nine clubs competed, the prize being eventually carried off by that of All Hallows, the adjudicator being Mr. Thomas, of the Guildhall School of Music. The plan of competition is as follows: Each club is allowed to choose one piece for themselves, a second being selected for them. A third piece has this year been added for separate study and combined performance, Mendelssohn's "Greeting" being selected. The only criticism to be made upon the plan of selection is, that in my estimation it would be much better if the clubs had both pieces selected for them by some competent musician knowing their powers—Mr. Thomas, for example—as those chosen by themselves are by no means always suitable. I would take this opportunity of advocating to all interested in teaching choral singing the immense value of unaccompanied music over that which is accompanied. Much greater nicety of execution is required in it, and all slurring is rendered much more audible, and therefore not so likely to become habitual as when a pianoforte accompaniment provides a cover for faults, as it so often does, and, as was the case at the competition the other day, being a drawback rather than a help. The study of an unaccompanied piece of music has double value educationally to that in which the piano is giving a so-called assistance, but in reality a hindrance; it would be of great advantage to these clubs if no accompaniment were permitted at all in their test pieces. Messrs. Curwen and Sons provide, in both notations, an immense selection of pieces, unaccompanied, for treble voices, of various degrees of difficulty, and experience shows that the sooner the piano is banished from any but perhaps the two first rehearsals of a piece of part music (even then only being allowed to play the parts, not an accompaniment), the better and the quicker the study of that piece will be.

But to return to our competition. Last year the space at Greek Street was found too limited for the performance of the choirs, so this year, by the kindness of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, their beautiful hall was placed at the disposal of the competition managers, and a most interesting competition took place accordingly on Saturday, May 17, at five o'clock. The clubs were of course admitted free, the parents of the singers and all club members by sixpenny tickets, reserved places being sold to the general public at half-a-crown, to defray expenses connected with the competition. Eight choirs competed, each wearing a badge, a coloured sash over the shoulder; and having heard last year's competition in Greek Street, I am in a position to say what a wonderful advance has been made in the musical standard of the choirs in a year. Time and tune, the first necessities of music, were on an entirely different level; expression, in many instances, was very good, the teachers seeming to have devoted a good deal of attention to it; attack and attention to the conductor's beat, the first essential for good choral singing, which in some instances was bad last year, was excellent throughout.

The Challenge Picture was won by the Soho Choir; but much good work was to be found in the singing of several other clubs, notably the Lily Club, which ran the Soho very hard, and the Arlington Club, which came in a good third. The Tottenham Club, composed of almost children, did not do at all badly for a first effort, but it was an example of what I have already said, how much better it would have been had the piece it selected not been so difficult. The "Maybells and the Flowers," which it chose, is quite the most difficult of Mendelssohn's beautiful duets, and therefore quite unsuitable for such young vocalists.

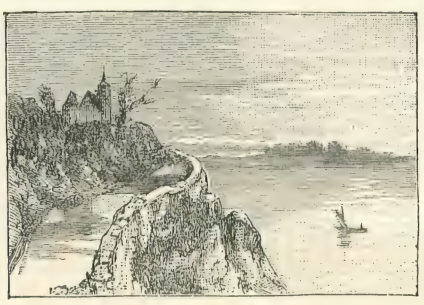
The singing of the combined choirs in Mendelssohn's "Greeting," under Mr. Thomas's bâton, was really admirable. The chromatic character of all Mendelssohn's music renders it no easy undertaking for the uncultivated ear, but it must be admitted that the semitones were very accurately given by the united choirs, proving, moreover, that "union is strength," not only in this case in actual volume of sound, but also in power of execution. I am certainly of opinion that next year the combined choirs could easily undertake some short work—say Mendelssohn's motets for female voices—or separate study and combined performance at their next festival, in which case a rehearsal would take place at the end of the afternoon's competition, the performance of the work, combined with other items to form a programme, being in the evening. This is suggested to the managers as another means of paying expenses connected with the competition work, and from personal experience I know that a good performance of a suitable work can be given with one separate rehearsal with each club, and one combined rehearsal on the day of competition, provided the teaching during the winter months has been hard-working and efficient. The material I have had to deal with in the North of England may be larger in bulk (the chorus numbering four hundred and fifty), and the gift of voice is greater; but the knowledge of music is on a level, if not beneath, that of many members of the Club Union. We have succeeded at Kendal in such works as Bach's "O light everlasting," "Lauda Sion," and Gounod's "Gallia"; and there is no reason why the Club Union should not do so in a work written for female voices.

But it may not unnaturally be asked what sort of voices have these hard-worked London girls, taken from the ranks of tailoresses, wigmakers, cigarette-makers, blacklead workers, etc., to say nothing of all the more commonly known female occupations, such as milliners, machinists, upholsteresses, and embroideresses? It might well be expected that they should not be very grateful to the ear; but such is not found to be the case. In most instances the voices are sweet and the ear good; the alti seemed inclined somewhat to nasal harshness, but the soprani are good in quality of voice. Strength of the vocal organs is evidently lacking; but voice and bodily power most often go hand in hand, and the London workgirls of 1890 are seldom very powerful specimens of humanity. In the strain and struggle for a means of livelihood it would hardly be likely they should be so. They are a light-hearted, uncomplaining race, to judge by their eager appreciation and quick comprehension of any joke made to them in the course of speeches, etc.; and their friendly, companionable ways with each other attract you to them. And if strength is wanting, still, from a choral-singing point of view, numbers can easily correct this want of fulness of tone in individuals. And after all, the admirable object of its promoters is not to make a professional choir of our workgirls, but to give them what has often been compared to an extra sense, in placing music within their grasp. "The power of sound" is a very great one, and the influence of music as an educator and refiner is more and more becoming appreciated, to say nothing of opening every year for the art a fresh music-loving public.

May it not be hoped that others may be induced to help in the great and good work of the Club Union? And are there not many places without such clubs, or without sufficient working helpers, where the foundation of one would be gratefully welcomed—a little enthusiasm and energy doing much to brighten and educate the lives of our poorer sisters? If this short account of the musical festival among the working girls of London should induce any persons to come forward as supporters of the movement, no matter in what way, its object will have been gained. The recompense may not always be during life's labours, but such labours as those to which I have been referring specially call to mind Waller's beautiful words—

"For all we know of what the blessèd do above,
Is that they sing and that they love."

A. M. WAKEFIELD.



EAU DE COLOGNE.

SEEING how universal in all civilised countries is the use of the perfume known as Eau de Cologne, it is difficult to imagine a time when it had no existence.

It is scarcely a luxury in this age, but rather a necessity. It not only occupies the post of honour on the toilet tables of the rich, but is scarcely ever absent from the sick wards of our hospitals and the sick-rooms of the poor, where it never ceases to refresh, purify, and console; and one can scarcely make a more acceptable present to the old, the sick, and the rheumatic than a bottle of the genuine Eau de Cologne, with a few directions how to use it.

All beginnings are interesting, and sometimes they are romantic. The battle which everything must fight ere it can take its proper place in the world is not less severe than that fought by men, the difference being that might is right among men, and genuineness, if clearly made out, gains the victory in materials.

To the uninitiated, the true and the false look as much alike as the wheat and the tares growing together in a field, until tested. In Eau de Cologne, as in other things, all desire to have the best; all like to know which is the best; all are interested in knowing the history, if it have any, and all are curious to learn how the false is made to appear so like the real that it is difficult to tell them apart.

There is a very curious legend about the origin of Eau de Cologne which is not generally known, and we will therefore relate it before giving the facts as they really occurred.

In far-away times a young Italian named Farina came to study in Cologne, and fell in love with a girl whose beauty had gained for her the name of the "White Rose of Cologne." Her father, however, did not approve of the young man, alleging, as a reason, that he had done no great or worthy deed deserving of such a reward. The legend states that in those days Satan visited the earth in visible form, and one of his favourite resorts was Cologne and its neighbourhood, and the walk he liked best was on the heights of the Drachenfels. During these visits the people of Cologne became so wicked that a monk named Gregory, a good and pious man, determined, after many prayers, to rid Cologne of the evil one. And so one summer night he ventured alone to the Drachenfels, and there wrestled long with the devil in the sight of the people of Cologne, and, after a terrific conflict, vanquished the enemy, who agreed to discontinue his visits; but by some incompleteness in the bargain the devil left behind a most objectionable smell in Cologne, which made it almost impossible for the inhabitants to continue dwelling in it. The monk's life was a burden to him, for he felt that it was owing to his want of faith or earnestness in his purpose that had brought about this catastrophe.

Young Farina was greatly attached to Gregory, and seeing how he was affected by his failure, determined to apply to a friend of his, a water-nymph who dwelt in a fountain outside Cologne, for her aid. She listened favourably, and bestowed upon him a phial containing a liquid which she instructed him how to make.

One fine day a procession entered Cologne, composed of lords, barons, and clergy, to do honour to the Emperor, who was on a visit. The stench was worse than ever, and Farina, who was with the monk, saw his opportunity, drew near to where the Emperor stood, and scattered some drops from his flask, when the air at once became fresh and pure, and the people were loud in their joy and thanks. The result was that Farina wedded the White Rose, settled in Cologne, and devoted himself to making the perfume which rendered innocuous the smell left by the evil one.

The devil, enraged by his loss of power, punished Farina by multiplying his family name and the makers of spurious Eau de Cologne to such an extent that it was next to impossible to obtain the genuine.

The facts are that close upon two hundred years ago Johann Maria Farina,* a merchant, dealing in Italian wares, silk, and perfumery, came to live at Cologne, and took up his residence opposite the Jülichs Platz, and having discovered a new perfume, he called it by the name of the town of his adoption, Eau de Cologne, and devoted himself to its manufacture.

This he composed of the finest essential oils and aromatic spices that the vegetable world produces, but the way he prepared and mixed them has been a secret from that day to this, except to the ten people, including the two who are now at the head of the firm, to whom it has been entrusted, or rather who have inherited it.

Every effort has been made by outsiders to get at the secret, but in vain. It was thought possible to get at it by means of a chemical analysis of the perfume, but science has not yet advanced so far as to decide positively by analytical experiments the relative quantity and quality in any mixture of volatile oils.

Whenever a person or thing is a great success, imitators and imitations are sure to spring up so like the original in features and dress that one is puzzled, and of course Eau de Cologne has not escaped.

As the genuine article was so bound up with the name Farina, it was of the highest importance that the imitators should assume that name, or import persons of that name into the business, even though they were unable to read and write, and this was done to such an extent that at one time there were sixty manufactories of Eau de Cologne in the city, most of them carried on in the name of Farina. Nor was this all; even the mark, the bottle, the appearance, and the address of the genuine article was copied without the slightest knowledge of the secret which made its excellence and its success.

Like many other people, we were anxious to learn what made the difference between the true and the false—how the real was made, of what materials, and in what quantities, and being in Cologne, and with a letter of introduction in our pockets to Johann Maria Farina, the real man, we determined to deliver it.

The premises are a good five minutes' walk from the Cathedral, and situate opposite the Jülichs Platz; they are large, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance.

Passing through the shop, we came into the inner room, where Johann Maria Farina himself received us kindly, and showed us many objects of interest; for example, the letters and diplomas of the crowned heads of Europe, the certificates of merit from the Exhibitions of London, Paris, Vienna, and New York, with which the firm intends to rest content, as, in their own words, the Eau de Cologne never varies, never has varied, and can never be improved. We saw also the portraits of the true Farina, seven in number, from the founder down to the father of the present head. We saw also the books of the firm—even the very first, written in 1709; it is written on rough paper somewhat like blotting-paper, and the ink retains its colour well. The manufacturing premises are separate from the house, divided by a sort of courtyard.

We took the rooms as they came, and not according to the manufacturing process, and so it happened that we saw the filling of the bottles first—a work performed by men and boys. There were many large urns containing the perfume, and before each sat a man with a hamper of bottles and a heap of corks by his side. Very rapidly he filled one after another, having rinsed them first with a little of the perfume, let a few drops fall on the cork to make it slip in easily, and pressed it into the bottle. These freshly-filled flasks are not at once for sale, but are kept at least six months, increasing in goodness as the perfume grows older. Every day some twenty-five bottles burst, making a loud report. A fresh supply of bottles comes in every Thursday; the long green ones are strung together by a straw band in fives, and the ordinary ones in rolls of five or six. The basket covering for the bottles is made by three families, who bring in every Friday the two or three thousand they have covered, get the money for their work, and another week's supply. These are all placed in the hands of women, who wash them in warm water heated by gas.

Another room is fitted up like wine bins, and stored with white boxes of Eau de Cologne ready to be sent out. The day we were there forty thousand boxes stood in readiness. More than two million bottles are sold in a year; one house in London takes 150,000. A large quantity of poplar wood grows in the neighbourhood of Cologne, and it is of this they are made; and in order to get the boxes white, as we are accustomed to see them, they are sulphured.

We found the cellars most interesting; they are immense places under the mansion house, each having its own entrance, and effectually cut off from each other in case of fire. All round stand immense casks of Eau de Cologne, and over each cask stands a slate bearing the date when it was filled. Some we noticed had been in the cellar fifty years. These cellars are under constant supervision, because it not infrequently happens that a cask bursts. This is why half a dozen casks are always left empty, in readiness to receive the contents of the burst

* Born in 1685, in the district of Domo d'Ossola.

ones. With the exception of these half-dozen, a cask is rarely empty more than twenty-four hours.

Twice a year the cellars have to be cleaned and whitewashed, owing to the evaporation, which forms a crust on the roof and sides like that on old port wine bottles. One of the cellars was full of grape spirit, which is like the strongest wine.

All the huge casks in the cellars are made of cedars from Lebanon, which are carried to Marseilles and there made up for this firm. Johann Maria Farina told us that this wood had for him two excellent qualities—strength and freedom from smell.

The casks being made, they are filled with French grape spirit, the use of which is peculiar to this firm. Others use German spirit, or spirit extracted from the potato. To ensure purity they distil their own spirit from the French grape; their distillery is near the Spanish frontier at Narbonne.

The process of making is to fill a cask half full of French grape spirit, then add the essential oils, and fill up with more grape spirit. This is left to stand a fortnight, when the Eau de Cologne becomes quite clear, and can be drawn off.

The refuse or dregs looks like green mustard, and is a wonderful remedy for rheumatism. It is supplied to the hospitals or given to any sufferer who applies with a physician's order. Eau de Cologne, if allowed to evaporate in boiling water, purifies the sick room of all noxious smells, without the slightest inconvenience to the invalid, and when the dregs cannot be obtained, rubbing in the Eau de Cologne itself on the part affected by rheumatism, till the skin becomes quite warm, is of the greatest benefit.

We were taken into a small laboratory filled with tin cans containing the essential oils; one small tin alone is worth £80. And lastly we were admitted into the identical room where the inventor himself worked two hundred years ago, and where the secret is kept. This precious document is kept in a crystal goblet, and under triple locks.

This part of the building is solid stone and iron, and the doors have double locks.

The visit was of the most interesting character, and we were very thankful to Johann Maria Farina, who himself conducted us through the building.

With a little care there need be no difficulty in distinguishing the genuine Eau de Cologne by the label on the bottles—Johann Maria Farina, Gegenüber dem Jülichs Platz—and on the left-hand side the most decided mark of the genuine, viz.:

Without these lines and dots it would not be genuine.

The house is without a number.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEWS.

A VERY depressing cloud hung over the Farm during the interval between Mr. Dauncey's departure and the period when a letter from Montreal might be expected. Belle and the children, to say nothing of Molly, did their best to lighten it, but Flo only added to its gloom. The bright, lively, volatile Flo seemed a changed person, and no one but Belle knew the reason. She scolded, argued, petted by turns, but nothing overcame Flo's scornful reserve. Everyone else attributed the change to anxiety about her brother, but anxious though she undoubtedly was, the root of her malady lay elsewhere.

"My dear Belle, you are quite mistaken; I don't care a straw for him," she said one evening, when the day's work was done, and they were together in the parlour. "But I do care for having to teach. It is really an impossible task. Oh, yes, the children are very good, at least, they are better than I was when a child; but that doesn't say much for them. They are quite afraid of me, which is very amusing, when everybody said I should never have authority enough. Marjory is fearfully persevering, and keeps Dolly up to the mark in a way that would divert me, if it were not all so matter-of-fact and dull. I was not born for a teacher."

"What were you born for?" asked Belle. "I suppose none of us are sent into the world for nothing."

"I suppose not; but I haven't found my vocation, unless it is that of travelling companion; and even then, between ourselves, I hated knocking under. Naturally, Mrs. Prendergast took the lead, and I followed obediently, but I always wanted to be first."

Belle was amused with this naïve confession, but would not lose her opportunity of striving to bring her sister to reason, by enlarging upon it.

"You must do something, Flo, and nothing offers but teaching. Mrs. Burmester says you are a very good mistress——" she began.

"Mistress! schoolmistress! She surely could not have used so objectionable a term," interrupted Flo.

"She probably said teacher; but I didn't learn her words off by heart. If you would have a little patience, and not think it necessary to alter your manners and act like a tragedy queen, just because you have made a mistake about a perfect stranger, you would find teaching more easy. I must speak out, dear, because this is no time for indulging in pique or imaginary grievances. We have to look life in the face, and to see, perhaps, the shadow of death behind it. Oh, Flo, do be reasonable, and forget this passing fancy. A few hours, or at most a day, used to be time enough to heal all your wounds. What has altered you so?"

"A tragedy queen! Somebody abroad said I was rather like a celebrated actress," said Flo. "I wish I were on the stage. But you are really mistaken, Belle. I hate that——name. I was going to say man, but I despise him too much to hate him. I will be a better girl, and try to consider the scholastic art as the highest of any. To train children for——you know the rest, Belle, and I am sure it is highly praiseworthy. But I must be allowed to do it my own way, and to be successful I must be severe. If I were to relax ever so little, I should lose my authority, and 'obedience, instant obedience,' is the secret of training children. I read that in a book, and endorsed it from my own experience. I am a failure, because no one insisted on my obeying."

To Belle's relief, Flo smiled. She was so unlike herself that she was puzzled as to her real state. She only wished that she could bring her to a more natural condition.

"Only tell me if this Mr. Mute actually proposed for you?" she asked.

"He merely said he would 'ask my father,'" replied Flo, with a provoking attempt at a laugh. "But he is what people call 'beneath contempt,' so pray let me forget him. I will turn over a new leaf in the teacher's calendar tomorrow, and win Dolly and Marjory's attention by love, not fear. Isn't that what one ought to do? Where are the children?"

She ran off, and Belle followed. They found them by the dining-room fire, Mamy on Weatherley's knee, and Marjory at his feet. They were talking by the firelight, and the words that reached Flo were—"Aunt Belle says God can bring dear father back." They were spoken by Weatherley, and went straight to Flo's heart and conscience. She was thinking only of self and her own grievances. She joined the children, and was distressed to feel that Marjory shrunk from her.

"Are you afraid of me, Marjey?" she asked.

"Yes—a little," replied the child, hesitating.

"Dolly and Marjory say you are quite different from what you used to be, Aunt Flo, ever since you have taught them," put in plain-spoken Weatherley. "I say you are quite right, for girls must be kept in order."

"You know nothing about it, sir. Tomorrow it will be their turn, and they are to keep me in order. What do you say to that, Marjey?"

"It will be great fun; but how are we to do it?" asked Marjory.

"Weatherley, who knows everything, he is so clever, will tell you. Now, Weatherley, how are they to do it?"

"Like this!" cried the boy, jumping up and pinioning Flo, which caused a shout of very salutary laughter, and convinced Marjory that Aunt Flo was severe only during school-hours.

It need scarcely be said that she was severe no more, but, Mrs. Burmester feared, far too indulgent.

The following morning Mr. Pearce again arrived at the Farm. He was unusually early. Belle was obliged to

receive him alone, for Flo was at the vicarage, and there was no Miss Dulcey at hand to shelter her. He said he brought good news, which instantly overcame Belle's reserve, and restored her natural manner.

"Then Charlie is better!" she exclaimed. "When did you hear? Who has written?"

"The letter is from Stint and Co. The good news concerns rather the next-of-kin than your brother. Here it is."

Belle took the letter presented to her. It was brief and lawyer-like. It said that the business was progressing satisfactorily, and that it seemed clear that Mr. Charles Dauncey was the next-of-kin of his cousin Jabez Dauncey. The certificate of his birth was necessary before the matter could be finally settled, and the presence at Montreal of the actual heir-at-law desirable. The writers added that they hoped he would come in answer to the telegram, as Charles Dauncey, son, was in such poor health that he was scarcely capable of transacting his father's business.

"I have succeeded in finding the place of his birth and baptism," said Pearce, rubbing his hands complacently and looking at Belle, who was thinking only of her brother, and not of Jabez Dauncey's fortune. "I have telegraphed to that effect, and to say your father is on the road."

Poor Belle, who was comparatively indifferent to that distant fortune, but was alive to present expenses, asked, in terror, how telegrams to America were to be paid when there was no money.

"There will soon be plenty, my dear Miss Dauncey," said the triumphant lawyer. "The certificate sent; your father on the spot; the letters of Jabez Dauncey, as a boy, to your grandfather; the corroborative testimony of Miss Dulcey Weatherley, the squire, and numerous others to his identity; there could not be a clearer case; and it is evident that Stint and Co. think it so. Without being vain, I consider that I have not managed it amiss; and if you all become Crœsuses, you will owe it in the main to me."

"And Charlie!" ejaculated bewildered Belle. "And the money for your expenses, Mr. Pearce—and the telegrams—and the liabilities out there?"

"Mere drops in the ocean. And you know how you can amply repay me for my outlay, and cancel mortgages and money loans, and expenditure of time, by a word. Whether this next-of-kin be finally proved or no, and whether your father turn out a millionaire or a pauper, that word from you would save him from much anxiety."

"I don't quite understand what you mean by a pauper, Mr. Pearce!" said Belle.

"It was merely a *façon de parler*. If this next-of-kin is not finally proved, I fear your father's debts and various liabilities would scarcely be covered by his assets. You have been a wonderful daughter, and have kept off the evil day for some time; but we know how careless he is, and how readily imposed upon."

"Yes," interrupted *Belle; "I know* how he borrows money at high interest, to pay off any pressing debt, however trifling. I know that you have often lent him money, Mr. Pearce."

She said this naturally, and without meaning to give offence, but the lawyer fancied it intentional.

"That is part of my profession, Miss Dauncey. If a client wants money, and asks me to supply it, I do so on mortgage or otherwise, according to my ability. The risk is great, and we must indemnify ourselves for possible loss."

"Like the pawnbrokers. I understand," said Belle, with more of malice, perhaps, than she thought.

"A poor comparison, indeed. Still, as solicitor or pawnbroker, I am always your devoted slave, and I wish for a decided word of encouragement from you before I proceed in your father's affairs."

There was an unpleasant ring in Pearce's voice as he spoke these words, and Belle was conscious that she had given offence. She had not wished to do so, though she could scarcely have spoken her mind more unpleasantly.

"Forgive that stupid word," she said, frankly. "I am too anxious about Charlie to think of anything else. He must be very ill; and Montreal is so far—so far—that I cannot go and nurse him. You would understand if you had a sister who loved you as I love him."

"I understand you only too well, and appreciate your straightforwardness and unselfishness. I have done so long, and you know it. The crisis has come, and I must declare——"

A little tap at the door, and a childish voice, crying "Aunt Belle," interrupted the declaration. Something always did interrupt Mr. Pearce's interviews with Belle, and he wished sweet little Mamy at any distant part of the hemisphere when Belle opened the door and admitted her. She had been crying, and explained her grief by holding up a battered doll, and saying, "Lily fall down and hurt her arm." Never did injured doll meet with more gracious reception. Belle stroked the disjointed member, exclaiming, "Poor Lily!" and comforted Mamy, somewhat to the envy of her admirer. The prospect of the unlimited American fortune, as well as a really sincere appreciation of Belle, had made him resolve that he would make a *bonâ fide* proposal that very day, and not being nervous, he opened the matter as above reported, and was vexatiously interrupted by Mamy.

"Would you send the child away, and let me continue the proposal I was about to make?" he said, with a frown on his good-looking face.

"Not to-day, Mr. Pearce. I cannot listen to or resolve on anything with this illness of poor Charlie on my mind. Not all the fortunes of all the Americans put together could interest me now, nor could any proposal about mortgages or loans, however kindly meant. Charlie is evidently very ill, and perhaps father may not arrive in time. Thank you for bringing me the news; but everything seems indifferent to me except his life—or—or——"

Here poor Belle could restrain her feelings no longer, and her tears fell on the golden curls of the child on her knees. She feared she would never see again the brother she loved so dearly. Pearce was not by nature sympathetic, but he tried to explain that he was very sorry for her, and really felt it.

"Thank you," she replied. "You must forgive my weakness, and excuse my leaving you."

She rose, held out her hand, and left the room with Mamy and the mutilated doll in her arms. Pearce looked after her, and wondered whether she had really understood the true sense of the impending proposal or not. Molly appeared instantly, and took cake and wine from the sideboard, saying Miss Belle hoped he would have some.

"She do have too much upon her, sir," added Molly. "Are you thinking as Mr. Charlie will be dying over there at the end of the world?"

"I hope not—I think not," responded the lawyer. He swallowed a glass of wine, and went in search of his horse.

Belle soon regained composure when alone with Mamy, whose innocent prattle was always her best restorative. She went about her work, wondering whether the post would bring her a letter from Charlie. It might, she thought, if he were able to write, since the mail had brought Pearce one. As the postman walked and had a long round to make, he was often late. She took it for granted that Weatherley was watching for him, and waited with such patience as she could command. Mr. Pearce had evidently started from Harborough immediately after breakfast, and it was not noon when he left Hollyfield; so the postman had not arrived. As Miss Dulcey said, they were still commendably slow at Hollyfield.

Mamy was asleep and sucking her thumb in her little bed, and Belle was seated at the bureau trying to make up her father's unaccountable accounts, when Weatherley did actually bring a letter. But he did not come with the buoyant assurance of happy news, but with slow step and saddened face.

"It is from father, Aunt Belle; but the direction is so shaky that I scarcely knew the writing," he said, putting the letter into Belle's hand.

"Still, it is from him," she said, with a thankful heart, for her misgivings were great.

She opened it, and laid the sheet before her on the bureau. Weatherley, with his arm round her, leant over her, and both read, silently, the following lines:—

"My dearest Belle,—Although I am very ill, and forbidden to use a pen at present, I must reply to your letter about the dear children, and their grandfather, Squire Weatherley. I am thankful that he is interested in them, and that he proposes to educate Weatherley. How thankful my darling Amy, now in heaven, would be—and perhaps is! We sinned against him, and if you have the chance, tell him we repented. But we dearly loved each other. Let him do as seemeth him best for the children. I know he will do what is right, and you will be partly relieved from a burden too heavy for you to bear alone. You have been so good to us all, dear, that you are sure to be

directed aright. For myself, I leave all in the hands of my merciful God and Saviour. The doctors say I am better, but I feel very weak, and sometimes think I shall not see you or the darling children again in this world. But my faith fails not, and I believe we shall meet in a better; through the Cross—only the Cross. And I long to see my Amy again, whose last word was, as you know, 'Jesus.' May it be mine and yours. In Him is our only hope. I am counting the days, almost the hours, till the time comes that may bring father. I receive nothing but kindness. Mr. Stint has taken me into his house, and his wife nurses me almost as you would, dear Belle. What have I done to deserve it—I, who have been always so weak and erring? Kiss the dear children for me over and over again. Tell them to be good, and then we shall soon meet again—soon! for life is very short. I am exhausted, and can only add love to your dear self and everyone, from your ever affectionate and grateful brother,

"CHARLES DAUNCEY.

"P.S.—Lose no time, and let me hear."

The readers of that letter spoke no word. They could not. Weatherley only clasped his aunt ever more and more closely, as if to express his feelings, while her slow, large tears fell on the sheet. It seemed to both like a sentence of death. And, oh! how they loved the writer! No greater love ever existed between brother and sister, father and son. A sentence of death. Perhaps he was already dead. The writing was indistinct, the conclusion suggestive of failing power, and for the contents, they appeared almost prophetic. He made no reference to himself when he gave his father-in-law permission to do what he chose for Weatherley, and took all responsibility on himself, not even alluding to his own father.

"Oh, if he had never gone to America!" sobbed Weatherley, at last. "I cannot bear it. Indeed, I cannot bear it."

"It is his own writing and signature," gasped Belle, with a mighty effort. "He may be better."

But no effort sufficed to restrain the grief, for there was a tone in the letter which sounded like a knell to its readers.

"We must be brave and hope," said Belle. "We have much to do. We have to work for the others, and we must not give way."

"No; I will try. But I shall not care for anything if father——" Here the poor boy choked.

It was noticeable that neither he nor Belle even thought of that fortune for which he had left England. As they grew calm, they talked over the letter, and especially the postscript, which they had scarcely noticed before. They were to "lose no time" in carrying out Charlie's wishes, and to let him hear the result. There was comfort in the thought that he had not, at least, given himself up, or he would not have requested an answer. Sentinel Hope stood at the door of their hearts, and they let him in.

"He may recover, Aunt Belle," said Weatherley.

"The Lord is sufficient for all things," returned Belle. "But we must not lose a moment. Let us take the letter to Miss Dulcey and ask her advice."

She hastened into the kitchen and bade Molly see after Mamy; there was no one else to think about now, and then she and her nephew started for The Gables. They found Miss Dulcey at luncheon, and she, perceiving that there was something unusually amiss, insisted on their eating before they discussed it.

"One sees things so differently before and after dinner," she said; but she soon discovered that her guests could not eat, even to give her pleasure.

She took them to her sanctum, and Belle gave her the letter to read. She was wise enough to conceal what she really thought of it, and restricted herself to rapid comments on the business part.

"Charlie is wiser in his generation than I took him to be. He is right to take the matter into his own hands, before his father reaches him. He must be better, or he could not have written such a letter at all. Why, Belle, you are generally the one to sustain; you mustn't give way, or there will be an end to us all. I'll take the latter to the Court at once, so that you may set Charlie's mind at ease as soon as possible. A mind at ease is half recovery. 'No time to lose.' He is right. Tell Ben to harness Miss Saucy, Weatherley."

Weatherley went, and left Miss Dulcey and Belle together for a short time.

"This ill wind is blowing for good in my brother's direction," said Miss Dulcey. "He and your father, who have been a pair of mules, must come round. Fight as we will, Providence overrules, as He does in all this science. Dear Belle, you must take heart. Mrs. Burmester says Flo is doing capitally, and there is no reason that Charlie shouldn't recover. How did Margaretta manage to say her say?"

This turn of thought was good for Belle; so was a sudden order to "stir up Ben, while I put on my things," which sent her to the stables. The day was as gloomy as herself, and an early frost had cut Miss Dulcey's geraniums and calceolarias, which drooped their heads much as she felt her spirit droop. But Ben's grumbling questions as to how he was to be ready at everybody's call, roused her, and she told him that his friend Charlie had written, and that this sudden visit to the Court was caused by his letter. He was pacified at once, and bestirred himself. She and Weatherley returned to the house, and had ere long the melancholy satisfaction of watching Miss Dulcey drive off, with Charlie's letter in her pocket.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. S.—We should advise you to try writing a letter to your relatives at the German town where you say they are living, and write a line on the back of the envelope in English, begging the postmaster to find them, and deliver if possible. If they be English people, it would be of little use to advertise in a German newspaper, we fear.

CHARLIE'S COUSIN.—"Your affectionate cousin," or "yours affectionately," is sufficient. 2. We think you must be guided in all family matters by the "law of love."

SAIWAI NO SHITO (Tokijo).—The word "tandem" is Latin, and means "at length." It signifies one after another, as horses harnessed one before another, instead of side by side.

EAST HESTERTON.—*Bonheur* is the French word for happiness. 2. September 14th, 1869, was a Tuesday.

CLARA.—Try rubbing the spot with spirits of turpentine, or else with benzoline. We think you may remove tar as well as paint by these means. You seem to scribble with a pin; you should use a softer pen, and your letters should be less angular.

IGNORAMUS.—Under such circumstances you should, for your friend's sake, tell the vicar of the case, in confidence. He can make inquiries of the girl without betraying you, and give her the advice she needs. She ought to have told him herself.

"STICK IN THE MUD."—You are too wilful; it does not do your good feeling nor sense any credit to say, "I will do anything, however hard, to have my own way." You should have said "to please my parents." Conform yourself in every possible way to their rules and their hours. They appear to feed you well, and to feel solicitous about your health. If you want anything between meals, ask your mother whether you may have a cup of milk, or a biscuit, or piece of bread and butter. Take what you are given, and be thankful.

C. E. E.—There is only one way of improving your writing, and that is by writing copies daily.

ROSSIGNOL.—You do not define what you mean very clearly, whether hereditary nobility, or what is called "Nature's nobility." Both should be distinguished by the strictest rectitude—shown in truthfulness, honesty, impartiality, self-respect, conscientious employment to talents, time, money, magnanimity, generosity in making allowance for the failing of others, reliability in the keeping of confidences, setting an example of true religion or faith, exemplified in "works meet for repentance." Such a woman will "bridle the tongue," avoid mischief-making, tattling, and being a "busybody in other men's matters."

KATIE.—The 3rd of February, 1866, fell on Friday. 2. The books used in each Sunday-school are generally given out and arranged by the superintendent or minister.

AGINORIA No. 2.—We advise the young writer of "Mary's Kitten" to try her powers in another direction than that of authorship, unless it be for her own amusement. A boy of ten would like a top and whip for it, or a set of marbles, or a good leather ball, or a bat. The boy's special tastes, as to games, must be known at home.

AUBURN LOCKS.—Blue-greys will be much in favour this coming season, and will suit hair of such a colour. Pale greens and blues would likewise harmonise well with it. All colours should be of cold tones. Fawn-colour could also be worn, and this and stone-colour will likewise be in fashion this year.

FIDGET.—You are probably suffering from acidity. This tends to give that wearisome restlessness called "the fidgets." Avoid taking sweet things; take less sugar, and obtain some antacid mixture from your doctor, who will select which, the amount to be taken, and for how long.

L. M. S. WHYTE.—You have omitted the rhymes essential to the metre you have adopted. The style is neither one thing nor the other; that is, neither lyrical nor blank verse; and the last four lines are all wrong in the fall of the beat or emphasis. We are sorry to be obliged to tell you unpleasant truths. Study some of the best amongst our poets on the question of correct metres and the many varieties, and be careful to make corresponding lines like twin-sisters in length and emphasis.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. HUIE.

THE crystal waters' overflow
Is lost unto the well—
What matter, if the waters go
To cheer the thirsty dell;
Because, replenished from the skies,
Perennial waters still shall rise,
And gushing from the fount shall tell
With laughter of the mountain well.

Unto the tree no fruit is left
When winter chills the air—
What matter, if the fruit be reft
To sweeten want and care;
For leaves and flowers again shall grow,
And fruit in clusters hang below,
The roots shall suck their juices sweet
When summer sun and shower shall meet.

If scattering precious seed I weep,
And till the stubborn soil—
What matter, if the hungry reap
The fulness of my toil;
For increase of a richer field
The golden ears of joy shall yield,
When God's own gathering in shall come,
And I feast at the harvest-home.

If I have watered what is sown
In weariness and pain—
What matter, if not I alone,
But others share the gain;
Because there shall spring up for me
The crown of all that is to be,
And endless years of plenty pour
Their joyous fulness to my store.

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ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOSSES AND GAINS.

It was shocking and terrible news Mrs. Stanton had received by telegram from Melbourne earlier in that day. The firm of Stanton Bros. had come to utter bankruptcy, such as reduced to poverty every one connected with the firm, and brought unlooked-for destitution upon many an innocent sufferer. But this was not the whole of the calamity. The health-giving influences of the voyage had not so invigorated Mr. Stanton that he could sustain the shock of misfortune that awaited him on his arrival at Melbourne. He went to his office almost immediately on landing, and there learned from his brother the critical state of affairs. He had listened calmly, had made full inquiries, and satisfied himself that it was impossible to avoid hopeless, irretrievable failure. Then, without showing any marked signs of agitation, he had returned to his hotel; but on the threshold his step faltered, a strange spasm passed over his face, and he fell heavily to the ground. It was the last fatal stroke of paralysis. Within three hours he was dead.

But as yet his wife and children knew no particulars, only the bare, cruel facts, conveyed with curt emphasis by the telegram. As they began to recover from the first stunning effect of the blow, their one wish was for Aldyth's presence. The trouble would be less bewildering, less overwhelming, if she were there. Comfort of some kind Aldyth would surely bring.

"Send for Aldyth," Mrs. Stanton whispered to Gladys, in one of the intervals between her fits of hysterical weeping, and Gladys lost no time in obeying. The girls were very anxious for the coming of their sister, and made many calculations as to how soon she could arrive without attaining certainty that she could get to Eastbourne that day.

But the last train, just before midnight, brought Aldyth. Gladys, watching at the window of their sitting-room, saw the cab drive up to the door, and hurried down to meet her. Mrs. Stanton had retired to rest, and, worn out with weeping, was already asleep; Nelly was sitting beside her, so Gladys alone welcomed Aldyth. Gladys, with pale face, pink eyelids, and a weary, anxious expression, looked wholly different from the bright, radiant girl from whom Aldyth had parted a few weeks earlier. Sorrow seems the more pathetic when its shadow falls on one so young and gay.

"Oh, Aldyth, I am glad you have come," she said, clasping her sister in her arms. "Things will seem better now. But, is it not dreadful?"

"You forget I do not know what the trouble is," said Aldyth, who had been full of wonder concerning it as she journeyed to Eastbourne.

"Poor papa is dead," said Gladys, "and we are beggars."

The two facts were apparently of equal importance to Gladys; but Aldyth only heeded the former. She was painfully startled. She had always been conscious of the failing appearance of the worn, nervous man, but she was not prepared to hear so soon of his decease, and it struck her as very sad that he should die far away from his wife and children.

"Oh, Gladys!" she said; "I am grieved for you. Poor mamma! What will she do? How was it?"

"Paralysis, the telegram says," replied Gladys; "but we know hardly anything. That was what mamma had feared. Here is the telegram."

And she spread it open before Aldyth, who read—

"Stanton Bros., bankrupt. Robert Stanton died yesterday, shock producing paralysis."

"Oh, how terrible!" said Aldyth; "how terrible the news seems, coming in these few cold words! What a shock for mamma! How did she bear it?"

"She almost fainted, and then she went into hysterics," said Gladys, with unconscious dryness; "but she is quieter now. Mamma says that things have been going wrong in the business for some time, and that papa said that if it came to bankruptcy we must lose everything. She says she believes we have not a penny."

"Do not let that trouble you," said Aldyth, kindly; "your greatest loss can never be made up to you, but as far as the money goes, I have enough for us all. Oh, I am glad now that uncle made me rich."

And at that moment Aldyth experienced the utmost satisfaction her fortune had brought her.

"I should have thought you would have been glad before this," said Gladys, "and you won't want a lot of poor relations hanging on you."

"I should be much poorer if I had not the relations," said Aldyth. "Where is Nelly?"

"She is with mamma; but I will go and relieve her now. You are to share her room. She has been longing for you to come."

Already Gladys' look had brightened, and she walked away with her usual quick, light step. She was not one to droop long under trouble. Like a bent flower, she could lift her head at the first break in the storm.

In a few minutes Nelly was in her sister's arms. The child's face looked worn and aged; the eyes were unnaturally bright, but showed no signs of weeping. At Aldyth's tender greeting, however, her composure gave way. She broke into heavy sobs as she clung to her sister.

"Oh, Aldyth, is it not dreadful? Poor papa!"

"Yes, dear, it is very sad," Aldyth said.

"I never thought—I never expected such a thing," sobbed Nelly. "Of course, I knew he was not well; but he had been out of sorts a long time, and mamma said the voyage would set him up. It is so sad that he should die away from us all. Aldyth, he should not have been allowed to go back alone."

Aldyth did not at once reply.

"Perhaps not," she said, presently; "but, Nelly, it is vain to think of that now."

"That is what makes it so dreadful!" cried Nelly. "Aldyth, I feel now that I never loved papa as I should. He was just papa, who found the money and saw we had everything we wanted. I took it all as a right, and never was a bit grateful. Do you know, one Saturday after you had gone to Woodham, he came in very tired, when mamma and Gladys were out, and I fetched his slippers and got some tea for him, just as you used to do. He seemed so surprised and pleased. He said, 'Why, Nelly, you are getting as thoughtful as Aldyth.' I felt reproached as he said it, though he did not mean it as a reproach."

"But you are thankful now, are you not, dear, that you did him that little service?" Aldyth said.

"Oh, but it was only that once!" replied Nelly, with a fresh burst of weeping. "He went away so soon after, that there was not another opportunity. But I might have served him often, and now it is too late. He is gone from me—my father—and I did not love and value him whilst I had him!"

Aldyth did not attempt to check her tears. She felt that words could not soothe such grief as this. The thought that she had failed in her duty towards her father would long sting poor Nelly's heart; but the pain might be salutary; from it might spring the "peaceable fruit" of love and care for others.

After a pause, Aldyth said—

"Nelly, I am reminded of some words I read a while ago. I think they were Richter's, and to this effect, that the most beautiful wreath we can lay on the grave of our dead is woven of good deeds done to others. We should remember that now. We cannot undo the past; we cannot recall the lost opportunity or the careless word; but we can endeavour to show all the love and kindness in our power to those who still remain with us."

"I will try to be good," faltered Nelly; "but I have such a temper, and mamma and Gladys irritate me so."

"It is never easy to conquer oneself," said Aldyth; "but the victory is worth all the pains. And we have not to fight alone. There is One who will help us, if we put our trust in Him."

They went to their room, and Aldyth helped Nelly, who was quite worn out with the excitements of the day, to undress, and saw her into bed, where she fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. Aldyth, too, was tired; but after she had extinguished the light she knelt long in the darkness ere she lay down to rest.

When Aldyth woke the next morning she felt as if Woodham, Wyndham, the events of yesterday, were all removed to a great distance. The things which a few hours before had been of interest to

her now seemed of no importance. Her mind was filled with the thought of her mother's great sorrow, and how she might best help and comfort her.

As soon as she knew that her mother was awake she went to her room, and was received with a demonstrative affection for which she was hardly prepared.

"Thank God you are come, darling!" said Mrs. Stanton, embracing her. "I want you now, my eldest daughter! I have no one to lean on but you. My husband, my home, everything is taken from me." And she sank back on her pillow, sobbing.

"Mother, darling," cried Aldyth, bending over her with a tenderness almost maternal in her manner—it was as if the mother and child had changed places. "Mother, darling, do not cry so; I will take care of you. I have a home, you know; and that and everything I have is yours. Try to bear up for the sake of your children, who love you and will do all in their power to make you happy."

"Thank you, my darling child," murmured Mrs. Stanton, faintly. "You are so good." Then, with a fresh flow of tears—"But it is dreadful to lose my husband so—without a word, and I cannot even look upon his lifeless form. It is so hard."

Aldyth could not speak; it was all she could do to keep from weeping herself, but she kissed her mother and laid her cheek against hers, and the mute caresses were more soothing than words.

Later in the day Cecil arrived from London, prepared to stay over Sunday with his mother and sisters. He appeared shocked by the news, but it was the pecuniary loss that most affected his spirits, as Aldyth could not but perceive. It touched her to think how slight a hold Robert Stanton had had on the hearts of his children. With whom did the fault lie? Had he lived too absorbed in business to find time for the culture of family affections, or did the infirmity of his extreme shyness and reserve raise a barrier even between him and his children? Aldyth was inclined to explain it by the latter supposition, for the little she had seen of her stepfather led her to credit him with a good heart, keenly responsive to kindness, but incapable, from physical hindrances, of giving ready expression to feeling.

Cecil's mind was in a state of indignant resistance to the calamity that had overtaken them. He was glad to express himself freely when he got an opportunity of talking to Aldyth alone.

"It is all my uncle's fault, I know," he said; "now, you see, when we get particulars, if it does not come out that the failure is entirely owing to some rash speculation my uncle has plunged into. My father let him have things too much his own way. It was a great mistake. It is all very well to talk about affliction, but this is my uncle's doing, and I mean to let him know what I think of his conduct."

"Will that be of any good?" asked Aldyth, gently. "I suppose he and his family are also reduced to poverty. He must deplore his action now as much as you do."

"Whether it is of any good or not, I mean to do it for my own satisfaction," replied Cecil. "It is no joke to have the whole of your income swept away. What am I to do? What is to become of mamma and the girls?"

"Oh, do not let that trouble you," said Aldyth. "Mamma and Gladys are coming with me to Wyndham—there is plenty of room for them there; indeed, I was in despair at the thought that I might have to live in that great place alone. Nelly will go back to school for the present; and you, I hope, will remain in your lodgings near the hospital."

"What, at your expense?" asked Cecil, flushing.

"No, at mamma's, if you like that better," said Aldyth, smiling; "I consider that mamma shares all my possessions."

"It is very good of you," said Cecil, looking relieved, and yet a little uneasy. "You are very generous. I don't believe Gladys would be so ready to let others spend her money."

"Don't say that—it is rather mean; for you cannot possibly tell what Gladys would do under the circumstances. And I cannot see that there is any generosity in giving away what you will never miss. I could not possibly spend on myself the income which is now mine. I don't know what I should have done if this had not happened, for I am not a fine lady. I have an inbred horror of extravagance."

Cecil laughed.

"You are not like Gladys, then. She will help you spend your money fast enough if you let her. But I think very differently of you, Aldyth, and I hope some day I may be able to repay you for what you do for me."

"Very well, sir," said Aldyth, laughing. "When I get a broken arm or a sprained ankle I shall be happy for you to exercise your surgical skill upon it."

Aldyth remained with her mother and sisters for a week at Eastbourne, keeping almost in seclusion. Yet for her it was a busy time, for there were many arrangements to be made, letters to be written, friends to be seen, and every task from which her mother and Gladys shrank devolved upon her.

Mrs. Stanton gradually recovered from the shock of ill-tidings, and after a few days began to move less languidly, and to show some faint interest in the future that awaited her.

"To think that I should live at Wyndham after all," she said to Aldyth. "Your father used to talk of it at one time, when he hoped his uncle would forgive us; but that never came to pass. It is strange that I should go there now after all these years and all that has happened. But it is rather a dreary old place, is it not?"

"I hope you will not find it so," said Aldyth. "I think it is very pretty in the summer."

Aldyth was glad that her preparations for her mother's visit to Wyndham were about finished ere she was summoned away.

She wrote to inform her aunt of the time when they might be expected, and to beg her to be at Wyndham to welcome them.

Unfortunately the September evening on which Aldyth with her mother and Gladys arrived at Woodham was very wet, and under driving rain and a leaden sky the High Street and the long, straight road to Wyndham looked far from interesting. Mrs. Stanton's countenance, its pale, delicate beauty strikingly set off by the folds of crape which framed it, wore a melancholy expression as she glanced from the carriage at the gloomy prospect.

"I always said I could not bear to live at Woodham," she remarked, with a shiver; "but it is my fate. Well, I am old and a widow now; it does not matter where I live."

This was not encouraging; but Aldyth could not wonder at her mother's depression.

"Not old; beautiful and dear," she said, pressing her mother's hand. "And brighter days will come. Woodham does not always look like this."

"I should hope not," said Gladys, throwing herself back with a yawn as they passed the last house belonging to Woodham. "So this is your carriage, Aldyth. It is rather an antiquated affair, and the springs might be easier. Does your coachman always drive so slowly?"

"Yes, old John has an objection to using the whip," said Aldyth. "He always lets the horses drop into this jog-trot. And it is of no use speaking to him; he is too old to alter his ways."

"Then I should look out for another coachman if I were you," said Gladys.

Aldyth shook her head.

"That would never do," she said. "It would break John's heart to be superseded."

Dripping trees, dripping eaves, a pool under the front windows, and a cloud of vapour rising from the pond, made Wyndham Hall appear anything but a desirable residence as the carriage drove up to the door. Aldyth was grieved that her mother should first see her future home in such an unfavourable aspect. Mrs. Stanton, in her sable attire, had the air of a queen in exile as she mounted the steps, whilst a servant held an umbrella over her. But Miss Lorraine's cheery face, as she came forward to welcome them, seemed to defy the weather.

"What an evening!" she said. "You will think we have altogether too much water here. It is unfortunate. But we must make the best of it."

"The house is surely damp," said Mrs. Stanton, with a dreary anticipation of rheumatism.

"Not in the least," said Miss Lorraine, briskly; "the walls are too thick for that. There never was a warmer, drier house. They do not build such houses nowadays."

Certainly the dining-room, where a bright fire was burning and a meal daintily set out, looked more cheerful; but Mrs. Stanton's spirits did not begin to revive till Aldyth conducted her to her own room. This was a pleasant apartment with windows looking southwards and commanding a pretty view

of the surrounding country. A new carpet had been put down; light fresh chintz draped windows and bed; there were flowers on the dressing-table, and glancing round Mrs. Stanton could see that her tastes and comforts had been carefully studied. She appreciated comforts, and she gave a sigh of relief, not of despair, as she sank into an easy-chair by the wood fire.

"This is cosy," she said. "Yes, dear Aldyth, I cannot but be comfortable here, and if you will excuse me, I will not go down again to-night. Miss Lorraine is very kind, but I do not feel equal to her talk just now."

"You shall do as you like, mamma," said Aldyth, deftly removing her mother's bonnet and mantle. "I will bring you something to eat here, if you would rather."

"Yes, dear, much rather," Mrs. Stanton said, and hastily removing her own things, Aldyth went downstairs to arrange a tray for her mother with the food most likely to tempt her appetite.

Miss Lorraine watched her as she set about the task, and was struck with the bright, happy look the girl's face wore.

"You look very happy, Aldyth," she said. "You are very glad to have your mother in your home."

"I am happy," replied Aldyth, with a sweet, glad smile, "and it is home now."

Miss Lorraine had a fleeting sense of discontent. She wondered what her uncle Stephen would have felt if he could have foreseen this result of Aldyth's inheritance, and smiled to think that, had such an idea occurred to him, he would assuredly have left Wyndham to Guy. She could imagine her uncle passing at midnight as a restless ghost through the old hall and groaning at the sight of the huge trunks, belonging to Mrs. Stanton and Gladys, which had just arrived in a cart from the station, and were piled up in the hall, till they could be emptied of their contents and consigned to the lumber-room.

"Ah, me!" she reflected, sagely; "it is well we cannot know what is to come after us, and really it is time there was some fresh life about the old place."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SECRET SORROW.

"Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face."

THESE words were in Aldyth's mind as she sprang up the next morning. The new duty which had come to her, the duty of making a home for her mother and sisters, and doing all in her power to promote their happiness, was very pleasant to the girl's loving heart. It was an easy transition from Wordsworth's familiar ode to the thought of John Glynne. She remembered that he had once spoken to her of the poem. He had appeared to feel strongly the force of the epithet *stern* as applied to *duty*. But duty had no sternness for Aldyth at this moment; her inheritance had ceased to be a burden now that she could share it with others.

The thought of John Glynne lingered in Aldyth's mind while she was dressing. She remembered that the date had passed at which the Grammar School usually reopened, so no doubt John Glynne had returned to Woodham. The year had almost come round to the period at which last year he began his course of lectures. Would he be persuaded to give another course this autumn? Aldyth hoped so, with all her heart. She felt eager to ask her aunt if any such arrangement had been made. If Mr. Glynne gave lectures, she meant to attend them. There was assuredly no good reason why she should not. The distance might be considered a difficulty, but she could have the carriage, and if old John objected to being kept out so late, she would ask her aunt to let her stay at the Cottage for the night.

The pleasant prospect suggested by the lectures heightened the good spirits in which Aldyth had awoke. As she drew up her blind she saw with satisfaction that, though clouds still hung low in the sky, the sun was shining on the soaked lawn and well-washed trees. She hastened to her mother's room. Mrs. Stanton confessed to having slept "pretty well," but felt unequal to rising at present. Aldyth next visited her sister. That young lady still lay in her bed, looking charmingly at her ease and perfectly well, but she at once consented to Aldyth's proposal that her breakfast should be sent to her.

"What a curious old room this is!" Gladys said, looking about her with amused eyes. "Do you know I was horribly afraid last night that a ghost would walk out of that cupboard? And I never slept on a bedstead of this description before. It makes me feel as if I were Queen Elizabeth, or someone remarkable. Did Queen Elizabeth ever come to Wyndham?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Aldyth, smiling.

"Then I need not be afraid of her ghost," said Gladys. "Shall I always sleep here?"

"Not if there is another room you like better," said Aldyth. "I could not but give mamma and aunt the best rooms last night. If I had known you would be coming so soon, I would have had a room got ready for you in a style more to your taste. We could easily make a pretty room of this."

"Yes, we could," said Gladys, eagerly. "Get rid of this catafalque of a bed and that hideous looking-glass, which gives me the flat, square visage of a Dutchwoman, and have a pretty French bed, with pale-blue drapery—blue is so becoming to me."

"Very well, I'll remember that important fact," said Aldyth.

"I will plan all the room, and tell you how it must be when you come up again," said Gladys. "Ah, is that the sun shining? I am glad. When shall I have a ride, Aldyth."

"Have you a habit with you?" asked her sister.

"Oh, yes; it is in one of the trunks; I don't know which," Gladys replied. "I had a new one soon after you left us, Aldyth. It is dark-blue cloth, and I look so nice in it. I rode in the Park several times. Mamma got Captain Walker to escort me once. But I forget that I am in mourning. I shall have to wear my old black one, I suppose. What a bore!"

"Well, as soon as you can get your habit unpacked we will see about a ride—weather permitting," Aldyth said. And she went downstairs, leaving Gladys in the best of humours.

Aldyth and her aunt, who had stayed the night at Wyndham, breakfasted together.

"Auntie," said Aldyth, as she came back from carrying her mother's breakfast to her, "are there to be lectures at Wyndham this autumn?"

"Ah, I am afraid not," said Miss Lorraine, shaking her head. "I have not told you that we are going to lose Mr. Glynne."

"To lose Mr. Glynne!" repeated Aldyth, colouring and turning a startled look upon her aunt.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Lorraine; "it is a great pity, but I always felt he was too good for Woodham. He has got a good appointment abroad—the head mastership of some school or college at the Cape, I believe."

Aldyth hastily seated herself behind the urn. She felt that she had grown white and cold; the news was affecting her in a way she could hardly understand.

"How soon does he leave?" she ventured to ask, after a minute.

"Oh, his connection with the Grammar School is already severed," said her aunt. "Dr. Wheeler allowed a friend of Mr. Glynne's to take his place. Of course the boys do not like it, and their parents are all sorry to lose Mr. Glynne."

Aldyth silently busied herself with the coffee. Her hands trembled as she lifted the cups.

"Then I shall see him no more," was the thought that pressed painfully on her mind.

"He is coming down here again for a day or two before he leaves the country," said Miss Lorraine, after a pause, "just to get his things and say good-bye to his friends, you know. He could hardly leave us without a word."

"I suppose not," said Aldyth, with a coolness which might have been mistaken for indifference.

"I am very sorry he is going away," said her aunt. "As you know, I took to him from the first. One does not meet with such a man every day. It will be a grief to his mother to part with him."

"Yes," said Aldyth, finding it easy to respond to this remark.

Miss Lorraine talked on, discussing the event from various points of view, and apparently quite satisfied with Aldyth's brief rejoinders.

Aldyth made but a pretence of breakfasting. She was oppressed by a strange heart sickness, which took away all the joy of her return, and robbed duty of the bright aspect it had worn to her that morning.

"I might have known he would not stay long at Woodham," she said to

herself. "He was so different from anyone else I ever knew."

There were various little matters at Wyndham awaiting Aldyth's attention. She went through the business of the morning with a weight of disappointment on her mind. About noon she helped her mother to dress. Gladys, who had been long up and had made a tour of the house under the guidance of Miss Lorraine, might have waited on her mother; but Mrs. Stanton seemed to prefer the attentions of her eldest daughter, and Gladys willingly gave place to Aldyth.

The morning had been showery, but by the time they all met at luncheon the sun seemed to have conquered the clouds, and there was the prospect of a fine afternoon.

Aldyth asked her aunt, who was about to return to Woodham, if she would like to drive in an open carriage.

"Yes, certainly; it will be much pleasanter," said Miss Lorraine. "Will you not come with me, Aldyth?"

"I do not know whether mamma can spare me," said Aldyth, looking at her mother.

But ere Mrs. Stanton could speak, Gladys said, eagerly—

"Oh, do let me go, Aldyth. I want to see what Woodham looks like in fine weather."

"Very well, you shall go," said Aldyth, "and I will stay with mamma."

"No, you go too, my dear," said her mother, "if there is room for you all in the carriage. The drive will do you good."

"The phaeton will take us all, if I drive," said Aldyth. "But I do not like to leave you alone, mamma. You will feel so dull."

"No, dear; it will be good for me to rest quietly," said her mother. "I would rather you went, indeed."

It had occurred to her that she would be glad to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded to wander through the old house alone, or attended by the housekeeper, whom she wished to question on matters concerning old Mr. Lorraine, about which she was curious.

After a little more persuasion, Aldyth consented to leave her mother to herself, and half an hour later drove off with her aunt and sister to Woodham. Midway they met Guy on horseback. Aldyth felt the colour rush into her face as she remembered the last talk she had had with her cousin. But Guy's *sang froid* was equal to the occasion. No one could look more unconscious of any cause for constraint. He nodded and raised his hat in the easiest manner in greeting to Miss Lorraine and Aldyth, as he reined in his horse, thus compelling Aldyth to draw up also, then cast a quick, admiring glance at the pretty girl on the back seat, whose delicate complexion and sunny hair were thrown into strong relief by her sombre attire.

"So you have come back, Aldyth," he said, carelessly. "When did you arrive?"

"Last evening," said Aldyth. "Let me introduce you, Guy, to my sister, Miss Stanton."

The air of admiration with which Guy made his bow was agreeable to Gladys. She liked the glance that lingered upon her, and the smile with which he said—

"You must have thought you were coming into a second deluge when you arrived last night, Miss Stanton. I shudder to think what Wyndham must have looked to you with the fields about it all swamped."

Gladys gave a light little laugh. "It had a dismal appearance, I must confess," she said. "Aldyth had prepared me for a scene of desolation, but the reality surpassed all the efforts of my imagination. I thought of the prisoner of Chillon, and pictured myself spending weary days and nights within water-girt walls. But happily the sunshine has relieved me of that horror."

"Wyndham is a dismal hole, though," said Guy. "Woodham is bad enough, but Wyndham is a few degrees worse."

"Don't depress me," said Gladys. "I am on my way to discover all the excitements your town can afford."

"Not many excitements, I fear," said Miss Lorraine, whilst Guy shrugged his shoulders significantly. "After all the pleasures you have enjoyed in town and at the seaside, our amusements will seem very commonplace."

"But there are pleasures peculiar to a country life, are there not?" said Gladys, with an air of simplicity. "Hay-making, for instance. I should like to try that. I can fancy myself in a great hat, with a pitchfork in my hand, tossing the hay. It would be so charmingly idyllic."

"It would be, if you turned hay-maker," said Guy, with a meaning glance; "unfortunately the hay-harvest is over, but there are other country occupations—there is the shooting now, you know. But I forget, ladies do not shoot. They hunt, though, occasionally."

"Ah, that is what I should like to do," said Gladys; "but if we do not share it, we like to hear about your sport. Do come in sometimes and tell us how the shooting goes."

"With pleasure," said Guy, as Aldyth gave her horse a touch and it moved on.

Guy looked his best on horseback, and Gladys was much impressed by her introduction to him.

"You never told me, Aldyth," she said, "how very good-looking your cousin was."

"Do you think him so?" Aldyth said.

"There can be no doubt that Guy is a handsome man," said Miss Lorraine, decisively; "one seldom sees such regular, well-cut features."

"Handsome is that handsome does," Aldyth reminded herself, as she thought of the suffering that attractive person had inflicted on Hilda Bland.

Having driven to Myrtle Cottage, and seen Miss Lorraine and her packages duly received by the little housemaid, the girls drove on slowly down the High Street, Gladys glancing about her with amusement, and well aware that she was an object of attention.

"How the people do stare!" she said. "One would think they never saw a stranger. Really, this is quite bustling, Aldyth. I did not expect to see such a crowded thoroughfare. It reminds me of Bond Street in the season."

"It does not remind me of Bond Street," said Aldyth, smiling. "This large house on the right is the home of my friends, the Blands; but Kitty and Hilda are away just now."

"Is not Hilda Bland the girl to whom your cousin was engaged?" asked Gladys.

"Yes," said Aldyth, reluctantly, not wishing to discuss that subject with Gladys.

"Whose fault was it that the engagement came to nought?" asked Gladys. "Did she care much for him?"

"A great deal more than he deserved," said Aldyth, her tones, in spite of herself, expressing indignation.

"Girls are sillies," said Gladys, emphatically. "There never yet was a man worth breaking one's heart for. But who is this one coming towards us, Aldyth? He looks rather nice."

Aldyth had already recognised the individual in question, and her heart had given a leap at the sight of him; but she answered quietly enough—

"That is Mr. Glynne. He was one of the masters at the Grammar School; but he is about to leave the town."

"What a pity! I like the look of him," said Gladys. "He is not good-looking, but he has the air of a gentleman."

"He is a gentleman," Aldyth could not help saying.

She was drawing in her horse before the door of the library when he came in sight round a turn in the street. It would have been easy for him, as they were about to alight, to step across the street to speak to Aldyth; but the idea did not appear to occur to him. He lifted his hat courteously, and passed on along the opposite pavement.

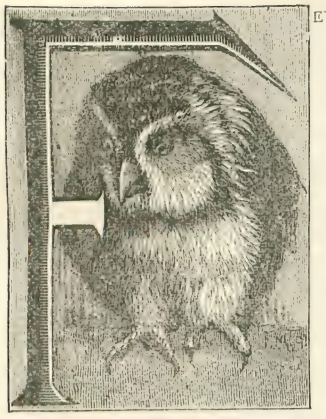
A keen, cruel pain seized upon Aldyth. She hardly heard the remarks Gladys was making, or knew how she transacted the business that took her into the shop. One thought possessed her, the thought that John Glynne had only come for a day or two, and that he would go away without her having exchanged a word with him. And yet he could have spoken to her then; and he would not take the trouble to cross the road that he might do so! It was most mortifying to be treated so by one whom she had counted a friend. With a sense of intolerable shame, Aldyth took herself to task for feeling more interest in John Glynne than he apparently felt in her. But though she was ashamed of it, the feeling was not to be crushed in a moment. Thoughts full of pain and disappointment occupied her mind as they drove home, making it difficult for her to pay proper attention to what Gladys was saying.

"It is growing cold," Gladys remarked, with a shiver, as they turned into the carriage drive to Wyndham; "the days are so short now. It will soon be winter."

Aldyth roused herself with an effort, and tried to recover a bright demeanour ere she saw her mother; but she felt as if winter had already begun.

(To be continued.)

A ROMANCE IN THE DUCAL HOUSE OF ATHOLE.



FEW Scottish houses hold a higher position in their native land than the Murrays, or De Morays, for many centuries Earls, and now Dukes, of Athole, their Flemish ancestors having settled down in the Eastern districts of Scotland as early as the reign of King David I., who granted them some of the finest lowlands of Moray. They afterwards gained the lairdship of the fine district of Tullibardine, in Perthshire, and the way in which they gained it is told in local tradition as follows. We should premise that to this day the Murrays of Athole bear as their crest the head and arms of a savage or wild man, and that one of the "supporters" of their shield is "a savage proper, wreathed about the head and waist, and bound with a chain over his right arm, and his feet fettered by a chain of iron." The family motto also is, "Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters."

Now arms and mottoes when granted have generally hid in them some covert meaning, and those of the Murrays form no exception to the rule. Some six centuries ago or more the fair lands of Tullibardine belonged to a youthful and beautiful lady, Ada, or Aeda, the only child and heiress of Malise, Seneschal of Strathearn. She was very romantically inclined, and having lost both her parents in childhood, she used to roam about the forests of Tullibardine, which stretch for miles along the Tay, from Dunkeld to what is now Blair Athole. Romantic as they were, however, these forests were haunted by a wild man of the woods, who was the terror of the district, and who often assaulted wayfarers and beat them cruelly, or robbed them of their goods. He was huge in stature and "uncanny" in appearance, and was called the Satyr of Athole; and more than once in her walks the youthful heiress had encountered the monster, and narrowly escaped falling into his clutches. So, as the story goes, she vowed that she would give her hand and half of her broad acres to any youth in Scotland who would either kill him or bring him in fetters as a prisoner to her castle.

A young (and, of course, handsome) gentleman, named William de Moray, offered his services to the lady, and vowed that he would quickly rid her of all fear of the savage monster, for he would "fill the fetters" with him and bring him bound hand and foot. And this is how he set about the task, if we may trust Mr. J. G. Barbour's "Traditions of Scotland."

There was, he tells us, in the forest a hollow stone, to which at a certain hour every day this satyr of Athole was observed to repair, in order to quench his thirst from the cool, clear water which flowed into it and dripped down its sides. The young Highlander one day turned aside the stream, and filled the basin instead with Highland whisky and honey mixed together. At the usual hour the monster arrived and quaffed the liquor, and, delighted with the taste, he drank greedily. The result was, of course, that he lay stupefied and helpless on the turf; and it was an easy task for the young man of Moray to bind and fetter him, and to show him in this state to the heiress of Tullibardine, from whom also, equally of course, he demanded the covenanted reward. The young lady on her part, we may believe, was "nothing loth" to fulfil her promise, so she consented at once to the arrangement, while the savage was ordered to be immured in the dungeon of a neighbouring fortress. What was his ultimate fate tradition does not record, and naturally enough his name does not appear in Scottish history. With the lady herself William Moray, or Murray (as the name came to be called in time), obtained a share of the broad deer-forests of Tullibardine and Athole mentioned above, and it is to be hoped and believed that the young couple "lived happily ever afterwards."

"Tradition," writes Mr. Barbour, "says that from that day forward that peculiar admixture of honey and Highland spirits was constantly called Athole brose; and the circumstance of fettering the half-naked savage suggested the armorial bearings and motto, which has ever since been borne by the Murray family. Indeed, the figure of a man standing in fetters, with so appropriate a motto, can leave little doubt as to the correctness of this Highland tradition. The young champion, beloved by his mistress, did indeed go forth and fill the fetters."

The son of this couple, Andrew Moray, in the contests for the Scottish crown, largely helped John Baliol to gain his victory at Dupplin, and for this he paid the penalty with his life, being put to death when the cause of Baliol was lost. His direct descendant, the twelfth Laird of Tullibardine, was raised to the peerage by James VI. of Scotland; and his grandson, having been made Marquis of Athole, and marrying a daughter of the Earl of Derby, was eventually raised to a Dukedom, while a younger branch of the family is still ennobled in the person of the Earl of Dunmore.

It is often remarked that history has a tendency to repeat itself, and an example of the truth of this remark is to be found in the after history of the house of Murray. For it is on record that when the recreant Bothwell challenged to mortal combat anyone who dared to accuse him of having had a share in the death of Darnley, a Murray of Tullibardine, a descendant of the hero mentioned above, at once took up the gauntlet. Mary, then affianced to Bothwell, forbade the contest; else, who knows that young Tullibardine might not have felled or fettered the intruder on Darnley's bride, just as his ancestor had dealt with the monster of the forest three centuries before?

EDWARD WALFORD.

PHOTOGRAPHIC KNICK-KNACKS.

By R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A., Hon. Sec. of the "Literary Photographic Club," "Postal Photographic Club," etc.

EVEN in the days of the old wet-plate process there were many dauntless spirits among the fair sex who were not deterred by the difficulties which were inseparable from it, and who, surmounting all the obstacles in their way, produced work which was in no way behind that of their brothers, who, perhaps, plunged more deeply into the mysteries of the craft than they did. Now that the uncertainty and general messiness of that process have been practically supplanted (though for some branches of work it still is to be preferred), and we have instead the much cleaner dry-plate process, which can be manipulated without fear of soiling hands or dresses, the number of girls who take up this art as a pleasant pastime, or even, it may be, as a means of earning something more substantial than mere enjoyment, is enormously increasing, and every day sees new recruits enlisted in its service.

Supposing, then, that you who read this are one of the many who have joined the ranks of the amateurs, I am going to tell you how you can use the negatives which you have by you to make therewith pretty fancy ornaments for the drawing-room; or if you like, and can manage to dispose of them to shops, etc., you may realise a profit from your work over what you actually spent on it.

The "platinotype process," which has lately been introduced, gives us pictures on sensitised paper, which are more permanent than those of the old silver albumen process: in fact, they are said never to fade, and to last as long as the paper on which they are printed. The colour is also considered by many to be more artistic than that of the silver print. Materials for the process can only be obtained from the Platinotype Company, 29, Southampton Row, High Holborn, London, W.C., or their agents.

But besides these prints on prepared paper, it is possible to make prints on other substances which lend themselves more readily to fancy work. It was formerly possible to sensitise fabrics with silver salts, but the pictures produced therewith would not stand much washing; whereas, those produced by the platinotype process, being unaffected by soap, can be washed when necessary without much fear of the consequences.

It is possible to sensitise the paper oneself, but I shall not give instructions how to do that, as probably very few readers would care to go through a process which would be troublesome to manage and uneven in its results. It is better to buy the materials ready sensitised from the company, from whom either fine muslin, linen, or sateen can be obtained.

The fabric, whatever it may be, has to be kept perfectly dry before being used. The

company supply tin tubes provided with chloride of calcium, under a perforated division at the bottom. This, absorbing any moisture in the air of the tube, serves to keep the paper quite free from moisture.

When the time comes for exposing the fabric, it is exposed behind a negative, precisely as ordinary paper is, till the details of the negative are seen on the paper. It is not the easiest thing in the world to get the paper into the printing frame if there is much of it and the frame is small, and too repeatedly taking it out and refolding it makes creases, which are very objectionable. To obviate this a very large printing frame may be used, and as many pictures as possible printed at once by using a piece of cardboard with holes cut in it, through which the negatives can print. Oval or oblong masks may be used, so as to match one another on the finished fabric. When printed deeply enough (which nothing but experience will tell you), the fabric is removed from the printing frame and is ready to be developed. The instructions given by the company will tell you how to proceed. A solution of oxalate of potash, one pound to fifty-four ounces of water, is made, and this is heated in the enamelled tin bath used in the process over a spirit lamp, until a thermometer immersed in it registers 180 degrees Fahrenheit. The fabric is now passed through this slowly, and as it goes through the solution the pictures will come out. This part of the process is most striking to the beholder, and you had better call in your "sisters and cousins and aunts" to see it. To pull the fabric through the solution I use a T shaped piece of wood with pins stuck points outwards on the top of the T and bent into the form of hooks. You will easily understand that a solution of oxalate of potash at 180 degrees is not exactly a pleasing medium into which to plunge one's hands. Another piece of wood similarly shaped should be held on the top of the fabric, so that it is forced to go down into the solution as it is drawn along, for if it should float, some parts of the picture might not be developed, which would spoil the appearance of the whole. This work is easier than that of developing paper, as no air-bubbles (which are the bane of the paper development) need be feared.

The pictures having been thus brought out, it remains to fix them. This is done by immersing the fabric in dilute hydrochloric acid, one part of acid to forty-five parts of water. Tell the chemist that the specific gravity of your acid, before being diluted, must be at least 1·16.

When the fabric has been in the acid for a short time, all the yellow appearance will have disappeared, and the pictures will be quite black on a perfectly white ground. The material is then washed for some hours in several changes of water, and is then finished.

Now, having told you how the process is conducted, I come to the gist of the matter. By printing pictures from various negatives at intervals, according to a regular design, you can make some very ornamental knick-knacks for drawing-room ornamentation. For example, a piece of material thirty inches long by seventeen wide will hold a dozen or more half-plate photographs, printed oval and oblong shapes, and this will form a very handsome antimacassar. You can of course add a fringe at each end to make it complete. Tablecloths, d'oyleys, mats, handkerchiefs, cushions, napkins—there are scores of different objects that can be ornamented in this way, without the expenditure of much trouble upon them. I leave it to the ingenuity of my reader to devise her own forms for its applications.

Opals are a comparatively recent introduction, and when well done are most ornamental. A casual photograph on opal, bought in a shop, can never give half the satisfaction to its possessor that will be given by one on which is represented some portrait or group which is of intrinsic interest and perhaps was never taken by a professional.

Opals are coated with the same emulsion as the popular bromide paper, which has come into vogue so much of late years. They are exposed behind a negative to the light of a candle or gas jet, the red glass being suddenly taken off the lamp for the required time and then replaced, for a period varying from ten seconds to half a minute, according to the strength of the light and the rapidity of the paper. Practice will soon show the correct exposure for any given negative. After being exposed, they are developed with ferrous oxalate developer, full instructions for which are always sent with them, then immersed in a clearing solution, and, after fixing, washed for an hour or two in running water. Take care to keep them in a clean place till dry, as if anything in the shape of dust or dirt gets on them it will spoil the white appearance of the opal. These opals are sold by many makers; some that are very well spoken of are the "Ilford" opals, made by the Britannia Works Company, Ilford, London, E.

Those who dislike the uncertainty of the ferrous oxalate developer, which is liable to get as thick as pea-soup without any warning, even when the greatest care has been taken to mix it rightly, can use the lately introduced hydroquinone developer. This works so well for all kinds of bromide paper, opals, films, etc., is so convenient and cleanly in its use, and is so little trouble to manipulate, that I must say I look upon it as the *beau idéal* of a developer for girls, and I therefore give a formula which I use myself and like very much —it is that given for use with Thomas's plates by the makers :—

A.—Hydroquinone, 160 grains; sodium sulphite, 2 ounces; citric acid, 60 grains; potassium bromide, 30 grains; water to 20 ounces (fluid).

B.—Sodium hydrate, 160 grains; water to 20 ounces (fluid).

When about to use this, all you have to do is to mix equal parts of each solution, and it therefore requires no calculations at all. It will develop many plates in succession. With the hydroquinone developer you do not require to use the alum bath, as it exerts a tanning action on the gelatine film, and thus prevents it from frilling. The usual fixing solution will answer with this as with pyrogallic acid.

I have tried many different kinds of bromide papers, but the brand which works best with me is Fry's "Argentotype" (Messrs. S. Fry and Co., 5, Chandos Street, Strand, W.C.), and the developer given above. The hydroquinone is much better than ferrous oxalate for bromide papers, as it allows of much more latitude in exposure.

Eastman's transferotype paper is a great acquisition to the photographer who uses negatives for ornamental purposes, as almost anything, from a wooden box to a cup and saucer, can be covered with photographic pictures by this process. Full directions are supplied with it by the Eastman Company, 115, Oxford Street, London, W.; so I will only briefly state that the process consists of developing pictures from negatives on to a peculiar kind of bromide paper, and then transferring them to other objects, just as in the old-fashioned "transfer pictures," by pressing the paper while wet tightly into contact with the object to be ornamented. When dry, hot water poured over the back loosens the film, which comes off and remains on the object when the back paper is pulled off. Hydroquinone must not be used for this paper, as, owing to the tanning action referred to before, it hinders the film from coming off properly.

Cups and saucers covered with transfers will stand washing, if after allowing the film to get dry a coat of Damar varnish is applied, and the cup baked for a few hours in an oven. It must not be too hot, however, or the varnish will be spoilt.

Opalines are very ornamental, and add a special beauty to an ordinary silver print, which it does not possess when merely mounted in an ordinary album. Materials and all directions can be obtained from Percy Lund and Co., St. John's Street, Bradford, Yorks. They are made by simply pasting ordinary silver albumen prints to the back of specially made thick pieces of bevelled-edged glass by means of a solution of gelatine. The only difficulty consists in avoiding bubbles in the gelatine between the print and the glass, but a little practice will soon enable you to overcome the difficulty. This method of treating prints is said to give a transparency to the high lights and a softness to the shadows which nothing else will give, so much so that a company has been lately formed styled the "Opalocryst Company," specially to supply the glasses. It remains to be seen, however, whether it will prove a commercial success.

The latest process which I have tried is the ivory (celluloid) film, which has only just been brought out. These are excessively pretty, resembling a painting in monochrome on sheet ivory. Those I have used were Fry's, whose address I gave before. They are developed after exposure behind a negative in a precisely similar manner to opals and bromide paper, and the hydroquinone developer suits them admirably. Prints in the oval shape look best, as the white ivory-like surface round them sets off the picture more than if the whole surface of the film is covered. They are fixed in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, one ounce to ten fluid ounces of water. In drying they curl up a good deal, but as soon as they are dry they will become straight again. I find it best to stand them up vertically against some object, or else to put them flat on their backs; they curl up too much if placed in a negative rack.

Ordinary negative films can be used to form transparencies, their ground surface giving a better effect than a special transparency-plate, with which a piece of ground glass has often to be used to correct too clear shadows. A window covered with transparencies made of films, which could be glued on or fastened in some other way, would form a very picturesque object, instead of a possibly very ugly look-out.

ROSELEAVES.

THE ROSE.

I PLANTED a Rose in my garden—
A tiny and tender thing—
But it stood through the snows of the winter,
And woke into life in the spring.

First, buds at the ends of the branches—
Brown buds that were scarcely seen;
But they swelled in the days of the summer,
And opened to leaves of green.

Then it grew from the ground to my window,
Strong from the earth out-born,
Clothing itself in red blossoms,
And armed on its stem with the thorn.

The trailing rose at my window
Bloomed the long summer through;
All the day it was warm with sunshine,
All the night it was wet with dew.

And it bore such a wealth of roses,
Globed in fragrance sweet;
But in autumn, alas! all the petals
Dropt on the path at my feet.

Our Life, like the rose, is planted
Here on the earth to grow;
And God, who cares for the roses,
Cares for our lives also.

The infant lies in the nurse-lap,
Feeble with moaning cries;
And it turns to surrounding objects
Its wondering, innocent eyes.

But soon come the buds of reason,
The quickenings of love and of hope,
And home is too small a measure
To yield to its thoughts a scope.

Then away in its grasp of Nature
Stretches the mind of the man;
And he searches the planets' secret,
And opens the world's great plan.

But to sweetness of varied knowledge
Is added a thorny pain,
And the hand that is filled with power
Is torn to its deepest vein.

And the hopes, and the joys, and the gladness
Fail as the roses fleet,
And drop all their promised bounty
Dead on the path at our feet.

But let Life with its red heart-blossom
Of love be trained for the sky:
It shall live though the roses wither,
And bloom though the roses die.

A. N.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

By J. A. OWEN, author of "Candalaria," "After Shipwreck," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A PARTED CABLE.

"This ship was nought to me, nor I to her."

"A LETTER for you from Italy, Madge," said my father, after opening the budget of letters and papers he received one morning from his Honolulu friend's business agent in San Francisco. "Who is your correspondent?"

I had not told my father that I had heard from Maurice Norton on arriving in California. Perhaps it was wrong of me not to have done so. There had always been such perfect understanding between us on every subject except this; but I had found it impossible to talk about what was, after all, so uncertain a relationship. That first letter would have seemed incomprehensible to him, ignorant as he was of what had passed between Maurice and myself before I left England.

So I hesitated in my answer, holding the letter in my hand; and before I spoke my father had opened one of his own letters, which was an important one from his London bankers, and he became so engrossed in its contents that I solved my difficulty by simply saying, "From Mr. Norton, father;" and away I went out of the room to read my letter in quietness. He did not notice my words, and the whole of that day he was too busily engaged in answering his own letters to think of mine again. I had two others by the same post: one from Aunt Mary, and one from the old schoolfellow I have mentioned, who had been married a few months previously, and was now travelling in Europe with her husband. When, later on, my father did refer to my letters, I was able to show him these two; and I felt fully justified in remaining silent as to Maurice Norton's, which, after having read carefully two or three times, I had destroyed.

"My dear Miss Wilson," the letter began; in the former one it had been "My dear friend." I noted the difference with pain; then, woman-like, I looked as before to see how it ended: "Yours very truly, Maurice Norton." Then I knew that all was over between my first love and myself; and I could read no more for some time, but sat with the sheets in my hand in a dull, stunned sort of mood. Till now I had never fully realised what hopes I had been cherishing, and how deeply rooted my affection for Maurice had become. At times I had imagined I had grown to feel towards him as I had bade him regard me, merely as a sincere friend. But I knew now how I had been deceiving myself.

As soon as I became more calm and composed I read the letter through. He told me he had been glad to get my reply to his first one; that he was thankful to know we were so far safely on our journey, and should soon hope to hear that we were comfortably settled in our new home in the Hawaiian Islands, of which he had, curiously enough, just been hearing a great deal from an American family who had once lived there, but were now in Rome. He had been painting the portrait of the eldest daughter, a very beautiful girl, who had created a great sensation in the art circles in that city. Her father was wealthy, but they were most unworldly-minded people, of high culture, and it was delightful to be allowed to spend much of his leisure time in

acting as cicerone to them in their visits to the picture galleries. My description of the flowers of California might almost apply to the Campagna, where he had spent some pleasant days with the Carmichael sisters, who were great botanists; Stella, the elder one, had shown him a collection she had made herself in California the previous year. He had read part of my letter to her—he went on to say—and by the aid of her commentary he could form a good idea of our surroundings and all I told him of our movements. Then followed one or two pages about his work, the orders he had received from England; and before concluding he said I *might* write again to Rome, as he was enjoying the society he found there so much, that he should remain in Italy as long as he could get commissions which he could carry out there.

I saw it all clearly; by the time I was reading this letter he was, no doubt, engaged to marry the beautiful, wealthy American girl. How I hated the idea of her "commentary" on my letter—the letter that I had worded so carefully, lest the love I felt should betray itself in the lines; and how thankful I now felt that I had been reticent and guarded as to my true feelings!

It had only turned out as I had felt it must when we parted in London; his artistic, impressionable, and sensitive nature was easily moved. I could not call him unfaithful towards me. It was true that he had begged me to "wait for him and to trust him"; but I had not accepted that position. On the contrary, I had forbidden him to write to me of his love; I had told him I could only be a friend, and he must only write to me as such.

I had to appear at luncheon-time, and to make a pretence of eating; fortunately for me my father had promised to dine at Dr. Armstrong's that evening, and as our friend was a bachelor, I was not obliged to accompany him there. After taking some tea I went upstairs again, as soon as my father had gone, and I took from a cabinet a small silk case, in which were a few sketches, two or three notes referring to books and art, and Maurice Norton's first letter to me. Then I told our Chinese servant he could go home—he never slept in the house—and in the kitchen I shut myself up, and there I burned the little packet. It hurt me to see the papers writhe and curl in the flames as I pressed them down in the stove. One bit, on which his name was, would start up again continually, and even when the paper was almost destroyed, those characters seemed to stand out clearer than ever. After every trace had disappeared, I was on my way upstairs again, when a step sounded on the veranda, and Wing Sin not being there, I was obliged to go to see whose it was. To my unspeakable annoyance I found Mr. Stiggins, looking more carefully dressed than usual, and carrying an exquisite bouquet of flowers, such as the florists in San Francisco excel in arranging. I knew my face bore the traces of the tears which had relieved me after burning what had been so treasured before. I had even an absurd consciousness that my hands had been blackened by the smoke and contact with the stove, and that these had been over my face, and must have left traces there; and I would have fled upstairs and left him standing outside, but he, too, had seen my figure as I looked through the sitting-room window, and he now opened the door, as he often did, without ceremony, before I could vanish.

He did not seem to notice my appearance in the least. Though I might ridicule his Western style of address, and make fun of his appearance to my father, I knew well by this time how full of kindly tact and true courtesy he was.

"I know Mr. Wilson is out dining," he said, as he stood there, bouquet in one hand and his hat in the other; "if you are busy I will put these flowers in the parlour, and will look in again an hour later. I had your father's permission to do so; he told me he should be home early himself, as the doctor had been summoned to attend a consultation unexpectedly this evening."

"Thank you," I said, and I did not wait to add more, hoping my unsightly appearance might escape his quick eyes after all.

When he returned I went to the kitchen to make some coffee, in which he insisted on helping me.

"I wanted to have some business talk with you, Miss Wilson," he began, as soon as we were settled in the sitting-room, drinking our coffee. My father had not yet returned. "But I see you are suffering from headache, and I will not trouble you with it to-night."

"My head does ache a little," I replied, "but I am quite able to talk business." In fact, I felt it would be quite a relief to do so. I feared those observant eyes, and that quick perception, which had at times seemed to amount to clairvoyance, in our friend—a gift commoner to women than to men, as a rule, and odd in a man so unsentimental and matter of fact as Mr. Stiggins appeared to his ordinary acquaintance.

"Well, now, if you really feel equal to business, I will tell you what I want. It must be done quickly though, if I am to find as much space as I would like for you. I want you to write me a few bright pieces about the route by steam from Southampton to San Francisco; something pleasant and lively, with plenty of personalities, you know, as nearly like that voyage of mine in the South Seas that you thought so vulgar and personal—now don't disclaim, you know you did—as your more refined English taste will allow you to make it. The reason I want that just now is that a friend of the chief in our office has a number of shares in the Southampton, Central American, and Mexican Steamship Company, and we want to help get them up a bit."

"The last sort of work I feel inclined towards," I said.

"But we will pay you well, my dear Miss Wilson, and you are surely not altogether indifferent to that consideration."

"I have no right to be, in our circumstances. Only yesterday my father said he would like to go to Santa Monica for a month, if he could afford it."

"Then it will just come rightly, you see. We will pay you handsomely. Say, is it settled?"

"I will try; and, if I can do what suits you, you shall have the articles in the course of ten days."

Just then my father came in, and he entered into the matter with much interest.

"I do not like you to stick too closely to the pen," he said; "but if you will write the papers roughly in pencil, Madge, I will revise and copy them out for you."

"And then away we go to Santa Monica, father. I shall be so glad to get away from these windy afternoons, with their clouds of dust and sandy drift."

"Your face is white, my darling," he said, as he bade me good-night fondly; "you look quite ill to-night. A change will do you as much good as it will me."

I loathed the idea of writing a sociable paper just then—"fairly loathed it" I told myself, as I sat down before my looking-glass that night, with my hair down, my elbows on the dressing-table, and my head on my hands. Was I never to be allowed to think over my griefs in peace? No, it was clearly not my fate to indulge in regrets. My next thought was, how miserably woebegone I looked—what great, black shadows were under my eyes. And that absurd Mr. Horatio Stiggins must have noticed them as he talked about his detestable sociable papers!

Then I felt ashamed of my petulance; but being worn out and exhausted, I was soon fast asleep in bed, sleeping the heavy, deep sleep that kind mother Nature gives her children after pain and tears.

I could not work, however, for the next two days, not at my literary work, at least; so I told my father I was suffering from nervous headache—which was quite true—and I stayed in my own room most of the time, turning my face to the wall, literally, in very weariness of body and spirit, until some expressions of anxiety from my father startled and roused me. He sent Dr. Armstrong to see me one morning, the third day after the letter from Italy had come.

"There is really nothing the matter with me, doctor," I said; "I need neither medicine nor medical care, I know. We are going to Santa Monica soon; that will set me right."

"Let me feel your pulse—now the tongue." Then, after a few questions: "Yes, I think you are right; time and change are the best doctors sometimes—the only ones, in fact, that are of any use. I suppose you had letters as well as your father, when that Island mail came in?" This he said tentatively, looking at me with those keen, observant eyes which so many men of his profession have.

"Yes, one or two." Try as I would I could not control the muscles about my mouth. "You remind me very much of Dr. Somerville," I said, by way of trying to change the conversation.

"We were old class mates, you know, and come from the same part of the country, though I ought to be somewhat Americanised by this time. I see you will not make a confidant of me, child; well, I will trust you more than you seem disposed to trust me. When I was a young man, about the time I became fully qualified to practice, I was attached to the daughter of a physician in Edinburgh. I cannot describe her to you; to me she was 'a perfect woman, nobly planned,' as Wordsworth has it. I was poor then, and would not bind her to me, but I thought she understood me and would wait for me. Whilst I was working hard in my first year of practice, getting a home ready which I might ask her to share, she became engaged to another man, one who had just inherited a larger fortune than I could hope ever to give her. I knew him well, and I knew him to be utterly unworthy of her. I left the country and came to San Francisco in the first days of its prosperity. It was a bitter experience, and I have, as you know, never married. My profession has been my wife, and I have been faithful to her. The only news I have had of the woman I loved is that her husband had run through all his property; he was given to speculating—gambling I might call it—and they had gone abroad, I never heard where. I regret it, for I might be of use still to her or hers."

The doctor turned from me as he finished, and I could not look at him. Presently he said—

"After all, marriage is not the end and aim of life; it is only one of its conditions, and not always the highest and best. The sooner we realise that the better. And now I must be off; I have to go to Los Angelos to-day. Get away to Santa Monica as fast as you can; your father needs the change, and he needs your smiles and your busy hands about him too."

Good, wise Dr. Armstrong! He knew what I wanted, and that the thought of my father's dependence on me was the surest and best tonic and stimulant for me. I set myself to my literary task resolutely the next day; my articles were in Horatio Stiggins's hands in due time, and we were getting new life and vigour in the bracing air of Santa Monica.

(To be concluded.)

OLD TINS AND THEIR USES.

By the Author of "Lost Dorothy," etc.

THERE are few things more plentiful in this present work-a-day world than old tins; and it occurs to me that a few suggestions on the ways of turning a nuisance into things of beauty may be acceptable, especially to girls more richly dowered with artistic taste than with money.

I will plunge into the subject without further preamble.

For years I have used an empty coffee tin in place of a sponge bag for travelling. Till you have tried it, you will not believe that you can carry a nail-brush, glycerine bottle, bit of flannel, and fair-sized sponge in a tin that has once contained a pound of French coffee; but having once tried it, you will see what a cheap, convenient, and waterproof receptacle it is. Williams' coffee tins are my favourites for this purpose, as the trick of the lid prevents any possible catastrophe on the journey. If you wish to make the thing really pretty, get a tin of enamel of some good wholesome colour, and paint your sponge box within and without, always remembering that the lid already fits close to the body of the tin, and that a plain line must be left at the top, lest the lid should, by the insertion of the coat of paint, become too tight. Sponge boxes thus prepared would be cheap articles to make for a bazaar.

The large four-pound jars in which Lyle's Golden Syrup and other makes of treacle may now be purchased make surprisingly pretty covers for small flower-pots when coated in this way with enamel. You must choose a shade to match or contrast with your surroundings, of course, and without knowing the colouring of the room it is difficult to suggest what looks well. Dull red harmonises with most pot plants, and looks well on a white tablecloth.

When I was much concerned with church decorations I found the little flat-sided quarter-pound mustard tins simply invaluable. I got the carpenter to paint them inside and out to match the oak in the church, having first been careful to ascertain whether or not they were thoroughly water-tight. This is an important point, as two out of every three are almost sure to leak. When thus painted they are scarcely visible against the woodwork; being flat, they will slip into almost impossible corners. They obviate all risk of injuring the precious wood by contact with wet flowers or moss, and the flowers not only live twice as long as usual, but are quite easily replaced when withered. This idea may be utilised for other decorations as well, and for drawing-room purposes the tins might be made an adornment by painting them in brilliant colours.

If you have a cottage friend whom you wish to make truly happy, buy a quarter of a pound of tea, paint a gaudy tin, outside only, put the tea inside it, and make an old lady's heart glad by the present. Nothing is so welcome as a little gift of tea, and cottage folk have a by no means despicable taste for clear, bright colours.

My favourite conceit in the way of utilising old tins is—the bottle tidy. Nobody who takes cod-liver oil fails to observe how the insinuating liquid soon makes it impossible to set down the bottle without its leaving an unpleasant impress behind it. To meet this disagreeable consequence, I at first employed the lid of a tin, choosing one to fit as near as might be the foot of the bottle. Then it seemed to me that the less I saw of the bottle the better I liked it, and that the tin itself was a pleasant hiding-place.

The adornment of my bedroom has always been a consideration with me. I dislike much drapery, upon both artistic and sanitary grounds; but I wish to conceal all unsightly objects as much in my bedroom as in my drawing-room. I agree with those philosophers who think that the whole day is more or less coloured by the first impressions on waking, and I do not care to let my eyes light first of all on a blacking bottle. If you are not rich, and yet indulge in pretty boots, you are unwise if you entrust the blacking of them to other hands than your own. I thought this over, and then I spent tenpence on a tin of Venetian red enamel, hunted up a coil of fine wire, an old cork, a little awl, and three equal-sized round tins. I coated these with my enamel, inside and out, then, taking careful measurements, I pressed my cork against the inside of the tins (this prevents your making a dent in the metal), and ran a couple of holes through each tin near the top. I then strung them together with my wire, drew it up as tight as possible, twisted and broke it off. Two more coats of enamel made my threefold bottle-tidy quite a lovely piece of furniture, and for some three years it has brightened the centre of my mantelpiece, hidden my bay rum, boot polish, and glycerine, and looks like lasting half a dozen years more.

I have adapted this scheme to wall decoration by running a couple of larger holes for the insertion of nails through the two hindmost tins, and connecting the three tins at the bottom as well as the top. This is necessary if you want the arrangement to support any weight, but it is rather difficult to twist the wire tight through these lower holes. You can make flower-holders of these bottle tidies of mine if you set them on brackets, and you can produce many varieties of shape or colour. You are not tied to the use of tins of equal size; for instance, two tall tins at the back and a short one in front, or a triangle of threes instead of twos, of equal or unequal sizes, would look well, and you can mix colours. Ivory white for one tin and china blue for another is a charming mixture, and ivory white looks equally well with a rich red or with olive green. All depends on your own taste; and if you are skilled in painting, you can produce far more beautiful results than I have hinted at.

The process of enamelling is so cheap and simple that almost anyone can indulge in it and be sure of producing a pleasant effect. A tin covered with glue and rolled in chips of broken cork is by no means an unsightly addition to a table of ferns or drooping foliage plants, and for my own part I can see a flower-holder treated similarly with whole rice without a shudder.

I have jotted down these few ideas in the hope that someone may find amongst them something useful for the adornment of her own bedroom or sitting-room. Pretty things are not always to be despised because they are cheap, and I am sure that it is our duty as Christians to keep everything about us as pretty and seemly and cheerful as our means will allow. Whatever is an eyesore to us is a reflection of our laziness or thoughtlessness, and we are simply bound to make the best of all that comes in our way.

VARIETIES.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER.

Amongst the letters of Dr. William B. Robertson, of Irving, a popular Scotch preacher, whose life has recently been published, we find the following addressed to a young girl on her birthday:—

"By being always humble, you will be always young. Humility is a 'little child.' This is Christ's picture of it. But pride is old—as old as that old serpent the devil. If you indulge in pride, you'll make the pretty face of your soul old and wrinkled in no time. And Faith, too, is a 'little child,' and makes you and keeps you always young; and Hope is young, and Love is young, and Joy is young, and Generosity is young. The graces are all young; but Sin is an ugly old hag. And so I hope you will be dressed afresh to-day in the beauties of holiness, and baptized afresh into the dew of youth."

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

Mortals that would follow me
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
—*Milton.*

HOW TO WRITE WELL.—He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter on laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem.—*Milton.*

PRESENT DUTIES.—She who serves God at the present moment, though it be in very small things, really glorifies Him more than another who is eager after things of much greater consequence, but at the same time neglects or imperfectly performs her present duties.

ANAGRAMS.

Amongst the curious examples of literary trifling known as anagrams, some of the best are the following:—

Notes and Queries	-	*A question sender.*
Sir Robert Peel	-	*Terrible poser.*
Poorhouse -	-	*O sour hope.*
Solemnity -	-	*Yes, Milton.*
Determination -	-	*I mean to rend it.*
Misanthrope -	-	*Spare him not.*
Monarch - -	-	*March on.*
Charades - -	-	*Hard case.*
David Livingstone	-	*Go (D.V.) and visit Nile.*
Christianity -	-	*It's in charity.*
Arthur Wellesley	-	*Truly he'll see war.*
Matrimony -	-	*Into my arm.*

EDUCATION.—What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul.

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

FIG. 1.—MONOGRAMS IN FANCY LETTERS.

S. J.—These letters are worked in cross stitch on fine canvas tacked on the material to be marked, and drawing away the threads when the work is done. Any two contrasting colours in silks or fast-coloured cottons may be used.

Z. I.—Worked in the same manner.

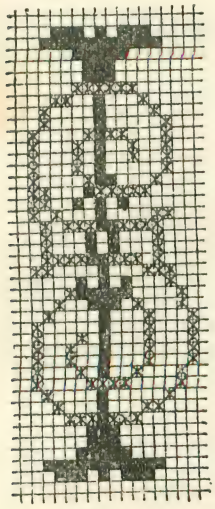


FIG. I.

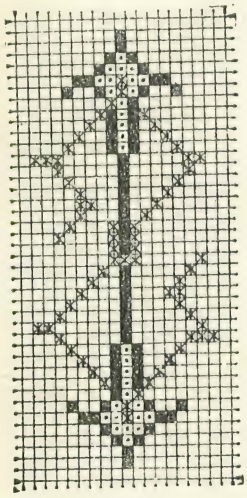


FIG. I.

FIG. 2.—WALL FAN PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.

A large palm leaf screen or fan forms the foundation for this novel pocket for loose photographs of noted characters, or prized views, etc.

There are three pockets, each of which is felled on a firm holland with a hidden welt near the top, to support the upper photos. The pockets should be lined with holland.

The fronts of the three pockets are embroidered in satin, the colour suited to the wall on which the fan is to be hung. The lower pocket is cut in two broad scallops, the two others are straight at top, and all are bound over the edge, which keeps in shape better for having a fine wire sewed on under a binding of plush, or simply sewed to the lining, and a chenille cord fastened on the seam. The palm leaf itself is seen at top. In order to strengthen and preserve the foundation, it would be wiser to line the back with a thin cardboard covered with satin, or any cheaper material. This can be slightly sewed round the edge of the fan, the stitches being hidden by the thick chenille cord. A broad satin or velvet ribbon bow is attached to the handle.

By referring to the design it will be seen that the pockets vary in depth at the sides, this giving a better effect, as well as proving useful for the different sized pictures.

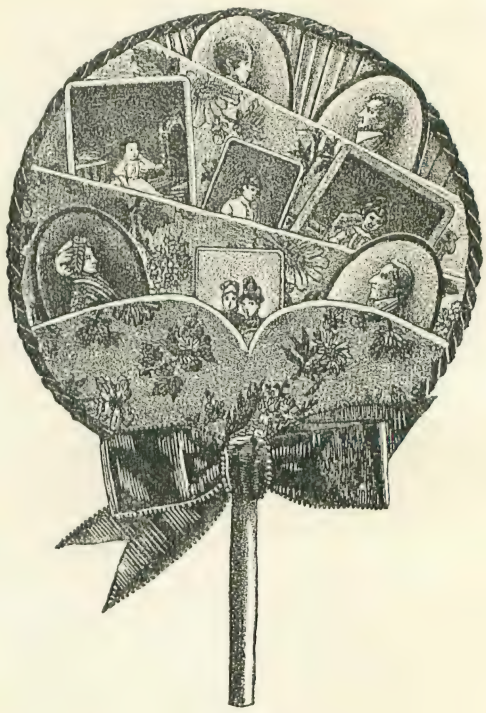


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.—HEAD-REST FOR TRAVELLERS.

This model is in the form of a cone, composed of squares and three-cornered pieces sewed together. The former are of old gold-coloured satin, embroidered with embroidery silks; the latter of olive green velvet. The squares, six in number, are about a quarter of a yard square, on which the pattern is traced.

The pattern given in detail is worked as follows:—

The centre flower has the leaves worked in janina stitch (worked from one side to the other with very short stitches at back) in old blue. The underlying star-shape in light olive green in satin stitch. The middle dot is wood brown. The surrounding large leaves are in dark

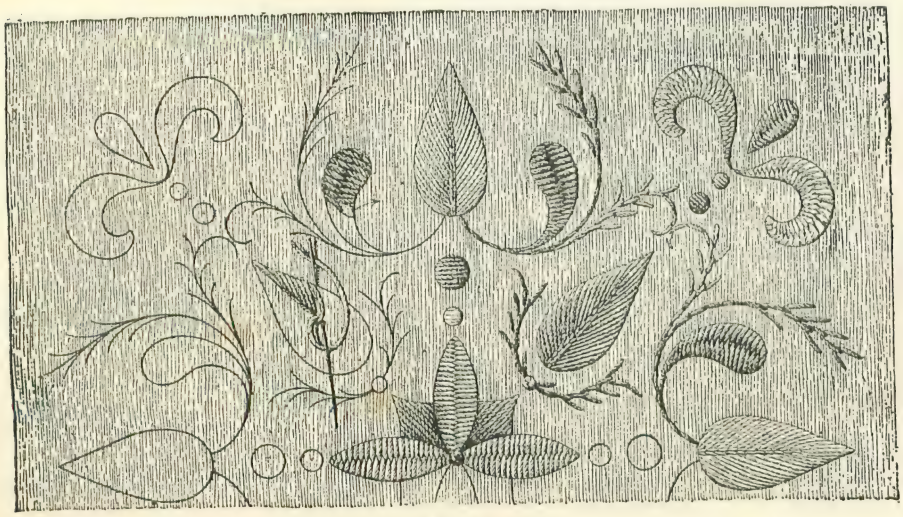


FIG 3.

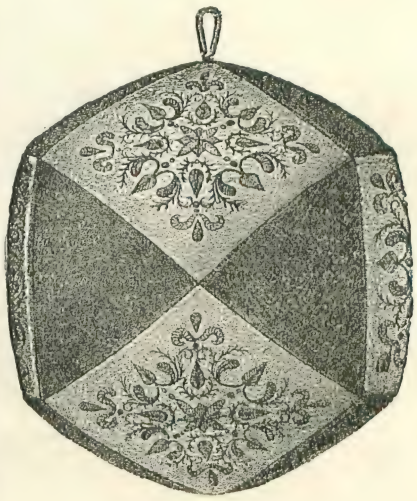


FIG. 3.

old pink, the outer ones in medium old rose; the smaller leaves bending from the latter are in pale old blue. The small dots beneath are dark old pink, the large ones in dark olive green. The tendrils are in coral stitch; dark and light olive green, and very pale linden green, almost white; the corner patterns of medium olive green, the leaf of wood brown; the two dots, medium olive and pale linden green.

When the embroidery is completed, if worked in the hand, it must be lightly gummed over the back, and pressed with a cool iron. The squares must be lined with coarse shirting. Eight three-cornered pieces of velvet are required, each side measuring a quarter of a yard. These are also lined, and stitched firmly to each square with a good seam, so as to prevent the parts from coming asunder with rough use. The last seam must be neatly slip-stitched when the inner cushion is filled with feathers and placed within. A loop of good fancy cord, or suitable ribbon, is fastened on the upper point.

FIG. 4.

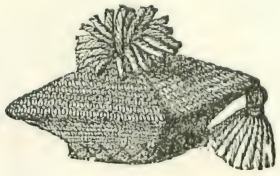


FIG. 5.

FIGS. 4 AND 5.—TWO SMALL LAMP CAPS IN CROCHET.

These caps are made in single Berlin wool, with small bone needle.

Fig. 4 is in white and dark blue wool.

Make a chain of 47 stitches with the white wool, join round, and work 10 rows of double crochet as follows:—Take the two front threads of the stitch for the 1st stitch, and the back thread for the 2nd stitch, and work thus alternately to end of the row. Each of these 10 rows is worked in the same manner, but reversing the order of the stitches in each row. This forms a pretty little pattern.

Fourteen rows are now to be worked with the blue wool.

The 1st Row is worked in the same way as the former rows, but decreasing four stitches.

2nd Row, decrease 3 stitches.

This and the following 12 rows are worked in the back thread.

3rd Row.—Work 18 stitches; miss 2; work 18; leaving the last 2.

4th Row.—Miss 2 over each missed stitches in last row, which will leave 32 stitches in the row.

5th and 6th Rows are worked without missing stitches.

7th Row.—Worked as the 4th, reducing the number of stitches to 28.

The remaining 7 rows are worked without decreasing.

Fold the cap and crochet the end together. Fasten on a woollen tassel at each corner, and fix one corner to the 8th row of the white wool band round the bead.

Fig. 5.—This is made in one colour only.

Begin with a ring of 5 chain stitches, into which work the 1st row of 12 double crochet stitches taken through the two threads.

2nd Row.—Put 3 stitches into every 3rd stitch.

The next seven rows have 3 stitches worked in the centre of the 3 stitches in preceding row. In this manner a square is formed, which, beside the 3 stitches in each corner, will be increased to 16 stitches on each side—in all 76 stitches.

9th Row.—There is no increase in this row, but the 8th or 9th stitch in each side is missed, decreasing the row to 72 stitches.

From the 10th to the 14th row, inclusive, 2 stitches are missed at each corner, so that when the 14th row is completed there will be altogether 32 stitches.

The three last rows are neither increased nor decreased.

In the centre of the crown, and at one corner, there are full tassels of wool.

A pattern in herring-bone stitch is worked with silk on the rows round the head.

FIG. 6.—CROCHET AND BRAID INSERTION.

This insertion may be used for many purposes, and is inexpensive and easily worked. The materials needed are: a straight braid with purled edges, a vandyked braid, and crochet cotton. The width of the braids and size of cotton to be chosen according to the purpose for which the insertion is required. It is worked lengthways, and begun by forming the vandyked braid into trefoils, by passing the needle through three points of the braid and fastening them together with a single stitch; 5 chain; a single stitch to join the next 3 points, but taking these on the other edge of the braid.

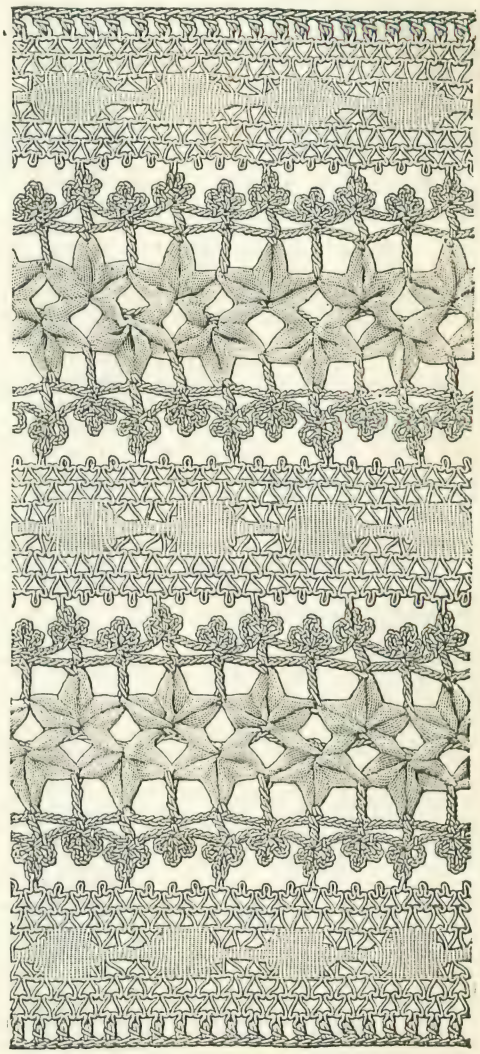


FIG. 6.

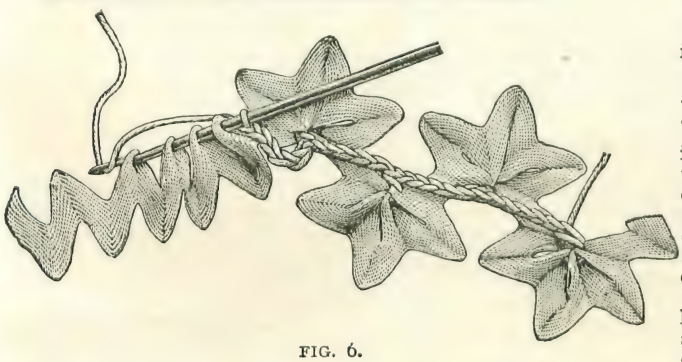


FIG. 6.

In this alternate way the whole row is worked at the back. On each side of these leaves two rows of crochet are worked in the following manner:—

1st Row.—* 1 double crochet stitch in the centre point of a leaf; 5 chain; 1 double long, joining the two following points together; 5 chain; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—This row is joined to the fancy braid; * 1 double crochet in the double long of preceding row; 5 chain, and 1 double crochet three times in the same stitch; 5 chain; 1 double long in the next double crochet at the leaf point; 5 chain; 1 double in same stitch; 2 chain; join to the first purl of the fancy braid; 2 chain; 1 double crochet in the same double long; 5 chain; 1 double crochet again into the same stitch; 5 chain; repeat from *, joining to the braid at every fourth purl.

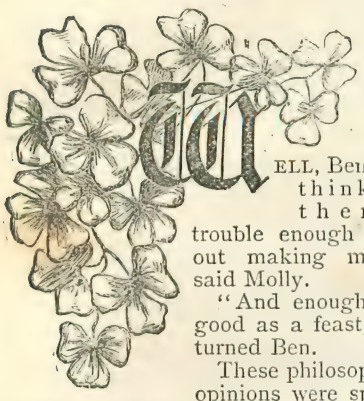
The insertion can be made any width by adding rows of alternate leaves and braid in this manner. The outer edges of the fancy braids are finished by a row of long stitches in every purl, separated by one chain, which renders the insertions firm.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

PROPOSALS.



"TELL, Ben, I'm thinking there's trouble enough without making more," said Molly.

"And enough's as good as a feast," returned Ben.

These philosophical opinions were spoken at the front door of the farm, while Miss Dulcey was talking rapidly in the dining-room. Ben had been complaining, according to custom, and wondering how he was *to rub down Miss Saucy*, and finish up his work at midnight. It was already dark, for Miss Dulcey had remained long at the Court, and had forgotten to tell Ben to drive home while she went to Castle Farm. She had been so much preoccupied, indeed, that she had scarcely spoken to him at all; which was a grievance, for although he was a silent man himself, he liked to be talked to—to take all and give nothing, in short. This tendency caused him to exclaim—

"Well, Molly, you may so well say something."

"Say it yourself, Ben," replied Molly.

"Then, what do you think about poor Master Charles?" asked he.

"That he'll never be coming back again, and that, as likely as not, Master and he'll be lying together out there at the world's end. They ought never to 'a gone," said she, and began to cry.

"Now, don't 'ee cry, Molly, there's a dear," said Ben; and he left Miss Saucy's head, and sidled up to her. As a rule, men are annoyed at the tears of the softer sex; but Molly was not given to emotion, and he felt, as he said afterwards, "as if his heart hev up to his mouth" at sound of hers, for he could scarcely see her. Sympathy is a rare pick-lock, and opened the nailed-up souls of that irascible pair with an ease that astonished them both.

"Don't 'ee cry, Molly," repeated Ben. "If they shouldn't come back, you'll still have me. I've got a nice cottage, you know."

"You have, Ben. But Miss Belle and the children—what's to become o' them?" sobbed Molly.

"Oh, there's Miss Dulcey, and some'at be brewing between her and the squire, or my name bain't Ben. Now, don't 'ee cry, but say 'yes,' there's a dear." Everybody would not have understood to what Ben wanted that affirmative; but Molly did. She had been expecting to be asked to say it for years. She was, however, as Ben said, "very contrarious," and replied in half terms—

"Thank 'ee, Ben. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and if Miss Belle shouldn't be wanting me, and if they're not coming back, and ——"

"All right," said Ben, hurrying back to Miss Saucy, who was getting fidgety.

"I am always saying to Miss Belle that you are caring a sight more for Miss Saucy than for me," said Molly, offended.

"I'm not so sure," said Ben.

While they were settling this weighty question, Miss Dulcey, Belle, Flo, and Weatherley were talking over the events of the day. The little girls had gone to bed.

"I always knew my brother was as good as most men, for they're all sinners," said Miss Dulcey; "but I never knew how good he was till to-day. He turned right away from me when he read the letter, and didn't speak for some time. 'Well, brother,' I said, when my patience was at an end. 'Well, Dulcey,' he replied, with a choke in his voice. 'We make many mistakes in this life, and I have made mine.' Then I knew that he was sorry, for I never before heard him acknowledge himself wrong. Some people can't, poor fools; just as if they forgot that at the last day we should know all about one another in no time."

"Ah, Miss Dulcey!" ejaculated Flo; "I never thought of that."

"And I'm not quite sure, Flo. But 'tis better to make a clean breast, both to God and our neighbour, before that time comes. However, my brother was much troubled about poor Charlie, and said he would promise to provide for all the children, if that could comfort him. As to Weatherley, his wish to bring him up had been already expressed. 'But,' he said, I could not take the boy away during Dauncey's absence. I must have a talk with him, and I hope with his son, first. Tell Miss Dauncey that I hold myself responsible for his education and maintenance from this time forth; but I would not wish to hurt her father's feelings by taking him away before his return, unless he also give permission.' Now, Belle, I felt proud of my brother when he said that. He is a gentleman all round."

"That he is!" cried Weatherley, enthusiastically. "And I hope I take after him, for I could not leave the farm while we are all in such trouble and uncertainty."

"My brother asked about the next-of-kin, and when I told him what Pearce said, he seemed to think there would be no need of his help if your father's claim is established. But I don't believe in the lawyers; though it must be owned that Stint and Co. have acted like good Samaritans in taking Charlie in. There are two meanings to that, however."

"Charlie doesn't name the money," said Belle; "and he would scarcely have written exactly as he did if it were likely to be settled. I wish no advertisement had ever appeared, and that we had been left to struggle on in peace."

"That is not like you, Belle," said Miss Dulcey. "We may not fight against Providence, though I must say we are not always an obedient army of martyrs."

"But for the advertisement," put in Weatherley, "we children would not have come here, and I shouldn't have seen the squire, and everything would have been different."

"What's done is done," said Miss Dulcey, decisively. "But here is something either to do or not to do. My sister Margaretta wants to have Mamy. She has fallen violently in love with the child, and I am not surprised, since she resembles her mother. Charlie gives the squire *carte blanche*, and if Mamy could be prevailed upon to go, I see no reason against it, since Weatherley and the squire were the only parties Mr. Dauncey objected to join together."

"Mamy is always talking of the pretty lady," said Belle. "I will think it over."

Poor Belle felt as though her power of thought had forsaken her. But they continued to discuss these questions some time longer before Miss Dulcey took her leave. When she did so, the little party went with her to the door. But for the lamps in the pony-carriage, darkness would have been visible and nothing else; as it was, Ben and Molly were just discernible seated between the lamps. They were settling all their differences on Miss Dulcey's cushions, and when the hall door suddenly opened upon them, Flo declared that she saw Ben remove his arm from Molly's waist. There is less than a step between tears and laughter, and Flo forgot her troubles for a moment, when she said to Molly, who scrambled out of the carriage—

"That is thoughtful of you and Ben; you have been keeping the cushions dry. Miss Dulcey, you needn't be afraid of taking cold from the dew."

"We thought you was never coming, mistress," growled Ben. "There's no holding of Miss Saucy in."

Molly had disappeared, so Miss Dulcey's rejoinder lost half its intended force—

"Never tell a lie, Ben. You know you were making love to Molly. There's no harm in that."

"What fun! They must have settled it at last!" said Flo, as they watched the pony-carriage disappear down the rough drive.

But not even her volatile nature could prolong the jest; and when, subsequently, she perceived that Molly's eyes were red, she feared that the "settlement" could not have been amicable. As to Belle, her heart was too full of sorrow even for smiles. She was, besides, undecided as to what course she should take. Weatherley decided for her when

she returned with him and Flo to the parlour.

"We needn't settle anything till we hear from grandfather," he said. "We may have a letter from him in about a week. How slow time is! It seems a month since he went away. Isn't the squire kind? Father is sure to come back and thank him, and then we shall all be friends. We must wait, Aunt Belle."

Wait! Yes, they must wait, and precipitate nothing. Her life had been spent in waiting, she thought. Whose life is not? The difference is that some people wait patiently, others impatiently; but "all comes to those who can wait," says the proverb. She was willing to wait God's time, but it was hard to wait when so far away from those for whom she waited. The events of the day had overwhelmed her. When she tried to recapitulate them to Flo, she said that surely a year had been compressed into those few hours. They sobered even Flo as she commented upon them; but it relieved Belle to listen to her comments and have her sympathy, and above all to be shown the hopeful side.

"Dearest Belle, if you get downhearted, all will be over with us," said Flo. "How fortunate it was that you prevented Mr. Pearce's proposal, if you don't like him! There is nothing so disagreeable as to have to decline an offer. Then, if this great fortune comes to us, it won't matter if you refuse him by-and-by, because we shall be able to pay off all his horrible bills and mortgages. As to Charlie's letter, I don't take your view of it. He is always despondent, and has been at the point of death more than once. The writing was not more shaky than I have seen it before. And he must be stronger than one thinks, or he could never have taken heart to decide about the squire and the children. I look upon that as a miracle, for I never remember his coming to a decision without consulting half-a-dozen people."

"He knew that Amy wished it, and would not hesitate," broke in Belle.

"What a mercy it is, dear! Under all circumstances, the poor children will be provided for. The squire does the right thing at last, thanks to his fancy for Weatherley. I can't see that he has acted nobly at all; he is merely doing his duty. I would certainly let Mamy go. That dear old fossil, Miss Margaretta, will leave her all her money, and she won't have to seek her fortune as companion or governess, like poor me. And perhaps somebody will marry her; for I assure you, Belle, one's personal charms, and all that sort of thing, are greatly heightened by a little gilding. Don't scold me, dear; Mr. Mute—odious name!—has convinced me of that. I really believed in him, and, strive as I will, I can't get over his deceit."

It was now Belle's turn to argue, and it did her good to remonstrate with her wayward sister. The remonstrances were interrupted by a tap at the door. This alarmed them both, for they had retired for the night, and the hour was late. Flo ran to the door, and opening it nervously, saw Molly. She exclaimed, and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing, Miss Flo. May I come in?" said Molly, who was partially undressed, and had covered her deficiencies with a long cloak. "I can't be going to bed, Miss Belle, and I 'ouldn't sleep if I did, till I am telling you that Ben and I have agreed to keep company, if you've no objection."

"I am very glad, Molly. Sit down," said Belle.

"Hurrah! was that what you were doing in Miss Dulcey's carriage? For shame, Molly!" cried Flo, forgetting her own love affairs in Molly's more matter-of-fact communication.

"Now, Miss Flo, there's nothing to be joking at. 'Tis very sarious. 'We've known one another a long time, Molly,' says he. 'Let's go to church next Sunday, and have the banns put up.' 'No, Ben,' says I, 'we'll be having no banns whilst Master Charlie's ill, and Miss Belle is wanting me. We'll be keeping company, and nothing else.'"

"You've done that a long time at a distance," said Flo, demurely.

"True for you, Miss Flo. And it 'ould a-lasted all our lives but for Mr. Charlie. I was crying over him, and Ben tries to comfort me. I couldn't a-believed he had such a feelin' heart. But I am not going to be married so long as you are wanting me, Miss Belle."

"Thank you, Molly. You have been very faithful to us, and I hope you will be happy," said poor Belle, to whom this disclosure brought only more anxiety, for what could she do without Molly?

"Ben's a tidy man," replied Molly, reflectively; "but I am caring most for you, Miss Belle. And if we do marry some day, I can come here charing whenever you are wanting me."

Belle and Molly shook hands over this proposal, and so the long day with its numerous events came to an end.

The following week dragged through somehow. Work helps us to get over time, however slowly go the wheels of his chariot, and everybody was obliged to work at Castle Farm. Belle and the children all wrote to Mr. Dauncey and Charlie. Flo wrote for Mamy, a charming little letter full of childish pathos, and Belle gave her brother the history of the squire's offers and Miss Dulcey's mediation. They all did their best to write cheerfully, but none succeeded save Marjory, from whom her father's critical state had been concealed. She and Dolly were the brightest bits of colour in the sombre picture.

Although they knew that a certain time must elapse before they could hear of Mr. Dauncey's arrival at Montreal, they were always watching for the postman. Even Mamy had taken to following Weatherley, to see if there were any letters, and when one arrived she brought it triumphantly to Aunt Belle. They were generally either business missives or friendly inquiries; but towards the end of the week one came that was important enough, and Mamy little knew what issues hung upon the contents of the envelope she carried, when she said, "Letter for 'oo, Aunt Belle." Belle bade the child sit down on her little chair and play with her doll while she read it. She knew the writing well enough; it was Mr. Pearce's, and she took it for granted that it was a business communication. Still, she trembled as she broke the envelope, for Pearce's letters were generally about money. This, however, was on a very different subject. It contained a proposal of marriage, couched in very straightforward terms. She could no longer pretend to misunderstand him, or put off the evil day by excuses: she must decide for or against the writer. She had done this already; but it was one thing to have said to herself over and over again, "I could not marry Mr. Pearce," and another to have to write the words to him. Nothing could be kinder or more delicately managed than the proposal. Mr. Pearce said that he had been about to make it verbally more than once, but had always been interrupted; therefore he decided to write. He had chosen a time which might seem inopportune, because he felt that Belle needed an adviser who was interested in her as he was, to help her in a crisis that might be favourable or fatal. If she accepted him he would gladly cancel all the liabilities to which she had alluded when they met last, and free her and her father from present anxiety. The future was still uncertain.

She believed him sincere in his protestations, though she wondered that he took that particular moment to make them. She also knew that there was no one living who had such power over her father as he had, or who could so completely ruin him if he chose. She had never been sanguine about the "next-of-kin," and had seen enough of money matters to know that fortunes were often swallowed up in the expenses incurred to try and secure them. In short, Belle was eminently practical, and believed in nothing that promised future wealth. She had been too often disappointed. She had seen so many prophetic visions of her father's blown like bubbles to the winds, that she had learnt the invaluable lesson of living by the day.

But here was an opportunity of looking ahead for once in her life. If she accepted Mr. Pearce, she would secure competence for herself, immunity for her father, and possibly a home for Flo in an emergency. The children were provided for; and if it pleased God to spare Charlie, he could at least recruit at the farm till an opening was found for him. Here her reflections took a turn. Engage herself! Marry! while the life of that dearest of brothers hung by a thread. She could not do it if she loved the man, and certainly she could not if she did not care for him.

She was seated at the old bureau, her elbow on it, her head on her hand. The letter was before her; Mamy at her side, purring over her dolly, and Molly was clattering about in the kitchen. Weatherley came in. This possible heir of the Court had been digging potatoes, and was about to recount how many pecks he had got up. He looked flushed, handsome, and very dirty.

"Take care of Mamy till I come

back," said Belle; "I must consult Miss Dulcey."

With her letter in one hand and her hat in the other, she rushed out of the house. Miss Dulcey was at home, and Belle told her of the letter and proposal at once.

"I am glad you have had a proposal," said Miss Dulcey. "No woman is happy till she has. Everybody likes to say, 'Oh, I might have married if I chose!' It gives one a sort of consequence. I always look on you as an old maid."

"Why, Miss Dulcey?" asked Belle, slightly hurt.

"The family slavey always is, dear. But I meant no slur either on your attractions or marriageable capabilities. But what are you going to say to Mr. Pearce?"

"I am going to refuse him, but I am afraid of offending him," replied Belle.

"Your first, perhaps your only offer. A good one too," mused Miss Dulcey. "You don't care for him? I am your godmother, so I am permitted to catechise you."

"No, Miss Dulcey, I don't care for him. I mistrust him."

"So do I, Belle. But he will be a powerful enemy if the 'next-of-kin' fall through. Moreover, I believe he has made up his mind, because he thinks your father will come into Jabez Dauncey's money. Still, there must be no half measures, and you must either accept or refuse him decidedly, come what may. Shilly-shallying is destruction, both in love and war. Write your letter here, and let me see it, if you don't mind. Take my place, and you will be inspired, for I once wrote a similar letter to a man who wanted this snug little house and my money, and condescended to take me into the bargain."

Miss Dulcey placed Belle at her writing-table and left her. Everything was so quiet that Belle fancied she could write her letter easily. But she had never before had so difficult a task. She did not wish to offend Mr. Pearce, but she fancied he was one who brooked no contradiction. He had been a successful man all his life, and your successful people are more alive to disappointment than those who are accustomed to it. She feared—indeed, she knew—that his gains were not all honestly gotten, as she counted honesty, and this seemed for a moment to make her task more easy. But she could not allude to this. She thanked him, as women do, for his high opinion of her, and for the honour of his proposal; so far she got discreetly but stiffly, and then in a few words she declined it positively.

When Miss Dulcey returned she was meditating how she could allude to her father's affairs, but her godmother bade her "leave them to his imagination, and wind up with polite regret, etc." She did so, and the letter was consigned to Miss Dulcey's letter-box.

"If we lose the fortune, he has us entirely in his power," sighed Belle.

"That is not Mr. Burmester's teaching, nor Shakespeare's," said Miss Dulcey.

"'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

No lawyer, however acute, can circumvent that Power, and we have had a curious experience of late of how the Omniscient works. Do your duty, Belle, as you have always done, to the best of your ability, and there will be a break in the clouds."

"Thank you, dear Miss Dulcey. Thank you for all your kindness all my life," said Belle. "If only Charlie is spared to us, all will be easy."

"If only!" How often we short-sighted mortals seek to qualify God's regulations by an "If only!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

LADY MACBETH.—To arrange Christmas cards on a table, you should first lay two washes of common glue-size over it; put on while hot. Having first planned the style of the arrangement, proceed to place the cards, so as to fit well one with another; having an eye to the agreeable blending or contrasts of colour, and of the proportions of figures and style of the subjects. They should be made to look like irregular patchwork, or else very correct in the regularity of the pattern you wish to produce. A vandyke border might look well as a frame surrounding the cards. Size the latter, and varnish the whole with pale white varnish. You can use Aspinall's paint for the legs of the table.

QUIZ.—Enamel paint does not require to be fixed. It will not wash off if several coats be given. Oil of turpentine and oil of lavender are the mediums for china-painting.

SWEET BRIAR.—Editors who employ illustrations have a regular staff for them, and thus, unless any specially original and excellent designs be offered to them of which they may make use, the work of outsiders is not taken. This is only a matter of course, for these latter cannot supply fitting illustrations for MSS. with which they are not acquainted. Those writing the articles are allotted an illustrator, who is supplied with all necessary information by the writers. 2. If your hair is weak and inclined to fall, you should dress it in the way least likely to pull the roots. It is bad for such hair to be drawn up to the top of the head, as it is the wrong way of the natural lie of the hair, and there is then an undesirable strain on the weak roots. Dress it as loosely as you can do so.

"MOTHER BUNCH."—We could not possibly tell you how soon you will be able to earn money by means of your art. The best art schools in the Provinces are connected with the national one at South Kensington. Write to the secretary of the Science and Art Department, and ask for particulars respecting the Provincial Branches, and of the sixteen London schools. The fees for tuition are small. They will let you have a prospectus of the exams., and all dates, etc.

HOUSEKEEPING.

DOBBS.—Copper stewpans should always be cleaned while they are still hot. First wash them in hot water, and then rub them over with rottenstone and soft soap made into a paste. Remove this with a rag before it dries, wash again in boiling water, and dry the pan thoroughly.

HOUSEMAID and PARLOURMAID.—You should take care never to allow the japanned trays to remain wet from tea, water, or milk spilt upon them. Wash them with a little soap and lukewarm water, using a sponge; never use hot water, or the japan will scale off. When dried, sprinkle a little flour over, and leave on for a time. Then rub with a soft dry cloth or old silk handkerchief. To remove white heat-marks is difficult, but you might partially succeed by rubbing them with a flannel dipped in sweet oil, and afterwards lightly in spirits of wine. All articles of *papier maché* should be dredged with flour while damp after the sponging with cold water, and afterwards polished with a dry silk handkerchief.

DAPHNE.—To make size, put a pennyworth of ordinary glue-size in a gallipot, and just cover it with water; place the pot in a saucepan on the fire, and the size will soon melt; it should be used while hot.

EDUCATIONAL.

A DATCHELORITE.—It is always difficult to resume habits of study after having left them off for some years; but persevere—not for too long hours at first—and no doubt you will soon become readier. Learn only a small portion of your allotted task at a time, and do that thoroughly. Tell your governess of your difficulties, and ask her to have as much patience as she can with you.

DOROTHY.—Open competitive exams. for obtaining female clerkships in the Post Office are held in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds, Bristol, Aberdeen and Belfast, in September. Preliminary exams. in July. Apply for forms of admission and information to the Civil Service Commissioners, General Post Office, London, and enclose sixpence for a book, supplying regulations, etc.

AGATHA.—Your scholastic learning is not great, but sufficient for a nursery governess. We advise you to continue your studies, especially in arithmetic and in French.

A SOLDIER'S SISTER.—The Military Training Hospital for Nurses is at Netley. You should write for all information there (Southampton), addressing the lady-superintendent or the secretary.

JENNIE.—You should study English history and geography, and might do well to become a member of Miss Thoyt's Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club; apply to Sulhamstead, Reading, Berks. Members may send in eight questions every month on these and other branches of a general education. Prizes, in money, are competed for which are given at the end of the year. Read "The Girl's Year," by James Mason, beginning at page 75, vol. ix.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. V.—We think the bedstead must have been the property of "Little John" (one of the companions of Robin Hood), who was seven feet high, and was called "Little John" as a nickname. "Prester John" was not an Englishman, but is supposed to have been a king of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, and many legends are told of him. Amongst others, that he was of the family of the Magi, and ruled over their country. He is mentioned by chroniclers in 1135, and there was probably a king who did live about that time, as a letter which is said to be historical was addressed by him to the Emperor of Constantinople in 1165. "Prester John" is mentioned by Ariosto in "Orlando Furioso." 2. Tea was first brought to Europe by the Dutch, 1610; prior to 1657 it is recorded as having been used on rare occasions, and as costing from £6 to £10 a pound. Pepys records his "first cup of tea," September 25th, 1660. It was imported by the East India Company in 1667, and made fashionable by Lords Ossory and Arlington, who brought some from Holland in 1666, and it was all brought from thence, and sold at sixty shillings the pound, until the East India Company took up the trade. Green tea was first imported in 1715, and in 1728 black tea was from thirteen shillings to twenty shillings the pound, and green from twelve to thirty shillings. Of course, you will remember that it was the tax imposed on tea in America in 1767 that ultimately led to the loss of the American Colonies.

DGM.—Nausicaa was the daughter of Alcinous, King of the Phæacians and Areta. She was playing at ball with her maidens near the shore when Ulysses appeared, and she led him to her father's court. The lines quoted are from Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

ELSIE.—A flower-girl's dress, in reality, is a wretched one, and the women too often look dirty. Perhaps in our changeable climate it would be difficult to invent a costume for them; but I hope some day we may, for it is now in contemplation. The flower-girl of romance, convention, and fancy-dress, has a short, coloured cotton shirt, white muslin apron, and white muslin cape or kerchief over her bodice, and a large hat, trimmed with a garland of flowers, and long ends of black velvet streaming at the back.

MEADOW SWEET.—To keep away evil thoughts, first ask help from the Holy Spirit, take up a book and read; or repeat a hymn, or converse with someone, or write a letter, and avoid reading horrible stories in the newspapers.

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ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

BY EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

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"MRS. STANTON GREW COLD AND FAINT."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MRS. STANTON SPENT HER FIRST AFTERNOON AT WYNDHAM.

RS. STANTON sat alone in the drawing-room for an hour after the others had driven away. Aldyth had converted this into a very pretty room. Even Mrs. Stanton could find no fault with the taste she had displayed in bringing out all that was picturesque in the old furniture, and blending with it modern artistic draperies and various objects of modern antique. The chair in which Mrs. Stanton reclined was of the easiest, the long French window by which she sat looked out on a stretch of sunlit lawn, with some bright dahlias blooming against the box hedge, and some fine old trees rising beyond.

Mrs. Stanton's mood as she sat there was one of quiet, half-melancholy content. She was far from being crushed by her bereavement. Her affection for her husband had not been of such a clinging, penetrating nature as to make life seem impossible without him. She had taken the lead in their life, making his will give place to hers, and she now felt quite capable of ordering her own life and that of her children. As she reviewed the past and looked forward to the future, her thoughts took the form of self-congratulation. She was moved to thankfulness that things were as they were. They might have been so different. What a fortunate circumstance it was that Aldyth should inherit a fortune just when her mother was about to lose everything! For that all was gone Mrs. Stanton felt convinced from what her husband had told her of his affairs, though she was yet awaiting the particulars that the next mail would bring.

Mrs. Stanton had some fancy-work in her lap, but she felt a distaste for any occupation. It was easier to lean back and give herself up to day-dreams. Presently her imagination was filling the long drawing-room with a party of visitors. "The place is dull," she thought; "but our life here need not be dull. A country house is pleasant enough when it is full of guests. When a proper time has passed we can invite whom we like. There are surely some nice people in the neighbourhood. We can give dinner-parties and tennis-parties and dances. We must do so for Gladys' sake. Captain Walker could come over from Colchester; Cecil could bring some of his friends from London. We could go up to town for a few weeks in the season perhaps. I suppose Aldyth could afford it. She has never told me what her income is; perhaps she does not yet know herself; but it can hardly be less than three thousand, and that would cover a good many expenses."

As she thought thus, Mrs. Stanton grew weary of inaction. She was naturally robust, and she was beginning to recover from the shock of trouble, which had not made her really ill. She bethought her that she should like to go through the house, and make herself thoroughly acquainted with what she already regarded as her own domain. As she rose and crossed the room she caught sight of the reflection of herself in a long mirror opposite, and was struck with the majestic grace of her tall fine figure in its flowing black robe. After all, she was not old or insignificant yet; life must still have pleasant things in store for her. And there was a revival of energy manifest in her look and bearing as she walked from the room.

She started on her tour of inspection alone, but presently found her progress barred by locked doors, so, returning to the drawing-room, she rang the bell and summoned the housekeeper to her presence.

Mrs. Rogers came readily, for she, in common with the other servants, felt much interested in the beautiful, elegant widow who had taken up her abode at the hall. Mrs. Rogers was old enough to remember the time when this lady, then a lovely, high-spirited girl, had been the belle of Colchester, and how her marriage with Captain Lorraine and his consequent disfavour with his uncle had set everyone talking. The housekeeper entered with an ingratiating smile on her face, and dropped an old-fashioned curtsey as she stood before the lady.

"I thought I should like to take a turn through the rooms; it would help to pass the time," said Mrs. Stanton; "but I find several of the doors locked."

"Ah, yes, ma'am; I keep the rooms locked that are not in use," replied the old woman. "Miss Aldyth being here so little, I thought it best to do so. There's one room full of Mr. Guy's things. And I have the key of the library, and the keys of the bureau too. Mr. Greenwood told me to lock it on the day after the squire's death. When either of the Mr. Greenwoods came I gave it to them, and when they went away they locked the door and brought the key back to me. And Miss Aldyth, she said I'd better keep the keys of the bureau, too, in case they were wanted; for you see Miss Aldyth was not always here. She went home with Miss Lorraine a day or two after the funeral. But I'll fetch the keys for you, ma'am."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Stanton, seating herself with an air of leisure.

In a few moments Mrs. Rogers returned with her key-basket.

"Perhaps I had better go with you, ma'am," she suggested. "I fear you may find some of the locks rather stiff, and the rooms a bit dusty."

"No, thank you; I will not take up your time," replied Mrs. Stanton, languidly. "I daresay I shall not investigate very far, and I do not care to feel hurried."

"Very well, ma'am; but if so be you should want me, I'll come in a minute."

"You've been at the Hall a good many years, I believe," said Mrs. Stanton.

"More than thirty years, ma'am."

"Ah, then you've seen many changes. You would remember Captain Lorraine."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am. I remember him well. As nice a gentleman as ever was. And Miss Aldyth's as like him as can be. It seems only right that she should be here in his stead, though I am sorry for Mr. Guy."

"Ah, I have not yet the pleasure of his acquaintance," said Mrs. Stanton; "but from what I have heard I should imagine him an agreeable young man."

"He is that, ma'am. There's no one about here but is fond of Mr. Guy. It was a pity that he offended his uncle—not but what we're all very pleased to have Miss Aldyth here; though, if it could have been—— But, there, things may come right yet. There's many a one says they will." But here Mrs. Rogers saw something in the lady's expression that made her check her garrulous talk.

Mrs. Stanton was quick enough to read what was in the old woman's mind, but she showed no consciousness of it.

"Mr. Stephen Lorraine was one easily offended, was he not?" she asked.

"Ay, that he was, ma'am; and he was one that would never go from his word. If any servant offended him, that servant had to leave forthwith. It was of no use to try and persuade him to overlook a fault; he would not do that, though it vexed him to part with them. It seemed impossible for him to forgive."

"And when was it that Mr. Guy was so unfortunate as to displease his uncle?"

"At the end of last year, ma'am. We could all tell that there was something wrong between them, and when Mr. Greenwood came out on New Year's Day I guessed what it meant."

Mrs. Stanton let the housekeeper talk on for some time, occasionally interrupting her with a question; but at last, wearying of her garrulity, she dismissed her, and set off again to go through the house.

The closed rooms proved old-fashioned and dingy, with the close, musty atmosphere unused chambers so soon acquire. Mrs. Stanton did not care to linger in them. She found little to interest her till she came to the library. The air of that apartment, too, was oppressive, and she hastened to open the long window which looked on to the lawn. The soft breeze which entered was refreshing, and she sank on to a chair by the window and fell to musing on what the old housekeeper had told her.

So there were those who thought that things would yet be made right for Guy by his marriage with his cousin. Was this the motive that had led him to break his engagement to Hilda Bland? Mrs. Stanton could easily believe that it was so. Indeed, as she pondered it, the case hardly seemed to admit of a doubt, nor was she inclined to blame him severely for what seemed to her a most natural line of action. But nothing now could be further from her desires than the fulfilment of the hope she attributed to him. If Guy wedded Aldyth, Wyndham Hall

could no longer be the home of herself and daughters, and the delightful visions in which she had been indulging must come to nought; for it was not to be supposed that he would tolerate the constant presence in his home of his wife's mother, nor would she wish to remain under such circumstances.

But was it probable that Aldyth would be more inclined to accept Guy now than she had been before? Her mother could hardly fear it as she remembered the emphatic way in which Aldyth had repudiated the idea. "She will not, unless she is moved by some quixotic desire to restore the property to him," reflected Mrs. Stanton; "and I will do all in my power to prevent that." With this resolve she dismissed the unwelcome thought, and gave her attention to her surroundings. The room in which she sat was that in which old Stephen Lorraine had spent most of his time when indoors. A glance round it sufficed to prove that his tastes were not literary. Though it was known as the library, the books it contained were few and not of an inviting appearance. They looked as if they might have stood untouched on the shelves for the last fifty years. Above the mantel-piece hung tokens of the love of sport that had characterised Stephen Lorraine in earlier years. Various guns, not of the most modern construction, were to be seen there, a very old fishing-rod, and the brush of a fox. The portrait of a favourite hunter, painted by a local artist, hung on the opposite wall, pairing with the picture of a prize bull, from which it was divided by a large, highly imaginative sketch of a group of sheep which had thriven on a certain much-advertised food.

But what most attracted Mrs. Stanton's attention was a quaint, antique bureau which stood full in her view as she sat by the window. No upholsterer's shop could furnish such an article at the present time, so strongly made, so cunningly devised, with its hanging brass handles and lavishly-disposed brass nails. This surely must be the old bureau of which she remembered hearing her first husband speak. He had spoken of it as a most curious piece of furniture, with numerous pigeon-holes, sliding panels, strange, unexpected recesses.

As she looked at the bureau, a longing to explore it took possession of Mrs. Stanton's mind. Why not? Here in the basket she held was the key of the bureau. This long, curiously-formed key would open the main lock, and these small keys must belong to the inner drawers. Why should she not look into the bureau? Its owner for so many years had passed away; the bureau and all it contained was now Aldyth's property; there could be no harm in Aldyth's mother opening it. Aldyth would certainly be willing that she should.

But though she told herself this, Mrs. Stanton hesitated. In her inmost soul she could not feel sure that it was right for her thus, alone, to examine the things that old Stephen Lorraine had kept hidden from others. She knew that if she did so she would not like to speak of it to her daughter. She turned from the bureau. She stepped through the open window on to the gravel path and took one or two turns up and down the length of the lawn. The temptation grew stronger as she lingered. All was still about her; there was not even a gardener in sight. Mrs. Rogers and the servants were in their own quarters; there seemed no cause to fear disturbance. "You will never have so good an opportunity again," a voice said within her. She re-entered the library. Like many another daughter of Eve, she looked at the forbidden fruit till it grew irresistible. "Why should I not?" she asked herself again, as she drew a chair in front of the bureau and seated herself. "The lawyer must have looked at all it contains, so why should not I?"

She turned the key in the lock, and the bureau opened out easily. The sloping desk, dark with age and ink-stains, bore witness to a long term of service. Behind ran two rows of pigeon-holes. These contained receipted bills, invoices, business letters, nothing that could interest her. But a row of locked drawers at the side yielded more interesting matter. Here were newspaper cuttings referring to events that she could remember, private letters, which she did not hesitate to scan, and presently, closely wrapped in white paper, she found a lock of a woman's hair.

She did not think of a like discovery in the desk of Swift, with its half-savage, wholly-pathetic description: "Only a woman's hair," but she wondered at this revelation of a cherished sentiment in the breast of the old man, whom she had always regarded as harsh and unfeeling. Whose hair had this been—his mother's, or a gift from that Tabitha Rudkin, whose name she had heard laughingly associated with his youth? And what was the meaning of this morocco case which lay in the same drawer? She opened it, and saw the miniature of a lovely girl with clear complexion, soft grey eyes, and masses of dark curls bunched on either side her forehead, after the fashion of her day. So young and fair she looked; but her youthful charms had long faded, and the years were many since, at a mature age, death set his seal to her life, for a few words inscribed within the case told that this was the portrait of old Stephen's mother, who had died at the age of fifty-five.

Mrs. Stanton closed the case with a shiver. She did not like to be reminded of the inevitable lot, and the evanescence of beauty and joy. She tried to shut the drawer; but something was wrong, she could not get it back into its place. Then she saw that the framework of the drawers was somehow awry. Inadvertently she must have touched a hidden spring, for now, at a second pull, the whole nest of drawers swung to one side and revealed a hollow space behind fitted up with pigeon-holes. Here was one of the secret recesses of which she had heard.

But it was empty. No. What was that in the furthest partition? Mrs. Stanton put in her hand and drew forth a long blue roll. But as her eyes fell on certain words written on it, she started and recoiled as though a serpent had bitten her.

"Last Will and Testament of Stephen Lorraine." What had she found? Another will? But not a valid one—that was impossible.

As the thought flashed through her mind she was unrolling the document with trembling hands. The date was April of the present year. And Mrs. Rogers had said that the other will was made on New Year's Day! This was a later will.

She grew cold and faint as the thought came to her that this will might alter everything—Wyndham might not be Aldyth's; it might not be in her power to give a home to her mother and sisters. Mrs. Stanton felt that she must read the will; she must get to know what its provisions were.

Forcing her mind to the task, she slowly read through the will, grasping with difficulty the meaning of the legal words. When she had finished her face was white and her breath came quickly. That first presentiment, alas! was confirmed. The will changed all. It made Wyndham and the bulk of the property, together with the farm at Wood Corner, over to Guy Lorraine, and left Aldyth with six thousand pounds.

Mrs. Stanton had an instantaneous perception of all that this fact meant for her. She did not doubt that Aldyth would still be willing to share her income with them, but how straitened their means would be! She saw herself and daughters living in a small, inconvenient house, like "common people," Gladys, perhaps, in her youth and beauty, reduced to the humiliation of taking a situation. And Cecil—what would become of Cecil's prospects?

"It is not right, it is not just," she murmured, feeling that arrangements so opposed to her interests could not but be wrong. But must it be so? Quickly came the tempting thought—"No one knows of it but me. Mr. Greenwood did not see it. Perhaps it would never have been found."

What a pity she had been so curious to examine the old bureau! And yet if she had not found this will another might have done so. Quick came the thought, "I am glad it was not Aldyth who found it." Yet why? What was she going to do with it, now it had come to light? Not to proclaim the fact at once certainly. Should she thrust it back in the recess and leave it for some one else to discover? She shrank from the idea. It would be like having a drawn sword for ever hanging above her head. What then? Destroy it? She turned hot and then cold as the evil suggestion presented itself. Was it not felony to destroy a will? That was a very ugly word. She could not do such a thing as that. And yet—she wished the will were destroyed. She would be glad to know that it would never have power to affect her welfare. She glanced at it again. The names of the witnesses were strange to her. One had written "solicitor" and a London address after his name. Would he be likely to know that the will had not come into operation?

Would it be safe to destroy it? The perspiration rose on Mrs. Stanton's forehead as she asked herself this question. Suddenly, to her consternation, she heard voices close at hand in the garden.

It was Aldyth and Gladys. Whilst she had been searching the bureau the afternoon had worn away, and they had returned from their drive. Gladys was planning a tennis-ground, which she wished to persuade Aldyth to have made; but at any moment they might turn their steps towards the open window. In an agony of fear Mrs. Stanton thrust the will into her pocket. That receptacle was not large enough to hide it; she must hold the folds of her gown together if she would conceal the packet as she escaped to her room. But first there were the drawers to push back into their place and lock, and the bureau to close. Mrs. Stanton did it all in nervous haste with trembling hands. One drawer would not lock, and she left it open in her alarm, as she heard the girls' steps approaching. She had but time to close the bureau and sink into a chair, her right hand clutching her gown, ere the girls were at the window.

"Mamma! You here!" cried Aldyth, in surprise, as she glanced in at the window.

"Yes, dear; you may well be surprised," said Mrs. Stanton, faintly; "but I—thought I should like to look through the rooms—and—and Mrs. Rogers gave me the keys—but—but—it has been too much for me."

"I am sure it has," said Aldyth, wondering to see how pale her mother was, and the tremulous way in which she spoke. "You should have waited till I could come with you. Why, your hand is quite cold. I cannot leave you again, if you do not take better care of yourself."

"No, do not leave me again," cried Mrs. Stanton, beginning to sob. "It is better for me to have you near. I get thinking of things when I am alone, and I cannot bear it."

"Do not cry, dear mamma. I am here—I will not leave you," said Aldyth, throwing her arms about her mother. "But you must not stay in this chill room. Come into the drawing-room."

"No, no; let me go to my own room," said Mrs. Stanton, rising, her right hand still holding the folds of her gown. Aldyth would have taken the hand to draw within her arm, but Mrs. Stanton wheeled hastily round. "The other side, please, dear; I want to hold up my dress with this hand."

Supported by Aldyth, she moved slowly from the room. Gladys did not immediately follow them. She had not betrayed any anxiety on her mother's account. There was a satirical smile on her lips as she said to herself, glancing round the library—

"It was like mamma to make an inspection of the house when Aldyth was out of the way; but, I wonder, did she chance upon a skeleton anywhere that she was so upset?"

Mrs. Stanton, having gained her bedroom, seemed indisposed for further soothing, and only anxious to send Aldyth away.

"Leave me to myself now, dear," she said, sinking on to a couch in such a way that her pocket was hidden. "I only want quiet; I shall be better when I have rested awhile."

Aldyth did not reflect that her mother had been enjoying quiet all the afternoon. She, too, was glad to slip away to her own room. But no sooner had Aldyth left her than Mrs. Stanton rose from the sofa, and, having locked the door, found a travelling-desk which was fitted with a good patent lock. In this she placed the will, and having locked the desk, put the key away in a drawer, which she also locked; then, mounting on a chair, she pushed the desk out of sight on the top shelf of her wardrobe.

"Anyhow, I will do nothing in the matter till the mail brings me news," she said to herself.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR WILD CREATURES.—XI. POLECATS, STOATS, AND WEASELS.

By A NATURALIST.

The polecat, fitchet, or foumart is next to the marten as regards size and strength; but there is this great difference between them—whilst the marten is all life and activity, the polecat is, comparatively speaking, slow, although he manages to make sure work of it when he is in pursuit of any creature he is capable of killing. In all cultivated spots—that is, where woods, copse growth, fields, and moorlands are under the supervision of foresters or keepers—he has become extinct; but he was common enough when I was a boy, and a great enemy of the small farmers about our marshlands of North Kent. He kills game and poultry of all kinds and ages; not even geese and turkeys are safe from him. Soon after sunset he sets forth on his deadly errands; where a fox will kill one animal, the polecat will kill ten, carrying off the bodies of his victims to his haunt in some adjoining copse or wood. Frogs, mice, rats, birds, and fish may all be found in his larder, when his home is in the wilds; but he preys on finer and more valuable creatures when he has his home near man and his belongings.

A dark-coloured ferret, commonly called a polecat ferret, is so much like him that if the two were placed side by side you would scarcely be able to tell the difference between them. The name foumart is evidently a corruption of foul marten, given him on account of his offensive odour, which proceeds from a fatty substance secreted by a gland beneath the tail. The fur is mostly dark brown, nearly black in colour; it is of little value, and is sold under the name of fitch. He often makes his nest in an old rabbit burrow. To both rabbits and hares he is a more ferocious enemy than the stoat.

The stoat, or ermine, is a bright, active creature, handsome too. He is smaller than the polecat, the body being scarcely ten inches long, apart from the tail, which is about four and a half inches long, and bushy at the tip. His upper part is brownish red, the under part creamy white. In spite of his small size, he is the Nimrod of the woodlands, and a most determined one. He is equally at home on the ground, in the trees, in the hedge, or in the water; and he hunts openly, making no secret of what he is about. If he crosses your path, he is not put out in the least, but will even stop for a second and look at you with his bright eyes, and then go on with his hunting. His victims are hares, rabbits, rats, mice, and birds; but his favourite prey is the common wild rabbit, which he hunts with the dash of a foxhound, killing quickly and neatly. Let me give you a sketch from the life.

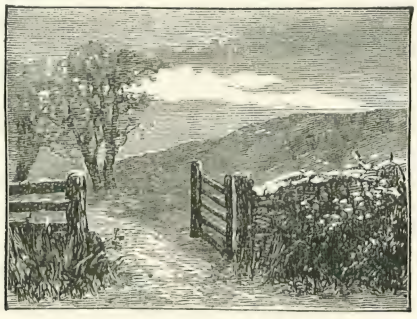
A slight breeze is passing over the common, which is all ablaze with the golden blossoms of the furze; it is just strong enough to carry the light flecks of cloud along, and to gently move the tips of the tall bracken. Nothing is heard but the gentle tinkle of a sheep-bell as the bell wethers move from one thyme-covered old mole hillock to another. Now and again you may catch the chack-chack! of the little furze chat, and have a glimpse of his black head and rich chestnut breast as he flits from one furze-bush to another. Or you may hear the lark singing, but so high up is he, this beautiful sunny morning, that he looks a mere quivering dot as he rings round high overhead. Suddenly a cry of fear comes as we walk along one of the sandy sheep tracks, then another, louder than the last.

It is the stoat after a rabbit. Here it comes, right up the track we are following; dotting along in the most imbecile manner, squealing its loudest, for the creature is numbed with terror. Five minutes' good scamper would place him in safety, but he is incapable of the exertion. We step on one side by a large holly-bush to see the finale. Here comes the stoat; he has lost sight of his prey, and sits up on his hind feet to look round and sniff about. Now he has got the scent, and away he goes, bounding as though his limbs were of india-rubber. In his eagerness he actually whimpers as he passes close to us; he knows he will soon close with his quarry, for the rabbit has taken to a bit of open sward. Now the chase is changed from scent to view, rabbit and stoat being only a few yards apart. Suddenly the poor rabbit squats and stops squealing. The stoat comes up with him, and the most extraordinary part of this strange chase begins. The stoat does not fix him at once, but jumps over him backwards and forwards, as he squats apparently mesmerised. All at once he makes a rush, bites poor bunny in a vital part, and all is over. Do not suppose the rabbit was left on the sward many moments after the stoat had killed it; a stoat-killed rabbit makes too good a pie for us to do that.

I never weary of watching that Puck of the hedgerow, the weasel, for he surpasses the whole of his tribe in agility; he is blood-thirsty and destructive, too, like the whole of his tribe. His colour is the same as the stoat's, excepting that his tail always matches his upper parts. The smallest of his tribe, his body only measures about eight and a quarter inches in length, his tail two inches. At times weasels are very scarce. During the last year, 1889, I saw more of them than I had done for twenty years, and mice I know were less common, for I had actual difficulty in procuring enough—though I paid for them—to feed my pet owl. The weasel ought to be fostered as a friend to man, especially about rickyards and barns. The harm he might do would be more than compensated for by his good services, for he is a most determined mouse-killer. It is a fine sight to see the diminutive creature carrying a mouse almost as large as itself, retriever fashion, with all the confidence imaginable. Small as he is, he is very strong, and continually on the move. As he runs along the hedge-side or by some old fence, so light is his step that the dead leaves are not turned over. Lately one came and deliberately inspected me as I stood perfectly still, watching some beautiful Admiral butterflies which were sunning their wings on the bramble-sprays.

Three times he left his mouse-hunting, and came up so close to me that I could have touched him with my stick; but I had no wish to frighten the small creature; it gave me pleasure to watch him. After he had seen enough of me he ran away again, as quietly as he had come up.

The weasel is a very careful and affectionate parent. If there is danger near, the mother will take her young in her mouth, just like a cat does, and place them in the first shelter that offers. She has often lost her life through her great affection for her young; but this occurs now only through accident or want of knowledge, for the weasel is being protected, and grace of sanctuary is given to a weasel mother.



"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

ONLY A STATION-MASTER.

ALMOST to her surprise, Belle received a letter from her father, written the day after he reached Montreal. She had feared lest his procrastinating spirit might cause him to lose the mail. It was short, but, like himself, hopeful. It was as follows:

"Dear Belle,—I arrived here late last night, too late to write. I came at once to Mr. Stint's private residence, and his good wife insisted on my remaining the night. We can't approach the Canadians in hospitality. I found Charlie better than I expected, though very ill. He said my coming would cure him. God grant it may! Poor fellow, he was terribly overset, as you may suppose, and so was I; but I am pretty sure he will be all right again soon. I have seen people recover who looked much worse, though he is awfully thin and white. My presence here will finish up the business, and so far as can be seen at present Jabez Dauncey's fortune is ours. Not a bit of doubt of it; so you may give promissory notes, or borrow from Pearce, or do whatever seems best to get over present liabilities, certain of lots of money to clear off everything before Christmas. That is to say, as soon as the lawyers can wind up the affairs here. They have no doubt as to my identity, but have still a few preliminaries to settle. You have had much anxiety, but it will be over soon. If only I could be sure about Charlie! But he is so much better than I expected to find him, that I think he will be well enough to return home with me when the 'next-of-kin' is quite finished up. Of course I shall not leave Montreal until all is concluded to a fraction. As to money, we can draw on Stint and Co. Charlie is not allowed to speak of business. It is feared that fatigue and over anxiety brought on the attack. But my opinion is—only here as at home nobody asks for it—that he might just as well talk over the affairs as ramble on continually about the children and poor Amy and all your trouble. One would think that you were the only person in the world who has to work. Tell Weatherley that he had better stick to us. Nobody knows how rich we shall be. Don't put down your damper, Miss Belle, for it is as good as settled. Let the squire keep his acres; we don't want 'em. But Charlie and Mr. Stint both want me, and I must end, with much love to yourself, Flo, and the young fry, from Charlie and myself, and remain,

"Your affectionate father,
"CHARLES DAUNCEY."

Belle read and pondered over this letter before she communicated its contents to the rest of the family. She knew her father well, and mistrusted what he said about her brother. Still, she was thankful to the Almighty that he was still alive, and that there was hope. This great fortune seemed now so near them that she could no longer banish it from her thoughts; and the prospect of clearing off mortgages and debts and living without money anxieties was so delightful that for the moment she forgot all else, and began to form plans for the future. It was but for a moment, for fears soon dispelled the hopes. What would money or lands be worth if anything were to happen to her darling Charlie?

Flo and the children were in towering spirits over the letter, and when Dolly joined them at tea, by previous invitation, the house echoed to their merriment. Health and illimitable riches were coming to the Daunceys, and the young folk rejoiced accordingly.

"If Mr. Mute—stupid alliteration—had waited until this were known, he would not have run away in that mean fashion. But I don't care a pin," said Flo to Belle, when they were alone.

It was clear to Belle that she did care very much indeed, and although she made some efforts to do her duty by her pupils, they were at best fitful. She grew tired of her monotonous work, and longed for excitement. There was not certainly much amusement at Hollyfield just then.

"We must try to be patient and work on till we know more of the fortune, and are sure that dear Charlie will recover," said Belle.

"Meanwhile I shall die of *ennui*," said Flo, throwing up her arms. "I am not 'to the manner born,' like you, dear Belle. And now Mr. Burmester asks me to undertake the choir—train it, is the word—and I dare not refuse. Here he is, come to fetch Dolly; I know his knock."

Mr. Burmester was always a welcome visitor to Belle. She opened the door to him, and received him gladly. He was a grave man, and always in his work, so that Flo rather avoided him when she could. She declared that he had never seen a joke in his life, and she could not put up with anyone blind to a joke. This was not altogether true; but he was wont to say that those who had the care of souls had little time for jesting. Belle at once produced her father's letter, and the vicar entered heart and soul into it. This was a great comfort to Belle, who had not been able to carry it to Miss Dulcey. He could only re-echo her words, and add the text, "In patience possess ye your souls." He was never ashamed of his Master's messages, but quoted from Holy Writ in a way that Flo sometimes called prosaic.

She was rather afraid of him, and when he began the subject of the choir, made but a feeble resistance, so that when he and Dolly took leave, Miss Flo found herself with a new responsibility.

Belle awoke the next morning with a lightened heart. She had been dreaming of Charlie restored to health, and of heaps of money, and she supposed that after all there might be something in dreams. She set about her work with such cheerful alacrity, that Molly was quite in spirits, and as to the children, they caught the infection, and were so hilarious that you would have supposed the good things hoped for had really come to pass.

During the morning Miss Dulcey appeared. Belle had been up early helping Molly to make the butter. Castle Farm was not a dairy farm, so there was not much to do in that way; still, they managed to supply the Vicarage and Miss Dulcey, as well as themselves, with milk and butter, and Belle's butter was reputed excellent. Weatherley was also astir betimes, and was so helpful in a thousand ways that Molly declared he was "a'most as good a man-of-all-work as Ben." On this particular morning he was engaged in turning the winnowing machine. Flo had started in tolerable time for the Vicarage, and had promised to attend the choir practice in the evening, so the Farm was unusually quiet when Miss Dulcey arrived. Molly answered the door to her, and they had not met since the episode of Ben's declaration.

"So, Molly, you have brought Ben to the point at last," said Miss Dulcey.

"Deet, no, Miss. It was Ben as 'ouldn't be letting me alone till I did promise to keep company with him. But I'll never be leaving Miss Belle."

"I don't understand how you can keep company with both, Molly. Ben is a queer fellow, and, like his sex, thinks of nobody but himself."

"I did say I would just walk out with Ben, and work for Miss Belle—for the present," said Molly, with a shrewd look at Miss Dulcey, who laughed, and went in search of Belle.

Mr. Dauncey's letter was soon laid before this true friend, who could but feel hopeful over it. As to the fortune, that seemed secure, she said, and Belle's money difficulties must soon cease.

"Charlie has great rallying power. I think he will recover. I saw my brother yesterday, and he asked if you had heard from your father. Something had annoyed him, and he did not even allude to Weatherley. I am afraid the country gossip has reached him; and he fancies he has been talked about in connection with the children, and that people have said how glad they are that the squire is coming round. Of all things he hates to be commented upon, poor dear soul! As if he was to be exempt from the common lot. Most of us flatter ourselves that nobody can find anything to say about us; but, my patience! I know what it is when one's back is turned. And how dull we should all be if we couldn't discuss the shortcomings and foibles of our neighbours. I should, at least."

"Dear Miss Dulcey, if we get this great fortune, what shall we do with it?" asked Belle. "I would rather not have it, I would indeed. I only just want enough to pay the debts, and buy a profession for Charlie." Here Belle paused. A sudden cloud seemed to come between her and the light. She had been hopeful when Miss Dulcey came in, and one of the unaccountable fears took possession of her when she spoke of her brother's future.

"We will find enough to do with the money, and Flo will dispense it royally if you will not," said Miss Dulcey, cheerfully. "She will have lovers in plenty, and who knows but you may get another Pearce after all. But I want Mamy. Margaretta is coming to tea, and I wish to surprise her."

Mamy was having her midday sleep, but Belle promised to take her to Miss Dulcey. While they were still talking a huge double rat-tat sounded on the door knocker.

"It is a telegram!" cried affrighted Belle. "But Mr. Mulready promised to bring it himself if one should arrive."

She could scarcely move for terror. Her face grew white, her hands trembled. Miss Dulcey, terrified also, went to the door, and Belle followed. Another of the awful knocks resounded as they reached it. Why are telegraph boys and postmen armed with such nerve-stirring weapons? It was not a telegram, it was only a note after all. Moss, the station boy, was trying his hand again. But what might not the note contain?

"What do you mean by making such a row, Sam?" asked Miss Dulcey, whom Sam would not have offended for worlds, seeing she was unusually rich in threepennies.

"I always knocks like that, Miss. They thinks it's a telegram, and comes quick," grinned Moss. "I be to wait for an answer."

Molly appeared at the moment, and carried Moss off for a gossip, while the ladies returned to the dining-room.

"He has enclosed the telegram," stammered Belle. "Open it, Miss Dulcey."

"It is only a note, dear," said Miss Dulcey, who saw that Belle could scarcely speak or move.

"Read it," she said.

Miss Dulcey glanced through the contents, and perceived that they were not alarming.

"It is but a note from Mr. Mulready, dear, who seems to have something particular to say to you, and wants to know if he can have an interview with you this afternoon," she said, looking at Belle. "He writes, he says, because he is afraid of missing you."

The colour returned to Belle's cheeks, but she was still affrighted.

"He has heard something," she stammered. "He is so very kind that he wants to tell me himself. He brought over the telegram about poor Charlie."

"Then why didn't he come instead of sending that oaf, Moss?" asked Miss Dulcey. "Men are all fools. I did fancy that Mr. Mulready had a few grains of common sense till now."

"So he has, Miss Dulcey," exclaimed Belle, roused by this imputation on her friend's wisdom. "He thinks for everybody, rich and poor."

"Oh!" almost whistled Miss Dulcey. "I see! Another admirer, eh, Belle? And I condemned you to spinsterhood! I like him, and his flowers, but I hate mysteries. Wherever there's a mystery there's something wrong. Remember nobody knows anything about him, and he's only a station-master. A respectable and responsible position, I daresay, but one wouldn't like to live at a station, it is so noisy; indeed, there is only room for one person at Orchardson."

"I am sure he is a gentleman!" said Belle; "but I don't know what you mean, Miss Dulcey."

"Perhaps you will after the interview. Like Pearce, it strikes me that he is alive to the 'next-of-kin.' Seriously, Belle, if he comes with what people call 'intentions,' you must snub him. All your family are well connected, if poor, and by-and-by you may take rank with the best of us. You needn't be offended, but I misdoubt everyone who goes harking after money."

"I scarcely think you need misdoubt Mr. Mulready," said Belle, regaining her natural manner, which was dignified if unaffected. "He and I have many things in common. We love flowers

and the country and little children and villagers, and he has been very kind to us. I will tell you to-morrow, dear godmother, all he says to me."

"Thank you, Belle. There's safety in confidence. I shall expect Mamy at half-past three, or, according to modern parlance, at 3.30."

Miss Dulcey hopped off like a bird from its twig, leaving Belle in mystified confusion. Certainly if Mulready had something particular to say he could not have chosen a more auspicious afternoon. Belle was to be alone. No, not quite alone, for Weatherley would be at home. A happy thought came to her. She would send Mamy to The Gables with him, and Miss Dulcey would keep him to tea, understanding as she did the circumstances of the case. It must be confessed that Belle was unusually excited, and that when she gave Mamy her dinner, and subsequently put on her best frock for her visit to Aunt Dulcey, she was thinking more of the interview in prospect than of the child.

"Lily's best fock, pease Aunt Belle," pleaded Mamy, and the doll, whose injured arm had averted an evil day, had to be arrayed.

Weatherley, being a man of business, chafed at being compelled to smarten himself in order to take Mamy to The Gables, and Belle perceived that her nephew was put out.

"If you would rather not go, Weatherley, I will take Mamy myself," she said.

"I am quite ready, Aunt Belle. Come along, Mamy," he replied, and the coast was clear.

And not too soon, for scarcely had the children departed when Mulready arrived. Belle received him in Flo's parlour, into which the sun shone brightly. In the window was a stand full of geraniums and other flowers, grown from cuttings made by Mulready in his station garden.

"Why do I feel so stiff and unnatural? I wish Miss Dulcey hadn't put those ideas into my head," thought Belle, as she and Mulready sat down and were silent awhile, as if wondering which ought to speak first.

Mulready began by inquiring for Charlie, and Belle's ice was broken at once. When she had told him of her father's letter, he started upon the subject that had brought him to the farm. Neither of them alluded to the "next-of-kin," and Belle was relieved on that point, though sorely troubled by his first piece of news.

"I want to say good-bye to you, Miss Dauncey. I could not leave without doing so," he said.

"Good-bye! You are not going away!" she ejaculated, with a pain in her voice that, perhaps, pleased him.

"For a time, at least," he replied. "I have had leave of absence, and a substitute has been found who will hold my post till I return. You have been so kind to me, and we are, I hope, such good friends that I wish you to know something of my history before I leave Orchardson. I come of an unfortunate family who had the gift of spending all they got. You know a little of what that means. My father had a small patrimony in the North of England, and lived as if it were a large one. He had two sons, of whom I was the youngest. My mother died when we were children. We were not brought up to any profession, which must account to you for my present position. We lived at home, and had a tutor until it was discovered that my father was in such a bad state of health that he must go abroad if his life were to be prolonged. I went with him, and my brother remained at home, ostensibly to take care of the property. He was a sportsman, and what is called 'a jolly good fellow,' so he was not likely to economise either for himself or our father. It is impossible to account for the down grade of certain families. But that they do get lower and lower from various causes is undoubted. Ours did. My father was too ill to return to England, and my brother failed in his remittances, so we were put to great straits. It was at this time I made acquaintance with Mr. Mute. He was very kind to us, and is, I believe, a thoroughly good fellow, though I cannot understand his conduct the other day.

"We were at Mentone when my poor father died. I had managed to obtain employment on the railway, which enabled me to support him when we could get nothing from my brother. My position was difficult, for I did not like to apply to other friends at home for fear of offending and perhaps humiliating my brother.

"I will not harrow you with a description of my poor father's sufferings and death. I was thankful to be with him, and to do all in my power for him. We met with many kind friends, for it is a kindly world; but none more sympathetic than Mr. Mute. He promised not to lose sight of me; but in the turmoil of this fast age it is almost impossible to keep friends in view for long together. I buried my dear father in beautiful Mentone, and left the sunny South with a sigh. When I came back to England I found that my brother had not only spent all he could lay hold of, but had borrowed money in my father's name. This was tantamount to a forgery, and he left the country. He and I were much attached to one another, and parting from him was even worse than receiving my father's last blessing; for the one departed with a blot on his name, the other died penitent and believing."

Mulready paused. He had spoken rapidly so far, with his eyes downcast. He raised them suddenly and looked at Belle. Hers were full of tears, and he smiled.

"Thank you for your sympathy. I knew I should have it," he continued. "I wanted you to learn the secret of such mystery as may have hung over my life here. Our small property was put to the hammer, and bought by my mother's brother, who has always kept aloof from us. All the debts were paid, and I took the first situation that offered, as clerk on a railway. This led, by degrees, to my obtaining my present post, which I like because I am independent. The reason of my leaving it for an indefinite period is that I have had a letter from the uncle who bought the property, summoning me at once to him. He has heard of my brother, and wishes to consult me about him. As he has never written to me since he bought the estate, I did not know that he had my address; but he must have managed to keep me in sight. He is a queer man, and I believe objected to my mother's marriage with my father, and scarcely noticed her afterwards. He says my brother is in New York, and it may be necessary for me to go to him there."

"New York!" exclaimed Belle. "How strange! Perhaps you may see Charlie."

"I certainly will if I can. It is a strange coincidence that your brother and mine should both be in America—though Canada is scarcely America. I pray to be permitted to see mine once again."

There was a pause, for neither could speak for suppressed emotion.

"You will not forget me," he said at last. "I have not many friends, and I always look on you and yours as my truest—on you particularly. Am I presumptuous?"

"Oh, no; I am so much obliged to you," replied Belle, quite laughing at the idea of presumption as connected with friendship, and it was delightful to hear her pleasant laugh once more.

He smiled and held out his hand. She put hers frankly into it, and he said he should consider their friendship sealed for all time. Then he took out his watch, and, after brief consideration, quietly added that he had not many minutes left.

"We shall meet again, God willing," he said, reverently. "You will not mention my little history. You are the only person to whom I have told it, and I know you believe in me."

"I do—I do," cried Belle. "What shall I do without—without so many of my friends?"

"We shall be together in spirit. We shall pray for one another. God bless and keep you!" said Mulready, and without waiting for another word hurried away.

Belle rushed out after him and overtook him, just as he was opening the front door. She seized her hat from its peg in the passage, and walked with him across the paddock and down the hill, talking rapidly.

"If you see father and Charlie, tell them you found everything well with us. Say we don't care for the money, we only want them back. Oh, I hope you will find your brother! What you must have suffered all these years! And if you see Mr. Mute, say that Flo was much hurt at his not coming to see her when he was so near. And above all, take care of yourself. I am so sorry—so very sorry you are going away."

"Thank you, dear Miss Dauncey. I shall soon be back again," said Mulready, pausing to shake hands once more.

And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, DANISH, AND SWEDISH LACES.

By Mrs. ERNEST HART.

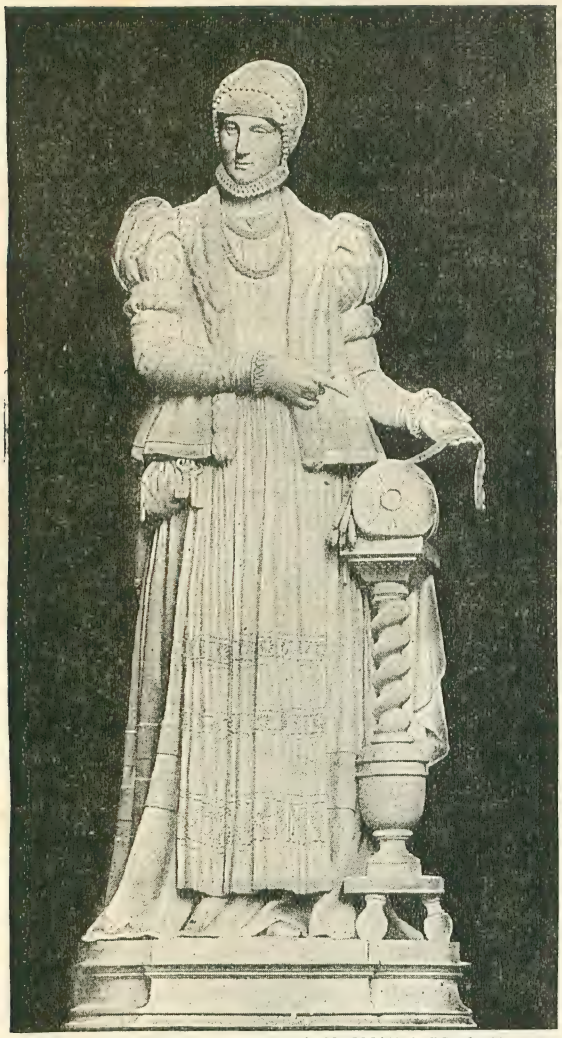


FIG. 1.—STATUE OF BARBARA UTTMANN, ERECTED TO HER MEMORY.

PART V.

In the history of lace-making there is no pleasanter story than that of the foundation of the lace industry of Saxony. What in many places arose out of the attempt to supply the luxuries of the rich, began in Saxony in the noble-hearted efforts of a woman to supply the needs of the poor. Barbara Uttmann is acknowledged to have been the founder of the lace industries of Germany. She was born in 1514 of burgher parents, in the little town of Etterlein, in the Hartz mountains, which town derives its name from her family. She married Christopher Uttmann, a rich master-miner, and became the mother of a large family. Domestic cares did not, however, entirely absorb her attention, for we read that she learnt lace-making from a Brabant Protestant who had fled from the cruel persecutions of the Duke of Alva. She soon turned this accomplishment to account, for noticing that the mountain girls were in the habit of making a net for the miners to wear over their hair, she taught them gradually to produce a simple kind of knotted lace by means of the pillow and bobbins. This developed into the plaited or "eternelle" lace, which, owing to its strength and cheapness, has ever since remained a lace greatly in demand for all kinds of domestic and personal decoration, and which is still made under the name of torchon or yak lace, in enormous quantities in the Hartz mountains, the Erzegebirge, and in the Vosges. In 1561 Barbara Uttmann obtained teachers from Flanders, and set up a workshop in her own name at Annaberg, and had lace made there of various patterns.

The new industry spread rapidly, and before long gave employment to 30,000 persons. Barbara Uttmann died in 1575, and left sixty-two children and grandchildren, thus fulfilling an alleged prophecy that her progeny would equal the number of the stitches of her first piece of lace. She sleeps in the churchyard of Annaberg, and on her tomb is inscribed—

"Here lies Barbara Uttmann; died January 14, 1575; whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz mountains.

"'An active mind, a skilful hand,
Bring blessings down on the Fatherland.'"

A statue, one of the few erected to women, has been raised by a grateful country to this remarkable woman. It is reproduced in Fig 1.

I have had the opportunity of seeing the results of Barbara Uttmann's labours in the lace districts of the Erzegebirge. In these mountain villages a large proportion of the female population are employed, particularly during the winter months, in working pillow laces. Mothers begin to teach their children at four years of age, and at seven or eight they have attained such rapidity of execution that one's eyes cannot follow the quick movements of the little workers' fingers. Small technical classes have been started in the mountain villages to train girls both in pillow and point laces.

The ordinary torchon laces of commerce are too well known to need illustration, but Figs. 2 and 3 are from small specimens of the finer kinds of torchon lace made in the Erzegebirge. They are worked in silk, and when broad strips of similar designs are joined together with invisible stitches, large pieces of lace, such as skirts, curtains, and bed coverlets, are produced of extraordinary richness and beauty, and yet moderate in price.

Point laces are also made in the same districts, particularly in a village called Gottesgab. The laces represented in Figs. 4 and 5 were worked in this village. They are beautiful examples of the perfection to which modern needlework can be carried. Fig. 4 is Greek in motive, but much finer in work than most Greek laces, either modern or ancient. In the symmetry of the design and in the perfection of the workmanship this specimen shows that the finest laces could still be produced in the mountains of Bohemia, if only there was sufficient demand for such. The collar represented in Fig. 5 was made at Gottesgab. The variety and delicacy of the fillings, and the rare beauty of the lace stitches in the wheels, cannot fail to be a source of delight to a lace connoisseur; but the design is so fussy that the simplicity of the main lines is lost; the spaces between the flowers are not open enough, and are crowded with minor motives, exquisite truly in execution, but which are not only not necessary in carry-out the idea, but are destructive of it. The work is, in fact, too distinctly Teutonic in character—that is, laborious and conscientious, but rather deficient in grace.

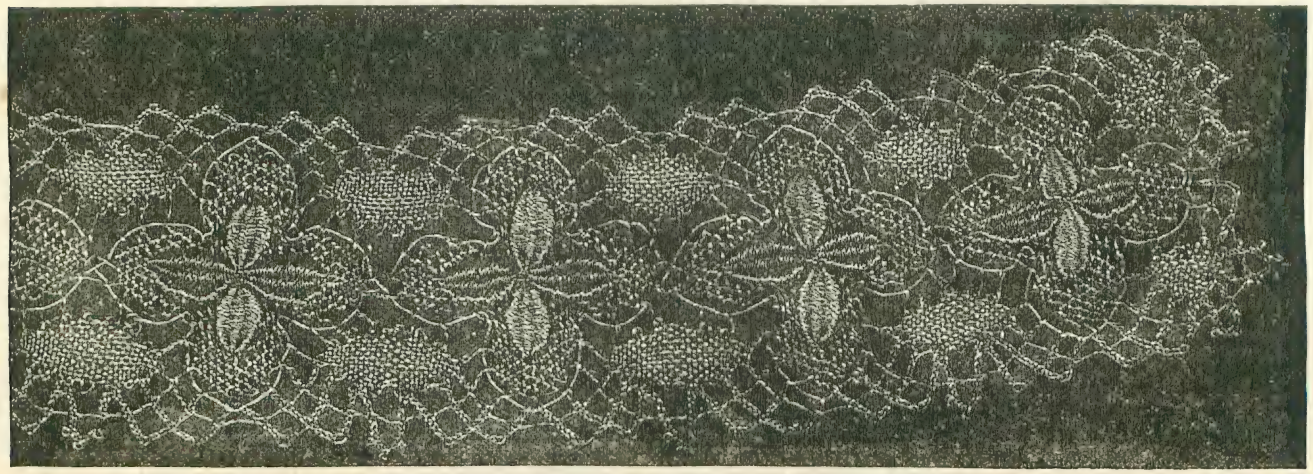


FIG. 2.—SILK TORCHON LACE MADE IN THE ERZEGEBIRGE.

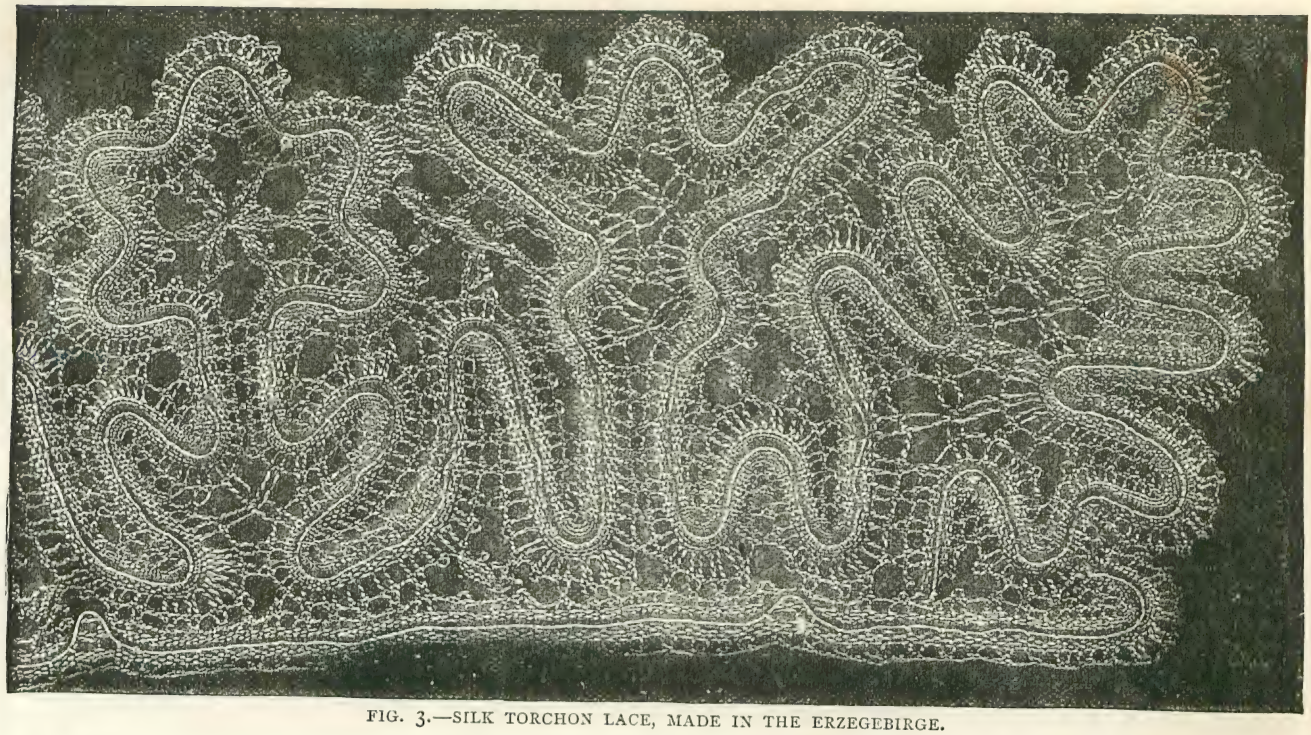


FIG. 3.—SILK TORCHON LACE, MADE IN THE ERZEGEBIRGE.

An old Venetian lacemaker would have produced this collar with half the labour, and yet have made it twice as beautifnl by means of greater grace of line and simplicity of treatment; but it would have been difficult for any laceworkers at any time to have executed finer and more delicate work with the needle.

The earnings of the Bohemian laceworkers are small, and do not amount to more than 4d. to 8d. a day. The women and girls work at their homes, and the lace is collected by factors, from whom the workers obtain thread and patterns. The price paid for German laces, which is below a living rate of wages, is kept down by the keen competition between the workers for orders, and they ruthlessly undersell each other. There is no possibility of improving the earnings and condition of the laceworkers till they form Unions among themselves, which to be effectual should be international, so that lace, which is an unnecessary luxury, should not be purchasable by the rich at the cost of the degradation of the poor.

Lace like Brussels point *gaze*, but coarser, is also made in Saxony and Bohemia.

Dresden was at one time celebrated for a special kind of lace which was a combination of drawn thread-work and point-lace stitches. In the middle of the last century it was greatly in demand, and prizes were given in England and Ireland for the best imitation of Dresden point. The industry has now entirely disappeared. Hamburg, Berlin, Hanover, Leipsic, were all once the seat of flourishing lace industries, due to the emigration from France of refugee workpeople after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; but these are now extinct, as well as the lace industries of Nuremburg and Augsberg, of which the best records are to be found in the pattern-books published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and still extant.

Switzerland owed her lace industries also to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which filled the country with refugees, many of whom were lace-makers. The Brussels pillow laces were so well imitated in the seventeenth century in Switzerland, that they were considered to be equal to the real. No such fine laces are now made in Switzerland; it is the home of machine-made imitations, and Swiss lace is synonymous with imitation lace.

In Holland, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the use of lace became the rage, as elsewhere, and we read of door-knockers being

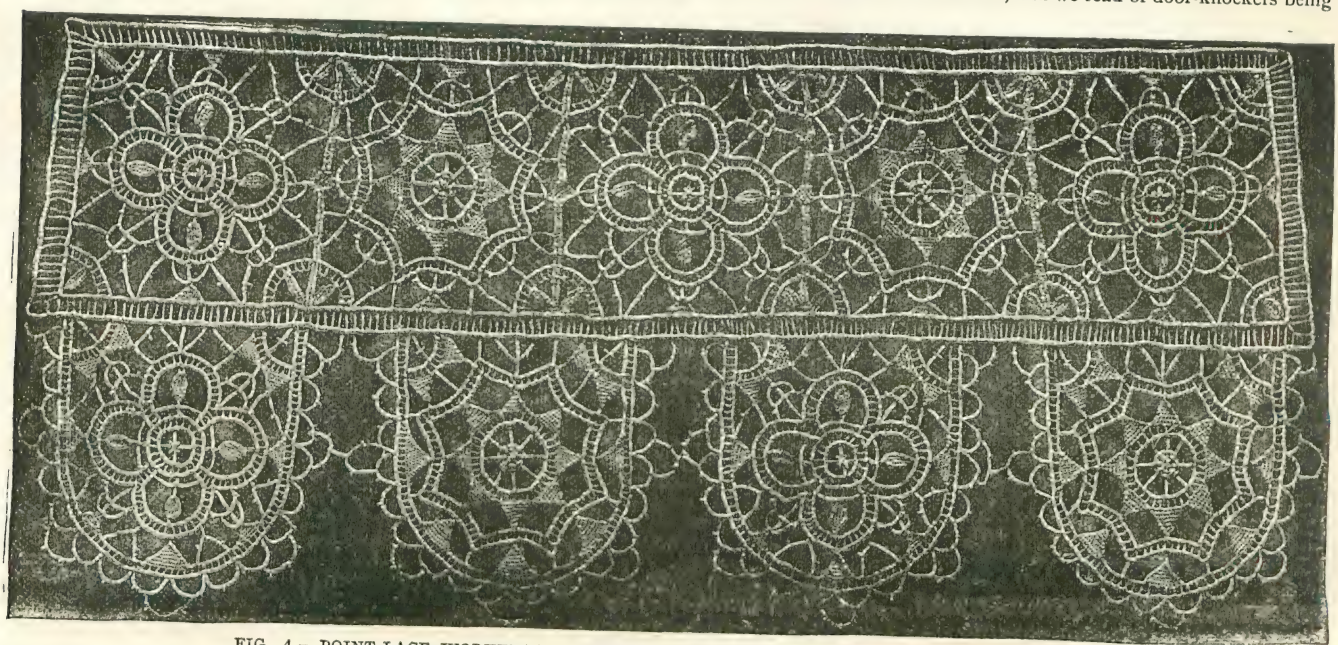


FIG. 4.—POINT-LACE WORKED AT GOTTESGAB, IN BOHEMIA. (*From Author's Collection.*)

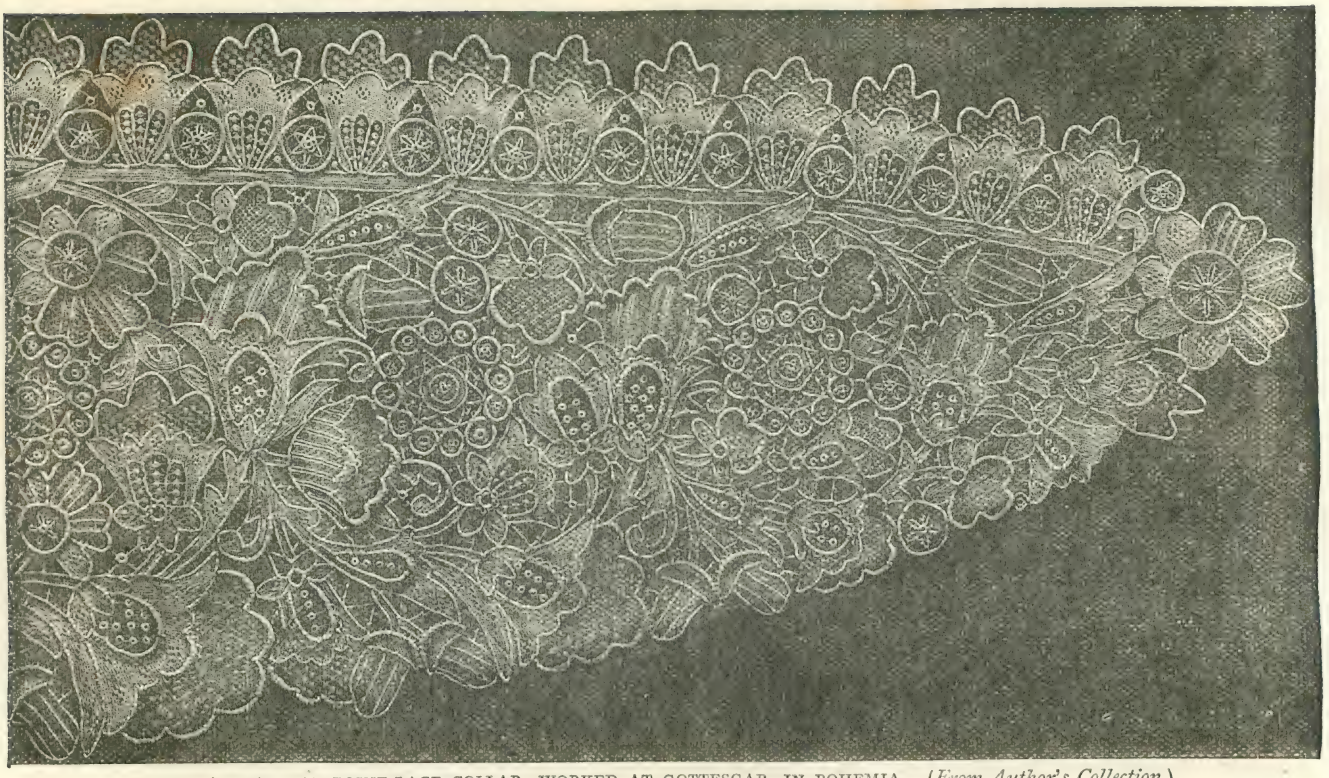


FIG. 5.—PART OF POINT-LACE COLLAR, WORKED AT GOTTESGAB, IN BOHEMIA. (*From Author's Collection.*)

tied up with rich point to announce the birth of an infant, and of warming-pans being muffled up in point and cut work. The French refugees were received with open arms in Holland, and for a time the lace industries flourished: but they seem to have been extinguished by the more brilliant success of the manufactures of the sister country.

The far-famed lace of Tönder, which Denmark produced in the seventeenth century, was much sought after by lace connoisseurs, and was so highly prized that King Christian IV. thought it not beneath him to mention frequently in his letters and journals the fact of the purchase of lace; he sent a piece of Tönder lace to his chamberlain, with an autograph letter, ordering him "to cut out of it four collars of the same size and shape as Prince Ulrik's Spanish lace, to contrive also to get two cuffs out of the same." The Tönder lace industry was due, as in so many other instances, to the enterprise of a private individual, and to his patriotic insight and energy in importing foreign teachers to stimulate local effort. A merchant named Steenbeck induced twelve lace teachers to immigrate from Dortmund in Westphalia, in 1647, and to settle in Tönder. These teachers are described as very old men, with long white beards, which they gathered into bags when at work, to prevent the hair from being entangled in the bobbins. Under their tuition and the King's steady patronage, the Danish peasants made such progress in lace-making that Tönder lace became celebrated, and a system of "lace postmen" was established to carry the lace throughout Scandinavia.

For nearly two hundred years the Tönder lace industry flourished. In the beginning of this century, when it was at its zenith of prosperity, we are told there were twenty thousand peasants employed in and around Tönder alone. "Even little boys were taught to make lace till strong enough to work in the fields, and there was scarcely a house without a lace-maker, who would sit before her cottage door, working from sunrise till midnight, singing the ballads handed down from the Brabant teachers." The introduction of cotton thread and the improved condition of agriculture are given as the causes of the decadence of the Tönder lace industry, which must now be counted among dead manufactures. Tönder lace does not seem to have had any special character of its own. Old Flemish, Mechlin, French, and Maltese laces were all copied. Cut-work and drawn thread-work have always been specialities of Danish handicraft. Tönder lace was chiefly valued for the excellence of its workmanship and the durability and beauty of the flax-thread of which it was made. One cannot but regret the extinction of industries which embodied so much of the worth and character of a nation.

In Sweden, lace-making is a very ancient handicraft, though it has rarely, except in the case of Wadstena, risen to the importance of an industry. The ladies and peasants of Sweden make now, as they did three hundred years ago, beautiful lace and cut and drawn thread-work, for personal adornment and the decoration of their houses.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

VIII.—ANNE OF CLEVES* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

THREE years passed after the death of Jane Seymour, in 1537, before Henry VIII. wedded a fourth wife. According to his enemies, the cause of his delay was the unwillingness on the part of suitable princesses to run the risk of sharing the fate of two of their predecessors. According to his partisan, Henry was in no haste to replace the queen whom he had loved and honoured to the last—who had borne him the fair son on whom the King set such store. But it is certain that in the interval he looked for a wife in more than one direction.

The princesses whom he would have preferred as royal partners appear to have been a French princess, the widowed Duchess of Longueville, better known as Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, and another young widow, Christina, daughter of Christian of Denmark and of Elizabeth of Austria, and widow of the Duke of Milan. However, Mary was already promised in marriage to James V. of Scotland, as the successor of his poor, consumptive girl-bride, Magdalen of France, daughter of Francis I. and the good Queen Claude. As for Christina of Milan, the beautiful girl-widow of sixteen, of whom Henry had two portraits done expressly for him by Holbein, the larger being the very marvel of the painter's art, and the glory of the recent Tudor Exhibition, she was destined to take for her second husband Mary of Guise's brother, the Duke of Lorraine. According to tradition, Christina dismissed Henry's proposal with the saucy speech that she had but one head; if she had two, one should be at his Highness's service. The fact that she sat for the portraits which were to be sent to this formidable suitor is an implied

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aikin.

contradiction to the story. Besides, the more accurate report of her speech is said to have been no more than "that the ambassadors would lose their labours, for she minded not to fix her heart that way." Even with regard to this modified version, when asked by Wriothesley if she had ever used such words, she solemnly denied them, bade him say so, and declared herself "at the Emperor's commandment."

The whole cluster of royal and political alliances, of which this was to have been one, broke down, not because of the reluctance of the lady, but because of Charles V.'s dissimulation, and his failing to keep his engagements with Henry.

The King's, or rather his minister Cromwell's, choice at last fell on Anne of Cleves. She was the second daughter of John, Duke of Cleves, a leader in the Reformation. A still stronger connection with German Reformers lay in the fact that her beautiful and high-spirited elder sister, Sybilla, was the wife of the great Elector of Saxony. The marriage so eagerly promoted by Cromwell was considered highly politic, as by uniting Henry with the Northern German princes, it would counterbalance the alliance recently entered into by the Emperor and Francis I.

Anne was born in 1515, and had therefore reached what was viewed as the mature age of twenty-four years when she was proposed as a wife for the colossal but infirm Henry, then in his forty-eighth year. Her sister Sybilla was reputed to be a woman of many attractions, both mental and personal; but in the case of Anne, Cromwell was warned by his correspondent, the English Ambassador, Wotton, "I hear no great praise either of her personage or beauty." It was perhaps significant that her father evaded the request to have her picture taken by his own painter, in addition to that painted for the King by Hans Holbein. This artist is believed to have greatly flattered the lady whom it was intended to represent. It may be that stout Hans had a soft spot in his heart for his countrywoman; it may be that he had an eye to his own interests in wishing to see a German Queen on the English throne, or it may be, as was suspected, that Holbein was instructed by the minister, or his agents, to make the best of his subject, for "an agreeable portrait was expected from him." If either of the latter influences was at work, the result showed that honesty would have been the best policy. Such miniatures as that which was furnished for Henry were encased in ivory, carved to look like a white rose, and, by a pretty fashion of the day, were worn over the heart, as a token of love and homage to the original of the miniature.

It would be comical, if it were not pitiful, to recognise the wary devices by which the ambassador limited the list of Anne's attainments, and at the same time exalted her virtues. She could read and write, as well as speak her German or Flemish tongue; she sewed very well. As for music, especially vocal music, which Henry prized greatly—against which he had not been set by the lamentable sequel to poor Anne Boleyn's sweet songs—Wotton admitted that Anne of Cleves knew nothing of it; but he excused her ignorance on the plea that "it was not the manner of her country to learn it"—strange reflection on the musical Germany of modern days! He sought to impress on his master that Anne was of "very lowly and gentle conditions," which so recommended her to her mother that the Duchess was loath to let the princess go. He stated that Anne and her younger sister Amelia had never been "from the elbow of their mother, who had brought them up straitly (strictly)." Again, Anne occupied herself much with her needle. She would no doubt learn the English tongue "so soon as she put her mind to it." "She had no taste for the heavy-headed revels of her countrymen." So far as we can find, neither Wotton nor Cromwell ventured on any particular personal praise of Anne, unless it were of "her princely proportions," which, for that matter, nearly rivalled those of Henry. Indeed, when first spoken of to the King she was referred to as "plain."

Of this poor Anne, who was thus weighed in the balance, we have tried hard to form a correct judgment. The King's great defender (Mr. Froude) honestly admits that "she was simple, quiet, modest, sensible, and conscientious. In presence lady-like . . . ." We in our turn, in striving to hold the scales evenly, are forced to the conclusion that Anne, notwithstanding these excellent qualities, was a dull-witted as well as a hard-favoured young woman, possessed of a stolid sluggishness of temper. She does not appear to have shown the least shrinking from the dubious honour offered to her. She does not seem to have expressed any strong regret at parting from her kindred and country for ever, or any lively interest in the new country for which she was bound. Reading between the lines of her history, it is difficult to see her otherwise than as a woman of entirely negative characteristics. She looks and acts, thrown up against her sixteenth century background, as if she were as deficient in wistful tenderness and generous devotion as she certainly was in keen self-assertion.

By an odd coincidence, there had been an approach to an earlier contract of marriage on Anne's behalf, entered into by her father, with the very Duke of Lorraine whom her rival in Henry's favour, Christina Duchess of Milan, ultimately married.

The death of the Duke of Cleves while his daughter's treaty of marriage with Henry VIII. was still pending, delayed its fulfilment for a time; but the brother, who succeeded the father, gave ample assurance to the suitor that there was no legal obstacle in the former unfulfilled contract.

The marriage contract between Anne and Henry was signed in September, 1539, at Düsseldorf, which the bride left in the beginning of the following month, setting out with a large and splendid train for England, by Antwerp and Calais—the latter, of course, an English possession then.

No faint foreboding of what was to come hindered the great homage with which Anne was received at Calais by the Earl of Southampton, the Lord High Admiral, whose own state and sumptuousness were so magnificent that the very mariners in his ship were clad in Bruges satin. The noise of the guns fired in the Queen's honour well-nigh took away her retinue's breath. The smoke from the cannon rendered the central object of attraction invisible. Yet the very ships—the "Lion" and the "Sweepstake"—waiting to convey Anne across the Channel, had fought her countrymen the Flemings in the Downs but two years before. Lord Southampton was secretly aghast at her lack of all womanly charms, and hit on the device of teaching her to play cards. He had time to spare for the task, since the Queen, who had already been more than two months on her journey, was detained by stress of weather at Calais fifteen days, according to some accounts; twenty, according to others. Even the less critical observers were struck by the number of foreigners in attendance on the silent Queen, and by the absence of tact which had caused her to fill every post about her person—except the few reserved for the King to dispose of—with her own countrymen and countrywomen. However, banners waved, trumpets blared, and offerings of purses of gold abounded. Plain and stupid as Anne was, she gave no active offence by her manner and bearing. Nay, her new subjects seem to have regarded her with some satisfaction, as a solid piece of royal goods that would wear well.

In spite of the King's impatience, Christmas Day passed before the Queen could set sail. She went on board on the 27th of December, and was fortunate in crossing the Channel with her convoy of fifty ships the same day. "The wintry twilight was closing in when she first set foot on English soil, under Deal Castle." She was received by the Warden, and afterwards conducted by the ubiquitous Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his last Duchess, accompanied by the principal nobility and gentry of Kent, to Dover Castle, to rest there for a couple of nights.

On the following Monday, a stormy winter day, Anne set out for Canterbury. She travelled in her own chariot. "The whirlicotes" which figured first in England at Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, had made considerable progress in the coach-builder's hands in the intervening thirty years. Anne's equipage was of gilt, as beseemed the State equipage of a Queen or a Lord Mayor, and was elaborately carved.

Near Canterbury the Queen was met by the Archbishop, three bishops, and a great company of gentlemen, who attended her to her lodgings. On the last day of the year the Duke of Norfolk and another great company conducted her as far as Rochester, where she spent New Year's Day in the Bishop's palace. There Henry came *incognito* with eight gentlemen of his chamber, all dressed alike in marble colour, to make the acquaintance of his Queen, and, in his own words, "to nourish love."

The King sent in advance Sir Anthony Browne, the Master of his Horse, to tell Anne that Henry had brought her a New Year's gift, if she would choose to receive it. According to Sir Anthony's statement, "he was never so dismayed in his life as to see a lady so far unlike what had been represented." But he was wise enough to allow the King to form his own opinion, which he was not long of doing. Henry did not conceal his surprise and disappointment; in the words of an eye-witness, he had never seen his Highness so marvellously astonished and abashed as on this occasion.

In the meantime Anne, whose woman's heart, however slowly it beat, must have been smitten with a pang of humiliation, sank with due deference on her knees, from which the King had the grace to raise her. His chroniclers differ greatly as to his subsequent behaviour. Hall says the King gently took her up and kissed her; further, that he remained with her all the afternoon, communing and devising with her, and that he afterwards supped with her.

But if we are to believe Strype and Stowe, the interview lasted but a few minutes. In addition to her other demerits in Henry's eyes, his fastidious ear was unreasonably offended by the sound of her German, and he would not continue to speak with her, even by means of the interpreter ready to play his part in the conversation.

The angry bridegroom had no sooner left the unlucky bride's presence than he assailed her escort the Admiral and his other companions for their opinion of the lady's charms, and swore roundly that he had been deceived, and that "he loved her not."

Now what were the looks of the scorned woman which called forth such a strong sense of repulsion in the man who had certainly heard of her as "plain," while she had not been represented by Holbein's flattering pencil as more than comely? As far as can be drawn from contemporary evidence, and from such likenesses as survive of her, Anne of Cleves was a tall, stout young woman, "her figure large, loose, and corpulent."* Her nose was

* Contrasting her with Henry's other five wives, two of them—Catherine of Arragon and Jane Seymour—were "short;" two more—Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr—were very little women, while Anne Boleyn, in her youth, was remarkable for her slender shape and "little neck."

too large, and her mouth had a certain coarseness in the lines, in spite of her temperate living. Her complexion was brown or swarthy ("thick and dark"). According to the French Ambassador, she was pitted with small-pox. Her eyes and hair were coal-black; the latter she wore in long, flat bands, coming down low on each side of the face—a style of hair-dressing hitherto unknown in England. In connection with her meaningless expanse of forehead—for though the Queen's graces might be moral, they were no more intellectual than they were personal—the bands of hair at the side of the large face had a tendency to increase the effect of its length, and of the heaviness of the lower portion. After the fashion of the day, the Queen substituted, on special occasions, the long tresses of a yellow wig for her own black hair, an exchange which was peculiarly trying to her dark complexion.

A considerable amount of *mauvaise honte* might have been pardonable, even promising under the circumstances; but Anne's clumsy awkwardness partook of the nature of uncouthness. Her armorial bearings, which happened to be a couple of white swans, were singularly inappropriate. Shall we be forgiven for saying that a couple of grey geese would have been more in keeping with their owner, for never was royal goose less swan-like?

Surely on the principle that bonnie feathers make bonnie birds, Anne had brought with her the costliest wardrobe that ever queen-consort displayed in England. But, as might have been expected of the uneducated, unrefined woman, she was destitute of taste in dress, while, like Catherine of Arragon in the matter of the Spanish mantilla, Anne showed an invincible inclination to introduce and perpetuate the stiff Dutch modes of which she was such a poor illustration. She appears to have had a preference for the colour red, since in two of the portraits which we have of her, red is freely used in her dress. In one she holds a red carnation. Anne Boleyn's dainty devices, the exquisitely picturesque touches in her toilet, were as entirely wanting in the toilet of her namesake as were the first Anne's charm of manner and ready wit. Their absence might have been supplied by far more valuable qualities; but all that the self-willed, spoiled suitor saw was the dearth of every outward grace. This Anne must have struck her appalled Henry as a very Gorgon; for had he not been accustomed to the stately dignity and learning (by comparison) of Catherine of Arragon, the beauty and brilliance of Anne Boleyn, the fair comeliness—not without its French polish also—of Jane Seymour? Here was a crushing downfall to the King who had aspired to the hands of the accomplished, high-bred, far-famed beauties of two Courts—Mary of Guise and Christina of Milan—and had to be content with the robust, rustic, practically dumb, German Anne.

Henry is said to have testified his wrath and disgust at the partner provided for him in a manner which savoured of the sulky school-boy, as well as of the incensed voluptuary. The New Year's gift which he had brought for Anne was a costly muff, tippet, and partlet, or boa, of sables. He had intended to deliver the gift with his own hand; but when he found how unattractive was the recipient, he contented himself with despatching the furs, and a cold greeting, by a messenger.

The ladies of the Court were no less shocked than the gentlemen on their presentation to Anne. She might have been the "Loathlie Ladye" of ballad renown. There is an element of the ludicrous in their exaggerated consternation. Lady Browne told Sir Anthony that it was not only the Queen's "unsightliness" which was objected to; it was her "displeasant airs." She had "such fashions," and betrayed "a manner of bringing-up so gross, that the King never would love her." One is tempted to think of the primitive use of a knife and fork, a constant neglect of soap and water, and such habits at table and in her chamber as would strike even unceremonious ladies of pre-Elizabethan times.

The King complained loudly, with a total want of delicacy and good feeling, to those around him of his chagrin, and the moment he reached his palace of Greenwich, to which he retired, he attacked the alarmed Cromwell, as he had already attacked the Lord High Admiral, Lord Southampton, with furious reproaches for misleading him, and not undeceiving him, even at the last moment. It was in the course of these reproaches that Henry is said to have used the coarse comparison of Anne to "a great Flemish mare," which stuck to her, and has descended to later generations.

"I have been ill-handled; if it were not that she has come so far into England, and for fear of making a ruffle in the world, and driving her brother into the Emperor and French King's hands, now being together, I would never have her. But now it is too far gone, wherefore I am sorry," declared Henry, with a solemn candour that is well-nigh pathetic. And again, "I would not do what I have to do for none earthly thing save my realm," he protested, ruefully.

But far gone as the matter was, he made a desperate effort to postpone the marriage for two days, in order to try if in that time he might not find a way out of the strait. He called a council, and laid before it the old shadowy obstacle of the alleged pre-contract of Anne with the Duke of Lorraine as a fact which might invalidate the marriage. In the meanwhile Anne had calmly advanced as far as Dartford, where she was delayed till the two ambassadors from Cleves in her suite should proceed to Greenwich and produce documents to prove that the Queen's pre-contract had been certainly set aside. In other circumstances the investigation might have been a wise, if dilatory precaution; but it was, on the face of it, a mere subterfuge, as the question to which it referred had been satisfactorily disposed of before the contract between Henry and Anne was signed at Düsseldorf.

It is impossible to say how far Anne was acquainted with the King's dissatisfaction and unwillingness to fulfil his pledge; but even the densest of women must have had some suspicion of his reluctance—in fact, he took care to give her a hint of what was passing which no lack of acquaintance with the English language could prevent her from understanding. After the two ambassadors had behaved like true men, had acknowledged that they had not the necessary documents in their possession, but had readily sworn to their existence, and volunteered to remain in prison in England till the papers were forthcoming, an emissary was sent to Anne herself, to require from her a declaration that she was free. But the hint was not taken. The lady signed the declaration without an instant's hesitation. There was no help for it, the marriage must go on. "The King durst not scandalise Europe and affront the Germans. Subservient as Henry's Council often showed itself, it did not support him now; notably Cromwell, who had made the marriage, and Archbishop Cranmer warned the King that by drawing back at the last moment he would mortally offend the Protestant princes, with whom he was seeking to be in league."

As if to stifle his vehement distaste to his bride, and to render it still harder for him to change his mind at the eleventh hour, the King, when he had come to the decision that the affair must proceed, did not stint the ostentatious splendour of the accompanying ceremonial, or the hollow clamour of the public rejoicings. He summoned all his loving subjects in London, by the public crier, to come down to Greenwich and "pay their devoirs to my Lady Anne of Cleves, who would shortly be their Queen." The grandest, the gayest, certainly by far the most picturesque reception which Henry accorded to any of his six wives, was that given, as if with sardonic mockery, of which after all he was incapable, to the homely, stolid Anne.

The scene was Blackheath. It was a winter's day, certainly; the trees on Shooter's Hill and in Greenwich Park were bare, and the sky was bleak, whether in its lowering grey or frosty blue, so that fires had to be lit in the tents provided for the first stoppage of Anne of Cleves and her ladies, to warm them in preparing for the remaining rites. There was no tender green in the woods and the fields; no flush of sweet wild-flowers; no quaintly fantastic masqueing, as when the King had gone a-maying in former years to that very Shooter's Hill with Catherine of Arragon. There was no dusky summer seclusion in the bosky glades of the park, as when Anne Boleyn, in the pensiveness of apprehended adversity, wandered alone there with her dogs. But the glories of spring and summer, of young life and love, seemed hardly missed. If ever a living multitude, pranked out in silk and velvet of all the colours of the rainbow, hung with gold chains and glittering with precious stones, furnished unmingled gratification to a still mightier crowd, for whose accommodation all the furze and gorse on the heath had been cut down, it was done on that day. The highwaymen and cut-throats, whose field was the heath, must have left off their occupation for the time being.

At twelve noon "the Lady Anne" came in sight, attended by her English escort and her hundred German knights. As for her fifteen German ladies, they were coolly pronounced by the spectators to be even less fair than her Grace. The cavalcade wound round Shooter's Hill, and approached the tents at the foot, where the Queen was received by the Earl of Rutland, her Chamberlain, and other gentlemen, and by Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Queen of Scots, and her cousin the Marchioness of Dorset, daughter of the Queen-Dowager of France, etc., etc.

After Anne was rested and refreshed in her tent, and had received information of the approach of the King, she mounted on horseback and advanced with her train across the heath to meet him at the cross in the middle of the heath, the site of which is still marked by a group of fir-trees.* Her dress was singularly unsuited for riding in. She wore a gown of cloth-of-gold, without a train, which might have served for a riding-skirt; but the German fashion, which might be more sensible where walking was concerned, required that all gowns should be cut short. As for her head, what with its "caul," its round bonnet set with pearls, and its coronet of black velvet, it had enough to bear. But the most conspicuous feature of her attire appears to have been the "partlet" or flat ruff round the neck, which was a mass of precious stones.

In the meantime the King had set out from his palace-gate, riding in the centre of a party of noble horsemen. Not to be outdone in splendour, his bulky person was clad in a coat of purple velvet, covered with a network of gold. His slashed sleeves were clasped together with buttons of rubies and pearls. His girdle and sword-hilt were rich in emeralds. His "bonnet" blazed with the jewels on which he set such store.

The gorgeous pair met in front of the cross. What the King's feelings were it would be difficult to describe. As for Anne, her slowness of feeling and self-absorption amounted to apathetic indifference. Had it been otherwise,

* Under these trees George Whitfield preached in later days.

she would have protested and remonstrated ere now, and so might have altered her inglorious destiny.

The outward dumb-show was irreproachable. The King took off his bonnet and saluted the lady; she assumed her place at his right hand, and the bride and bridegroom rode on together, "like a wedded couple," followed by their respective households, through the ranks of their huzzaing supporters (including the chief magnates of London town), into the Park, up to the Court gate, where the riders came in full view of the Thames—leaden, not silver in hue, on the winter afternoon—but thronged with gala barges.

When Henry and Anne alighted, he again embraced her, bade her welcome "to her own," and led her through the hall. All this display of courtesy did not prevent a few last frantic struggles on the King's part to break off the marriage, although he had admitted that the despised bride's person was "well and seemly (that is, neither crooked nor hump-backed), but nothing else." His Council was again summoned, and he had various interviews with Cromwell before he gave his grudging consent to "go through with it"—the ceremony of the following day.

It was Twelfth-Day, the 6th of January, 1540, and the early hour of eight o'clock in the morning was fixed for the marriage. Henry appeared in the Presence-Chamber before that hour, in a crimson satin coat, and a "gown" of cloth-of-gold, flowered with silver and trimmed with fine fur.

It is almost a relief to find that Anne kept him waiting. It was one of the very few occasions on which she resisted his will. As might have been expected from the woman, the act was not in itself either a very wise or graceful proceeding. It was probably the result of an obstinate standing-out on her prerogative as a bride. When she did join the displeased bridegroom in the gallery to which he had come to seek her, she was in all the glory of cloth-of-gold flowered with pearls. The tresses of one of her yellow wigs flowed over her shoulders. Instead of a velvet coronet, she wore a gold crown set with gems, and, of all things, sprigs of bristling, sombre rosemary! According to Miss Strickland, rosemary, as an herb of grace, could be worn by maidens alike at weddings and funerals. But surely it must have been unimaginative maidens who consented to the melancholy association. To counterbalance the rosemary, Anne wore round her massive neck and portly waist jewels of surpassing value. In her manner she was entirely cool and composed, as she greeted her grumbling lord with three low curtseys.

The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, while one of the Flemish gentlemen in Anne's suite gave her away. Round her wedding-ring was inscribed the motto, "God send me well to keep."

Henry behaved for the rest of the day as if he had returned to the devout practices of his youth. In company with his Lutheran bride, he was present at two masses, and vespers before supper, after which were masques and sports. The usual tiltings and festivals followed on succeeding days.

In the month of February, Henry accompanied Anne by water to Westminster—the Mayor and Aldermen with the City Companies gracing the procession, and the Tower guns firing an appropriate salute. How many processions of the kind Henry must have recalled, with what conflicts of lingering doubt and regret envenomed by his bodily and mental misery! For surely bully and despot as bluff King Hall—the gay and gallant prince of other years—had gradually grown, he could not take everything as a matter of course like his consort. In the middle of his grudge against her and her people, whom he accused of deceiving him, Henry showed faint sparkles still of his former generosity. He not only entertained the foreigners right royally, he permitted a considerable number of them to tarry behind the others, till their mistress should become better acquainted with England and the English.

It has been said that Henry laughed at the Queen, and encouraged his courtiers to do the same. If so, she was as impervious to ridicule as to other forms of injury. But the charge is not proven, nor is its truth likely. The King was in no laughing mood when he announced himself weary of life because of his ill-assorted marriage. Besides, the accusation does not fit in with his character, which was simple and downright in its very savageness. He might be brutal, he could hardly be malicious. On the other hand, there is sufficient testimony to show that he treated Anne with personal kindness. How could he act otherwise to the great, heavy, harmless creature, whose want of knowledge of English left her as defenceless as a child? The absence of all private resentment on Anne's part for her manifold wrongs goes far to maintain the latter view of their relations.

It was Anne's fortune to dwell for sixteen years on alien soil, but not for one little year as Henry's queen. His dislike to her person and manners was no doubt accentuated by the irksomeness of all necessary speech between them being carried on by means of an interpreter. For Anne made no more rapid progress in acquiring English than Catherine of Arragon had done, with far less compelling cause to be a diligent student.

As the very worm will turn, the King complained at last that she waxed wilful and stubborn. The poor woman was in a strait; she could not, with her simple wiles, please a man who declined to be pleased. She sought interviews with Cromwell, who had advocated her cause in vain. Cromwell had need to look to himself. Bloody executions for treasonable correspondence were the order of the day. The violent deaths of two near kinsmen of the royal house—those of the King's cousin, the Marquis of Exeter, and of another descendant of the Plantagenets, Henry Pole—filled men's minds with anxiety and alarm. Yet still stately tourneys and pageants, which their majesties graced by their presence, were held in honour of the marriage not six months old, even after the stale device of a divorce had been suggested, or had occurred to Henry, to free him from a hated bond. He persuaded himself that her Lutheranism distressed his conscience, though Anne had been as complacent with regard to her form of the Christian religion as she had been in most other differences between the couple. He declared that he had done his best to get "the consent of his heart and mind" to the marriage, but could not—he was superstitious about his aversion to Anne. He asserted that their union was a mere form. The old story of Anne's pre-contract with the Duke of Lorraine was raked up again, and it was said that "the papers relating to its dissolution had never been forthcoming." And here, though she must have been quite aware that divorces on the ground of pre-contracts were common enough in Germany, her folly came to Henry's aid. She is reported to have been sufficiently provoked to make the idle boast that "if she had not been compelled to marry him, she might have fulfilled her engagement to another, to whom she had promised her hand."

At this crisis Anne's countrywomen, "The strange maidens," as they were quaintly called, who had been suffered to stay behind with her, were sent back to Cleves, and the Queen was left doubly forlorn among the English ladies—one of them Catherine Howard, her mistress's successor—with whom Henry replaced them at Court. This is not to say that Anne awoke enmity among her English subjects, any more than she aroused depths of compassion or heights of enthusiasm. The prudence and patience with which, as a rule, she minded her own business, and certainly meddled with nobody, served her in good stead in a negative light.

Warned by Cromwell, she is said to have made a final effort to propitiate Henry by assuming for him the regard which she had not hitherto pretended to feel; but so transparently unreal was the profession, that Henry had enough wit at once to attribute it to its prompter, and was far from being softened either to the prompted or the prompter by the attempt to coax and flatter him.

Cromwell's downfall followed, and his death on Tower Hill. Henry had bestowed on him the Earldom of Essex in the interval which had passed since the King's marriage, but had never forgiven the part which the minister had played in it. Thus Anne lost her first champion, while a mortal enemy had started up in her path. This was the Catholic Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who began to exercise a prominent influence in the King's council. He was eager to provide Henry with a fifth, and, if possible, a Catholic wife. As it was in the struggle to set aside Catherine of Arragon and promote Anne Boleyn, the contest again became political, and assumed a religious motive; the Protestants standing by Anne, as at that date, a Protestant princess; the Catholics showing themselves ready to be ranged on the side of Catherine Howard, of an old noble Catholic family, herself a Catholic by creed, and the new candidate for the dangerous post of Queen.

Catherine of Arragon's divorce took six years to bring about. Anne's was accomplished in as many days. A convocation of clergy was once more summoned, Parliament requesting it, the King consenting to it, and the assembly unanimously declared the recent marriage null and void, Cranmer announcing the decision to the Houses of Parliament. Anne, as a foreigner, ignorant of the language of the country, was not required to appear before the convocation. It was fortunate where her credit, courage, and sense were concerned, for she would certainly have conducted herself in a very different fashion from that in which Catherine of Arragon had behaved in similar circumstances. No doubt Anne had no child to be affected by the decision of the court. The contract between her and Henry had been of the most arbitrary and worldly description, while its date was of the latest. She was married in January, and the marriage was dissolved in the following July. Nevertheless, she had her own woman's rights and matronly character and position to assert. She had to maintain the credit of her family, and to justify their hopes and expectations for her. She had the King's dignity and honour to shield and preserve. All were so far in her keeping to defend, or to yield without a struggle. Catherine of Arragon would have died sooner than give in. Anne of Cleves acted in every respect differently. She had been sent down to Richmond, and was staying in the palace there when the commissioners, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Southampton, and the King's secretary, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, arrived to announce the verdict of convocation, with the King's determination to carry it out, and to ask her consent to the divorce.

Anne was so thoroughly panic-stricken that she fainted before the gentlemen could deliver their message. After she recovered consciousness, and found that she was not to be carried off to the Tower and beheaded straightway without further ceremony, the collapse was still more complete. She was ready to consent to anything or everything—to the old farce of being styled the King's sister (by adoption in

this case) instead of his wife, to resign her title of Queen, and resume her old designation of the "Lady Anne," on condition that she took precedence of all the ladies at Court, with the exception of Henry's future wife and his daughters. She willingly, and with apparent gratitude, accepted the award of lands to the value of three thousand pounds a year for her support; she wrote whatever Henry wished, in giving up her claims. These letters were not only to him but to her relatives in Germany, to deprecate their indignation and interference on her behalf.

Her complacence was so great that Henry himself could hardly believe it, and rewarded it by sending her at once five hundred gold marks, as the first instalment of her jointure, by lavishing on her palaces and jewels, and by paying her a visit, when she received him with the utmost politeness. On this as on other occasions, when he supped with her after their separation, Anne's place was no longer by the King's side, as it had been when she was Queen. She sat at a separate table, placed at the corner of the table where the King sat, and at a little distance from him.

Nothing moved Anne; she returned Henry his wedding-ring, with an obliging letter in German. She consented cheerfully to the manner in which he reduced and remodelled her household. She might have figured to all time as a perfect Griselda, had she shown the least token of being crushed or broken-hearted by her undeserved degradation. On the contrary, she was in excellent spirits, "never so lively before," exhibiting a fresh gown from her superb wardrobe, with a child's unsophisticated inexhaustible satisfaction, on every fresh day. She entered into such amusements as she cared for, and settled down with evident appreciation of the solid comfort to be derived from her own house and household, and the liberty to go her own way, that is, to live a peaceful, uneventful life, busy with her sewing and her attempts at cooking, according to some evidence, at Chelsea Palace, and in the other houses appointed for her. She did not betray the slightest sense either of humiliation or of self-sacrifice in the change in her lot. Pity would have been wasted upon her. She might have returned to her native Germany, from which she had not been absent many months. She might have married again—such a prospect is natural enough to most young women of twenty-five years. With regard to the latter alternative, her single experience of matrimony probably sufficed for her. It is more difficult to dispose of the former question. There might have been some lingering element of womanly pride and sensitiveness even in her phlegmatic disposition, that hindered her from going back to Cleves, which she had quitted with such distinction, a slighted and rejected wife. But the great likelihood is that her prudence was alive to the reservation by which she only held the estates settled on her in England so long as she resided in the country, and she would not risk them by so much as a visit to Germany. It is a shrewd guess that "she preferred a splendid independence in England to poverty at a petty court in Germany."

It must be taken into consideration also that what might have been the chief inducement for Anne to repair to Cleves was withdrawn by the death of her mother, the Duchess, not long after the daughter's separation from Henry. As for her brother, the Duke of Cleves, in spite of his sister's representations, he deeply resented her being set aside as Queen of England, and to the last refused to give in his adherence to the deed. Neither he nor his brother-in-law, the Elector of Saxony, could be expected to show themselves further reconciled to her unqualified submission to Henry, by the fact of her subsequent profession of the Roman Catholic religion in opposition to her own interest, to her whole training, to their strong convictions, and to what had rapidly become the traditions of her house. The origin of this, perhaps the only independent step which Anne took in the course of her life, has not been discovered. No strain of eccentricity was visible in her nature, such as in the unhappy history of her two brothers ended in madness. Anne's wits were not of the kind allied to madness; nothing shook her inflexible, shallow philosophy, her good-humour, well-nigh grim in its imperturbability. She received further visits from Henry, as if these were the most welcome and seemly incidents in the world. She was even so lost to common feeling as to return the visits, by going to see the King and his new wife, and spending some days with them at Hampton Court. Henry's immediate marriage to the beautiful and wretched young Catherine Howard had not affected Anne, neither did her successor's miserable, shameful fate affect her, nor Henry's sixth marriage, nor his death, worn out by stormy passions and frightful disease, long before he could have been counted an old man.

The light in which Anne was regarded by the English people, to whom she was the next thing to dead for eighteen years, was a peculiar one. During her brief reign it was openly said that she was laughed at by the courtiers; but after her deposition she had the sense to retire from the unequal contest, for which she was unsupplied with weapons. She lived for the most part in complete seclusion. At the same time there was something so anomalous, alike in her personality and her position, that it was difficult for them altogether to escape jeers and sneers. Even the most benevolent and kindly were tempted to laugh at the fiasco of "the Lady Anne."

On the other hand, though her virtues were largely negative qualities, these are by no means without their value in a striving, selfish world. She was the author of no turmoil, no bloodshed; she interfered with nobody. Her home-life was blameless in its simplicity and restfulness.

She was not quite so thrifty and successful in the management of her household as might have been expected from a Royal German *Hausfrau*, unless indeed her rents were sometimes withheld from her, a misadventure not without precedent. She got, at one period, into some little debt and difficulty, and her servants' wages fell into arrears. She had to apply for help to her brother, the Duke of Cleves, who in his turn appealed to the English Government, when a modest grant of money was made to relieve Anne. In every other respect her life recommended itself to the respectable English public. Beyond cavil, there was a certain peaceful, if plethoric, magnanimity in her abstention from all reprisals, her freedom from such manœuvring and plotting as might have kept the King and the nation by the ears.

Anne's relations with her stepchildren had always been amicable; indeed, there is something touching in the placid, childless woman's fondness for the lively young Princess Elizabeth, who had been still a little girl of only seven years when Anne was married. It is said that, with the determination which was characteristic of Queen Bess's maturer years, the child sought to be presented to her new Queen and mother, in spite of the King's refusal. The reason which he gave is quoted as the solitary instance which even tradition has preserved of any mention he made of the once dearly-loved Anne Boleyn after her death. He spoke gruff, gloomy words to the child, to the effect that this woman was so unlike Elizabeth's own mother that she should not wish to see her.

Notwithstanding this check, an affection sprung up between the dissimilar pair; and one of Anne's petitions to Henry on their separation—a petition which was granted—was that Princess Elizabeth might be allowed to visit her.

Princess Mary, who was the same age as Anne of Cleves, was on such friendly terms with her as to spend several days with her, on at least one occasion. Their common faith must have been a bond of union. Chelsea, Bletchington, the abbey at Dartford—for which Anne had a special liking—were among her dower-houses and ordinary residences.

The ex-Queen was seen occasionally at Edward's Court. Her last public appearance was on Mary's coronation, with Princess Elizabeth.

During the sixteen years which Anne passed in England she learnt to speak and write English; the last not very intelligibly, but, perhaps, not much less clearly than many of the English ladies of the time wrote their mother-tongue. In her letters she signed herself "Anne, the daughter of Cleves." In one instance there seems to have been a confusion between her recently-acquired English and her native German, for the daughter became "doughter."

Anne died in her forty-first year, 1557, after a gradual decline of health and strength. It might have been said of her that nothing in her life became her better than her manner of leaving it. Her serenity and patience came out in fair colours. She bore her sickness with calm resignation, while she was carefully waited upon by her attached servants. Her will showed her methodical cast of mind, her honesty and singleheartedness. Like Catherine of Arragon, Anne expressed anxiety for the discharge of her debts, for the payment of a year's wages, and for sundry legacies to her servants, for their future maintenance. She made minute and special bequests of her jewels; the best to Queen Mary (then also forty-one years of age), coupled with a humble request that she would see the will carried out, and that she would care for Anne's servants; the second best jewel to "the Lady Elizabeth" (then twenty-four years of age), with an earnest entreaty that she would take into her service one of Anne's poor maids named Dorothy Curzon. Rings, set with fair diamonds and rock rubies, minutely specified, etc., etc, to members of her own family, and to her English ladies, the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Arundel, and several pieces of her gold and silver plate to various English gentlemen; to her chaplains a black gown and five pounds each; to her laundress (Elsa Turpin) four pounds, with a request to pray for her. This request was made to the greater number of legatees, whether priests or laymen, men or women. She left the place and manner of her burial to be settled according to Queen Mary's will and pleasure; and ended by an acknowledgment that she died in the Roman Catholic faith.

Anne of Cleves was buried with every token of respect, and no stint of magnificence, by Mary's directions, in Westminster Abbey. Among the crosses and banners borne before and after the body were four white banners, as a sign that she died unmarried. A requiem was sung for her, the Bishop of London said mass, her coffin was "censed," and she was laid in a place of honour near the high altar. Her tomb was never finished, and is only distinguishable by the remains of her monogram, "A.C." The stately hearse, hung with cloth-of-gold, was rifled, and the banners placed near her resting-place were carried away within a fortnight of her funeral.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candalaria," "After Shipwreck," etc.

CHAPTER V.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

"One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow, with sails laid aback."

THREE months later I received a newspaper from New York, sent from the office where it was published, containing a long detailed account of the marriage of Stella Vancouver Carmichael, daughter of the Honourable John P. Carmichael, of that city, to Maurice Norton, Esq., a noted English artist, etc. I should not be stating the truth if I were to say I read it without a pang; but I did not suffer long; my nature is perhaps too robust and healthy to allow me to think with thoughts of longing and regret of one who had become the husband of another.

Soon I was able to believe all had happened for the best for me as well as for him. My work lay here in San Francisco, and my heart should be in it. As I read somewhere, the same day on which I got the notice of this marriage, "The sole wisdom for one who is haunted with the hovering of unseen wings, with the scent of unseen roses, and the subtle enticements of melodies unheard, is Work."

An introduction from Dr. Armstrong made me known to one of the most courteous and able editors in New York. He had come to San Francisco on a visit, and I called to see him at his agent's office.

"You ought to write children's books," he said. "There are too many novelists nowadays; almost everyone who can string words together, and who has more time than he knows what to do with, imagines he can write a novel. For bright, healthy stories for the young ones there is always a good market. Send me a short tale—say, a hundred and twenty or a hundred and sixty pages, in six months' time, and I will see what can be done with it."

Fortunately for myself, I was able to suit the great editor's requirements where young children were concerned. One or two stories for older readers I failed in, but I secured enough work to fill up all the time I could devote to writing during the second and third years of our life in California. After that a change came.

One of our favourite resorts was Lone Mountain, the name given to a hill higher than the rest of the high lands above the city, and the centre of the cemeteries. On the top of Lone Mountain is a huge black wooden cross. From it the view is far-reaching and beautiful. It was there Bret Harte composed those lovely verses of his:—

"As I stand by the cross on the Lone Mountain crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea.

"One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow, with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

* * * *

"But, lo! in the distance the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portal I see;
And I hear, from the outgoing ship in the bay,
The song of the sailors in glee.

"So I think of the luminous footsteps that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And I wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me."

These lines my father bade me read to him from a volume of Bret Harte's poems he had brought, as we sat in the shade of the great cross one day towards evening. I had been going to and fro among the flowers and graves, and gathering wild strawberries on some of the outer slopes not yet brought into requisition. He had been resting, looking over the busy city to the harbour, which was crowded with craft, and to and from it vessels were going and coming. Beyond, through the Golden Gates, lay the blue Pacific Ocean. To me it brought thoughts of the Society Islands and other palm-crowned islands we had once visited; to him, as he told me later on, there came visions of a "sea that sail hath never rounded."

Whilst I was reading I realised the double meaning in the poem, and I had difficulty in steadying my voice, for my heart sank within me as I thought of being parted from the company of the one who was dearest to me.

"Let us go home now, father," I said, as soon as I had finished; "it is really growing chilly up here, and you must be tired."

"I am rather tired to-day, Madge, but I am glad we got up as far as this; we will go, only let me take one more last look beyond the gates. Beyond the gates," he repeated, and he lingered over those last words.

I did not look beyond; I looked up into my father's face, which had a far-away, rapt look about it that pained and awed me.

"You must rest more," I said, as we went down the hill to get the cars.

"Rest! I am always resting; life seems to have been spent in nursing and sparing myself. I wish it had been otherwise; I have come to the conclusion that it has been to very little purpose."

"It has been a good, true life, father."

"Not good, child, in any positive sense. But there—we will leave it; our Judge is merciful. Did you ever think much, Madge, of the beauty of that petition in our Litany: 'Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts. Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy people'? It has often come into my mind of late."

We spoke few more words until we reached home. There Dr. Armstrong soon joined us; he had the prospect of a quiet evening, he said, and he would spend it on our veranda.

It was well for us that it was so, for my father had a sudden and severe access of pain, so that we had to help him to bed, and from that bed he never rose again.

And then Dr. Armstrong told me that what he had long dreaded was now taking place; my father's suffering came from an acute attack of pleurisy, caused by a rapid breaking up of the right lung, from which there was no possible recovery.

"You must get a nurse to help you," he said; "you cannot undertake all that may be before you alone."

Whilst we were talking of this in the sitting-room downstairs, our kind good friend the journalist came in.

"I shall stay here to-night, Miss Wilson," he said.

"Pray do not; I am quite able to sit up for a few nights, and I must. Please, doctor, do not speak of a strange nurse."

"If you sit in your father's room to-night, Miss Wilson, I shall sleep here on the lounge, and shall be within call if you need help," said the friend.

He proved a great comfort to me. I had few women friends, and those I had were all busy people, either working like myself, or occupied with the cares of house and family.

The thought of my dear mother dwelt with me constantly, as I sat watching, or lay resting, during the next few days. Or might I not rather say she seemed present with me, as I believe she was with my dear father? Once, just as I was thinking of her last injunction to me, of the charge she gave me, he said suddenly—

"What could I have done without my dear daughter? How could I ever have gone through all this without you?"

"But I might have done it all better, father," I cried, weeping.

"No one could have nursed me better or more tenderly than you have always done, Marjory."

I did not believe that; I remembered so much that I might have done for him, and I recalled with sorrow my frequent impatience and self-will. Still, it made me happy often afterwards to think over those loving words, and to know that he thought I had been faithful to my trust.

No stranger came in to disturb the last few days of his life; a good nurse, who was recommended to us, did not arrive, being otherwise engaged, until her services were no longer needed; and I was glad it was so. The doctor was often with us, and our American friend insisted on spending each night in the house, watching in the sick-room during one-half of it, whilst I rested.

"I wish you would go home to-night, Mr. Stiggins," I said, on the third evening; "you would sleep better there, and I am really strong enough to sit up till Wing Sin comes in the morning. He is so good and unselfish in our trouble; he does not go home, as he used, after the meal-times are over."

"I shall stay here; your father likes to know I am near at hand. And, Miss Wilson," he added, with a gentleness of tone and a timidity of manner unusual in him, "could you not call me Horatio, or Horace, if you like that better? I should be so grateful to you if you would; my surname is so very ugly." He said this almost apologetically.

"I will, certainly, if you wish it," I answered. How could I refuse to grant this simple request, when he was so faithful and helpful to us in our sorrow and need?

A glad look came into his face, but he said no more then; he only begged me to go to my own room at once, and promised to call me if necessary.

During the next two days we must have had help from outside had not Wing Sin undertaken the necessary labour and constant services which the last breaking up of my father's painful complaint required. He brought another of his countrymen to do his own work, having that intolerant dislike to "strange women working round" that his people usually have. And so it was that when the last sad night came, the night before the dawn, when for my dear one the morning broke and the shadows fled away for ever, our friend Horace watched on one side whilst I sat or knelt on the other, and the faithful Chinaman stood at the foot of the bed, chafing the cold feet, I the while vainly trying to impart warmth as I held my father's hands in my own.

A new paroxysm of pain as the night wore on caused me to send hastily for Dr. Armstrong.

"I cannot help him further, my child," he said, gravely. "It will soon pass away again, this acute pain; but the end is coming." He feared I was breaking down, and tried to rouse me. "Say something, my child, to comfort his heart."

I struggled hard to do as he bade me, but no words would come—my mind was a blank.

"'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,'" said the physician, in a firm, loud voice, which penetrated the dying ears, and seemed to call the failing spirit back out of the state of coma into which it was fast sinking.

Presently he rallied again, and our clergyman having come in, the last sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to him; the doctor and Horace, our two best friends, shared it with him and me. Then all went out of the room, and we two were alone, his head resting on my bosom.

"If you can, will you be often near me still, dearest?" I whispered.

"Yes." No more words came, though his eyes sought mine with a look of intensest love. Wider still his eyes were opened as they sought the daylight, which was now coming in through the venetian blinds; and seeking the light, his soul passed away. He had "another morn than ours."

CHAPTER VI.

A SHORT SEQUEL.

AFTER my father's death, Dr. Armstrong insisted that I should remove at once to his own home. He had a housekeeper, a kind, motherly Scotchwoman, whose daughter was with her. These two good souls nursed me most carefully; and I needed all their care, for I broke down completely, and but for these friends in the new country I must have died.

When I began to get well again, I was much bewildered about the course I should take for my future life, and one day, as I lay on a long bamboo chair outside on the veranda, which was on the seaward side of the house, looking sadly out over the bay towards the Pacific Ocean, my friend Horatio came unexpectedly out from the sitting-room, and stood suddenly between me and the wide, lonely-looking horizon.

I had not seen him since my father's death, for he had been called away by a summons from a wealthy uncle in Chicago, who was unmarried and childless. He had written from Chicago to tell me he should have to remain away for some months, and perhaps might not be living in San Francisco again. I was very ill when the letter arrived, and did not read it until six weeks afterwards. It had surprised me then to find how it grieved me when I heard I was not likely to enjoy his friendship again. I told myself that this was because he was so closely associated with the last weeks of my dear father's life; but I found that did not console me. I did not answer his letter, and I never expected to have another, though I thought he would surely come to the city some time, for a short visit, at least.

When he stood before me so suddenly, his face pale and no words on his lips, only taking my hand in his, and holding it quietly, as the best of friends might, the surprise was a shock to my weak nerves, not yet fully restored to health, and I first felt my heart spring to my mouth, as it were, then I burst into tears.

What followed I cannot describe. I do not seem to understand it even now; but before we went into the doctor's parlour together I had promised to become his wife.

* * * * *

Every day I tell Horace he becomes less Western in his ways and dearer to me. He says this is owing to my lively imagination, and that I shall never be able to make him into anything better than a good Yankee. His early home was in the Eastern States, and his name, he tells me, was a corruption of one of the old "Knickerbocker" (Dutch) names.

Even that has now undergone a modification; his rich uncle, who had been displeased with him for years, has become reconciled, and he has made a will in his favour, with the condition that his nephew is to call himself Horatio S. Browne, with an "e," after himself.

Every Sunday afternoon we go up to Lone Mountain to visit my dear father's grave; and there I often silently thank God that He has given me a true comforter, one who will walk with me in the same old paths that my father did. Horace says father and I led him first into them.

[THE END.]

EDUCATIONAL.

NELL GWYNNE.—You had better not go out as a hospital nurse, having no taste for the work. It is unnecessary, as you can earn your living in a way you prefer, and the former is arduous work. The salary you now receive is small; but as you seem happy with the children, you had better not leave, unless to obtain a considerable addition to your means. Remember how severely trying to the health the life of a hospital nurse is. Do not give up your present situation to return home, unless on account of your mother's ill-health, as it is difficult to resume work after giving it up; and in your case it appears unwise to add to your father's burdens unless absolutely unavoidable.

M. N. W.—Write to the secretary of the London Society for the Extension of Teaching, 22, Albemarle Street, W. This society has numerous centres in different parts of London for women's instruction. Fair people will find blue, green, dark crimson and lilac becoming; also blue-greys. Dark people look well in gold colour, old gold, reds and crimsons. Red-haired people in light blues and greens, blue-greys, and black.

BOTANY.—You cannot press berries. Tuberculated roots should be cut in half, and then pressed in botanical blotting-paper.

ART.

LENT LILY.—We think it essential for you, as an amateur, and not attending any art classes, to visit the galleries and make yourself familiar with the various styles of modern artists. The exhibition of lady artists at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours would show you what our women are producing. We also advise you to make notes in your catalogue. 2. If at a loss to give a new dish for a light supper, you might get some laver from a fishmonger's, fry some eggs in butter, and having placed them along the inside walls or sides of a hot pudding-dish (or round the rim of a flat dish), put the laver into the frying-pan, stir it well till quite hot, and lay it in the middle of the dish inside the border of eggs, and serve very hot. In the same way you could make slices of dressed beetroot; cover and toss them in olive or walnut oil in a frying-pan, arrange them in a dish (as you did the eggs), and place poached eggs in the middle, adding a little pepper in each case, and serve very hot, sending in a lemon for those who may like the addition of the juice. These light dishes might be fancied by persons of small appetite.

AMATEUR.—There are many girls' clubs for painting, such as you require, as the A.B.C. Drawing Club, Miss Laura Blackall, "The Vicarage," Earl's Colne, Essex; Critic: D. D. Westmacott, Esq., 1, Kensington Gate, Hyde Park, W.; the Bathwick Painting Society, Miss Shaw-Hellier, 4, Widcombe Crescent, Bath; or the Wychwood Amateur Club, Miss Ravenor, Witney, Oxon, all of which give prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WELL-WISHER.—Write to the Alexandra Hospital for Children, 18, Queen Square, London, and they will no doubt be glad to have your aid in dressing dolls. Better send one or two as specimens to show what you can do. Try sponging the grease-marks with benzine. What you say about the lizards is interesting; but what you call their "gloves" is simply the skin of the feet that they, like serpents, shed at certain times in the year. The whole body peels in the same way.

ETHEL.—We could not encourage you to hope for a sale of silkworms' eggs unless to a private friend. Besides, there has been so much disease amongst them, that, to render them worth purchase, the moths themselves should have been seen, and the locality whence they came well attested.

AN ADMIRER.—A special marriage license in lieu of the calling of "banns" costs £5; an ordinary license when banns are published costs ten shillings only. These are to be obtained at the office of the registrar of the district. Twenty-four days' notice is required from persons marrying at a registry office, and the fee amounts to about £2. It should be the man, not the woman, who procures and pays for the license.

KATHLEEN.—The qualifications of a companion are good health and temper; a knowledge of music, singing, needlework, and embroidery; some knowledge of books and literature, and a general adaptability to the circumstances around her, which would probably be explained by the phrase, "an obliging disposition"; she should be a good reader, write well, and express herself well. The situation is difficult to obtain, and you must either advertise or answer advertisements; and also find a good inquiry office where your name can be entered.

ERICA.—It may be that gout, not rheumatism, is the complaint from which your mother suffers. This a medical man could decide. Abstinence from butcher's meat is found most desirable in either case. A farinaceous diet—soup, fish, or fowl, in turn, with it; and vegetables should be substituted. Lentil soups are good, preserved Indian corn, and haricot beans (soaked, before boiling, all the previous night), served with butter and pepper, and a little chopped parsley. 2. Begin by making the child hold his pen properly.

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I FOUND A BRIGHT SPRING.

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"IT SANG ITS SWEET SONG."

I FOUND A BRIGHT SPRING.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

I FOUND a bright spring gushing out from the hill,
And it seemed to be showing its own merry will;
Escaped from its bondage within the hard earth,
It was full of its mischief, and frolic, and mirth.

And I fancied I heard it exclaim as it rose,
"I'll make a gay fountain! how high, no one knows!"
So it sprang from the bosom that gave it its life,
To fall again headlong in trouble and strife.

'Twas battered and broken, but wilful no more,
As humbly it crept o'er the bright pebbled floor;
No longer it sought like a fountain to rise,—
God's will was its channel, if all should despise.

So down to the valley, though boulders were high,
Though thickets were tangled and no one came nigh;
Through briar and bracken, a hard, stony way,
Through many dark shadows it flowed to obey.

And was it unhappy as gliding along?
Without intermission it sang its sweet song,
And seemed to sing loudest when roughest its course,
For obstacles woke it to life and new force.

And so it flowed onward, still onward, until
It seemed to be lost at the foot of the hill;
But green grass and lilies, forget-me-nots blue,
All told it still lived, although hidden from view.

Fair picture of life! at first wilful and wild;
God checks it, and guides it, and makes it His child:
His will is its channels, until amid bowers,
Though lost to our sight, it is seen in new flowers.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FAREWELL.

ON the following morning Aldyth found her mother looking white and worn, and in response to her daughter's anxious questioning she confessed that she had hardly slept at all during the night. Yet she was not to be persuaded to rest longer in bed. She was eager to rise, and throughout the day she showed a restlessness and irritability which was trying to those about her, but was not to be wondered at in one upon whom such heavy trouble had fallen.

In the afternoon Aldyth, who had been packing a hamper of flowers for the benefit of her girl-friends at Whitechapel, wished to convey it to the railway station. It was a lovely autumn afternoon, so she proposed that her mother and Gladys should accompany her for the drive, and they should make a long round to Woodham, where she would leave them to return home in the care of old John, as she wished to call at her aunt's.

"But how will you get home if we go on in the carriage?" asked Gladys.

"Oh, I shall have a cup of tea with auntie, and then walk home," said Aldyth.

"Walk!" exclaimed Gladys, "all that long, *dull* road!"

"Oh, I shall not keep to the road," said Aldyth; "there is a shorter way across some fields. It is a pleasant walk, and I shall enjoy it this evening."

"What, all alone!" said Gladys. "I should be scared to walk by myself in the country."

"That is because you are not used to the country," said Aldyth. "I can assure you the open fields have no terrors for me."

"But you will be very tired; surely it will not be wise of you to do so, Aldyth," said her mother, feeling more reluctance to the idea than she could easily have accounted for.

"I am not afraid of fatigue," said Aldyth. "I have often walked here from Woodham—sometimes with Guy, sometimes by myself. You will see I shall come in as fresh as a daisy."

Aldyth had set her heart upon having a talk with her aunt, and she was not disposed to lightly relinquish her plan. Mrs. Stanton looked annoyed, and talked about remaining at home herself, in which case Aldyth would have felt constrained to keep her company. But in truth Mrs. Stanton was longing to escape for a while from the house where her consciousness of the hidden will seemed an intolerable oppression. No doubt after a while this nervous, restless feeling would pass, and she would cease to dread self-betrayal, or that strange reluctant impulse to confession which came to her in Aldyth's presence. But whilst she felt thus, it was impossible to sit inactive in rooms in which she had no right to sit. The long drive offered a relief which she could not reject, so she let Aldyth persuade her to get ready, and took her place in the carriage, whilst Aldyth arranged some cushions for her comfort, with more than ever of the air of a banished queen.

It was a pleasant day, and to Aldyth, whose heart had a burden which no one could share, the calm, restful beauty of the autumn day was soothing. Every peaceful country scene on which her eyes fell had its preciousness for her. Here the last load of a late harvest was being lifted, but for the most part the stubble-fields lay white and bare, surrounded by the green pastures; here was a cottage orchard, with its gnarled trees bowing beneath a weight of rosy apples; there was an old moss-grown well, with its bucket and pulley; and there a woman whose bees had swarmed in a neighbouring elder-tree, and who was endeavouring to attract them to a hive by means of a jingling performance with a key and a frying-pan.

This last sight made Gladys laugh; but her mother looked on everything with a melancholy, indifferent gaze.

"How dreary this flat landscape is!" she said once; "nothing to be seen but fields and windmills!"

Aldyth alighted at the railway station, and having consigned her hamper to the care of the station-master, walked up the town towards her aunt's cottage. But as she approached the Blands' house, Mrs. Bland smiled and beckoned to her from the bow-window, and it was impossible to pass without a word. The house-door could always be opened from the outside. Aldyth opened it, and stepped in without ceremony.

"All alone?" she said, as she kissed

her old friend; "how strange you must feel without one of the girls!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bland. "Gwen thought I ought to keep her home for half a term, to bear me company, and deemed me a hard-hearted parent because I would not listen to her suggestion. But I do not approve of broken work."

"And what news of the others?" asked Aldyth.

"Oh, fairly good," said Mrs. Bland. "Kitty seems to be enjoying herself very much, and she says Hilda is a little brighter. They are at Dinan. When they wrote they had been to see the ruined castle in which 'the Lady of La Garraye' lived. Kitty has been reading the poem, and seems much impressed by it. I was surprised at the way in which she wrote. It was as if Kitty and Hilda had changed places. Hilda says little in her letters, poor child. I fancy she would be sorry for me to think she was at all more cheerful. If I can find Kitty's letter you shall read it."

Mrs. Bland rose to hunt for Kitty's letter amidst the papers on her writing-table. At that moment Aldyth, seated by the window, saw John Glynne walk down the street. The girl was thankful Mrs. Bland's back was turned as she felt the colour rush into her face. That sudden thrill was followed by a deep sense of disappointment and depression. He was gone in the opposite direction to that she was taking; there was no likelihood of her seeing him, and in a day or two at the latest he would leave Woodham.

Mrs. Bland failed to find Kitty's letter, and Aldyth left without seeing it. In a few minutes she was at her aunt's. Miss Lorraine welcomed her with a little air of excitement.

"What a pity you did not come a few minutes earlier!" she said. "Mr. Glynne was here. He asked after you. I think he would have liked to say good-bye to you."

Aldyth grew white. She could say nothing under the grasp of disappointment. Fate was hard upon her. If she had not seen Mrs. Bland at the window and gone into her house, she would have arrived in time to greet John Glynne. And it seemed to Aldyth at that moment that it would have been worth a great deal just to have said good-bye to him.

If Miss Lorraine noted the quick change of Aldyth's expression, she did not appear to do so. She chatted on with her usual volubility. There are times when it is convenient to have a companion with a faculty of small talk. Such a one is satisfied with the least modicum in the way of response.

"I can see that Mr. Glynne feels leaving Woodham," said Miss Lorraine. "He said he could hardly expect to meet with such kind friends anywhere else. Indeed, I do not think he likes leaving England at all; but it is for the sake of his mother he has accepted the appointment. It will make things easier for her, he says; and she has not been at all strong lately. I am sure I do not know how she will bear parting with him; but there is another brother, you know, who will be at home to take care of her."

"Yes," said Aldyth, faintly, as her aunt looked towards her.

"Mr. Glynne is very fond of his mother," continued Miss Lorraine. "If I were not already convinced of it, I should have known he was a good man, by the way in which he spoke of his mother this afternoon."

"When does he leave?" asked Aldyth, as her aunt paused to take breath.

"Leave Woodham? To-morrow morning, and he sails at the end of the week. But, Aldyth, if you are to walk home before it gets dark, we must have tea at once." And Miss Lorraine summoned the little housemaid by a vigorous pull of the bell.

In half an hour Aldyth was on her way home. She was one to enjoy a long, brisk walk; but now her sweet, calm face had a weary look, and her step was less elastic than usual. She had started forth a few hours earlier with no definite hope in her heart, but she was bearing back with her an unmistakable weight of disappointment and pain. She did not attempt to analyse her feelings; she did not own to herself that mighty love had laid his spell upon her—love at which she had laughed—which had seemed to her more than half a folly as she had seen it influencing the life of another. She only knew that a shadow had fallen on her heart, that some scarce-defined hope had died, and that life had lost the brightness it wore for her a little while ago.

She had passed out of the road, and was pursuing her way through a deep grassy meadow by the side of a stream, with round bushy pollards growing on its banks. Behind her lay the little town, its red roofs, old church tower, and the broad stretch of water, dotted with sails, forming a fair picture in the clear evening light. No sound broke the stillness save the scarce perceptible ripple of the stream, and the occasional hoarse croaking of a frog. The peace, the solitude was welcome to Aldyth. But as she stepped round the trunk of a large ash-tree that made a break in the path, she perceived that she was not alone in her enjoyment of the place and the hour. On the rude stile before her, with a book on his knee, which he was not reading, sat John Glynne.

It would be difficult to say which was the more surprised. Aldyth was conscious of an agitation which she could not at once control. She felt that she was blushing and trembling as he sprang down and advanced to meet her. But she saw a bright look of pleasure in his eyes as he smiled on her and said, with all the old friendliness—

"Miss Aldyth! I am glad! I thought I should have to leave Woodham without seeing you again."

"That would not have been my fault, Mr. Glynne," she could not help saying. "Wyndham is not at such a distance from Woodham as to make it impossible to visit a friend who lives there. Perhaps you do not know it, but you are almost half-way to Wyndham at the present moment."

"I know," he said, with a smile. "Well, I deserve that reproach; but, indeed, I could not persuade myself that I had any right to call on you in your new home."

"Any right?" repeated Aldyth, biting her lips to hide their trembling; "that is an unkind thing to say. What have I done that I must forfeit your friendship?"

It glanced through her mind that perhaps he blamed her for supplanting Guy at Wyndham. If only he could know what it had cost her to do so! Must the loss of his friendship be part of the price?

"Nothing. How could you suppose that I would willingly give up your friendship?" he said. "But there were reasons why it seemed to me that I should not seek you under your changed circumstances."

"What have my circumstances to do with it?" asked Aldyth, almost impatiently. "Do you think so poorly of me as to imagine that I must change with my circumstances?"

"I am far indeed from thinking poorly of you," he said, quietly.

"Then why," asked Aldyth, impetuously, "why did you hold aloof from me because I had inherited Wyndham? Does that make me any different from what I was before? Am I not the same girl I was when first you knew me?"

"No," he said, slowly; "you are not the same to me as when first I saw you."

Aldyth looked at him in wonder. She could not read his grave, set look.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in faltering tones. "How have I altered? Do you think I am elated at my new position? Oh, you mistake me indeed if you think so! It has brought me no happiness. I never needed a true friend more than I do now. But everyone disappoints me."

Her last words dealt a wound to Glynne. It cost him an effort to reply calmly.

"Now you are mistaking me," he said. "When I said that you were not the same to me, I did not mean that you had changed—far less that you were not worthy the highest reverence man can pay woman. It is my feeling that has become—it is because——"

His tones had grown unsteady. He checked himself abruptly. Glancing at him, Aldyth saw with alarm that he had grown pale, and was under the influence of some emotion which made self-control difficult.

"You cannot understand," he continued, after a moment, finding his words with difficulty; "and how can I explain? Of course I might have made a conventional call on you, like any ordinary acquaintance. Doubtless you have a right to reproach me for a breach of courtesy; but I shrank from it—you were more to me. And you must remember that though no change of circumstances can affect you, it makes a difference in the minds of others; it makes people judge things *differently*."

As he spoke in broken, hesitating fashion, there dawned on Aldyth a perception of his meaning. Her face

grew crimson, then white. She would have spoken, but what could she say? Words came to her lips, but it was impossible to utter them. Quick thoughts, visions of her mother, her sisters, passed before her mind. She felt like one bound and fettered. It seemed long, but it was but a few moments that they stood in silence, the words that had been spoken vibrating in the consciousness of each. He must have known that she understood him now; but the words he had uttered were followed by none of similar purport. He roused himself, and said, with an abrupt change of manner—

"I must not detain you longer. Will you let me walk with you the rest of the way?"

Aldyth made a sign of assent, and they passed on into the next field. She could hardly have told whether she were happy or wretched. There was a strange mingling of sensations within her, and she had but a confused apprehension of the remarks he was making or the green meadow-path they followed. Now a bramble caught her dress, and he stooped to detach it; now he gathered for her a cluster of crimson berries from the mountain ash, and now some yellow marguerites, whilst they talked as best they could on ordinary topics. But presently this pretence at conversation failed, and the last field was crossed in silence.

"You will come in and see my mother and Gladys?" said Aldyth, as he halted at the gate of Wyndham.

"I must ask you to excuse me to-night," he said. "I should like to make your mother's acquaintance, but not to-night. It pleases me to think that you have your mother with you now. Your long-deferred hope is fulfilled at last.",

"Yes, at last," said Aldyth.

"You will be happy—I pray God you may be happy!" he said fervently. "And now I must bid you good-bye—till we meet again."

"You are going away—so far," faltered Aldyth; "I shall never see you again."

"Do not say 'never,' I cannot bear that word," he replied. "Some day—if I live—I shall come back. Do not make things harder for me. You cannot know how stern the duty seems that bids me go."

"Duty seems stern to me too," Aldyth said, with a quiver in her voice, whilst tears dimmed her vision. She could not utter a good-bye, but she gave him her hand. He held it in his for a few moments, then released it and turned away without another word. She could not move from the spot. She stood gazing after him till his figure grew indistinct in the gathering gloom. She could just see that he turned and looked back at the end of the path. She waved her hand. Could he see the movement? Probably not, for the next instant he was gone, and only the creeping grey mist met her gaze.

She moved on with slow, heavy step, and before her, in dim outline, with the grey mist gathering about it, stood Wyndham Hall.

Her inheritance—her home! But there was no joy in the thought. Regret filled her heart, stirred by a vision of what "might have been."

"Oh," she sighed to herself, "how I wish uncle had made another will!—how I wish it were not mine!"

But quickly followed the reflection that in that case things would have been harder for her mother. She could not wholly regret that which gave her such power to comfort and cherish her mother.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

It was not surprising that Mrs. Stanton should seem sorely depressed after the arrival of the mail from Australia. The news it brought was of the worst. The bankruptcy of the large mercantile house was utter; nothing could be saved from the wreck for the widow and children of the senior partner. They might console themselves with the thought that they were not the only sufferers. Upon everyone connected with the business loss had fallen, and it most cases it meant ruin. It was easy to find cause for blame, and public opinion did not spare the principals. Mrs. Stanton might count it a fortunate circumstance that the broad seas now separated her from the social circle at Melbourne which had formerly courted and flattered her.

Aldyth could not wonder that her mother shed many tears over the letters which told all that could be told of her husband's last hours, and gave particulars of the interment. She could comprehend her mother's nervousness and irritability, the evidence of sleepless nights and wearing emotions; but she could not understand the aversion her mother seemed to have conceived for Guy Lorraine. That gentleman made his call at the Hall not long after his introduction to Gladys. On the first occasion Mrs. Stanton declined to see him, but Guy, considering himself one of the family, came again and again, bent on making himself agreeable, and eager to be of service to the new residents, so that it was not easy for Mrs. Stanton to avoid him. She sat on thorns whilst he was present, and his departure was the signal for an outbreak of bitter comments on his dulness, awkwardness, and general lack of social graces. Yet she always maintained an outward show of cordiality towards him; indeed, it seemed to Aldyth that her mother was especially careful to fail in no courtesy with regard to Guy, and she interpreted this as a sign that her mother shared her regretful consciousness of the loss her inheritance had involved for Guy.

Gladys was ready enough to raise a laugh at Guy's expense, yet his visits were not disagreeable to her. It pleased her to play off upon him her most fascinating airs with a result highly gratifying to her vanity. He had been struck with admiration at the first sight of her, and he readily succumbed to her fascinations. Ere Hilda Bland returned to her home he was utterly, hopelessly enslaved by his new charmer. The fire kindled within him was, as Aldyth was quick to perceive, no spurious flame. He was genuinely in love at last, and Aldyth could almost pity him, little as he deserved pity, for she saw no hope of his wooing successfully. It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Stanton would allow her pretty Gladys to wed a mere farmer.

Yet Mrs. Stanton did not discourage the intimacy to the extent Aldyth expected. She was fretful with her daughter when she showed a preference for Guy's society; but she did not endeavour to prevent their meeting. Gladys would have found her days dull at Wyndham but for his frequent visits. There were few other visitors during the early days of their bereavement. Mr. Greenwood, and his brother, the solicitor, came pretty frequently and were welcome guests, although their visits were ostensibly on business. The banker's large house in the High Street seemed grievously large and vacant to him without the wife who had made it so cheerful a home. Aldyth was a great favourite with him, and he was perhaps glad that his office of executor to Stephen Lorraine's will afforded him many pretexts for visiting her at Wyndham. The evenings spent in her pretty drawing-room, with three charming women exerting themselves for his entertainment, were a pleasant contrast to those he passed in dreariness at home.

The rides which Gladys took almost daily were her chief source of pleasure in this quiet season. Dearly as she loved the exercise, Aldyth could seldom accompany her, for her mother, shrinking more and more from being left to her own thoughts, constantly required her companionship. Aldyth was content to forego her own pleasure; it was so sweet to feel that her mother needed her. Meanwhile the pretty form of Gladys, mounted on Pansy—she nearly always rode Pansy—with a groom following on another horse, became a familiar sight at Woodham; for she loved the slight sensation she created when she rode down the High Street. Not seldom she returned from her ride accompanied by Guy, who was ever on the watch for a chance of meeting her. It vexed Mrs. Stanton to see her return so escorted; but if she gave expression to her annoyance, Gladys only laughed and told her mother not to be afraid, she knew what she was about.

"I do not think I am exactly the one to wed a country bumpkin," she said one day. "It would be different, would it not, mamma, if he had been the heir to Wyndham?"

It was an aimless shaft of satire, but it found a mark of which she little guessed. Her mother's face blanched; a spasm as of positive pain passed over it. Gladys saw and wondered. What had she said? Surely nothing worse than many of her careless speeches?

"It is not fair to call Guy a bumpkin," said Aldyth, who was present.

"Perhaps not," replied Gladys; "but he is a farmer, is he not? Can you fancy me a farmer's wife, with my sleeves turned up, making butter?"

"No, I cannot," said Aldyth, and laughed—it was impossible to take Gladys seriously—"but I do not think Guy will expect his wife to make the

butter; there are few farmers' wives who do that nowadays."

Mrs. Stanton breathed more freely as she heard their light talk. Had she betrayed herself? No, they could never suspect it; but the terrible pressure of her secret! At times it was insupportable.

Christmas was within hail ere Kitty and Hilda Bland came home. After their return from the Continent they had made a long stay in London. Hilda's health and spirits had revived somewhat amidst fresh scenes and acquaintances; but the coming back was a trial to her, and she would not nerve herself to bear it bravely. It would be hard to face her little world again, and hers was a nature that seeks to avoid hardship.

"Oh, Aldyth, I cannot live here!" she cried when first they met. "Woodham is hateful to me now. Do try if you can persuade mother that I should be better away. If only she would let me be trained as a nurse!"

"Would you really like that?" Aldyth asked.

"As much as I could like anything; it would be something to do."

"You would find it very hard work, I fear. Hilda, I have an idea in my head of some work in which you might help me."

"What is it?" Hilda asked, without much interest.

"There is a cottage half a mile from Wyndham, on the edge of the common. A gamekeeper used to live in it; but it has been empty some time. There are three good rooms below and above. I am thinking of putting it in thorough repair and converting it into a country home for my factory girls. It would do some of those poor overworked girls so much good to spend a few weeks in the country. I can rely on Mrs. Wheatley to find out those who most need it, and send them down to me. Now, do you not think it a good idea?"

"Yes, it is," said Hilda, without, however, manifesting any enthusiasm.

"I shall have to find a good motherly woman to take charge of the home," said Aldyth, too full of the matter to be chilled by Hilda's lack of interest. "Of course I cannot open it till the spring, but once started I see no reason why we should not have guests there nearly all the year round. There is a pretty little garden before the house, and ground enough behind to grow all the vegetables that will be needed."

Aldyth checked herself as she became aware that Hilda was paying no heed to what she said. They were seated in the bow-window of Mrs. Bland's drawing-room, and Hilda's attention was arrested by two riders who were passing the house. The painful flush which had risen in Hilda's face proclaimed the individuality of the gentleman.

"Who is that with him?" she asked, in a hurried whisper.

"Gladys, my sister," Aldyth said.

"Oh, Aldyth, what does it mean?" poor Hilda asked.

"Don't distress yourself," replied Aldyth. "Their being together has no particular significance, only, I will not disguise from you that Gladys' society has a strong attraction for Guy."

Hilda burst into tears.

"Oh, Aldyth, and you would have me stay at Woodham!"

After that it was not surprising that Hilda abandoned herself afresh to melancholy, sank back into a semi-invalid state, resolutely refused all invitations, and in a variety of ways tried the patience of her mother and Kitty.

It was a pleasure to Aldyth to welcome Nelly, and Cecil also for a few days, to her home at Christmas. Gwendolen Bland, too, was at home, and despite the distance of Wyndham Hall from Woodham, she and Kitty were often with Aldyth and her sisters. The girls made a lively party together. Gladys and Kitty took to each other and became good friends. They often rode together, dispensing with the attendance of the groom, which Mrs. Stanton insisted upon when Gladys rode alone. Mrs. Stanton was well pleased that Kitty should be Gladys' companion, for Kitty held herself haughtily aloof from Guy Lorraine, resenting his conduct towards her sister, so that despite his *sang froid* he could hardly thrust his company upon her.

The hunting season brought the girls a new excitement. Gladys was an accomplished and fearless rider, and Kitty not a whit behind her in daring. They set their hearts upon following the hounds. Mrs. Stanton expressed some disapproval, but did not forbid Gladys to hunt, perhaps being doubtful of her power to restrain her daughter from doing as she wished.

Mrs. Bland's consent was more difficult to win. She had a nervous dread of accident, and at first would not hear of such a thing. But in a weak hour the combined persuasions of Gladys and Kitty overcame her better judgment. She was induced to consent for "just this once," and after that Kitty contrived to follow the hounds as often as she desired. The two young ladies, Gladys charmingly equipped and fascinating all the gentlemen with her grace and spirit, were to be seen at most of the meets in the neighbourhood.

Admiring comments on their riding reached the ears of their mothers, and even Mrs. Bland felt some pride, for which she afterwards bitterly reproached herself, in her daughter's bold horsemanship. She ceased to feel much fear, remembering how well the girls rode, and that they had promised to do nothing rash.

"This is the last time, mother; really the last time," cried Kitty Bland, one bright morning in February, as she came downstairs in her riding habit and hat and met her mother's reproving shake of the head. Her words were truer than she knew.

The sun was shining in at the bay-window, but the air outside was sharp with frost, and Hilda with a woollen shawl about her shoulders was hanging over the fire. A warm colour glowed in Kitty's face. The cold only exhilarated her. She looked so fresh and strong and glad as she stood at the window, impatiently flourishing her whip, eager to be in the saddle and off.

"I wish you would shut the door," said Hilda, in a pettish tone. "You never think that anyone else is in the room."

"All right; here's Gladys. I'm off now," cried Kitty. "Good-bye!"

Hilda hardly took the trouble to respond. She had risen in a miserable humour, but had anything been needed to complete her dissatisfaction the mention of Gladys would have been enough. It annoyed her to hear the girl's merry tones greeting Mrs. Bland, who stood at the door to watch Kitty mount.

"We shall have a lovely run; the day is perfect," Gladys said. A burst of merry laughter followed some remark of Mrs. Bland's, and then the girls moved off. Hilda saw them pass the window, for the meet to-day was at an old manor farm, "down the Hundreds." A low moan escaped her.

"Some girls have everything that heart can wish," she said to herself. "It is good to be Kitty. She is for ever off to some pleasure or other. She has never known a trouble; if she had she might understand my feelings."

Ere the day was over Hilda recalled these thoughts with bitter pain. A terrible shock roused her from her self-absorption; for three hours later Kitty was carried insensible across the threshold of her home. Her horse had fallen with her, and she was seriously injured—how seriously could not yet be ascertained; but her condition was such as gave rise to the worst fears.

Aldyth learned the news an hour later, when Gladys, white and shivering, came home attended by Guy, who had been at hand when the accident happened, and had rendered all the service in his power.

Gladys was too shocked and confused to give a clear account of what had happened. "I only know that the hounds were in full cry, and we were tearing after them. I saw a fence—it was not very high—and I never thought of there being a ditch the other side. 'Come, Kitty,' I cried, 'we can do this,' and went for it. I fancy some one called to me to stop."

"I shouted to you," said Guy. "I thought you must be mad to go at it like that."

He wished he could recall the words when he saw Gladys' face become convulsed with grief. He would not willingly have added to her pain.

"I was mad," she sobbed, hysterically. "I was wild with excitement; I felt no fear even when I saw what a leap it was Pansy was taking. But the next moment there was a crash, a cry, and I saw that Kitty's horse had fallen in the ditch, and she was beneath him. Oh, the horror of it! I can never forget it. She looked like death when they lifted her."

"Oh, do not say so!" implored Aldyth. She turned to Guy in an agony of fear. "It is not so bad as that? She will recover?"

"God grant she may," he murmured, more moved than she had ever seen him. "But—it was enough to kill her."

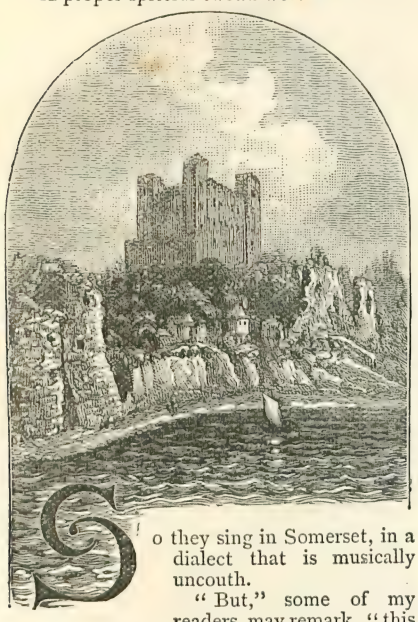
And that was all the comfort Aldyth could glean from them.

(*To be continued.*)

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND BEAUTY.

By MEDICUS.

"A HORNET zat in a hollow tree,
A proper spiteful twoad were he."



So they sing in Somerset, in a dialect that is musically uncouth.

"But," some of my readers may remark, "this is surely a strange way of commencing a health-sermon to girls."

True, and yet I cannot quite help it. Listen, and I will endeavour to explain the *raison d'être*.

On this bright June morning, then, imbued with the very best of intentions, I left home, portfolio under arm, and took my way towards my distant woodland study, in order to write this identical health-sermon. Here, seated under the green shade of a great oak tree, with no sound to be heard that could distract my attention, I could give to my subject all the attention its importance merits. The walk itself should give me ideas; the wild flowers by the wayside—the roses on the hedgerows, the sweet-scented honeysuckle, the purple, trailing vetches, the tall, crimson foxgloves, that rear their heads high above the feathery ferns, the yellow of the creeping trefoils, the bright red of the silenés and white of fragrant clover—all should suggest me thoughts. My article should be redolent of these, as bright as the sky above is blue, as bright as the bird-songs—linnet on the thorn-tree, lark against the snowy clouds—yes, it should be in all respects worthy of the beaming eyes that should glance on it.

I got seated at last under my favourite oak, I was sharpening my pencil, and listening with a contented smile on my noble countenance to the purring of the turtle doves in a neighbouring spruce thicket, and the melodious fluting of a blackbird among the brambles. All was peace around me; so still was the wood that I could hear a mole stirring in the long green grass on my right, and, miles adown the valley yonder, the bleating of the farmers' sheep. Suddenly the bark of a dog caused me to look up, and lo! I beheld—a hornet, or something that looked very like one.

She—yes, it was a lady—was coming mincingly along up the hill towards the wood, slowly, mind you. Oh, she could not have walked quickly to save her sweet and precious life. She was what is called "fashionably dressed," high hat, high shoulders, high heels, but no waist, and she carried a cane—I daresay she needed its support. It was exceedingly rude of me, no doubt, to dub this young lady, in my own mind, Lady Hornet. But I could not help it. And she turned my thoughts to the prevailing and somewhat ridiculous style of dress. I do not think that I stand alone in condemning it. But I do so from a health point of view. I am not vain enough to imagine that anything I have to say can go far to stem the tide of fashion. But every little word from a medical man helps, and from all I read and hear this prevailing fashion will yield ere long to common sense, and a due appreciation of what is really the beautiful.

Probably one of the greatest evils of tight-lacing lies in the fact that healthful breathing is thereby rendered an impossibility. The girl, dressed like my Lady Hornet, breathes but with one half her lungs, if, indeed, with so much as that. The blood is thus insufficiently aerated, and therefore she can possess neither health, strength, nor beauty. No, I will not retract even the word "beauty." Can true beauty exist where the nerves are starved? No, for every muscle and organ in the body is in this case rendered feeble. The muscles of the cheeks in particular are rendered loose and flabby. Though it may not be perceptible to the girl herself, they lack the fulness and rotundity of health. I say this much without fear of contradiction, that there is no good-looking girl who laces tightly who might not be ever so much more beautiful if she did not.

But here comes Lady Hornet and her dog, nearer and nearer. My Newfoundland growls at her collie, to warn him off; she raises her fragile cane, which, curiously enough, has *pince nez* glasses attached, and through these "peers" into the shade where I am sitting. Made aware thus of my presence, she starts slightly, but immediately recovers, stoops to cull a wild flower, then quietly saunters off.

Lady Hornet is not bad looking. I had eyes enough in my head to see that, but delicate in face and complexion. No rich red blood mantling there, and no heathful sparkle in those languid eyes. Lady Hornet was out for a constitutional, without doubt, and a deal of good it would do her.

But some girls, I am aware, take exercise—often too hard—in gymnasiums in loose attire, and wear loose attire also in the house, lacing only to go out. What do I say to this plan? I say bluntly, but honestly, that I condemn hornetism, if indulged in only half an hour a day.

Well, now, I promised in my last paper to give my indulgent readers some hints that would enable them to prevent beauty from being too evanescent, and that the advice should be rational. I am not sorry, however, that Lady Hornet should have given me the opportunity of saying a few words concerning and against irrational dress.

I have called my present paper, as you see, "Health, Strength, and Beauty," and I may safely say that no one who does not possess the two former qualities can be heir to the latter.

And first as regards health. There is no occasion for me to recapitulate the laws that enable those in health to retain that blessing. Unluckily, few of us take sufficient care of ourselves, until we have once been really and seriously ill, or have become chronically ailing.

As regards the regaining of health, it is obviously beyond my power to lay down rules here, as its loss is occasioned by so many different causes. However, I may remark that a patient or one who is ailing may do very much for herself that the doctor cannot do. He has no time to listen to details of minor aches and feelings of discomfort, most of which lie, perhaps, in the imagination of the sufferer, and it is as well he should not be compelled to listen to such matters. But an invalid should remember that to avoid fretting is to conserve the strength; and that to a very great extent. Surely this stands to reason, for if care and worry can weaken the nerves of even healthy people, it must certainly prevent sick people from getting speedily well.

Now there are two kinds of fret; first, that which is exhibited towards those around you, and secondly self-fret. The first is the most injurious, because it exhausts the patience of the invalid's friends, and prevents her from receiving the same amount of love and attention she otherwise would. Study to avoid this, then; determine to resist the temptation to complain to those around you of your sufferings. Keep a smiling face if possible; if you do so you will get well in half the time. As to self-fret: when one is all alone it is hard to keep from grieving over one's condition; yet I believe it is in the power of most invalids to change the tenor of their thoughts, and to think of things pleasant rather than the reverse. Besides, we should bear in mind that fretting is a sin against Providence and against nature as well. Against Providence, because Heaven has the right to afflict us, and it is always with a good purpose; and against nature, because fretting weakens the body. When left alone for a time the invalid does well to read, because this keeps the thoughts, for the time being, in the same even channel, and thus prevents the nerves from being racked by the mind changing every minute to some new subject.

Again, the invalid should not give in easily to illness. Keep up; you never know what you can do till you try. Endeavour to be contented too, remembering that you cannot get well all at once. On the other hand, do not imagine yourself well until you are so, and while remaining cheerful, yet, during convalescence, take every reasonable care of yourself, especially in the matter of food, and in guarding against cold and over-fatigue. This is plain and homely advice, I know, but nevertheless it is worth a good physician's fee to the invalid.

But now you are, let us say, in good health again—"in fine form," as athletes call it—what about the second part of our subject—strength? Young girls ought to be strong. It is not at all necessary that the biceps of a girl should stand out like those of the stroke-oar in a boatrace; but the muscles should be hard and firm. To obtain and retain this healthful muscularity there is nothing better than attendance at a gymnasium; or, failing this, there are plenty of other forms of calisthenic exercises that tend to strengthen the body and cause the healthful blood to mantle in the cheeks and the beauty sparkle to dwell in the eye. Parenthetically I may say that the reason calisthenic exercises have so great a power for good over the complexion is chiefly because the heart is itself a muscle, and if it is increased and strengthened instead of being allowed to remain flabby, it is enabled to pump out more blood to every organ of the body. This also accounts for the state of happy exhilaration experienced by people who are in good form.

I have only space to mention a few of the best gymnastic and other exercises that tend to increase the strength. I think, to begin with, that in each family there ought to be a small portable gymnasium. The apparata are

to be bought ready-made, and the good that accrues from their judicious use by young people is incalculable. Parents should think of it. But apart from this, we have dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Both must be used regularly day after day for a given time if they are to do any good. And they should be used according to rules. These will be found laid down in easily-procurable handbooks. The motions ought to be gone through with rhythm, and to music if possible. There is music for such exercises. One sister might take the piano, while the other takes the dumb-bells or clubs. Neither should be heavy; we should rather err on the side of lightness.

Then we have various outdoor exercises eminently calculated to keep up the strength to the health point. We have cycling for girls over fifteen, not under, rowing, riding, and various others that need not be named. The *sine quâ non* with all is, that they be taken with regularity and to the boundary of fatigue, but not beyond. Many games are exceedingly healthful; even the child's game of battledore and shuttlecock is not to be despised if engaged in by two or three girls at a time. As to cricket, this may be all very well for the very young; but further than this I dare not go in the way of recommendation.

Last, but not least, comes walking, not dawdling, like Lady Hornet, but good, honest, solid walking, and in easy attire. I hope to live to see the day when for walking exercise some modification of Japanese or Eastern dress may not be considered *outré*.

I fear I have left myself but small space to discuss the third point of my subject—beauty. Next month—once more with our Editor's permission—I hope to give a paper on "The Toilet," and I must leave many remarks about beauty till then. Meanwhile I would just say here that the principal points to be considered are figure, complexion, hair, eyes, and teeth. As regards the eyes, they cannot fail to look well if the health be good and the strength kept up to the mark. However, they are sometimes weak, and though it might not be credited, they may be affected by using too hard water, a too strong soap—soaps, by the way, are very often poisonously perfumed—or by the method adopted in washing the face, and by the temperature of the water.

Another thing one would do well to remember is, that a cheerful disposition has a wonderful effect for good, both on the eyes and on the complexion. I could explain this physiologically, only I see a shower sweeping up the valley, grey against the green of the wooded hills, and if I stay five minutes longer my manuscript will be all spotted with drops, so that the Editor will think I have been crying over it, which I certainly have not.

"Come on, Queen, good dog."

VARIETIES.

A Mistake in the Bible.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has bought, by means of a public subscription, the Fry Library of British Bibles, the finest collection in the world.

Here is a message from Dr. Wright, the Society's Editorial Superintendent:—

"The latest donation towards the purchase of the Fry Collection is one of the most interesting. Mr. S. Alfred Adler is the son of our Chief Rabbi, the eminent Dr. Adler. He is a very young boy, but a very constant reader of our English Bible. In reading Isa. xlviii. 13, he found the word 'roundation,' instead of 'foundation'—the letter 'r' having been put into the word by the compositor instead of the letter 'f.' The Chief Rabbi kindly drew my attention to the mistake.

"All our English Bibles are printed by the Oxford and Cambridge Presses, and by the Queen's Printer in London. Each has agreed to give a guinea for every mistake discovered in the copies which they print. The Bible in question had been printed by the Cambridge Press; and on receiving the guinea from Cambridge, I sent it to Master Adler, who now sends it to the fund for the purchase of the new collection. Many boys would have found a different use for an honorarium so honourably earned. He writes me as follows:—

"'* * * * I give with much pleasure the guinea which you so kindly sent me, to assist in such a good cause as the purchase of the Fry Library. I shall be very glad to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit the collection with my father. I am very pleased that I have been of some small service to you.

"'Thanking you again for your kind letter,

"'I am, yours respectfully,

"'S. Alfred Adler.'"

Epigram on my Altered Eyesight.

When I was young I was so shy
I seldom raised my downcast eye;
But though I never *looked*, I always *saw*
Succinctly.

Now I am old, my eyes I raise,
And freely on each object gaze;
But though I always *look*, I never *see*
Distinctly.

—*Sabilla Novello.*

A Tragic Chorus.—"The most painfully sublime chorus I ever heard," says Gluck, the famous musician, "was the simple cry of 'Bread! Bread!' uttered by a multitude in the streets during a time of famine."

The Woman and the Letter.

She took the letter in her hand,
The envelope she keenly scanned;
The address several times she read.
"I wonder who it's from?" she said.
"I know the writing very well,
But whose it is I cannot tell."
With curiosity she burned,
And straightway to the postmark turned.
"The postmark! that will end the doubt."
'Twas blurred she could not make it out.
A dark cloud o'er her visage stole,
And keenest anguish wrung her soul.
The address she again perused;
"Who can have written it?" she mused.
She could not with the problem cope,
And so she broke the envelope—
Her last resource, she had no better—
And then she knew who wrote the letter.

Old Maid's Work.—"As I know I'm never likely to have a home of my own, or a husband that would look to me to make all straight, or children to watch over or care for, all which I take to be woman's natural work, I must not lose time in fretting and fidgeting after marriage, but just look about me for somewhat else to do. I can see many a one misses it in this. They will hanker after what is ne'er likely to be theirs, instead of facing it out, and settling down to be old maids; and, as old maids, just looking round for the odd jobs God leaves in the world for such as old maids to do. There's plenty of such work, and there's the blessing of God on them as does it."

"*Libbie Marsh's Three Eras,*"
by Mrs. Gaskell.

The secret of Libbie Marsh's peace of mind, the real reason why she (the old maid) no longer feels oppressed at her own loneliness in the world:—She has a purpose in life; and that purpose is a holy one.

"*Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.*"

Sweet Content.

"All callings may be noble, and the one God calls us to is the noblest for us."

* * * *

"And so I learned that what makes any calling noble is its being commanded by God, and what makes anything good is its being commanded by God; and that contentment consists not in persuading ourselves that our things are the best in the world, but in believing that they are the best for us, and giving God thanks for them."

Ruth.

Not to the fool, or he who looks
On women but as gaudy books,
Where gilding takes the place of reason,
Or fashion makes their life a season;
Not to the worshipper of rules
Made by the world to govern fools,
Or him who makes himself a minion
Beneath that despot's sway—opinion;
But unto all who worship truth,
I do commend thee, artless Ruth.

Thy lips are sweet! Shall I tell why?
Those lips ne'er opened to a lie;
And round them dwells that simple grace,
The charm that consecrates thy face.
Thy mild yet fearless eye would brook
On dangers hideous self to look;
And though the serpent tongue might lurk
With double venom for its work,
Thou hast one friend to guard thee—Truth;
She maketh thee strong-hearted—Ruth.

And where thou lovest, thou dost love
With firmness nought on earth can move;
Like unto her whose name thou bearest,
Alike their joy or grief thou sharest;
Though poverty might cloud their day,
Though wanderers through a thorny way;
Their eyes thy light, their heart thy clime,
All evils thou wouldst dare; and time
Would find thee, in thy warm heart's truth,
Like her, their own devoted Ruth.

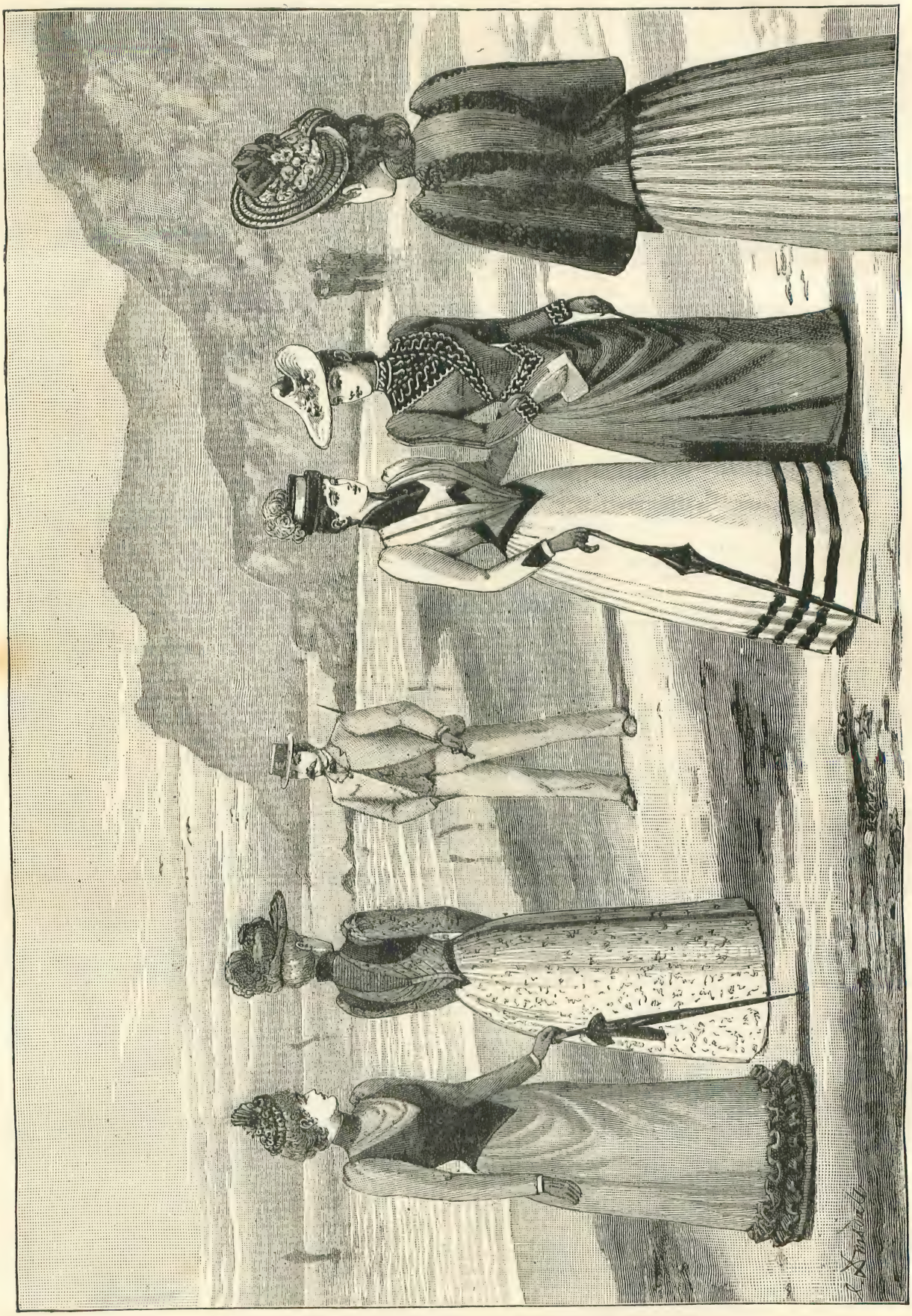
—*S. F. Adams.*

Killed by Music.—Deaths have sometimes resulted from listening to music. At the first grand performance of the Handel Commemoration, held in Westminster Abbey in 1784, Burton, a celebrated singer, was, at the commencement of the overture to "Esther," so violently agitated that, after lying in a fainting fit for some time, he expired. "At intervals he was able to speak, and only a few minutes before breathing his last he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had thus fatally operated upon him."

Full of Self.—So long as we are full of self we are shocked at the faults of others.

Girl's Own Paper, January 11th.
Little Dress.
Printer's Error.

Whenever 198 stitches occur, read 132; and instead of 55, read 54.



WARMER DRESSES FOR THE AUTUMN.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER"

BY THE SEASIDE IN SEPTEMBER.

One of the most curious of the fashions brought in by the summer season has been the wearing of very thin materials—silk, gauze, net, or *chiffon*—over thick materials, such as silk or satin. The whole dress is thus covered, the edge of the thin skirt being bordered with lace or a narrow flounce of the same gauze. The bodice is tightly covered with gauze, with full folds across the front of it, but the sleeves have a full puffing, or long bag-like covering of the thin material over the plain coat-sleeve of silk. Some of the nets used for this purpose have large spots on them, and are produced in black, white, or a colour. Black or white net or gauze is worn over colours; but gauze or net of the colour of the dress seems prettier, and as it may be had in every colour, most dresses may be matched. I was thinking, when looking at some of these pretty dresses the other day, that the idea would be a useful one to some of my readers who may possess light-coloured silks that they cannot wear out. It would be better not to use them for out-of-door wear—at garden parties, for instance, as the age and alterations would be sure to show in the clear light of day. Such dresses require to be quite new for that, but for the house I thought the idea a valuable one. The same idea might be carried out over sateen, though in this case I should not recommend too thin a gauze or grenadine to be selected.

Amongst the valuable fashions for the women of small means has been that of sleeves different from the rest of the dress, a very pretty style which we owe to the Tudor Exhibition. It should always be remembered, in putting in these sleeves, that the same material should also be applied to the collar, habit skirt, or the cuffs, so as to carry out the idea of the sleeves, and avoid the look of patchiness which the diverse character of the sleeves alone would give. A great help to making a seedy bodice look better also is the bias folds, put on from the shoulder to the waist or edge of the bodice across the front. These form a pretty addition to any plain bodice, and can be of the same material as the sleeves.

One change must certainly be chronicled in the season's styles, and that is in the increased adoption of brighter colours by women and girls of all ages, an excellent thing, according to the opinion of the medical world, which thinks that the colours of the dress and of the house we dwell in have much to do with our health of mind and body. But still, black remains in as much favour as usual, apparently,

and it is more than ever decorated with jet and steel, and draped in lace, gauze, or grenadine, and there are few women who have not one or two black dresses in their wardrobes. White has been more worn than usual, and at an afternoon fête one could count these pretty embroidered muslins and cambrics in the immediate range of vision by the score. No colour was worn with them, the belts at the waist being of white silk, and the bodices generally being made in the simplest manner.

The bodices most worn this season have been the tailor-made short round basque, which is so tight at the edge and so much boned that it almost seems to join the skirt. Many of these gowns have the breadths at the back gathered and hooked on to the back of the basque. Some bodices have a cord laid along the edge, and others have a twist of velvet or a *bouillon* laid beneath the close-fitting edge. Zouave jackets of all kinds, imitation and real, have been in high favour; generally they extend only from the shoulder seam to the seam under the arm, which proves a becoming style to slight figures, as they are imitated by braiding or passementeries laid on to look like braiding or guipure.

I have not found that alpaca has increased in favour much; and though it is an excellent material for wear, there is something about it at present which prevents it being a popular fancy. The spotted kinds, which ought to have been pretty, had such ugly spots on them that one selected the cheaper delaines in preference, which seems a pity, as good designers cannot be so difficult to get, and alpaca needs every advantage of design and colour.

The corselet bodice is one that I think will survive through the autumn and winter, as they are found very pretty and becoming, and will be more so in thick materials. The great prevalence of velvet sleeves has brought sleeveless jackets into use, which are made of the dress material, or else braided thickly over with silk and metallic cord and braid. The shape of jackets is gradually altering, and they are becoming much longer, and have straight fronts and no buttons visible. The edges of many of the newest jackets are cut up in tabs, and are braided in a fine pattern. But the capes with two frills and the V-shaped ones have been the most popular things, and it is only the prevalence of cold and rainy days that makes people turn to their jackets again. Many of the jackets for the seaside are of rough serge, with lapels turning back the whole length of the front.

I must now have a little chat on the colours that are prevailing, and will be, I fancy, the most worn through the autumn. First and foremost we have a real cherry colour, the like of which has not been seen for years; and a turquoise blue of much brilliancy, both of which are used for trimmings, panels, and bows, but not for whole dresses. The reds are some of them extremely pretty: aubergine, the French name for the egg-plant, instead of being a reddish purple is nearly a magenta; then there is Moorish red, Indian red, and Boulanger—a pure scarlet. In brown we find cocoa, walnut-shell, camel, umber, milky tea, and a pretty shade called Hindoo. Greens are generally very grey in tone, and are called by the various names of apple, tea, lime sap, shamrock, and endive; and greys are of extreme lightness, and are more akin to stone colour; two greys, jackdaw and black pepper, are more suited to mourning than to ordinary use. Yellows are pure and clear, such as lemon and canary. In purples we find a raspberry, and a colour just resembling red cabbage. There are a number of different tones of blue—turquoise, forget-me-not, and hepatica violet; while the darker blues are cornflower, French blue, and

THE JACKET BODICE OF TO-DAY.

LONG BASQUED JACKET
(PAPER PATTERN.)

gendarme. A great deal of crimson and pink is worn in all millinery, and I think it not unlikely that much will be worn during next winter.

I have gathered all the newest things I could collect together into the two sketches by the seaside, and they are so plainly drawn that everything may be gathered from them. The materials of the dresses are alpaca, flowered silk, white serge, ladies' cloth, and a striped homespun; this fairly represents the great variation in materials that one sees worn side by side. The two cloaks show the prevailing shapes which are principally displayed in sleeves. The paper pattern selected for the month is one of the new long jackets, which will be one of the winter and autumn fashions; although not shown, it fastens in front, but it is otherwise plain in cut and making; the revers may be of silk, watered silk, and may be either velvet or braided cloth. It is in eight pieces—revers, cuff, two sleeve-pieces, front, back, and two side-pieces. It would be equally suitable for the material of the dress if it is thick enough, or a ladies' cloth or tweed. But serge is not a good material for an outside jacket; as, however well it is made, it is sure to stretch and look bad before it is half worn out.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if packed in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

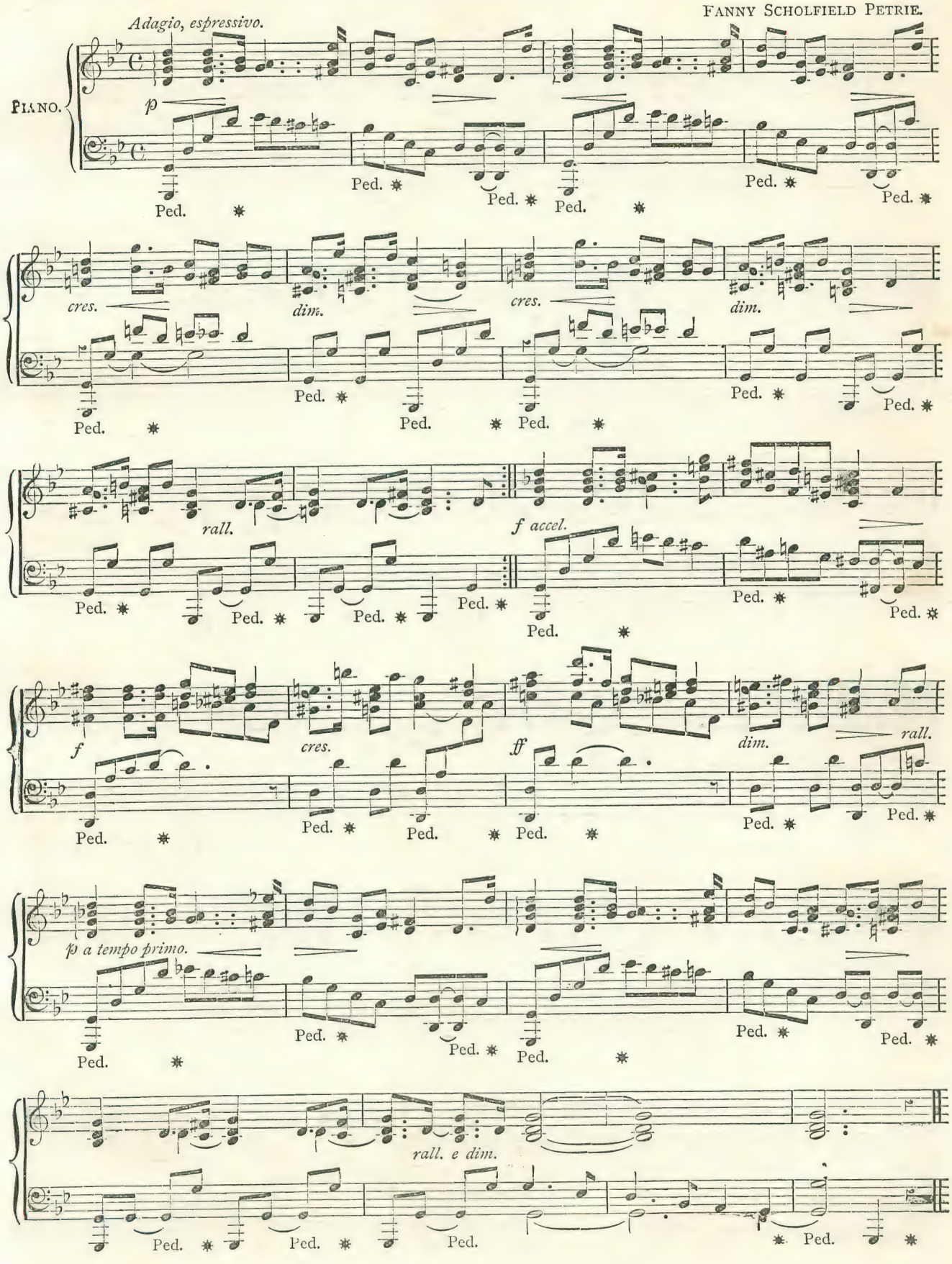
As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, and long basqued jacket.

GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

First Prize.]

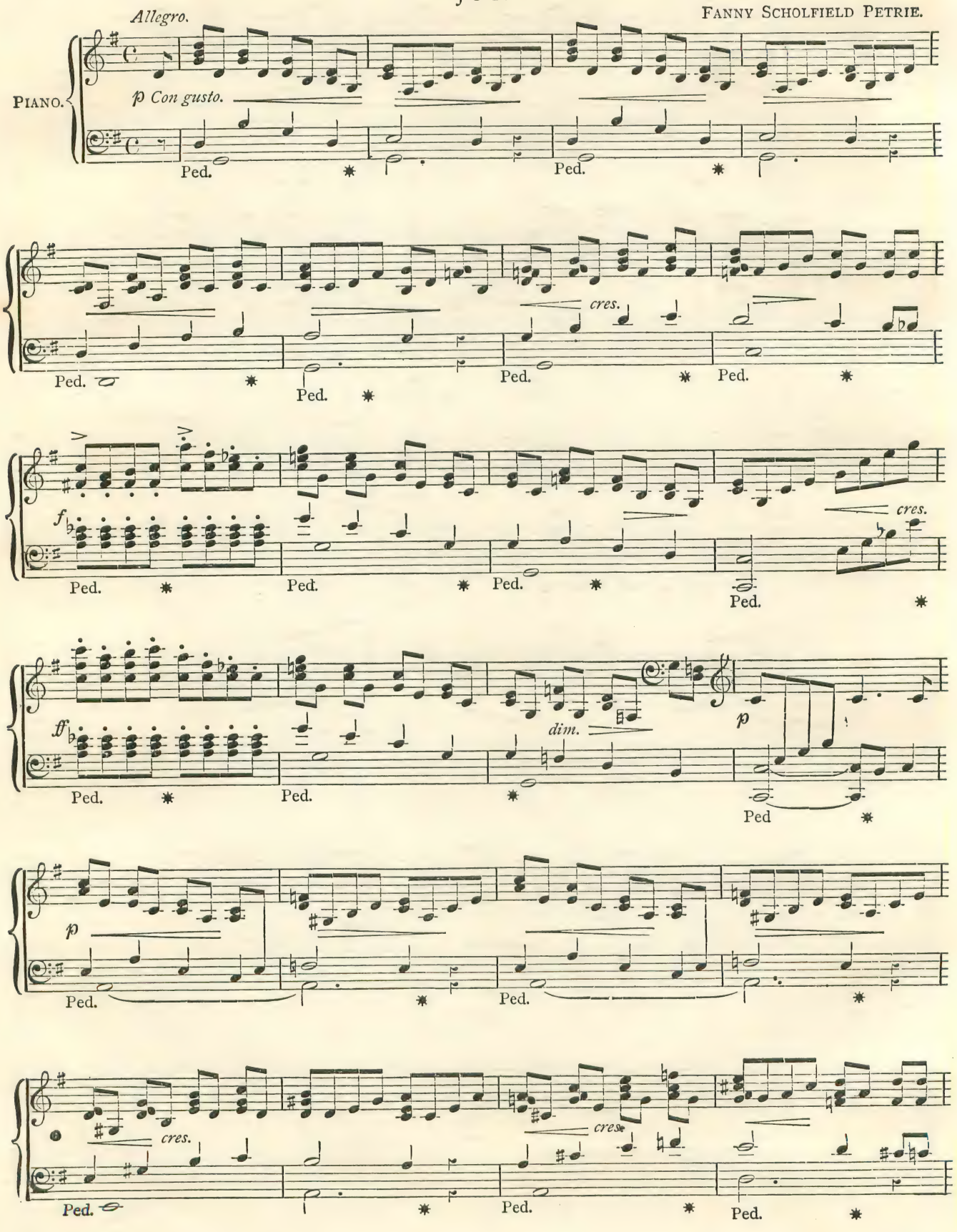
"SORROW."

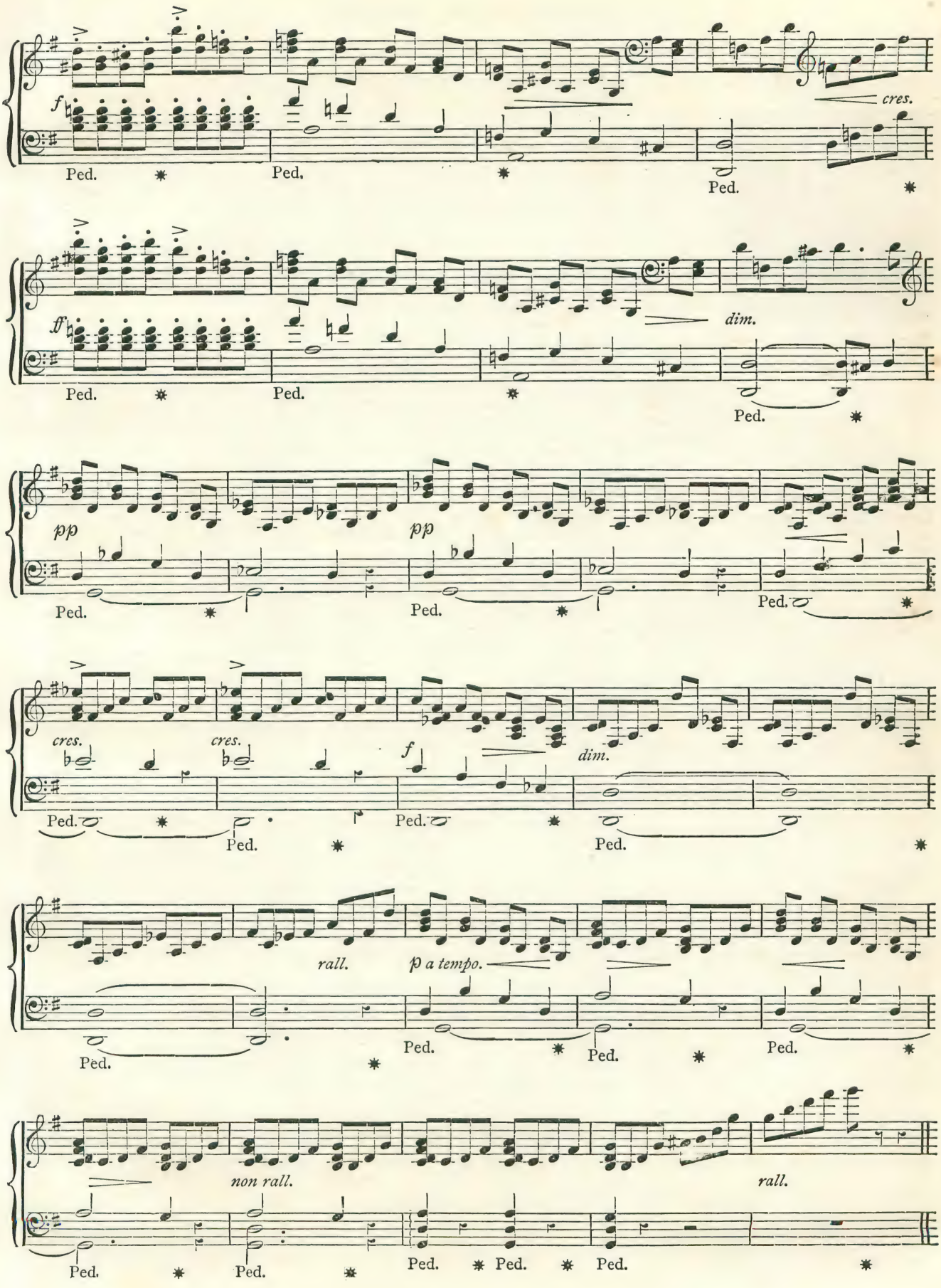
FANNY SCHOLFIELD PETRIE.



"JOY."

FANNY SCHOLFIELD PETRIE.

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"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEARCE AGAIN.

ISS DULCEY brought Mamy back herself. Weatherley had excused himself from remaining to tea on plea of work to be done, and Miss Dulcey had told him she would take the child home. Accordingly she encountered Belle not long after her separation from Mulready. In spite of her invectives against the curiosity of her sex, she had a good share of it herself, and wanted to know what the station-master had to say to her god-daughter.

Belle was setting the tea things when she went into the dining-room, and looked so bright and was so smartly dressed, that she emitted one of her long-drawn "Oh's." But Mamy diverted her attention by running up to Belle with—

"'Ook, Aunt Belle. Two Illies."

"Margaretta will spoil that child as she did her mother," said Miss Dulcey. "I've had to lug this bedstead, while Mamy carried a doll in each arm. She would on no account relinquish the old one. I like her for that. A broken-down old friend is preferable to a smug new one."

Miss Dulcey put down a magnificent doll's bedstead, duly curtained and furnished with spring mattress, etc., and Mamy was soon engaged in laying the "two Illies" between the bedclothes.

"Now tell me what brought Mr. Mulready," said Miss Dulcey.

"He only came to say good-bye. He is going away on a long holiday, and may not return to Orchardson."

"Was it the 'next-of-kin' that brought him, like Pearce?"

"He did not name the subject."

"Then what was it? Did he propose? Men are capable of anything, and have no modesty—nor women either, nowadays, for that much. The men say that the law of proposal is reversed. Perhaps you took the initiative?"

"Oh, Miss Dulcey!" said Belle, offended. "I assure you Mr. Mulready only came to wish us good-bye."

"Us? How long have you used the Royal plural pronoun? He knew there was only you at home."

Belle had no reply ready, and Miss Dulcey saw that she could not penetrate her secret if she had one. Indeed, she believed implicitly in Belle, and took it for granted that she spoke the truth, though she had all sorts of suspicions concerning Mulready. He had doubtless come forward because he knew of the American fortune, and had laid his plans to entrap Belle. Shrewd Miss Dulcey had her suspicions, and resolved to watch over Belle's interests in the absence of her father and brother. Still she liked Mulready, albeit he was only a station-master.

But she forgot him in a proposal she had to make to Belle. Miss Margaretta wished to be allowed to have Mamy for a short time on a visit. The child appeared to return the sudden love of this her great-aunt, and Miss Dulcey saw no reason why she should not go to the Court. Neither did Belle, though she was doubtful as to results.

"Margaretta says she will write to Fanny, and ask her to come back and take charge of her," said Miss Dulcey. "Her poor mother's doll's-house, toys, books, and general possessions remain in her old nursery, ready for a new generation. What a whirligig is time! It goes round and round, and comes back to the same place at last, only with a difference."

"I don't know what we shall do without Mamy," sighed Belle.

"What did you do before she came here?" asked Miss Dulcey.

They had forgotten Mamy's presence, who was listening to what they were saying, attracted by her own name.

"Mamy 'ike to see mamma's baby-house," she said, running up to Belle.

"And so we begin again just where the whirligig started thirty years ago," said Miss Dulcey.

"Charlie wishes the children to be friends with poor Amy's relations, and she shall be ready when Miss Weatherley appoints," added Belle, taking her little niece into her arms.

Thus it came to pass that Miss Margaretta had her wish, and, with the squire's consent, came to Castle Farm to fetch Mamy. All the household was at the door to see her off, and when Belle placed her in the carriage by the side of her great-aunt, she felt as if some sudden wrench had torn away part of life, and that this was the beginning of sorrows. But the novelty of change, the horses, servants, and above all, Miss Margaretta, consoled the other children; though Weatherley magnanimously declared that he would not leave Aunt Belle until his father came back.

"It is only for a visit," said Marjory, jumping into the carriage to give Mamy a last hug.

"Mamy tome back," said the child, looking at Belle, who had tears in her eyes, and holding out her arms.

"We are ready. Drive on, Larkins," said Miss Margaretta, with a meaning glance at Belle.

"She will soon come back; but I shall be miserable while she is away," whispered Marjory to Weatherley.

"Hush! don't let Aunt Belle hear you. She can't bear her going, but it is right," returned Weatherley. "Father wishes us to be friends with the squire, you know, and I am as much his lawful heir as grandfather is Jabez Dauncey's."

The house seemed very melancholy without Mamy, and Belle and Molly vied with each other in exclamations of regret, as they missed her pattering feet and pretty voice following them wheresoever they went. However, they were consoled when Miss Dulcey brought word the next day that Mamy was at the height of childish joy, surrounded by dolls and toys enough to set up a shop. She had driven to the Court on purpose to inquire.

"My brother is as great a goose as Margaretta," she said, "and thinks Mamy an angel. I don't wonder, for she might be her mother over again. Fanny is there, and as happy as a queen with the child. For my part, I like Marjory the best. She is so good and unselfish—like you, Belle. Did you ever think of self?"

"Those we love are part of self, and I am always thinking of them," replied Belle. "Oh, Miss Dulcey, if father and Charlie come back, this self will be the happiest self in the whole world. I wish Jabez Dauncey had never turned up to take them away from England. It is the uncertainty that kills. One mail brings hope, the next despair. I have lived years in the last three months, and peace seems to have fled from us altogether."

Certainly the events that had happened of late seemed to have come in a crowd. Charlie's illness, Mr. Dauncey's departure, Mr. Mute's visit to Orchardson, Mulready's leave-taking, Pearce's proposal, Mamy's invitation to the Court, succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity, and Belle felt as though her life had been suddenly changed.

She awaited the next mail with great anxiety. Although she kept her fears to herself, she dreaded the worst for Charlie. Her thoughts by day and her dreams by night were of him. Weatherley was her principal comfort and confidant, and they watched for the letter, half in hope, half in fear. It came, and its contents were startling indeed, as unexpected as extraordinary. It ran as follows:—

"Dearest Belle,—It is all upset. I am not the next-of-kin after all. The son and heir has turned up. There is no doubt about him. Messrs. Stint know him well, and so does everybody else. He arrived last night. I have not seen him. I am done for. I have ruined you all. You were right, and I had better have stopped at home. I am afraid I shall go out of my mind, for what with the disappointment and Charlie's health, and my own pig-headedness, my brains are in a whirl, and I scarcely know where I am. We shall come home at once; that is to say, as soon as it is safe for Charlie. I think he is better; he looks almost well sometimes, and the doctors seem hopeful. He says you are to let

the squire do as he likes with the children, for he doesn't know what may happen to him. He gets depressed sometimes, and this new event has floored him. No wonder, poor fellow! but it is all my fault. Everything is, and always has been. I made sure of the fortune, and was sure, until yesterday, when this young scapegrace came back. We shall go to the Union, for everything is virtually Pearce's. He may foreclose to-morrow; probably will when he hears that we have lost our game. He may turn us out of doors—out of doors, I say. Oh, Belle! what is to become of us? I have spent all my money, and must work my passage home. But Charlie is not strong enough for that. Pearce has supplied me on the strength of the next-of-kin. And after all, I am not the next-of-kin. That is not my fault, only part of my ill-luck. Charlie wants to add a postscript, so I will end.—Your unfortunate FATHER."

P.S.—"My dear ones. The dream of riches is over. It is God's will. We are in His hands, and if it please Him to take me to Himself and to Amy, you must not rebel. He has given me peace and prepared me. I hear that the real heir is a good fellow, and hope to see him to-morrow, and to lay our condition before him. Father is cast down by the sudden reverse, but adversity and prosperity are equally from the Lord. May God bless my darling children. I give them into your care to do what is best for them. I strive for resignation to the Divine will. Pray for it also, my best of sisters. You have been everything to us all. Let the squire provide for the children if he will. I know he will do what is right by them. My dear love to you all. Kiss Mamy and Marjory and Weatherley for their tender father. God bless you all for ever and ever. His peace passeth understanding.

"CHARLIE."

For a long time neither word nor sound succeeded the reading of this letter. Belle covered her face with her hands, and Weatherley put his arms around her. The boy spoke first—

"Aunt Belle, do you think father will live to come back? He must not—he cannot die out there."

"Our Heavenly Father knows best," said Belle, and a sob broke from her.

"Oh, Aunt Belle, we love him so! We have prayed for him so much. The good God will not take him away from us so far, far away!"

"Dear boy, life and death are in His hands."

Belle could say no more. The brave spirit gave way, and she burst into tears. Weatherley wept with her, and it was as if they could not be comforted. They gave no thought to the fortune; they only felt intuitively that those words, written in a half-illegible hand, might be the last the dearly-loved father and brother might ever write. But youth is hopeful, and Weatherley roused himself to give courage to Belle.

"Grandfather thinks him better. Perhaps next mail may bring another letter. Perhaps he may come home," he said, suppressing his own grief.

"We will hope and pray for it; may God have mercy upon us!" said Belle, folding the boy in her arms.

When Flo and Marjory came home from the Vicarage they were told only of the loss of the fortune, and that Charlie was no better. Belle would not depress them by her forebodings, though they, Flo especially, were sufficiently cast down by the collapse of all their hopes of prosperity. She inveighed against the innocent heir for appearing just as the "next-of-kin" was settled in her father's favour; against the lawyers, the advertisements, and everything that had to do with raising their hopes of untold wealth, only to dash them to pieces again. But when she saw how that Belle's spirits were quite gone, she strove to comfort her; and, with her characteristic versatility, declared she "didn't care a pin for all the money in the world."

Marjory was more clear-sighted, and was sure, from Weatherley's manner, that something was amiss with her father. She said so, and then the boy broke down again, and the truth came out.

"Perhaps he is already dead!" sobbed Weatherley.

"Nonsense!" cried Flo; "perhaps he is much better. The one is as likely as the other. 'While there's life there's hope,' and I haven't the least doubt of his returning quite well."

Her hopefulness communicated itself to the children, and before the day was done some amount of cheerfulness reigned at the Farm. Belle strove to believe that those last words of the letter were merely the symptoms of nervous depression, and not of approaching death. It was strange that the fact of the loss of those coveted millions should be overpowered by the possibility of the death of one frail human being, and there was no one in Hollyfield who would not willingly have relinquished the money to save Charlie's life. What if both were to be lost?

The news soon spread, as ill news does, through the village and neighbourhood. Molly told Ben that very evening; Ben told his mistress; Miss Dulcey communicated it to the Burmesters, and it was speedily known that "poor Mr. Dauncey was done out of the big American fortune, that Mr. Charles was very ill, and that they were worse off than they were before."

There were many sympathisers, though, as is usually the case on such occasions, half of them said to one another, "I knew how it would be. Those advertisements always come to nothing. Dauncey was a fool to run after anything belonging to that Jabez; and as to poor Charlie—but then he was always weak." They were wise after the event, and so was Miss Dulcey, who came to the Farm the next day in great excitement. She found Belle at the old bureau, answering the fatal letter. She began upon it at once.

"It was as much my fault as your father's. If I had not lent the money Charlie could not have gone. Of course the son is the rightful heir; but why didn't he turn up before? The world gets more and more aggravating every day, and the faster it goes the worse it is. I believe it is all due to the advertising system."

"Oh, Miss Dulcey!" suddenly interrupted Belle. "I am sure that is Mr. Pearce. Don't leave me alone with him."

She had seen someone on horseback ride across the paddock, and her fears were soon verified. Mr. Pearce came in. She had not seen him since her letter to him refusing his proposal, and she knew not how he would meet her. She soon perceived how grievously she had offended him. He bowed with polite frigidity, touched her fingers, and, with a slight movement to Miss Dulcey, seated himself opposite them and the bureau. Belle turned very pale, and Miss Dulcey very red. The latter was combative, and liked to encounter an enemy; and such she felt assured was the lawyer.

"I am sorry to be the bringer of bad news, Miss Dauncey," he said, coldly. "But I thought it better to come than write. Jabez Dauucey's son ——"

"We know all about it," interrupted Miss Dulcey. "Belle had a letter from her father yesterday. It is a sad grievance; but as it cannot be helped it must be borne. People always turn up when they are not wanted. I suppose you heard from Stint and Co."

"Yes. They tell me the young man had a quarrel with his father and left him some years ago. The advertisement met his eye, and he returned to claim the fortune."

"Just like men. The golden bait hooks them when they manage to evade the iron one, duty. Did they mention Charlie?"

"I am sorry to say they did. He is very ill."

Belle was about to ask a question, but Miss Dulcey prevented her by an inquiry as to how and when the absentees could return.

"That depends on the two necessities, health and money," replied Pearce, drily. "I came to speak to Miss Dauncey about the latter. Perhaps——" He paused, and glanced at Belle.

"You would prefer a private interview. Very natural, Mr. Pearce; but there are no secrets between Belle and me. I am her godmother, you know, and insist upon her confiding in me."

"Is there any fresh difficulty?" asked Belle, who had not spoken before.

"Scarcely fresh, Miss Dauncey. The fact is, that I have exhausted my resources in providing for your father, and shall be obliged to foreclose and get back the principal if I am to keep going myself."

Miss Dulcey saw the meaning glance that accompanied this threat, if Belle did not. Indeed, Belle seemed almost too abstracted to understand it.

"You must wait for Mr. Dauncey's return to settle that," said Miss Dulcey, brusquely. "I suppose my brother, as landlord, has the first claim."

"We only owe him half a year's rent, and he has kindly promised to wait," said Belle, who sat like a lay figure, motionless and breathless.

"He wouldn't harm a mouse, much less a neighbour. It is you lawyers who 'lade men with heavy burdens.' May I ask the weight of the one you have put upon Mr. Dauncey's shoulders?" said Miss Dulcey.

"It is so light that Miss Dauncey may lift it off if she choose," returned Pearce, meaningly.

"But if she does not choose? In less metaphorical language, what does her father owe you? You must excuse my interference, but as matters stand I am the only friend at hand who can help her in this painful strait."

"I believe I may say that everything Mr. Dauncey possesses is mine, and were his property and personalities sold to-morrow, they would not realise enough to defray my claim. I looked to this American fortune as you did, Miss Weatherley, as a certain settlement of all difficulties, which it would have been, but for this unlucky termination of our hopes."

"I daresay the young Jabez considers it lucky. Right is right," said Miss Dulcey. "But you will scarcely sell up poor Mr. Dauncey till he comes back. It wouldn't be according to law. Maybe he had better remain in Canada. I don't quite understand your game, Mr. Pearce. What is it?"

"I really have none. I want money, and must have it. Miss Dauncey understands her father's affairs as well or better than he does himself, and I rode over to tell her so. Forewarned is forearmed, and I think she will acknowledge that I have shown some patience with her father—for—her sake. Good morning!"

Mr. Pearce rose, made a formal bow to the ladies, and seemed about to withdraw. But when he looked at Belle's white face he hesitated a moment. She half rose, then sat down again.

"Have pity on my poor father and dying brother," she said, clasping her hands.

"The power is yours. You decline to use it. You have only to change your mind."

"That she will never do," put in Miss Dulcey, laying her hand on Belle's, and placing her small figure between her and the lawyer. "Do your worst, Mr. Pearce, and we will all do our best, God helping us. Good morning."

Mr. Pearce took his leave, and Miss Dulcey made a great show of ringing the bell, a ceremony not customary at the Farm.

"Oh, Miss Dulcey, what is to become of us?" cried Belle.

"We can only wait. I will speak to my brother, and see if anything can be done to avert the climax. Pearce is in earnest, and cannot be expected to wait for ever, either for love or money. But perhaps the best thing that could happen would be to clear off everything and begin afresh. Why, child, bankrupts are said to like the excitement, and to cheat their creditors for the fun of it. Cheer up. If you give way, all is done for."

Belle strove against herself, and roused herself. No undertaking more difficult; yet it is practicable. She and Miss Dulcey tried to look the very worst in the face; but the very worst was Charlie. And oh, the miserable days that followed! Belle's dread was lest a telegram should come; and now there was no one at Orchardson who would bring it, if it did arrive, and break the news to her. The cloud over Castle Farm hung heavier than ever, and the place looked gloomier and more dilapidated. Even Molly ceased to sing Welsh songs and hymns as she clattered about, and the silence seemed portentous. The expected and dreaded letter came at last. Flo and Marjory were at home, for Dolly and her father had a holiday, and were gone elsewhere; so Marjory watched with Weatherley for the postman. They came running through the green, each with a letter. Weatherley gave his to Belle, Marjory hers to Flo. The one was directed by Mr. Dauncey, the other by a stranger, and both were from Montreal. With an effort at composure, Belle opened her father's letter. It contained but a few lines, and announced to the devoted daughter and sister that her darling brother Charlie was dead.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

CINDERELLA.—A stone-grey church should be painted with Payne's grey, yellow ochre, light ochre, and a little cobalt. The yellows are employed for the lichens and weather-stain tints, and the Payne's grey for the stone structure itself. The blue should be mixed with the latter for the shadows, and a little pure white for the high lights; but, still better, they should be left on the white paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NUTMEG GRATER.—The expressions you quote are vulgar and unseemly from the lips of one calling herself "a lady." Some girls appear to think that employing *words and phrases in vogue* amongst schoolboys makes them appear knowing and attractive to the other sex, which is a great mistake. The more essentially feminine you are in looks, words, and general demeanour, the more you will be appreciated. What could be more degrading than to set-up for a pitiful sham of the other sex? Try to take our advice in better part than you appear to do that of your so-called "stiff old aunts." Probably the poor ladies have much to bear with in the words and ways of their niece.

HASLEQUEST.—Gold-fish are very delicate, and you have injured them, we fancy. When changing the water for them, catch them carefully in a net. They should be kept in a large basin or bowl, put in a light place, but not in the sun, as the heat would be too much for them. It is well to provide them with places of shelter by means of rockwork, as they like to swim into nooks and private corners where they can be more in the dark if they please. To feed them with a few breadcrumbs you would do well to remove them into another bowl, if able to do so, keeping them in it, say, for an hour, and then return them to their own glass bowl. The water in that should not be changed very often. Gold-fish are affected by bad smells, loud noises, and by being shaken.

TOPSY.—Mrs. Henry Wood died on February 10th, 1887. The 6th of January, 1874, was a Tuesday.

WOODBINE.—The verses are not suitable for a place in our paper. The metre is incorrect, and there are no original ideas.

A. W. N.—The origin of the character known as "Blue Beard" is said to have been the infamous Marshal Giles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, born about the year 1396. He entered the service of Charles VII., and was one of the captains under Joan of Arc. He was subsequently created Marshal of France, and Counsellor and Chamberlain to the King. This monster became enormously rich, had many castles, and was reputed to have sold his services to the Arch Fiend, practised witchcraft, and sacrificed children for the purpose of being endowed with boundless wealth. The poor young victims were of both sexes, from the age of eight to eighteen—all stolen or inveigled, by promises of great advantages to them, from their parents. After atrocious treatment he burned the bodies; but the remains of forty-six were found in his Castle of Chantocé, and eighty at Machecoul, when the authorities at last interfered. Threatened with torture, he confessed, and was executed in 1440. The MSS. reporting the trial are preserved in Paris and at Nantes. He was nicknamed "Barbebleue," perhaps from some personal peculiarity. He only had one wife, and does not seem to have murdered her. She brought him large estates over and above his own. Catherine de Thouars married him when he was only twenty-four years old. Of any "Sister Anne" history is silent.

CAMBRIDGE GIRL.—The climate is good in some parts of South America. As you do not name the locality to which you are asked to go, we are unable to give you the information you desire. Do not be afraid of asking questions; we never "despise" any that are reasonable; in fact, we answer many that are not creditable either to the common sense or good feeling of our correspondents, but it gives an opportunity for offering advice.

ALICE.—The French word *Noël* is the term used to signify Christmas. Written simply "Noel" it is an English surname; but may be given as a Christian name to children of either sex; but if to a girl it should be a second, not a first, name; the first should be essentially feminine. Norval is a boy's name, and is Scotch.

PRIMROSE.—Your poem shows some ability, but both the subject and the moral have been already well written upon by numberless pens.

LONELY ONE.—Your lonely life seems to have made you morbid, and you see all things through special spectacles of your own, not as they really are. Your Heavenly Father, "to whom all hearts are open, and all desires known," can see into your heart, and knows that you have repented of the idle words you have spoken; and for the merits' sake and atonement of your blessed Redeemer, has forgiven all the sin confessed, and accepted the good resolutions to amend all that offends Him through the aid of the Holy Spirit. All three Persons in the Divine Trinity are mercifully engaged in the work of your redemption. Try to feel more as a child to a loving Father, by considering how long He has borne with your provokings and lack of love, and by reading all that is said of His love in the Bible. We are too apt to regard Him as a hard taskmaster.

NAUGHTY D. L.—It is very disrespectful, not merely to your governess, but to the parents who placed her over you, to "play larks," as you call them, upon her. All teachers have plenty of trouble with their pupils, and you should endeavour to lighten those troubles and spare their patience, not add to the difficulties occasioned by your idleness, inattention, or denseness of intellect. Try to work with them; do not lose the benefit of their teaching, nor allow the money expended upon you by your parents to be shamefully thrown away. The sending of valentines has quite gone out of fashion, excepting amongst persons of a lower class. In any case you should not send them to boys.

SEAWEED and SEAFERN.—If you want to preserve seaweed, you must pass it through a solution of gum-water; and while in the bath and its fronds are all extended, take it up by inserting a piece of writing paper underneath it. If you require it coloured, use Judson's dyes, and colour the gum-water before the immersion. But we should consider it a mistake to interfere with Nature's own colouring.

JOYFUL NINETEEN.—The letters "R.S.V.P." represent the initials of as many French words, *Répondez s'il vous plaît* ("Answer, if it you please"), or as we say, "if you please." At nineteen you should have understood so common and simple a phrase.

VOL. XI.—NO. 558.] SEPTEMBER 6, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

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"'IT IS FATHER!' SHE CRIED."

CHAPTER XXII.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Y darlings, God has taken your dear father to heaven. He is now with your mother," were the first words Belle said when she had read her letter.

Her first thought was for the orphaned children, not for herself. They put their arms about her, they uttered sad, sharp cries of grief, they could not believe that their father was dead. Flo laid down the letter she had opened, and knelt beside them. It was indeed a pathetic group, and a heart-rending moment. Never had father or brother been more beloved than Charlie, and he was gone. But for the all-sustaining power of the unseen but merciful God, those who mourned him must have lost all hope and strength. So far away! So far away! How often has this sad cry been uttered.

"Aunt Belle, he cannot be dead! We must see him again, to say good-bye," sobbed Marjory.

"He is alive in heaven, with mother," said Weatherley.

But Flo's grief was the most uncontrollable, and Belle so far mastered her own as to strive to console her.

"Everything at once! All at once!" was her cry.

"Think of poor father," said Belle. "We are younger and stronger than he, but he has had all to bear."

This thought stayed Flo's and the children's sobs, and after a time they grew calmer. But it is difficult to realise the death of one who left us in health, and whom we can never see again.

"What is that other letter?" asked Belle, seeing a sheet on the floor. "Perhaps it will tell us more than poor father's. May our dear Lord pity him."

Her tears flowed afresh, so that when Weatherley picked up the letter and gave it to her, she could scarcely see the writing.

"It is directed to me," said Flo. "It begins, 'My dear cousin.' It seems like a horrible jest, for we have no one in the world but ourselves. And we—we—are ruined. I wish I were dead."

"That is wrong, Aunt Flo," said the little moralist, Marjory. "What should we all do without you, now father ——" She could say no more for tears.

"This letter is from Jabez Dauncey's son, and is very kind," said Belle. "He will be good to father. Thank God! Father is not quite alone in that strange land."

She tried to read the letter, but could not for the choking in her throat, but Flo took it, and got through it somehow. Their attention was soon caught by it, for it gave them particulars which otherwise they would not have learnt. After the "My dear cousin," it was clear enough.

"As your poor father is writing to your sister, I have undertaken to supplement his sad intelligence by telling you what he cannot have the heart to say. I was with your brother for the best part of a week, and with him and your father when he passed peacefully away. Our relationship gave me a sort of right, but I learnt to love him in that short time. He had everything he wanted. I think his last word was 'Amy,' but before that he said, 'I am happy in Christ Jesus.' Believe that he 'sleeps well,' and that all you desire shall be carried out. I have selected a bright spot for his rest. I seem to know you all from his description. Your poor father is much cast down. I will do my best to cheer him, and will take care that when he is able to return home a good berth in a good ship shall be secured for him. May I beg to be remembered to your sister and the children, and ask you to think kindly of me, and believe me to be, with sincere sympathy, your affectionate if unknown cousin,

"ARTHUR DAUNCEY."

Perhaps this letter did more to distract the minds of its readers from their grief than anything else could have done. This was the heir who had supplanted them in the inheritance that might have been theirs but for him, and he wrote almost like a friend. Belle was comforted concerning her father, and felt that from the tone of the letter the writer would not allow him to "work his passage home," as he had expressed it. It was a gleam of sunshine in the midst of the gloom that oppressed them.

We must pass over the melancholy time that succeeded the sad news as briefly as we may. It is needless to say that friends gathered round the bereaved sisters and the fatherless children, and showed such sympathy as might have been expected from those who, dwelling in a narrow sphere, felt every tie that snapped as a personal loss. As to Miss Dulcey and the Burmesters, they overflowed with tenderness, and Dolly was the best of consolers for her young friends. But poor Belle was desolate indeed.

There was no money even to purchase the necessary mourning, and she knew not how soon Mr. Pearce would put his threat into execution. She believed that he would do it sooner or later, but that he must at least await her father's return. All the farm servants and Molly seemed inspired with twofold vigour by the family afflictions, and the neighbours vied with one another to do what they could. The squire bade Miss Dulcey tell Belle that she was not to be anxious about the rent or the children, for he would condone the rent, and considered the children his special care from this time forth.

Scarcely three months had passed since Mr. Dauncey left home, and Christmas came round — the season towards which the children were looking with delight. Perhaps sorrow seems harder to bear at Christmas than at any other time, and Flo said so to her friend Mrs. Burmester; but that pious and patient lady convinced her that it ought to be the time of all others to lighten grief, since hope of reunion with the departed dawned on a sinful world with the birth of that Saviour whose advent was specially remembered.

Indeed, the joyous Christmas service, the decorations, the dinner to the aged poor, and the presents tended to cheer the children, and Belle forced herself for their sakes to join in the usual round of Christmas thanksgivings. But all Hollyfield mourned at sight of the pew that contained the bereaved friends of their favourite Charlie. The very holly, somebody said, seemed to weep for him who had loved it and Christmas so well as a cheery lad. Many were the signs of respectful sympathy, and bits of black appeared here and there, where colour would otherwise have been. Mr. Burmester preached a sermon full of hope and faith, which comforted the sisters more than they could have believed. Even Flo made good resolutions to forget self, and live more for eternal things.

After the service, Weatherley disappeared for a short space. He went to speak to the squire, and to make inquiries about Mamy. She had remained at the Court by general consent, and Miss Margaretta had stopped at home with her.

"I am very sorry for you, my boy," said the squire. "Tell your Aunt Belle that I should have come to see you, but I thought it best to await her father's return. Then we can settle about your future. Mamy is so like your mother, that we seem to have her back again. Only a Christmas-box," he added, pressing something into his grandson's hand.

It was a small purse, containing five sovereigns. Meanwhile, Miss Dulcey and Dolly joined the others, and walked with them to the Farm. They passed Belle's bower, now looking dreary in its winter vestments. Belle lingered behind. She remembered how she had watched there for Charlie when he last came to see them. It was summer then, and now it was winter indeed, both in nature and her own heart.

Charlie must have been nearly six months away; he had been dead three weeks or more. She seemed to see him coming up the hill, and to live again the moments of her rapid run down the slope to join him. And they would never meet again in this world! Miss Dulcey and Flo had walked on, and Marjory and Dolly had followed. They were out of sight, and Belle sat down in her neglected bower to shed a few slow tears unnoticed. It was almost the first moment of solitude she had spent since the fatal letter. She tried to realise her position.

"His dear children will be provided for," she thought, as she strained her eyes towards that spot where she had met Charlie. "If the worst come to the worst, Flo and I must work for father. The squire holds the farm, and will not turn us out."

A figure came toiling up the hill, leaning on a staff—a tall, bent figure. It stood a moment where she met Charlie.

"It is father!" she cried, and, swifter even than when she ran to meet her brother, she hurried down the slope, cleared the fence and gate, and stood by the side of the tall, bent figure. "Father! Father!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round the wearied man. "Thank God! oh, thank God!"

"Belle, is it you? Come to meet me. How kind!"

But for Belle's supporting arms, the father so ardently welcomed would have fallen. At the moment the squire and Weatherley came down the hill.

"Make haste! help me—he will fall!" cried Belle. Weatherley was at her side immediately, the squire almost as soon.

"I am only—tired," stammered Mr. Dauncey, straightening himself. "There was no fly at the station. The voyage, and—and—other matters—have been too much for me. Squire, you shall have the boy: Charlie wished it."

"We will settle that another time: take my arm," returned the squire, and Mr. Dauncey staggered homewards, supported by his supposed adversary and Belle.

He was faint from exhaustion, but recovered himself with an effort as they reached the house.

"You will come in?" he said to the squire.

"Of course," was the reply.

The door was open, and they went into the dining-room, and placed him in his chair. Flo, Miss Dulcey, the children and Molly, soon appeared. He revived at sight of his darling Flo, and she was soon in his arms, giving way to an ecstasy of pleasure and pain commingled.

"Kiss me, grandfather," said Marjory.

"Where is Mamy?" he asked.

"She is staying with—my sister, Margaretta," replied the squire, hesitating.

"In short, we are all friends, Mr. Dauncey," broke in Miss Dulcey. "Friendship is our best consolation, so let us shake hands."

"I think we had better leave them," whispered the squire to his sister, seeing that Dauncey looked bewildered.

But Dauncey held out his hand as if in obedience to Miss Dulcey's order, and the squire took it. They had not shaken hands since the marriage of their children, and now it was a mute token of reconciliation. They had been friends in youth, despite differing circumstances.

"Do not leave me: I have much to say," pleaded Dauncey.

"I will have my luncheon with Dulcey and come back," said the squire. And he and his sister left the house, followed by Dolly, who whispered to Marjory that she and Weatherley were to spend the afternoon with her.

They left an excited group behind them. It was evident that Mr. Dauncey was exhausted, and Molly went to hasten dinner with a muttered: "He is looking bad! ten years older than when he went away"—an opinion endorsed by the others. Indeed, he appeared to be a broken-down old man. Failure and disappointment had done their work, and the death of his son had completed it. However, he revived under the loving care of his children, and when Molly placed the roast beef on the table, was ready to partake of it. He went mechanically to the head of the table, and began to carve feebly, as if in a sort of dream. The others took their places also, none liking to interfere or recall him to the present. Flo sat at his right hand, and said cheerfully that it was delightful to see him at his post again.

"Nobody carves like you; not even Belle," she remarked, helping to hold up the dish as he ladled out the gravy. "Now you yourself must eat; for you must be hungry after your long walk."

"And this is Christmas Day!" he muttered. "A melancholy Christmas. Poor children! Poor children!"

He said no more during dinner, but was apparently absorbed in the meal. Belle was thankful that he ate with appetite, and roused herself to talk to the children to divert their attention from him.

"You must be ready by three o'clock; the poor are punctual," she said, with an effort at a smile.

"We would rather not go, Aunt Belle," they both replied.

"You must not disappoint Dolly, and you are to be helpers with her. Besides, you must represent me," said Belle, with an involuntary sigh.

This was the first of a long string of Christmases that would see her absent from the dinner given to the aged poor in the Vicarage kitchen at 3 o'clock.

When Molly brought in the plum-pudding and mince-pies, Mr. Dauncey looked up absently. He removed the spray of holly from the pudding, and murmured, "Poor Charlie!" then carefully sliced the pudding. When all were helped, he got up and walked up and down the room, as was his old custom. This was a relief to Belle; and when Flo rose, took his arm, and walked with him, it seemed as if there were hope for the future. All the regrets for the dead Charlie were suddenly merged into anxiety for the living and grief-stricken father.

At a word from Belle the children went to get ready. It was Mr. Burmester who had decided that it was best for them to resume at once their daily duties, and to assist in keeping Christmas.

While Mr. Dauncey and Flo were still pacing the room, the squire and Miss Dulcey arrived, and were shown into Flo's parlour.

"I cannot see him, Flo," said the father.

"But you must," returned the daughter, playfully, urging him out of one apartment into the other, where Belle had preceded them.

"Let me wish you a happy Christmas," said Miss Dulcey, rising to meet them. "It is the fashion now to change the good old word 'merry' into 'happy,' but I suppose it's all the same. At any rate we are *happily* met."

"I hope so. I have so much to say that I had better begin at once. No, thank you; I can always talk best standing or walking," said Dauncey, as many chairs were offered to him.

"What they call a peripatetic philosopher," put in the squire, who was examining Flo's parlour curiously. He was seated by the fire, the ladies near him, for the room was not large. All were in mourning. Mr. Dauncey stood, leaning on the mantelpiece. He had collected his thoughts almost miraculously, and began the history of his Canadian visit without circumlocution.

"First of all, I must ask your forgiveness for poor Charlie and myself for having wronged you," he said, addressing the squire. "He craved it, and I was to blame for my obstinacy."

"We were *all to blame*. Let us forget the past. I have lost a daughter, you a son. Their children are our inheritance," said the squire. "The boy has conquered my enmity. Amy returns in the little one."

"Thank you, squire. You all know most of what I have to tell. When I reached Montreal, I found Charlie so much better that I did not suspect real danger. I went heart and soul into the next-of-kin. I was the acknowledged heir. The lawyers had no doubt, and were politeness itself. But Charlie got worse, and the doctors—we had the best in the place—were no longer sanguine. All his cry was, 'Let Squire Weatherley have the children.' I promised everything he wished, and he was quite happy. He would have liked to have seen them and his sisters again, but his soul seemed with his wife. He talked more of her than of the living, and his cry always was, 'Tell the squire she had everything she wanted.' He was at peace with all the world. I never saw him so happy. He forgot the great fortune, and when I reminded him of it, he only said, 'We have been too anxious, father, for the things of this life. We cannot take them away with us.' But I remembered our poverty at home and all my liabilities, and did not believe he would die.

"When the real heir, Arthur Dauncey, returned, I thought I should go out of my mind. The senior partner broke the news to me, and I am afraid I insulted him by calling him a liar. I didn't know what I said. But it was too true, and I had to face the real next-of-kin. I met him as an enemy; he met me as a friend and relative. He said he was truly sorry to disappoint me, and scarcely thought he would have claimed a fortune he had almost given up had he known how I was situated. He was so frank that I believed him in spite of myself.

"He is one of the best fellows I ever saw. He took to nursing Charlie and trying to comfort me at once. He was with us day and night. We had moved from Mr. Stint's private house to a lodging not far off, and Arthur paid for everything. When I made pretence at borrowing, he said we would settle it when Charlie was better. If I remonstrated, he shut me up by declaring he was only paying his father's debts. I was too cast down to argue or inquire, and scarcely knew what he meant.

"He was with us when Charlie passed away; he saw to everything for me; he said I must look upon him as a son, and trust to him to arrange all the sad ceremony of the funeral. I let him do

it thankfully, without inquiring his history, or the cause of his separation from his father. He and I and the two kind lawyers followed Charlie to the grave, in a beautiful spot in the cemetery at Montreal. He has ordered a marble cross to mark it, and I—I shall never see it more.

"When all was over, I wanted to return home at once. He took me to a sumptuous hotel, while he made arrangements for me. He was as tender and kind as Charlie could have been. He inquired about the children, and about Belle and Flo, and the places where his father used to be. He said he would come and see us as soon as his affairs were in order; he even offered to accompany me if I would remain a few weeks. But I was too restless to stay. I was, indeed, very ill, and he saw it.

"He went with me to New York; took my passage in a fine P. and O. steamer, and paid for it; insisted on my borrowing, as he called it, money enough to bring me safely home from Liverpool, and supplied my every need. He even bought presents for the children, and bade me tell them he hoped to bring them more before next year was very old. They are at the station with my luggage. Where is Mulready? I missed his kind, honest welcome and assistance."

This sudden question diverted the thoughts of the listeners from the painful subject of poor Charlie's death. It was addressed to Belle, and she explained as well as she could for tears that Mulready was absent for a holiday. Hers were not the only tears, for even the squire's eyes were moist. As to Flo and Miss Dulcey, they could scarcely restrain their emotion. Becoming suddenly sensible of this, Mr. Dauncey looked from one to the other with a sort of dazed questioning; then sat down by Belle and covered his face with his hands.

"That is over," said Miss Dulcey, getting up and laying her hand on Dauncey's shoulder. "Nobody cares for a twice-told tale, so we will begin a new leaf. Who knows what the next-of-kin may yet do for us? Let us prepare the fatted calf against he comes; and, meanwhile, Flo will give us some tea. I know she is fashionable and goes in for all the novelties, Americanisms inclusive. In the good old days it was cake and wine, now it is afternoon tea—a cheap and often a nasty exchange."

Flo glanced at the squire, who was thankful for any diversion, and who said, with his somewhat stiff manner, as if in reply to a question, "Yes, if you please. I should like it."

Belle left the room. Flo drew forth a half-concealed tea-table, and laid on it a cloth, richly embroidered by her own deft fingers; while their father's face brightened, and he began to realise that he had not lost quite everything he possessed with the fortune and Charlie. Belle soon returned, bearing the tea-tray, and she and Flo between them brought in dainty plates of old-fashioned china full of brown and white bread and butter, cut thin as thin could be.

"Molly is at the vicarage," apologised Flo, with a graceful bend of the head towards the squire, that became her, at which Miss Dulcey laughed.

By degrees the tears dried, and smiles took their place. Such is life—a chequered path of lights and shadows. Even Mr. Dauncey was cheered by the amazing fact that Squire Weatherley was actually sitting opposite to him, tea-cup in hand and kindly feeling at heart. Belle poured out the tea, Flo waited, and Miss Dulcey hopped from one to another like a happy robin-redbreast; while Rover sat demure at Belle's right hand. No one forgot Charlie, but all felt that life must go on even though the nearest and dearest had left the brief earthly for the eternal life. They felt it still more when the children came in, brightened by the little parts they had been playing. Their astonished exclamation of "The squire! I am so glad!" pleased all parties; and when he greeted them with evident affection, Miss Dulcey said, "It is a happy Christmas after all."

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S "NOMS DE PLUME."

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

PART II.

Both on the Continent and in England we find the prevailing taste for the masculine noms de plume. Their adoption was no doubt owing, in the first place, to the idea that the assumption of the masculine would give the writer a better chance of being read, and at one time, there is no question, this was really the case, though I have a private theory that women who were really happy, and sheltered in loving homes and hearts from hard speeches and cruel deeds, were not amongst those who ever assumed a nom de plume. With masculine ones I find this generally the case. If the world were not against the writer, there was some cruel tongue in the home or the outer world, or a home lack of appreciation, which made a frightened soul strive to gain courage behind the masculine cloak for her first adventurous essay in the chill world of letters. The names that occur to one are, first, the Brontës, who, singularly original thinkers as they all were, and lacking the home appreciation or encouragement, sheltered themselves behind a masculine pen-name which, in its termination, covered all three sisters under its head. George Eliot, too, seems to fall under this category, and so does Fernan Caballero, the Spanish writer. This is the nom de plume of Cecilia Böhl Faber, the daughter of a Spanish mother and a German father, a merchant resident in Cadiz, who was born at Morges, near Lausanne, during a visit of her parents to Switzerland in 1797. She was educated in Germany, returned to Spain at the age of sixteen, and after being three times married, began her career as an authoress in 1849, at the age of fifty-three, and sprang at once into a foremost place in the ranks of Spanish novelists. Her works, collected together in 1866, amounted to seventeen volumes. She died in 1877.

An extract from a letter written by Bishop Atterbury to Dr. Smalridge, on the subject of Mary Astell, a well-known and able writer of her day (1668-1731), will show how difficult it was then for women to obtain credit or justice, and how much courage was needed to assert themselves in any way. "I happened," says Bishop Atterbury, "about a fortnight ago, to dine with Mrs. Astell. She spoke to me of my sermon, and desired me to print it, and said she should be glad of perusing it. I complyed with her, and sent her the sermon the next day. Yesterday she returned it to me with this sheet of remarks, which I cannot forbear communicating to you, because I take them to be of an extraordinary nature, considering they came from a woman. Indeed, one would not imagine that a woman had written them. There is not an expression that carries the least air of her sex from the beginning to the end of it. She attacks me very home, as you see, and artfully enough, under a pretence of taking my part against other divines, who are in Hoadley's Measures of Submission. Had she as much good breeding as good sense she would be perfect. But her sensible and rational way of writing makes amends for that defect, if indeed anything can make amends for it. I dread to engage her,

so I only writ a general civil answer to her, and leave the rest to an oral conference." Poor Bishop Atterbury! He was evidently hard hit, and did not like it, nor to confess he had met a worthy foeman in a woman. It is rarely that a controversialist can see much good breeding in his opponent, so of course that charge is natural, the whole extract showing that the same feeling animates the masculine mind to-day as it animated it two centuries ago. With a few changes the paragraph might have issued from the "newspaper press" of to-day, with the last candid paragraph considerably altered.

And so we can account, without much difficulty, for the women who had really anything to say that was worth hearing, thinking a masculine nom de plume a necessity.

Amongst present day masculine pen-names we must begin with a few foreign ones. One of the most interesting is "Henri Gréville," that of Alice Marie Celeste Durand, a celebrated French authoress, born in Paris, 1842, who was a daughter of Professor Fleury, and married to M. Durand, a French Professor in the School of Law. Madame Durand received an education similar to that of the French Lycées, and was familiar with several modern languages at the age of fourteen, when she accompanied her father to St. Petersburg, several of her first tales appearing in Russian in the Russian newspapers. Since 1872 she has written more than twenty stories, and writes for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Le Figaro*, *Siècle*, *Temps*, etc.

"Karl Krone" is the pseudonym of Tekla Juel, a Danish writer, born 1835 at Copenhagen. She was the daughter of Captain Svensson, and married, in 1866, A. Juel, the master of the Latin school at Aalborg, in Jultand. She is the author of a number of tales, none of which have been translated into English, I believe.

A well-known German story-writer, Louise Hugn, born 1843, writes under the name of "M. Ludolff," and another German lady, Eugenie John, under that of "E. Marlitt." Most of her works have been translated into English, and she is probably the most extensively-read of any writer of the kind in her native land. She is a great invalid, and lives in almost complete seclusion and retirement. Another well-known German writer, Franziska von Reizenstein, is best known as "Franz von Nimmersdorf," under which name she has published some charming tales.

"Paul Agathou" is the nom de plume of Elizabeth Schöjen, born at Christiania in 1852, and daughter of the king's chamberlain. Several of her books have been translated into French. She also writes largely for Norwegian periodicals, and is a member of the "Société des Gens de Lettres" of France.

"Claude Vignon" is the name under which Madame Rouvier, wife of the Deputy of Bouches du Rhône, has achieved her fame, both as a sculptor and writer, her works being placed in various public parks, the Church of St. Denis, and the Palais de l'Industrie, in Paris. As a writer, she is well known as a journalist on the Parisian papers, and she wrote the daily articles in the *Indépendance Belge* upon the sittings of the National Assembly at Versailles.

One of the best known French writers of educational works, chiefly for girls, is the Countess von Dropajowski, a French lady, married to an officer in the Austrian army. Her books are many in number, and are published under the pen-name of "Chevalier A. de Doncourt."

Mademoiselle Blaze de Bury, another French literary lady, writes under the names of "Arthur Dudley" and "Maurice Flassau;" and a well-known author, Madame Dudevant, born 1804, died 1876, wrote under the name of "George Sand." Madame Hortense Corm, sister of the architect, Eugene Lacroix, and goddaughter and namesake of Queen Hortense, was a celebrated French writer and translator from the German. She wrote under the name of "Sebastien Albin." Madame Marie David, "Raoul de Navery," 1834. Madame de Girardin, the celebrated writer, under the name of "Delphine Gay" (1804-55), used also that of "Vicomte de Launay."

Madame Rattazzi, a well-known French lady, nearly related to the Napoleons, always used a masculine name when she wrote, and we find her employing several: "Le Baron Stock," "Camille Bernard," "Le Vicomte d'Albens," etc. Her second husband was the well-known Italian statesman, Rattazzi. A French political writer, the Countess d'Agoult, born 1805, died 1876, wrote under the name of "Daniel Stern," and to-day we find a French female journalist, Madame de Champseix, writing under that of "André Leo." The French custom of always signing articles in the journals renders the assumption of names, whether noms de plume or real, imperative on writers.

Italy also has her female authors under male names, for I find the Countess Irene de la Rocca under the name of "Camille Henry," and in Denmark we have Ivor Ring, who has made a great name in her own land, and has her dwelling in Copenhagen, and is otherwise known as "Madame Karl Mecklenburg." In Germany also we find Madame von Blum writing under the name of "Ernst von Waldow," and another, "Ernst Warner," is that chosen by Madame Elizabeth von Burstenbinder. Both these are writers of tales and romances. Elizabeth von Arnim, the friend of Göethe, was for years the star of Berlin literary society, and was celebrated for wit as well as goodness and beauty. Some of her writings were issued under the name of "Claude Brentano."

In France we also find another lady, Madame Regnier, the wife of Dr. Regnier, of Nantes, writing under two masculine pen-names of "Daniel Darcey" and "Daniel Darc." Under these she has published tales for children in the *Semaine des Enfants*, and stories and poems in many other French journals. One of her long poems, "La Grande Aurore," obtained an honourable mention at Bordeaux in 1871. Madame Regnier was born in Paris in July, 1840, and is still writing at the present date.

I must now turn to America, where we have many authoresses sailing under masculine colours. Mary Cecil Hay is an instance, writing under the name of "Howard Markham;" Mrs. Catherine Clark, under that of "Charles M. Clay;" Miss Maria J. Cochrane—an American writer for young people—under the name of "Sydney Dare;" Miss Margaret J. Conkling, under the name of "Henry Lunettes;" Miss Mary J. Capron, under that of "Archie Fell;" Mrs. William N. Cox, under that of "Percy Curtiss;" Mrs. Louise Crossley, under that of "Currer Lyle." Mrs. Caroline G. Curtis—a well-known Boston writer—has two names, "Arnold Winchester" and "Carroll Winchester." Miss E. J. Curtis calls herself "Shirley Smith." A very well-known American writer, author, and journalist of to-day is "Gail Hamilton"—Miss Mary Abigail Dodge. We have also the name "Shirley Dare," adopted by Miss Susan C. Dunning, which shows there is something attractive in the names of both "Shirley" and "Dare" to the feminine mind of America. Miss Laura R. Fewell writes under the name of "Parke Richards," and the well-known Kate Field under that of "Straws, Junior," her father having used the name of "Straws, Senior"; and a writer of stories and tales, Miss Julia Fletcher, we find under the name of "George Fleming," which is not an unknown one in England. "Toler King" is an American lady named Emily Fox, a writer of children's stories; and Miss Julia Macgruder is best known as "*Sherill Kerr.*" But perhaps one of the most celebrated and interesting of stories attaches to the name of "Charles Egbert Craddock," the pseudonym of Miss Mary Noailles Murfree, who has become one of the first writers of the day in her own special style, as historian and word-painter of the life and the mountains of Tennessee. So full of masculine power were her books, that her publishers, the Messrs. Harper, could not credit the information that their clever author was the very quiet and gracefully feminine person who presented herself as such at a breakfast-party given in honour of "Charles Egbert Craddock," in New York, a few years ago. Her power of word-painting is wonderfully shown in her "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain;" and the most casual reader can judge of the truth of her pictures of the strange race who people the mountains, with their peculiar language and quaint thoughts, their absolute lawlessness, and freedom from authority—a state of life that has no parallel in any country in the world.

It is, perhaps, a little difficult to know which is the earliest instance in England of the masculine pen-name. We find Miss Elizabeth Hamilton (born 1758, died 1816) writing under the name of "Geoffray Jarvis," and "A Hindoo Rajah." Another celebrated writer on geology and mineralogy was Elizabeth Carne (born at Penzance in 1817, died 1873), who wrote under the name of "John Altrayd Wititterly." She was a contributor to the London *Quarterly Review*, and in 1859 published a book on Pau, which had a large circulation. Mrs. Anne Eliza Bray (born 1790, died 1883) was twice married, first to Charles Stothard, secondly to the Rev. Edward Bray, Vicar of Tavistock. She was a well-known English novelist, and wrote under the name of "Kempe Stothard" in her earlier days. An English poet, Miss Ely, wrote, I find, under the name of "Shirley Keeldar." Miss Fannie Aikin Kortright (1821) began her literary career at the early age of seventeen, under the name of "Berkeley Aikin." The Dowager Countess of Morley (1781-1857) was an English writer, and celebrated as a witty and clever woman, and the first of talkers; she wrote tales and *jeux d'esprit* under the ugly name of "Richard Sucklethumkin Spruggins." Mrs. Katherine Thompson (1800-1862), who wrote very largely for *Fraser's* and *Bentley's* magazines, used the name of "A Middle-aged Man" very frequently as a pen-name.

Amongst the best-known of our living English writers under a nom de plume we find "Lucas Malet," a daughter of Charles Kingsley, married to a Mr. Harrison; Miss Dora Havers, whose name, "Theo Gift," might be either a masculine or feminine one; and Mrs. Riddell's "F. G. Trafford" is open to the same construction. Mrs. Riddell used her pen-name for some years, but is now quite well known under that of her husband. "Averil Beaumount," the name of Mrs. Margaret Hunt, sounds a little more feminine than masculine; but Mrs. Edward Jennings' selection, "Wyckliffe Lane," sounds altogether suggestive of the other sex. Miss Keith Johnston, under the name of "Leslie Keith," is not unknown. Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo has made a well-grounded name under the covering of "Edward Garrett"; and Miss Harriett Parr is the author of many books under her name of "Holme Lee." "Francis Derrick" is the pen-name of Mrs. Frances Louise Notley, a writer of to-day; and "Ashford Owen" is that of Miss Annie Ogle. Miss Frances Mary Peard is said to use "Thorpe Regis" as a pseudonym.

"Leader Scott" is that adopted by Mrs. Lucy E. Baxter, and is very well known. She is the daughter of the Rev. W. Barnes, the writer of poems in the Dorsetshire dialect. She began to write for *The Ladies' Treasury* at the age of eighteen. All Mrs. Baxter's married life has been spent in Italy; and no doubt most of my readers are acquainted with "Messer Angelo's Household," published in 1883. "Leader Scott's" name is familiar to many as a writer on antiquarian and artistic subjects in English magazines.

Perhaps the most remarkable story attaches to "Johnny Ludlow," the masculine pen-name assumed by the late much-lamented Mrs. Henry Wood, in writing that delightful series of papers, begun in 1874, in the *Argosy* magazine. Midway in her long career as a writer of tales and stories, she made a second distinguished reputation by this name, and under it obtained the most flattering of reviews from the English papers, and none of which in the least degree suspected the touch of her familiar hand in these stories of a boy's life, told with such naïve simplicity and grace.

"Vernon Lee" is the well-known name under which the writings of Miss Violet Paget are published. She has long been a resident in Florence, and has studied Italian art and literature, and writes upon them with much enthusiasm and talent.

I do not need to say very much here on the subject of Mrs. Arthur Stannard, whose many writings, under the nom de plume of "John Strange Winter," are so well-known and so popular. So perfect is the masculine touch of this author that it was with great difficulty, as she herself has stated, that people would believe they were written by a woman; and many amusing stories could be told of military men who quite declined to credit it when suggested.

The last success under a masculine name I have to chronicle is that of Miss Olive Schriner, when, under the name of "Ralph Iron," she published her sorrowful but graphic picture of life among the Boers, Hottentots, Dutchmen, and Kaffirs of South Africa. I have been reminded that I had omitted from my first part a name which certainly ought to have been there—that of Miss Ada Bayley, who is so well known under the name of "Edna Lyall." Miss Bayley is sister-in-law to the senior curate of St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, the Rev. H. G. Jameson, with whom she resides. She has lately given to the world a strong assurance that "all her books are written on the Christian side," which will be a satisfaction to many. She has recently been very ill, but is recovering.

Finally, I trust I may be allowed to add a few gentlemen who have used ladies' names; amongst whom is Dr. William Cullen (1712-90), an eminent Scottish physician, who wrote under the name of "Miss Betty Montgomery." Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated French poet and prose writer, has used the name of "Marie Gaston;" nor must we forget a very early cookery-book—attributed to "Mrs. Glasse" on its title-page — said to have been written by a man, viz., Sir John Hill, M.D. (1716-1775), a strange character, but a voluminous and able writer, who also used "A Lady" as a pseudonym.

ON THE PRACTICE OF DUET-SINGING.

In speaking of duets in this paper, I wish to be understood as referring throughout only to those compositions which are intended to be performed as complete in themselves, and which do not form part of an oratorio, cantata, or opera. There are so many beautiful works in this form that, unless for very special reasons, there is no actual necessity to extract duets from their surroundings in dramatic works. Nowadays, in common with the other branches of the "divine" art, vocal music has considerably more justice done to it than in the time when a certain barbarous custom called "singing a second" was considered a distinct sign of good musicianship, and a power to be cultivated.

For the instruction of the many of my readers who may not have heard, or suffered from the infliction, of this terrible accomplishment, I may as well explain that "singing a second" consisted of the putting in by ear, and strictly maintaining from the beginning to the bitter end of a composition, a second melody at the distance of a third below what was called the "tune," in complete defiance of the harmonies with which the much-abused composer had thought fit to clothe it.

There was certainly no beauty in this accomplishment. But it had its usefulness, in at once demonstrating that the performer could not possibly be musical in the real sense of the word. Musical people might be found who admired "singing a second" with a certain feeling of awe, arising from the conviction of the extremely difficult task they would have should an attempt be made to attain to proficiency in it; much as a highly-trained athlete might admire a music-hall contortionist. Of course, this practice belongs to "once upon a time," as the fairy tales have it. Now, with our many facilities for obtaining cheap and good instruction, our cheap music and many good concerts, our more thorough knowledge, and consequently greater respect for music as an art that requires and deserves earnest and respectful cultivation, this particular barbarism hardly exists. Yet, allowing that most of us know now that putting in a "second" is not what may be called an artistic accomplishment, and that it is better to sing what the composer has written, or to leave it alone, I venture to say that the proper practice of duets—especially those written for female voices—is to a great extent neglected. There are many reasons which can be given for this neglect, good and bad.

Among the good reasons are the difficulty in finding two voices which blend perfectly together, and the difficulty that two people would have in finding time enough for good hard study and conscientious practice together.

One bad reason is that a great many people think that to sing a duet is a confession of weakness on the part of the vocalists—an illustration of "united, we stand; divided, we fall"; and that while it requires a very good singer to perform solos, a very indifferent one will "do" for duets. Again, there are to be found some singers who are selfishly unwilling to take part in a performance for which they do not obtain the entire credit. This is, of course, extremely bad and inartistic. This kind of person, when compelled to sing in a duet, takes good care that her share in the work shall be well heard, and that, as far as is in her power, she will prevent her unfortunate partner from being heard at all.

The idea that indifferent singers will "do" for duets may be true in some respects. Many young vocalists, who from nervousness cannot do themselves full justice when singing alone, find confidence restored by the companionship of another voice; and many musical people who have not sufficiently well-cultivated voices for good solo singing can, through their general musical ability and enthusiasm, obtain and give great pleasure in the performance of duets. But the feeling that it is not worth the trouble for good singers to work at duets, and that it is a confession of weakness to sing them, is entirely wrong. As a matter of fact, it is an extremely difficult thing to sing a duet really well, requiring as it does not only vocal abilities and real artistic qualities, but the possession of what is called in French *sympathique*, which has a much more comprehensive meaning than our word sympathy.

Much the same mistake is frequently made in thinking that an indifferent performer on the pianoforte will "do" for accompanying songs, when it really requires an accomplished and experienced musician for the proper rendering of accompaniments. Perhaps some will say that this is all very serious talk. The practice of an art is, or ought to be, a very serious matter, whether it be taken up for the purpose of healthy amusement only, or as a means of gaining a living. The true saying, "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," applies very strongly to the study of music; and if a proper amount of time cannot be given, it is surely better not to waste any in only partially doing a thing. At the same time, to keep to our particular subject, if one has a real wish to practise duet-singing properly, a great amount of good work may be done in a short time. The difficulty of finding two voices which are in perfect sympathy with each other is easily overcome in a great many cases where earnestness and the

possession of the quality mentioned before—*sympathique*—are brought to bear upon the work, and an artistic giving and taking is made use of.

Coming to the practical part of my paper, I would offer a few remarks as to the usefulness of duet-singing, and suggestions for a method of practice.

The usefulness is manifest at the very commencement in the good that is done to reading at sight by the frequent trying over of new music for the purpose of selection, and is still further extended in the necessity of disciplining one's own powers in order to properly fill up the share allotted in the work in hand.

System should be used, even in the reading of new music. One of the best methods of improving reading at sight is to go right through the chosen duet, taking it at a much slower tempo than it is intended to perform it at eventually (unless, of course, it be a very slow movement), not stopping at all, but making mental notes of mistakes that occur. If there is a complete break-down, however, in the first reading, and it is impossible to recover and go on, it is best to go back again to the commencement at once without particularly studying the cause of the mishap, and make another attempt to bridge over the difficulty. When this has been done successfully, and the end reached without any other such serious catastrophe, the points where mistakes were made should be looked at next, and correction made by slight practice, separately. Then begin again and go through the duet in the same way, still at the same slow tempo, and yet again if necessary, till a general impression has been obtained, with the music and words, as far as is possible at this early stage, correct. Then, still pursuing the same system of endeavouring to get through to the end without stopping, quicken the time until the proper tempo is arrived at. I am afraid a good many people stop here, and consider that their work is over, and the duet learned. But this is not so by any means; for now comes the serious part of the work.

Having obtained this preliminary and mechanical acquaintance with our duet, we must now discuss and study together, and with our accompanist if possible, the æsthetic points of the composition, and find out, as far as lies in our power, what effects the composer intended should be produced, and how near we may hope to get to a proper rendering of such effects. Everything that each performer is going to do must be thoroughly known to the other—where the breath will be taken, where the crescendi, diminuendi, accelerandi, and rallentandi are to begin and end; the exact duration of the pauses, and precise power of tone which will be used for the various other marks of expression. One very important matter in this portion of our work is to discover the climax or chief point which must occur in every composition, and to arrange to lead up to and away from this, so that it shall have due expression and effective prominence. Then the words must be thoroughly understood.

As any instrumental composition naturally has better justice done to it if it be performed on the instruments intended by the composer, so does a song have a better effect if the proper accompaniment and original language are used. But in this latter instance we must perforce allow many exceptions, as the advantage of using the original language is frequently counterbalanced by the disadvantage of not knowing how to pronounce it properly. However, the obvious fact remains, that whatever language is used, the duet cannot have a proper rendering unless the full meaning of the words be thoroughly understood. All this being done, there should follow a rest from concerted practice, filled up by a most careful and thorough individual practice. Afterwards comes the final polishing process of rehearsing the duet together—and, if possible, again with the accompanist—until we can conscientiously feel that as much finish has been given to the work as our own musical knowledge and executive capability will allow.

I think, and I hope most of my musical readers will agree with me, that the interest and enjoyment experienced in thus trying to realise and illustrate a composer's intentions in a work worthy of such attention, are, to those who love the art they practise, quite sufficient rewards for the time spent and trouble taken. And there is still further and more lasting reward in the fact that both knowledge of and power of executing music are wonderfully increased by this systematic practice.

And now as to the choice of duets. As I said in the commencement of this paper, there are very many beautiful duets for female voices, with pianoforte accompaniments; so many, and in such various styles and different degrees of difficulty, that in the present paper, at least, I must leave my readers to make their own selections. But in all humility, and begging the pardon of the reader, who will consider the concluding remarks very unnecessary, I will venture to make the following suggestions to those who are choosing new duets for thorough practice.

Choose duets that give each voice an equally important share in the work, avoiding such uninteresting and useless compositions as those which give the second voice simply thirds and sixes below the melody throughout. (This is only one step above "singing seconds.") Many duets exist which are written in canon form. These, of course, are very excellent practice, as the work of each voice is, compulsorily, exactly equal to that of the other.

Do not choose a duet which is beyond the intellectual or executive power of either performer, remembering that the mere fact of a composition being difficult to perform does not by any means prove that it is good, and that it is much higher art to sing a simple thing perfectly than to struggle ineffectually through a work which is beyond your power.

Above all, choose a composition which, either through the words or the music, or what is better still, through both words and music, appeals to your own particular fancies or sympathies, and fits your own particular style; just as a dress, whether it be made of the richest or of the simplest material, should in colour and form suit the person of the wearer.

Exercising the privilege usually accorded to our sex of adding a postscript, I give below a short list of duets recommended for practice, as an inducement to those who have not commenced duet singing to obtain some of these, and then search still further for others, possibly bringing a few undiscovered duets to the notice of those who already sing duets—

1. Bendall, W., Six vocal duets.
2. Blangini, "Per valli, per boschi."
3. Brahms, Three duets.
4. Brahms, Four duets.
5. Carracciolo, Six Tuscan Folk songs.
6. Cowen, Six duets.
7. Dvorak, Thirteen duets.
8. Foster, M. B., Six two-part songs.
9. Foster, M. B., Four two-part songs.
10. Haydn, "Saper vorrei."
11. Hiller, F., "Volksthümliche Lieder."
12. Hollaender, A., Sechs Duette.
13. Judassohn, Nine Folk songs.
14. King, O., Six vocal duets.
15. Lidgey, C. A., Two vocal duets.
16. Reinecke, Twelve canons.
17. Rossini, "La Regatta Veneziana."
18. Rubinstein, Eighteen two-part songs.
19. Thomas, A. G., "Ma Nacelle."
20. White, M. V., Three duets.
21. Widor, Ch. M., Six duos.

All the above are for soprano and contralto except 10 and 17, which are for two soprani.

Nos. 1, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 16 in the above list are easy of execution, and the second voice part in most of these duets may be sung by either a contralto or a soprano. Nos. 1, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, 15, and 16 are set to English words only. Nos. 2, 10 and 17 to Italian words only. Nos. 19 and 21 to French words only. Nos. 11, 12 and 20 to German words only. Nos. 3, 4, 7, 13 and 18 have pretty good English translations.

Messrs. Novello and Co. publish Nos. 6, 8, 9, 14, 16 and 18; Messrs. Augener and Co. 3 and 4; Messrs. Ricordi 5 and 19; Messrs. Stanley Lucas and Co. 20; Mr. J. Williams 1; Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel (Berlin) 11, 12 and 13; N. Simrock (Berlin) 7; J. Hamelle (Paris) 21; and Messrs. Pitt and Hatzfeld 15, where also may, I think, be obtained the publications of the foreign firms mentioned immediately above.

FLORENCE CAMPBELL PERUGINI.

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERER.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

No brilliant beauty—just a simple girl;
Nothing to dazzle, little to attract;
A quiet, unassuming way, a gentle voice,
A tender smile, an ever-ready tact.

No tangled locks like prisoned sunbeams make
About her face a golden aureole;
Just neat brown braids part o'er a brow that bears
The impress of a pure and peaceful soul.

I scarce can tell the colour of her eyes,
I only feel that they are kind and true.
So useful and so willing are her hands,
I have not thought about their shape or hue.

No "daughter of a hundred earls" is she,
Nor of the gods "divinely fair and tall";
But just a sweet, leal-hearted English girl,
Such as you might meet any day—that's all.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

IX.—CATHERINE HOWARD* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

THE most disastrous and degrading of Henry VIII.'s marriages was that contracted with Catherine Howard in August, 1540, eight months after his marriage with Anne of Cleves. Henry was an unwieldy, ailing, irritable man (*to put it mildly*), in his forty-ninth year. Catherine Howard was an orphan girl of not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, unformed, ignorant, erring, whose childhood and youth had been grossly uncared for. She was, however, of noble lineage, being the daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, and the granddaughter of the Duke of Norfolk, through whom she was full cousin to Anne Boleyn, the father of the one and the mother of the other being brother and sister.

Catherine was probably born in her father's house at Lambeth about 1521 or 1522. Lord Edmund was a brave but poverty-stricken soldier, with a numerous family. When his first wife, the daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper of Hollingbourne, died, he was reduced to consigning the child to the keeping of her mother's kindred, among whom she spent her earliest years. A little afterwards, when he was relieved from his extreme poverty by his appointment as Comptroller of Calais and the French marches, he married again. Settled as he was in France, he consented that his daughter Catherine should be adopted and reared by her step-grandmother, the Duchess of Norfolk.

The old Duchess is accused, with reason, not only of having wholly neglected the child under her charge, but of having kept a disorderly household of illiterate mischief-making corrupt gentlewomen and maids, in whose society the little girl was left both day and night. These evil companions, in their folly and viciousness, began with amusing themselves by promoting one of the secret marriage contracts, which were the curse of the age, between the child Catherine and a grown man as bad as themselves, utterly out of her rank, a player on the virginals in the Duchess's household, and possibly Catherine's music-master, named Henry Maddock, or Maddox. In those days Lambeth was largely made up of houses of the nobility and gentry, with gardens and orchards sloping down to the Thames. The Duchess had one of those houses, such as Catherine's father had possessed, and the poor, misguided, silly child was accustomed to walk with the unmanly, unprincipled scamp Maddox at the back of her grandmother's orchard.

Presently, in consequence of a squabble, and doubtless from some fear of detection and punishment among these unworthy gentlewomen, the game was broken off. But a little later Catherine, still a mere foolish girl in her early teens, engaged herself afresh, without the knowledge of the Duchess or the family, to a cousin of one of the gentlewomen, a gentleman pensioner in the service of her uncle the Duke of Norfolk. This not too honourable young man, called Francis Derham, was nearer Catherine in rank; he was, in fact, a distant kinsman of hers, as well as a favourite with the old Duchess. But though he aspired to marry the young girl, it was very doubtful, to say the least, whether the alliance would ever be acceptable to her family.

Catherine was kept either entirely without pocket-money, or with a very slender supply, while she had an empty-headed love of finery. Derham had a fuller purse, and the ill brought-up girl had so little honourable, maidenly pride and discretion as to borrow money from him and to allow him to supply her with articles of dress of silk and satin, on the vague promise that she would repay him some day. How the circumstance escaped the Duchess's notice is only to be accounted for by the explanation that she was an old woman engrossed with her own affairs, who paid little or no heed to her granddaughter's looks, words, or deeds. It is piteous, in anticipation of the tragic end of the story, to see for what trifles, light as air, Catherine was ready to barter her independence, and make herself indebted to Derham. Miss Strickland describes one of his gifts or loans as an artificial flower in silk, called "a French fennel;" all the Court ladies were wearing it, and Catherine was wild to get it; yet after it was in her possession she was frightened to appear in it in the presence of the Duchess, till the untruthful girl had persuaded an equally untruthful woman, Lady Brereton, to say she had given it to her. Such malpractices can only end in more or less demoralisation.

Matters went so far between Catherine and Derham that before she was sixteen years of age, what was virtually a contract of marriage had been entered into between them privately. He entrusted his money to her when he was leaving London for a time, as he would have entrusted it to his wife, and on one occasion consigned to her keeping her own bond for as much as a hundred pounds, which was due to him from her.

By the connivance of his cousin and the rest of the Duchess's women, he brought fruit and wine, and entertained the whole party at what has a great resemblance to a schoolboy's banquets.

He left the service of the Duke of Norfolk and entered that of the old Duchess as her gentleman usher, in order to have more frequent opportunities of being in company with the young lady whom he presumed to call his wife. The suspicion of Lady Norfolk was at last aroused; she did no more, at first, than make contemptuous remarks, and treat the pair like a couple of naughty children—from whom one of the two was not far removed. When Derham was missing, the old lady would bid him be sought in "the maid's chamber," where her gentlewomen and servants of a lower rank sat embroidering and spinning.

Once when she found Derham and Catherine Howard engaged in a romping play, she fell upon them and beat them both, finishing by giving one of the elder gentlewomen who was present a box on the ear for permitting such conduct in her company.

When the terms on which the couple stood were discovered there was great indignation, Derham fled "for his life" to Ireland, where, according to some accounts, he was guilty of piracy on the high seas, in order to procure a living. A much called for reformation took place in the Duchess's household, and Catherine Howard was at last carefully looked after. In spite of this she managed, for a time, to correspond with Derham by means of a gentlewoman still in the house at Lambeth, who eventually married and settled in Yorkshire. But when the confederate was gone, and Catherine attained her ardent desire of going to Court, where her dawning beauty was at once recognised and made much of, her pride and ambition were aroused, she was quite prepared to turn against Derham, who seems to have been, after the fashion of a man who was neither high-minded nor scrupulous, honestly attached to her, and she was ready to deny that he had any claims upon her. She had soon the opportunity of giving the denial, for he returned secretly from Ireland, and, strange to say, was harboured again by the old Duchess. He found time and place to remonstrate bitterly with his plighted wife on her attendance at Court, where he had always been opposed to her going, and on the rumour, which had reached him, that she was to marry her cousin—the heir of her maternal uncle, the Kent squire and knight, Culpepper. Young Culpepper was a wild, handsome lad, with an appointment in the household of Anne of Cleves.

To Derham's remonstrance the fickle and alienated girl answered, disdainfully—

"What should you trouble me therewith, for you know I will not have *you*?"

According to tradition, Catherine first met Henry in the middle of his dire discontent with Anne of Cleves, at a banquet given to the King by Bishop Gardiner, who, observing the King's admiration of the young girl's rosy beauty and sprightly mirth, conceived the

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aitkin.

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERER.

idea of bringing about another royal marriage by the aid of Catherine's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, one of the most powerful of those old nobility whom Henry in the course of his reign had systematically slighted. But if a marriage with Catherine should re-establish the shaken supremacy of the Roman Catholic faith in England, it might also reinstal the great families in their privileges. If this combination of bishop and duke existed, no remembrance of another woman of Howard blood, far more highly gifted than Catherine, granted that Anne Boleyn had been in their eyes a heretic, deterred the schemers from their aim.

Catherine Howard was at this time about eighteen years of age—six years younger than Anne of Cleves and Princess Mary—very small in size, brown-haired and blue-eyed, with a tiptilted nose and coral lips. Her mental abilities and her culture were of the most primitive kind; Anne of Cleves was a miracle of learning by comparison. If Catherine Howard could read her mother-tongue correctly, there is a strong suspicion that she could not write it; and that the extent to which secretaries figured in her troubles was caused by her being unable to pen a letter on her own account. Her very beauty was childish, with a dash of vulgarity in it; but, such as it was, it pleased the discontented autocrat whose life was a burden to himself and his neighbours.

The moment the heartless and worldly old Duchess of Norfolk awoke to the prospect opening before her young kinswoman, the woman used every effort to bring it about, loading the girl with fine clothes and jewels, instructing her how to behave, and flattering and caressing her. It is even said that the Duchess had the audacity to recommend Catherine Howard to the King as in all respects a fit wife for him.

The first step to the miserable promotion was, as before, the appointment of Catherine to be one of the maids-of-honour to the Queen, shortly before Anne's repudiation. On the eve of the girl's exaltation a great and ominous blow was dealt to her. She received a letter from the very gentlewoman in Yorkshire through whom Catherine Howard had kept up a secret correspondence with Derham two years before. This wily, treacherous ally having heard that the King was likely to marry the girl, now wrote to her, with impudent cunning, reminding her of what the writer, Mrs. Bulmer, had done for her, and boldly claiming a summons to London, and a place near the future Queen's person, ending the letter with the significant words—"for I know the Queen of Britain will not forget her secretary."

Silly and deluded by vanity as Catherine was, she could not have read the insolent application without a dim, horrified guess of the pitfall that was opening before her unwary feet. Even yet, if she could but have been true and confessed her contract to Derham, she might have escaped the bitter penalty that was awaiting her. What present shame was equal to the disgrace of the future life of falsehood which would have to be lived by the victim, while she knew herself in the power of the tools who had become her masters? It was even possible, though by no means desirable for her real welfare, that Henry, in his extravagant passion for Catherine, which was partly founded on what he believed to be her great modesty and discretion, might have found means to break the contract with Derham, as the King had brought himself to dissolve other and more sacred ties, thus freeing her from the bond which had grown detestable to her, and giving her the rank and power she coveted. But the low moral atmosphere, and the course of dissimulation with which Catherine had been familiar from childhood, was fatal to all truth and rectitude. She began her earthly ruin by the coward's fallacious resource—she attempted to bribe to silence Mrs. Bulmer and another gentlewoman who had been formerly in the household of the old Duchess. She gave them, presently, posts in the Royal household, thus providing herself with daily scourges to be held over her shrinking flesh.

The exact date of Henry's marriage with Catherine Howard is not known, so privately was it carried out. It took place immediately after the King's divorce from Anne of Cleves, in August, 1540. On the 8th of the month he presented Catherine to his Court as his Queen; on the 15th she was publicly prayed for as Queen throughout England. Though there were no grand tournaments or festivals, no talk of a public entrance into London, or other coronation ceremonies—of which even Henry, with all his love of show and increasing callousness must have been heartily sick—only a little country progress through Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, his relations with Catherine were very different from those he had maintained with her predecessor Anne. He was quite pleased with his new plaything, and fond of her, for the hour. She served to console him for the emptiness of his exchequer, which chimed in with his humour in forbidding the public display once so dear to him. The last available contents of his treasury had been squandered, first on the profuse expenditure which attended on Anne's reception, and next on the lavish jointure and gifts reckoned necessary to get rid of her.

To what extent the wretched girl, over whose doomed head hung the sword of Damocles, was able to blind herself to the danger and misery of her situation, none can tell. Very soon after the marriage rumours derogatory to her were whispered. The toils were fast closing in round her, when she saw herself forced to take into her household, not only the foolish, reckless old Duchess of Norfolk, her grandmother, but to receive into her service Mrs. Bulmer and Mrs. Tylney—the other gentlewoman referred to. That was not all: she had to provide a place for the rascally musician Maddox, who had insulted her hapless childhood. At last she was driven to appoint Derham her private secretary. This final act of madness is said by some authorities to have originated with the unprincipled old Duchess, who was at the bottom of so much wrong-doing and sorrow. From the time of Catherine's marriage to King Henry she seems to have cancelled all her grandmother's neglect and harshness, and to have clung to her for support and encouragement. In doing so Catherine was so short-sighted as to allow a breach to be made between her and her still all-powerful uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, who was on bad terms with his stepmother the Duchess. If he had been united with Bishop Gardiner in procuring his niece Catherine's promotion, he was in the end as alienated from her, as resolute not to imperil his own safety by becoming her champion, as he had been in the case of his other niece, Anne Boleyn. Derham's means of procuring his appointment was, it is easy to suppose, like those of Mrs. Bulmer and Mrs. Tylney—the mingled threats and importunities of persons mean and base enough to use for their own profit the power given them by the possession of a dangerous secret in connection with a person suddenly raised to high rank.

Catherine's compliance with the demands of her persecutors, whether suggested by the old Duchess or due solely to the girl's own terror of discovery, had no doubt also an element of childish cunning in its nature. She would strive to confine the knowledge of her pre-contract to Derham, as far as possible, within the circle originally cognisant of it. She was likely enough to receive letters, which, if they had passed into the hands of any other secretary, would at once have betrayed her secret.

Another professed friend, but deadly enemy, who dogged Catherine's tottering footsteps, was her kinsman, the playmate of her childhood, young Thomas Culpepper, now a gentleman of the King's Privy Council. He was a worthless, desperate man, who trusted to his cousin, the Queen, to shield him from the just consequences of his vices and crimes. Whether he, too, was acquainted with the unannulled pre-contract with Derham, which rendered Catherine's marriage with Henry illegal, or whether he merely pled that he was her cousin, and that his father's house had sheltered her infancy, and she was frightened to send away any of the friends whom she might soon need sorely, he certainly appealed to her in season and out of season, got money from her, and sought interviews with her in circumstances which were altogether out of keeping with her position as matron and Queen.

Catherine is not accused of having interfered in public affairs, unless she had something to do with the downfall and execution of Thomas Cromwell, occurring, as the last event did, in the early days of her favour with Henry. Some of her contemporaries were inclined to give her a share in it, but in her fear of discovery her sole aim seemed to be to please the King, and in this she fully succeeded. Henry's intellectual requirements in a companion had come to be of the smallest. Catherine's young, fresh beauty, together with her absolute submission to him, and her professions of regard for him, sufficed him. He showed his affection for her in every way, and openly expressed his preference for her over her four predecessors. Under all this honour, Catherine, in the quaintly expressive language of scripture, "walked softly," and refrained from giving unnecessary offence by any attempt at regal state on her own account. At the same time we have glimpses of the original woman in such an implication as that of Chappuys, the Emperor's ambassador, when he wrote of her in her adversity, as being "as careful about her dress, as imperious and wilful, as at the time she was with the King."

A Catholic rising in Yorkshire had just been quelled, and had been followed, among other ghastly reprisals, by the execution of the old Marchioness of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, and the mother of Cardinal Pole, who was believed to be the moving spirit in every trouble of the time. The poor old woman, whose chief fault was corresponding with her plotting son, had been under sentence of attainder in company with her daughter-in-law, Lady Exeter, and had lain in the Tower for many months. She was in her dotage, and when brought to the block refused to lay her head on it—"So should traitors do; I am none," she said; and, according to her son, the Cardinal added, "Blessed are those who suffer persecution for righteousness sake." She turned her head every way, telling the executioner that he might get it if he could, so that he had to seize her by the grey hair and hold her down by force while she was slain.

On the back of this brutal episode Henry departed for York in the autumn of 1541, with the double purpose of aweing and appeasing his Northern subjects. He carried Catherine with him, and she was treated with special distinction during the journey, in the course of which she made the false and fatal move, already mentioned, of appointing Derham her secretary.

In the King's absence the government was largely in the hands of Archbishop Cranmer. It was when thus reinstated in his former supremacy, while in all likelihood he regarded it, and his very life, together with the final

establishment of the Reformed religion in England as endangered by the young Roman Catholic Queen and her growing ascendancy over Henry, that Cranmer was formally informed by one of the many persons acquainted with the fact of the previous contract of marriage which had passed between Catherine and Derham. The informant was a gentleman named Lascelles, who was Derham's cousin, the brother of one of the gentlewomen of the old Duchess of Norfolk. He was a zealous Reformer, as he proved by his life and death.

There was little room for doubt in the circumstantial tale, but the Archbishop did not act on his own responsibility, or with undue precipitation. He laid the matter before his colleagues in the government, and it was not till they empowered him that he prepared to communicate the information to the unfortunate King, in this instance more sinned against than sinning.

There was nothing to warn Catherine that the hour of retribution was at hand. The Court had just returned to Windsor, and then gone to Hampton Court, where the festival of All Saints was to be kept. The King was so entirely happy in his domestic relations that, on receiving the sacrament along with Catherine on the 30th, he thanked God aloud that after so many strange accidents that had befallen his marriages—as by a marvellous moral twist in his reasoning and a monstrous example of self-delusion he described what had been his domestic relations—a wife so entirely conformable to his inclinations had been given him. Farther, he desired the Bishop of Lincoln to prepare a prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his having provided the King with "so loving, dutiful, and virtuous a queen."

The paper was to have been publicly read on All Saints' Day. In order to prevent this most inopportune prelude to his communication, Cranmer seized the opportunity of Henry's attending early mass alone on All Saints' Day, to present him with the paper containing the accusation lodged against Catherine, and to beseech him to consider it in privacy.

The King was wholly taken aback, and began by being utterly incredulous, but granted that the affair must be sifted, for the Queen's own sake. He summoned various members of his council, and before them Lascelles and then Derham were examined and cross-examined. The former never wavered in his story; the latter at once admitted the pre-contract with Catherine, which in the eyes of the law constituted them man and wife, and rendered her subsequent marriage with Henry bigamy.

When the King could no longer refuse credence to the statement, he broke down and burst into tears. The floods of salt tears shed by Catherine of Arragon in her lonely vigils, the merciless prosecution of Anne Boleyn, the humiliation of Anne of Cleves were all avenged.

On the miserable girl-queen's learning that her perjury was laid bare, she called incessantly for the King, and made the most frantic efforts to reach him, in order to beg for his pardon and protection. She was bidden to remain in her rooms, but she was incapable of self-restraint. She made her escape twice, at one time getting as far as the door of the chapel where the King was hearing mass, and when she was taken back by force, her cries of anguish and despair rang through the chapel.

Henry left Hampton the next day without consenting to see the Queen. Instead, he sent Cranmer to her, as the King had sent the Archbishop to Anne Boleyn, to get her own version of the charge against her.

This was no easy task, for Catherine was not only nearly beside herself with distress and alarm, falling into what appears to have been fit after fit of violent hysterics, in addition she had so long departed from the path of truth that she was positively incapable of returning to it. If she had even in her last extremity been candid, she might have been believed when she solemnly asserted that she had been faithful to her marriage vows to the King; but in the teeth of the overwhelming testimony of her pre-contract to Derham, she persisted in denying it stubbornly, and in prevaricating about the merest trifles, till all lingering faith in her word was destroyed.

Cranmer certainly went to Catherine with the King's promise that her life would be spared if she confessed all, and she raised her trembling hands in token of gratitude for his clemency. But she did not confess, so that we may be spared the question if the King was perfectly sincere in his pledge or if it was a mere *ruse* to calm the culprit and induce her to speak out, which her continued duplicity baffled. According to Chappuys, the King really wished to save Catherine from death, and sent some members of his council with a deputation from the Houses of Parliament, to propose to her to come to the Parliament Chamber and defend herself, as her cousin, Anne Boleyn, had done; but this proposal she declined, saying that she submitted herself to the King's mercy. Clearly she relied more on his pity than on her own eloquence, or on the justice of her cause.

The Commission of Inquiry sat at Hampton Court for a week. The Queen was placed under arrest, her keys taken from her, and her maids-of-honour dismissed. She was finally removed to Sion House, without indignity, and placed there in a kind of modified captivity, attended by four gentlewomen and two servants, and furnished with a wardrobe becoming her station. It was during her stay at Sion House that Chappuys told his master, as if from the mouth of an eye-witness, that she was "very cheerful, more plump, and pretty than ever," and further referred to her careful dress and imperious ways. Catherine was a practised dissembler; but it is also evident that though she professed herself in a general way deserving of death, just as she would have acknowledged herself a miserable sinner and declared that she expected the fulfilment of her sentence, she did not believe it would be put in force, but relied on Henry's former infatuation and on his relenting.

The house of the old Duchess of Norfolk was searched for evidence, and when it was shown that she and her servants had already destroyed the contents of Derham's trunks, which were in her keeping, the whole household with its mistress were put under arrest. The Duchess immediately feigned illness and retired to bed, a simple device which did not serve her, as she was lodged in the Tower, with the fate of the Marchioness of Salisbury before her eyes.

Derham and Culpepper were arraigned for high treason, questioned under torture, and sentenced to death. They were taken to Tyburn. Culpepper, as the better born man, was beheaded, Derham was hanged, and the heads of the two were placed over London Bridge.

Catherine remained two months at Sion House, till early in the following year, when Parliament met, and she was attainted, along with her grandmother and various ladies and gentlemen of the Howard family, among them Lady Rochefort, the sister-in-law and bitter enemy of Anne Boleyn. The assent to the Bill was taken by commission in order to spare Henry's feelings. The Duke of Suffolk and Lord Southampton declared in the House of Lords that Catherine had admitted her guilt to them, and had implored the royal mercy and charity for her kindred and servants. The Commons were summoned, the King's assent to the Bill was read, and with the significant phrase, "*Le Roi le veut*," the sentence of death was passed.

Catherine was brought on the 10th of February, 1542, from Sion House to the Tower in a barge, attended by several ladies and gentlemen. Another barge containing the Lord Privy Seal and several members of the Council preceded hers, while the rear was brought up by a third barge, in which were the Duke of Suffolk and part of his retinue.

The lords disembarked first. Then came Catherine, wearing a black velvet gown. There is no record of the manner in which she received her sentence of death, or of her conduct during the gloomy journey, except for a hint that there was some difficulty and resistance on her part at starting.

It has been conjectured, from the distance by water, that she could not have arrived at her destination till the darkness of a winter evening had set in. If so, she would be saved the cruel shock of seeing the heads of Derham and her cousin, Thomas Culpepper, exposed on the bridge which she must have passed under. Let us trust it was humanely contrived that she might miss the sight in the darkness. She was received with the respect accorded to her rank.

The following day was Saturday, and on Sunday she was told to prepare to die on Monday morning, along with Lady Rochefort, who, as Catherine's confidential friend and lady-in-waiting, was believed to be her accomplice. Weak, ignorant, and erring as the poor forlorn girl was, she seems to have made up her mind, in the interval, to her fate, and to have summoned all her courage to meet it, while still solemnly protesting to her confessor, the Bishop of Lincoln, her innocence of having broken her marriage vows to the King. She asked that the headsman's block might be brought into her room that she might rehearse what she had to do, and the singular request was granted.

So early as seven on the February morning the King's council, including Lord Surrey, Catherine's cousin, assembled on the Tower Green, to which the melancholy little procession wended its way. Catherine died quickly and bravely, at last, saying very little beyond the general confession that her sins deserved the punishment they were about to receive, and that she committed her soul to God. So much was this the stereotyped speech on such an occasion, and so universally was it attributed to the sufferers, that one may have a reasonable doubt of its authenticity. Catherine Howard was only in her twentieth year, and had not been married more than eighteen months.

Lady Rochefort was much older, and is said by Chappuys to have been in a frenzy on the scaffold. Her state of mind could hardly have been allayed by the reflection that she was about to perish on the same scaffold as that on which Anne Boleyn—brought to the block chiefly by Lady Rochefort, her sister-in-law's evidence—had been beheaded. According to tradition Lady Rochefort declared, almost with her last breath, that she had been guilty of no other crime save her false accusation of Anne Boleyn and Anne's brother, Lord Rochefort, and she supposed it was for that wickedness she had to endure a shameful and violent death.

Catherine's lifeless body was hidden by a cloth, and removed by her ladies, to be buried at once in the Church of St. Peter's, most probably near the grave of her cousin queen.

The old Duchess of Norfolk, so much to blame in the lamentable story, was in the end allowed to live. The penalty she paid for her offences was the confiscation of such wealth as she had possessed.

SARAH TYTLER.

AMOR REDIVIVUS.

DOWN in the depths of her heart had been sleeping
Love like an angel with still folded wings;
Years have gone by since he came to her keeping,
Sweetening each day all dull earthly things.

Who will awaken the bright little darling?
Who will with gentle, soft touch bid him rise?
Who will look into her face and low whisper—
"I claim you, my darling, with loving sweet eyes"

He who is noble and brave in his bearing,
Fearless to do and to say what is right,
Gentle and gallant, for her only caring,
He will her love win in God's holy sight.

L. O. R. H.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

KITTY SHOWS THE STRENGTH OF HER CHARACTER.

THE stroke of calamity which had fallen on her home roused Hilda Bland to an awful sense of the realities of life. She had been living in selfish dreams, nursing a sickly sentimentalism, with the assurance that she was altogether an exceptional being, exceptionally high-strung and sensitive, and wrapped in a misery which no one could understand. Self-pity had combined with self-admiration to blind her to the fact that there were other sorrows in the world besides her own. She had seen herself a patient sufferer, misconceived, slighted, unpitied; one singled out by fate for the endowment of peculiar sorrow. And all the while she had been as one who dreams of storms in his warmly curtained bed. But now a real blast had awakened her to a sudden, pained perception of what human life is in a world where death and pain and loss are God's ministers to man.

There was nothing romantic in the blow that had shattered their happy home life. Hilda's heart sickened within her at the thought of the terrible injury, of the faint chance that Kitty would survive it, and the almost certain consequence that the life, if preserved, would be a helpless, maimed existence. And to think that on Kitty, of all persons, such a doom should fall—Kitty, always so full of life and energy, who liked to try her strength in every form of exercise, who never seemed to feel fatigue. It was impossible to associate pain and helplessness with Kitty. Yet Hilda knew that many another bright young life had been blighted by a similar catastrophe. Such trials had been and would be again. And it was vain to ask the why and wherefore. "It is God's will," her mother was able to whisper in the midst of her anguish; but to Hilda that thought could yield no support. She had not learned to trust the will that embraces and controls all human life. If it were God's will so to afflict Kitty, then God was regardless of human agony, she said to herself.

Despite her cherished desire to become a nurse, Hilda was at first of little use in the sick-room. She lacked the nerve and self-control demanded of one who would serve there. But she was hardly needed, for nothing would induce Mrs. Bland to quit the bedside. Without flinching, outwardly, she stood at her post, helping the surgeons, watching, waiting, praying, until the hour when the experienced surgeon, summoned from London for consultation, assured her that the patient would live—would live—guarding himself from using any expression that should convey the idea of restoration to health.

But at first it seemed enough to know that Kitty would not die. There was room for hope to flourish if life were granted. With tears in her eyes, Hilda told the good news to Aldyth, who came every day to see her, and was her chief comfort in this season of sorrow. Aldyth made the most of each gleam of hope, though in the background of her mind was the drear probability which the gossips of Woodham, finding something not unpleasantly thrilling in the contemplation of Kitty's crippled life, had decided must be the result of her accident.

"Mr. Russell Smith is coming down again in a few weeks' time," Hilda said. "Meanwhile it is such a comfort to know that the worst danger is over."

"And Kitty is conscious now?" Aldyth said.

"Yes, she knows us. We cannot tell how much she can remember. She gave me such a faint sad little smile this morning—it made me cry—and she said to mother, 'Cheer up, mother; I am not going to die.'"

"Does she suffer pain?"

"Terrible pain. They give her morphia to deaden it; but even so she suffers. I see her clench her hands and bite her lips to keep from crying out. She is so brave, poor Kitty."

"Yes, she was always brave," said Aldyth.

"Oh, if this had happened to me I could understand it," exclaimed Hilda, bursting into tears. "I deserve to

suffer—I have led such a selfish, idle life. What were my troubles, after all? I was strong and well, and could enjoy everything; but to be stricken down like Kitty—oh, it is terrible!"

"Gladys cannot forgive herself because she led Kitty into danger," said Aldyth. "She feels it very much."

"I daresay; I keep thinking of how easily it all might have been prevented, and I know mother must reproach herself bitterly for yielding her consent to the hunting. But it is of no good to dwell on that now."

"No; it is too late," said Aldyth, sadly, as she rose to take her departure.

"Must you go?" said Hilda, clinging to her. "Well, it is good of you to come. Give my love to Gladys, and tell her she must not be hard on herself."

"Thank you. She and mother are going to London on Thursday to spend a few weeks. I trust the change will do them both good, for mother needs it as much as Gladys. She sleeps so badly, and is losing her appetite. I want her to consult a physician, but she declares that a doctor can do her no good."

"No doubt the change will set her up. So you will be alone; I am selfishly glad, for I hope to see the more of you."

"Auntie will be with me a great deal, but of course I shall often be at Woodham. Indeed, I cannot keep away now; I am always thinking of Kitty."

Miss Lorraine was pleased to stay at Wyndham with Aldyth whilst her mother was away. She was not a frequent visitor there at other times. She could chat more freely with her niece in her own home. She had never felt much affection for Mrs. Stanton, and often found her patience and tolerance severely tried when in her company. It vexed her to see how completely Mrs. Stanton made herself mistress of her daughter's house. Her tastes, her wishes ruled everything. The servants instinctively appealed to her on every matter; Aldyth's reign was merely nominal.

"I would not stand it, if I were Aldyth," Miss Lorraine would say to herself, perfectly aware, however, that this state of things was exactly what Aldyth desired. She never dreamed of maintaining her rights in opposition to her mother; the home was for her mother, and her pleasure, her comfort should be the chief consideration; she was ready to defer to her wishes in every possible way. But if a question of duty were involved, Aldyth could hold her own. When her mother denounced Aldyth's scheme for establishing a country home for factory girls as "Quixotic in the extreme, and an absurd waste of money," her words had surprisingly little effect.

"I am sorry you think it absurd, mamma," Aldyth said, calmly; "but I mean to try how the plan will work. I could not feel at ease in possessing so much if I made no effort to share my good things with some of my less fortunate sisters."

"I think you have managed to share them pretty considerably already," said Gladys, who was present. "I do not believe your old uncle would have left you Wyndham if he could have foreseen that we should all come and live here. Certainly you inherited it by rather a fluke, for Guy says he is sure that Mr. Lorraine meant to make another will."

"It is very bad taste of Guy to name such a thing to you. I wonder you let him," cried Mrs. Stanton, with sudden passion in her voice.

"Oh, there was no harm in it," said Gladys, carelessly.

Aldyth looked at her mother in surprise. Her eyes were ablaze, a crimson spot burned in each cheek, the hands which held her work trembled visibly. She met her daughter's wondering glance, and quailed before it. For a moment she could almost imagine that Aldyth read her guilty secret. She shuddered at the very thought of such a thing. It would be dreadful if Aldyth were to discover what she had done. Would it be better to make discovery impossible by destroying the will? From that hour her mother left Aldyth free to spend her money as she would, carefully refraining from any comment that might provoke discussion of Aldyth's inheritance or her uncle's possible intentions.

By the end of March the Cottage was in a habitable condition, and whilst her mother was absent Aldyth busied herself, with her aunt's assistance, in fitting it up for the reception of her guests. It was pleasant work. Aldyth loved to imagine what would be the sensations of certain of those toil-worn working girls from the East-end, when they found themselves amidst the green fields and copses of Wyndham. But ever her heart was shadowed by the thought of Kitty Bland. Her condition did not greatly improve. Again the eminent London surgeon was summoned to give his opinion. His words fell heavily on the hearts of Kitty's friends; yet he did not withhold all hope. The spine had received serious, perhaps permanent injury; but it was possible that Nature, aided by every means science could suggest, might in time effect a cure. Just possible, that was all; and no one could say how long the cure might be in progress. Only the faintest thread of hope to cling to amidst the present certainty of pain and helplessness. Aldyth was deeply grieved when Hilda told her the state of the case. How could Kitty bear it?

"Does she know?" asked Aldyth.

"Yes; she insisted on knowing what the surgeon had said. Mother could hardly bear to tell her, but she took it so quietly; she even tried to smile, and said, in somewhat of her old funny way: 'You have me safe now, mother; I can never run away from you again.'"

"What a spirit she has!" said Aldyth.

"Ah, indeed! But you know I almost wish she would give way; it must be a terrible strain to bear up as she does, for I can see that her heart is breaking the while. It is for the sake of mother. Kitty was always so good to mother. She would like to see you, Aldyth; she said so this morning."

"Then I should like to see her," said Aldyth, but not without a sense of inward shrinking.

Hilda went away, but returned almost immediately to say that Kitty wished to see Aldyth at once.

"I am not to come in," Hilda said, as she opened the bedroom door. "Kitty wants to have you to herself."

A folding screen stood near the door. Aldyth had to advance to the other side of it ere she saw Kitty. Then she received a painful thrill. The pale, worn face, with its strained look of suffering, was so unlike the face of her old friend; the eyes, unnaturally large and dark in contrast to the shrunken features, met hers with a pathetic appeal for sympathy. Kitty's lips moved, but no sound passed them. The sight of Aldyth was too much. Emotion could no longer be suppressed. A sudden rush of tears made speech impossible.

"Kitty!" was all Aldyth could say. Then she cast herself on her knees beside the bed, clasping Kitty's hand and showering kisses on it. Mrs. Bland's knitting lay upon a chair. It was well that she had been called away. Kitty's over-burdened heart was relieving itself by passionate sobs; the tears rained down her cheeks as fast as Aldyth could wipe them away. Aldyth had no words to give her, only tears and kisses; but these were not without power to soothe. Gradually the storm passed. Kitty made an effort to quiet her sobs.

"Forgive me, Aldyth," she said brokenly. "You cannot know what it is."

"No, I cannot know." Aldyth's words faltered too; "but I feel for you so much."

"I know you do. Everyone feels for me; I almost wish they did not. If I could cry out it would be easier, but I cannot give way for their sake. It is hard enough for mother as it is."

"It is brave of you to bear it so, Kitty."

"Brave! Oh, Aldyth, you do not know; if you could read my heart you would not call me brave. I have no courage to face the future. Always to be like this!"

"Not always, I trust. Remember, there is hope."

"I dare not cherish that hope," said Kitty, mournfully. "No; it is best to say always. I do not suppose it makes much difference to a prisoner, when the door of his prison closes on him, whether his imprisonment is for life or a long term of years."

"It must be good to hope," said Aldyth; "there will be alleviations."

"Will there? Oh, you mean that I may perhaps be wheeled about on an invalid couch, now to this room, and now to that, and taken into the garden once in a while. I! who used to go anywhere and do anything. Aldyth, I cannot bear it."

"Strength will be given you, dear Kitty. And you have always been so brave."

"Ah, but this requires a different sort of courage. Aldyth, did I ever tell you that when we were in Brittany we saw the old castle where the 'lady of La Garraye' lived? Mrs. Lancaster bought the book, and I read it. The sad story made such an impression on me. I remember thinking on that bright morning, as we rambled about in the neighbour-

hood of the old castle, what a terrible thing it would be to have all the happiness swept out of one's life in that manner. Health, beauty, strength—all gone in a day! I felt that I could not bear it; and now it has come to me."

"If I remember rightly, the end of the story was not sad, Kitty," Aldyth said.

"No; she became resigned to the will of God; she found peace," Kitty said, tremulously. "Oh, Aldyth, it is easy to talk of resignation when one is not tried."

"Yes, indeed; I have no right to speak of it," said Aldyth; "but——"

"Go on," said Kitty, as she hesitated; "say anything you like to me, Aldyth; I know you only want to help me."

"I was thinking that resignation is often the highest courage. To bear pain and weakness and loss of freedom with fortitude is a proof of bravery in no degree inferior to his who wins the Victoria Cross. You have read the 'History of a Short Life,' Kitty?"

"Yes, and I remember, I know what you mean; but I shall hardly win my Victoria Cross."

"You will; not in your own strength. You are not left to yourself. Kitty, I shall pray that you may be able to say: 'I can do or bear all things through Him that strengtheneth me.'"

Kitty gently pressed the hand that still held hers, but did not speak. Tears were gathering afresh in her eyes, but they were no longer bitter, hopeless tears. She lay for some time without speaking, and Aldyth, thinking her exhausted, kept silence also. Their hearts drew very close to each other, and to the Unseen Presence in the stillness. Then Mrs. Bland entered, bringing some lovely flowers that a friend had sent.

Kitty roused herself to admire them. They must be brought close, that she might enjoy their perfume. She smiled on her mother as she bent over her. She charged Aldyth with a message for Gladys, then she whispered in Aldyth's ear as she kissed her—

"Come again soon—come often; you must help me to win my Victoria Cross."

Aldyth readily promised; she was so thankful to see a gleam of comfort on Kitty's face. Mrs. Bland came out of the room with her, and she too begged Aldyth to come often.

"You have done her good," she said; "she has opened her heart to you, and it has relieved her. But it is wonderful how she bears it. Such courage, such fortitude, she makes me ashamed of myself."

And Aldyth turned away with the thought that Kitty was proving herself a true heroine, although she had passed for a commonplace mortal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MIND DISEASED.

MRS. STANTON came home looking little better for her month's stay in town. Her face had still a worn and harassed look, and she responded in a fretful tone to Aldyth's loving greeting.

"Yes, I am very tired. The train was late at Wickham; it is so tiresome having to wait there. Oh, what a dead-alive place Woodham looks after London! I really do not know how I can exist here."

Aldyth had brightened her mother's room with fresh draperies and spring flowers, but, pleasant as the room looked, Mrs. Stanton's heart sank within her as she entered it. The place was associated for her with sleepless nights, painfully insistent thoughts, and a heavy weight of dread. She shivered as her glance fell on the wardrobe in which, locked away in her travelling desk, was the will which she dared not destroy, dared not even look upon again, but desired to keep hidden for ever.

"You are cold," said Aldyth, hastening to give the fire a stir. "The wind is very chill, although the sunshine is so brilliant. But spring is advancing; you will be surprised to see how bright the garden looks."

Mrs. Stanton turned to the window, which commanded one side of the garden. On the path below were Gladys and Guy, searching the violet bed for flowers, and laughing and talking merrily the while.

"Here already!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton, in a tone of annoyance, as she drew back. "Guy might have spared us his company for this one evening. It is silly of Gladys to encourage him as she does."

"Sometimes I wonder if Gladys really cares for him," Aldyth ventured to say.

"Aldyth!" exclaimed her mother, in a tone of reproach. "What do you mean? Pray give your sister credit for some common sense. How is it possible that she could care for Guy?"

Aldyth might have replied that attachments are not invariably founded on common-sense principles. Even the most prudent are occasionally betrayed by feeling. But she kept silence whilst her mother continued impatiently, "If your words mean what I suppose, you must know that such a thing is out of the question. I could never give my consent—unless, indeed, Guy's position were materially changed."

Mrs. Stanton's cheeks flushed as she uttered the last words. She might well shrink from seeing Guy Lorraine.

"Go down, Aldyth," she said, presently, "and see if that man is likely to stay long. I shall not come down whilst he is below."

"Very well, mamma," said Aldyth. "I am sorry he has come, since you dislike him so."

"I do dislike him," said Mrs. Stanton. "I dislike him more and more each time I see him."

The next moment the words seemed to her a dangerous admission, and she wished she could recall them.

Aldyth found that Gladys had already dismissed Guy, who had merely looked in on some slight pretext in order to ascertain if she had arrived. His visit had been highly entertaining to Gladys. His appearance, his words, his ways, all moved her to ridicule. She began to give Aldyth instances of his absurdity, laughing at him so heartily that Aldyth felt it was foolish of her to imagine for a moment that Gladys could seriously care for him. She launched her satire at him with such vehemence that Aldyth felt compelled to say a good word on his behalf.

"Come, come, Gladys," she said, "Guy is really not so bad as that. He is not lacking in physical courage. How is it that you and mamma dislike Guy so much?"

"Does mamma dislike him?" asked Gladys, changing colour.

"So she has just declared to me; but I think she is perhaps out of sorts. She does not look well, Gladys. The change has not apparently done her much good."

"She has been out of sorts, not to say cross, all the time," replied Gladys. "I fear I am rather a trial to mamma. The prince who is to make my fortune declines to appear. We met Captain Walker in town, Aldyth, and mamma had all kinds of plans for bringing him here; but, alas, he was about to sail for India with his regiment. That was a disappointment for mamma. He would have made such an aristocratic son-in-law."

"Gladys, it is very naughty of you to talk in that way."

"Now, Aldyth, you know it is true. Well, we have fresh schemes now. My mourning is to be slighted; mamma has bought me some charming grey and white gowns. We spent every penny of your cheque. There are to be dinner-parties and tennis-parties and what not this summer. It is to be hoped they will have the desired result, and that I shall soon cease to be a pensioner on your bounty."

"How can you speak so!" said Aldyth, reproachfully. "It is unkind of you. As if I were not your sister! Gladys, promise me you will never allow any feeling of that kind to draw you into a marriage to which your heart does not consent."

"You dear, romantic old thing!" cried Gladys, throwing her arms about her sister and kissing her warmly. "No, I will promise nothing of the kind; it would not be fair to mamma." Suddenly relaxing her embrace, she ran off laughing.

At night, when Aldyth was helping her mother to undress, Mrs. Stanton said to her, "I wish you would stay with me to-night, Aldyth; I feel so nervous. I shall sleep better if I have a companion."

"Very well, mamma," said Aldyth, "that is easily arranged."

"I should like to have you always with me," said Mrs. Stanton, with more feeling than she often betrayed. "You must never leave me, Aldyth."

"I never will, if I can help it, mother dear."

"But perhaps you will marry, some day," said Mrs. Stanton, looking at her daughter.

"That is not likely, mamma."

"You have never seen anyone for whom you could care?"

The colour rose in Aldyth's face, but she answered steadily, "I have not the least idea of marrying anyone, mamma. All I want is to stay with you and take care of you."

Mrs. Stanton was content.

Aldyth had spoken in sincerity. Not

that she had forgotten John Glynne. She could not wish to forget him. It would always be good to have known such a strong, true man. But she had resolutely striven to put from her any hope inspired by the memory of his parting words. The chance was so slight. He might never return; but if he did return, the circumstances of her life would still separate them. With her mother depending wholly upon her, the path of duty was plain; she could not turn aside from it, nor would she heed any selfish whisper that should suggest to her a happier way.

The springs were always cold at Woodham, but this season had more than its share of east wind. It was June ere the weather set in really warm. Mrs. Stanton grumbled continually at the climate, and really suffered from its severity. She was falling into a debilitated state of health, which rendered her very susceptible to chills. Aldyth did her best to relieve the gloom which weighed on her mother's mind. It seemed but a natural effect of the great change that had occurred in her life. Aldyth would remind herself of this when her mother was more than usually irritable and restless.

Mrs. Stanton could no longer reasonably complain of the dulness of her home. Visitors came frequently to Wyndham as the spring advanced. Mr. Greenwood found business to bring him to the Hall almost every week. It was discovered that the new tennis-ground at Wyndham was one of the best in the neighbourhood. Gladys, so pretty and gay, won admirers of both sexes, and had Aldyth been of a smaller nature she might have felt jealous of the amount of attention bestowed on her sister. Even as the heiress of Wyndham, she had often to play a secondary part. But Aldyth was not ambitious of social distinction, and the tennis-parties were spoiled for her by the thought of Kitty Bland, a champion player, lying helpless on her couch of pain. Aldyth spent many an hour with her friend, and Gladys too went frequently to see her. After that first meeting Aldyth rarely saw Kitty give way to tears. Her cheerfulness was indeed a continual astonishment to Gladys. Gay, idle, as Gladys often appeared, Aldyth could perceive that she was not quite so thoughtless as she had been before Kitty's accident. The time spent with Kitty moved her to reflection. She gradually gained some insight into the secret of Kitty's brave endurance, with the result that she became dissatisfied with herself, and began to long for a higher life than the mere pursuit of pleasure which had hitherto contented her. Kitty's days of enforced idleness were not so fruitless as she imagined; she was exerting a lasting influence for good on other lives.

Spring gave place to summer, but Mrs. Stanton's spirits did not improve. She would exert herself and appear animated when visitors were present, but on their departure she sank back into a weary state of depression.

One evening Aldyth came back from a visit to Miss Lorraine, and found her mother alone in the drawing-room. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading, when Aldyth's sudden entrance caused her to start nervously. Aldyth sat down and began to draw off her gloves. She would enliven her mother with a piece of news she had learned. Clara Dawtrey was engaged to be married.

Miss Lorraine had told the news in her usual racy style, and Aldyth's eyes sparkled with fun as she recalled her aunt's words. She had not the least idea that Clara's engagement could make any difference to her.

"What is amusing you so, Aldyth?" her mother inquired, in rather a fretful tone.

"I have heard some news," said Aldyth, nodding her head. "Who is engaged to be married, *do you think?*"

"Do not ask me to guess," said Mrs. Stanton, impatiently; "*I* hate guessing things."

"Well, then, it is Clara Dawtrey. As aunt says, 'her efforts are at last crowned with success.'"

"And who is the gentleman?"

"Oh, no one we know. A Mr. Gould, of London."

"What name did you say?" asked Mrs. Stanton, in such a quick, nervous tone that Aldyth looked at her in surprise.

"Gould is the name. He is a solicitor, and several years older than Clara. He is somehow connected with Essex, aunt says; and Clara Dawtrey told her that he had had some acquaintance with uncle."

"Uncle?" repeated Mrs. Stanton, feebly.

"Yes; Uncle Stephen, I mean. What is the matter, mamma? Do you know anything of this Mr. Gould?"

"Certainly not. How should I?" asked Mrs. Stanton, sharply, vexed with herself for betraying agitation.

"Something is the matter; you are feeling ill?" said Aldyth, rising, and looking anxiously at her mother's pallid, shrinking countenance.

"I am not well," said Mrs. Stanton, and a burst of tears relieved her. "My head aches. It is going to thunder, I believe. Yes, there must be thunder in the air."

"It does not feel to me like thunder-weather," said Aldyth, glancing at the sky.

But the storm Mrs. Stanton dreaded was of another kind. Gould! She could not mistake the name; it was too deeply impressed on her mind. She had read it on the hidden will. James Gould was the signature of one of the witnesses.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WISE COUNSEL.—Single is each one born into the world; single she dies; single she receives the reward of her good deeds, and single the punishment of her evil deeds. When she dies, her body lies like a fallen tree upon the earth, but her virtue accompanies her soul. Wherefore let us harvest and garner virtue, so that we may have an inseparable companion in traversing that gloom which is so hard to be traversed.—*Manu.*

LOYALTY.—There is a loyalty which is higher than any government, any party, any cause, or any friend can claim; it is the loyalty we owe to our honest convictions of truth and right. Whenever these conflict with lower claims the latter must give way.

READ HERE YOUR CHARACTER.

An old astrologer who professed to know all about it gives the character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows:—

If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking and studious of fashion plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.

A LOVE-LETTER.

Some of the prettiest love-letters known are those addressed by Steele, the essayist, to his wife. Here is one of them:—

"Madam,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' And I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last to Hampton Court. I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday, come se'nnight.' Prythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure, O love!

'A thousand torments dwell about me!
Yet who would live to live without thee?'

"Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion I am ever yours—RICHARD STEELE."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. R. S.—Miss Annie James, of Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, directs two clubs of the kind you require—the Circulating Composition Club, and the Amateur Essay Club. There are many such, but we will only name one more—the Garland Essay Society; secretary, Miss Routh, 52, Montagu Square, Hyde Park, W. The studies chosen include literature, art, science, biography, geography, natural history, and miscellaneous subjects. You know how to write a nice letter.

Wood Violet could learn French grammar alone, but not French pronunciation.

A Troubled One had better join a correspondence class, and consult the constantly appearing papers by 'Medicus.' There is something wrong about her diet, apparently not consuming enough vegetables and fruit.

Ada F.—You appear to need a dictionary, as your spelling is bad and your general education seems deficient also. The price of Dr. Angus's "Hand-book of the English Tongue" is 5s.

A Bashful Young Potato.—You should say "come here," not "come hither," unless you are writing poetry. "My inkstand is on the table" would be correct. To say a "Greek costume" would be more natural than a "Grecian costume," but it is difficult to make any rule on the subject.

ART.

Aspidistra.—1. The value of old engravings depends on the engraver, the subject, and on the condition they are in. We can only give a general answer to your wide question. 2. Francesco Bartolozzi was an Italian engraver, who came to London in 1764. He was a man of great talent, and his fame at one time eclipsed all rivals in his art. His engravings are very numerous—more than 2,000—the best known being "Dido," after Capriani; "Silence," etc., after Carracci; the "Massacre of the Innocents," after Guido; and the "Death of Chatham," after Copley. He was invited, in 1806, to Portugal, where he obtained an appointment and a pension from the king, and died there in 1813.

L. de Viell.—Sponge the oil painting with tepid water and soap; then cut a raw potato in half, and rub the painting gently with the inside part, which will froth a little. Sponge off and rub again, and last of all sponge with clean water. All fly marks and smoke or dust will thus be removed.

Christie A.—We are glad that our articles on "Painting in Oils" have afforded you so much pleasure. Your verses do your heart, conscience, and Christian feeling credit, but the composition needs correction.

Young Art Student.—Rosalba Carriera was a member duly elected of three of the great academies of Europe—Rome, Bologna, and Paris. Our English Academy has only granted such a distinction to two women—Mary Moser, the flower painter, and Angelica Kauffmann. Rosalba Carriera was a Venetian; born October, 1675, and died—blind, alas!—April, 1757. She was a distinguished miniature painter, and probably overstrained her eyes. She was as famous in her large oil portraits—sacred pieces—as in crayons. Many of the latter works are preserved in Dresden. She studied under Lazzari, Diamantini, and Balestra, and practised her art in several of the European Courts, enjoying extreme popularity. Her crayons had all the force and power of oil paintings. Women's disabilities as regards distinctions for artistic genius, constituted by their sex, are likely to be abolished in a few years' time, but not at Burlington House under the present régime. You must live in hope, and persevere in your work.

New Subscriber will find a series of articles on "Painting in Oils" in vol. iii. of the "G.O.P." Also we advise you to read our answers under the head of art. You can obtain shilling manuals of an artists' colourman.

COOKERY.

Young Housekeeper Bottlewasher.—Take the scallops out of their shells, cut off the beards, and divide each into several pieces, wash and drain them, and mix with half as much breadcrumbs, some pepper and salt, and a little chopped parsley. Clean the scallop shells well, wash and dry, and to each shell allow three scallops. Butter the shells and put in the cut-up scallops, cover with breadcrumbs, and put some butter at the top. Then put them in a hot oven, and let them remain about fifteen minutes till well cooked through, then serve in the shells, very hot, on a dish with a d'oyley under them. The scallop shells are very useful, and should be kept, as they are employed for warmed-up or scalloped fish, tomatoes, or vegetables.

Ignorant Jenny.—To make a potato pudding, or small cakes of the same, boil and mash three mealy ones, mix with two ounces (or three ounces) of sugar, three ounces of flour, a piece of butter, and two well-beaten eggs (one might suffice). Make into cakes, and fry to a nice brown, and serve hot, on a napkin.

Sugar and Spice suggests another way of preserving eggs, which she prefers to the recipe we gave. It is to butter them well, or dip them in good salad oil immediately after they are laid, and when dry to place them in a box and cover them with bran, afterwards putting them into a cool, dry place. Most of them, she says, will keep fresh for months if so treated, she having packed a quantity thus in the spring of last year, which were good for use all through the autumn. "Sugar and Spice" writes a good hand.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A Constant Reader.—Soiled garments in calico, after working, may be cleaned with a little flour rubbed on the dirty places.

Leonora.—Watercress is one of our most excellent articles of diet. "The watercress seller," says a recent writer, "is one of the benefactors of her country." It is an anti-scorbutic, like potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, lettuce, and other salads.

Orphan Country Lassie.—1. If in the same town, call when the bride returns; if at a distance, write and congratulate the portion of the family you know. 2. For waiting at table, see vol. iii., page 488. 3. After the cheese course the salt cellars, vinegar bottles, etc., should be removed, and the cloth brushed.

Nellie and Essie.—1. Many thanks for your washing recipe. It is exactly what we have used. 2. The 16th February, 1872, was a Friday.

Housekeeper.—"Buckmaster's Cookery" is a valuable one for the food question, and there is a small sixpenny book, called "Three Courses for Threepence" (Hatchards, Piccadilly), in which each day's dinner is divided into their several constituents, *i.e.*, in a dinner of pea soup, curried rabbit, and tapioca pudding, the analysis is: Flesh formers—peas, rabbit, milk; body warmers—butter or dripping, milk; fatteners—flour, tapioca, rice, milk; minerals—vegetables, milk. There are two kinds of food which contain everything we need to nourish the whole body. One is wholemeal bread, or porridge; the other is milk. So these we must have always, especially for children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Pansy, we think, must "take up her cross" and remain in her present difficult position, but without any quarrelling, as she must strive to live peacefully in her home for the sake of her young brothers and sisters. Keep silent when provoked, and always give kind, or at least gentle and respectful replies, instead of angry ones to your father.

An Interested Reader.—Theophilus, mentioned by St. Luke i. 3, was a distinguished individual, probably of Greece or Rome, to whom, as his particular friend and patron, St. Luke addressed both his Gospel and his history of the "Acts of the Apostles." The title "most excellent" is considered to denote official dignity—see Acts xxiii. 26, xxiv. 3, xxvi. 25. 2. The address "Your Excellency" is still in use.

The Toad.—"Zetland" is another name for the Shetland Islands. The title of Zetland belongs to the Dundas family, who have been distinguished by their public services from very early times in Scotland. The earldom was created in 1838, when Lord Dundas, a baron, was Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Orkney and Zetland.

Modest Mary.—Your mother should consult a doctor, and explain her sensations to him without delay.

A Birmingham Daisy.—The 17th January, 1873, was a Tuesday. The Summer and Winter numbers are 6d. each. They are always sold at the same price. Many thanks for your kind letter, with its eulogium.

Ella.—You should leave two of your husband's cards, and one of your own.

Gitana.—We have given a regimen lately, in the correspondence column, and "Medicus" wrote an article also. But you need not worry yourself at your age, for you will certainly become thinner before you are twenty. Many thanks for kind words; we value our foreign girls' letters very much indeed.

Esse quam videri malim is a Latin sentence, meaning "I should prefer to be really estimable, to merely being regarded as such by the world."

A Welsh Farmer's Daughter.—"As cold as charity" does not appear as a quotation, and is merely a proverbial saying, the truth of which, even in our charitable island, is proved every day, that is, by the description of charity usually exhibited.

Yam.—The best plan is to inquire at the church or chapel, when you are there, of the verger or custodian.

Troubled.—We think, on the whole, it is best to obey your mother, and not to vex her, unless required to perform a wicked act. What a question to ask! Have you forgotten "the first commandment with promise"?

An Offended Questioner.—All the competitions are advertised in the different papers and magazines by which they are started. We also advertise our own. We do not see where your grievance lies at all.

Dorritt.—Robert Buchanan has written many volumes of poetry. You had better inquire of a bookseller.

A Lover of Broadstairs.—The verse, "Why should we fear to live alone?" is from Keble's "Christian Year."

Countess H. M.—Many thanks, but our space is filled up. 2. Perhaps rubbing your dog with a little kerosene oil, keeping him safely from fire, or else an ointment in the form of vaseline, might do his coat good. Does he get too much meat?

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

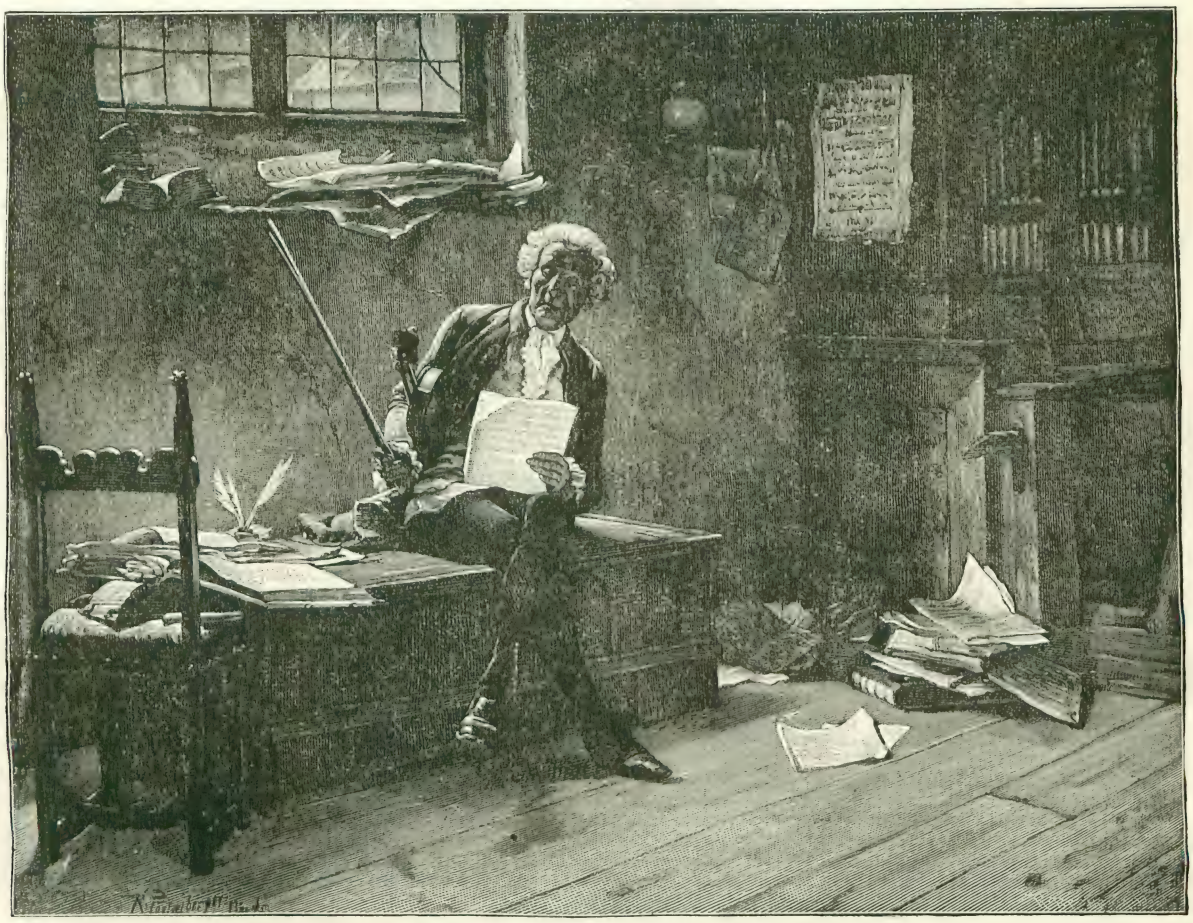
Six Hundred Exercises and Questions on the Theory of Music. Compiled by I. L. Jopling.—This is a greatly enlarged edition of a primer already commended in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It covers all the ground necessary for passing the Oxford, Edinburgh, and Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, and while it is moderate in price, it is carefully and systematically compiled.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Songs of the Pyrenees. By A. Carli; with guitar accompaniment.—In these days we have so many banjo and guitar amateurs, that these quaint Spanish folk-songs will not be neglected for want of accompanists. For open air songs these are admirable. The Spanish and French words have been supplemented by English ones written by W. P. Blake and Constance Bache.

Snow may Drift. Song. By Cécile S. Hartog.—A setting of Heine's poem, "Mag da draussen Schnee sich thürmen." The melody is a simple one, evidently intended for high sopranos, and the chief interest is in the piano part.

A Moonlit Lake. Words by Jetty Vogel; music by Frank L. Moir.—A graceful song in 6-8 time, and one of this composer's most talented productions.



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"TRYING IT OVER."

Halfdan Kjerulf's Album of Songs.—Books 3 and 4 of these original and charming melodies will be greeted with a cordial welcome by the large circle of admirers to whom books 1 and 2 are now familiar. The accompaniments have all the fascination which characterised the earlier numbers, and the appropriate translations are again by Marzials. There are over twenty songs in each book, full of varying interest and ever fresh tunefulness.

Three Songs. Words by Fergus Hume; music by Charles Willeby: "At Even," "My Other Self," "Longing for Thee."—Some interest centres in the words, not so much for their own excellence, as that they are the work of the well-known sensational writer. The melodies are commonplace, and contain many recollections and stock phrases. Of the three the first, "At Even," is the best.

Second Minuet. A scherzoso movement for pianoforte. By Hermann Papendieck.

Canzonetta. An album leaf for pianoforte. By the same writer.—The latter is the easier to play; but both pieces are excellent studies for the instrument.

ALFRED HAYS.

A Set of Six Pieces for Pianoforte. By Seymour Smith.—Some of the movements are in imitation of old dance forms, but there is great sameness and little originality in any of the numbers.

Arrangements of well-known Songs and other Pieces as Duets for Mandoline and Piano. By Francesco Gargiulio.—These will probably be in great demand while the mandoline remains in fashion. One of the arrangements is Hatton's old melody, "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye."

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

Green and Gold. Song. Composed by Charles Deacon.—May be recommended to vocalists of modest compass, as the range of the melody is only from middle C to E flat.

PATERSON AND SONS, OF EDINBURGH.

Part Songs, arranged for his celebrated choir by Mr. H. A. Lambeth.—Many of our readers will remember the visits of the Glasgow Choir, and their admirable singing of Scotch national airs. These are the arrangements as sung by them. They are nicely printed and brought out at twopence each. They include "Caller Herrin'," "Flowers of the Forest," "Bonnie Wee Thing," and many favourites connected with the poems of Burns and others.

Byegone Times. Song, with words by Clifton Bingham, and music by Annie E. Armstrong.—This is an example of the now overcrowded "Chippendale" School, which deals with old gowns, sundials, faded portraits, and such relics, in order to drag in a minuet or gavotte as a refrain, which was at first quite a relief after the much abused waltz.

Flowers Ungathered. Words by George Barlow, music by Arthur Hervey.—A delicate pastoral subject, charmingly harmonised, and wedded to very sweet words.

A Heart in Armour. Words from "The Pageant of Life" by George Barlow, music by Hamish MacCunn.—A strong, vigorous piece of writing, and certainly one of the best songs yet produced by this rising composer. The words are excellent.

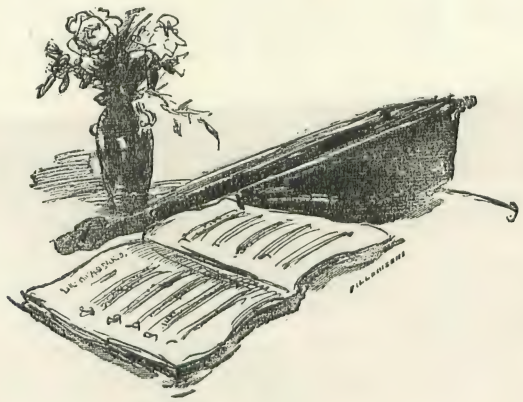
B. MOCATTA AND CO.

Twilight. A gavotte for Piano by Albert Marchbank, is a bright little piece of the kind.

Told by Golden Hours. This is a graceful setting of some picturesque, sensible words, by N. P. Willis.

A Mother's Vigil. Slumber song. By H. Lane Wilson, with words by Mrs. Crawford.—A pretty berceuse for contralto voice.

Gentle Spring. A vocal duet, by the same composer, dedicated to Madame Marie Roze.—Vocal duets are always in request, and this one is not by any means difficult.



ENGLISH GIFTS TO INDIAN CHILDREN.

My appeal for Christmas cards and toys for the Indian school-children has this year been very kindly and widely responded to. The parcels began to arrive in December, and during the next three or four months I was rejoiced to receive many through the postman, one after another, some large, some small—all welcome. I think I acknowledged all the packets which had names and addresses; but, as usual, there were several without, and for the latter I am anxious to express my thanks through THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. One was from "Pollie and Aggie, with fond love and best wishes to the dear little Indian children"; others from "A Friend at York" and "Highland Nora"; several from "A Reader of the G. O. P."; one from "Two Readers of the G. O. P." "A Lover of Children," with the signature "H," sent a friendly note, saying that she had seen my letter about the Indian children, and enclosed a few cards, "which," she added, "I hope they will like; it is only a trifle, but if they will please them, I shall be quite satisfied." One large box of cards came "with love and good wishes" from Scotland. The little collectors had all written their names, in a good, round, childish hand, upon a sheet of paper, which I forwarded with the cards to Mrs. Brander—who is herself Scotch—at Madras. She replied that she was especially interested in "the dear wee Scotch bairnies' cards." She expressed her pleasure, too, in receiving a parcel of tiny dolls from "Jessie, Annie, Eva, Blanche, Fanny, Lizzie," etc. One of them—Fanny—said in a note: "I was so pleased with what you wrote on little Indian girls in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I go to a private school; there are about a dozen of us little girls. I thought if we could send a few little dolls and cards, they would be pleased. All of the little girls have contributed dolls or clothing. I dressed them. Also the cards are sent by all. We have named the dolls after us all. We should be glad to hear more about the little Indian girls." In one parcel all the cards were very neatly mounted upon coloured calico. Some good scrap-books, which are sure to prove interesting, have been sent, and various small toys and other pretty presents.

I must now tell something about the distribution in India of these tokens of sympathy. One afternoon, soon after the arrival of the box from England, Mrs. Brander gave a party to the teachers and pupils of a Mohammedan girls' school called the Hobart School. It is named after a very good Governor of Madras and his wife, who took great interest in it. Some of the elder girls learn to do very beautiful embroidery, and thus when they leave school they can earn a livelihood. The party took place on last May, the 24th—the Queen's birthday. About fifty came, in small, curtained carriages. All the drivers and menservants had to be sent quite away, because it is the custom among the Mohammedans to keep the ladies "behind the purdah" (or curtain); that is, they are not to be allowed to see any men, except their nearest relations. So some of the men were sent outside the gates, and others to the stables. I hope before long this custom will be altered, for the life of the ladies is, in consequence of it, very restricted. They cannot go out of their homes without its causing a great deal of trouble to others. Round Mrs. Brander's house there is a large grassy "compound" or garden, with some tall trees. She asked her visitors whether they would like best to be in the house or the garden. As it was no longer so hot as in the middle of the day, they all preferred the

garden, and the whole party sat down in the cool shade of the trees. I can well fancy the teachers, with their handsome countenances, black hair, and dark eyes—dressed in gay jackets and skirts, with a rich, gauzy, red or green shawl over the head and shoulders, and numbers of bracelets and rings; and the grave but happy, round-faced children, holding their red shawls on with a dignified look. First fruit and sweets were handed round, and then there was a great treat. Mrs. Brander had hired a merry-go-round, which must have been very new to her visitors. When once filled, it was never empty again, and the shouts of delight were very pleasant to hear. The afternoon was spent very agreeably, for Mrs. Brander knows well how to entertain Indian ladies, with pictures and games and talk. On going away, every teacher and child received a little keepsake from the contents of the English box. Some had Christmas cards, some small bags of beads, others a handkerchief, a needle-book, or a pen-wiper. Among the parcels sent to me for India, one, from a lady and her niece, contained many neatly-made articles, which were given away on this occasion. Mrs. Brander writes: "The cat and fish pen-wipers caused much amusement." At last the little vehicles were again brought to the door, and the girls were carefully helped in and driven away. I am sure this party will be long remembered, and it will be associated with the kindness of English friends.

Although such good supplies have been sent this year by readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Mrs. Brander tells me that she cannot have too many cards, and that there is a perpetual and increasing demand for them. It must be remembered that she has to inspect schools containing 31,000 girls. Besides, there is now a second inspectress, for the other half of the Presidency—Miss Carr, who is also very glad to have cards to distribute as rewards. And then, it is not only in Southern India that they are valued, but at Calcutta, Bombay, Poona, and Lahore. When the latest box reached Mrs. Brander, Miss Pratt, Lady Superintendent of the Training-School for Mistresses, helped her to unpack it. Miss Pratt was very pleased to carry away a number of cards for the children of her Practising Department, and "the rest," Mrs. Brander says, "will soon melt away among my many schools." Last February and March she made a tour northwards, near the sea-coast, travelling partly by road and partly by boats on canals. "I have given away," she wrote, "a great many of your dolls, boxes, etc., much to the joy of the girls. At Vizianagram the Maharani sent word that she would like to see me again, so I went, and had a long talk with her." This was the same old lady—mother of the Maharaja—who was so struck last year with the usefulness of Mrs. Brander's short-sight spectacles, and who asked that some should be ordered for her. "I took two of your prettiest dolls and a little boat to her three grandchildren, and they were all delighted. I understood almost all that the Maharani said in Telugu, and she noticed it, and seemed pleased. She understands a great deal of our language, and occasionally says an English sentence; but she has seen no English lady for years except myself."

Mrs. Brander is soon coming to London and Scotland, for a year's holiday, which she very much needs, as she has worked hard among her Hindu "bairnies" for many years. Not only does she visit and report on the schools, but she also writes books occasionally for the use of teachers with their classes. One of these was upon the best ways of preserving health—about food and clothing, the management of young children, etc. Another was on the Kindergarten occupations, by which the little Indian children's faculties are much brightened. During her absence, Miss Govindarajulu, her deputy, will act for her. I know that this lady will be anxious to have packets of cards, for she told me that not only the girls, but the boys too, are eager for them. Miss Carr, the other inspectress, is also very pleased to receive a box now and then. Miss Carr was lately staying for a little change at a beautiful place called Coonoor, amidst high wooded hills, trees of fresh green as well as of red autumn tints, and flowers in abundance. There are in that part roses of every sort; the very hedges are covered with them, and with heliotrope, geraniums, and fuchsias. At every turn you come upon a fresh and lovely view. By this time Miss Carr has returned to Coimbatore—her headquarters—and she will soon again travel about on her inspection journeys in bullock-carts, exposed to the hot sunshine, running risks in crossing torrents, moving on from one small town to another, and everywhere encouraging the people to let their young daughters have some education, instead of growing up in ignorance. While she was still at Coonoor, she heard that a box had arrived for her, and she wrote that she was longing to open it. No doubt she will have given some prizes and reward-cards out of it already to the schools in her district.

I must not occupy more space at present in giving accounts of Mr. and Mrs. S. Banerjee's School and Widows' Home, near Calcutta, or of the Victoria School at Lahore, managed by Miss Bose, who studied in England; but I may add that at these and other schools the Christmas cards have been much cared for. If only the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER could see the young, graceful, and affectionate scholars with their own eyes, I am certain that they would more and more readily feel and show an interest in them. I know a child, who, as she had no little brother, determined to fancy that she had one; and she used even to make him change places with her in class. Her aunt said to her: "But, Elsie, I cannot see your little brother." To which she replied, emphatically, "Of course you can't see him, auntie; you must *think* him!" And so we have to "think" our young sisters in India, if we cannot go to their country. We may do it through the help of our imagination. One of the best services of that important faculty is to open out windows on all sides of our nature, and thus to attract our sympathies towards those from whom distance or circumstances must otherwise keep us for ever separate.

(MISS) E. A. MANNING,
Hon. Sec., National Indian Association,
35, Blomfield Road,
Maida Hill, London, W.

VARIETIES.

WATCH-CASE VERSES.

"When thick watches with removable cases were in fashion," says Mr. W. T. Dobson, "and before the introduction of the present compact form, the outer case of the old-fashioned 'turnip' was frequently the repository of verses and sundry devices, generally placed there by the watchmaker." Sometimes these watch-case verses were so devised as to appear in a circle without a break, as in the following:—

Onward,
Perpetually moving,
These faithful hands are proving
How soft the hours steal by;
This monitory pulse-like beating
Is oftentimes methinks repeating,
"Swift, swift, the hours do fly!
Ready! be ready! perhaps before
These hands have made
One revolution more
Life's spring is snapt—
You die!"

REPROVING SERVANTS.—"Never reprove servants," says Dr. Kitchiner, "unless you are quite in a good temper; the best way to ensure which is—never to lecture them till at least one day after they have offended you."

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

One day a lady, somewhat advanced in years, came to Mr. Julius Eichberg, the well-known head of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and made arrangements with him for taking private lessons in singing. At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell her that her ear was not true. She received the remark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as badly as before.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Eichberg, "that you can never learn to sing in tune."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," was her reply.

"Doesn't matter!" exclaimed the astonished teacher.

"No," said the pupil. "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor says that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, so I decided to take lessons."

IN EARNEST.—Without hard work and earnest purpose all that is best in the world perishes. We cannot even have a proper game without earnestness.

PRIDE.—One thing pride has which no other sin that I know of has. It is an enemy to itself, and a proud person cannot endure to see pride in another.

A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

When "La Vestale"—with which Spontini at once took rank amongst the first operatic composers of his day—was produced in Paris, in 1807, it gave rise to a good story. The opera was held to have carried noise to its farthest limits, and a well-known physician recommended a friend to go and hear it, as a cure for his deafness, volunteering at the same time to accompany him to the theatre.

After a *sforzando* loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers, "Doctor!" cried the friend, overjoyed, "doctor, I can hear!"

Alas! there was no reply, for the noise that had restored hearing to the deaf had brought deafness to the doctor.

THE ANTIDOTE.

When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the tickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

It is many months since we have intruded a paper on art needlework on the readers of The Girl's Own Paper. But, indeed, we think it wisest to stand aside now and then, not only to make room for our betters, but to allow the wheel of progress to make a few turns, and evolve more pretty things about which to speak.

The ever-increasing taste for dinner-table decoration is a growing tax on the invention of both designers and workers, consequently the first design on the opposite page is a table-mat, such as is now most in vogue; it is of pale blue corded silk, on which are embroidered sprays of wild roses, conventionally arranged; the flowers are pale pink and yellow, solidly worked, and shaded naturally with washing or "bobbin" silk; shades of olive green are used for the leaves, and a good deal of dark red is worked into the stems and veins of the leaves in order to give strength to the design. The mat is finished off with "Tom Thumb" silk fringe, composed of most or all the colours used in the embroidery. A mat of this sort is rather costly, to say nothing of the difficulties of cleaning, etc.; but it is lovely when well worked and fresh. Less expensive ones, such as will wash, can be made of white hemstitched linen, embroidered with conventional designs in various coloured flax threads; these threads are now brought to such perfection of colour that they have precisely the bright appearance of silk, and are much more durable.

Fig. 2 is a horseshoe, or "lucky," work-bag, the sides of which are shaped from millboard, on which the embroidery is mounted; they are of Kirriemuir twill, neutral tinted or self-coloured. The horseshoe is outlined with a double row of Japanese gold, "couched" down, as are also the nails; the latter are then filled in with bits of velvet chenille of various bright colours, which have all the effect of jewels; the design is embroidered with crewels of shades of olive green and terra-cotta in a variety of ornamental stitches, and has a little gold introduced. The bag part is very full, and is of soft olive green silk, lined with pale salmon pink. Such a bag as this would be easily manufactured by a neat-fingered worker, and a variety of others could be made on the same principle, substituting for the horseshoe a panel of any shape, according to fancy. Bags of all kinds and shapes, intended for all manner of purposes, seem to be, at the present time, rather popular articles on which to lavish pretty embroideries, so much so that we purpose shortly to aid the ingenuity of our girls with some more suggestions.

Fig. 3 is a flower-basket, which, though it is available for any occa-

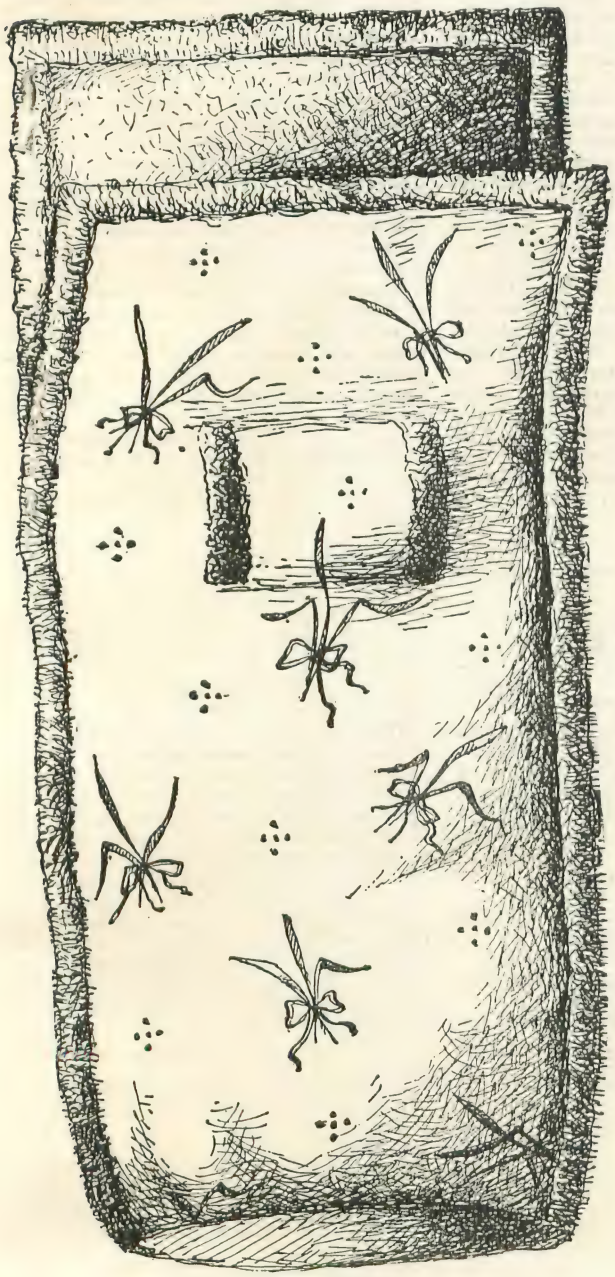


FIG. 4.—CARRIAGE-RUG AND MUFF COMBINED.

FIG. 5.—WASTE-PAPER OR OCCASIONAL BASKET.

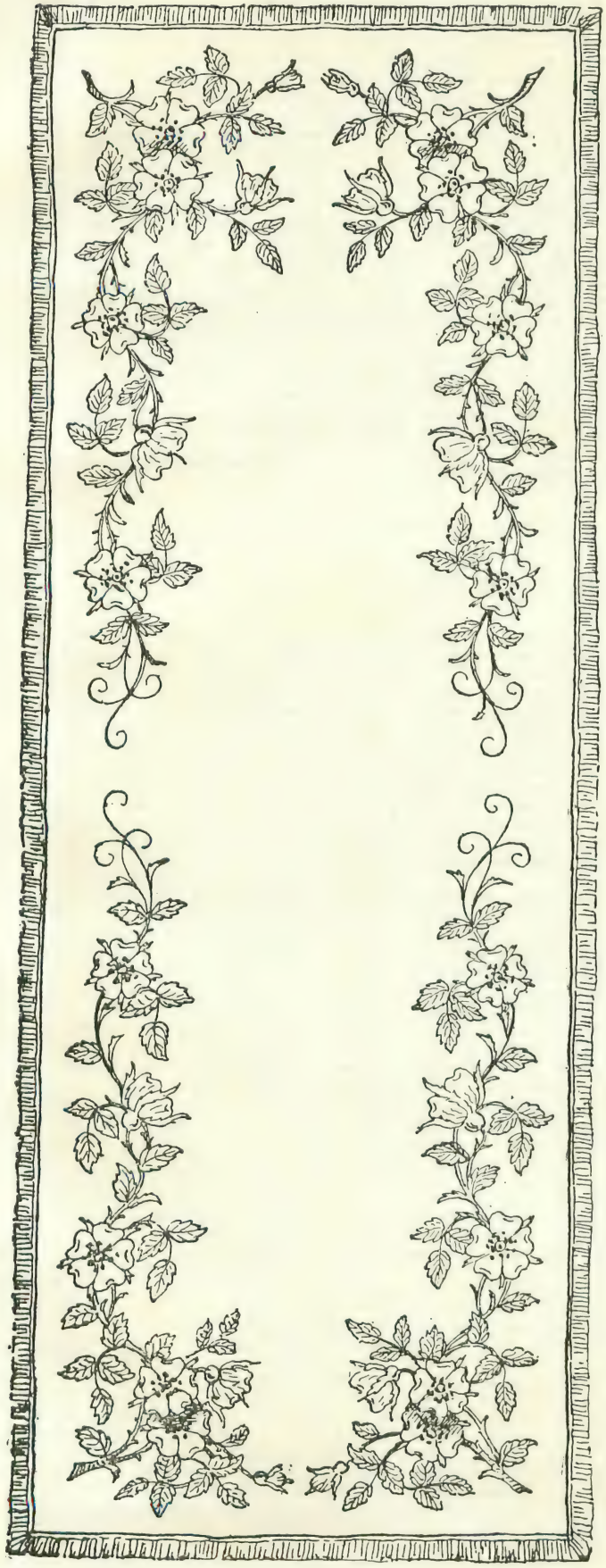


FIG. 1.—TABLE-MAT.

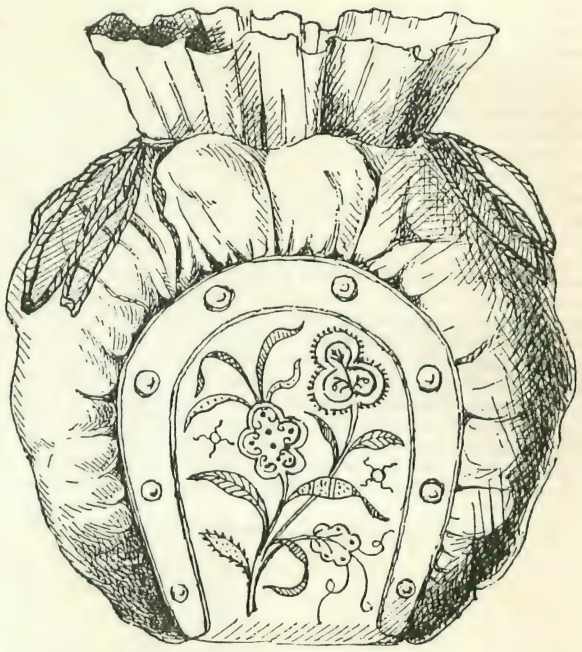


FIG. 2.—HORSESHOE WORK-BAG.

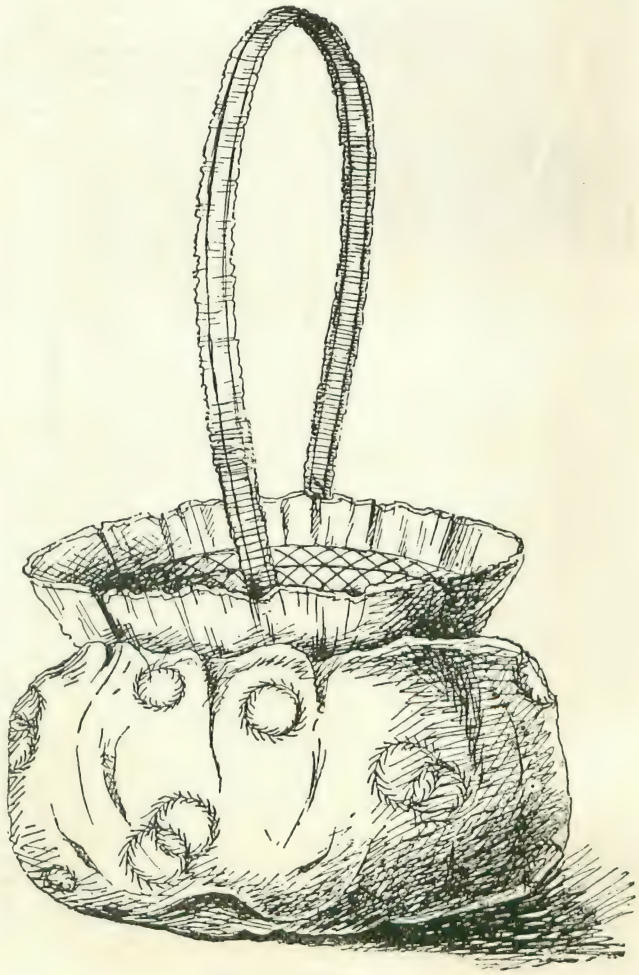


FIG. 3.—FLOWER-BASKET.

sional use, is chiefly intended for a dinner-table decoration. These baskets are very easily made, and nothing is more charming than half a dozen of them or more, in addition to a pretty table-mat. The foundation is of millboard, and they are mostly round in shape; the little design (the more simple the better for this purpose) is worked on a breadth of pongee silk of any artistic shade that will harmonise with the colour of the table-mat, if you have one; this is sewn to the foundation very full, and drawn in at the top, leaving amply sufficient for a puffed frill, of from one to two inches wide, according to the size of the basket. The handle is formed of "crinoline steel," which is slipped into a double strip of silk about three times its width, and closely gathered to each side of it; this is firmly sewn to the foundation of the basket; a tin pan is placed inside, with a wire lattice over it to support the flowers in the right position.

A number of these baskets, made of olive green silk and filled with primroses, make a most beautiful and dainty table decoration, such as would find favour amongst the admirers of these flowers "in the primrose time of the year."

Fig. 4 is a most luxurious variety of carriage rug, which we give here because it is so easily made, not expensive, and is really so comfortable an article on a journey that we desire to put it within reach of all. The flat wedge at the bottom can even be fitted with a foot-warmer. The outside is of thick, soft serge or cloth, on which powderings of leaves are worked in coarse crewel. Supposing the material to be of dark blue cloth, the leaves might be worked in olive greens, and the ribbon knots either all in pale blue, or part might be in a light shade of terra-cotta. It is lined and trimmed with fur; an old fur cloak, which is past duty in its original form, could easily and economically be utilised for the purpose of lining such a rug, with the best bits put at the top; fur must also be introduced into the muff part in front of the rug. The whole thing should of course be made large and loose, so as to slip comfortably over the dress of the wearer.

Fig. 5 is a vase-shaped basket, which can be used either for waste paper or knitting, or it can be made on a large scale, between two and three feet high, and used as a corner vase for tall grasses and bulrushes, like the china one from which the idea is adapted. It needs patience and exactness to manipulate such a basket; but it is otherwise quite easy. The ten pieces of millboard forming it must be cut exactly to the same size, and the material should be at least an inch larger all round. Crewels of the soft shade of blue, seen in old blue china, should be chosen for the embroidery, and Japanese gold in the outlines of the palm leaves will be an improvement; each section must be separately covered and lined, and they are then very neatly sewn together. The basket, when finished, has so precisely the appearance of a china vase that we have known such a piece of work to be invariably mistaken for one. On the basket of which we speak is embroidered so exact a copy of an old blue dragon vase, such as can be seen in the South Kensington Museum, that we marvel how—being an "all over" pattern—it has been so neatly fitted together that there is no interruption in the design.

We think these baskets might more easily be made of cretonne of some good and artistic pattern, which, if cleverly managed, would have almost as good an effect as embroidery, and a vast saving of time and expense would be accomplished in its manufacture.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.

PART VII.

E have now reached the last part of our series, and have but few more orders to name. The first on my list amongst these is that of the "Southern Cross" of Brazil, instituted for the benefit of both sexes, by Pedro I., Emperor, A.D. 1822. The recent revolution in that country, and the deposition and exile of the distinguished and accomplished prince, who did so much for his ungrateful people during the many years of his Imperial sovereignty, upset all the existing institutions that derived their origin from the Crown. The Government of the new Republic has thus included this Order in the category of those overthrown, specially declaring that the dignity conferred on its recipients can no longer be legally held by right of the Imperial warrant. Of course this decree of the authorities now in power must apply to those who elect to remain subject to the new Government, but those now removed from the rule and protection of their laws, and who decline to recognise the right of a powerful faction to depose their sovereign, will continue to wear the badge which he deemed them worthy to receive. The motto of the Order was *Præmium bene merentium*. The Brazilians had five Orders, and it has been stated that "nearly every scientific man of mark holds one of them." The same authority maintains that they cannot be altogether abolished by the Republic, seeing that, in connection with them, Dom Pedro was never the sole fountain of honour. He shared the position with the King of Portugal, in the case of the "Order of St. Benedict," and with the latter and the Pope in the case of the "Order of Christ." That of "the Southern Cross," named after the distinguishing constellation in the Southern hemisphere, is of four classes. As my space now rapidly diminishes, I will not describe the badge.

Far away from this mighty England of ours, and very remote from the four great continents of the world, there is a wonderful little kingdom composed of several islands, eight of which are inhabited, and the chief amongst them is Hawaii, the seat of the Government. Most of my readers will recognise this group as that of the Sandwich Islands. They are very beautiful and picturesque, clothed in tropical verdure, and basking in the dazzling sheen of the Southern Ocean.

Now this little constitutional monarchy has inaugurated a Royal Order, free to both sexes, and composed of seven classes, having a "High Grand Officer" and "Lady Companions," the late Lady Brassey having been admitted into the Order. The badge consists of a Maltese cross of red enamel, edged with gold, surmounted by a regal crown of gold. The circular centre is also of red enamel, bearing the monogram "K," within a fillet of white enamel, on which is inscribed the words "Kulia i Kanuo." On the upper limb of the cross is a small medallion representing a head in gold. The reverse of the centre is plain, "Kulia" only inscribed on the fillet, and a gold regal crown fills the angles of the cross. There is also a star of the Order; the yellow watered ribbon to which it is attached has three narrow red stripes and red edges, and the name of the decoration is "the Order of Kapiolani."

I will now proceed to give a history of what I believe to have been the origin of the name bestowed on this institution, first observing that there are two remarkable mountains on the island of Hawaii. One, snow-clad, rises to a height of 13,950 feet above the sea, and is called "Maura Kea," or "the White Mountain." The other is a continually active volcano called "Kilauea," rising to a height of 3,970 feet, with an enormous crater of nine miles in circumference, and ever sending forth flames and smoke and streams of lava. Christianity had been preached in the island, but, it would seem, with very little effect; and the heathen priests maintained their own peculiar superstitions and forms of ignorant worship. One of their deities (supposing that they believed in others) was the goddess "Pele," who, they maintained, presided over the volcano, and bathed in the seething lakes of boiling lava at the bottom of the crater, which lakes were interspersed with smoking cones. No woman might presume to touch even the base of the terrible mountain—an act of sacrilege for which the penalty was death; and it was regarded as equally such for anyone but the priests to touch certain berries dedicated to the goddess, and employed in the heathen rites. One brave confessor of the Christian faith was found amongst the handful (if as many) of converts in that idolatrous community; and that one faithful servant of God was a woman. How often we see the truth of those words of Sacred Writ exemplified: "God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty"! "Kapiolani" was the name of that woman; and to defy this false god, and prove her utter impotence—nay, even her non-existence—was the object of her zealous heart, at all risks of death on the awful mountain, or martyrdom at the hands of the priests. But she had "yielded her body a willing sacrifice" to her Divine Master; and whether in life or in death she recked not, so that she might glorify Him, and effect the conversion of her fellows. She made her confession before them all, told them the object she had in view, and to their utter bewilderment she seized a branch of the sacred berries, and fled up before them on her dangerous way. In consternation the priests made the best of their way behind her, now over streams and now among rocks of lava, lying in wild confusion around, and amidst the dull roaring of the volcano and the shakings of the ground—a scene of dread and desolation that no human foot had dared to tread before. The perilous ascent was made at last; how long it took to accomplish it I cannot say. A stream of lava might have swept her away, and the cleaving ground have swallowed her up. But strong in her belief that the inability of the false god to assert her sovereignty and avenge the insult put upon her would result in the overthrow of paganism, she gained the summit of the mountain at last. Over the awful verge she

passed, and descended into the crater. Expecting to see her swallowed up, the priests had followed hard, and with consternation beheld her unparalleled temerity. Into the boiling depths she threw their "sacred berries," and then unscathed they saw her retrace her steps. No ill awaited the "martyr in will" on her reaching the crowd that waited below; nay, more, she had broken their faith in their impotent deity, defied and defeated by a woman, and thenceforth they believed in the God of Kapiolani, and the land became a Christian kingdom. I think that in view of such a history the origin of the name of the Hawaiian Order is not far to seek. It was only natural that a grateful country should have inaugurated the institution in memory of her.

We may now pass on to a very peculiar kind of distinction, which is neither the badge of an order nor a decoration. Still, it is the highest distinction that "His Holiness" the Pope confers on the most illustrious of his female co-religionists. I refer to "The Golden Rose." It may interest some to know what it is like. Imagine a full golden branch, furnished with thorns and leaves, buds and full-blown flowers. The topmost of the latter is the largest, and there is a small receptacle for balm and musk within it, placed therein by the Pope when blessing it. This little cup is covered with a lid. The branch is planted in a vase, of which the shape is not in all cases the same, varying according to the fancy of the august donor; but his arms and name are always engraved on the pedestal. In ancient times the rose was always painted red over the metal. This mark of distinction seems to be of very early institution, and according to generally received opinion dates back as far as to the eleventh century (the Pontificate of Leo IX.). The list of recipients in the early days of its institution includes the names of men as well as of women, as, for instance, our own Henry IV., Henry VIII., and James III. of Scotland. Henry VIII. actually received it three times. Cæsar Borgia was also a recipient at the hands of his father, Pope Alexander VI., and the Emperor Napoleon III. was another. Formerly it was only Royal personages who were thus distinguished, but last year this rule was broken, for Miss Caldwell's donation of 500,000 dollars to the R.C. University at Washington was acknowledged by the Pope with a similar presentation. History tells us that Pope Urban V. sent it in 1366 to Queen Johanna of Naples, and this is the earliest record of any special recipient of the honour; while Mary Tudor was our last English Queen to whom it was presented. Queen Isabella of Spain, the ex-Empress of Mexico, widow of Maximilian, the ex-Empress of the French, and the late Queen Mercedes of Spain were all thus distinguished; and it has been a subject of comment that all these Royal ladies were the victims of great misfortune, little anticipated by the donors of the rose, which was supposed to bring a special blessing to the recipient.

It may be remembered that in a former article I said that the rose was an emblem of silence, an idea that was attached to it in the time of the ancient Greeks. Italian writers say that the phrase in common, *sub rosâ*, had its origin in the presentation of consecrated roses by the Pope, to be placed over the "confessionals" at Rome, and designed to denote secrecy, A.D. 1526.

My list of orders and decorative distinctions for women is concluded, as medals (however honourable and justly appreciated) that do not emanate from the source of all honour—the sovereign, or the government in sovereign power—do not come within the limits of this series.

Since giving an account of the Order of the Amaranth, several of our country women and men have been admitted to membership. The Countess Jeanne von Rosen officiated as "Grand Mistress," and the Countess Märta Gyldenstalpe as "Mistress of the Ceremonies" on the occasion, which was the annual Fête Day at Stockholm (February 18th). The wife of the British Ambassador, Lady Plunkett, and Miss Plunkett, Lady Georgina Gough, Mrs. Hay Newton, and a large number of ladies belonging to foreign Legations, besides members of the Swedish aristocracy, were those so distinguished.

Interesting as the subject of orders must be from antiquarian and historical points of view, I regret to think it possible that certain readers may feel as if "left out in the cold." Some are ambitious, and desire hereditary distinctions, and those appertaining to the nobility, which Providence has not placed within their reach. Then, as regards the rewards of merit, which are free to all classes alike, many desire them who have earned no claim to such decorations; while others really deserving them have been strangely overlooked. To those who would fain deserve well of their country I would say: take courage, and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; to the latter: remember that there is One who "seeth in secret," and who will hereafter, if not in this world, "reward thee openly." Another class, as yet unnamed, should not be forgotten—viz., those whose noble lives have been forfeited by acts of splendid self-devotion, and thus no laurels could be awarded them. Such ever crop up from time to time, "whose praise is not of men, but of God." Among such it may not be irrelevant to my subject to give an example. A poor French nursing sister had four or five little girls under her care, and was taking them for a walk. Suddenly she heard the cry of "Mad dog!" and there, coming at full speed towards them was the infuriated beast. Her first thought was of her charge. Bidding them run back for their lives, she sprang forwards herself to catch the dog in her arms. Close to her own body she clasped him, while he bit and tore her in frantic rage. Lion-hearted, she never relinquished her desperate hold, until men, armed with implements of attack and defence, came up and delivered her. She died in all the agonies that she knew were before her, but she knew also that the children were safe. No star ever glittered on her poor mangled breast, but she left an example of that love which is "strong as death," and of transcendant heroism that never in the annals of the world has been surpassed.

One more case of marvellous self-devotion in one of their own sex may profitably interest my girl readers. I was at Bath, many years ago, when a terrible fire broke out in a house in the lower part of the town. So far as the firemen and spectators were aware, the occupants had all been rescued, and the flames bid fair to destroy the whole building. But before the stairway was quite unapproachable, a young dressmaker appeared in the crowd in frantic distress, assuring the firemen that there still remained a little one in an upper chamber. It was no kindred of hers, but she knew it well. Brave men, as that class invariably prove themselves, they regarded a rescue at that stage of the fire as out of all reasonable hope. "Then I will go!" she exclaimed (or words to that effect), and she sprang within the door of the fated dwelling. How she attained that upper floor could not be explained, but within a few minutes the eager eyes of the spectators beheld her at a window, with the infant in her arms! Whether too far for rescue from without, or that the cruel pursuing flames and smoke burst out through the open window and gave no time to accomplish it, I do not know. It was a moment of triumph, yet, quick as thought, it was changed into that of agony. Ay, here again were verified the sacred words I quoted before, for "many waters could not quench love," any more than, in a literal sense, they could extinguish the flames that enveloped her.

And now a last word before I say "Farewell." While many are too envious of the distinctions conferred on others, there are those who affect to despise them, and even go further still, and dismiss the question with the trite and self-evident statement that "people should do what is right, without looking for any reward." But far from denying the fact that a grateful and loving desire to please God and to help others might well limit our highest ambition; still, the "system of rewards and punishments" is of Divine ordinance. No reader of the Bible could ignore so patent a fact, from the promises and threatenings set forth in the Old Testament, to the sublime declarations of the Apocalypse. Who has not noted the signal award made by our Blessed Lord to the poor woman who gave practical self-denying proof of her repentance and faith by the presentation of a most costly gift! Not only did He accept her and the offering she publicly made, but He instituted a perpetual commemoration of her act. Truly, she did not look for any reward, only her Divine Master's forgiveness, and the joy of doing Him honour. But what did He say? I pray you to mark the words:—"Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—St. Matt. xxvi. 13; St. Mark xiv. 9.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD,
"Lady of Grace," Royal Order of "St. John of Jerusalem."

"'TIS SWEET TO LINGER ALL ALONE."

A SUMMER TWILIGHT.

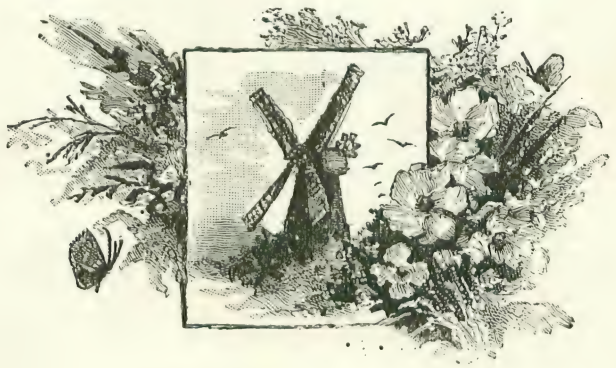
WHEN summer winds blow fresh and fair
  Across the daisy sprinkled lea,
And laden is the balmy air
  With perfume sweet of flower and tree,
'Tis sweet to linger all alone
  By some old floral-covered stile,
And dwell on pictures all our own,
  Forgetful of the world the while.

And if the hour be twilight dim,
  When silent night is stepping nigh,
When Nature chants her vesper hymn,
  And Venus lights the dark'ning sky,
Still let us pause, though gathering dews
  Remind us we should haste away—
A little longer must we muse,
  And mark the dying of the day.

And now 'tis gone, we homeward steal;
  What sweet, sad thoughts our bosoms swell
With all the motions we so feel,
  But ne'er shall have the wit to tell.
Some soft unuttered prayer shall rise,
  And bring our bursting hearts relief;
For One is yonder in the skies
  Who knows the strangeness of our grief.

O Lord, how quickly fade and die
  The fairest scenes the earth can show!
To make them ours in vain we try,
  For all is transient here below;
But be Thou still our guide, our goal,
  That when our day shall near its close,
No sad regret shall vex our soul,
  Nor dreary shadow interpose.

SAMUEL S. M'CURRY.



KATE ORMSBY'S RIDE.

BY ALICE KING.

"I LEAVE your mother entirely in your charge, Kate, for Nancy has very little head, though she has plenty of heart."

"Don't fear, father dear, I will be sure to take good care of mother, rely upon that; and I will think for Nancy and her and myself—all three of us."

"I fully rely upon you, Kate. I believe my brave girl would rather risk her life than fail in her duty."

"You think too highly of me, father."

He shook his head with a half-smiling denial, and then went on—

"Remember to give her the medicine regularly while I am away; a good deal in her case depends on that. She still wants attentive watching and nursing. I should not have left her to-day if she had not been decidedly better, and if there were not so many people ill at the other side of the moor. I shall not return till early to-morrow morning. I shall sleep at Mr. Cording's, at Highercombe."

"Don't think of coming back to-night, father; the way across the moor is so dangerous in the dark."

"And I have so many patients waiting for me, that I am afraid I should not be able to start home till the daylight is nearly gone."

"How I do wish I was a man, like you, father, and, like you, could always be doing beautiful and noble work to make people love me and bless me."

"You will do beautiful and noble things without being a man, my Katie," said Dr. Ormsby, as he bent to give the girl a farewell kiss.

It was a bright young face which was upturned to him—a face which was a flower of sweetness, a star in its expression of radiant steadfastness. They formed a fair picture, the father and daughter, as they stood there on that sunny, frosty morning of early November. Dr. Ormsby was a man of stately presence, with thought and kindliness written in distinct characters on his lined face and high forehead, on which rested the wavy brown hair, touched here and there with silver. And Kate was a creature for youth and joy to dream about, as the sunbeams kissed her glowing cheeks, as the moorland breeze played with the curls that covered her pretty little well-shaped head, and ruffled and tumbled them—with her graceful, slender, girlish figure standing out against the background of dark glistening green made by the hardy evergreens that filled the garden. Close at hand rose the moor, overspread with a carpet of brown heather and withered ferns, that took here and there a reddish tint, while here and there, in damp, swampy spots, there were patches of brilliant green, where flourished emerald mosses that might have done honour to the robe of summer.

In the most western part of the West of England, in West Somerset, there is a tract of beautiful country not much known as yet to the tourist. Here there are hills of varied and picturesque shape, and deep valleys through which go rushing, sparkling, noisy streams that seem never weary of tricksy, capricious windings, and sheltered hollows that are called in the West-country "combes." Here is the wide bold expanse of Exmoor, which in the autumn is covered with a regal mantle of purple and gold, composed of gorse and heather, and over which roam the red deer and the Exmoor pony. Not far from the bleak moorland are narrow lanes, between the high banks of which there is as sure and safe an escape from the east wind as in an Italian fishing-cove on the Riviera. From the hills is to be seen the watery highway of the Bristol Channel, up and down which go the great ships, with their gleaming sails or their pennants of grey smoke. The people who dwell in this region are as remarkable as the country which they inhabit; they have their own customs, their own superstitions, their own dialect and quaint forms of expression.

Dr. Ormsby had come to settle in the warm climate of the West of England on account of the delicate health of his wife. Mrs. Ormsby had, however, found it too relaxing, and her husband had then taken a house in the bracing air on the borders of Exmoor, and removed thither with her and their one child, a little daughter. The change had proved beneficial to the invalid, and the family had resided ever since at Lee Barton, the name of the old house which was their moorland home.

Dr. Ormsby was a man of sufficient private means to have lived comfortably without

making any money professionally. His warm sympathies, however, and his activity of mind prevented his living an idle life; he would not let the gift of his medical skill, which was very considerable, lie dormant, and he had soon quite an extensive practice among the small farmers and the poor of the neighbourhood. His charges were small, in some cases almost nominal, and he became a real benefactor to the country round. Dr. Ormsby had lately somewhat neglected his patients on account of a dangerous attack of illness from which his wife had been suffering; but as she was now better, he was going to-day to make up arrears of duty by visiting several sick people on the other side of the moor. His intention was to spend the night at the house of a large farmer whose family were among his patients.

Kate Ormsby had been brought up and taught entirely by her parents, a circumstance which made the relationship between father and mother and daughter peculiarly close and tender. Her education had been carried out on a special and original pattern, and its success had been admirable. Her accomplishments, in the ordinary sense of the word, were few; but her father had strengthened the foundations of her mind by teaching her Greek and Latin, and her mother had cultivated all her natural talents. They had allowed her character to develop itself without trying to shape it into any given form, and rejoiced in the blossoms of courage and strength of will and firmness of purpose which it put forth; they taught her self-dependence, and loved to see her think and act for herself. She delighted in natural objects, though she had never attended a course of natural history lectures, and knew every bird, flower, and insect on the moor and in its neighbourhood. Her life had been spent much out of doors in the moorland air, and the result had been that physically she had unfolded with marvellous rapidity; the free, active grace of her movements was a perfect silent poem, and at fifteen she had the carriage of a young empress, and the step of a mountain fairy. She was an excellent walker, and a fearless and accomplished horsewoman, spending much of her time on the back of her Exmoor pony Ariel, an animal, like all his breed, of singular beauty, spirit, and intelligence.

When Kate had watched her father out of sight as he rode briskly away over the moor, kissing her hand and waving her handkerchief, she lingered for a few minutes in the garden to examine a few hardy plants which she wanted to try to coax to live out through the winter in that exposed situation, then she entered the house, and went towards her mother's room. On her way she met Nancy, the old West-country servant, who had lived with the Ormsbys ever since they settled at Lee Barton. Nancy was a thorough specimen of the West-country folk in general, obstinate, faithful, superstitious, prejudiced, warm-hearted. She had known Kate from her earliest childhood, and thought it one of her duties to correct and admonish her.

"Now, Miss Kate," she said, "what have you been doing a-dawdling away of your time down there in the garden, a-poring over them two or three trumpery old flowers that will no more grow there than they will in my cap. You go and sit with your ma, while I goes down to see after that worthless hussy, Susan; by this time I dare say she have a-turned the kitchen into Troy Town."

Kate could never make out how Nancy had become so intimately acquainted with that ancient city of classic story; but she was always finding resemblances to it in her daily life and work. Nancy spoke with a strong West-country burr, and used all the old-fashioned West-country phraseology.

"Don't you think mother is really much better, Nancy?" asked Kate, passing over meekly, as well used to it, the reproof contained in the words just spoken by the old woman.

"Well, yes, I should think her better if it wasn't for the tokens," replied Nancy, oracularly. "First of all, there was the handful of coppers."

"The handful of coppers?" repeated Kate, bewilderedly.

"Why, last night, Miss Kate, I did nothing but dream of a handful of coppers, which is always a token of trouble coming. When I woke in the night I heard the cocks crowing as if it was morning, and that's a sure and sartain token of death; and then, exactly as the clock struck three there was a rap at my bed's head, and that be the worst token of all; it do signify every calamity that there be in the blessed world. I mind that when my great uncle fell from the top of a hayrick and broke his back, my mother heard three raps as distinct as ever she heard anyone say 'good morning.'"

It might have been expected that these various foreboding signs of coming evil would have made Kate Ormsby feel somewhat uncomfortable; but as she had been brought up in the West-country round about Exmoor she was far too used to such things to heed them. She knew that all West-country folks live in a world that is filled with dreams and mysterious omens and shadowy apparitions, quite as much as it is with creatures of flesh and blood, and to her they were as commonplace a subject of conversation as to ordinary people are the weather or the money market. It cannot be said, therefore, that she treated Nancy's sibylline utterances with much reverence; she only laughed and replied—

"Oh, well, Nancy, if all your tokens are coming true at once we shall be having a bad time of it. Don't you think you could send them a telegram to ask them to come singly?"

"Get along with your nonsense, Miss Kate!" retorted Nancy, with a very queenly toss of her cap.

And Kate ran off to her mother's room with a little peal of merriment that was like the notes of the woodpecker in the woods in spring-time.

Mrs. Ormsby looked as if even the touch of a summer breeze might make her dissolve into mist, as she lay there with her delicate, transparent complexion, faintly flushing with pleasure as her daughter entered, with her hair, that ill health had blanched before its time, smoothed back beneath her dainty lace cap, with an unnaturally brilliant light in her large dark eyes. Kate sat down by her, and soothed and cheered her with every pretty art that her bright young brain and tender affection could suggest. Now she told of some small household event, now of what she had been reading to her father in the newspaper. The invalid listened as if all the girl said was music; but it evidently grew more and more difficult to her to concentrate her attention. As the day went on she grew more and more restless, and, patient sufferer though she was, she could not conceal the fact that she felt much less well than she had done in the morning. She could not eat, though Kate coaxed her so fondly, and her medicine seemed to do her no good. By the time the afternoon was come Kate could not hide from herself the fact that her mother was much worse, and that she must be going to have a relapse. The poor girl turned to Nancy for comfort and advice; but Nancy, though an efficient and unwearying nurse with Dr. Ormsby standing at her side to overlook and direct her, was a very unenlightened one. Her first proceeding in illness was coolly, and with apparent relish, to doom the patient, and she said in a tone of satisfaction to Kate—

"Ah, poor, dear soul! she be going fast, I see; didn't I tell 'ee how something was going to happen after them tokens?"

"But, Nancy, what can we, what ought we to do for her?" cried the girl, in her bitter anguish and distress.

"All I can say is, Miss Kate, I'll do my best, just as Nancy Brewer always does in all the clampers of this troublesome life; but it is no use after them tokens."

Kate stood gazing at her mother, who had now fallen into a feverish doze, with a frost of despair fast settling down on her young face. Suddenly, however, there flashed a ray of resolution into her countenance, her cheeks glowed, a light woke up in her eyes. She beckoned Nancy softly out of the sick room.

"Nancy," she said, gently but firmly, "you do your best in tending and watching mother; I will ride across the moor and fetch father back."

"Why, the child must be mazed with grief," cried Nancy. "You start to ride across the moor alone at this time of day, with the night coming on as it is! Why, you'll meet the pixies, Miss Kate, and be pixy-led, and all sorts."

Before, however, Nancy could say more, she found she was standing alone, and she returned grumbling to her mistress's room.

Soon after that Kate was galloping swiftly over the moor, with the wind rushing past her, and seeming to be trying to outstrip her, with the red western sky, where the sun had just set, in front of her, with the stars just beginning to look out over head, with the brown heather beneath her pony's feet. It was no light matter to cross the moor in the dark, which would soon be closing round her; it was even a service of danger, as she had said to her father, for the bogs are many and deep on Exmoor, and often difficult to avoid when the rider is in full daylight; but the brave girl was doing her loving duty towards her mother in going to fetch her father, and so she sped boldly on. It was an absolute necessity for Kate to go herself if Dr. Ormsby was to be recalled to Lee Barton that night, for the groom, who might have been sent for him, happened to be absent on some errand of his own; Kate had even had to saddle her pony herself, an operation to which she was fortunately not unused since childhood. She had always practised hardy, independent ways from innate choice.

If she grew at all uncertain about finding her way across the moor, Kate felt that she should depend much upon the sagacity of her pony Ariel. He was a thoroughbred Exmoor, and had been used to the moor from his foal days. He had been bred at the farm where Dr. Ormsby was going to spend the night, and would therefore naturally turn his steps thither. He was a creature "all air and fire"; his small head and large bright eyes were full of intelligent expression; his little mobile ears seemed always to be silently talking about everything he saw; his rounded, beautifully moulded hind-quarters and well-knit limbs gave the idea of equal strength and activity. He was both nervous and spirited, but at the same time remarkably docile and tractable when his confidence had been once fully gained, as it had been by Kate.

Onward, ever onward, over the moor. There was not a trace of the sun left now. It was growing much darker; onward with Ariel's long tail floating in the breeze as they skimmed along, and his firm little hoofs springing over the heath. The whortleberry bushes, the only growth which comes to maturity on the moorland, looked, in the dim light, like weird dwarf shapes. The few stars shining glimmered like funereal torches; the wind had a sobbing sound that went and came like the laboured, intermittent breathing of the dying. It was very like the breathing she had heard in that sick room she had just left. She shuddered and urged Ariel forward.

"Good Ariel, true Ariel!" she said,

leaning over him, "go quicker, quicker! We must be nearly half way now. I think we are taking quite the shortest cut across the moor to Highercombe. Oh, if we could only reach father, only get back to her! Good Ariel, true Ariel, hurry on!"

And as if he perfectly understood her words, the gallant little animal seemed to be trying to redouble his speed.

Suddenly Kate became aware of the fact that the atmosphere around was growing dark with a darkness which was beyond the darkness of night. A minute more had scarcely gone by when she found herself surrounded by a dense, impenetrable grey curtain, that shut out from her the sky and the sight of all around her; she could hardly do more than discern the pony's head. A stranger to the West-country might have wondered at such a phenomenon, but Kate Ormsby knew too well what it meant—she was in the middle of an Exmoor fog. These fogs always come on with lightning-like rapidity. The feeling of those out in them on the moor is one of most desolate isolation. The luckless wanderer appears to himself completely shut out and separated from all mankind.

Kate was a brave girl, and accustomed to the moorland, but her heart, in truth, failed her, as she drew Ariel's rein, feeling that in the fog it would be imprudent to proceed at her present speed. What if she were to wander about on the moor till dawn, and before dawn her mother should have died! What if she and Ariel were to get into the middle of a deep bog!

These questions were still drearily crossing each other in her brain, when all at once Ariel began to snort violently. She became aware that she was in the midst of a number of living creatures; she could hear their breathing, and the stir made by their movements. A strange, unnatural position, to be surrounded by so much life and motion in the darkness. Suddenly, however, there was one of those brief rifts in the fog which so often occur in Exmoor mists—a ray of starlight darted down for a few moments, and she saw, with startling distinctness, the branching antlers of a red stag close to her. Then she knew that she had got into the middle of a herd of red deer. An instant after the fog had settled round her more densely than ever, and she could hear the whole herd scampering away.

She was going on slowly, trusting very much to the almost human intelligence of Ariel, and to his extreme surefootedness, which made him tread a rough hill-country track as swiftly and lightly as if it were a flowery meadow, when she heard the pony whinny softly, while he quickened his pace a little. Just after that there was a sound of many hard hoofs striking the spongy heath with a continuous thud—a sound as if a troop of cavalry was crossing the moor in the darkness. Instinctively Kate cried out, as if help were near; but the only answer was still that hollow, monotonous thud made by innumerable feet. Kate then knew that she was among Ariel's kindred—the Exmoor ponies. Ariel was evidently strongly tempted to linger with them, but he resisted the impulse in his loyalty to his mistress, and went on his way.

They had not proceeded much further when Ariel began to go slower and slower, until at length he came to a dead stop. She urged him on, but he planted his front feet more resolutely, and she could feel a tremor pass through him; he was clearly in a state of fear at something. Then the truth flashed through Kate's mind; the pony's instinct told him they were on the edge of a bog. As she realised this fact, the girl felt as if she were slipping fast into dull despair. But not so gallant little Ariel. After having stood for two or three minutes as if in deep thought, he turned round with a suddenness that almost threw her from her saddle, and started off at a brisk pace.

Wrapped in mist though the night had been, the morning looked brightly in at the windows of Lee Barton, to see Mrs. Ormsby sleeping peacefully, while at her side watched her husband and daughter. Kate's head rested lovingly on her father's shoulder, as he said, softly,—

"My brave girl was, as I said she would be, true to her duty even at the risk of her life."

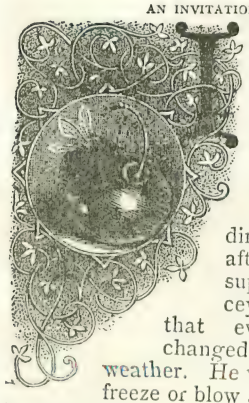
"And little Ariel was very true to his duty too, father," she answered, smiling, though her eyes were full of happy tears; "he recognised the neighbourhood of his old home as he stood by the bog, and bore me safely to you, through the darkness and night."

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INVITATION.



It had been what is called "a green Christmas," with little frost and no snow. When the family party gathered round the dining-room fire after their early supper, Mr. Dauncey complained that everything was changed, even the weather. He wished it would freeze or blow a hurricane, or do something to remind them that Christmas was there.

"Shall we sing a carol, grandfather?" asked Marjory; and he assented. "Will you begin, Aunt Flo?" she added, and Flo started the well-known "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," in which Belle and the children joined.

The Christmas bells were pealing gladly from the old church tower, and for a few minutes Mr. Dauncey appeared to forget his griefs. It was only for a few minutes. He was soon pacing the room restlessly, and the "glad tidings" proclaimed by the carol were apparently unheeded. Not quite, however.

"Charlie used to sing that as a boy," he said, halting behind his grandson's chair. "Do you remember, Belle, how you used to come with him to our door at daybreak and awaken us with that very carol?"

"Yes, dear father. And now Charlie realises the meaning of the announcement," replied Belle.

"Please to tell us exactly what he said, dear grandfather. We only know what you put in the letters, and what Cousin Arthur wrote to Aunt Flo," said Marjory.

She took him by the hand and led him back to his chair, then sat down on the rug at his feet She fixed her appealing eyes on him, and clasped his knee as if she would not let him go. Weatherley also rose and stood at the back of his chair, saying that they wanted to be told every word that their much-loved father had said. This roused Mr. Dauncey, and Flo, anxious to prevent an undue return of grief, added that they also wanted to learn something more of the new "Cousin Arthur," who had been so kind. She asked why he had written to her in preference to Belle.

"He said, because I was writing to Belle; but I did not inquire or make any comment," replied her father.

Then he racked his memory to recall every word Charlie had said. He told the children of his anxiety about their spiritual as well as temporal future; of his wish that they should cling to one another; that they should do their duty; that they should never forget him or their mother."

"We never could, grandfather, we love them dearly," put in Marjory. "And we will teach Mamy to remember them by telling her how good they were."

"They are together now, and very happy," said Weatherley.

Mr. Dauncey was fairly roused by these innocent comments, and became aware that these children of his dead son were fast growing up, and that their future condition was a grave anxiety.

"Shall you like to live with the squire, children?" he asked, as if by sudden impulse. "It must be settled this week."

"I do not wish to leave you, grandfather, but he is very kind, and can afford to give me an education and a profession. Besides, father wished it," returned Weatherley, with unnatural thoughtfulness.

"So be it. You are already a man, my boy. I said so when I saw you first with that cane."

"I mean to remain with you and Aunt Belle. We have quite settled it," said Marjory. "Mamy had better stay with Miss Margaretta, now she is there, and Weatherley will go to College, and I shall learn to be a good housekeeper. I think I like making pies and puddings and butter and cheese better than passing examinations. It is only cramming, after all. May I stay with Aunt Belle?"

"We shall see, deary, we shall see," replied Dauncey, to whose mind came a vision of Pearce, and probable ruin.

This stayed his momentary amusement at Marjory.

He had not heard of the lawyer's proposal and threats to Belle; but he knew that with the loss of the American fortune, all he possessed was his if he chose to distrain or foreclose.

"What is this Mr. Arthur Dauncey like, father? He is free and easy if nothing else, for he began his letter, 'My dear cousin,'" asked Flo.

"He took a great fancy to your photo," answered Mr. Dauncey, with a spark of his natural humour. "Poor Charlie had his book of family photographs with him, and showed them to him. He said afterwards—poor Charlie did—that he fell in love with yours at first sight, and asked for it. Charlie gave him the book as a remembrance, so he can now study us all."

"I daresay he will come and marry Aunt Flo," said the reflective Marjory.

"That would be jolly. And she would share the big fortune, after all," added Weatherley.

"I wouldn't marry a Yankee if he owned all the United States, and were President," exclaimed Flo.

"But he is not a Yankee. He is a highly educated Canadian," returned her father.

The change of subject changed the flow of ideas, and by degrees the little party became more cheerful. Few of us can be miserable for ever, and Mr. Dauncey and Flo were naturally elastic, and if cast down to the depths one hour, rebounded the next.

Soon after this little talk they had family prayers. Mr. Dauncey asked Belle to read them and the chapter that preceded them; he was afraid of breaking down. Molly lingered after she rose from her knees to deliver a message—it was from the men who worked on the farm. Mr. Dauncey had been always in the habit of paying his labourers their day's wage on Christmas Day and Good Friday, with the proviso that they were to go once to church. He observed the days himself, he said, and wished his people to do the same; but they and their families must live, therefore he did not subtract a sixth part of their pay. They should be holy days to them in every sense.

"Master," began Molly, "all the mens is saying that I am to be thanking you and Miss Belle for Christmas Day. They have been to church, but they do grieve dreadful for Mr. Charlie, and do hope that you will keep up, and that they will be seeing you to-morrow."

"I hope so, Molly, I hope so; good night!" stammered Mr. Dauncey. "I have done one good thing, at least, in my faulty life, even if I borrowed the money to teach them to be religious." With this grim jest he went to bed.

Contrary to Belle's fears, they had a few quiet days, undisturbed either by Pearce or any other money-claimant. One morning she told her father of the propoals and refusal as delicately as she could, but he did not see the matter with her eyes. On the contrary, he was annoyed and almost angry. He could not see why she should have ruined them all. He had always looked on her as sensible beyond most women, and now, just as ruin was staring them in the face, and he had gone through the greatest trial of his life, she had aggravated his creditor into becoming his enemy.

"I could not marry a man I despised," was all that Belle could say.

"Why should you despise him? He is a gentleman, good-looking, and blessed with ample means," said her father.

"I should be always thinking how he got those means. I should remember the heavy interest he heaped upon the money he lent you, and the poor clients he has ruined because they could not pay. Oh, father! I am sorry you can wish me to marry him, even to free you from his clutches. I would rather starve with you here, or work for you anywhere else, than soil my conscience by a lie. Mother and you always taught us to speak and act the truth."

"Don't be violent, Belle. I don't want you to sacrifice yourself for me. Of course he will foreclose, and we shall lose all he can lay his hand upon. I am daily expecting the notice, and wonder he hasn't either been to see me or written. I mean to throw everything up. Sell stock and crops and furniture, and whatever will fetch a penny. I shall get a hole somewhere, Flo and you must go out to service, and the children to the Court. I have quite made up my mind."

"I am afraid if you did this, father, Mr. Pearce would get the proceeds. Whereas, if you stay on here, the squire has the first claim. We can sell sufficient farm produce to pay him, and he will not proceed to extremities. I never knew how kind he was until this fresh trouble. He is really sorry for you now."

"Yes, Belle. I have been a wretched dreamer all my life. Your poor mother did her best to restrain my fancies and to keep me from speculating and borrowing; you have done the same; and now I am an old man and not a whit improved. If I had taken your advice and not sent Charlie after that next-of-kin business, he might have been here with us at this moment."

"Oh, father! Life and death are in God's hands. But for that advertisement, the children would not have come to stay with us, and Mr. Weatherley would not have been reconciled to us through them. He might never have seen them. Now he will provide for them, and all anxiety on their account will be removed. Both their mother and Charlie prayed for this, and their prayers are answered, though in a way they had not thought of. I believe our path will be made clear if we also pray."

"It is hard to keep faith alight as one grows old, Belle, especially when the world goes against one. But your sermon has done me good, and I see something that will spirit me up still more. It is snowing! There will be a frost, and I shall be better tempered. The damp brings on one's rheumatism, and that, as old Brown says, 'do make one ter'ble cantankerous.' And here comes the squire on horseback! Jim sees him, and runs after him to take his horse; and I will open the door. And now for the children's affairs. There is something to live for, after all."

Belle hastened to stir the fire and brush up the hearth, and before she had finished, her father and Mr. Weatherley came in, the latter covered with snowflakes.

"May I take away your overcoat?" said Belle, and he, with many apologies, took it off.

She carried it into the kitchen to dry, and left the two men together, thinking it wise to let them talk over matters uninterrupted by a third person. Marjory was carrying out her educational standards by making a pudding under Molly's superintendence, and Rover was asleep by the fire, with one paw thrown protectingly over a big black cat. Belle took Molly's place as instructress, and the pudding went smoothly on. Weatherley came smiling in, like his maternal grandfather, covered with snowflakes, and Belle felt as if life were beginning again with wintry weather. Not so Flo, who entered shivering, enveloped in a large shawl, and asked who had arrived.

"The squire; and I have left him and father together," said Belle. "What is the matter, Flo?"

"I really can't say. I suppose I have worked too long in the cold over that sketch which father asked me to make of the house. It is to be sent to our new cousin, Arthur. He wants him to see the place where his father lived."

Flo sat down on a hard kitchen chair and warmed herself, and Marjory said, reflectively, while she rolled out her paste—

"I think grandfather means you to marry Cousin Arthur."

"If you say that again, I will——" began Flo; but the rest of the sentence was smothered by Weatherley, who put his hand over her mouth.

Thus life asserted itself over the shadow of death.

Meanwhile the two grandfathers sat in the two easy chairs on either side of the dining-room fire. Molly had taken in a log, which was flaming brightly, and as the squire rubbed his hands over the blaze, and looked at the neat room, and its well-polished furniture, he said, with a sigh—

"You have an excellent daughter, Dauncey. I am glad there is still a young lady left content to stay at home."

"Marjory is just like her," said Dauncey, with a pleased smile. "She means to be a good housekeeper."

Mr. Weatherley was a reserved man, and it took him some time to begin the subject that brought him to the Farm. He opened it at last by suggesting that Weatherley should be sent to Harrow.

"I was at Harrow myself," he said, "and should like him to be educated there, if you have no objection. He can choose his line of life afterwards. He will, in the course of nature, succeed me at the Court, but I should like him to have a profession. He can enter the army or the church or go to the bar. I am sure he is clever and resolute."

"Yes; and already quite a man," returned Dauncey.

"My sister Margaretta thinks that it would be wise for all the children to come to the Court, before we finally settle our plans for them," continued the squire,

in a measured, nervous voice. "They should become acquainted with their mother's home. She wishes me to ask you all to spend New Year's Day with us. We will have an early dinner; we will, if you consent, fetch you, and send you back. My sister Dulcey will come, and we can then make some definite arrangements for the future; that is to say, for the present, since the future is so uncertain, and you and I are not as young as we were. It is many years since last we met at the Court."

"I am afraid I should not be equal to it. You are most kind, but——," stammered Dauncey, surprised by the invitation.

"Mamy talks constantly of you all, and should see her brother and sister. Margaretta is afraid to bring her here, lest she should wish to remain," pleaded the squire. "I little thought we should ever again have loved a child, but she is just what her mother was. I hope you will let her stay with us. We cannot part with her."

His voice faltered, and Dauncey was also moved.

"Charlie wished you to have them all three, and said they should not be separated. I relinquish my claim entirely. His last words were his last will," said Dauncey, suddenly beginning to pace the room.

"It is unfortunate, but you cannot talk when seated, and all my ideas vanish when people are moving about," said the squire, rather irritably.

Dauncey begged his pardon and sat down again. After a momentary pause, he was the first to speak. He was in a penitent mood, and was resolved to continue the apologies he was making to Belle when the squire arrived.

"I am always unlucky. Whether I sit or stand, work or dawdle, stop at home or go abroad, I manage to do the wrong thing. I offended you because I did not interfere in the marriage of poor Charlie and Amy, and I have injured everyone belonging to me because I interfered in Jabez Dauncey's will. I have always been my own enemy, and therefore the enemy of my family. I suppose one can't be one's own enemy without being other people's."

He paused for an answer.

"I suppose not," said the squire.

"Very well. I wish to make friends with myself and the world generally, and spend the remainder of my days in universal good-fellowship. I beg your pardon, squire, for my stiff-neckedness towards you, and give our grandchildren —how old that word makes one feel!— into your hands, to 'have and to hold,' as the lawyers say. As I am too poor to keep them, there is no great condescension on my part, and I am only too thankful that you are so good and generous."

"The boy has the merit, if there is any," said Mr. Weatherley. "I should never have come round but for him. I accept your son's legacy of his and Amy's children, and will do my duty by them, with God's help. We are neighbours, and, I hope, friends once more. We can share them if you wish——"

"No, no," interrupted Dauncey. "You have means, I have none. All I possess belongs to Pearce, and if you don't put in your claim first, he will, maybe, turn us out of house and home."

"I could not distrain, but I will see what can be done. If you get through this, you will promise never to speculate or borrow again?" said the squire.

"I have made so many promises in my time and broken them all, that I will make no more."

"You can at least promise to spend New Year's Day with us? Let it be a family gathering and a day of reconciliation. You see I have paid my visit; you must return it."

"I will consult Belle. The children and Flo shall go, they are used to society. We are not. We shouldn't know how to behave at the Court; and butler and footman would laugh at us. I still dislike being laughed at. I am dreadfully thin-skinned, and having no shell, can't hide myself like a snail."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the squire, who had put a great restraint on his pride to give the invitation, and who was unused to contradiction. "I shall expect you all. Where is Miss Dauncey?"

"If you will excuse me, I will look for her."

Dauncey found her and the rest of his family where he left them, in the kitchen. He hurried back to the squire without answering Flo's question as to what he wanted.

"If you don't mind following me, I will convince you that we are not fitting guests for the Court," he said.

Mr. Weatherley followed, and looking through the half-open door, saw the group we have already described.

Belle and Marjory rolling the paste, Weatherley and Flo quarrelling about the American cousin; the dog and cat reposing in peace. Molly was clattering in the scullery, the snow was falling fast and soft over the outside world.

"May I come in, Miss Dauncey? Don't let me disturb you," said the squire, with customary courtesy. "I see my top-coat by the fire, and am much obliged to you for drying it."

Belle advanced to meet him; Flo threw off the big shawl and rose majestic; Marjory jumped off the stool on which she was standing, and Weatherley seized his hand with delighted eagerness. He was pleased with his reception and the scene. There were no apologies, no awkwardness. All was as natural as Belle herself. He repeated the invitation, and she, like her father, was doubtful as to accepting it. She thought it was early days since Charlie's death. She looked at her father.

"Do let us go, Aunt Belle," cried the children; and "It would be delightful," said Flo. "May Dolly come too?" asked Marjory.

"There is no doubt as to Flo and the young people," said Dauncey. "They shall be ready."

"And Dolly?" interjected Marjory.

"And Dolly, of course," said the squire. "And Mr. and Miss Dauncey?" he added, interrogatively.

"Belle can go, but I cannot promise," replied Dauncey; and this was all the concession the still half-offended squire could get from his old friend.

(To be continued.)

"SAN GIMIGNAN'":

SONNET.

By C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

Grey wintry London, blurred with mist and rain,
Fades, and its rush is still; its fog and mire
No longer seem to be; and eyes that tire
Of sky and street dyed with the smoke's dull stain
See, as they look through memory's book again,
A line of many towers, a dome, a spire,
A sky of amber shot with bars of fire,
And purple foreground of fair Tuscan plain;
The broad, flat fields, the long white road that ran
To the far Seven-sleeper town which lay
Full on the hill against the dying day,
The hymn of nightingale as night began—
All this I see, I hear, ere fades away
My memory-picture of San Gimignan.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WRONG DISCLOSED.

"GOOD weather for the corn, Miss Aldyth, but not altogether comfortable for human beings."

The speaker was Mr. Ralph Greenwood, and he was alighting from a chaise at the entrance to Wyndham. Aldyth had just stepped into the road from a field to the left, and he chose to get down and walk with her.

"It is hot," said Aldyth, who, however, in her white frock and large hat looked by no means oppressed by the heat. The broad flat fields were one blaze of sunlight, and only the faintest zephyr stirred the leaves. Aldyth smiled to see the little lawyer wiping his brow with an air of resignation. She was alone, save for her usual attendant, a beautiful Scotch collie.

"It was good of you to drive out on such a warm afternoon," she said; "there is no shade whatever along that road. But come this way; it is a nearer and pleasanter path to the house."

She opened a little gate into the grounds, and they followed a narrow, winding path through the shrubbery. The man in charge of the chaise drove slowly on along the carriage-drive.

"Ah, this is pleasant," said Mr. Greenwood, recovering his usual brisk manner. "I have come, Miss Aldyth, because there is a little matter I must name to you."

"Oh, if it is business, please do not begin upon it till I have had a cup of tea," said Aldyth, imploringly; "this weather does not stimulate one's brains."

The lawyer laughed.

"Perhaps not," he said, "though your appearance gives a contrary impression. I feared my coming might rouse you from a siesta, but your energy is beyond everything. How many miles have you been walking in this fervent heat?"

"Not one," said Aldyth. "I have only been to the Cottage. A fresh party of girls came from London last evening. It is good to see their delight in the place. Despite the heat, it seems like a Paradise to them."

"They would hardly be conscious of the heat here after East London," he replied. "I shudder to think what those courts and alleys must be like on such a day as this. Then your plan is working well?"

"Yes, fairly well," said Aldyth. "Poor old Mrs. Dibbins was at first rather frightened of the girls, but she is learning how to manage them. They are rough, poor things; they have no idea of enjoying themselves quietly; but we shall tame them by degrees. I go down every day for a little while."

"It is very good of you," said Mr. Greenwood.

"No, it is not good," said Aldyth, shaking her head; "it is just my hobby. I can assure you few things have given me more pleasure than I have found in arranging this home. I am so glad I have the means of doing it."

"Then you have become reconciled to your riches?" he said, with one of his quick, shrewd glances.

"I believe so," said Aldyth, simply. "I value the power that money confers; I am afraid I should not like to lose it now."

"Strange things happen in life," observed the lawyer, thoughtfully stroking his chin.

His words had no particular significance for Aldyth. She supposed them to refer to her unexpected acquisition of the property. They were approaching the house. She led him across the lawn, and they entered by one of the drawing-room windows.

Aldyth regretted the unceremonious entrance as she saw her mother rise, pale and dismayed, from the sofa. Yet Mrs. Stanton was not unprepared for visitors. She wore a black gown of some light diaphanous texture, elegantly made, and becoming well her tall, graceful form. She conquered her nervousness by an assumption of the most queenly dignity. Mr. Greenwood thought her demeanour absurdly "high and mighty;" but he was moved to pity by the look of suffering stamped on the pale, handsome features.

"This hot weather is trying you, I fear," he said, kindly. "You do not look strong."

"I am in my usual health, thank you," she replied, so haughtily that his remark seemed an impertinence.

"We must have some tea," said Aldyth, moving towards the bell; "that is what we want—Mr. Greenwood most of all, since he has driven along that hot, dusty road to speak with me on business."

"If it is business, I had better go," said Mrs. Stanton, half rising with a languid movement.

"Mamma!" cried Aldyth, reproachfully; "as if my business were not yours!"

Mrs. Stanton sank back into her place. She was longing yet dreading to hear the lawyer's business.

"It is nothing to make a mystery of," said Mr. Greenwood, in his easy, cheerful manner. "I only want Miss Aldyth to be kind enough to let me look through her uncle's papers once more. A curious fact has come to light."

The blood flew into Mrs. Stanton's face, her heart throbbed wildly, her breath came fast. What was he about to say?

"You have heard of Mr. Gould, Miss Dawtrey's *fiancé*? He is a solicitor, practising in London; his office is in Chancery Lane. Well, Mr. Guy Lorraine has lately made his acquaintance, and has heard from him a strange story. It seems that Mr. Stephen Lorraine, only a few months before his death—in April, I believe it was—went to London and called on him. He said he wished to make a will, and must have it drawn up at once, that he might sign it without delay. He gave certain clear, concise directions, and waited there in the office for three whole hours till the will was ready for his signature. Gould and his clerk were the witnesses. Mr. Lorraine insisted on carrying the will away with him. There was no time to make a copy."

"Then that was what brought uncle to London!" The words escaped Aldyth almost unawares.

"You knew of his being there?"

"Yes, I met him most unexpectedly in Oxford Street. I remember he had a small packet in his hand. He made me promise to tell no one of my meeting him—he did not want it talked about at Woodham."

"Ah, that was it," said the lawyer quickly; "he wanted to do it on the sly, without my knowing anything about it. He was ashamed to let me know that he had changed his mind. I had put things to him as strongly as I dared. But what a mistake it was! Why could he not have come to me, his own lawyer, and let me draw up another will for him? Now who is to say what has become of this last will? Did he change his mind a second time and destroy it, intending the former will to stand? or have we overlooked this, his last will, and is it yet to be found? This is a vital question for you, Miss Aldyth. You understand, do you not, that the will by which you inherit was made in January of last year, and would be invalid if a later one were found?"

"I understand," said Aldyth.

She was startled but not confused by the lawyer's words. In a moment her mind had grasped the whole situation. She saw all that it involved for Guy, for herself, for her mother. A few minutes before she had been rejoicing in the power her wealth gave her; now it seemed probable that the wealth had never been hers. Well, she had been happy without riches, and she could be happy without them again. Her mother would feel the change most. For a few moments Aldyth dared not glance towards her mother; she wondered that no word or sound escaped her. Whilst these thoughts were passing through Aldyth's mind with lightning speed, the lawyer went on talking in courteously regretful tones.

"It is much to be deplored that there should be any question as to the validity of the will. Mr. Lorraine ought to have acquainted me with his intentions. It is a very awkward thing when a later will is discovered, after one has been proved and put into execution. Mr. Gould avers that this later will bequeathed Wyndham and most of the property to Mr. Guy Lorraine; he, naturally, is much excited by the intelligence. I told him I was sure you would have no objection to my instituting a

thorough search for the missing document."

Aldyth's mind had taken a new flight during his deliberate utterances. She was recalling the words her uncle had said to her as they sat together in Hyde Park, recalling too the drear hour when she stood by his bedside, and he had vainly striven to say to her something which was believed to have reference to his will.

"Uncle did not destroy that will," she exclaimed aloud, in a tone of conviction; "it will be found somewhere in this house, I fully believe. Search for it by all means—search everywhere. How I wish we had known of it before!"

An exclamation from Mr. Greenwood startled her. She turned to see her mother falling in a fainting fit to the floor.

During the next two hours Aldyth had no thought of anyone save her mother. Mrs. Stanton recovered from one swoon only to sink back into another. Her condition was so alarming that a messenger was despatched with all haste to seek the doctor. Mr. Greenwood lingered in the drawing-room, not knowing whether to go or to stay, and making vain offers of service to everyone who came in his way, till Gladys took pity on him, and managed to get from Aldyth the keys of the library, after which he found plenty of occupation.

The medical man appeared to think seriously of Mrs. Stanton's condition. He inquired if she had sustained any shock that could account for it. It could hardly be called a shock, Aldyth said; but she had heard what might well cause her anxiety. Perhaps, he suggested, it was the last of a series of mental disturbances—the "last straw" of the proverb. The symptoms indicated a shattered condition of the nerves and a complete prostration of strength. Aldyth could not say that her mother had of late had great worries; but she had certainly for some time seemed restless and unhappy, and doubtless the loss of her husband and the ruin of his firm were sufficient cause.

It was evening ere Aldyth found leisure to go downstairs and see what Mr. Greenwood was doing. She found him in the library. He had thoroughly ransacked the bureau, and in doing so had discovered the secret recess.

"Look!" he said, as he pointed it out to her; "this was what led me to the discovery. The third drawer was unlocked; it would not quite close. I searched for the cause, and saw this bit of white stuff caught at the back. Pulling out the drawer to free it, I saw a little nick in the wood, which let me into the secret of the hollow beyond. Now, that piece of stuff was never worn by Stephen Lorraine. Someone has been prying here. Was it one of the servants, do you think?"

"No," said Aldyth. "Mrs. Rogers kept the keys; she would not let one of the servants have them; and my trust in her is absolute."

"Yes?" said the lawyer, with a rather dubious air.

Aldyth bent to examine the fragment of linen. It was of the finest lawn, apparently torn from a frill, such as her mother had been wont to wear in the sleeves of her crape gown. Aldyth's colour rose with the thought. Various possibilities suggested themselves to her mind. She could not have told why it was, but from that moment the idea that her mother was concealing some knowledge of the later will took possession of Aldyth's mind, and refused to be dislodged. She turned to Mr. Greenwood, speaking rather tremulously—

"Mrs. Rogers had nothing to do with this, I feel certain; but I will make inquiries, I will try to ascertain if anyone has been to the bureau."

"It will be well to do so," he replied.

"Will you search further to-night?" she asked.

"No, not now. I must be getting home," he said.

"You will have some dinner before you start?"

"No, thank you, I must not stay. Mrs. Greenwood will be expecting me. I shall be out again in a day or two. Mrs. Stanton will be better then, I trust."

"I hope so," Aldyth said. "But I feel uneasy, her pulse is so high."

It was indeed many days ere Mrs. Stanton could be pronounced on the way to recovery. She developed a kind of low fever, and though her life was never in actual danger, her condition was such that Aldyth suffered much anxiety. Part of the time she was delirious, and the words she uttered in her delirium seemed to confirm the painful impression Aldyth had received. Something evidently weighed on the mind of the patient, something she was anxious to conceal. Was it a wrong done to Guy that his name was so often on her lips, uttered in tones of aversion and dread? What was it that she persistently declared to be "no crime under the circumstances."

Crime! The word thrilled Aldyth with horror. Could it possibly be that her mother had destroyed the will by which Guy should have inherited Wyndham? Aldyth could not seriously entertain the idea, and yet the fear haunted her. Miserable was her anxiety and suspense as she watched beside her mother's bed, performing every duty with the tenderest care. The very thought of her inheritance had become a torture to her. What if she had no right to the home she occupied? What if she were daily spending money that was not hers?

Meanwhile, search had been made throughout the house, in every possible and impossible place, for the missing will. Only the sick-room had not been searched. Aldyth longed for the day when she might satisfy herself with regard to that, but it would have been impossible for her to look through drawers and cupboards without her mother's permission.

The fever passed, but left the patient so reduced in strength that her progress towards convalescence was of the slowest. Mind as well as body was sadly depressed. Aldyth did not need the doctor's hint to convince her that there was a burden on her mother's mind which retarded her recovery. In vain Aldyth tried to discover its nature. It was impossible to give help whilst confidence was resolutely withheld. Mrs. Stanton never alluded to the lawyer's visit, nor inquired the result of his search. She might have forgotten all about it, yet Aldyth felt sure that she had not. Was not this the cause of her deep-drawn sighs, her weary movements, and the sleeplessness which defied the doctor's drugs?

One warm afternoon Mrs. Stanton lay on the couch in her bedroom. "We shall soon have you downstairs now, mamma," Aldyth had said, as she helped her into her dressing-gown. But her mother only shook her head and sighed. The thought of resuming her old life was distasteful to her. She had taken a dislike to Wyndham, and her strongest desire at the present moment was to escape from the place. Yet her heart clung to the comforts and luxuries which Aldyth's inheritance had secured for her.

"It is very warm," she murmured, presently. "Where is that palm-leaf fan, Aldyth? It is lighter to hold than this one."

"I could not find it yesterday," Aldyth replied; "perhaps it is in the wardrobe."

She opened the doors as she spoke. The next minute Mrs. Stanton saw with a thrill of dread that Aldyth had mounted a chair, and was searching on the top shelf of the wardrobe. A hectic colour suddenly glowed in the cheeks of the invalid; her voice was sharp to shrillness, as she exclaimed—

"What are you doing, Aldyth? You will not find it there. Come down at once; you know I cannot bear people to turn over my things."

Startled by her mother's manner, Aldyth sprang down. "Why, mamma. I was doing no harm," she said, "there is hardly anything on that shelf except your travelling desk."

A shudder ran through Mrs. Stanton's weakened frame. She was ashamed to meet her daughter's eyes, full of wonder at her excessive agitation. Aldyth's glance was penetrating; she half read, half guessed the cause of that agitation. Hence her next remark—"Mamma, I may soon have to ask you to let me look through your wardrobe and drawers."

"What do you mean?"

"I promised Mr. Greenwood I would look everywhere for that will. Do you remember about it?"

For a few moments Mrs. Stanton could not reply. Her face grew ashy white to the very lips. Then she rallied herself to utter the retort, "What right has he or anyone to suppose that it can be amongst my things? That wardrobe contains only what is mine."

"He supposes nothing of the kind," said Aldyth; "I only want, for my own satisfaction, to be able to assure him that the will is nowhere in the house."

Mrs. Stanton's lips moved, but no sound passed them. She could not utter the untrue word. Something within her said that it was vain to struggle longer; further concealment was im-

possible. Yet she shrank from the disclosure that must be made.

"Mother, do you know anything about this will?"

Mrs. Stanton covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Mamma! then it is so. Tell me—where is it?"

No reply. Mrs. Stanton began to sob.

"Mamma, I must know." There was sternness in Aldyth's voice now. "You have not destroyed the will?"

"No, no; not that!" cried Mrs. Stanton, excitedly; "nothing so bad as that. You will think it very wrong, I know; but I did it for the best."

"What did you do for the best?" asked Aldyth, trying hard to control herself, but with an inevitable hardness in her manner. "You found the will, I suppose. What have you done with it?"

"Yes, I found it," sobbed Mrs. Stanton, "and I have not had a happy moment since. It is up there, Aldyth. You were near it just now. In the travelling desk."

In another minute Aldyth had the desk in her hands. Directed by her mother, she found the key and opened the desk. There was the will, and a glance assured Aldyth it was the one that Mr. Gould had drawn up for her uncle.

"How long is it since you found this?" Aldyth inquired.

"Oh, a long time ago," sobbed Mrs. Stanton. "Aldyth, don't look at me like that. It cannot matter so very much."

"I must know when," said Aldyth, firmly.

"Well, then, it was the day after I came to Wyndham. Mrs. Rogers gave me the keys, and I thought I would amuse myself by looking through the bureau. It was in a secret recess behind some drawers. Oh, I wish I had never found it! It made me miserable."

"Wish rather that you had never concealed it," cried Aldyth, unable to suppress her indignation. "How could you bear to go on living so for nearly a year, living in a home which does not belong to us, on an income to which we have no right, living like common thieves and swindlers?"

"Aldyth, how can you speak so!"

"I cannot gloss it over, mamma," said Aldyth, coldly. "It was an act of dishonesty, look at it how you will. Guy was kept out of his property. But there shall be an end to it."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Stanton, in a frightened tone, as Aldyth turned to quit the room.

"I shall send for Guy at once that he may hear what you have told me."

"Not from me!" cried Mrs. Stanton, excitedly. "I could not tell him. And there is surely no need to tell him everything. It is enough that the will is found."

"It is not enough," said Aldyth, decidedly. "Guy has a right to know all. Nothing can justify further concealment. If I were you, I would make a full confession to him."

"That I can never do," sobbed her mother. "I could not bear the shame, the exposure."

"Then I will tell him," said Aldyth. "It may not be necessary for others to know, but I must insist upon Guy's being told all."

"You are unkind to me, Aldyth," cried her mother, passionately. "You do not care how much I suffer."

The words smote Aldyth. Was her proud sense of the wrong done to herself as well as to Guy rendering her pitiless? She remembered her mother's weakness, her recent illness, and the doctor's fear of a relapse, all the suffering which her sin had caused her. She went back and spoke in a softer tone as she bent over her mother.

"Forgive me, mamma, if I seem harsh and cruel. You do not know what this is to me. I would not for the world have had you act so. But it cannot be helped now, and you have suffered greatly. It only remains for us to do all in our power to make amends to Guy. And we must begin by full confession. There is no other way to peace for those who have sinned. It is when we confess and forsake our sin that we find mercy."

"I never meant to do anything so very bad," sobbed Mrs. Stanton; "but I thought it would be so dreadful for us all to be poor. Gladys' prospects would be ruined, and Cecil's education stopped. I am sure I did it for the best."

Aldyth's face grew stern again.

"It can never be well to do what is wrong," she said, abruptly; then, feeling that words were of little use, she left the room, carrying the will with her. Gladys was not to be found, so she sent Mrs. Rogers to take care of her mother, and sat down to write a few lines to Guy. They were quickly written and the note despatched.

Aldyth breathed more freely when this was done. She went to her room, and the first thing which met her eyes was the portrait of her mother, on which her affection had feasted through the long years of absence. Mrs. Stanton's wan, wasted countenance of to-day had little resemblance to the lovely contour of the photograph; and no less a contrast did her mother's character, as Aldyth now knew it, present to that of the ideal mother whom Aldyth had worshipped in her heart through all those years. Ah, the pity of it! Aldyth's heart throbbed with pain as those fancies of the past came back to her recognised as illusions. It was her mother who had done this wrong, this dishonourable action. With what a burning sense of shame and degradation Aldyth realised the truth. She had not dreamed that she would ever be called to share the burden of her mother's sin. It pressed upon her cruelly. She felt as if she were the guilty one. How could she confess to Guy the wrong that had been done him? It was useless to ask. There was no evading the task, and she summoned all her resolution for the performance of the painful duty.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

CYCLE.—The best dress for tricycling is a serge one, made with a plain skirt and bodice. Beneath it we should recommend a divided skirt, made of the same material.

EMMA.—1. Re-turn your cream nuns' veiling with crimson velveteen, velvet, or silk. 2. Asthma may be sometimes ameliorated by a change of locality, even to a very short distance; but special localities are recommended for it.

C. K.—Bottles of prepared indiarubber may be purchased at any indiarubber goods shop, and we suppose you could make a fresh hem to your cloak.

BUTTERFLY.—We do not know what will clean old artificial flowers. They can be restiffened with gum.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.—1. Constant watchfulness is requisite to overcome a bad temper, and constant prayer for help and strength. 2. You would have to wear what was arranged for the rest of the class.

HONOR OAK.—A black silk dress that has become greasy may be quite restored by sponging carefully with water and ordinary washing blue, or the blue may be powdered and rubbed on with a damp flannel, care being taken to apply it evenly, and not in patches. This is a remedy that has been tried by several correspondents with success.

MUSIC.

HARMONY.—There is an easy book on harmony by Ellice Jewell, and a more advanced one by Bannister.

SALMON AND PHYSIC.—"Glissando" is an Italian word used in music, meaning to play in a gliding, slurred, smooth manner.

LILY.—Loss of voice is so often connected with the general health, that you had better consult a doctor.

SCOTCH THISTLE.—The difficulty of the musical examinations would be the same everywhere, if they are recognised ones. We do not see your difficulty, as the fees are only £2 2s. Perhaps the St. Andrew's University would answer; address Professor Knight.

GOLDEN HAIR.—1. A "professor" is one who teaches any science or branch of learning, especially an officer in a university, college, or other institution, whose business it is to read lectures, or instruct students in a particular branch of learning, as a professor of music, theology, or mathematics. 2. The figure on the first page "G.O.P." is drawn from a marble statue, and consequently the eyes are shut, or invisible.

ANNIE F.—You could get an instruction-book for singing, and practise the scales and exercises if you wished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. M.—The word "Apocrypha" means, properly, "hidden," "secret," and "spurious." The use of this word began among the early Christian heretical sects, and was retained by ecclesiastical writers, as meaning the same, especially the last, spurious, in the sense of not being written by their alleged authors. The modern word "uncanonical" dates from the time of the Reformation. The pure Hebrew canon of the Scriptures was identical with our Authorised Version as we have it to-day. Luther considered the Apocrypha as "not of like value with Holy Scripture, yet good and useful to be read."

DAISY.—We could not give you advice unless we knew what they were. Ask a doctor's opinion, and do not let your mind dwell on them. Try to forget, and commit yourself to the Divine care.

MEGGIE and GERTIE.—In the spleen the blood corpuscles undergo some changes. It is not improbable that it may be the seat of the manufacture of red blood corpuscles, as well as of their final disintegration.

HEATHER should consult a doctor.

A DISTRESSED ONE and SWEET DREAMS should be guided by the advice of their father. He probably knows far more about the character of the young man than they do.

VOL. XI.—No. 560.] SEPTEMBER 20, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WITH tender tints of amethyst and gold
They bloom away when other flowers fade,
And, when the regal autumn sweeps away
'Neath stormy wind-songs, ere the winter's shade,
Then, all alone, my flowers bloom softly on,
With pale fringed petals drooping low with love,
And on their gleaming hearts the dewy stars,
As pearly tokens from the Heaven above.

Ah! pluck them not amid the shadows long,
But let them blossom through the wintry day—
My golden flowers that seem to breathe of sleep,
Of rest at last upon life's storm-swept way;
And through the gloom their message softly speeds,
Of faith undying, and of love's great peace
That dawns amid the eventide of life,
A crown of glory when all troubles cease.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

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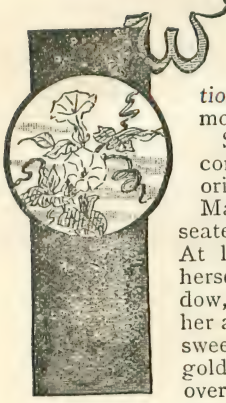
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COURT.



"WHEN will they tome, auntie?" was Mamy's oft-repeated question on New Year's morning.

She was to and fro continually, from an oriel window to Miss Margaretta, who was seated near the fire. At last she stationed herself by the said window, a huge doll in her arms. She made a sweet little picture, her golden locks floating over her black frock, and her pretty face pressed against the glass. The setting of the picture was equally striking. The room in which she and Miss Margaretta were located was an old-fashioned apartment, furnished handsomely in the style of a past generation. It was and had always been a morning room for the ladies of the family, and the white and gold furniture and hangings of old gold satin had been originally placed there for the bridal home-coming of the present squire's grandmother. They were somewhat faded by age, but, like Miss Margaretta, looked none the worse for that. The floor was strewn with toys, New Year's cards, and various modern presents given to Mamy that auspicious morn.

Miss Margaretta was in slight mourning, for had not Charlie been her nephew by marriage, and were not old animosities vanishing before the scythe of the universal leveller? She sat with her foot on the fender, reclining in an easy chair, and reflecting. Work and books were on a small table at her elbow, and a handsome carved screen, in which was embroidery done by her niece, partially shielding her from the huge Christmas fire. At another call from Mamy she rose, took the child on her knee, and sat shivering before the window.

It was no longer a green Christmas, but a white one. The outer world was covered with frozen snow, and every branch of every tree in the park was bound by hoar frost and icicles as if by iron bands. The scene without was fair and pure as those who watched it so closely—the white-haired lady and the golden-headed child. They were very happy together, and Mamy expressed no wish to leave the Court, though she talked much of her friends, and wanted to see them.

"Here they are at last! I feared an obstruction," said the squire, suddenly breaking into the room. Mamy clapped her hands, as she perceived a carriage making its way through the deep snow. Her grandfather lifted her from his sister's knees, and carried her into the hall; Miss Margaretta followed. The hall was what is called "baronial" in size and fittings, and opened upon a handsome flight of steps, before which the carriage soon pulled up. The servants were in attendance, and in a few seconds Flo, Dolly, Marjory and Weatherley were in the hall. Marjory seized upon Mamy, and the others shook hands heartily. Flo looked her best, which was certainly supremely elegant and pretty, while the children were rosy and bright as a frosty morn could make them.

"My father is sorry not to come," said Flo, at a question from the squire. "He is not very well, and does not seem equal to leave home. My sister also sends her apologies, and thinks she must stay with my father."

"I expected as much," said Mr. Weatherley; and Flo felt that he was displeased. Turning to his sister, however, he added, "You will see to the young ladies. I want to show Weatherley the place before luncheon. You will not object to a walk, my boy?"

"I shall like it, of all things," replied Weatherley, and with great delight accompanied his grandfather for the projected walk.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than the air, and it would be difficult to say which enjoyed it most; for the squire was hale and hearty, and loved the frost. He took his grandson first to a spot whence they could best see the house. It was a long, many-windowed, balustraded mansion in the Queen Anne style—a style revived under Queen Victoria—and had been in the Weatherley family since the reign of the first-mentioned monarch. Then they went for a brisk walk through the woods, and finally returned to the neighbourhood of the house. Gardens, stables, outbuildings, were cursorily visited, and Weatherley conceived a grand opinion of the Court and its accessories; he had only seen them at a distance before. During their walk the conversation had chiefly been on general topics; and the squire drew from the lad much concerning his parents and the Daunceys, incidentally. He could not but be pleased with his straightforward, manly answers to his questions; and when at last they came to a halt in the stable, where his favourite horse Silverking was warmly sheltered from the outer cold, he said, laying one hand on the steed, the other on the shoulder of the boy—

"We are indebted in part to Silverking, in part to your intrepidity, for our acquaintance. Had he not been frisky and you bold, it would have ended where it began—at the Vicarage. The past six months have been eventful to us both."

"Yes, sir. We have lost my dear father," said Weatherley.

"And found a grandfather. Call me by that name. If you were to come into this property, would you make a good use of it?" asked the squire.

"I would try," replied the boy, humbly.

"It is not entailed, but you are the natural heir. I think we understand one another, and that you do not reproach me for the past. You must return to the Court some day this week—tell Mr. Dauncey so; but he is not conciliatory—and you must get accustomed to us before going to Harrow at the beginning of the next term, as they call it. Mamy is with us already; the other little girl——" The squire paused to remember her name.

"Marjory, grandfather," supplied Weatherley. "But she wishes to stay with Aunt Belle."

"That will be best, for the present at least," said the squire, relieved, for as yet he scarcely knew Marjory. "It would be unfeeling to remove you all at once, though you are all three a legacy to me, and I shall hope to provide for you."

"Thank you, sir. Poor mother would be glad. She wished me to go to a public school, and a fellow has a chance of distinguishing himself there. If father only knew! But perhaps he does."

Weatherley's voice faltered as he spoke the foregoing words. He felt a little aggrieved for his dear Marjory, who was, he knew, the best of children, and his heart sank as he remembered his father, so lately hidden from his sight in that far-off cemetery at Montreal.

"You must make friends with Silverking," said the squire, patting his horse; "and then we must go in to luncheon. There is the bell."

The squire gave Silverking some oats, which the petted and somewhat pampered animal ate out of his hands; and when Weatherley put his arm fearlessly round his neck, and received in return an equine token of friendship, his grandfather was satisfied.

While they had been surveying the place out of doors, Miss Margaretta was entertaining her guests in the house, or rather, Mamy was, for she had become mistress of the mansion. Miss Dulcey had arrived, seated alone in the big coach. The squire had arranged to send the carriage twice, first for the youngsters, secondly for the elders. As we have seen, he was disappointed of two of his invited guests, but Miss Dulcey joined his family party.

Mamy did the honours of the nursery that had once been her mother's. She, Marjory, and Dolly were soon engaged with a doll's house almost big enough for a dwelling for Mamy; and Marjory remembered how that the mother who had once occupied the room used to tell her about this same mimic mansion. She almost knew its contents by heart.

While they were thus engaged, Miss Dulcey took Flo through the principal rooms, just to show her, as she said, where she was bred and born.

"It is a fine, desolate old place," she commented. "I should have turned it into an orphanage for the offspring of

runaway matches. That is the only class of babes that I know of unrepresented."

"Mr. Weatherley is carrying out your idea, Miss Dulcey. I only wish I were one of the orphans," said Flo, who was amazed at the dreary grandeur of the various apartments.

"It is dull enough now, but children will soon enliven it," returned Miss Dulcey. "Mamy has made Margaretta quite young, and as to Hewson, he is so foolish about the child, I am afraid he is getting into his dotage."

These scattered members of the New Year's party all assembled for luncheon. It was served in state in the large dining-room, and would have been a stiff and solemn meal but for Miss Dulcey. She turned it into quite an uproarious festivity, and, aided by Flo, set the young folk entirely at their ease, and astonished the master and mistress of the mansion, who had been so long unaccustomed to children. Flo and her two nieces were on one side of the table, and Weatherley, his dear Dolly, and his Aunt Dulcey on the other. Fortunately there was no breach either of etiquette or good manners, and the squire was well pleased with the conduct of his grandchildren. In short, the good cheer disappeared without mishap, and Miss Dulcey said to Flo, when the dreaded meal was over, "Our orphanage has started well. The offspring of our runaway match might compete with any of their rival institutions."

Perhaps the most successful part of the day was yet to come. The afternoon was spent in music and games, improvised by Miss Dulcey. Flo played and sang, to the real pleasure of the squire, who was musical; Marjory and Dolly showed off their acquirements in an elaborate pianoforte duet; and Mamy went through her repertory of childish ditties, to the enchantment of the elders. But when she suddenly burst forth with "Tarley is my darling, my darling, my darling," silence fell upon the scene, and tears filled the eyes.

"It seemed almost like forgetting father," whispered Marjory to Weatherley; "but Mamy remembers."

"He always liked to see us happy," returned the boy.

"Let's have 'truckle the trencher'; we used to play it when we were young," cried Miss Dulcey, suddenly rising.

They were in the drawing-room, and the tables were soon pushed aside to make space. If there was any childish fear or reserve, it disappeared when the squire and Miss Margaretta joined in the game. They resisted at first, but Mamy's "Tome," and a tug from her tiny hand, overcame them. Of course they were the most frequently called for, and the squire, who was slightly inclined to corpulence, declared himself quite done up.

And after all this feasting and excitement, there was still tea. Miss Margaretta had ordered it to be laid on a huge round table in the breakfast-room, and when it was announced, she was in the centre of the room holding the trencher in her hand. Mamy was pulling at her skirt, and saying, "Tall me, auntie," and the rest were in anxious expectation. Much disappointment was expressed at leaving the forfeits unredeemed; but the call to tea was imperative. Miss Margaretta and Mamy led the way hand in hand, the rest followed.

The centre of the round table was groaning under dainties of all descriptions, its circumference under presents. On every plate stood quite a pyramid of gifts, on the summit of which was the name of the receiver. Aunt Margaretta was the fairy godmother. She knew little of Christmas trees or stockings; but she was well acquainted with New Year's gifts, and she lavished them unsparingly on her friends.

"I was not able to place them on the breakfast-table, so I put them on the tea-table instead," she said.

The day came to an end with the high tea and the presents, for the one took time to partake of, the other to examine. At eight o'clock the carriage was announced. Miss Dulcey managed to find a seat with Flo and the children, so that it had only to make one journey. The squire drew Flo aside, and after thanking her for her visit, bade her tell her father that he was much disappointed at his non-appearance; also that he hoped Weatherley would take up his abode at the Court during the current week. He hesitated as he made some allusion to Marjory.

"What of her education?" he asked.

"I am afraid it might be improved, for I am her coach," answered Flo, with a laugh. "She learns with Dolly, and I am—well, daily governess is the word, I suppose."

Marjory came to wish her grandfather good-night.

"Would you like to come and live with us, or would you prefer remaining with your aunts?" he said, almost stiffly.

"I—I—like to be with them dearly; but I want Mamy," she replied, beginning to cry.

The puzzled squire began to feel his legacy a weight. But Marjory put up her cheek for a kiss, while Mamy came trotting towards her with the words, "Me do with Marjy." And he said hurriedly to Flo, "They must not be separated."

For that night at least they were parted, since sleepy little Mamy was carried off to bed, and Weatherley and Marjory, under endless rugs, seated on either side their friend Dolly in the roomy carriage. Opposite them were Miss Dulcey and Flo, and not all their tact could console Marjory for what seemed to her a separation from Mamy.

It was a glorious night. The moon and stars shone down upon the snow-clad, frost-bound earth; the sky was of a clear, dark, impenetrable blue; the trees were a wondrous maze of fretwork and icicles. Weatherley drew Marjory's attention to these miracles of nature, and her tears gradually ceased.

"All will come right. Father said so," he whispered, and put his hand in hers.

Miss Dulcey was dropped first at the Gables, then Dolly at the Vicarage, and finally Flo and the children. The presents were so numerous that it took some time to disgorge them and their owners from the carriage. Mr. Dauncey and Belle came out to receive them, and Molly followed with mugs of hot spiced cider for the coachman and footman, for it was bitterly cold.

"Good-night, and thank you," said Weatherley to the servants, who augured well from this little speech.

When the events of the day had been fully detailed, the presents displayed, and the squire's messages delivered, the children went to bed.

"That is over!" ejaculated Mr. Dauncey. "Now, Flo, tell us what the squire means to do with the children."

"His last words were, 'They must not be separated,'" replied Flo.

"Thank God!" said her father, reverently; "for the worst has come. Pearce has foreclosed, and we are really ruined at last. I have cried 'wolf' for many a year, and now he is at the door."

Poor Flo was bewildered. She had met her father in good spirits, and was soon at zero again. The fact was that during the day a regular lawyer's letter had arrived from Pearce, requesting the payment of all the mortgages and loans, and threatening proceedings if the money was not forthcoming by a certain day.

"We must face it," said practical Belle, who had been doing her best to reconcile her father to the inevitable.

And they did face it bravely. Mr. Dauncey was put on his mettle at last, and declared that he would sell all he possessed, and pay off Pearce; then he would begin life again. His children were also roused. Belle, of course, who knew she might have prevented it; Flo from very indignation. They resolved not to mention the circumstances until the fate of the children was finally settled. A letter arrived from Miss Weatherley, which determined this. It contained the squire's ultimatum. It seemed that Mamy had been crying for Marjory, and he was aware of it. He had requested his sister to invite her to accompany Weatherley, nominally on a visit, but really, if he liked her as well as the others, and if Mr. Dauncey agreed to it, to remain with them.

Belle replied to this letter, and said that circumstances had occurred which made this arrangement most desirable, and that the children should be ready during the week. She begged Miss Margaretta to fix the day. That lady wrote again, and named the following Saturday.

"Sharp's the word!" said Dauncey. "I never thought to have been glad to give Charlie's children over into the squire's care. But he can provide for them—I can't."

Marjory was pining for Mamy, and when told she was invited to stay at the Court, made no objection, but maintained her resolution of returning to live with Aunt Belle. Events crowded so quickly on one another that Belle could scarcely keep pace with them, but she was thankful to think the children would be sheltered before the final crash came.

Miss Margaretta had begged that they should come to her as they were, and that Belle would not trouble to procure any sort of outfit; she little knew how impossible that would have been.

"I shall be more helpful to grandfather when I have an education; but I can't bear to leave you, dear Aunt Belle," said Weatherley, whose heart was torn by many conflicting hopes and fears.

Belle's was still more sadly rent, and when, on the appointed day, the carriage once more pulled up at the door, she felt that it must break.

"They are not going to the Antipodes—only to a delightful place three miles off," said Flo, cheerfully, when Belle embraced the children over and over again. "Dry your eyes, Marjory, or the squire will think you a hypocrite."

In spite of this sally and the prospective benefits to accrue to the children, it was a sad parting; but no sooner was it over and the carriage outside the farm gates than Mr. Dauncey said—

"Now, Belle, we will go straight to Harborough, and see Martin, the auctioneer, and have the bills out at once. Pearce shall learn that we mean business. After that, if the property doesn't yield enough to pay him, we will sell up here. He has had the grace not to send the bailiffs. Nobody knows about it but ourselves. I could not tell the squire or Miss Dulcey, for it would be like begging. But I have a mind to make a confidant of Arthur Dauncey."

"That would also look like begging, father. We had better go through with it," said Belle.

So they started for Orchardson Station, whence they would take train for Harborough.

When they were gone, Flo's pent-up feelings gave way. She sat down in her father's chair and began to cry. Molly came in, who partly guessed at the trouble, and tried to comfort her by crying heartily with her.

"Come you, Miss Flo, fach," she said, with her strongest Welsh accent. "Everybody do say you'll be marrying a lord, and then—— Here he is, I s'pose," as a grand treble knock resounded.

She went to the door, and returned, saying a strange gentleman was there, who asked for Miss Flora Dauncey.

"Say I cannot see him. But no; perhaps it is—it may be——" she said, hesitating, and rising to meet the visitor, whom Molly showed in.

"Mr. Mute!" she exclaimed, with tone and manner of such genuine delight that no one, whether lover or friend, could have desired a warmer welcome.

She held out both hands, which were taken and fervently pressed, then she sank back into the chair she had vacated, and continued the interrupted "good cry" she had begun before the visitor had arrived. She was always in the seventh heaven of delight or the purgatory of despair.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Mute, drawing a chair to her side—he was quite as good-looking as she had described him.

"I am so—so—very glad to see you," she sobbed. "But—but—we are in such trouble! We are ruined, and my father and sister are just gone to have bills printed to advertise the sale of all we possess."

"I think I must have passed them; but they were on foot, and I had a cab. I wanted to see you alone, so I am very lucky," said Mr. Mute, philosophically. "I should have been here months ago, but for certain hindrances. You remember I promised to follow you when we parted in Italy?"

"I remember; and I had quite given you up," said Flo, recovering her natural manner, and smiling, in spite of the tears.

"Not quite, surely? Did you not believe in me? I had hoped that, although I was all but unknown to you, you would not forget me, and would esteem me honest. I have been thinking of you continually."

"And I of you," said Flo, involuntarily.

These few words sufficed. It is needless to add that Flo wholly forgot that odious name of Mute, forgot to inquire into his family and circumstances, forgot that her friend and chaperon was afraid that he was an adventurer, forgot everything, in short, but that she was really attached to him. He was not so oblivious. When he was assured that she had not forgotten him, but had been anxiously expecting him day by day, he said what all honourable, straightforward men are supposed to say—

"I will wait here till your father's return, and then I will speak to him. I don't think he will object to me."

"But suppose we are quite sold up? I should be a pauper," said Flo, clasping her hands.

"That would not matter," returned Mr. Mute, doubtless thinking that even a pauper, with Flo's beauty and manifold attractions, might be worth the winning.

(*To be concluded.*)

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

BEWARE OF BAD COMPANY.

"BEWARE of bad company."

Yes, this is good advice, and there are not a few people, let alone schoolgirls, to whom it may prove serviceable. The world certainly is improving, but up till the present time bad company has been so common that it has needed some dexterity to keep out of its way, and considerable emphasis to make people realise the danger of it.

If there is one rule better than another for finding out what sort of a character a girl possesses, it is this: just watch whom she chooses for her friends. A wise old writer has put this in a proverb—Show me your company, and I shall tell you what you are.

Was there ever anything more true? It is said you can sometimes tell the character of people by the outside of the house they live in; how much more certainly can you draw inferences from those they live amongst. Like will to like. The industrious naturally go hand in hand with the industrious; the wise with the wise; the gentle with the gentle. It would be the world turned upside down if sensible girls struck up friendships with fools, or earnest girls with frivolous ones, or saving girls with spendthrifts. That would make us open our eyes about as much as if we saw herrings keeping company with blackbirds, or lambs hobnobbing with wolves.

Whoever wishes, therefore, to be thought well of—and do not we all wish that?—must be careful as to the people with whom she associates. Here is an old story quite to the point, which dates from the days when birds could talk, and used to employ their tongues to soften the hearts of the human race.

A husbandman had fixed a net in his field to catch the cranes that came to feed on his corn. When he came to examine the net, and see what cranes he had captured, a stork was found amongst the number.

"Spare me! Let me off! Do let me off!" cried the stork. "I am no crane. I have stolen none of your corn. I am a poor innocent stork, as you may see—the most pious and dutiful of birds. I honour and aid my father and mother. I——"

But the husbandman cut him short. "All this may be true enough, I daresay," said he; "but I know this: that I have caught you with those who were destroying my crops, and you must suffer with the company in which you were taken."

It might have been the stork's first appearance in ill company; but the rough justice of the world is not given to going into niceties of that sort. Off went his head.

The husbandman might naturally enough have reasoned that it was with storks as with men and women, who if not really bad when they begin to frequent objectionable company, very quickly become so, and a depraved stork might be even worse than a vicious crane.

There is infection in company, and it has been sensibly observed that we are much more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, just as diseases are far more contagious than health. "It is certain," says Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, "that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company." This counsel seems to have been of no service to the fat rogue himself; but it was evidently a subject he had studied. In a previous portion of the same play, he says to Prince Henry, "There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest."

The younger we are the more readily we take on impressions, and catch the tone, manners, and general character of our acquaintances and friends. We are imitative beings, and even the most strong-minded cannot long successfully resist such influences.

There was Julia, who formed a friendship with Charlotte, whose word nobody trusted, and it was very soon noticed that Julia had ceased to have much regard for truth, and

would come out with a lie when it served her turn. Then there was Mabel; she told me the other day what a deadening effect it had on her own religious nature when she made companions of two girls who cared for nothing but their own pleasure, and always spoke of sacred things with disrespect. And I remember another instance: Jane was a studious girl, but turned her back on learning before she had been long acquainted with Amy and Ruth, whose only thought and only talk were about the right thing to wear, and who occupied all their spare time in altering their frocks, so as to be as near as possible in the fashion.

Try, girls, invariably to keep alongside only of those who can help you in doing what is right, and, above all things, shun the society of any whose talk is inclined to be low and vicious. "The conversation of such persons," remarks Seneca, "is very injurious; for even if it does no immediate harm, it leaves its seeds in the mind, and follows us when we have gone from the speakers—a plague sure to spring up in future resurrection."

We are influenced to an extent hardly to be credited by our surroundings and associates, and this is a pressing reason why we should have about us neither things nor people that will hinder our growing wiser and better. "I am a piece of all that I have met," says one writer, and we ought constantly to live so that the pieces of which we are made up should each be as perfect as can be. Otherwise how can we expect to have a perfect whole? "Keep good company," is an old saying, "and you shall be of the number."

The mother of the famous George Herbert used to say that "as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." She therefore did her best to make home happy for her children, so that they might have no inducement to form acquaintances who might teach them that of which they were best ignorant. "Ignorance of vice," she would remark, "is the best preservation of virtue, and the very knowledge of wickedness is as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and to keep it burning."

We all want to be seen to the best advantage, and nothing sets us off so well as estimable company. A girl always looks brightest and best when the friends surrounding her are everything they should be. Even if she have many defects herself, she makes a good impression by being credited with some of the virtues of her companions. She may not be the rose, but she lives with roses, and their fragrance imparts a charm to her, and we love her for the graces which she reflects. A girl in bad company, expecting to be noticed for her best qualities, is about as ridiculous as a violet surrounded by chickweed and groundsel and yet chuckling to itself at having its beauty displayed in the best style.

But, you say, we have often no choice; we must have bad company or none. Then have none. Better alone than in bad company. One of the most useful arts to acquire is that of entertaining oneself by oneself, an art which makes us very independent, and able, if suitable society does not present itself, to wait contentedly till it comes.

No girl of sense ever yet associated with the foolish, the wicked, the mean, or any others of the objectionable tribe, without leaving them depressed in spirits and angry with herself, fretting over the loss of time and opportunity. On the other hand, to mix in good company is both an encouragement and a solace. You feel that you have gained in health, vigour, and cheerfulness.

There is another important feature of contrast pointed out by a famous German philosopher. "Friendship," he says, "contracted with the wicked, decreases from hour to hour like the early shadow of the morning; but friendship formed with the virtuous will increase like the shadow of evening, till the sun of life shall set." Let all who wish their relationships to be permanent take note of it.

And so we come back to the point at which we began:—

BEWARE OF BAD COMPANY.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—XII. THE RED DEER.

BY A NATURALIST.

THE red deer or common stag is the largest and most noble in appearance of our wild creatures. He once roamed freely over the whole of England, but at the present time he is only to be found in three districts in a really wild state, namely, a portion of Somerset, North Devon, and about Martindale Fell, Westmoreland. In the Highlands of Scotland, and one or two parts of Ireland, folks may still go "a hunting the wild deer."

Quantities of the red deer are of course to be seen in parks or large enclosures of forest land, where, owing to the good feeding, they grow to a very large size, and carry fine antlers. These are semi-domesticated; but even here their wild nature shows itself strongly at times, so that it is dangerous to approach them too closely. One may often see the stags charge each other in desperate strife. In such encounters, their antlers becoming inextricably entangled, they have sometimes been found dead, locked, so to speak, in each other's embrace. The fallow deer is much smaller than the stag, and that species is more commonly kept in our English parks. Some authorities say that he was originally brought here from the coast of Barbary. The red deer is, however, one of our historical animals; he stands first on the list as a beast of the chase. Our invaders and conquerors, from the fierce Vikings to the Normans, all valued him highly and pursued him hotly.

In an ancient monastic chronicle it stands recorded of one of these that "he loved the wild red deer as his brothers," and passed laws for "the brown hares" to run free; in fact, a man's life or a woman's in those days was of less value than that of a deer. Independently of the chase, in which ladies took a part, his flesh formed excellent food, haunches of venison and venison pasties were in great request, and his skin provided warm clothing. As a child I was much fascinated by the effigies in our old parish church of lord and lady, with the symbols of hunting about them. I used to puzzle over these, and bother the old sexton with my questions. One day I well remember the old man's impatience as he cried, "Drat that 'ere boy! What questions he do ask! He's wuss than a Philadelphy lawyer."

In Gilbert White's time herds of red deer roamed about Wolmer Forest. Queen Anne saw five hundred pass before her; the New Forest and Epping Forest held them; but crimes, such as deer-stealing and other matters connected with them, gave rise to so much trouble that the order was given for all to be caught or shot.

The stag drops his horns and renews them every year; the hind, as a rule, has only one in family, a pretty little creature, spotted with white, in defence of which she is very courageous, striking with her fore-feet at mountain fox, wild cat, or marten. That fierce king of the crags, the golden eagle, is a source of great anxiety to her in the wilds, for he will pounce on the fawn, lift it up in his talons, if it is not too large, and then drop it. The fall kills it instantly, and the fierce bird has his meal.

Colquhoun, St. John, and Stewart, the author of "Lays of the Deer Forest," have written volumes about the red deer.

The roedeer or roebuck, which was once common in this country, has now his last resting-place in the wilder parts of Scotland. It is distinguishable by its horns, which divide into three branches or "tynes." The female of the roedeer usually has two fawns at a birth. The venison is not so good as that of the red deer.

ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW GUY WAS PACIFIED.

GUY LORRAINE was filled with wonder as he read Aldyth's brief note—

"Dear Guy,—Will you call to see me as early as possible to-morrow? A fact has come to my knowledge which is of importance to you, and you should know it without delay.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ALDYTH."

His mind being much occupied with the subject of his uncle's will, his first guess touched the truth. Had another will come to light? His face flushed with pleasure at the thought. He lost no time in obeying the summons. The morning was still fresh as he rode through the country lanes to Wyndham. His mind dwelt pleasantly on the change that the day's news might possibly create in his life. He was in such good humour that he indulged in some prospective pity for Aldyth, and resolved that if the case were as he supposed, he would deal generously with her and her family. And Gladys—his heart beat faster at the thought—how would such a change affect his position towards her? It might be that the Stanton family need not be entirely losers by this turn of fortune.

Arriving at the Hall, he was ushered into the empty drawing-room. The open windows gave a pleasant view of the sunlit lawn. Gladys' music was scattered untidily on the grand piano, her fan lay on a chair, and he spied, too, the quaint little bag in which she kept a pretence of fancy work. His quick eyes had but time to note these ere Aldyth entered. She was very pale; her eyes had the strained look of sleeplessness, her expression was anxious. It struck Guy that Aldyth was losing her good looks; she looked older; her charms would not bear comparison with those of Gladys. Then he saw what her left hand held, and his heart leaped within him.

"Good morning, Guy," said Aldyth, without giving him her hand; "I am glad you came at once."

"You have news for me?"

"Yes," said Aldyth, her lips trembling nervously, "I have a painful confession to make. We have wronged you sadly, Guy. We had no right to live at Wyndham; it was never mine. Here is uncle's latest will."

"You have found it!" he exclaimed with eagerness. He took it from her and unfolded it with trembling hands. The colour rose in his face as he read. Aldyth watching him, saw with a sinking heart that he had failed to take in the meaning of her words. All he had grasped was the fact of his heirship.

At last he turned to her, his face glowing with a satisfaction he vainly tried to veil.

"This is a strange turning of the tables, Aldyth."

"Yes," she said uneasily.

He could not wonder that she looked ill and troubled. It was hard on her, of course. Yet in truth she had given no thought to the considerations which he imagined must disturb her.

"I am sorry for your sake, Aldyth."

"Oh, do not be sorry for me," she said; "at least not till you know all."

"Ah, by the bye, how did you find this? Mr. Greenwood assured me he had searched everywhere."

Aldyth was silent. Her face grew colourless. She could not bring herself to say, "It was found in my mother's bedroom, where she had concealed it."

Guy looked at her in amazement. "Where was it, Aldyth? Why do you not speak?"

"Because it hurts me to speak," she said, unsteadily. "Yet it is right that you should know all. Guy, I told you I had a confession to make. You have been greatly wronged. The will has been kept back. Do you understand?"

"Kept back!" he repeated, his manner changing. "Do you mean to tell me that this will has been deliberately suppressed? Who has dared to do such a thing?"

Aldyth could not answer. Her hands were tightly clasped before her. She looked up at him with eyes that seemed to beg for pity. But her silence only angered him.

"Aldyth, I insist upon knowing all. Who has dared to fool me thus? Do you not know that it is a deed that the law can punish? And whoever has done this thing—Tomlinson, Greenwood, whoever it is—I will have justice."

"Oh, Guy, do not say that!"

"I do say it, and I mean it too. Tell me all, if you please."

"I am trying to tell you. The will was found last September."

"September! And this is August. Who found it? Ah, you do not answer! Aldyth, have *you* been conspiring to keep me out of my property? I could never have believed it of you, though I know a woman's conscience is elastic."

"Guy! How dare you traduce our sex in that way!" exclaimed Gladys, suddenly entering by the open window, her hands full of flowers. She knew nothing of the cause of Guy's early visit. Aldyth had shrunk from informing her of their mother's wrong-doing. If she supposed the words she overheard to be playfully spoken, she was undeceived when she saw Guy's angry countenance, and Aldyth, standing before him, pale, trembling, with drooping head.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "You two are never quarrelling! Aldyth, my own dear Aldyth, tell me what it is."

At the sound of her voice Aldyth's composure gave way. She sank on to a couch and began to sob.

Gladys turned haughtily to Guy. "Perhaps you will give me an explanation of this extraordinary scene. I should like to know how you could think of addressing such words to my sister, as those I chanced to overhear."

Guy's colour deepened now from embarrassment. He shrank from Gladys' flashing eyes. It was like a bad dream to find himself in antagonism to her. But something forced him to answer sullenly—

"You are probably unaware of what has just been revealed to me. Here is a will, bearing my uncle's signature, duly attested, by which he left me Wyndham and most of his property. This will some dishonourable person found so long ago as last September, but has judged it her interest to conceal until now, and doubtless would have concealed it longer had not Gould put me on the scent by informing me that uncle had made a later will."

Gradually Gladys took in the meaning of his words. They caused her a shock of surprise, but she recovered herself and said—

"You cannot mean to insinuate that Aldyth is that dishonourable person! I am ashamed of you if you have entertained such a thought for a moment—you who have known Aldyth all your life."

"I do not say it was she," replied Guy, awkwardly; "but I should like to know who did it."

Gladys threw herself on the sofa beside her sister.

"Aldyth, dear, tell me," she murmured, her lips close to Aldyth's face, "tell me all about it. Never mind him—he is horrid; whisper it to me."

"Oh, Gladys, can you not guess?"

"Guess what?"

"It was mamma who found the will—and hid it."

A change came over Gladys. Her colour faded; the lines of her face hardened.

"I might have known," she muttered, beneath her breath. Then she rose and stood before Guy. "You may despise me as much as you like," she said, "but not Aldyth. It is our mother who has tried to keep you out of your property—our mother, I say, but she is more mine than Aldyth's. We are of one kind—capable of any meanness. She has robbed you, and doubtless she would say she did it for my sake. Oh, we are a bad lot!"

"Gladys!"

"I mean it. You may heap any disgrace you like on us, only spare Aldyth. It is her misfortune to be connected with us."

Here Gladys' voice faltered. It was rarely she gave way to tears, but now she sank on to a chair, and hot tears of shame and sorrow rained down her cheeks. The effect on Guy was electrical. In a moment he was beside her, uttering passionate words.

"Gladys, how can you speak of disgrace! There shall be none; no one shall ever know. Do you think I cannot, for your dear sake, forgive your mother any wrong she has done me? Despise you, indeed, when I love you like my life! Only say that you will share everything with me, and trust to me that all shall be well."

"No, Guy; not now," said Gladys, gently pushing him from her. "Mother would never have let me whilst you had

only the farm, and now—now I cannot. I will not have it said that I changed my mind because Wyndham turned out to be yours."

"Would it be a change of mind?" Guy was happily inspired to ask. "Were you quite indifferent to me before? Darling, give me the right to call you my own, and we can keep our own counsel about Wyndham for the present. If you can love me, what does it matter how people talk?"

"You are very good; we do not deserve——" Gladys began. But her lover would not listen to such words.

Meanwhile Aldyth had vanished, and neither of the two knew at what moment she slipped away.

As soon as she had regained composure, Aldyth went to her mother's room. Mrs. Stanton's face wore an expression of pain. She looked anxiously at her daughter, saying only—

"Well!"

"I have told him," Aldyth replied. "It was hard, but—I felt—not undeserved. He was, of course, very indignant."

"Ah, what did he say? Will he turn us out at once?"

"I think not; his feelings were softened when I came away. Gladys was with him, and—I think—I suppose, mamma, you would not object to him as a suitor for Gladys now?" Almost involuntarily Aldyth's voice took an inflection of scorn as she asked the question; but Mrs. Stanton did not appear conscious of it as she replied calmly—

"Certainly not; it would be the best thing possible under the circumstances."

Guy succeeded in overcoming Gladys' scruples, for in a few days the fact of their betrothal was the talk of Woodham. The more momentous news concerning the inheritance of Wyndham was for a time known only to Mr. Ralph Greenwood and his brother, the banker; but the legal processes which had to be taken, rendered it impossible to keep the matter a secret long. Great was the excitement it created amongst Aldyth's friends. The Blands at first refused to believe that it was more than an idle rumour; but they soon heard it confirmed by Aldyth herself.

"Yes, it is true," she said one afternoon, as she joined the group on the lawn in Mrs. Bland's garden, "it is true; I am no longer the mistress of Wyndham."

It was late in September, but the afternoon was warm and bright as that on which our story began. The garden was still gay with flowers; there were even a few late roses to be seen here and there. Kitty's couch had been wheeled on to the lawn, and she lay in the shade of an old apple-tree. Gwendolen, now finally released from her boarding-school, was lounging in the hammock; Hilda sat by Kitty, with a book on her lap, from which she had been reading aloud; Mrs. Bland, knitting in hand, was also seated near.

All faces turned with keen interest to Aldyth as she appeared. Hilda sprang to meet her. No question was asked; Aldyth's words were uttered in response to their eager glances.

"You are our own dear Aldyth, whatever has happened," said Mrs. Bland as she warmly kissed her.

"But I am very sorry, Aldyth," said Hilda, in a commiserating tone; "I am indeed."

"Don't be sorry for me," said Aldyth, briskly, "I am not altogether sorry myself. If the truth had come to light a few weeks after I entered upon my inheritance, I should have been really glad. But now, of course, there are many things to regret. I wish, oh, I wish very much that I had known earlier!" she ended with a sigh.

"How was the will found, Aldyth?" asked Gwendolen, full of curiosity. "Is it true that it was in a secret drawer of old Mr. Lorraine's desk?"

"It was in a secret compartment of my uncle's bureau," Aldyth said, and moved, as she spoke, to Kitty's side, to ask how she was, and to express pleasure at finding her in the garden.

"Yes, it is good to be here," said Kitty, her face serene and bright; "I never loved our dear old garden as I do now. Sometimes I feel as if I wanted to kiss the flowers, they look so kindly at me—as if they were blooming just for me. Oh, I cannot tell you the good flowers do me; I could almost say they talk to me, Aldyth, for there is a language of flowers. I do not mean the silly meanings sentimental persons attach to certain flowers. What I want to say, if only I knew how to express it, is that flowers have a way of speaking to the heart."

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

repeated Aldyth.

"Yes, that expresses it. Wordsworth understood the language of flowers. Do you remember his lines to the daisy—

'When smitten by the morning ray
I see thee rise, alert and gay:
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play
With kindred gladness;
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness'?

Now look at that cluster of Michaelmas daisies: have they not an air of cheerfulness?"

"They have, indeed," said Aldyth, smiling; "but, Kitty, it is something new to hear you quoting poetry."

"I daresay it is; but I am learning to appreciate Wordsworth. Hilda and I are studying literature together. I should not wonder if I were to become intellectual after all," said Kitty, with a merry light in her eyes.

"Kitty is finding what precious companions books can be," said Hilda. "There is nothing like them for lifting us out of ourselves, and helping us through weary hours."

"Oh, but they do more than that," said Aldyth. "The best literature helps us in a higher way than by simply making us forget our troubles. It teaches truths that inspire us with strength and courage to endure."

"You are right," said Kitty. "Aldyth dear, I can see that you have needed that kind of help of late. There is a shadow on your face that tells tales."

"I have had many worries," said Aldyth, colouring.

"You must have had," said Mrs. Bland. "Your mother will feel this change very much."

"She does," said Aldyth, looking grave. "She is still far from strong, and that perhaps makes her more low-spirited than she would otherwise be."

"Have you made any plans yet?"

"Only for the immediate future. We all go to London on Saturday, to stay some weeks. There is Gladys' trousseau to be seen to, you know. Then mamma would like to go to Brighton for a while."

"To Brighton!" said Hilda. "That is where Mr. Greenwood talks of going."

"I know," said Aldyth. "I believe he suggested it to mamma."

Kitty and her mother exchanged quick glances.

"When will the wedding be?" asked Gwen.

"Some time before Christmas," said Aldyth. "We are to return to Wyndham for the wedding, as Guy wishes it to take place there. So you see we shall break off our connection with the Hall by degrees. I must say that Guy has behaved most kindly, most generously, in the whole affair. I have reason to be very grateful to him."

Aldyth spoke with unwonted emphasis. It seemed to her due to Guy, whom she had often disparaged, that she should make this statement which meant so much more to her than it could to those who heard it.

"I should think he ought to behave well to you," cried Gwen; "he is one of the family now, since he is going to marry your sister."

A quick thought made Aldyth glance at Hilda. Her face showed no sign of disturbance. If the thought of the approaching wedding gave her pain, she was well able to hide the feeling. Presently she rose, and calling Gwen to help her, went into the house to prepare the afternoon tea. Kitty's eyes followed her lovingly, as she said in a low tone to Aldyth—

"Is not Hilda good and brave now? I am sure she must feel Guy's ready transference of his affections, but she will not let it depress her. Oh, she is becoming a grand girl."

"I know a grander," said Aldyth, bending to kiss her friend. "Dear Kitty, you gather so much brightness about your couch that we are apt to forget what it must mean for you."

"It means good," said Kitty, brightly. "Yes, indeed, it is not so bad as you think; I will not be persuaded that I am a pitiable object."

Aldyth smiled as she turned away.

A pitiable object, indeed! Kitty was rather one to be envied. She had learned the hardest lesson life can teach us—that of resignation, and had won the peace which is the reward of such attainment. Kitty had never been able to talk cleverly about poetry, she had seemed insensible to its beauties, but now she was making of her own life a poem.

(*To be concluded.*)

AWAY TO THE SEA

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

AWAY to the sea,
Where it waits for thee,
Thy calm tide floweth, O mighty river,
Sweeping along,
To thine own soft song,
Where rushes whisper, and alders shiver.

Away and away,
Till the fresh salt spray
Of leaping waves with thy waters mingle;
Where, clear and cool,
Shines the briny pool,
By golden sand and by silver shingle.

Away to the sea!
I would go with thee;
Not staying or hasting, thou shining river;
Till on the strand
Of a far-off land
Thou shouldst me at last on thy waves deliver!

Away and away
To the land of day,
Where the sun sets not, and the meads are vernal;
To join the song
Of the happy throng
Who rest for aye on the shore eternal!

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

X.—CATHERINE PARR* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

HENRY VIII.'s ill-fortune, as he viewed it, in marriage, did not prevent him from seeking and getting a sixth wife. But instead of rushing again into wedlock with rash and unbecoming haste, more than a year elapsed between Catherine Howard's death and the King's marriage with Catherine Parr. His ultimate choice was, beyond measure, wiser and more honourable than that he had recently made. The single objection to it was that the lady, already twice a widow, had only lost her second husband three months before she became Queen.

Catherine Parr was of honourable though not noble birth. Her ancestors on both sides of the house—the Parrs, of Kendal, and the Greens, of Green Norton—were highly connected and wealthy squires and knights. In the case of the Parrs, they could trace a royal strain in their blood. Catherine's father, Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, died when she was only four years of age, leaving two little daughters and a son to the care of his young widow, Dame Maude Parr, a very marvel of discretion and worldly wisdom. She had been married at thirteen, and was but twenty-two when her husband died. Like Louise of Savoy, at even an earlier age, Dame Maude renounced every thought of a second marriage, and devoted herself to the rearing of her children. Like Louise, also, she signalised herself by planning betimes their advantageous settlements, and by stoutly resisting any attempt to get the better of her in her schemes.

Catherine, the elder daughter, is believed to have been born in Kendal Castle, Westmoreland, about the year 1513. She was certainly brought up in the North of England, along with her brother and sister, and a young kinswoman in the neighbourhood, named Elizabeth Bellingham, daughter of Sir Robert Bellingham, of Burnside, to whom the child Catherine was greatly attached. Miss Strickland quotes a tradition of Catherine's youth. It is to the effect that an astrologer having cast her nativity, foretold for her imperial majesty. The little girl was therefore wont to excuse herself from attending to domestic work by gravely or saucily asserting that her hands were ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not spindles and needles. But probably any disinclination which little Catherine Parr showed for needlework was caused by her love of books, to which she was early introduced during the really extensive course of study which her mother decreed and secured for all her children. Catherine was not only taught the ordinary branches of an English education, she was well versed, for her years, in Latin, and had a little acquaintance with Greek. She was familiar with more than one modern language (doubtless French and Italian).

The first proposal of marriage which Dame Maude entertained for her small daughter was from the great North-country nobleman, Lord Dacre, on behalf of his grandson; but the project fell through on account of differences of opinion on money matters. Shortly afterwards Lady Parr accomplished a marriage between Catherine and a mature suitor, a distant relative, Lord Borough of Gainsborough, a widower with a grown-up family. He was, as may be supposed, a man of substance, possessing other fine seats besides that in Lincolnshire, to which he took young Catherine.

Death ended the marriage before long, and Catherine was left a beautiful and rich widow, while still no more than fifteen years of age. Her mother was already dead, and Lady Borough is supposed to have resided for a time with one of her stepdaughters, that is, the widow of one of her stepsons. This lady, herself remotely related to Catherine, had already been twice married. Her first husband was Sir Walter Strickland, of Sizergh, also akin to Catherine, whose castle his widow, though re-married and re-widowed, occupied during the minority of her eldest son. By one of the odd contradictions of the time, she is reported to have been fourteen years older than her husband's stepmother, whom she called duly "My good mother."

During Catherine's stay at Sizergh, she atoned, if family tradition can be depended upon, for her early dislike to needlework by employing her nimble fingers on a counterpane and toilet-cover, in a device of wreaths of flowers on a foundation of white satin, which is still shown as a magnificent example of ancient art and industry.

A room in Sizergh, called "The Queen's room," panelled in carved black oak, and hung with tapestry, continues to be associated with Catherine, though she certainly never slept in it as Queen.

From her portraits in later years, Catherine stands before us a little woman, with delicate, rather *petite* features; very clear and sparkling

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aikin. Strype.

A TUG OF WAR.

hazel eyes; fair hair, and a blooming complexion. Her forehead was one of those expansive foreheads so conspicuous in the faces of Henry VIII.'s queens and of their contemporaries; one comes to the conclusion that, though in the case of Catherine Parr there was warrant enough for this sign of intellect, the effect was, as a rule, produced rather by the style of head-gear and mode of dressing the hair, than by a marvellous blossoming of intellect in the women of the generation.

In expression, Catherine Parr has been described as "full of intelligence and arch simplicity." Her taste in dress, after she was Queen, was as superior to that of Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard as was her wit. She dressed magnificently, in accordance with her rank, but always with grace and simplicity in her hoods and kirtles, pearls and rubies.

Catherine Parr's second marriage, entered into apparently before she was twenty, was again with a far-away kinsman, an elderly widower, and the father of a family, whose third wife she became. The bridegroom was John, Lord Latimer, of the great house of Neville. Catherine resided with him at his house of Snape Hall in Yorkshire, where she superintended with care and kindness the education of her two stepchildren.

Lord Latimer was a staunch Catholic. Catherine may have sympathised with him to begin with, but she was destined ere long to show that her whole heart and soul were with the more liberal and intellectual Reformers. If she viewed with favour her husband's prominence on the opposite side, as a leader in what was called "the Pilgrimage of Grace," it was one of the errors of those days of darkness which she ultimately deplored. This Pilgrimage was a great gathering of the poorer Catholics of the North, supported by many powerful noblemen and gentlemen. They sent delegates, of whom Lord Latimer was one, to the King, to beg for the restoration of the Pope's authority and of the monasteries—a petition which Henry indignantly declined to grant. The peaceful pilgrimage ended in the Northern insurrection. Lord Latimer narrowly escaped being implicated in it. As he did escape, it is very likely he went with his wife to York, to pay homage to the King and Queen on their visit there, and then, if at no other time, Catherine Parr and Catherine Howard may have met in the characters of loyal subject and sovereign lady.

Lord Latimer did not long survive these troubles; he died about 1542 or 1543. Miss Strickland seems to argue that Catherine Parr was a Catholic till then; but as immediately after her husband's death she is found in constant association with the most prominent Reformers in London, it is almost certain that her Protestantism was of earlier date, though she might not have been able to profess it openly while Lord Latimer lived, and that there was no unity of religious opinion, latterly, at least, between the two. The sole presumption against this is contained in the family records of Catherine's near relations, through her mother, the Throckmortons. These papers state that when Sir George Throckmorton, the husband of Catherine's aunt, was imprisoned, with his lands and life threatened by the covetousness and enmity of Cromwell, Catherine Lady Latimer interposed, and by her forcible representations to the King prevented the injustice, and procured the liberation of Throckmorton. But it is surely possible that Catherine, in the interests of her uncle, may have opposed the Protestant minister, though she was herself a Protestant, and that the said minister may not have felt himself warranted in granting a favour to the wife of the Catholic leader Lord Latimer, whatever her personal leanings were supposed to be.

It is certain that Coverdale, Latimer, etc., frequented Catherine's house and preached in her State room within not very many weeks of Lord Latimer's death. It was ostensibly to attend these meetings as the member of a distinguished Protestant family, that a new actor, who was to play a prominent part in the later scenes of Catherine's eventful life, appeared in the foreground. He was the King's brother-in-law, the brother of Jane Seymour, Sir Thomas Seymour, afterwards Lord Seymour of Sudely, and Lord High Admiral. He could not have been young, but he was not much older than Catherine, and was still in the flower of his manhood. He was unmarried, handsome, gay, and gallant, a magnificent fop in that age of velvet, satin, gold embroidery, and precious stones without number. He had a singular attraction for women, not for frivolous women alone, but for those also who were far his superiors in intellect and character. By the best of the Reformers he was viewed, in spite of his family and their tenets, with lively detestation.

Under whatever motive or pretext Seymour went first to the chosen haunt of the grave and learned Reformers, he began almost at once to pay court to the fair, learned widow, as well endowed with this world's goods as she was with beauty and sense. Catherine, who had made marriages of such exceptional worldly wisdom before, that her heart might have been supposed to be the most prudent of hearts, now forgot to be sage, and listened, as it would appear, to the voice of nature. She chose, like more foolish women, to lend a willing ear to the wooer who, though greatly her inferior in other respects, was a far more attractive and suitable match, in point of physique and years, than either of her former husbands had been. He was also, as one of the Reforming Seymours, in harmony with her on what was to her of so much moment as her religious creed, and she might trust that the power of a pure faith, together with her influence and example, would remedy what was inconsistent in the gentleman's practice. If she had already experienced discord in marriage on this ground, she would be still more inclined to cling to a man who could at least promise agreement with her on a cardinal question, which was at this date not only convulsing the country, but rending asunder many a private family within its bounds.

An insuperable impediment, not dreamt of to begin with, suddenly interposed to prevent the crowning culmination of Sir Thomas Seymour's bold aspirations, and the late shy dawning of Catherine Lady Latimer's love. *Le Roi le veut* was as incontestable a saying as ever, though uttered in different circumstances. Catherine was fated to be the dutiful patient wife of elderly widowers, the thoughtful, affectionate stepmother of a succession of stepchildren. It entered the head of King Henry, or of some of his councillors, that here at last was the proper wife for him. He was in his fifty-third and Catherine Parr in her thirty-first year. She would be his sixth wife, he would be her third husband. The priority in years and in the number of spouses was fitly on the gentleman's side. She had already been a good house-mistress and mother to two noble households and families. She would be a worthy queen-consort at the head of a Court, and an excellent guardian for two of Henry's motherless children, the cherished Prince of Wales, a small boy between five and six, and "the Lady Elizabeth," an irrepressible little girl of ten years. As for "the Lady Mary," she was somewhat beyond tutelage, while her welfare was not very near her father's heart. He had been known to say that she was the worst enemy he had. She was a very resolute, strong-minded young woman of twenty-eight years of age, just two years younger than her last stepmother.

Poor Catherine Parr's solitary love-dream was rudely broken in upon. Ambitious as she was, without question, she is said to have shown some reluctance to accept the crown-matrimonial, till her suitor, Sir Thomas Seymour, quickly withdrew from a dangerous competition with his sovereign and brother-in-law. Then, moved a little by pique and mortification, perhaps, as well as by a desire for the power which she was so well qualified to administer, she consented to be a queen. The same necessity was present with her as that which had compelled gentle Jane Seymour to wed Henry the very day after her mistress and former companion had laid down her head on the block.

From the quiet shades of Chelsea, Anne of Cleves looked on with immovable philosophy at this fresh partner of her former lord.

There was no time lost in preliminaries. It was but three months from the date of Lord Latimer's death when, in July, 1543, license was granted for the marriage, without the proclamation of banns, of Henry VIII. and Catherine Lady Latimer. The wedding was not conducted secretly, like two of Henry's previous marriages. The Bishop of Winchester performed the ceremony at Hampton Court, and among the company present were the King's two daughters; his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas; Catherine's only sister; Mrs. Herbert, one of the learned ladies of the time; and many more of the bride's friends.

The Protestants at large, and their mouthpiece in particular, the University of Cambridge, rejoiced much over the auspicious event, the only one of Henry's six marriages which could be said both to begin and end happily. Catherine, a scholar in her own person, answered with much graciousness the University's congratulations.

Very soon the Queen's influence was exercised—not always successfully—in the protection of the propounders of the new learning. A little later she named Coverdale her almoner, and it was well known that she supported by all the means in her power his translation of the Bible. This was decidedly a more honourable use of her position than the promotion, however natural, of her relations and connections to posts in the Royal Household.

The Queen also showed a praiseworthy desire to promote the interests as well as to win the affection of the King's children. In the last aim she succeeded—especially where Princess Elizabeth was concerned; and, to the credit both of Catherine and Mary, who were so near in age and so divided in faith, they were on good terms. Many womanly proofs of the fact are in existence to this day in the record of kindly gifts from the Queen to her stepdaughter, and of answering tokens, like the cushion which the Princess worked with her own hand, from Mary to Catherine. In their unlikeness the two had points of sympathy. They both belonged to the group of royal and noble ladies exceptionally educated for their generation, who took genuine pleasure in serious studies and intellectual pursuits. With regard to her younger stepchildren, Catherine seems to have enjoyed presiding over their education and occupying herself with them. When Elizabeth got into serious disgrace with the King for some childish offence, and was forbidden his presence, it was through Catherine's intercession that she was restored to favour. A recent observer has remarked on the close resemblance between Catherine's handwriting and that of Edward VI. "*Belle écriture*," the little boy called his stepmother's penmanship, expressing his admiration for it in writing to thank her for a letter

to him, and he must have made her characters his model.

The manuals of devotion which Mary and Elizabeth compiled from Latin, French, and English sources are supposed to have been made at the Queen's suggestion, and she enlisted Mary's patronage and assistance on behalf of Udall's paraphrases on the Gospels. Catherine also stimulated and encouraged the princesses and their cousins, the Ladies Grey, in their taste for classic authors.

The Queen, like the King's grandmother, the venerable Margaret, was herself an author; she too "collected out of holy books" meditations and prayers in recommendation of suffering afflictions, setting at naught vain prosperity, and longing for everlasting felicity. The collection was printed in 1545, two years after Catherine's marriage. A more original work was her "Lamentations of a Sinner, Bewayling the Ignorance of her Blind Life" (while an adherent to the Roman Catholic Church), "set forth and put at the instant desire of the right gracious ladie, Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, and the earnest request of the Right Honourable Lord William Parr, Marquis of North-Hampton" (Catherine's brother). This book, which contained too direct an attack on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church to be consistent with the attempts at a compromise between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism with which Henry ended his reign, was not published in his lifetime in spite of its laudation of him as a Protestant king. It was "imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, at the sign of the Sunne, over against the Conduyte, by Edward Whitchurche, the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1547," ten months after Henry's death. It was reprinted "at the long shopp adjoining S. Wildred's Church, in the Poultrie, by John Aldis, in 1563," thirteen years after Catherine's death, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The year after his marriage to Catherine, 1544, Henry induced his Parliament once more to set aside his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession to the crown, by appointing that any children borne by Queen Catherine should succeed Edward, supposing the Prince of Wales died a minor. But his last marriage, like the two which preceded it, was childless. If Catherine did not protest against this new act of succession it shows the extent to which ambition and political bias may blind an otherwise good woman to the plainest obligations of justice.

On Henry's last visit to France, to conduct the siege of Boulogne in 1544, Catherine was appointed Queen Regent, and ruled the kingdom, with the help of his ministers, in his absence. One of the visitations of the plague occurred while the King was abroad, when she carefully removed not only the precious prince, but the two slighted princesses, from Hampton Court to Oking, and dwelt with them there. Catherine's letters to Henry are extravagant in their expressions of humility and devotion, as such letters were in those days, but in other respects are full of tact and good sense. In signing herself "Kateryn, the Queen," she always adds the initial letters of her maiden name "K. P." Had this any reference to the circumstance that she was the third Catherine who had signed herself the Queen in Henry's day? On Henry's return, the same year, what is called "Holbein's famous picture of the royal family" was painted. It is usually, but not indisputably, attributed to Holbein. Agnes Strickland has an odd impression that Catherine Parr was excluded from this picture, and that the portrait of the lady seated by Henry's side, dressed in cloth-of-gold, was not a likeness of the reigning Queen, but was a representation of Jane Seymour, taken from the wax effigy carried at her funeral, and was in consequence more like a stiff, dim doll than a living woman. Miss Strickland deduces no authority for her belief, which seems to have been founded, partly on the resemblance between the portrait to other portraits of Jane Seymour, and to the likeness of the little boy, her son, introduced into the picture; partly, too, on an argument drawn from the millinery of the period, because the painted lady figures in a pointed hood, such as Jane Seymour had worn, which had been superseded by the low, round French hood introduced at Court by Catherine Howard, and ordinarily worn by Catherine Parr, as it is worn in this very picture by the two princesses. But though a plausible theory for the strange resuscitation of Jane Seymour in this picture may be constructed from Henry's special honour for the mother of his son, no satisfactory reason can be given for the slight put upon Catherine Parr, who was then in high favour with the King, by the suppression of her existence. Reference has been already made to the curious resemblance produced in Henry's wives, and in other contemporary ladies, by the peculiar fashions of the time. As to the difficulty in the matter of costume, the change in hoods was so recent that little can be drawn from it. Catherine Parr must have been accustomed to wear, a year or two previously, the pointed hood of Jane Seymour, and may have resumed it on this occasion, either from a caprice of taste, or, more probably, to distinguish her head-dress from those of her stepdaughters.

There is a preponderance of gorgeous red and gold throughout the picture. Henry's "gown" is of scarlet and gold, girded round the huge waist with a white satin sash, puffed at the breast with white satin, and surmounted by a collar of pearls, with ruby medallions. The Queen's gown is of cloth-of-gold; the little prince, leaning against his father, has a crimson velvet cap, and a dark red gown; the princesses, entering from different sides, are dressed alike in red brocade, with red trains. Besides the family, two figures can be seen through opposite doorways—both belong to the privileged class of fools or jesters. The one, a grotesque looking woman, is believed to be "Jane the fool;" the other, a man, is "Will Somers, the King's jester." He carries a monkey, or "jackanapes," on his shoulder.

Catherine's reign as Queen-consort lasted three years, and her position at Henry's Court is not without a resemblance to that of Madame Maintenon, after her private marriage to Louis XIV. at the Court of France in a later generation. Catherine Parr was a legalised Madame Maintenon. She was much younger, much more attractive personally, and she was acknowledged Queen, though she was never crowned—indeed, there was not so much as a proposal to that effect. She compelled the respect even of her enemies, and the breath of slander never touched her. Yet, somehow, it was never quite forgotten that she had been a simple gentlewoman. She was at the head of the King's household to manage it for him, to interest and amuse him, to nurse him in chronic illness, to help to rear his children. She was, for the most part, the Queen only in name. She had been found fit to act as Queen-regent in his absence. She was rendered illustrious by her talents and acquirements. She was by far the most honourable and blameless of the four private subjects whom Henry raised to share his throne; still she somehow stood apart from the regal state to which she was elevated. It was better remembered of her than of those three predecessors, certainly far better than of Anne Boleyn in her arrogance and passion, that she had not been born in the purple, or grown up in daily familiarity with the dignity to which she had attained.

Undisturbed in her integrity and dutifulness by the presence at Court of Sir Thomas Seymour, who was developing more and more into a reckless, restless lover of pleasure and amusement, and a notorious gambler, Catherine pursued the even tenor of her way.

In what was Henry's continually empty exchequer towards the close of his life, it was a great advantage to all concerned that Catherine held, independently of her allowance as Queen, the liberal jointures settled upon her by her previous husbands, Lord Borough and Lord Latimer.

Henry's needs were so great that after changing the value of the currency and applying without response to Parliament, he was reduced to appropriate the revenues of the hospitals and colleges, placed at his disposal by the same Parliament, and it was only Queen Catherine's urgent representations which kept Cambridge from being impoverished. To Catherine's many engagements was added latterly that of sedulously nursing her formidable husband. He was immensely overgrown, dropsical, and in perpetual pain from an ulcerous leg. He was still but in his fifty-fifth year, while age, diseased and helpless, had descended on him. He was utterly incapable of taking any part in the splendid pageants over which he had loved to preside. The out-of-door sports and games in which he had delighted were far removed from him. His life-long rival and brother, King Francis I., who had long been dying by inches of a terrible malady, could yet lead the hunt, the fastest and fiercest rider in the company on the last day of his life, but Henry had to sit in his armchair and be raised by machinery from one story of his palace to another. His temper, always choleric, had grown chronically uncertain with gusts of fury. It was to this poor man, once so full of life and strength and manly beauty, so splendid in his princely power and popularity, that Catherine had to minister.

She is said to have done it faithfully and tenderly, no doubt instructed by former experience in dealing with ailing, elderly men. According to the chroniclers of the period, she would remain hours on her knees fomenting and dressing the sores which he would allow no one else to touch, or he would rest his lame leg in her lap. When she could divert his mind in no other fashion she would beguile the time by dwelling on the one subject of which he never wearied, the promise and prospects of his idolised son.

A kind of mania with Henry, at the unhappy close of his life, was the mingled anger and vexation with which he viewed the religious distractions in his kingdom to which he had given the first impetus. It was as if he would have said to the waves of party strife, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further." He ignored the fact that no great and vital change, whether in the individual or the nation, can take place without struggles and convulsions, relapses and fresh fights to regain lost ground.

It was in the humour of stamping out the causes of discord that Henry lent himself to support the more zealous of the old Catholics—notably Bishop Gardiner—in restoring the landmarks in what came to be considered the fundamental principles of their religion. The result was the persecutions and burnings, in one of which Anne Ascue perished.

It is possible that when Queen Catherine lived in Lincolnshire, in her girlhood, she may have been acquainted with the families of Ascue and Kyme—Anne's relations by birth and marriage—among the country gentry. But as for Anne herself, she was more than half a dozen years younger than Catherine Parr, and so could only have been a child of six when the latter dwelt, as Lady Borough, near Gainsborough. But

whether recommended by old acquaintances, or introduced by the Queen's sister, Lady Herbert, or the Queen's particular friend, Catherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk—both of whom were known to be very favourably affected to the Reformed faith—or merely attracted to Court by the report that the learned and virtuous Queen held with the protestors against the old corruptions and abuses in the Church, Anne came to London and was received at Westminster. Young, beautiful, ardent, the very priests who were her opponents had drawn back from the contest when they watched her reading the Bible in Lincoln Cathedral. Her husband had turned her out of doors because of her adherence to the new learning; but Catherine welcomed her, discussed with her what was called heresy, and, along with Lady Herbert and Lady Suffolk, read the heretical books which were in Anne's possession. Very soon Anne was arrested and thrown into prison. In her imprisonment she was reduced to such poverty that her faithful maid, not daring to compromise the ladies with whom her mistress was acquainted by asking aid from them, went out into the streets and "made moan to the 'prentices, and they by her did send in money." Not only the honest 'prentices' hearts were touched; that of Bishop Bonner, not wont to be soft where heretics were concerned, was moved by her.

It was commonly believed that the arrest and subsequent cruel torture on the rack of Anne Ascue had a double motive. It was intended not only to punish a contumacious pretender to the right of private judgment, but to induce her so to implicate other women of rank—above all, the Queen—as to include them in the accusation of heresy, and procure a warrant for their arrest. The whisper went round that Gardiner "aimed at higher deer" than the Lincolnshire gentlewoman. But Anne was loyal and generous in her lofty courage. "They did put me on the rack because I confessed no ladies and gentlemen to be of my opinion." She wrote in the piteous fragments which survive of her account of the treatment she received, "and thereupon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor (Wriothesley) and Master Rich (the Solicitor-General) took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead."*

Neither screwings nor pinchings—which were certainly so severe that the Lieutenant of the Tower had to lift her up in his arms from the rack and lay her swooning on the floor, and that she had to be carried the following day in a chair to the stake before St. Bartholomew's Church—no, nor the blazing faggots amidst which she was chained, could make her give up the names of her friends, or betray their sympathy with her belief. It may be mentioned here that in the group of heretics who suffered along with Anne was a gentleman in the King's retinue named Lascelles. This gentleman is understood to have been the cousin of Francis Derham and brother of one of the old Duchess of Norfolk's gentlewomen, who gave the information to Archbishop Cranmer of the pre-contract between Derham and Catherine Howard.

It is easy to guess what grief it must have been to Catherine Parr to stand passive and witness these enormities in the name of religion; but though she was both good and kind, she was not an Anne Ascue. Her interposition at this crisis would probably have been useless, and her own life and liberty were in danger. If the mere possession of heretical books was dangerous, and a messenger had to ride post haste to warn the Court ladies of their peril, still more condemnatory evidence existed in the fact that the Queen had written such a book as "The Lamentations of a Sinner, Bewayling the Ignorance of her Blind Life," which, though not printed till the following year, was almost certainly written at this date, 1546, and was no more likely to be an entire secret than the Queen's advocacy of the Reformation had been kept a secret.

The popular version of the risk Catherine ran, and her narrow escape, runs as follows:—Henry, always interested in theology, had not been unwilling to argue with Catherine Parr on the great subject which had attracted him, even as a young man. He had been pleased by her intelligence and acumen, but she had gone too far. She had let him see that she could beat him in controversy, and there were two things which from boyhood he had not been able to bear—the one was, to be contradicted in an assertion; the other, to be defeated in any form. He was said to have especially resented her opposition to Bishop Gardiner, in the royal presence, for his hostility to the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, and its free use. Possibly, the argument was ill-timed, for Henry was confined to his room and in great pain. Anyhow, when Catherine quitted the King and the bishop, leaving them together, Henry relieved his ill-humour by saying, ironically, "A good hearing it is, when women become such clerks; and much to my comfort to come in my age to be taught by my wife!"

If Henry said nothing more than this, and had no ulterior meaning in the words provoked by weariness and suffering, the speech, though not complimentary, might pass. But Foxe, the enthusiastic and picturesque old chronicler of the martyrs, declares that Gardiner caught at Henry's words, and proceeded to insinuate accusations of the Queen as deeply tinged with heresy, and so naturally failing in duty and respect to her sovereign; farther, that the King let the bishop speak unrebuked, and was so worked upon by his words, and by Henry's own morose and jealous temper, as to consent that a commission should sit and articles be drawn up. These articles included charges of treasonable heresy against Catherine, her sister, and their particular friends, which placed their lives in danger.

The story goes on to say that the Queen was totally unaware of the plot against her, and might not have learned it till the storm burst, had not the Chancellor, Wriothesley, Gardiner's ally, accidentally dropped the paper containing the charge, to which the King's signature was given, in the gallery at Whitehall.

The paper was picked up by a friendly attendant, who carried it to Queen Catherine. She was struck with amazement, and overwhelmed with terror (in a manner totally unlike her usual quiet, composed demeanour). Retiring to her room, which was next that of the invalid King, she gave way to such sobs and lamentations that Henry sent to ascertain what was the matter. The answer given, by the authority of the physician, was that the Queen was dangerously ill, and that her illness was caused by mental agitation.

Prompted by repentance, returning affection, or suspicion, Henry had himself carried in his chair into the Queen's room, and showed so much pity for her condition, that Catherine declared herself "revived and rejoiced" by his visit. The next evening the Queen was sufficiently recovered to return the King's visit. She was accompanied by her sister, Lady Herbert, while Lady Jane Grey, a little girl of nine, already holding office in Catherine's household, bore the candles before the two ladies.

Henry was courteous and kind, but ominously turned the conversation to the old religious topics on which the couple had been accustomed to dispute. Catherine, taught by experience, and always more politic than heroic, fell back on her weakness as a woman, and deferred to his superior judgment as a man, as her husband, and, as by God's appointment the head of the Church in England, so that, next to God, she would learn from him.

"Not so, by St. Mary," the King is represented as saying, with strong sarcasm. "Ye are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us, as oftentime we have seen."

Then Catherine protested that her meaning had been mistaken; that it was preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; that she had only wished to draw forth his opinion on nice points of doctrine and practice. She had believed that such discussions helped to pass the time in the confinement of his sick room, while she profited by his discourse.

"And is it so, sweetheart?" inquired the appeased King. "Then are we perfect friends," and kissed her, in token of reconciliation.

Finally, when the King was able "to take the air," with the Queen and her ladies, in the garden, Lord Wriothesley appeared with forty of the Guard, prepared to make his arrests. But Henry hailed him furiously, with such abusive epithets as those of "beast, fool," etc., etc., forbidding him the royal presence.

Catherine, with her customary mildness, interceded for him, and said his fault might have proceeded from a mistake.

Henry, in his rage and contrition, exclaimed impetuously, "Ah, poor soul, thou little knowest, on my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave."

These details are for the most part supplied by Foxe. But we are bound to remember that, however quaint, vivid, and vigorous the narratives of the old writer are, they cannot be quite relied upon as history. He was too much of a partisan—sincere as his partisanship was, and valuable and thrilling as his life-like pictures are—to permit his accounts to be taken as proven facts.

The objection to the tradition urged by Mr. Froude is that it is unvouched for, unalluded to by contemporary authorities as yet discovered;* diluted through Protestant tradition for two generations, till it reached the ears of Foxe. But it is admitted that Gardiner might have brought complaints against the Queen, and that the King, after examining into them, might have eventually rebuked the complainer, and dismissed the complaints.

In Henry's last act of violence Catherine could have had no interest, save that of common humanity and a sympathy with intellectual culture. The victim was the gallant and gifted, but extravagant and profligate, Earl of Surrey. He died partly because he bore Howard blood in his veins, partly because his ambition and recklessness kept pace with the animosity of the Seymours. In vain "he proposed, according to custom, to fight his accuser in his shirt"; in vain he made "a spirited, strong, and eloquent defence." He had quartered the royal arms with his own, as only the heir to the throne was at liberty to do.

He was supposed to aspire to the hand of the Princess Mary, though for that matter, at the age of twenty-seven, Surrey had already a wife and five children, whom he was prepared to repudiate. His "beautiful songs," his "Petrarchan sonnets," the totally different novelties which he introduced into England in the shape of the heroic blank verse of his translation of a book of the Æneid, and the

* The conduct of the great officers of State, Wriothesley and Rich, seems so barbarous that some people have believed they could not have been altogether in earnest, that their intention was rather to frighten than to hurt Anne Ascue, therefore they kept the rack in their own hands.

* Strype seems to infer some foundation for the story.

curious training of dogs to "point" after game, were so many unavailing gifts to keep his memory green. When the King should have signed the death warrant, his own end was so near and his hands were so helpless that he could not write his name, so that a stamp with the letters "H. R." had to stand for it. The Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father, the hard and pitiless uncle of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, would have perished also, but on the night before the morning of his execution Henry himself was numbered with the dead. His health had long been wretched; he had been in a state of fever for many weeks, but the end was sudden. He is said to have received the intimation that his death was to all appearance at hand with the characteristic fiery defiance of the man; when Sir Anthony Denny courageously interrupted the King's impatient groans and cries of pain with the verdict the doctors had given, Henry looked sternly at Denny, and asked what judge had sent him to pass this sentence upon him? He directed Cranmer to be sent for, but was speechless before the Archbishop's arrival, and was only able to make a motion with his hand when asked to give a sign of his trust in God and Christ.

There is some support given to the story that Catherine had been or was in disfavour with the King, by the circumstance that there is no mention made of her towards the end of his life, and she does not appear to have been with him in his last moments. But neither were his son and daughters present when the King died, at Westminster, towards the close of January, 1547, in his fifty-sixth year. His body was taken to Windsor, resting by the way at Sion House, where Catherine Howard was imprisoned, and, as it happened, on the day following that of the fifth anniversary of her execution. The King's coffin was deposited in the vault beneath St. George's Chapel with Jane Seymour's coffin. There is nothing to be made of Henry's will, in relation to the terms on which he stood with Catherine Parr, at the time of his death, for though she was greatly disappointed when she found that she was not appointed regent during the young King's minority, there is a presumption that the main portion of the will was written some time before, on the eve of the King's going to France; in every other respect, save that of the guardianship of Edward, the provision for Catherine was liberal and kind. There is a high testimony paid to her virtues, and to the King's respect for them, and a handsome addition made to her jointure of three thousand a year,* with the bequest of such plate, household stuffs, and jewels as she might choose.

Catherine was now a very wealthy widow, in possession of no less than three jointures. Her Royal jointure-house was at Chelsea, on the site where Cheyne Pier was destined to stand. Chelsea was then a pleasant village on the Thames, with Royal and aristocratic proclivities.

One cannot help wondering whether it was the same house which had been given, among others, to "the daughter of Cleves," and whether the imperturbable Anne, who survived Henry ten, and Catherine herself nine years, was at Chelsea in these eventful spring months—whether there were two Queen Consorts of Henry VIII. in the same favoured village at one time; if Anne visited Catherine Parr as she had visited Catherine Howard—for that matter there was now no longer a burly, choleric obstacle between them—and did the renowned discretion of the little Queen Catherine vie with the unspeakable philosophy of the large Princess Anne?

* The value of money was much greater then than now.

Catherine was not more than thirty-five years of age, a very comely and dainty, as well as splendidly endowed little woman, in her third widowhood, when her former lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, about this time created Lord Seymour of Sudely, and Lord High Admiral, came hurrying to woo her once more.

By Henry's will sixteen executors were named who were to manage the affairs of the kingdom; to these executors was added a council of twelve, as a council of regency, the old nobility being almost entirely excluded. A proposal was carried by the council that the Earl of Hertford—the head of the Seymours and the uncle of the young King—should be at their head, with the title and authority of Lord Protector. The executors then proceeded to fulfil what were declared to be previous arrangements of King Henry's, in conferring honours on various gentlemen, by which Hertford became Duke of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Seymour of Sudely; later he was created Lord Admiral.

Still in the prime of life, and as arrogant as his elder brother was amiable, he at once contemplated putting the finishing touch to his fortunes by making a splendid marriage. Quickly as he had reverted to his old love, she was not the first in his vagrant thoughts, if rumour did not lie. He aspired as high as the young Princess Elizabeth, but was forbidden to think of her by his brother and the rest of the council. Then Seymour cunningly sounded his nephew, the young King, whom he was always seeking to please by flattery and gifts, in order to win his affections from his guardian—his elder and much more trustworthy uncle. Probably Seymour had depended on the boy's affection for himself, and on Edward's well-known preference for Elizabeth. He had counted on his youthful adviser's suggesting his favourite sister—the same little child whom Seymour had carried in his arms at Edward's baptism—as a fitting match for the soaring suitor. But the little lad of nine, in his innocence, first mentioned Anne of Cleves as a proper recipient for his uncle's hand; and then, when the idea was not approved of, he made an amendment upon it, saying to the third person whom Seymour had employed to speak for him, "Nay, nay, I wot you what? I would he married my sister Mary, to change her opinions." Whether he would have changed them for the better is more than doubtful, if Bishop Latimer was right in describing the Lord Admiral as "the farthest from the fear of God of any man he ever knew." But Seymour himself was well aware that Mary would have none of him.

It was after these interludes that Lord Seymour sought the unsuspecting Catherine in her retreat at Chelsea; and even yet it was so early in the days of her widowhood—though these were still the times when men who coveted such prizes had to strike hot and fast, or see them snatched from them by more daring and unscrupulous assailants—that a suit which would otherwise have been perfectly admissible was rendered, and indecorous secresy had to be sought. The wooer came by a private field-path across a footbridge, and was admitted by a side postern to his mistress's presence sometimes as early as eight o'clock in the morning.

What was the attraction in this man which existed for many women? A contemporary praises his high spirit and his courtliness, his stately person, his magnificent voice; but, alas! the laudation is signally qualified, apropos of the voice, for the narrator goes on to admit, after praising the sound, "but somewhat empty of matter." Who does not hear the glib sonorous voice of the handsome, hectoring Lord Admiral, "somewhat empty of matter"?

Yet surely there was something else than a stately carriage and a magnificent voice, which not only blinded Catherine Parr to the man's radical defects, but so worked on the Royal young girl Elizabeth, that though she was too proud ever to receive his suit, when he was free to urge it—*though she was shrewd* enough, indeed, to have a contempt for his blatant folly, still produced in her a kind of "scornful liking" even for his memory.

Was it not a remnant of open-hearted frankness, a false glamour of generous recklessness, though it was plainly said of him tnat he loved only himself? There are traces of such a temper, however grievously marred, in his protest with regard to Catherine after she was his wife. Neither is there any evidence worth considering that he did not treat her with respect and affection, or that she was not in possession of such love as he had to give, though what he conceived his interest had stood in the way for a time. Certainly the love of a man like Lord Seymour of Sudely was not worth much, save, it might be, in the dazzled eyes of Catherine Parr, who, poor soul, was reported to have "adored him to the last." For the weak spot in her armour was that, with all her native sagacity and acquired culture—nay, with all her religious aspirations—she had a soft heart in her bosom for this strong, mature gallant, manly enough in his way, but no more her equal than was any other of her former mates.

Some of the letters which passed between the two at this date have been preserved, and are sufficiently curious. Hers have all the coyness of a maiden's first love-letters, and a pretty archness, "the arch simplicity" which has been noted in the expression of her face. They are also full of a pathetic devotion and humility in many a sentence besides that in which she signs herself—

"By her that is yours to serve and obey during her life,

"KATERYN, THE QUEEN, K.P."

His letters, while they profess ardent affection, are oppressively deferential in the manner in which he styles her, in every second sentence, "Your Highness."

The confidante of the wooing was Catherine's only sister, Lady Herbert. It is said that Catherine exchanged rings and a promise of marriage with Seymour within five weeks of Henry's death—a haste which was less called-for than in the case of the poor young Queen-Dowager of France and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Whether the statement of the early promise of marriage is correct or not, it is certain, from Edward VI.'s diary, that the wedding of the couple took place in the month of May, 1547, though it was not publicly announced till the following month of June. Henry had died the previous January, so that about the same interval elapsed between his death and Catherine's fourth and last marriage, as had passed between Lord Latimer's death and his widow's marriage to the King. The feelings of the public were not very delicate in such matters in those days; but though Henry VIII.'s death could hardly have been regarded as anything save a deliverance to Catherine Parr, there was just enough perception of outraged propriety to cause a reluctance to proclaim the fact of her precipitate marriage to the Lord Admiral.

But if Catherine could hardly be said to have assumed the "hood, and barb, and sweeping pall," which were the widow's weeds of a queen, her weeds for my Lord Latimer, with whom she had dwelt for ten years, were worn for no longer a period.

In broad contradiction to what she had been doing, yet in a frame of mind which is by no means without precedent, Catherine elected this time, of all others, as the season to write a letter in Latin to her stepson, King Edward, in which she not only enjoins him to continue his practice of religious duties and secular studies,

and to answer her letter in the learned language in which she had written, but strives to impress on the boy her grateful love for the memory of his father, King Henry. Edward was a guileless lad, and might not be too much struck by the anomaly; and otherwise he was not ill-disposed to the marriage of his stepmother and his uncle.

The Lord Protector Somerset, on the contrary, highly disapproved of his brother's marriage, and showed his disapproval by depriving Catherine of the jewels bequeathed to her by the late King. The Duke did this on the plea that these were Crown jewels, and one can understand his difficulty, since he was all which his brother was not—amiable, if weak, honestly religious, and a lover of his country and his King, whom he shrank from impoverishing in any part of his inheritance, above all when the Duke's brother was to profit by the impoverishment.

The wrangle for these jewels—maintained as fiercely by Lord Seymour as if his wife had possessed no other portion—which outlasted what remained of Catherine's life, must have served to embitter it. It was also fretted by the strife between her and the Duchess of Somerset, in which both brothers were embroiled. The good duke was unhappily mated with a haughty, violent-tempered duchess, who boasted of Plantagenet blood in her veins, as the descendant of Thomas of Woodstock. Time had been when it was this imperious lady's duty to carry Catherine's train on State occasions; but she was not slow in showing that she considered the Queen had forfeited her State, and must give place to the wife of the Lord Protector. Accordingly the Duchess of Somerset refused to perform any service for the wife of her husband's younger brother, insisted on walking into a room before her, and spoke of her slightingly as "Latimer's widow."

One would think that Catherine was sufficiently wise to have declined such petty rivalry, and held it lightly. Perhaps her husband's folly overbore her wisdom; perhaps she had paid too dearly for her exaltation to give it up easily; perhaps we all are small in our tenacity with regard to some trifle.

The young King's faithful affection for his stepmother, and his preference for his uncle, the Lord Admiral, not only angered his naturally placable guardian still further, it especially incensed his guardian's wife. It also seemed to awake in the scheming breast of Thomas, Lord Sudely, the perilous fancy that he and the Queen might manage to supersede the Duke and Duchess of Somerset as Regents of the kingdom. As another hold over Edward, Lord Seymour planned to have the care of Lady Jane Grey, who was looked upon in the light of the destined wife of her cousin Edward, after the treaty for the marriage of the boy with Mary Queen of Scots, on which Henry had set his heart, had fallen through hopelessly.

An additional source of disturbance to Catherine, and to more than Catherine, during that sorely-troubled last marriage of hers, was the arrangement by which the Princess Elizabeth, a lively girl of fifteen, had remained under her stepmother' scharge, both at Chelsea and at Sudely Castle, Lord Seymour's chief seat, which was situated in one of the midland counties. In those days of greater freedom of manners, with greater laxity of morals, and of tumultuous changes both in political and family relations, the familiar terms on which the members of one household lived were apt to be regarded as dangerous where a man bold, insinuating, and irrepressible like the Lord Admiral, and a high-spirited youthful princess were concerned. Why might not Seymour pretend to the hand of Princess Elizabeth, if his wife should die, or by the method of dissolving marriages which many men found only too practicable? In that case he would be the brother-in-law as well as the uncle of Edward; nay, should Edward and Mary die, why might not the man whose success had already been so great, rise to the dazzling height of King Consort? In reality there is no proof that Lord Seymour, after he had married Catherine, cherished such an unprincipled project during her life. Whatever his faults—and they were many and grave—he seems to have been proud and fond in his way of his Queen, who had sacrificed and hazarded much to be his wife. He was wont to say, "No one should speak ill of the Queen; or, if he knew it, he would take his fist to the ears of those who did, from the lowest to the highest." It was reported that she was vexed by his violent temper, as well as worried by his sister-in-law's rivalry; but Catherine had been well accustomed to deal with a passionate spirit. The foolish liberties which he took with the girl Princess were no more than what might have been expected from a man with little reverence and much presumption, and a carriage which in its gallantry was swaggering and rollicking. Catherine was quite cognisant of her husband's behaviour to young Elizabeth, whom her stepmother doubtless looked upon as little better than a child compared to Lord Seymour. For Catherine thoughtlessly encouraged him, as when she helped him to hold and tickle the girl, and on another occasion when the wife grasped the Princess's hands till the husband had teasingly cut scores of holes in the Princess's cloth gown. Rough play, but only play, though Catherine saw it had gone far enough when she found the Lord Admiral rudely snatching a kiss from his Royal ward. Catherine's discretion, which had slept, awoke, and she forthwith dispatched her charge to be under the care of a more decorous and prudent host, receiving, in the room of Elizabeth, little Lady Jane Grey, who was as meek and modest as she was learned and high-minded, and was, besides, the destined bride of the King. That the stepmother and stepdaughter continued, though parted, on the most cordial and intimate terms, is clear from a letter which still survives. It was written by Elizabeth after she had left Sudely. She inquired in it, familiarly and affectionately, for information regarding the Queen's health, and wished she were back in Lady Jane's place.

As the last worry of Catherine's life at this time, she had in her keeping at Sudely the erring and insane wife of her only brother, William Parr, Marquis of Northampton.

It is pleasant to turn to the brighter side of the picture to find Catherine, the former friend of Anne Ascue, having the Queen's book, which was a formal protest against the errors of the Roman Catholic religion, printed and circulated without fear of the consequences; to see her presiding over her stately and well-ordered household, in which, like Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, Catherine, the widowed Queen of Henry VIII., still maintained much of the dignity of Royal rank. She continued to have ladies-in-waiting, maids of honour, gentlemen of the chambers, and yeomen of the guard. She had chaplains chosen from the most learned and devout of the Reformers. With their help she instituted Divine worship twice a day in the Castle, religious services which its careless, unruly master declined to attend.

At the close of August, 1548, Catherine's first and only child, a daughter, was born. Its birth had been anticipated with the greatest pride and delight both by Catherine and her husband. The nurseries and the staff of attendants provided for the infant were like those furnished for the heir of a kingdom. Some little disappointment was experienced when the child proved a girl and not a boy; yet not even the big bouncing Lord Admiral confessed to any chagrin to speak of, as he wrote boastful, exulting letters, enlarging on the beauty of his little daughter.

In the middle of the rejoicing, Catherine was seized with fever, and died on the eighth day after the birth of her child. Nor was this all, from the testimony afterwards given by her close friend and companion for the greater part of her life—a daughter of Catherine's first husband, Lord Borough, and of course one of her earlier group of stepdaughters, whom on her marriage with Henry she had immediately nominated to the post of a lady-in-waiting. This Lady Tyrwhit was induced to state that there was much that was sad and painful in the poor Queen's death. Her mind became distempered and clouded by the nature of her illness, and in her raving, which was not fully recognised as delirium, she entertained the gloomiest fancies, and spoke mysterious words of injuries she had suffered and wrongs she had undergone.

In an apparently lucid interval, while insisting on the nearness of her death, of which none of her attendants saw any sign, she executed a short will. In this will she made no mention of the child on whom she had set such store. She left her whole worldly goods to her husband, unconditionally, adding, as a last token of the tender regard in which she held him, that she "wished them to be a thousand times more in value than they were." But even in this final effort of love and struggle for consciousness, the Queen's illness passed into another stage, common enough in such a malady, when the person best beloved by the sick woman in health became the object of vehement suspicion and violent dislike. Catherine wildly accused her husband of rejoicing at her death and mocking at her anguish, when, even according to the not very sensible or unprejudicial evidence of Lady Tyrwhit, given on her examination before the Council, the doomed man was standing in distress by his dying wife's bed, striving in vain to soothe her.

The scene would have been but a piteous result of illness in ordinary circumstances; it was otherwise where the life of a queen was in question, in troublous times.

In the meantime Catherine was honourably mourned and buried. She was not more than thirty-six years of age—the age so fatal to many of the Tudor princesses and their immediate descendants. Elizabeth Woodville, Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, her daughter, Frances Brandon—in her turn Duchess of Suffolk—Catherine Parr, Arabella Stewart—granddaughter of Margaret Tudor—all died at about thirty-six.* Catherine outlived King Henry a year and seven months. Lady Jane Grey, still only in her eleventh year, was at Sudely when Catherine died, and led the procession of mourners, "with her train borne up by a gentlewoman." Six ladies walked two and two behind the chief mourner. Many ladies and gentlemen, yeomen of the guard, etc., followed the coffin to the chapel of Sudely Castle, where lessons were read and psalms sung, according to the form of the Reformed Church. Coverdale, the Queen's almoner, delivered an oration and read prayers, and each lady and gentleman, according to their rank, gave an alms to the poor.

Never were royal remains more desecrated than were those of poor Catherine Parr. It was a comparatively small matter for Cromwell and his Ironsides to dismantle the chapel and tomb. Idle curiosity and senseless outrage did their worst more than two hundred years after Catherine's death. A party of ladies, who happened to be in the ruined chapel of Sudely Castle in 1782, had their

* Anne Boleyn was beheaded at the same age. *1*

attention attracted by a block of alabaster. They had the ground opened, when they found the leaden covering of a body. This they got cut apart in two places, and then, frightened at the spectacle of the embalmed body within, had the earth thrown over it again. Fired by their example, the tenant of the land, for the time, also dug up the coffin, which was only two feet under the ground, laying bare the inscription

"K. P."
"Here lyeth Queen Katherine,"
etc., etc.,

and reopened the coffin, again exposing the body. Two years afterwards, a band of roughs in the neighbourhood, in what appears to have been wanton desecration, a third time invaded the grave, and cast the once dainty body—richly dressed, as in life, to the very shoes on the small feet—on a heap of rubbish. The vicar of the parish interposed, with much cause, and the body was reburied. But even then poor Catherine's dust was not suffered to rest in peace. In 1786 the coffin was again taken up, and its contents examined, this time with all care and respect, by leave of the owner of the castle. It was then, it was said, that the two members of the Antiquarian Society, who made the investigation, found a shoot of ivy had forced its way within the lead, and formed a wreath of living green for the uncrowned head of a good and gifted woman.

Even after that date rabbits burrowed in the chapel, scraped holes, and scudded round the grave. But at last castle and chapel have been fitly restored. All that was left of Catherine's mortal remains were installed with due honour in a vault beneath a tomb copied from the original monument, of which a rare woodcut is still in existence. Her effigy, in white marble, lies under a sculptured canopy.

Besides many locks of fair hair attributed to Queen Catherine Parr, in the late Tudor Exhibition, there was shown a ghastly relic which might have been procured on one of the occasions when her grave was despoiled; it was a discoloured tooth, set in silver, and labelled "a tooth of Queen Catherine Parr's."

Six months after Catherine's death, her husband, Lord Seymour of Sudely, was beheaded on Tower Green, partly on the ground of having poisoned his wife, of which nobody can now doubt his innocence. Even his severest critics acknowledge that, as he had nothing to gain and many solid advantages to lose by her loss, it is utterly improbable that he should have committed the crime. Another point which clears him is that Catherine's nearest relations—her brother, William Parr, Lord Northampton, and her brother-in-law, created Earl of Pembroke—continued, after her death, on excellent terms with the Lord Admiral. The truth was, that he had revived the old scheme of marrying Princess Elizabeth, and was suspected, with more warrant, of having bought over, to support his interests, her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and her cofferer, Parry. And Lord Seymour continued to bluster and intrigue against the most forgiving of brothers, until, on his second committal to the Tower, from which the Duke of Somerset had already saved him once, the very noblemen whom the accused man had trusted gave fatal evidence of his treasonable designs.

On the March morning when Lord Seymour was executed, two letters are said to have been found hidden in his velvet slippers. The writing was scratched with an agate, the addresses were to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and the contents besought the sisters' interposition and protection for the writer.

The attainder and execution of Lord Seymour meant the ruin of the infant daughter whose birth had been hailed with so much triumph. For though the confiscation of the great property which she should have inherited was set aside, her estates were not restored, possibly because she did not live long enough to make the necessary claim for them. She had been named "Mary," probably after the elder princess, and she began life with the state of a princess; but on her father's disgrace she seems to have been handed about from kinsman to friend, and treated as a grudged incumbrance rather than a valued trust. There is a letter extant, written by Catherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk, Catherine Parr's greatest friend, which reflects no credit on the duchess's loyalty and liberality; she complains bitterly of the burden imposed on her by the child and her train, and appeals to the little Mary's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, to grant his niece a pension, or at least to pay her servants' wages. The duchess represents the child's uncle on the mother's side, William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, as equally unable and unwilling to bear the little girl's maintenance. These were the people who sunned themselves in Catherine's favour while she was Henry's Queen. Sorrow came to soften the witty duchess's heart, and to teach her more motherly compassion; for, just as her predecessor Mary's boy had died of the sweating sickness, on its first appearance in the country, so, when it visited England for the second time, Catherine Duchess of Suffolk's two sons, lads of promise at Cambridge, were cut off by the epidemic within an hour of each other.

Mary Seymour might have been more welcome to her mother's sister, Anne Countess of Pembroke; but unfortunately Anne died when her niece was only three years of age.

There are no details to be found of Mary Seymour's death, beyond the fact that a contemporary writer refers to her as dying young; while another chronicler states a little more precisely that she died in her thirteenth year, which is doubtless correct.

Miss Strickland had a different theory, founded on no complete documentary evidence, but simply on a tradition preserved in the family of a Sussex clergyman, supported by a fragment of their genealogy and a few Tudor relics in their possession. The written fragment, saved from other papers which had been burnt, was entitled "A Good Account of my Pedigree, given me by my Grandmother," and was dated 1749. It stated, among other particulars, that a private gentleman named Silas Johnson, the son of a Kent squire, married the daughter of Sir Edward Bushel (supposed to be a gentleman in the household of Queen Anne), who had married in his turn "the only daughter of the Duke of Somerset's brother, Lord Seymour, which daughter the Lord Seymour had by Queen Catherine Parr, whom he married after the death of Harry the Eighth, whose queen she was." The above Sir Edward Bushel's daughter was "a great fortune" to Silas Johnson, and their daughter, Mary Johnson, married the Rev. Francis Drayton, of Little Chart, in Kent, where he and his wife lie buried. The relics of the Tudors preserved in the family of the Sussex clergyman were a fine damask napkin—the pattern and motto corresponding with the arms of Catherine of Arragon, by whom the napkin is supposed to have been brought from Spain—a portrait, on panel, of Henry VIII., and a medallion in bronze of the Royal arms of England and France, cut from the centre of a pewter plate." Agnes Strickland's conjecture is that the Duchess of Suffolk might have brought up the orphan Mary Seymour. When the persecution of the Protestants broke out under Queen Mary, the Duchess, knowing herself a marked woman in the Reformed Church, might have thought it well to marry her charge respectably, though not splendidly, before her protectress fled to the Low Countries, accompanied by her second husband, a gentleman of her household named Bertie. With him her adventures were strange and romantic, culminating in the birth of her son "Peregrine Bertie," in the porch of a church where the distressed lady had taken shelter from a storm.

But though one would like to think that poor Catherine Parr's daughter lived happily and died peacefully in the safe retirement of private life, which her mother had quitted not altogether to her gain, the evidence is too slight and too destitute of corroboration for much dependence to be placed upon it.

SARAH TYTLER.

VARIETIES.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.—Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of plums on the mantelpiece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—*Sydney Smith.*

FLATTERY AND PRAISE.—It is for most persons more easy to flatter than to praise.—*Richter.*

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

They were climbing up the mountain-side, and coming to a steep place he deemed it proper to assist her, and, turning, said—

"Please give me your hand."

"Oh," she replied, with a blush, "this is so sudden! You must ask papa."

GIVING AS IT SHOULD BE.—We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

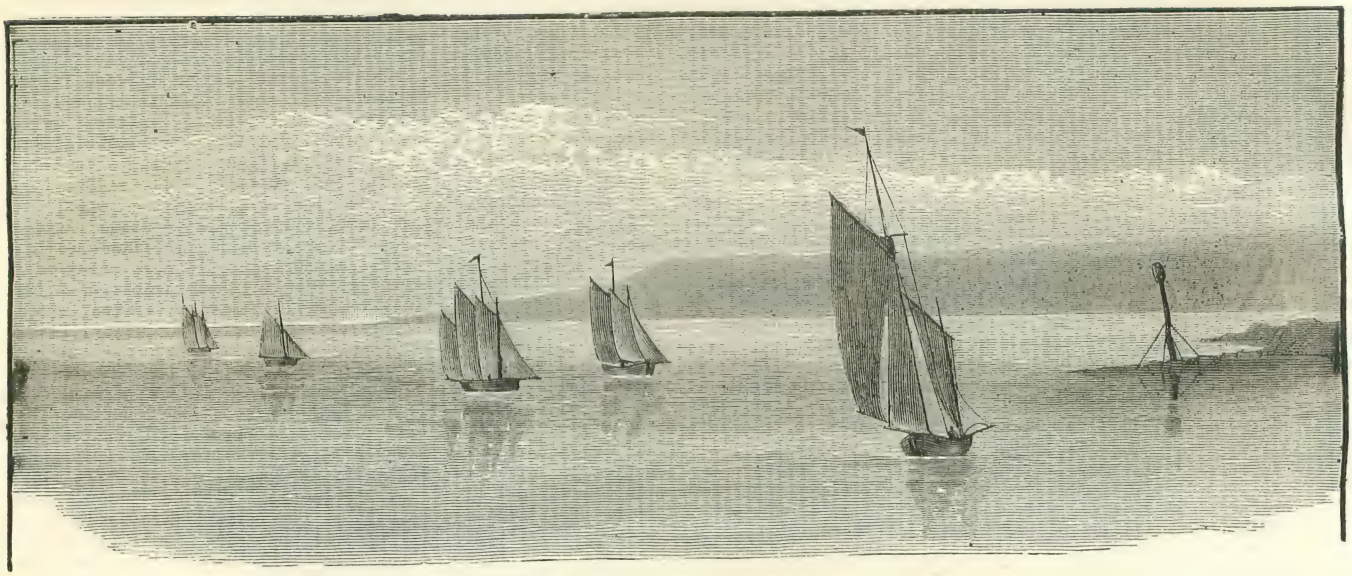
THE ARTIST IN ERROR.

Pay attention to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was being shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs.

"To be sure," said he, "they be uncommon like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but that one on 'um had a foot in the trough."

WHAT IS VANITY?—*Vanity is the passion* of a little mind and a cold heart.

KIND WORDS.—The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause in others and the happiness they cause in ourselves.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

POSSESSIVE.—For surnames or names ending in "es" or "s" the plural should be formed as written as in "St. James's Street," "Dr. Johnson's Buildings." "St. John's Place," not "St. Johns' Place." "Mrs. Jones's house" is right, not "Mrs. Jones' house."

MINERVA.—Having certificates of the National Board, understanding the Kindergarten system, music for beginners, and English in all its branches, you have a fair chance of getting employment somewhere. But before you think of emigrating to the Cape we advise your applying for advice and assistance at the Y.W.C.A. Institute, Regent Street, just opposite the Polytechnic Institution. There is an entrance through the Welbeck Restaurant, also in Mortimer Street, W. Governesses going abroad obtain the best advice and all information there.

M. M. LANE.—We gladly draw attention to your Waverley Reading Society, as it is specially designed to be of an instructive character, and most girls could devote half an hour daily to such study. Address Miss Marshall-Lane, Grove Park, Medland.

W. M.—Yes, a training can be obtained in both housekeeping, cooking, and the various duties required of a superior lady-help or governess. One place where they may be received and instructed is at Shelford, Cambridge; address Mrs. C. Podmore. We believe the terms are moderate.

ESPERANCE.—There are many firms of typewriters in London, and it would be better for you to make your inquiries personally of one of them.

COOKERY.

MARY HEATH.—To prepare "scrambled eggs" (otherwise called "rumbled"), take three and beat them; pour into the bowl a large cupful of cream, adding pepper and salt, and, if liked, some nutmeg. Mix well, put some fresh butter into a fryingpan, and pour the mixture into it, stirring over a slow fire. When it becomes thick it is done; then serve on buttered toast cut in squares ready for helping.

QUERY.—The way to cook dandelions, as a vegetable for spring use, is to take them before the flower blossoms. Take up the whole plant with a spud or trowel—the "saw-edged" or the smooth-edged leaf dandelion—cut off the root, leaving only enough to hold the plant together. Wash well in cold water, picking off dead leaves, etc.; then put them on to boil in water with a little salt, and when tender drain off the water, chop up fine, as you would spinach, and return to the saucepan, adding a lump of butter, a squeeze of lemon, and a little powdered sugar. Stir over the fire for a short time, and serve in a hot dish, with toast sippets round it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMMA D. (Leeds).—The Society of Friends was originally called "Seekers," from their seeking the truth, and afterwards "Friends" (3 John, 14.) Justice Bennett, of Derby, gave the society the name of "Quakers," because George Fox (the founder) admonished him and those present in 1650 to "quake at the word of the Lord." They began in England in 1646, by George Fox, aged 22, and they suffered grievous persecutions for many years.

EVA.—Eight of the most wonderful ancient buildings would be the Pyramids of Egypt, Mausoleum of Artemisia, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Colossus of Rhodes, Acropolis at Athens, Colosseum of Rome, and the Pharos of Rhodes. The modern wonderful things would be, we suppose, the Great Wall of China, St. Peter's at Rome, the Escurial, or the Vatican Palaces; the Eddystone Lighthouse, the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, the St. Gothard Railway, Atlantic Cable, Forth Bridge, and Eiffel Tower. All these are great triumphs of mechanical skill, accompanied by buildings—though not quite to be called "buildings."

RACHEL-BRUNETTE.—Our year (of the "G.O.P.") does not begin in January, but with October 1st.

A MAID OF GWALIA.—Inquire at a shop for the sale of fancy work for a book, and at a bookseller's for a cheap ecition of the English poets.

GIPSY had better wait till after her marriage to mark her trousseau.

MERB will find in the early volumes of the "G.O.P." full instructions on etiquette and good breeding, for all classes, on all occasions.

REPERCEUSE could only find out all she wants to know by personal inquiry in London.

W. M. E.—A milled crown-piece of Charles II. is worth from eight to fifteen shillings, much depending on the date, which you do not give us. 2. A quarter-guinea of George I. is worth from six to ten shillings and sixpence. They were also struck in the reign of George III.

A NECESSITOUS ONE.—George III. pennies may perhaps be worth one to five shillings each. A shilling of 1787 is perhaps worth two shillings. George IV. shilling (crown with lion on it) from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings. We cannot tell you where to sell them, as we do not advertise in these columns.

NORA B.—We should think that the horse has something to do with the white horse—the ensign of the Saxons, which was constantly used by Alfred. Hull was, it is said, founded by Athelstan.

CHRYSSIE ASHLEIGH.—Amy Robsart was the wife of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and daughter of Sir John Robsart, a gentleman of ancient family and large estates in Cornwall. Her bridegroom was only eighteen, and the marriage took place at the Palace of Sheen, in the presence of King Edward VI. It was not a clandestine union; they lived together for ten years. Recent researches have been the means of throwing discredit on the story of her assassination. The account of the inquest or inquiry on her death has been found.

ANNIE H. wants to improve her "writting and spling," and "remanes our's truely." We should advise the use of a dictionary, the writing of some set copies, and half an hour's daily study, at least.

ODESSA.—It is not needful for the bride to give the "best man" a present. A ring is a general present for the bridegroom. 2. If you find people at home, you need not leave cards when you go to see them. If you go alone you must leave your husband's card.

INQUISITIVE LASSIE.—Yes, you should accept it. 2. A tailor-made cloth is at present the fashion for wearing at weddings. If in mourning, wear your black silk.

INK.—Use a milder soap. 2. The New Year is not so much kept as a festival in England as in France or the United States and Canada.

AN ORPHAN.—Inquire at any post office for the annuity papers.

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES will find herself much strengthened generally, and her weak back particularly by the use of Tidman's Sea Salt in water. Put a handful into a basin over-night, with about two quarts of water. In the morning take a towel, dip it in, wring it dry enough not to drop, and well rub the whole body, especially the back, with it, putting the towel into the water frequently. When the skin is red and glowing, put on your clothes and dress quickly. Spare time to lie flat on the back, twice a day, for a quarter of an hour each time. If the back can also be rubbed at night in the same manner, you would derive benefit; the rubbing should not be violent, of course.

FELICIA K. (Cracow).—Much obliged, but we are already overstocked.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN CANADA.—We have finished our tenth yearly volume. You would have difficulty in procuring the earlier ones, except by advertising in England.

AN IRISH LASS.—We fear from your description that your brother has left the good manners which spring from a loving heart behind him in Australia. The utterance of brutal home-truths or falsehoods is not a good trait of character, and you must meet it with Christ's better law—that of kindness and patience with wrongdoing and evil-speaking.

B. A. H.—It is always well-bred to say something kind to your hostess.

FLORENCE FENTON.—"Medicus" distinctly states that the bromide of ammonium must only be taken under proper medical advice.

NELLIE, H. H. H. H. must read the two articles in vol. x., by "Medicus," "Remove the Cause," page 7, and "What Summer can do for the Invalid," page 574. You want more bathing and exercise. "H. H. H. H." should take all the open air exercise possible, now she is young, without over-fatigue.

UNA.—"Jesse" means wealth, and is Hebrew. 2. Change your diet; you need more nourishing food.

A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.—The hair turning grey is often a sign of nervous failure. Read "What Summer can do for the Invalid," page 574, vol. x. 2. If your sin has injured any other person, you should endeavour to set the mischief done right.

JOHN BUFF.—We believe it has just been decided by the American authorities that travellers shall be allowed to take in clothes which are intended only for wear. There are duties on everything.

DECIMA inquires "if fish is good for the brain, how many pounds must be eaten a day?" and "if the bones must also be eaten"? Agassiz, the famous naturalist, once had this exact question put to him, *i.e.*, as to how much fish should be eaten by the questioner, and he is said to have replied, "In your case, I should think a small whale." This answer, perhaps, will do for "Decima."

J. P., GLODIE, E. G., ERIN.—Rhymes certainly, but not good ones; more ideas than usual. 2. The indexes and coloured plate are sold together.

NELLA should pronounce "mater" and "pater" like the "ma" in May, not "marter" and "parter."

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ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

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"SHE GAVE HERSELF TO HIM WITHOUT A FEAR."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

LDYTH, I want to have a talk with you," said Gladys, that night, following Aldyth into her room as they were about to retire to rest; "I hope you are not very sleepy."

"I am not," said Aldyth, who of late had been driven to woo sleep with no happier result than usually attends such wooings; "let us talk by all means." She drew forward the easiest chair for Gladys, who was never indifferent to her personal comfort, then seated herself by her sister's side, looking down admiringly on the pretty, flossy hair and the flushed cheek that rested against the chintz cushions. Gladys looked so bright and happy. She was well content with the prospect before her. The girl who had entered with zest into the gaieties of town-life, and won admiration in crowded assemblies, had adapted herself with remarkable ease to a country life. She had no illusions concerning the man she had promised to marry; but she had a genuine affection for him, nevertheless. She knew he was not heroic; had he been he would probably not have suited her so well. They had kindred tastes, and Guy's easy, good nature could be trusted to yield to her wishes when they did not exactly coincide with his own. Gladys would in all likelihood get her own way in the future as completely as she had in the past; but Guy would be quite happy in following her lead. Aldyth saw this with satisfaction.

"I have been talking with Guy about your home, Aldyth," Gladys said, "and he agrees with me that it must not be given up. He says that as long as the plan works well, and the girls behave themselves, the Cottage shall be used for no other purpose."

"That is very good of Guy, and good of you, Gladys," said Aldyth, flushing with pleasure. The thought that she would no longer be able to maintain this country home for her working girls had caused her much regret.

"It is not good at all; I shall never be good like you, Aldyth, though I mean to try," said Gladys, wistfully. "I want you to tell me how you manage, and I will try to do all I can for the girls. And if you will give me the address, I will send some flowers to London, whenever they are sufficiently plentiful."

"Oh, thank you!" said Aldyth, delighted; "that is very kind. You shall come with me to the Cottage to-morrow, if you like; and I will show you the little things I always look after myself. But the chief thing is to speak a kind word to the girls, and make them feel that they have a friend in you. That is not difficult."

"Not to you, perhaps; but I doubt if I can act such a part," said Gladys, shrugging her shoulders.

"Don't act it, be it," said Aldyth. "Begin to serve, and you will soon find it easy to love those you serve."

"Shall I?" said Gladys. "Well, I mean to try. You have often made me feel how selfish and useless a life I led—you and Kitty Bland. I am ashamed of myself when I see Kitty so brave and cheerful, thinking ever of others."

"You are learning to think of others," Aldyth said.

"I hope so," Gladys said; "but perhaps it is only a whim of mine, and I shall fall back into the old ways after a bit."

"You must not let it be a whim, Gladys."

"I'll try my best," said Gladys; "but, Aldyth, I hope you will still be able to do a good deal for the Home yourself. I hope you will not go far off. Have you any idea where you and mamma will live?"

"Not the least," said Aldyth. She had tried more than once to approach the subject with her mother, but Mrs. Stanton had always evaded it.

"Well, perhaps it is best to leave it for the present," Gladys said. "You must come and see me very often. I shall want your help if I am to become a better woman."

"It is not my help you want, Gladys. The secret of a true life is to be found here, and God will give His help to all who ask it." As she spoke, Aldyth laid her hand on the small neatly-bound copy of the New Testament that lay on her table. Gladys' face grew strangely grave. There was an earnest look in her blue eyes as she turned them on Aldyth. For a few minutes neither spoke. Then Gladys rose to say good-night. No other word was spoken, but the heart of each was thrilled with a new happiness as they clasped each other warmly ere they parted.

A few days later Aldyth, her mother, and sister were in London. Visits to shops, dressmakers, and milliners, filled up most of their time. Mrs. Stanton had agreed with Aldyth as to the necessity of making the preparations for Gladys' wedding as simple as possible, but it was evident that her idea of simplicity differed widely from that of Aldyth. She was driven to wonder uneasily how the bills were to be met which her mother ran up without the least hesitation. She could not but be aware that it would be a very difficult matter for her mother to keep her expenditure within the limits of the small income that was all Aldyth could now command, the interest of the six thousand pounds her uncle had bequeathed to her in his later will.

Aldyth was met by many practical difficulties as she tried to plan out their future. What was to be done with Nelly? She would leave school at Christmas, but she was too young and in no way suited to take the post of a governess. There seemed no possibility now of her having the art training on which her heart was set. Guy had promised to extend a helping hand to Cecil till he could stand alone, but it was not to be expected that he would do anything for Nelly. The main burden of anxiety seemed to rest on Aldyth. Mrs. Stanton complained and lamented; but never really pondered the problem of the future. And whilst Aldyth worried herself over ways and means, her mother calmly decided that the state of her health rendered it imperative that they should spend a few weeks at Brighton before they returned to Wyndham.

It was whilst at Brighton that Aldyth, taking up the *Times* one morning, saw an announcement which thrilled her heart with sympathetic pain. Mrs. Glynne was dead. Aldyth had not known her, but her aunt's account of her old friend and her simple, happy home at Highgate, as well as John Glynne's words respecting his mother, had conveyed to her mind a very vivid impression. It was almost like losing a personal friend. It grieved her to think of the sorrow of the bereaved. What a blow it would be to John Glynne! Was the mail carrying him the melancholy news, or had he heard of his mother's critical state in time to hasten to her side and receive her last farewell? His quiet, undemonstrative demeanour hid a heart of rare warmth and tenderness. Aldyth knew him well enough to know something of the strength of his love for his mother, and how deeply he would feel parting with her. She longed for fuller information than was afforded by the bare newspaper paragraph, but the longing remained unsatisfied, for, strange to say, Miss Lorraine in her letters made no allusion to her friend's death.

Towards the end of November Aldyth was again at Wyndham, and ere the month was out Gladys' wedding took place. A simple wedding it was said to be, but it was a simplicity which required the richest white satin and the daintiest *etcæteras*. Mrs. Stanton could never have forgiven herself if she had allowed Gladys to be married in a common fashion.

The good people at Woodham appreciated the spectacle prepared for their delectation, and many were of opinion that a handsomer bridegroom or a prettier bride had never crossed the threshold of the parish church. Aldyth and Nelly were the bridesmaids, and looked exceedingly well in their cream cashmere and rose colour. But perhaps the most impressive figure in the little group gathered in the chancel was that of Mrs. Stanton. The strong sea air had driven away every trace of her illness; her fine form, her handsome features, her masses of silvery hair had never looked more imposing, and she bore herself with even more than her usual grace and dignity. Robed in silver-grey silk and wearing a bonnet of the same delicate hue, it was remarked that she looked almost like a bride herself. Perhaps it was soon to lay aside her widow's mourning, but a daughter's wedding was an exceptional occurrence.

The church bells clanged joyously throughout the day; but by four o'clock the excitement at Wyndham was over, and the happy pair had driven away to catch the London express. The usual sense of blankness which follows the departure of the bride made itself felt. Aldyth strove with the feeling, but it was

inevitable that the parting with her sister and the ending of her brief experience of home life should cause her keen regret. No plan for the future had as yet been determined on. The time had come when her mother could no longer refuse to discuss the matter. Something must be decided.

Not till night came could Aldyth secure a quiet talk with her mother. A few of the guests were persuaded to spend the evening at the Hall. Mr. Greenwood and Miss Lorraine were the last to leave, the banker having offered that lady a seat in his brougham. Miss Lorraine drew her niece aside for a moment in the hall.

"Ah, Aldyth," she said, tenderly, "I can see how you feel losing Gladys and—all these changes. But you will try to make the best of things, and remember there is always a home for you with me whenever you want one."

Aldyth smiled and thanked her; but she wondered at her aunt's words. How could she want a home? Her home must be with her mother, and she hardly supposed that Miss Lorraine would be willing to receive them both for an indefinite period.

But the future was to take a form of which she had never dreamed.

As soon as the guests were gone Mrs. Stanton dismissed Nelly to bed, then calling Aldyth to her she said, with rather a nervous smile—

"Let us have a talk, Aldyth. Now the wedding is over we can think of our own affairs."

"Willingly," said Aldyth, stirring up the fire and preparing for a cosy time. "Have you thought where you would like to live, mamma?"

"Well, hardly," said Mrs. Stanton, fingering nervously the gold bracelet which adorned her arm. "To tell the truth, someone has thought of that for me. You will be surprised when you hear what I have to tell you."

"You are not thinking of going to Melbourne again?" asked Aldyth, the thought suggesting itself that her mother might wish to return to the place where so many years of her life had been passed, and where was her late husband's grave.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Stanton, quickly; "what could make you say that? I suppose it is my fate to live at Woodham, for the fact is, Aldyth, I am going to marry Mr. Greenwood."

"Mamma!"

"Yes, it is true. Of course you are surprised. I felt certain you would be. But I believe I am acting for the best."

Aldyth was more than surprised, she was astounded. She could hardly believe her ears. And yet perhaps she should not have been so much surprised. Mr. Greenwood had been a frequent visitor at Wyndham; they had seen much of him at Brighton; she had often thought with pity of his dreary life in that large empty house. She had heard people say that he would do well to marry again. No, it was not altogether surprising; still, the possibility of her mother's contracting a third marriage had never crossed her mind.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Aldyth?"

"I hardly know what to say, mamma, I am so surprised."

"It is surely not an unheard-of thing," said Mrs. Stanton, in an aggrieved tone. "You might be glad. Mr. Greenwood is so kind, so generous. He is most anxious to receive us all into his home. He is very fond of you. He said especially that he hoped you would live there."

"He is very kind; but I could not do that," said Aldyth, quickly. The banker was her dear old friend, yet she felt a singular dislike to the idea suggested.

"Why not?" asked her mother, with a frown. "You do not think what you are refusing—such a comfortable home, and he would be ready to indulge you in every way."

"I know he is very kind," said Aldyth; "but, mamma, when you cease to want me, I would rather go back to auntie. There is a home for me with her."

Mrs. Stanton was silent, pondering this proposition. On the whole, it commended itself to her.

"Well, it will be a good home for Nelly," she said, presently. "Mr. Greenwood will give her every advantage. She will be able to paint to her heart's content."

Yes, it might prove a happy thing for Nelly. Aldyth could see that; she could see all the attractions that this new scheme of the future must have for her mother. Perhaps she ought to be glad, but she could not be glad yet; she was half-stunned, and there was a dull pain at her heart.

"Are you vexed about it, Aldyth?"

"No, mamma, not vexed, I think; but I can't get over my surprise all at once."

"You will hardly get over it, I fear, before the prospect is realised," said her mother, with rather a forced laugh; "it would be foolish in our case to make much to do about it. We are to be married in London, in three weeks' time, and shall spend the winter in the South of France. Mr. Greenwood thinks that after my illness I should not risk the cold of Woodham. I told Gladys of our plans, but I thought you had better not know till her wedding was over." Mrs. Stanton spoke rapidly, being anxious to get through with all it was necessary to say.

Aldyth heard her with increased astonishment and some bitterness of feeling. Whilst she had been burdened with anxiety for the future, this plan had been her mother's cherished secret. It was a plan in which she had no part. Her mother's marriage, it seemed to her, must exclude her, to a great extent, from her mother's life. She was no longer to be her mother's guardian, she would hardly be needed by her mother now. She felt that she was thrust on one side.

"Will you not kiss me and wish me happiness?" asked Mrs. Stanton, when the silence between them was growing painful.

"Certainly, mamma; I wish you happiness now and always," said Aldyth, kissing her gravely. Then she went away, and Mrs. Stanton breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that she had got through the disagreeable task of telling Aldyth.

Aldyth profited by her aunt's advice, and tried to make the best of this most unexpected turn of affairs. She hid the pain she felt, being aware that most persons would have judged that she had no cause for pain. Even Mrs. Bland and Kitty, who could enter into her feelings as no other friends could, were inclined to think the event a fortunate one for Aldyth. As wife of the wealthy banker, her mother would have a position entirely to her mind. Such a home as Aldyth's limited means could provide would never have pleased her. But they breathed no hint of this to Aldyth. They knew too well how her heart clung to her mother with a love which still, in spite of every shock it had met, strove to excuse and, if possible, veil her cold selfishness and sad lack of principle.

Nelly received the news cheerfully. She liked Mr. Greenwood, and could look forward to the new home life. She was charmed to find that her future step-father shared her enthusiasm for art, and delighted beyond measure when he promised that she should study at South Kensington. It was arranged that she should at once be enrolled as a student in the Art School, and should reside with friends in London till Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood returned from their sojourn abroad. And Miss Lorraine, with no slight satisfaction, looked forward to Aldyth's again making her home with her at Myrtle Cottage.

The New Year was not many days old when Aldyth returned to Woodham. She had seen her mother married at a West-end church, in all the glory of her silver-grey robe, surrounded by a little knot of well-wishing friends; she had bidden her a hurried farewell ere she drove away with her husband to Charing Cross, and then Aldyth and her sister had returned to the home of the friends with whom Nelly was to spend the next few months. Aldyth had yielded to their persuasions, warmly seconded by Nelly, to spend Christmas with them, and the season had not passed unhappily. Now she came back to take up once more the old dropped threads of her former life at Woodham.

It so happened that Aldyth had been unable to inform her aunt by what train she would travel down, and there was no one at the station to meet her. It was a clear, cold afternoon, and leaving her luggage to be sent on, she walked the short distance to the cottage. She met no friend on the way. The Blands' windows were deserted, but Miss Tabitha Rudkin, from her post of observation on the other side of the road, saw her pass, and connected her arrival with that of another visitor who had unexpectedly appeared at Miss Lorraine's on the previous day. But Miss Rudkin could not believe in the fortuitous nature of the visit. She was not so easily hoodwinked, she said. Of course it was a planned thing.

Arrived at her aunt's gate, Aldyth paused for a moment to gaze at the wide-stretching prospect she loved. The

view was unusually clear. She could see the long arms of a distant windmill rising black against the sky, and the spire of Wickham Church standing forth from a background of pearly grey. Old thoughts, old memories swept back upon her with the sight, and their influence was saddening.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; it is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy,"

she murmured to herself as she entered the garden; but though she knew this source of joy her own, she was hardly able to rejoice at that moment.

The little maid who opened the door gave a start of surprise at seeing her. Not having been long in Miss Lorraine's service, she hardly knew Aldyth, and was dismayed at her early appearance.

"Miss Lorraine never thought you would be here till the evening," she said; "she will not be back herself till six." And Aldyth remembered that it was the afternoon on which her aunt held her "mothers' meeting."

To arrive before one is expected is seldom a cheering experience. Although there was no house in which she should feel more at home, a sensation of dreariness and loneliness oppressed Aldyth as she went upstairs to her old room. The little maid followed her, uneasy and apologetic.

"Mistress told me to light the fire," she said; "but I didn't think there was any hurry."

"It does not matter," Aldyth said. But the maid at once set about the neglected duty, with the result that the room was soon full of smoke.

Aldyth's depression increased. The room had not the old familiar aspect. She missed her books and pictures, which had been removed to Wyndham whilst she dwelt there, and were now lying in a large chest waiting to be unpacked. She was free to devote herself once more to the studies which she loved, but there was little joy in the thought. Hers was a nature which finds its highest freedom in the bonds of duty. It grieved her that the ties that for a brief period had bound her so closely to her mother and sisters were snapped. The rapid changes of the last two years had left her restless and unsettled. There seemed no purpose in her life now. She hardly knew how she should settle again in her aunt's home.

But it would never do to begin thus. She fought with her despondency; she took herself to task. In a world where so many needed love and sympathy was there not work for everyone? Would not new duties come to her? God had a purpose in her life, a place for her to fill.

"I smiled to think God's greatness
flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

Aldyth smiled, too, as the words came to mind. She shook off her discontent with the dust of travel, and having freshened her appearance, quitted the smoky room and ran downstairs.

There a surprise awaited her. The servant, bewildered by her sudden appearance, had not thought to mention the fact that Miss Lorraine had a guest. As Aldyth entered the drawing-room a gentleman rose quickly from a chair by the fire. Did her eyes deceive her, or was it indeed John Glynne?

"You are come!" he said, by no means surprised to see her. "Miss Lorraine assured me you would not arrive before six o'clock. I was coming to the station to meet you; I am sorry to have missed that pleasure." And Aldyth had her welcome at last; but it took her some minutes to recover from her astonishment.

"You are the last person I expected to see," she said; "I thought you were a long way off."

"Ah, you did not know I had returned. I resigned my post and came home on account of my mother's illness."

"Then you were with her," Aldyth said, in tones soft with sympathy.

"Yes, I was with her. It is a great comfort to me to remember those last days." And he told her about them, talking as he could not have talked to Miss Lorraine; indeed, to no other being could he so have opened his heart. Aldyth said little in response, but her sympathy made itself felt without words, and the few she uttered were dear to him.

"Your sister is well, I hope," she said, after a pause.

"Quite well," he answered; "she is going to be married."

"That will be your loss," said Aldyth.

"It will; but she will be happy."

"Are you going abroad again?"

"No, I have found work in London."

Aldyth made no remark on this. She was silent, thinking of the evening when they had parted at the field gate, and of all that had happened since.

"Aunt has told you all the news, I suppose," she said at last. "You know what has happened to me—that my mother has gone from me—that our home is broken up?"

"I know," he said, looking earnestly at her; "you feel these changes very much?"

"I feel—some things," Aldyth replied, a strange tremor in her voice. "I don't mind losing Wyndham, but I do feel losing my mother. It is hard to think that she no longer wants me—that no one wants me now."

The words had scarcely passed her lips ere she would have recalled them. They sounded so weak, so selfish.

John Glynne did not deem them so. They seemed to make that possible which was his heart's most cherished desire. He rose; he moved to the window and stood there in silence a few moments. Then he came back and stood before Aldyth. She looked up and met his glance, which held hers spellbound.

"Aldyth, I want you," he said. And she gave herself to him without a fear.

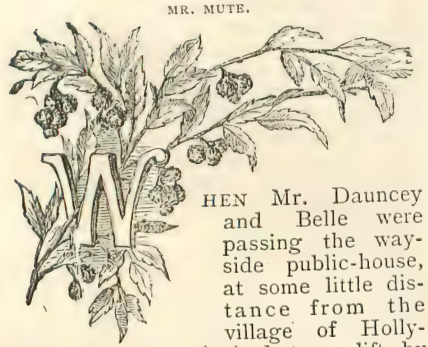
[THE END.]

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Seven Years for Rachel," "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. MUTE.



WHEN Mr. Dauncey and Belle were passing the wayside public-house, at some little distance from the village of Hollyfield, they were invited to a lift by the driver of the fly that had brought Mr. Mute. He was baiting his horse, preparatory to returning to Orchardson, and warming his inner man at the same time. The hard frost continued, and snow still lay upon roads and meadows. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Mr. Dauncey exclaimed, as they got into the fly—

"A good augury, Belle. A bit of luck to begin with," and Belle rejoiced to see pleasure on her father's face once more. Like Flo, he was easily cheered or depressed.

Thanks to the lift, they reached Orchardson station about two o'clock, and, to Belle's surprise and delight, there was her friend Mr. Mulready. Dauncey was almost as glad to see him as she was, and the greetings were hearty all round. He insisted on their coming into his parlour to wait for the train, which was not due for nearly half an hour. The drive had expedited their movements. Dauncey began at once to detail his grievances. He forgot his caution, and told Mulready the exact state of his affairs. He had not only lost the fortune, but was about to be ruined out and out. Mulready looked at Belle, who could not contradict the statement.

"Do not proceed to Harborough to-day," he said, earnestly. "I have a plan. I have come into some money by the death of my brother at New York. I reached that city just in time to see

him. It is at your disposal. If you decide to give up Castle Farm, I will take it; I only came back last night, and haven't matured my plans; but I beg of you not to proceed to Harborough to-day. I have no time for explanations, because I have to settle up here before finally relinquishing my post. Tudor, my substitute, has been obliged to go down the line, and I am alone for the hour. Trust me in this matter. I am sure you can get honourably through this difficulty if you will wait a day or two before proceeding to extremities. Miss Dauncey, will you not second me?"

"Yes. Father, I am sure Mr. Mulready is our true friend, and would not say what he does not believe. Let us wait at least till Monday," said Belle.

"I will not borrow another penny as long as I live. I have had enough of loans and mortgages," cried Dauncey, the obstinate look on his face.

"You need not," argued Mulready. "I only ask you to delay till Monday. If you will do so, I will try to run over this evening and explain more fully my plans. Dear Miss Dauncey, don't let Pearce triumph. We can certainly circumvent him amongst us."

"I wish we could," said poor Belle, who felt like a culprit.

"The train will soon be here. You must not go—you shall not go," said Mulready, while Dauncey looked from

"'DON'T YOU KNOW ME?'"

one to the other. "Get into the fly again and go back. I am certain you can surmount your difficulties without being either sold up or obliged to leave Castle Farm. You are not fit to encounter either Pearce or the auctioneer. You look ill, and have had too much upon you of late."

"That's true enough. I will follow your advice if you will fulfil your promise, and come over to-night. There is only Sunday between Saturday and Monday, and 'tisn't long to wait."

Dauncey laughed grimly, and hurried through the now desolate little garden, to the fly at its top. Mulready and Belle followed.

"If Tudor comes back in time I will be with you to supper," he said, and, to the amazement of the driver, ordered him to return to Hollyfield.

"I don't understand it, Belle," said Dauncey, when they were again on their way.

"Nor do I," returned Belle, and thought of Mulready.

They scarcely spoke again during their drive; indeed, Dauncey fell asleep, to Belle's comfort.

When they reached home they were met in the hall by Flo. She dragged them into the parlour and shut the door.

"Mr. Mute is here, and we are engaged to be married," she cried. "He is waiting to see you, father."

"Not so fast, Miss Flo. I have promised you to Arthur Dauncey. Why, this is the man with the unmarriageable name."

"It is very ugly; but he has promised to change it. And I am sure I could never marry a Dauncey."

Mr. Dauncey was amused and consoled by this announcement of his darling Flo. Belle was confounded. Flo insisted on their coming straight into the dining-room, where, she said, Mr. Mute was awaiting them. Even now she made a little grimace at the name. It was late in the afternoon, and the twilight was deepening. The fire was low, and when Flo announced, somewhat dramatically—

"This is Mr. Mute, father," Dauncey could not see him. "Here is my sister Belle," she added, as Mr. Mute came forward with extended hand. Belle took it, but Dauncey drew back; he suddenly remembered that he knew nothing of this man who had, it seemed, engaged himself to his daughter.

"Won't you shake hands?" said Mr. Mute.

Dauncey started. He thought he knew the voice.

"Don't you know me?" said Mr. Mute.

"Arthur Dauncey!" exclaimed the older man.

The American cousin and the Mute were identical.

A scene of great excitement ensued. Mr. Dauncey was quite overcome, and as to Flo, she was beside herself. But they grew calm by degrees, and Belle lighted candles, and made up the fire, to enable them to see and welcome this Canadian relative, who, by claiming his birthright, had put the finishing stroke to the family calamities. Mulready was wise when he advised delay.

"Flo tells me I have come just in time, uncle," said Arthur, when the confusion had subsided. "It was lucky that my fears for you and my love for Flo would not let me rest. I put Stint and Co. in office, giving them full power to manage my affairs, and started again for New York, whence I steamed across the Atlantic about a week after you. I found Mulready on board, whom I knew abroad, and we reached Orchardson station together last night. As my cousins know, I have been there before, and should have come on here, had not Mulready told me of the death of my poor father, and your departure from England as his supposed heir."

A cloud passed over Arthur's face as he mentioned his father. Mr. Dauncey, seeing it, was prompted to hazard an inquiry which he had not liked to make previously. He had heard from Stint and Co. that there had been a quarrel between father and son, but no one knew exactly the cause of it.

"Why did you leave your father? Why did you change your name?" he asked.

"I could not bring myself to join him in his business. I am sorry to say his reputation was not quite clean, but you will not ask me to malign him. Had it been as pure as yours, I should not have done otherwise, for I disliked business and wanted a profession, which he refused to allow me money to follow. He had given me a first-class education. You may remember that he was hot-tempered, and one day, after a discussion that was final on my part, in which I was led to speak unadvisedly, and to say that I would not soil my fingers in any trade that I was not sure was honest, he bade me go about my business, and never come near him again. I was tired of the perpetual disputes, and obeyed only too readily. I ought to have remained in spite of them. I had a little annuity left me by my mother, whose maiden name was Mute"—here Arthur glanced at Flo—"and in my haste and anger I assumed her name, and left Montreal for Europe. But I wrote constantly to my father, receiving no answer. My mother was an angel, and taught me to shun evil company, and to be truthful and straightforward; but I fear I have not always followed her counsel. When I saw Mulready's devotion to his father, my conscience smote me, and I wrote to mine, offering to return to him, and to do his bidding if possible. But he vouchsafed no reply. My mother once told me that he had forsaken his English home and relations, and had entirely lost sight of them, for some slight offence. She did not know where they lived."

"That is true," broke in Dauncey. "He took offence, ran away, and never wrote to any of us."

"He had the character of being unforgiving," continued Arthur; "but that is no excuse for my not returning to him, and when I heard of his death from Mulready, the news struck me down."

"Had you not seen the advertisement for the next-of-kin?" asked Belle, who was not quite satisfied with the explanation, being always so dutiful herself.

"No. I was taken ill soon after your sister left Italy, and such journals as I read either did not contain the advertisement, or else did not attract my attention. I never read the advertising column, so it is not wonderful that it escaped me, and as my name of Dauncey was not known abroad, no one drew my attention to it."

"What made you take to Flo?" asked Mr. Dauncey.

"First I saw her face, then I heard her name," he replied, with a look at Flo very satisfactory to Flo's father and sister. "I discovered that she must be connected, if remotely, with my father's relatives, and resolved to follow her to England. Illness prevented me at first, and you know the rest."

"You would not have come to us with a feigned name?" said Belle, not yet satisfied.

"No. I intended to resume my own name, and to throw myself on your father's kindness. I even wrote to my father to tell him I had, I believed, found one of his connections, and this last letter I discovered in his desk. He must have received it not long before his death. I am thankful that I said also that I meant to return to America, and hoped he would condone the past. I should have done so, I think, as soon as I had seen you all, under any circumstances."

"It is a strange story. Too romantic for me," said Dauncey. "Jabez was always a queer customer, and never seemed to have a conscience. He would do anything for money, and I can understand that he scraped his millions together anyhow. What do you mean to do with them?"

In answer to this abrupt question, Arthur took Flo's hand for answer. This was to show that he hoped to share them with her. But he did not say so.

"The first thing I mean to do," he replied, "is to repay you the debt my father owed your father and you. It must have accumulated fivefold by this time. Flo tells me you are in difficulties. The lawyer she mentions must be paid at once, out and out. I have already written to him to this effect, Flo supplying paper, pen, envelope, and address. I found her in tears, and thought this was the best way to wipe them off. It didn't take long to write the letter, send it to the post, and convince her that, although I had such a distasteful name, I could stay these proceedings. But I did not let her read the letter, nor my signature of Arthur Dauncey, next-of-kin."

"Is it not delightful? Is it not like a fairy tale?" cried Flo, running to her father and kissing him.

"It is very—very—providential," stammered Mr. Dauncey, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, moist with tears. "Thank God for all His mercies, and—His chastisements. He has taken our Charlie—to Himself and

—Amy—and He has given me—another son. I am, indeed, most unworthy."

He gave way to his emotion, and Belle burst into tears. The restraint she had laid on herself that day had nearly paralysed her powers, and when it relaxed she almost fainted. She could not speak, but she put her hand in Arthur's, and he said, as he pressed it, "All will be well."

And all was well. When Mulready arrived he found there was no need of his offered loan. Indeed, he knew as much before he proposed to lend. Mr. Dauncey's difficulties were about to end; for he had no compunction in accepting what was all but his due—compensation for his Cousin Jabez's shortcomings. He would need no more borrowings, with a son-in-law as rich as Crœsus, and as generous as he was rich. He recovered his spirits at supper; and Flo found it difficult to parry his jests concerning her preference, after all, for a Dauncey and a Mute. When they drew round the fire after supper, he observed that Mulready seated himself near Belle, and that she did not withdraw from him as she had always done from Pearce; on the contrary, she seemed quite pleased with his attentions. He asked himself if he were to lose Belle as well as Flo, and the thought induced his old habit of getting up to pace the room. But he sat down again when Mulready told them that his uncle had received him very kindly, and that he would be able to settle in some mode of life more congenial than that of station-master.

"I shall give up the farm, and go to America with Arthur and Flo," said Dauncey, half in jest, half in earnest. "I can hand it over to you, if the squire consents."

"My future depends on your daughter," rejoined Mulready, hesitating, for he and Belle understood one another, and did not need to beat about the bush.

"You must ask her godmother, Miss Dulcey; she rules the parish, and manages Belle, which is more than I have been able to do, since Belle manages me. I wish you all joy, and pray God to bless you, and forgive my manifold sins and iniquities."

Saying this, Mr. Dauncey rose hastily, and before even Belle could intercept him, left the room. He marched straight into the kitchen, where Molly was finishing up her Saturday's work. Whatever Mr. Dauncey's human weaknesses, he "Remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy," so that no work, not absolutely necessary, was done on Sunday. The kitchen was clean, the fire bright, Molly good-natured; so he sat down and began to talk.

"When are you and Ben going to church together?" he asked. "Marriage is fashionable just now—at least engagements are."

"I am not meaning to marry so long as Miss Belle is single; and I am telling Ben so," replied Molly.

"I think you may soon put Ben out of his misery then. What do you think of Mr. Mulready?"

"I am not liking him so well as Pearce, the lawyer. He do have plenty of money, and Mulready is thinking of nothing but flowers. Hach, master, one can't be living on flowers, no more than on butter without bread. But here's a grand young gentleman Miss Flo have got!"

"He has plenty of money at any rate. I advise you to take Ben while he is willing, and can keep you. Poverty is the mischief. Good-night, Molly! Tell them I am tired and have gone to bed, and that I feel sure they will excuse me under the circumstances. Don't forget to say 'under the circumstances.'"

No, sir. 'Scuse you under the circumstances.'"

Mr. Dauncey went to bed, but not to sleep. He heard the fly drive away that took Mulready and Arthur to the station; he heard his daughters steal quietly upstairs to their room; he heard the church clock strike often. He was reviewing his past life, and counting over his present mercies. In spite of his many misfortunes, mistakes, and errors, God had been gracious to him, and much good had come out of seeming evil. The events of that day alone proved this. He prayed earnestly for a thankful and resigned spirit, and for the blessing of the Almighty on his children and grandchildren, so wonderfully provided for. The words "poor Charlie!" were on his lips, when, at last, he fell asleep.

Miss Dulcey's consent to her dear god-daughter's engagement with Mr. Mulready was obtained, and given all the more readily when it was ascertained that he was a gentleman, respectably connected and not devoid of means. It pleased her to find that he and Belle had been for some time sincerely attached to one another, and that it was a proper *bonâ fide* attachment, and not, as she phrased it, "a romance, like Flo's." The romance was brought to a somewhat hasty final, because it was reckoned best not to bring Arthur Dauncey over from America again for the marriage, but to consummate it while he was now in England. He dawdled on for a month or so, to enable Flo to procure her trousseau, and to put a sufficient period between Charlie's death and the wedding, to satisfy what Miss Dulcey called "the proprieties." Everybody cast off their mourning on the windy March morning when Flo was wed, and everybody was at Hollyfield church to see her in bridal attire, with Belle, her two little nieces, and Dolly as bridesmaids. She could not have less than four, she said, and "never was there so lovely a bride or pretty a wedding in Hollyfield church before," said the spectators. Her father gave her away; Mulready was best man, and Mr. Burmester married them; what could even the ambitious Flo desire more, except, perhaps, a bishop?

Arthur Dauncey scattered his gold like a prince, and all Hollyfield was the better for the jollifications that succeeded the important event. Everybody was feasted, and the squire and Miss Margaretta honoured the breakfast with their presence. Miss Dulcey was the life of the gathering, and seeing that Flo was to leave home for another continent, life was needed.

She and her bridegroom spent some time in foreign parts before they left Europe for America, and Mr. Dauncey promised to pay them a visit when "Belle was settled," as he expressed it, which promise he subsequently fulfilled.

He and Belle returned to their old ways when the excitement was over. Mulready went North to settle his affairs with his uncle, and the children remained in the care of their maternal grandfather. Weatherley was at Harrow when the marriage took place, and it was contemplated to have a governess for the little girls. They were frequently at the Farm, and no further disagreement arose between the squire and Dauncey. Arthur had paid up the rent, satisfied Pearce, and settled a handsome annuity on Dauncey; in other words, repaid him the money his father owed him, so he chose to put it.

Belle desired nothing better than to live on at Castle Farm. Mulready took it of the squire, ostensibly for Mr. Dauncey, really for himself, and Mr. Weatherley, who esteemed him greatly, joined him in restoring the old place to something of its original status, when it had been known as Hollyfield Manor House. The gardens that he and Belle planned and laid out were worthy of them, and the untidy paddock in front was converted into a lawn, which rejoiced the squire almost as much as Belle and Miss Dulcey.

A year intervened between Charlie's death and Belle's marriage. Weatherley was allowed, at his own particular request, to come home for this happy event. He was doing well at Harrow, and his grandfather was very proud of him. Once more the nieces and Dolly accompanied the bride to church, though less elaborately dressed than when they attended Flo. Belle's steps were followed by the prayers of the poor, whose one united word of rejoicing was, "She will come back." A bright autumnal morning saw her little bridal party walk along the gravelled path beneath the old castle, and "Belle's bower" was a mass of many-tinted leaves—russet-browns, ruby-reds, golden-yellows; and the robin piped a marriage ditty as she passed it. She could but think of her parting from Charlie, and her meeting with her father—so intimately are joy and sorrow mingled in the reflective soul. Of course Miss Dulcey made one of the picturesque procession; and she and Mr. Burmester returned to the simple meal prepared by Molly and a friend, for her beloved Miss Belle. Mr. Dauncey was not to be left alone, for Marjory had asked her kind Aunt Margaretta to let her pay him a visit during the absence of Belle. She and Molly were looking forward to this with much pleasure, for Marjory preferred the Farm to the Court, though she did not say so, and was very happy in her more exalted station. Molly stuck to her resolution that she would not console Ben for his long and silent waiting until Miss Belle returned from a visit to Mulready's friends in the North;

and Miss Dulcey, as a reward for her constancy, adorned and enlarged the coachman's small house at the back of the Gables.

Having already witnessed two weddings, we must leave hers to the imagination of our readers.

But we cannot quite forget the personal gratification of joining all the men, women, and children of Hollyfield in welcoming Belle and her husband back to their home. Never did the bells peal out more joyously than when the station fly, that old acquaintance of Mulready's, drove up the village, and never was there a lustier shout than that given by the children who had just come out of school. In spite of the new lawn, the peacock was there to receive her with its tail spread out to its utmost width, almost like an old-fashioned lady with a hoop, and Miss Dulcey was first to hop out and welcome her, hand-in-hand with Marjory. Never was good daughter more lovingly embraced by affectionate father; and certainly never before was mistress so hugged by an old servant.

"Will nobody kiss me?" said Mulready, who had to make his way in the good favour of the neighbours.

"I will," cried Marjory. "You are my uncle now."

"And I suppose you are my godson," said Miss Dulcey. "I hope you will be as good as my goddaughter."

"I will try," returned Mulready, using the same sentence Weatherley had spoken when he first went to the Court.

And both of them kept their word.

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

ON A NORTHERN MOOR.

EMPIRE WEDDING DRESS AND CORSELET BODICE.

PAPER PATTERN.

YET another "Dress Reform Society," which in this instance calls itself a "League," and which held its first conference in London at the close of the season. It was remarkable for the notable people who attended and spoke. The promoter of the new society was Dr. Wilberforce Smith. There is nothing new in the reforms suggested, so far as I can see. The abolition of the corset is the chief cry; and the substitute seems to be a bodice made to all your under-petticoats, so that if you be old-fashioned and wear three of them, you must arrange to put on three bodices, one on the top of another. Lady Harberton did not think that the "abolition of the corset was the most needed reform; but rather the adoption of the 'divided skirt.'" The secretary of the new society made immediate answer that the greatest objection to that part of reform was the impossibility of getting women to adopt it, even after Miss Mary Davies had declared that any of her pupils wearing a high corset found it impossible to sustain the breath long enough to make them good singers.

Madame Antoinette Sterling had also said, in a humorous little speech, that all the diseases under the sun, from indigestion to manslaughter, might be attributed to the corset, and that she had her dresses and all her garments made "a finger too large everywhere." The meeting then came to a close, and there seemed to be just as little chance of agreement and practical result as is usually found in any of these combined efforts at changing the ordinary dress of our sex. And yet there is hope in all these meetings, and the strenuous efforts of these reformers, for when each woman is brought to a sense of her own needs and her own deficiencies in clothing, she will choose her own ways of altering and remedying them. We have achieved the "combination," that most useful of garments, whether of cotton, woollen, or silk, and in time we shall each of us find what suits us individually the best. At the same time there is a standard rule to be borne in mind; the great secret is to combine lightness with warmth, and an even temperature for the whole body. I have no doubt that in spite of any amount of knowledge, there will always be girls and women who are gifted with a certain amount of idiotcy and folly to lace themselves up in corsets six inches too small for them; but I find that the ordinary woman and girl only covet a well-fitting, not too expensive pair of stays, which will enable her to have her dress fitted, and will subject her to no more pressure than will be harmless to her.

An artist of renown pronounces that the true secret of beautiful dressing has been discovered by himself, viz., that the hair should be matched as nearly as possible in colour for the daylight dresses; and for the evening wear the eyes should be selected for the same purpose, and there should be an exact reproduction of the shade. The effect, if the wearer had tresses of very red hair, would, I fancy, be rather startling; but in the case of brown hair it would probably be very pretty, as now many people dress entirely in shades of brown, for they consider that colour the most economical, as well as one that looks well and wears well for all seasons.

The newest bonnet has become so "beautifully less" that we shall probably have a turn in another direction soon. It is composed of one large black butterfly, of combined jet and lace, which is exquisitely made, and is placed on the top of the head, rather backward. One pair of wings folds flat on the sides of the hair, the other pair rising on either side of the puffs and waves of the *coiffure*. The antennæ are a great feature. They are of fine cut jet, which sparkles and catches the light at every turn of the head. Some of the flowers worn are most delicate specimens of the flower-maker's art, one of the prettiest being the silvery dandelion "blows," as the children call them, which are a perfect imitation.

While I am on the subject of bonnets I must not omit to mention the fancy for those of black and gold, which are observable now. They are, of course, very useful, and can be worn with any dress. The gauze ruffs and frillings and the feather ruffs for the neck are so popular that they show the need that one has always felt for some kind of covering round the throat and shoulders, with the very plain and tight-fitting bodices. I see that the lace scarves are increasing in popularity, especially the white ones; and I recently noticed a great revival of an old fashion in some scarves of Limerick lace, in the veritable "snowflake" design. The hats grow larger and larger in front, but less and less at the back, and they are covered with feathers, the hat and feathers being generally of one colour. Fine straws are much used, and they are sometimes tied on with lace scarves or ribbon ties, especially for travelling. Hats have certainly been more worn than bonnets this season, and it seems as if people over forty will prefer them to bonnets, if they be made so becoming and youthful-looking. Grey hair is now becoming so common a sight in our streets that one wonders how we have not seen it before. But fashion does everything, and with the taste for showing these pretty white locks the caps have disappeared, but the bonnets are more elegant.

The newest ideas of dress for the autumn season generally emanate from the "ladies' tailors," and naturally they mainly relate to the thicker materials that are suitable for that season. There has never been, I fancy, so great a run on serge as there is now and has been during the past season, when gowns of it

were to be seen every day in town, worn by well-dressed people. This might have been owing to the very doubtful weather; however, it seems that no wardrobe is considered complete just now without a dress of blue serge. This is certainly a dress reform in the right direction, for a more ladylike, well-wearing material was never devised. The only thing to be remembered about it is to find an undoubtedly good one, when making your selection. The Princess of Wales has always had a dress of blue serge in her wardrobe, for I have so constantly seen her in one. Lately she has worn one made with a very simple skirt, edged with one row of white and rather narrow braid. The bodice is of jacket shape, made to wear with a cotton skirt, or with a sleeveless vest of white, the front of this being full, gathered at the top and at the waist, and confined by a belt trimmed with white braid. A new introduction to wear with all such thick woollens are the girdles, that are made of white cord or to match the dress, woven lightly into a braid, like a "curtain-holder" with tassels at each end. Blouse bodices are as much worn as ever, the improvement in them this year being the addition of the Zouave front, which makes them rather more dressy. Linen and printed cotton skirts are used with cloth or serge gowns that have open jackets, but they are not liked alone, or so much worn as they were last year.

White woollen gowns are also much in use, both in cloth and serge, and they strike me as being both useful and economical, as they can be worn on so many different occasions, and it is warm enough to withstand the breezes at the seaside when the weather gets cooler; they are very plainly made, and no expense need be entailed on account of trimmings. They can be also made up with a colour, such as brown, which looks very well with white. White cloth jackets are also much worn; they are made both single and double breasted, and in the former they have deep rolling collars, with *revers* of black velvet. Some of them are also trimmed with gold *passementeries* laid on over coloured cloth *revers*, with deep collars and cuffs of the "Mousquetaire" cut. There are also very pretty jackets of pale grey and fawn, and a light blue grey, which is very elegant.

The trimmings are one-sided on both skirts and bodices, at least on the few occasions that skirts have any trimmings on them; and the general impression of dress of all kinds is the extremely long-waistedness which is given by the use of the belt put on round the edge of the bodice. The trimming on the sleeves is put on in a long V, made rather to the front of the arm, and the long and tightly-fitting sleeves are buttoned almost to the turn of the elbow on the inside of the arm, and have a long full puff above. "Swiss bodices," with a shoulder-strap and laced up in front, are becoming to most girlish figures, and they are very pretty and simple to make. They are generally of silk or of velvet.

In other materials we have a great feeling in favour of cashmere, which is made in great beauty and of every colour and shade. This is trimmed with velvet *applique*, which is not sewn on, but stuck on with some kind of gum.

In the view on "A Northern Moor," the general style of cloaks is shown, and also a kind of loose redingote, which is much used for travelling and the seaside. The child's cloak is of light tweed, and has a woollen girdle, and is a very useful garment for ordinary autumn wear.

I have given a sketch of the "Empire Wedding Dress," which is an extremely pretty adaptation of that style to such a gown. The flounce at the edge is rapidly growing in popularity, and if the "Empire style" be largely adopted, it will have the good effect of doing away with tight-lacing, or the fancied necessity for it. It is, I think, the inelegant and thick look of the figure which prevents women from leaving off these instruments of torture; but if the waist be put up higher there will be no need of showing that part of the person. The next figure to the bride wears a "Swiss corselet bodice," without shoulder-straps, but having the sleeves of the same material as the corselet bodice, and the pointed trimmings at the skirt also of the same. The dress is of white cloth or serge, and the trimmings of velvet, either of black or a colour. This dress, with a wide straw hat, would be a pretty and elegant one for a bridesmaid.

The paper pattern selected gives a jacket of a new style, with two *revers* on each side. These may be of velvet or silk, the cuffs being the same. The front is single-breasted, and a row of buttons ornaments each side of it; the buttons being black if the jacket be all black; white, if the *revers* be of white; or silver, if they are of any colour. As an autumn jacket it will be found most useful. The material is cloth; there are nine pieces in jacket and two *revers*—front, two side pieces, and back, two sleeve pieces, and a pointed cuff. The sleeves should be lined with silk, to ensure their slipping over the dress sleeves, and the rest of the jacket should have the seams pressed, and covered with silk ribbon. The *revers* will set better if they be slightly stiffened with canvas or crinoline; but they must be firmly and well made and put on. The buttons should be sewn on a foundation of ribbon, to keep them firmly in position. About three yards will be needed to make this jacket, and less if the material be of double width. The pattern may be obtained, price 1s., from Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., to whom all letters should be sent. No patterns, however, can be obtained otherwise than by letter.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if packed in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, and new jacket with *revers*.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

ERE you forsaken, or lonely, or sad?
Does no one give you the love that you crave?
Are you regretting the friends you have had—
Some who have failed you, and some in the grave?
Take this for comfort: an infinite Love,
Perfect, and constant, and tender, and true,
Guards and protects you; God watches above;
Look unto Him, for "*He* careth for you."

Do you feel sometimes, when, anxious and worn,
Harassed and wearied, life's terrible weight
Burdens you so it is scarce to be borne?
Does all seem ruled by some pitiless fate?
Take this for comfort: Though sorrow and pain
Daily beset you, and joys may be few,
All shall be well when His heaven you gain,
Hope through the darkness, "He *careth* for you."

Are you oppressed by the vastness of life?
Are you o'erwhelmed in the mazes of thought?
Helpless, an atom whirled round in the strife,
Feeling that *you* in Creation are nought?
Take this for comfort: Though moon, stars, and sun,
And myriad worlds be the Lord's, it is true,
He notes when a sparrow falls, knows them, each one;
He is infinite God, yet "He careth for *you*."

IDA J. LEMON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. W. M.—As a general rule, intending nurses are required to be under training for three years; but at the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E., if approved after a month's trial, two years' training is required, and a certificate then given. The matron, Miss Lückes, receives candidates daily, between 2 and 4 p.m., excepting on Saturdays. Appointments having been made, written inquiries are answered. Salary £12 the first year, and £20 the second. Probationers can also be admitted for periods of not less than three months, on payment in advance of a guinea a week, inclusive of everything except washing. For union infirmaries and workhouses there is a special Training Association, of which the hon. sec. is Miss Wilson, 6, Adam Street, Strand. There is attendance given daily at the office from 11 to 12 noon.

Annette G.—We know of but two colleges for training teachers of the deaf; one is Elmhurst, Castlebar Hill, Ealing, W.; the cost of which is from £50 to £80 per annum. The other is at 11, Fitzroy Square, London, W.; address the principal at Ealing, and the director at Fitzroy Square. The best plan would be to pay a visit to both institutions before coming to any decision.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Wylo.—1. We have read your letters with much interest, and have been making inquiries about it. The only way of making the fowls and eggs pay would be by advertising or getting friends to take them from you; not sending eggs alone, but a hamper at a time, with several other things in it. 2. Laver is of two kinds—the purple and the green. To prepare it for food it must be steeped in water, to which add a little carbonate of soda to remove the salt and decrease the bitterness. Stew for several hours, till quite tender, in fresh water, very slowly, keeping plenty of water over it. The laver sold in London is of a deep green colour.

Pyrus Japonica.—We fear you will never find such a servant at £8 per annum, and you had far better get a young girl who knows a little and has a good character, and train her yourself.

Dickinson.—"Partial board" generally means breakfast and late tea, with meat or eggs, and full board on Sunday; but it is open to arrangement as to terms. We should think that £1 to £1 5s. in your locality would be about the price.

Leicester.—The usual neglect of the inside of the ordinary metal teapot, whether of silver or electroplate, is shocking. The outside is kept clean, while the really dirty part is left untouched from year to year sometimes. It should be regularly cleaned out, first by soaking with strong soda and water, and next rubbed with salt till clean and bright. Then you should have it cleaned every week regularly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sunday-school Teacher.—The word "Gospel" is a compound of two Saxon words, "God" and "spell," which latter word means "tidings." Thus the word may be rendered "God's tidings," or "good tidings," because the terms "God" and "good" are (according to Dr. Hook, D.D.) synonymous. If your little scholars be inattentive, we advise your varying your lessons; make them answer questions, and set them right when wrong. Make them speak, instead of talking so much yourself, and get some pleasant, instructive little stories to read to them after they have said their appointed lessons, questioning them on each story when finished.

M. A.—There is a much recommended Home of Rest at Eastbourne, which, if you would be satisfied with a very plain and simple style, in every way unpretending, you would find the quiet you need, in a house where there is daily family prayer; the living is good. Address Mrs. Parsons, Shaftesbury House, Seaside Road, Eastbourne. At the same time we should tell you that we last heard of this Home of Rest in June, 1888, and hope it may still be open.

A Sad One.—The lady always speaks first, not the gentleman; so you were in the wrong, of course.

Ignorance had better first find her publisher.

Cherry Ripe.—1. August 29th, 1874, was a Saturday. 2. The head is copied from a marble statue.

Gertie.—An "anæsthetic" is something which produces insensibility, like chloroform, ether, etc.

An Aberdeen Lass should read the articles on health by "Medicus," and be guided by his advice.

Sanitas.—We find on inquiry that a fortnight is generally considered long enough to wear them, unless in cases of illness, when two sets should be worn alternately, the one being dried and aired on the rest day, ready for use. Many people like to wear them in this manner.

Semper Fidelis.—1. A list of the schools, teachers, and institutions where "massage" is taught can be obtained from the secretary of the Nurses' Club, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. 2. Generally the animal on which the feet rest, on ancient tombs, is the badge or crest of the family, or, if a dog, the emblem of faithful watching.

May.—The duties of a matron of a union, if in a large town, consist chiefly in superintending all the offices of the establishment; to superintend the female inmates, to visit the sick, male and female, in the infirmaries once a day; to look after the cutting-out, making and mending of clothing, superintend the cleaning and order of the whole house, the kitchen and laundry-work; to look after the health and general care of the children, to give out the linen and stores of food, etc., and to keep order amongst the inmates.

A Mother.—We have heard of a pension for Protestants on the Coast of Normandy, which might, if still in existence, be suitable for you and your daughter; it is near Trouville, and used to be open during July, August and September. It is a very homely sort of place, for the visitors are expected to bring their own bed and table linen, and to attend to their own rooms, the charge for the day being only 3⅓ francs. You would have to get a letter of introduction; address Madame La Directrice de la Maison Evangélique, à Benzeval, Calvados, France.

Teetotaler.—The following is an excellent non-alcoholic drink:—Take one ounce of whole ginger, slightly crushed, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of loaf sugar, and place all in one gallon of boiling water. When nearly cold, add four drops of essence of lemon, stir all together, and put a piece of toast on the top of the water, and upon it one tablespoonful of yeast. Next day carefully remove all the ingredients, and strain the fluid through muslin; bottle, cork, and tie down very firmly. In warm weather it will be ready for use in three days. This recipe makes a really wholesome drink.

Three Kittens.—1. "A lot of tea" is certainly not wholesome, unless it be very weak indeed. 2. The only way to prevent boots from creaking is to open the sole at the side, and put in a teaspoonful of French chalk, then get the shoemaker to sew up the sole again.

Useless is too old for the competitions. She must not give way to her feelings, but try to rest, and look on the sunny side of everything.

Valentine, Christian, Lilac, A Sad One, should see a doctor, and must remember that we are not doctors; and "Medicus" gives all the information possible in his articles.

Edith S. J.—We should advise your taking your doctor any sum you can afford, saying you had brought something on account, as you felt anxious about paying him, and he did not send you his bill.

Donna Anna.—1. All the names, such as "Regent Street," "Regent's Park," etc., mark the period of George III. and the Regency of George IV. during the King's long illnesses when he was Prince Regent. 2. Lombard Street is the street of the Lombards, who were the first bankers or money-lenders in the Middle Ages. They came from Lombardy, and had the monopoly in pawnbroking in England till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The business of lending money on pawns was carried on in England by Italian merchants or bankers as early as the reign of Richard I. The name "Lombard" is a contraction of "Longobards."

Convinced.—1. We find the custom which distinguishes the 1st of April to be common in the East as well as amongst the Jews. At the "Hule Festival" in Hindustan (which falls on the 1st March), tricks are played on the unsuspecting, and the Jews attribute the custom of trapping them into doing silly things, that a moment's reflection would have precluded, to the fact that Noah sent out the dove from the ark on the day corresponding to our April 1st, before he could reasonably have expected the earth to be in a suitable state for disembarking. So, to perpetuate the memory of the deliverance of the Patriarch and his family, the Jews used to punish, in a playful way, those who had forgotten the date in connection with that memorable event, and it was customary to send them on some bootless errand, as Noah did the dove. 2. It is usual to open the widest end of an egg.

Rosie.—Sir Walter Scott, in "The Lady of the Lake," when speaking of "The guardian Naiad of the Strand," referred to those inferior heathen deities (female) that were supposed to preside over fountains, wells, and rivers. They are represented as beautiful young girls, and the name by which they are distinguished is Naiad, which often occurs in poetry.

E. M. R. C.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. To receive clandestine love-letters, when you owe filial confidence to your mother, and submission to her will and judgment, is most ungrateful as well as undutiful. But to take in letters of two men continually, through the blinds of your bedroom window, encouraging both at the same time, is simply disgusting! "How shall I squash them?" is a heartless question after so much encouragement. It would be well if your mother were informed of your unseemly conduct, and would effectually "squash" you.

A Voice from Lancashire.—Accept our best thanks for so kind and grateful a letter. The verses are very sweet.

D. T. W.—"Hero" was a beautiful Greek priestess, of Aphrodites, in Sestos, on the coast of Thrace. She was beloved of Leander, a youth of Abydos. Forbidden to marry her by her parents, he swam across the Hellespont at night to visit her, guided by a torch which Hero held at the top of a tower. One stormy night the torch was extinguished, and Leander was drowned; and when Hero saw her lover's body washed ashore the next morning, in despair she threw herself from the tower into the sea, and was drowned likewise. The legend has been recorded by many ancient historians.

M. G.—1. You have overstrained your wrist, and have started a tendon. You had better sew a halfpenny into a scrap of black silk or kid-leather, and sew this on a broad black ribbon, then bind round the wrist, the halfpenny lying exactly on the lump, when after some time it will go down. Do not be tempted to have it dispersed by a severe blow, as the result might be very serious. 2. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is written in prose. Poetry is a style of composition controlled by certain rules, *i.e.*, the correspondence in the length of the lines, the fall and emphasis, and the correctness of the rhymes; it must also be distinguished by originality of ideas; force, as well as beauty of language, happy similes, etc. Blank verse, which has no rhymes, requires the placing of the breaks in a very accurately diversified manner, the lines being of ten syllables each.

A German Girl.—We are gratified by your kind letter. We must refer you to our indexes for the possible removal of freckles.

Winifred.—You are quite right in helping your boy pupils to spin their tops and to join in any play that is not rough and boisterous. It may help to improve their manners.

Elsie Maynard.—1. The "Seven Penitential Psalms" are the vi., xxv., xxxii., xxxv., xxxviii., li., and cxxx. 2. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" is from Pope's "Essay on Man."

Meta.—It is by reason of these very dark hours that we know that Christ has not forsaken us, and our struggle with our bad tempers and our evil thoughts proves that we are not left alone, but that the desire to do right has been given us. Out of our failures and sins we must form the ladder to lead us up and onwards, till the day dawn shines out.

Troubled One.—There is a Home of Rest for Ladies at Begnor which might suit your sister. It is supported by the Merchant Taylors' Company. For all information you should apply to Francis Faithfull, Esq., Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, E.C. Perhaps there may be a vacancy.

Eliza, R. R. R.—The poetry is quite the usual thing we receive—not at all worth printing.

Lady Sybil.—You do not shake hands on being introduced, unless some old family friend, or any special circumstances of the case make it a necessity to do so.

Harriett will oblige the Editor of the "G.O.P." by sending the first two volumes to the "G.O.P." Office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., with her full address and price required.

X. Y. Z.—1. Write to the publisher, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and inquire about the number required, enclosing the money. 2. The 27th May, 1877, was a Sunday.

The Inniskilling Fusiliers.—The Christmas number for 1888 was called "Household Harmony." The 30th April, 1878, was a Tuesday.

Lover of the "G. O. P."—Buttermilk could be procured at any of the great dairies that supply London. Write to the proprietor of one of them, and ask for it. It is said to be good for the skin.

Alec.—We regret that we cannot recommend any depilatory; and for the care of the hair you should read our special articles by "Medicus."

Chick.—We have just recently given instructions in the various modes of folding dinner-napkins. You should wear gloves.

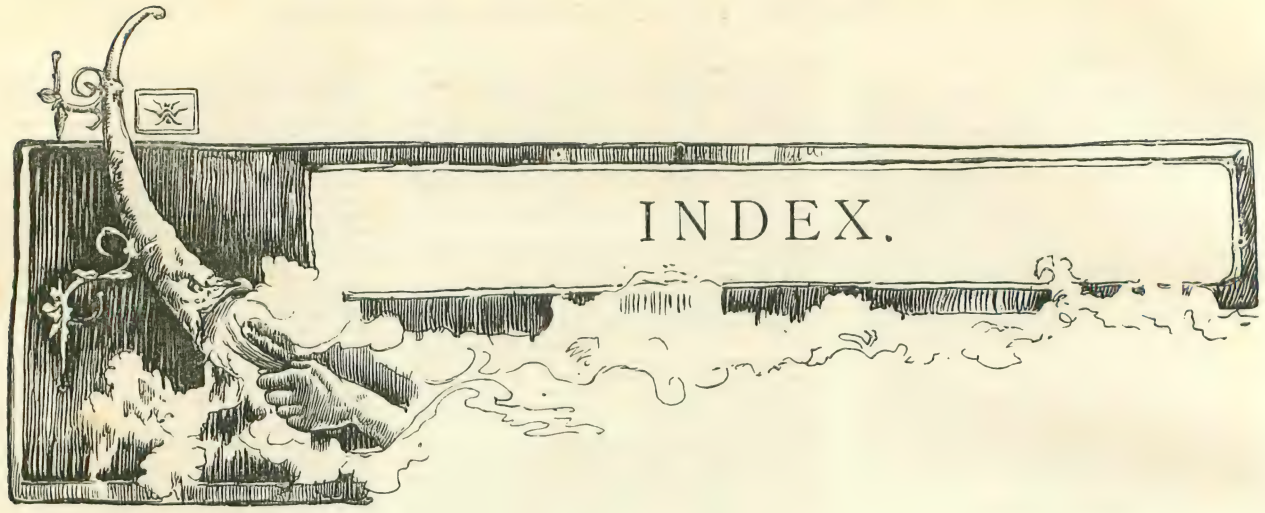
E. N. A.—We are unable to give you the address of any place in Brighton where you might be boarded and lodged at ten shillings a week.

Rena.—The traveller Stanley was English, born in Wales, but became naturalised an American.

Blacksmith's Daughter.—The Surgical Aid Society would probably supply your sister with a palate for her mouth. She had better call at the office, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and ask to see the secretary, Mr. William Tresidder. If she should fail there, let her go to the Surgical Appliance Society—secretary, T. J. Woodrow, Esq., 28, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Hungering for Love.—As many "plain shy girls" are invited to marry as pretty ones—more, in fact, as very pretty ones are in the minority. There is nothing to be ashamed of in such little attentions as you have named. But before accepting and giving photographs, you should make a confidant of your mother, and let her make all necessary inquiries as to connections, character, and pecuniary means. Do nothing without her approval.

Violet.—It is not desirable to wash the face and neck in hot water; it is sufficient to take the chill off the water. In summer use cold water. Read our articles on the care of the teeth.



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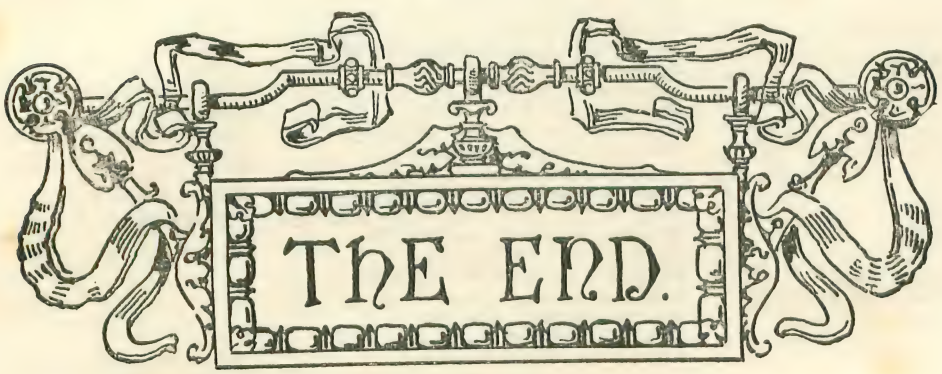

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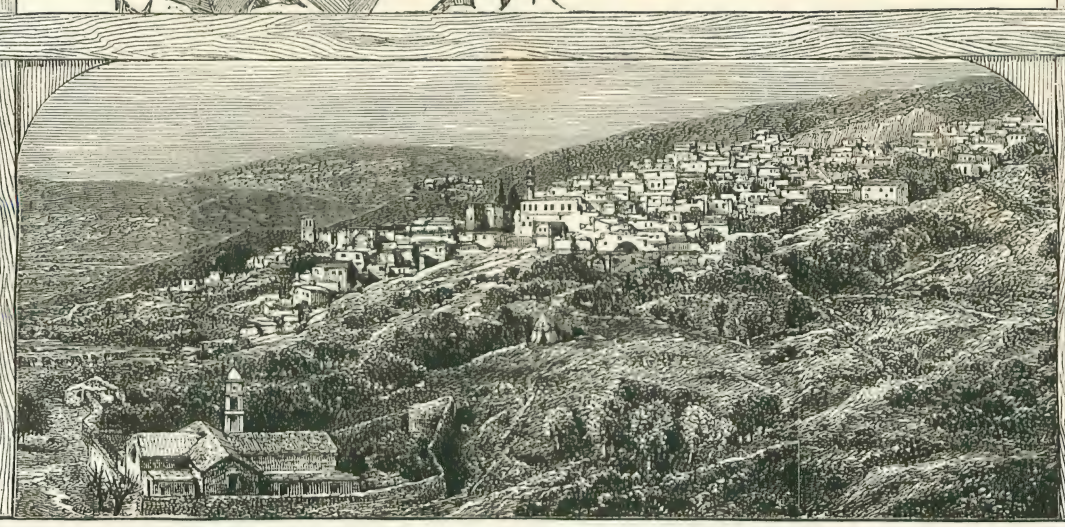


NAZARETH.

CHRISTMAS CHERRIES:

BEING THE

Extra Christmas Part

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

1889.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

CHRISTMAS CHERRIES.

When summer made merry, so gracious and free,
And red were the cherries that hung from the tree,
A little bird whispered a secret to me.

'Twas a thieving young thrush, to whom orchards were dear;
Said he, "Do not grudge me a share of good cheer,
For you will have cherries when Christmas is here."

And how shall they prosper while autumn winds blow?
And how shall they ripen in frost and in snow?
"Oh, love," sang the thrush, "can work wonders, you know."

Aye, love has a smile for the storm-beaten way,
She shows the fair lining of clouds that are gray,
And warm is her sunshine though dark be the day.

I think in that fostering sunshine there grew—
Thus making the little bird's secret quite true—
These bright CHRISTMAS CHERRIES, young maidens, for you.

MILLY'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

By the Author of "Aunt Diana," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER—I wonder if anyone feels as happy as I do this afternoon. I wonder." That was just a little trick of speech, that was one of Milly's ways, one of the small mannerisms that people adopt and use in careless, every day fashion, in which they repeat themselves with a sort of pleasing iteration, which somehow bears a stamp of their own marked individuality.

There are certain simple kindly natures for whom life spreads a perpetual feast. Enjoyment is the heritage of youth, its rightful and legitimate inheritance; but how many, even of the young, mar the enjoyment of to-day by fruitless repinings for gifts that lie beyond their reach!

Milly Copeland was not one of these youthful malcontents, these spendthrifts, who use up their finest gifts with lavish prodigality, and then cry out peevishly for more. Nature had endowed her with a sturdy organisation, and a sweet, contented disposition, and yet Milly was only a working woman; she held the humble post of National schoolmistress in a small Westmoreland village; she was not even rich in family ties, for her parents were dead, and she had never had sister or brother.

"I am the last of the family," she would say, in her whimsical pleasant way. "Perhaps if there had been more of us we should have quarrelled; brothers and sisters do quarrel, I find. What is it you say, Mrs. Morrison?" for the above speech was addressed to a neighbour; "that I must be a bit lonesome sometimes. My dear soul, I have never felt lonely yet, though I do miss my dear old mother, bless her! But with good health, plenty of work, and my children to love, and—and"—(and here Milly's blush filled up the blank with sufficient eloquence)—"I ought to be content." For if the neighbours forgot Tom's existence, which was very likely, as they had never seen him, there was no possibility of her doing so, when she and Tom had been engaged these five years.

"I wonder where Tom is now?" continued Milly to herself, as she fastened up a sprig of shining holly over the photograph of a good-looking young fellow in naval dress. "Penang, that was the last place, but I shall get a letter before the new year. It is two years since he came home, poor boy; dear mother was alive then, and how fond she was of Tom. Next spring, perhaps, Tom says, I may expect him; certainly before the summer is over; and then——" Here Milly dimpled and blushed, though there was no spectator but Sam, the grey parrot, but evidently Sam saw and sympathised, for he cocked his head on one side and remarked, feelingly, "Cheer up, old girl!" which effectually banished Milly's brief sentimentality, and made her burst out laughing. "What nonsense, Sam," she said, shaking her pretty head at the parrot; "as though there were any need to tell me to cheer up, on Christmas Eve, and with all those good things in the cupboard too," for Milly had only just finished unpacking a hamper, and more than one shelf groaned under the profusion of country and home-made delicacies. "I think I will take one of the biggest of the mince pies and a pot of jam to poor Joe Atkinson," she continued, after an admiring pause as she fastened in the last sprig of holly. "I am not really tired, and the walk will not hurt me, and I shall enjoy the fireside all the more when I get back." The last remark, thrown in by way of encouragement, as she looked out at the white frozen road, where two or three of her scholars had made a grand slide.

It was not a tempting afternoon for a walk. The grey sky threatened more snow, and the air was raw and nipping; but Milly was one of those unselfish people who are never content with their own enjoyment unless they could share it with others; and as she had unpacked the overflowing hamper, her thoughts had turned at once to the sick boy. "The Atkinsons are so poor, and Mrs. Atkinson has no notion of making things comfortable," she went on, as she fastened on her clogs—real country clogs. "Perhaps she will have a pudding for to-morrow; but look at all the mouths there are to eat it! And Joe, with his broken leg, in that crowded kitchen, and the window so begrimed with dirt, there is no seeing the sunshine through it. She is a feckless body, that Mrs. Atkinson. One would think the mother of nine children would have learnt management by this time; 'but there is no going against Nature,' as mother used to say."

Milly was packing a good-sized basket as she indulged in this soliloquy; the biggest mince pie, her Aunt Susan's *chef d'œuvre*, was already in, and so was the pot of strawberry jam; oranges and crisp brown ginger-bread nuts were filling up the crevices, for Milly was a liberal soul, and did nothing by halves. It was quite a weight to carry, as Milly found to her cost before she got to the bottom of the hill, for she was only a little person, in spite of her energy. "If I put on the kettle to boil, it will be ready for tea when I get back," was her next thought. "Hold your tongue, Sam. I know exactly what you are going to say; why do you not learn something new?"

Sam looked at his little mistress with round, lacklustre eyes. "Make the tea, Milly," he said, in a hoarse confidential whisper. "By-and-by, Sammy," she returned, with another merry laugh, for she and Sam were excellent companions, and had their little jokes together. Sam was almost as good as a human being, she would often say. He was a parrot of unusual sagacity. *Tom had bought him* on his first voyage, and had presented him to his sweetheart. "Tom's a brick" was Sam's first speech, when the young

sailor had deposited the cage proudly on the little round table. "Tom is a brick, Milly, my dear," continued the incorrigible bird at intervals during the remainder of the evening.

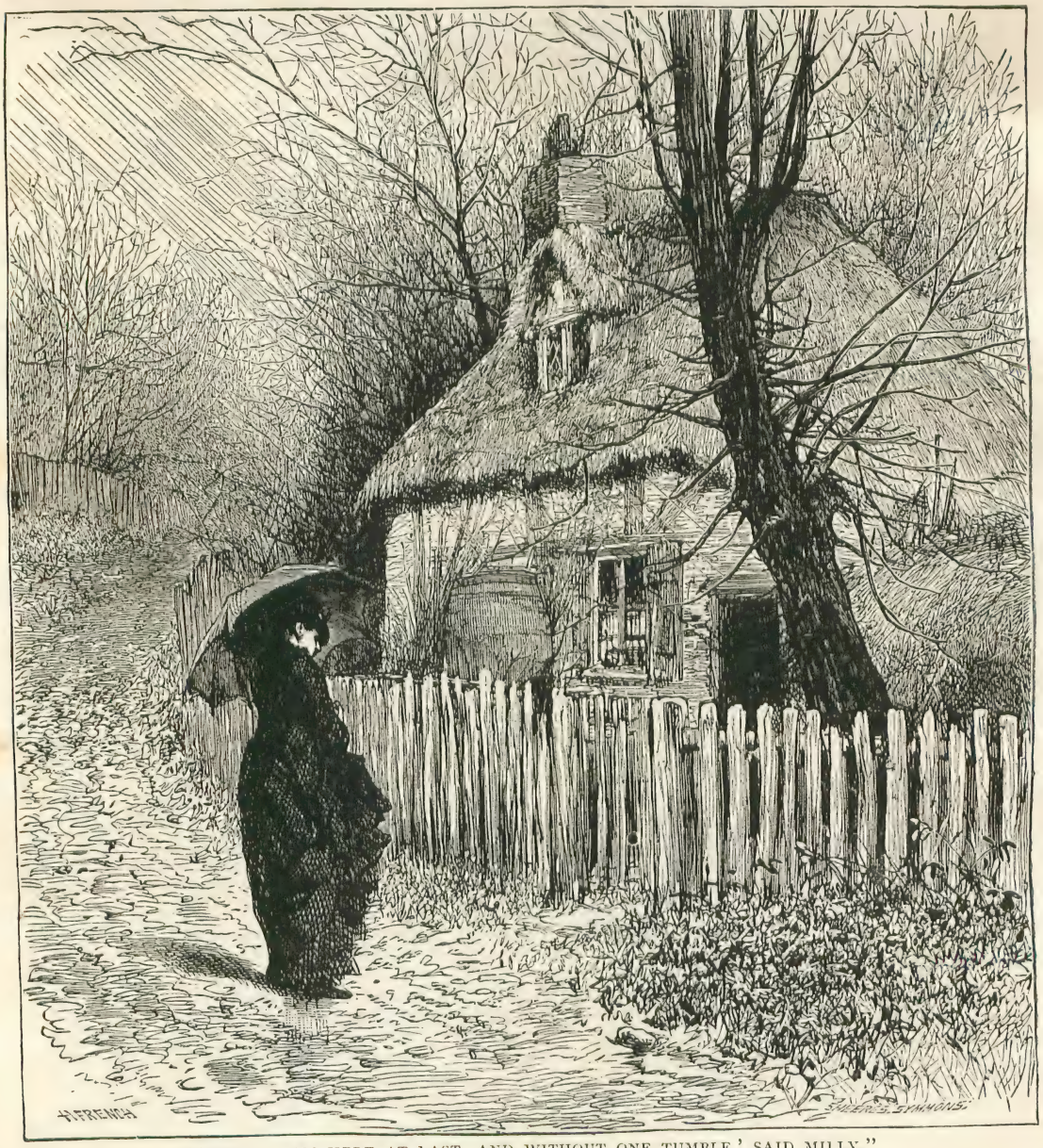
No, it was not a pleasant afternoon; even Milly was obliged to confess that, as she walked briskly down the long steep road that led to the railway station.

The snow-covered hills gleamed whitely under the heavy grey sky, the road rang like iron under the hoofs of the carrier's horse, as it passed Milly. Not a blade of grass was visible; the crofts were one expanse of whiteness, and a cutting northerly wind pelted Milly's face with soft cold particles.

"There is plenty of snow to come down yet," thought Milly, as she plodded on bravely in her sensible clogs. She was a hardy little daleswoman, and seldom stayed at home in any weather; perhaps this was the secret of the clear, healthy complexion that had first attracted honest Tom Harding, before he found out what a jewel of a little woman he had won for himself. "I wish the sun always shone on Christmas Day," continued Milly, rather wistfully, as she shifted her heavy basket from one cold hand to the other. "If the snow comes down to-night, it will be weary work for the village folk to toil all the way to church to-morrow. Last Christmas, how lovely it was! The crofts and fells were all white as they are now; but oh! the difference when the sunshine was just lighting the whole world up! Shall I ever forget the pink glow on the fells; it was just like a dawn at the end of the day—a delicate rosy flush; it was indescribable, just as God's best gifts always are. I was sad that day, for it was my first Christmas without mother, and Tom seemed so far away; but as I stood and looked, I grew soothed and happy in spite of myself."

Milly was trying to shorten the way by these innocent reflections. The dreariness of the landscape oppressed her in spite of herself; but a remembrance of Joe's forlorn condition imparted fresh energy. "The way will be shorter home," she thought, naïvely, "in spite of it being uphill." And she shifted her basket again. It never entered Milly's head that this was a self-imposed duty—that no one else would have troubled themselves to leave their warm fireside to visit an ailing neighbour; it was just one of Milly's little ways.

"Well, I am here at last, and without one tumble," said Milly cheerfully to herself, as she advanced to the door of the Atkinsons' cottage. The interior was just as she pictured it—a semi-circle of rough, unkempt heads round the fire, a scolding, slatternly-looking woman with a fretful



"'WELL, I AM HERE AT LAST, AND WITHOUT ONE TUMBLE,' SAID MILLY."

baby in her arms, Joe lying on his hard, uncomfortable bed, with a screen of sickly-looking plants between him and the window, and a sort of stolid patience stamped on his pale face. How it lighted up with a gleam of real unmistakable boy-life in the sunken eyes as the young schoolmistress entered.

"Well, Joe, lad, how are you getting on? A happy Christmas to you, Mrs. Atkinson—to you all. Well, Polly," stooping to kiss the pretty, dirty face of a little girl who had sidled up to her shyly, "do you want to help Joe unpack the basket?"

"And me, and me, too, teacher," and Milly was at once surrounded.

"Keep off, children," interposed Mrs. Atkinson's shrill, expostulating voice. "Did anyone ever see such unmannerly brats. Come away, Willie, Dick, Bobbie, or I will fetch you a clout on the head that will learn you manners. There is no doing anything with them, Miss Copeland; they are that aggravating that I often wish I had no children."

"Oh no, you don't, Mrs. Atkinson. Think what it would be to lose one! Why, bless me," continued Milly, in her cheery, sensible voice, "if anyone were to ask you which you would spare, either Bobby, or Dick, or Polly, or the baby, you would not be able to name one; children bring the love with them, I think, or there would not be so many of them in the world. Now, my bairns, you will please give me room to breathe. This is Joe's basket, because he has broken his leg, and cannot run about and enjoy himself. Now, Joe, attention." And Milly's cold little red hands unpacked the treasures.

Joe uttered a faint hurrah as the oranges and ginger-bread nuts—snaps, he called them—rolled on the grimy shawl that served as a quilt. His eyes grew big and round at the sight of the mince pie. Joe knew what it was; he had once in his life been the possessor of a whole mince pie, and had gone shares with Will, Bobbie, and Dick; the toothsome morsel had not been large, but he had never forgotten the flavour. Do things ever taste as good when we grow old?

"What a big 'un!" That was all Joe could bring himself to say, but he smacked his lips with fine eloquence. There were snaps and oranges enough to go round among the children, for of course the baby did not count, and the pie should be cut in three handsome divisions; one for his father when he came home from work, and one for mother: the remainder to be consumed by Joe himself. No wonder he indulged in a private chuckle.

Milly could not stay long; she was afraid of the snow, and after the keen wintry air the crowded kitchen was a trifle suffocating; so she bade good-bye to the grateful Joe, and leaving him surrounded by his brothers and sisters, started on her homeward walk.

The Atkinsons' cottage was just opposite the station, and, as Milly knew well, she could cut off a corner by going through the station itself. She was rather fond of taking this short cut; the station-master was an old friend, and she knew all the porters by name; some of their children were Milly's scholars, and she generally had a word or smile of greeting for such, for Milly was a sociable little woman, and loved her fellow creatures. The London train had lately come in; the little rickety omnibus had rattled off with a passenger or two. As Milly looked about her with country-bred curiosity, she saw a little knot of porters collected on the platform, and Mr. Garston, the station-master, talking rather louder than usual.

"I can't help it, ma'am; you have no right to defraud the company, and to make it worse, there is that dog, too; it is what one would not have expected of a lady."

"But what am I to do? I have never before found myself in such a difficulty. *Mon Dieu*, it is terrible! almost inconceivable! Sir, you must see it for yourself," continued an agitated woman's voice with a foreign accent. "It was cruelty to make one descend, when Carlisle is the place I want."

"And this is Castleton, and Castleton is on your ticket. I don't see how I am to help you, ma'am," somewhat stiffly, "beyond telling you the next train to Carlisle is at 8.20."

"Nearly four hours to wait, and I have no money! *Ah, ciel!*" in still more agitated accents.

Milly went a little closer. Her interest was strangely excited. The voice was refined and unusually sweet. At that moment Mr. Garston drew back a few paces, shrugging his shoulders as though his patience were exhausted, and Milly had a full view of the speaker. She was a little woman, plainly and even shabbily dressed, and she was neither young nor interesting looking; the thin, sallow face was wan with cold and anxiety, and there were tears in the troubled eyes. It was a droll little sickly face, but the half-bewildered look of misery on it reminded Milly of a frightened child, and her soft little heart began to yearn over the stranger.

"Mr. Garston, what is wrong? This lady seems in trouble. Will you explain it to me."

"There isn't much to explain, Miss Copeland," he returned, rather more civilly, for Milly was a favourite with old and young, and not a man in Castleton would have spoken a rough word to her. "This lady says her business is at Carlisle, but Castleton is marked on her ticket, as plain as can be, so Stokes very properly told her to get out, and it seems it is not the place she wants, and to make matters worse there was that dog hiding under the seat," pointing his finger with much disfavour at a soft-eyed, yellow mongrel who sat trembling like a culprit at his mistress's feet, "and now she says she hasn't a sixpence to take her ticket on, and what do you call that but defrauding the company, Miss Copeland? There is another train up; please let me pass for a moment." And the station-master disappeared, the porters following his example.

Milly stood still for a moment in puzzled silence. Her purse was at home. It would only be a matter of a shilling or two; should she offer to go home and fetch the money? The poor woman must be helped somehow; but then there was the dog; there would be his fare from London; and—yes—the snow was falling fast now; it would be impossible for her to go and return in safety; it was growing so dark too. At this point a small gloved hand touched her softly.

"Will you let me explain?" observed the stranger, anxiously. "These men are so rough; they have no patience with a poor woman in trouble. It was wrong, uncivil of the station-master to say I have defrauded the company. Poor Rough followed me to the train, and hid himself under the seat; he is only a dog, but so faithful. Alas! he has only complicated matters. How could he know I had only money in my purse for my own ticket?"

"But why was Castleton on your ticket, if you wished to go to Carlisle?" interrupted Milly, who felt dubious on this point.

"It was a mistake of the official. Will you let me tell you all? You have a kind face. I feel you will befriend me. My name is Dormay—Madame Dormay. Since my husband's death I have had reverses. I am a teacher of music, and live at Islington. This morning I received a letter—'Come at once to Carlisle,' it says. 'Mrs. Fraser (that is an English relation allied by marriage to my poor husband), Mrs. Fraser is at the point of death; it will be to your advantage, for she has not a soul belonging to her. Your name has been mentioned; she seems desirous to speak with you.' I will spare you the rest. My good soul, can you not put yourself in my place? I cannot eat my breakfast; I count the shillings in my purse. I am poor; why should I deny it?—poverty is no sin. There is enough, I say to myself; for how could I tell that one sovereign was bad? I had it from the mother of one of my pupils. I take my ticket—Carlisle, I will take my oath—is that not your English form of speech?—that I said Carlisle; but I own I was sadly flurried about that sovereign; then poor old Rough, he flurried me more, and I had no more money—not a sixpence—in my purse, only that bad sovereign. Behold it; it makes me still more to be suspected; that is why Rough and I have tasted no food this day," and here the poor little woman's lip trembled, and a tear rolled down her cheek. "My young lady, I have told you all. What is there that I can do to reach my friend's house in Carlisle?"

CHAPTER II.

MADAME DORMAY.

MILLY had followed every word with close attention; in spite of her impulsiveness she was a practical little soul, and had plenty of shrewdness. Milly would have detected falsehood and humbug at once; it was difficult to bring her to believe in any plausible, trumped up story. "She is speaking the truth, and nothing but *the truth*," she said to herself more than once, "and in spite of her shabby cloak and bonnet she is evidently a gentlewoman."

The question was, how was she, Milly,

to give real tangible help to this forlorn stranger? If only her purse were in her pocket—the poor creatures must be starving—she could have provided them with food, and after taking tickets for Carlisle, have left them warm and comfortable by the waiting-room fire; but to go home and return in the teeth of that wind, and with the snowflakes falling more thickly every moment—no, it was not possible; even Milly's sturdy strength shrank from such an undertaking.

She stooped down to caress the dog—in reality to gain a moment's time to reflect over the difficulty. The poor animal, with that unerring instinct which belongs even to the mongrel class, seemed perfectly aware that he and his mistress were in a sad plight, for as he sat, forlorn and shivering, he every now and then uttered a low protesting whine, and when Milly patted his rough, yellow coat, he looked up at her with his pathetic dog's eyes, as though imploring her to be kind to them. "And so I will, and so I will, Rough," returned Milly in answer to this dumb eloquent appeal.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in." Were these words actually whispered in Milly's ears? or did she only hear them in her inner consciousness? She started, and looked up quickly. The air was thick with falling snow; the damp rawness of the outer air was wrapping them round, as though with a wet garment; a little bell was tinkling in the distance. Christmas Eve—and this was her Christmas guest!

"Come home with me, you two poor things, and I will take care of you," she said, speaking quickly, eagerly; "it is too late to go to Carlisle to-night; besides, there is going to be a snowstorm, and the train may be late. Listen to me, Madame Dormay; I live at Nordley, a village on the top of the hill, yonder. I am poor myself, for I am only a National schoolmistress, and live in two little rooms; but I will take care of you, and make you warm and comfortable for the night, and to-morrow you can go to your friend who is dying."

"Is it possible, my dear young lady, it is you who are the guardian angel? What generosity! and I am a stranger." What more Madame Dormay would have said in her astonished gratitude cannot be known, for Milly touched her arm with playful peremptoriness.

"Do not let us waste time in talking, and it is so bitterly cold; we have a long walk before us, and the hill is steep and slippery. Will you take my arm? I am a dales-woman, and am very sure-footed; do not be afraid; you will be safe with me, for I could find my way blindfold." Milly spoke in quick, little gasps, for the snow was pelting them mercilessly.

"*Ciel!* how dark and still it is," muttered her companion. The poor woman's teeth were chattering; her limbs moved stiffly. "If I were to drop down on the roadside," she thought, "what would become of me?" But she had the good sense not to utter this foreboding thought aloud.

Virginie Dormay was inured to suffering; her life had been a hard one. She toiled on, holding fast to Milly's plump little arm, and even now and then slipping. Rough followed them closely, still whining at intervals. Perhaps in his doggish mind he thought it a singular freak on his mistress's part to take a long country walk in a snowstorm. Rough never remembered passing a more uncomfortable day since that blissful hour when the little music-mistress had rescued him from the hands of some barbarous urchins, who were ducking the half-drowned puppy for their lawless amusement. Milly uttered a few cheering words at intervals, but it may be doubted if Madame Dormay heard them; the Frenchwoman's faculties were wholly absorbed in her efforts to breast the long, never-ending hill; in her fasting condition every step was difficult. "Oh, *mon Dieu*, how I suffer!" Milly heard her murmur once, with something that sounded like a choked sob.

"Courage, we are nearly there," exclaimed Milly, standing still for a moment; "it is too dark to see the lights in the window, but the cottage where I live is only across the road; if I were not so sure of my way I should not know where we are; the world looks such a strange place to-night."

"I think if we had much farther to go I must just lie down and die," returned Madame Dormay, in such a feeble tone that Milly felt quite frightened. She put her other arm round the Frenchwoman, half supporting, half dragging her across the road, and up a flagged garden-path; then they waited for a moment while Milly fumbled with the latch.

What a scene of comfort awaited them! Never had Milly's little parlour looked so cosy as it did that night. The fire was burning cheerily, and the kettle was hissing and bubbling; a cricket chirped on the hearth, and Sam called out in his most persuasive voice, "Tom's a brick, Milly, my dear!" adding, as though by an after-thought, "Make the tea."

"Hold your tongue, Sam!" exclaimed Milly, feeling as though she could cry, between all sorts of conflicting feelings.

"Madame Dormay, let me take your wet cloak and boots, and I will bring you a pair of warm felt slippers that belonged to mother."

Milly was quite in her element now, she did so like taking care of people. When the wet boots were laid aside, and Madame Dormay's pretty little feet were toasting on the fender, Milly took off her own wet things, and bustled about, lighting the lamp, and setting the tea-things on the round table. Every now and then she stole a glance at her silent visitor. Madame Dormay was lying back in her chair as though she were utterly exhausted, and now and then a big tear stole down her thin, sallow cheeks. "Poor thing! poor thing! I'll let her bide a bit quiet," she thought, as she cut some rashers of ham and put them on the gridiron. A little saucepan with two snowy eggs next followed, and then a brown teapot was filled from the steaming, gossiping kettle. Rough, stretched out on the hearthrug at his mistress's feet, watched Milly's movements with intense interest; only once he started and growled angrily when Sam gave a decisive bark or two.

Milly glanced proudly at her tea-table as she put the finishing touches—the Christmas cake, the big home baked loaf, the firm yellow butter.

"I don't think I ever felt so hungry in my life," she thought, as she placed the dish of hot smoking ham before her guest. Madame Dormay's torpor seemed to vanish at the sight of the food. She woke up to singular vivacity after the first few mouthfuls had been tasted. "This ham is ambrosia," she said, in her pretty foreign voice. "My dear Miss Copeland—is not that your name?—to-day I have experienced the feelings of the starving. I know now what it is to suffer the pangs of hunger. A few minutes ago I felt as though I must die of the sinking; now I am myself, Virginie Dormay. Rough, thou and I have met with our good angel."

Milly laughed as she put down a plateful for the hungry dog. Could it be possible that a little warmth and food had transformed her guest? Madame Dormay looked anything but plain now; her eyes were sparkling; a little colour had come to her wan cheek; a happy infantine sweetness seemed stamped on her features.

"She has distinguished manners," thought Milly; "and what fairy little feet and hands! mine are quite coarse and plebeian beside hers. What a frail, delicate-looking little woman to fight her way through life! but she has plenty of spirit; one can see that."

"Oh, I am so happy! I should like to laugh and sing," went on Madame Dormay. "Miss Copeland, are you a philosopher? Can you understand how a little warmth, a little kindness, makes one feel as light as air; as though the sunshine of Lorraine were warming one? Look at me; I have lived, I have suffered. Suffering! is not life full of it? I have buried my young husband, my little child. I have no one in the world but Rough to love me. I am poor; I work hard; I have dull lodgings, stupid pupils, but still I laugh often; I can be happy. Sometimes I scold myself. 'Virginie, thou art as senseless as an infant'; that is how I talk to myself. Why does a little sunshine, a bird's song, a bunch of primroses, make the heart sing with glee? Oh, well then, I reply to myself, surely *le bon Dieu* loves to see His children happy; one day He will make us so in His bright heaven, where I trust my poor Pierre is now."

"That is how I feel," returned Milly; and actually the next minute she was telling her new-found acquaintance about Tom. How interested Madame Dormay seemed! How she questioned; how she gesticulated with her tiny hands in her vivacious foreign way!

"Five years! What a miracle of constancy," she murmured. In return she told her own story, and she told it so graphically that Milly could have listened all night.

That happy girlhood in sunny Lorraine, and the brief married life passed first in Paris, then in London; the dark days closing in, as Pierre showed the first signs of his hopeless malady, the gallant fight

with poverty, the last tender words, "Adieu!—my best blessing!—the good God will surely protect my Virginie." "I have not been forsaken," went on the little woman, wiping away a tear, while Milly wept with sympathy. "Always I have found work, and people have never been unkind. Sometimes, when I have remembered our *étage* in Paris, and my brave Pierre, and the little Nanette with her baby hands, I have been sad at heart; but at least my beloved ones are safe. is there not a verse our good priest once said to me, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Oh, that is so true; heaven is not distant from the sorrowing heart that has parted with its dearest ones."

"My mother said something like that when she lay dying," returned Milly, gently. "Dear mother! she was so good; she always thought more of other people than herself. 'Keep up a good heart, Milly, my child,' she whispered one night when we thought she was going; 'don't miss me overmuch, for maybe I shall not be so far away after all. I have a notion heaven is not just where folks place it; in the Bible the angels always came fast enough when they were wanted. 'And there appeared an angel strengthening him,' that was always a favourite verse of mine, Milly, my dear.'"

How long they would have gone on talking would have been impossible to say, but just then Sam woke up from an uneasy nap. "Shut up," he said, crossly. Milly started quite conscience-stricken.

"Good gracious! if it is not twelve o'clock! Actually, it is Christmas Day. It has left off snowing too. Now you must go to bed, Madame Dormay, and I shall just tuck myself up cosily on the rug. You'll move to give me room, won't you, Rough."

Well, there was a long argument over that, Madame Dormay protesting that on no account would she deprive Milly of her bed, but in the end Milly had her way.

The tired traveller was tucked up in the little white bed, and Milly, after making up a splendid fire, lay down before it, wrapped up in a couple of her mother's old shawls, with a horsehair pillow under her head, while Rough, with a sleepy grunt of satisfaction, laid his head on her lap.

Milly had a sweet dream that Christmas night. She thought she was sitting in the little old church where she had worshipped as a child, and that her mother was beside her. Through the open door she could see the long stretch of purple moor, with the bees humming over it; there were the dark old sycamores in the churchyard, and even the scent of the wild thyme was borne to her on the breeze. How bright the sunshine was! how the baby clouds floated on the clear blue sky! A lark was singing somewhere; she could hear its song soaring higher and higher. What was the clergyman reading? Oh, yes, those were well-known words, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." "My child"—was it her mother speaking? She turned at that familiar sound. What radiant figure was standing there in her mother's place? What divine yet human eyes were looking down on her? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." And with that solemn voice ringing in her ears, Milly awoke to find herself in the faint dawn of a winter's morning, with only a heap of grey ashes smouldering in the grate.

But Milly's heart was light as she set to work to re-kindle the embers. If she were chilled and tired, she hardly knew it, for the sweetness of the Christmas dream thrilled her through and through.

"Maybe mother is right, and heaven is not far from any of us," she thought, humbly. As she dressed herself noiselessly, more than once she turned to look at the weary woman who slept on so peacefully. Madame Dormay looked as tranquil as a child; she seemed dreaming happily too, perhaps of her beloved Lorraine. She woke with a little start when Milly touched her.

"Is it so late, *mon ami?*" she said, wistfully; and then she opened her brown eyes full on Milly. "I forgot—ah, truly—I forgot," she murmured in a touching sort of way; "dreams are foolish things. I thought it was Pierre, and he wanted me to walk with him. Dear Miss Copeland, I will be ready soon; do not wait for me."

Milly arranged everything as they sat at their frugal meal. She would take Madame Dormay to the station on her way to church; there was a train at 10.15.

"And Rough!"

"Rough must stop with me," returned Milly, cheerfully. "Ah, I know; you need not tell me. In a sick house he will hardly be wanted. I will look after him until you return."

"Are you sure he will not trouble you, if I should be detained? One can never tell in such cases."

"He will be safe with me," was Milly's answer. "Perhaps he will fret after you at first, but in time I shall be able to comfort him; and you will write, and then I shall know when to meet you at the station."

"Yes, yes; I will write," returned Madame Dormay, eagerly, as she made her little preparations for departure. Milly had to hurry her down the hill, for she had turned back once to remonstrate with Rough, who was howling disconsolately.

They were only just in time for the train after all. As Milly opened the door of the third-class compartment, the warm-hearted Frenchwoman threw her arms round her and kissed her on either cheek. "Adieu, my angel, my guardian angel! Never will Virginie Dormay forget your goodness," she sobbed. But Milly had no time to answer.

She enjoyed her Christmas service as she had never enjoyed it before, and her heart felt light as she walked home. Rough grovelled at her feet with every manifestation of joy when he saw her, and whined inquiries after his mistress. Milly patted him, and walked into her little parlour. A yellow envelope lay on the table; she snatched it up eagerly; it was a telegram. "Just arrived; shall be with you to-morrow. Yours—Tom Harding."

CHAPTER III.

SEVEN YEARS AFTERWARDS.

HERE, Tom, I think I have put things as comfortable as possible, and now I must leave you and Dottie to take care of each other until tea-time."

"As Dottie and I have taken care of each other since—dear me, how long is it, Milly, since my confounded accident?"

"Hush, Tom," and here Milly's face grew a little grave. "I never want our child, our one little child, to hear a word like that. Baby as she is, she thinks more than you would imagine. Last night as she was saying her prayers, she suddenly stopped and looked up in my face and said, 'Mammy, when God broke father's leg did He ever mean to mend it again?'"

Tom Harding smiled good-humouredly over his wife's gentle rebuke. He was a sweet-tempered fellow, and had borne his unlucky accident with a stoical patience that had made his doctor marvel; but he had his dark hours sometimes when Milly was not there to cheer him.

Seven years had passed since that Christmas night when Milly had sheltered her forlorn guest, and since then no word had reached her from the little Frenchwoman, and Rough, who was growing staid and middle-aged, had transferred his affection to his new mistress. Milly had not long remained in her Westmoreland home; early in March she had married her faithful Tom, and had accompanied him to London. For some years Milly's life had been happy and uneventful. When Tom went to sea she devoted herself to her baby girl, and busied herself in all sorts of ways, for Milly was one who could not be idle a moment, and she still loved to do a kindness for an over-burthened neighbour. Those were Milly's halcyon days, but by-and-by trouble came to the young couple. Some savings that thrifty Tom had invested for his wife and child's use were swept away by a friend's fraudulent speculation; the pretty little cottage at Barnet had to be given up; and Milly and Dottie, accompanied by their faithful Rough and Sam, transferred themselves to small, shabby lodgings in Holloway. There Tom found them on his return from a long weary voyage, and here it was that he met with the sad accident, one dark January night, that was to put an end to his career.

Milly's brave spirit did not quail even under these accumulated misfortunes—a husband on crutches and likely to remain so for many a month to come, and a little helpless child—burdens sufficient to weigh down even sturdy shoulders.

"I shall have to be the bread-winner, Tom, and go back to my teaching, and

you and Dottie must take care of each other," she had said, in her quick, decided way, for grass never grew under Milly's feet, and when Tom gave his weary, sad acquiescence, she had sallied forth in search of employment. Milly had her credentials, besides the natural ones that were stamped on her honest face, and she soon obtained the post of assistant teacher in some parochial schools. The salary was not large, but Milly's wise management kept them from debt; but no one but she and Tom knew how she worked. The school was at some distance. It was impossible for Milly to go and return to her early dinner—a hard-boiled egg or two, or perhaps bread and cheese, eaten in the empty schoolroom, was all the dinner poor tired Milly could afford herself; but the brief rest and silence were urgently needed. Milly's daily labours often commenced with daybreak. She left Tom to sleep, knowing his lonely, inactive day would be long enough, while she dusted and arranged their little sitting-room, prepared the simple breakfast, and washed and dressed Dottie. The materials for Tom's dinner were always placed ready to his hand. Tom, like most sailors, was tolerably handy, and could make shift for himself and Dottie. The happiest hour of the day was that when Milly set her face homeward, and Tom's welcoming "Here you are, little woman," fell on her ears like music.

Milly was looking round her with quick anxious glances for fear she had forgotten anything for Tom's comfort. Seven years had changed Milly; the fresh, youthful comeliness had faded. It was an older and a careworn Milly who was tying on her shabby bonnet; but in Tom's eyes the sweet, faded face was dearer than ever, for had it not grown thin and pale in working for him and their child?

Poor Tom! he chafed terribly over his enforced inaction. Hard as Milly's days were, they were scarcely harder than Tom's—spending those long, hot summer's mornings in the small, close room, or creeping out slowly on his crutches to a little plot of open ground where Dottie could pick buttercups and daisies and play with Rough. People used to look at the fine handsome fellow with his sunburnt face, and the little solemn-faced child who prattled to him so. Dottie was not a pretty child, though she had her mother's round face, and brown eyes full of intelligence; but in her parents' eyes she was perfection. Dottie's speeches, her droll artless ways, her wonderful cleverness, were all repeated for Milly's benefit, when Dottie was safe in bed, for Tom doated on his little daughter.

Milly stooped to kiss Dottie, who was curled up on the window seat, with a rough wooden doll in her fat little arms. Then she bent over the hard horsehair couch, where Tom was lying, and which her mother's old shawls and a softer pillow made just bearable.

"Good-bye, Tom; do not take Dottie out unless it grows cooler; there is not a bit of shade anywhere; when I went to the butcher's to fetch your chop, the pavement was quite hot. Dottie is safer where she is."

"I'll look after her," returned Tom, good-humouredly. "Don't fash your poor little head about us; take care of yourself, Milly, darling." And then something in the weary white face seemed to strike him, for he called her back, and kissed her again with more than his usual tenderness. "My little blessing!" he murmured, "you are just wearing yourself out, and what should we do without you?"

"You foolish fellow!" laughed Milly. But there were tears in her eyes. Why was it so difficult to keep the tears out of them now? Milly wondered; and then she kissed her hand to Dottie, and hurried away.

It was hot, terribly hot. Milly's head ached with the glare, but she was late, and had to walk faster than usual. She was glad Tom did not know how tired, how very tired she felt. Last night she had not slept; the heavy, close atmosphere, and Dottie's childish restlessness had disturbed her; and though Milly was not one to dwell on her own feelings, she was aware that a bad night and an aching head were not the best preparation for teaching in a hot, crowded schoolroom. Milly battled with a faint oppression all through that long, weary morning, but she held gallantly to her post, in spite of the giddiness that every now and then turned her dizzy. When the children went home, she unpacked her luncheon basket, and tried to eat, but she soon gave up the effort, and sat with closed eyes by the open window, thankful when a slight breeze fanned her heated temples.

"If I should be ill," thought Milly once, and the hot tears came again to her eyes, "what would become of my poor Tom? And yesterday and to-day I felt as though my strength were failing." And with a sob of sick longing she remembered her Westmoreland home; the cool, shady parlour looking on the little garden; the schoolhouse, with meadows beside it, with the children standing knee-deep in buttercups, as she had seen them once, with the dark blue fells closing round. What a glorious wind always blew in her face when she turned the corner of the road! Oh, if she could only feel that wind now! Milly, in spite of all her courage was pining for her native air. The sturdy little dales-woman, transplanted to the close London streets, was sickening for the hills and moors, much as Tom was yearning for salt breezes; but they seldom spoke of these longings.

"It is better to be silent, and bear things as well as one can," Milly used to say. "Tom has enough to fret about, without my adding to his burthens." Milly closed her lips bravely, but her poor sunken eyes and pale cheeks were telling their own tale plainly to her husband. Tom's honest, affectionate heart ached sorely after Milly had left him that morning.

"She is overdoing—she is just wearing herself out," he said to himself bitterly. "She is a ghost of the bonnie, bright-eyed Milly that I wedded in Castleton Church."

Milly, in spite of her weakness and giddiness, was hardly to be pitied more than Tom that morning, as he lay chafing and fretting in the small close room that felt like a prison.

Dottie did not seem to mind the heat; she had her playfellows, Rough and Sam, and her big shapeless doll; she sat chattering to her pets in her childish, contented way. "Dottie loves you very much, Rough," Tom heard her say, in her soft little voice.

Tom cooked his dinner, but he had small appetite for it; then he tried to go on with the boat he was modelling. When Dottie, tired out with play, fell asleep, he laid her on the horsehair sofa, and crept down stairs to get a breath of air at the open door. Rough followed him, and stood wagging his tail expectantly in hope of a walk. Tom lighted his pipe, and propped himself up against the doorway, and watched the few passers-by with languid curiosity. Presently a carriage and pair came in sight. Carriages—at least handsome ones—were not rife in Holloway—and Tom's eyes were quite dazed with the magnificence of the smart coachman and footman. A little lady, somewhat plainly dressed, sat alone within the carriage, and was evidently regarding the strange neighbourhood with slightly puzzled eyes. As she passed Tom she leaned forward and spoke to the footman, and the carriage stopped.

Tom was still regarding it lazily; he was thinking what a pity Dottie should be asleep, and should miss this fine sight; but he started as he saw a tiny gloved hand beckoning to him from the carriage; he seized his crutches and walked towards it a little awkwardly.

"I beg your pardon," began the lady, courteously, in a sweet foreign voice, and she looked at him very pleasantly, "but I thought I recognised your dog—at least, is his name Rough? But yes, truly, why do I ask? Joseph, please open the door. Rough, oh, my dear Rough!" And actually Rough had sprung into the carriage with a joyous whine, and was licking the lady's face all over while she hugged him, perfectly regardless of her handsome lace mantle.

"Rough, thou hast not forgotten thy old mistress," she cried, delightedly; and then she looked up in Tom's face, with bright, amused eyes. "Where is she? Where is my good angel? Ah, you do not know, you have the uncomprehending look that asks questions; but I know you well—you are Mr. Tom; doubtless my good angel has married you."

"Madam," faltered Tom, who was not oblivious of the smart footman at his elbow, "it is true that Rough seems to regard you as an old acquaintance; but for myself——"

"Oh," exclaimed the lady, with another smile, "I see well you are mystified; but answer me one question—Is Milly Copeland your wife?"

"She is."

"I thought so. I was sure of it," clasping her gloved hands together. "After all these years to find her. Mr. Tom—I do not know your other name—is this where you live? Will you take

me to her?" And without waiting for Tom's answer, Madame Dormay alighted, and after giving her servant a brief order, she turned towards the house.

"Is she upstairs?" she asked, with an accent of impatience in her voice.

Tom explained Milly was at the school; she would not be home for another hour; only the child was there asleep. Could he give her any message?

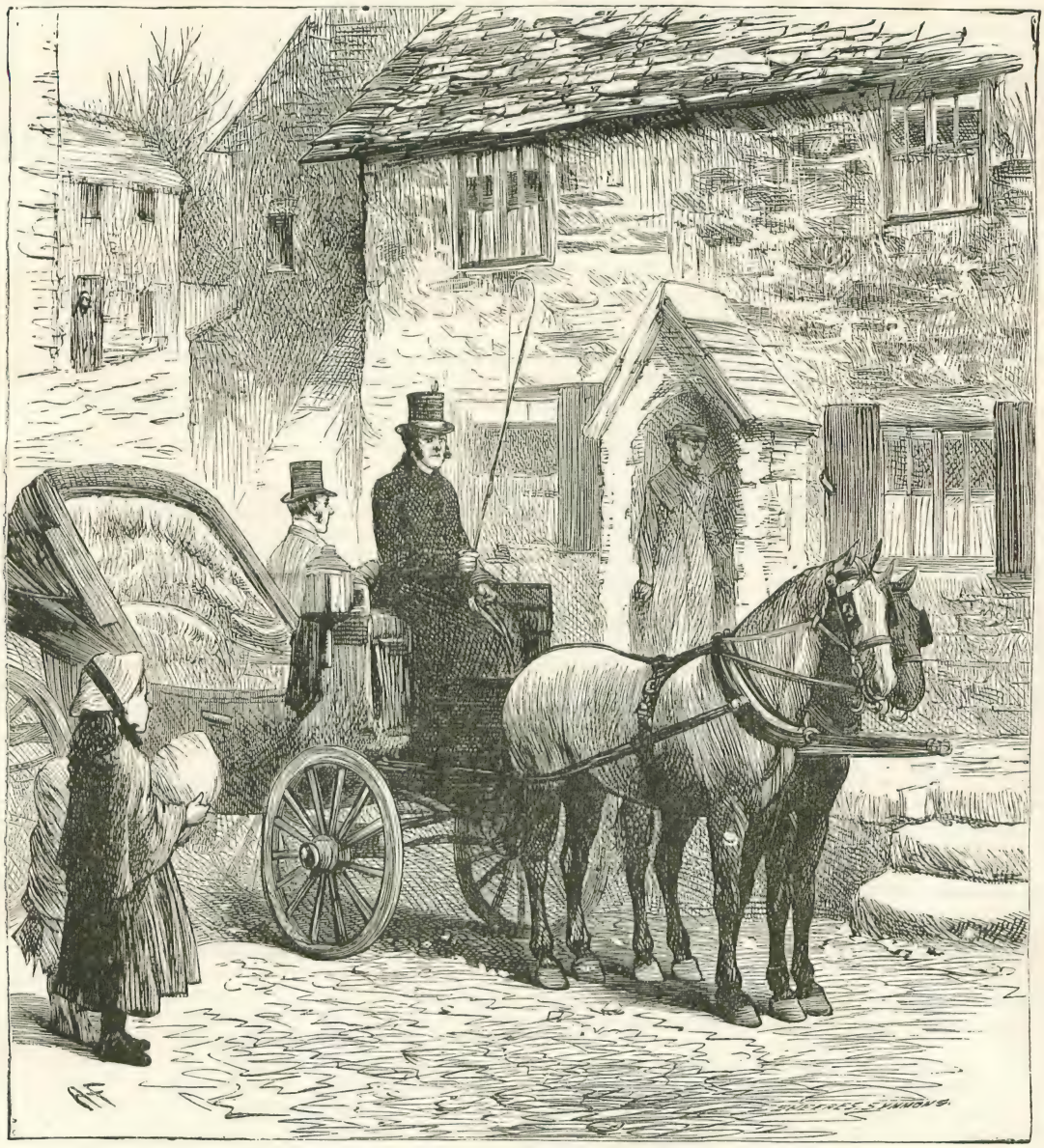
"No, no; I must speak with her myself. My good sir, you do not understand what she must have thought of me all this time. Permit me to ascend. You are her husband; I will explain. I am Madame Dormay, the friendless, forlorn stranger whom your wife sheltered one bitter winter night."

"I know," returned honest Tom, blushing with embarrassment and pleasure. "Milly has told me that story over and over again. Please walk up, Madame Dormay. The stairs are steep, and there is an awkward corner," went on Tom, as he slowly and laboriously followed his guest. Dottie woke up and rubbed her brown eyes in astonishment at the sight of the visitor; but Madame Dormay, who had a soft spot in her heart for children, coaxed the little one to her lap, taking off her gloves, and letting Dottie play with her sparkling rings, and the wonderful charms that hung to her gold watchchain.

The inhabitants of that quiet little street had plenty of time to admire the magnificent carriage, and to wonder at the smart, prancing horses, with their silver harness, for Madame Dormay and Tom had much to say to each other. Joseph grumbled a little to the coachman, but not very loudly, for Joseph knew he had one of the kindest mistresses in the world. Why, it was a mission of kindness to an invalid servant that had brought the smart carriage to Holloway.

Tom forgot his *mauvaise honte* and his English shyness under the gentle questioning that elicited so much; he soon found himself narrating the history of his accident, and all the troubles that followed. He even warmed with his subject as he described Milly's courage. "She has been my best blessing ever since I first saw her," faltered Tom; "even in our worst troubles I never saw her face without a smile on it, and yet I have known her wipe the tears away when she thought I was not looking. You will be shocked at her changed looks, Madame Dormay, for she is not the same pretty creature you remember; she has got a weak, pined look about her lately, as though she were sickening for her native air; it is these close streets that try her so, my poor Milly!"

"And she walks all this weary distance daily, Mr. Harding? Why should we not save her poor tired feet? You are ill yourself, and the drive would do you good; and the little one, she will rejoice in the treat. Come, I must carry you both off; it is growing late." And before Tom could utter a protestation,



"SHE HURRIED OUT AND STOOD AT THE COTTAGE DOOR."

she was tying on Dottie's white sun-bonnet.

"Take off my pinny," directed Dottie, who was quite equal to the occasion. "Father knows where my cape is, he does."

Dottie's presence of mind was quite an aid to her father. The clean frilled cape, that poor tired Milly had ironed last night, was folded neatly with the little pair of cotton gloves beside it.

Why did Madame Dormay's eyes fill with tears as she hurried out and stood at the cottage door? Was she thinking of a certain little grave in a far off foreign cemetery, of a little black cross hung with yellow immortelles? Who can tell? for a true mother's heart never forgets.

There was quite a crowd of stragglers surrounding the carriage, as Joseph, with not a trace of surprise on his well-trained features, lifted in Dottie in her white sun-bonnet, and then helped Tom in, crutches and all. "St. Mary's Schools," that was all the direction, as Joseph touched his hat and waited for his orders.

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME'S ANGEL.

MILLY thought the afternoon would never end. The heat had made the children unusually fractious, and every now and then a drowsy head propped itself up on a companion's shoulder; the shrill childish voices, the hot sunshine, the mistress's quick, peremptory voice, the great bare, white-washed room, with gaudy Scripture prints hung round it, all seemed to confuse Milly. Her head ached and throbbed, her limbs trembled under her. When the children began to troop out she sank down on a corner of a form.

"I am afraid you are ill, Mrs. Harding," observed Miss Jenkinson, sympathetically. "It is a good thing that to-morrow is Saturday, and there is to be a holiday on account of Miss Willoughby's wedding, for you will be sure of two days' rest. You have been looking fagged and poorly the last week or two. You will have to take my advice and change your lodgings, for it is the long walk twice a day in this hot weather that tires you."

"I shall be sorry to leave Miss Jessop, she was so good to my poor husband when he was ill; and the rooms are so clean, and not dear either," returned Milly, wearily. She had her bonnet in her hand, and was regarding the faded discoloured ribbons rather ruefully. She had been caught in a heavy rain, and the fresh trimmings to which she had treated herself had been quite spoilt. "I shall have to wear it just as it is for a month or two longer," thought Milly, for even a yard of ribbon was of consequence now.

"I hope Tom will not feel ashamed of me on Sunday, poor fellow, he does so like to see me nice—Tom was always fond of a bit of finery. What pretty things he used to bring me!" with a sigh, for Milly had long ago parted with her treasures—the white silk shawl Tom had brought from China, and the carved ivory chessmen, and the pretty inlaid work-box and all sorts of knick-knacks that Tom had chosen for his sweetheart.

The schoolroom was empty now, even Miss Jenkinson had departed; but Milly still sat with her bonnet in her hand. She was wondering how that mile and a half of hot pavement was to be traversed.

"I think I must just rest myself a bit first. Tom will have got the tea ready, and he and Dottie will wait on me." And a sort of gleam came to Milly's wan face as she thought how Tom would take off her bonnet, and give her the cosy corner of the old sofa, and pet and take care of her, when he found out how her head ached. Milly did not hear a carriage stop, neither did she see a slim, little lady in black descend quickly, and trip up the flagged pathway. Some subtle fragrance like crushed rose leaves came in at the open door as Madame Dormay stood for a moment regarding Milly.

What a picture, how pathetic! she thought. The bare schoolroom, the little brown-haired, weary woman, sitting so patiently at the end of the long bench. What a pale, tired face—what sad, wistful eyes!

"Oh, my poor girl, how changed thou art!" Milly started, and looked up. Where had she heard that sweet foreign voice? Two little gloved hands were held out to her, a kind face was bending over her.

"Miss Copeland—Mrs. Harding—my good angel Milly, do you not remember me? I am Madame Dormay, to whom you gave your own bed that snowy night, who fed and warmed me and my poor Rough. Oh, my dear, did you think I had forgotten?" taking her in her arms, and kissing her thin cheek. "Never, never—Virginie Dormay never forgets; every night she has prayed to find the generous Milly, who showed her such divine kindness."

Milly tried to answer, but her lip trembled, and the tears would come; she was so weak, and it was such a surprise, and there was Madame Dormay wiping her tears away with her own fine embroidered handkerchief.

"Put on your bonnet, dear," she said, gently; "it is so close here, we will talk outside," and she gently drew Milly to the threshold. Milly thought for a moment that she was dreaming, such a grand carriage was standing before the door, and Tom, actually her own Tom, was in it smiling at her; was that Dottie beside him in her white sun-bonnet, and Rough barking joyously? Milly stared at them in puzzled perplexity, until the next moment she found herself opposite to them.

"Mammy, I've dot on my clean cape," lisped Dottie, regarding her frills admiringly.

Madame Dormay gave the footman a brief order, and placed herself beside Milly; her little sallow face was lighted up with animation, beaming with kindliness. She took Milly's hand with one of her quick gestures.

"Listen to me, dear one," she said, in her smooth, rippling voice. "I have to defend myself, all these years I have wanted to clear myself from the charge of ingratitude; confess, Milly, in your heart you have misjudged me, you have said to yourself, 'that little Frenchwoman was a traitor, a deceiver.'"

"No, no, I always believed in you," returned Milly, eagerly. "I could not understand, I thought you had forgotten, that fresh trouble had made you forget."

"For a time, yes. Ah, Milly, I was ill—you little know how ill—rheumatic fever, that was what the Carlisle doctor called it; for months I could not move, I suffered terribly—oh, that weary time, shall I ever forget it?—and yet I was rich, rich, and had doctors and nurses—my poor relative she left me everything; I was no longer the poor little music mistress, but a rich woman with a fine house, with carriages and servants. When I recovered, when I was strong—that was not until the late summer—I took the train to Castleton and walked to Nordley; there was the cottage, Milly's neat parlour, but, alas, no Milly! Miss Copeland had been married months before—that is what they told me—and had gone to London with her husband. He was a sailor, a fine handsome fellow, and Milly had seemed proud and happy. They had taken the dog and the parrot with them, but no one knew their address. Yes"—looking at her with affectionate reproach—"if the earth had swallowed up my good angel, she could not have vanished more completely."

"Yes—I see—we were living at Barnet then."

"Vainly I tried to find you; my home was in London. Once or twice I advertised. I made inquiries for you and Rough, but it was all useless. Mongrels were brought to me without number, but they were not Rough. I was in despair at last. 'She will think I am an ungrateful wretch,' I would say to myself almost weeping; 'my angelic Milly will think she is deceived.' Can you imagine the bitterness of these reflections?"

"Dear Madame Dormay," interrupted Milly, timidly, "where are you taking us?" for they were no longer in Holloway, but driving through wide handsome streets. The air felt fresher here, Tom was looking about him with keen amused glances. How smoothly and quickly they were moving: how delicious to lean back among the luxurious cushions, with the soft summer breeze fanning her hot temples.

"I am running away with you," laughed Madame Dormay; "I want to show you my home, to take care of you a little. Do you know this part, Mr. Harding? we have some distance still to go, for I live in Regent's Park."

Milly was too tired to protest, she seemed to be taking her part in a dream. Once she thought languidly of her shabby bonnet. How exquisitely Madame Dormay was dressed—the soft rich silk, the tiny lace bonnet, the perfectly fitting gloves. She wondered how Tom felt sitting opposite in his old rough coat. Dottie was the only one who kept up the family credit, with her flapping sun-bonnet that looked so cool and fresh, and little frilled cape. Milly looked at her with maternal pride and pleasure, that more than counterbalanced her own disadvantages.

By-and-by the carriage stopped, then

turned in at handsome gates, the door was thrown open. "Come, *ma chère*," exclaimed Madame Dormay, still holding Milly's arm, and half guiding, half leading her bewildered guest, she piloted her through a long hall, and then into a room that was the prettiest Milly had ever seen. Such a delicious room, so cool and quiet, with a great bay-window opening on a lawn with shady trees, and a gleam of water, and beyond the green park closing it round.

A little tea-table was in the middle of the room. Dottie clapped her hands as she saw it. There was a basket of peaches, some late roses, cakes, wonderful biscuits.

"Oh, mammy, look, look!" cried Dottie, in an ecstasy; but Milly, for once, did not respond to her darling; a curious far-off feeling came over; she thought Tom was near her, and tried to take hold of him.

"Do not be alarmed, it is only faintness, she is overdone. Ah, yes, I can see that plainly!" Madame Dormay rang the bell and talked volubly, while Tom hung distractedly over Milly's white little face. How he reproached himself, poor fellow, for what was no fault of his! What tender names he called her! How he implored her to open her eyes and look at him! The grave housekeeper whom Madame Dormay had summoned sympathetically exchanged glances with her mistress, and the tears streamed down Madame Dormay's cheeks.

"She is not dead, my good friend; it is only faintness and exhaustion. Brave heart, how it has suffered! Console yourself, Mr. Harding; my good Perry will soon bring her round."

But Tom could not listen to reason, he stood awkwardly by on his crutches, looking on in profound wretchedness, while the two women busied themselves bathing Milly's face and hands with cool essences, and fanning her gently.

"I have killed her," he groaned. "I have let her slave until her strength is gone, and she never complained. As though the darling ever did complain."

"Tom, please don't talk so," murmured Milly, and her loving eyes opened for a moment on her husband's distracted face. "I am only tired—faint—it will pass—oh, yes, it will pass!"

But it did not pass. Milly was more exhausted than she imagined; no effort of will could raise her languid head from the pillow. Milly had to submit to be carried upstairs and undressed like a baby. Now and then she opened her heavy eyes, and glanced round her. "This spacious room, that was so cool and shaded, must be fit for a princess," she thought. Lovely pictures were on the wall, there were flowers on the toilet-table, the cool sheets felt like satin to Milly's weary limbs. Madame Dormay sat beside her, feeding her; a great downy peach was on the little tray.

"Where is Tom?" she asked faintly.

"Mr. Tom is having his tea downstairs, and Dottie is with him; he is not so unhappy now since the doctor has been; it is just exhaustion and want of food; you have been neglecting, starving yourself, and so even your fine constitution has suffered. You must just lie still, and let us take care of you."

Milly smiled faintly, but she was too weak to ask any more questions; it was so sweet to lie there on those soft pillows and watch the evening sunshine filter through the green leaves. What a beautiful world it was, after all! what kind hearts were in it! If only Tom were with her—but even as the thought passed through her weary mind she could hear the familiar sound of Tom's crutches. Madame Dormay yielded her place to him, and quietly left the room.

"Oh, Tom, I am so sorry," began Milly, and her thin hand—how loosely the wedding-ring hung on it!—closed round his strong brown one. "I am so sorry to have been so silly, but indeed I could not help it."

"My darling," he remonstrated, "you little know how lucky this attack of faintness has been, Dr. Agnew says so. What a clever fellow he seems, Milly! Madame Dormay insists that I must consult him about my leg. Well, he declares that you have only just been pulled up in time, that in another day or two you would have had a regular breakdown. He declares you have been working on insufficient food. Oh, Milly, how could you have the heart to treat my wife so!" and the tears shone in the poor fellow's eyes. "And the long and short of it is," went on Tom, rather gruffly, because of the lump in his throat, "that that fine-hearted creature, Madame Dormay, has telegraphed to our landlady, and to-morrow I am to go and fetch our things, for nothing will induce her to part with you until you are strong again—and where you are, Dottie and I must be—at least, she has settled it so."

"And we are to stay here! Oh, Tom—my dear Tom!" And then Milly cried a little out of sheer joy—she did not mind a bit when Tom scolded her, for she could see through the flimsy pretence at once. "For I am not ill, and I am going to be well in no time," she said, with a semblance of her old energy.

Madame Dormay came in by-and-by in her rustling silks to wish her good-night, and to tell her that Dottie's crib was in Mrs. Perry's room.

"My good Perry desires it," she said; "she has fallen in love with the little one. Alas, I must leave you, my Milly, for I have guests this evening; but your husband will take care of you, and you must sleep, and to-morrow we will talk again."

Milly did not get strong for some time, but she always maintained that no illness had ever been so delicious. What did it matter feeling a little weak and tired, when no one asked her to do anything—when there was no teaching, no hot walks, no shirts and pinafores to iron in the evening. Milly's only duties were to eat, drink, and sleep; to sit under the shady elms and watch Dottie play about the lawn, or to listen while Tom read to her. It did Milly's heart good to see how bright Tom looked; he had already discarded one of his crutches, and Dr. Agnew held out hopes that he would soon walk as well as ever, but he must never go back to sea.

"We must find something else that he can do," observed Madame Dormay, when she heard this; "do not lose heart, Milly; an intelligent man like your husband can always find employment." And then for a little while the subject was dropped between them.

But one evening, when Milly was sitting reading in her favourite seat, she saw Tom crossing the lawn.

"Oh, Tom, what is it?" she exclaimed, for his eyes were sparkling, and his air betrayed excitement.

"My wife," he returned, with an effort to speak quietly, "there are more good angels than one," for this was a tender joke with Tom—"Madame's angel" he often called her, "and Madame Dormay is ours. What do you think of a post that will bring me three hundred a year, besides as pretty a cottage as ever you would wish to see. It has something to do with lighthouses. I will explain it all to you presently, and it is the sort of work I understand, and the grand thing is, that it is I, and not my wife, who is to be the bread-winner; no more teaching for my Milly, unless Dottie is to be the pupil."

"Oh, Tom, is it really true?" But Milly soon found that out for herself, when Madame Dormay took her down to see the cottage. How pretty it looked, nestled snugly under the great white cliff, with its green verandah and climbing roses, and its neat garden, bordered by a tamarisk hedge. Madame Dormay had furnished it. There were all sorts of pretty things for Milly—soft chairs, a comfortable couch, pictures — loving, generous hands had been at work.

Milly followed her friend through every room; presently Madame Dormay stopped and opened the wardrobe — fresh dainty dresses were hanging there, such as Milly would have chosen for herself; some little white frocks for Dottie. In the cupboard outside was a store of linen strewn with lavender.

"It is too much, too much. I cannot thank you," cried Milly, trembling with happiness, as she saw Tom's proud, gleeful look as each treasure was displayed. "What have I done to deserve such goodness, to have won so true a friend?"

Madame Dormay smiled; then a grave, soft look came into her eyes.

"My dear," she said, gently, "there was once a young girl who loved others better than herself, who strove to follow in the footsteps of her Divine Master, who one bitter winter's night took in a poor, unhappy woman who would otherwise have perished with cold and exhaustion, and fed and comforted her. My Milly, I loved you then, when I first saw your bright face, but how much better do I love you now! Once you shared your little with me, you gave me your own bed, and now, surely, I can spare you some of my abundance? Do not thank me, dear one; take my gifts as you would take them from a sister, for truly we are sisters in heart. I have neither husband nor child, for both are in the paradise of God, but on earth there is nothing dearer to me than my good angel, Milly."

[THE END.]

OUR CONNY.

By C. N. CARVALHO.

When Sir Hector Barrington succeeded to his brother's title and estates, and came down with his family to the old Hall that had been so long untenanted, it caused some commotion in our small circle. Our young people, who, since their earliest childhood, had been accustomed to roam about the park as they pleased, had learned to look on the place as public property, and were—unreasonably, as I endeavoured to impress on them—much aggrieved when the gates were closed and they were deprived of their "happy hunting grounds." Truly the woods were open still, but to reach these they had now to go a long way round, and the inconvenience prejudiced them very unfavourably against the new occupants.

However, when the Barringtons were settled in their new home, they showed themselves so amiable and friendly, so desirous to please, that it was not long before things were replaced almost on their old footing. Doubtless, we should have kept a stricter watch over our young folks, for Sir Hector was a rich man with several sons and daughters, and by permitting such unrestrained intercourse, we laid ourselves open to the charge of fortune-hunting; but Mrs. Beauchamp and I were a simple old-fashioned couple, and did not think of this till it was too late. Our girls, Marion and Hilda, were, on such matters, much wiser than their parents. They understood and apreciated the attractions of Sir Hector's son and heir, if we did not. They were, from the first, eager to pay every attention to Lady Barrington, and were soon on terms of the most intimate friendship with her daughters. My eyes once opened, I derived some amusement from their tactics, the more so as Mr. Barrington, though all politeness and consideration, gave no sign of being captivated by the Miss Beauchamps' charms.

Our three younger children enjoyed the recovered privilege of passing through the grounds of Barrington Hall with unalloyed delight. No *arrière pensée* disturbed their equanimity. They were better pleased to meet the Barrington boys out with their ponies and dogs (of which last they possessed an amazing number), or even Sir Hector himself, than to encounter Mr. Percy and his sisters. Our boys constituted themselves guides to the district, and showed off the beauties of the place to its owners with the utmost condescension. I say our boys, but it may be as well to explain that the youngest of these, Conny by name, was only a boy for the time being. Eventually she would develop into a young lady, but that time we fondly hoped was far off. At present Conny was by far the most delightful and companionable boy of the three. Hubert and Alfred were quite of my opinion; nothing was complete for them in which she did not take a share. Conny could bowl a cricket ball as well as either of her brothers, she could take an oar with as great skill, and she knew more about birds and eggs than I did myself. Marion and Hilda looked with contempt on their sister's boyish tastes, and declared emphatically we would never make a lady of her. Perhaps that was true, but then as Nature had done it already, it was of less consequence.

Pretty little Conny. Could anyone wish you to be other than what you were? Would they restrain your eager footsteps, hush your ringing laugh, or silence your merry chat, in which no ill-natured word ever found a place? Was it our duty to bind your flowing locks, lengthen your skirts, and strive to mould you on the conventional pattern? Never. Be a child, dear Conny, while you may. No act of mine shall bring a shadow on my sweet-voiced woodlark, my "emblem of happiness." Let care and age come unawares, we will not go to meet them.

A couple of years went by, and the Christmas holidays were at hand. Hubert and Alfred were at home for their last vacation; after this they were going to college. Feeling that "the boys" would never spend another vacation in such close companionship, I was willing to allow them more liberty than usual. It was a fine, dry season, and afforded good opportunity for outdoor amusements. But they were a thoughtless trio, and lest Conny should be led into mischief by her brothers, I contrived to be with them as much as possible. This, however, was not always to be done, so if I could not go, I forbade long expeditions, unless, indeed, Jack Eversley would join the party. To him I entrusted the youngsters with confidence; fixed no limit to their wanderings, asked no questions if they were late. He was the son of an old friend of mine, and I had known him from a boy. Jack was a great favourite in our house. He had been a good bit about the world, and had a fund of anecdote to relate that rendered him very popular with the young people. He must have been now under thirty, but looked older, being a big, broad-shouldered fellow with a long beard. Not handsome, so said the young ladies, but I thought his honest, kindly eyes, that always looked you full in the face, would have induced many to call him so, although his features were not regular. He was a clever, kind-hearted fellow too, as steady as old Time, and I was of opinion my sons could have no better friend. This year, as it chanced, he had more leisure to spend with them than usual; for he had lately come into a small property in our neighbourhood, a legacy from his father, and was obliged to remain on the spot to look after it.

Frost had set in, and for many days the lake in Barrington Park was the centre of attraction. With the exception of Mrs. Beauchamp, we were all fond of skating, and spent several hours of each day in that seductive pastime. I saw more of young Mr. Barrington during this time than I had done yet, and was agreeably surprised to see that he merited most of the praise bestowed upon him. I found him both good-natured and unaffected, and also possessed of a fair amount of brains. He was most attentive to his guests, and did the honours of the place in his father's absence (Sir Hector's state of health did not allow him to remain long in the open air in such severe weather) with a dignified grace that sat on him very well. I descanted on these qualities one afternoon on returning from the lake, but, to my surprise, neither Marion nor Hilda had now a good word for him. A day or two later, however, the mystery was explained.

"If it were not too ridiculous, mamma," I heard Marion say as we were seated round the large wood-fire in the drawing-room at tea-time, "I should be inclined to think that Percy Barrington was after our Conny. You should have seen him watching her to-day while she was skating with Mr. Eversley; he never took his eyes from her. It is enough to turn her head, if she had the sense to see it. She was standing on the bank a little later, and he went up to her and asked her to take a turn with him. I was close to her, but he had not the politeness to ask me."

"Conny skates a deal better than you, any day," interrupted Hubert, who was seated at the window, trying to read by the fading light.

"Possibly; she is such a tom-boy," rejoined Marion, with a sarcastic curl of her lip. It was useless to dispute the point with Hubert, as she knew.

"The stupid little thing," Marion continued, with a sneer, only replied, 'Thank you, Mr. Barrington, not this afternoon. I promised Alfred to wait for him. Oh, here he comes,' and away she flew. Well, would you believe it, Mr. Barrington actually waited till she came back, and then insisted on taking her skates off for her."

"Conny's feet are half the size of yours," put in Hubert the irrepressible.

"What has that to do with it?" said Marion, sharply. "Mamma, you really must look after Conny. You never come down to the lake, and you do not know what goes on. It is too absurd for men to be paying attention to her at her age."

Now as she was very nearly seventeen, this was scarcely reasonable. Before her mother could make any reply, Conny herself came into the room. She walked slower than was usual with her, and, saying nothing, sat down on the rug and rested her head against my knee. I made room for her, and stooped down to give her a kiss, when I was startled to see her eyes were wet. I was about to make a remark, but she pressed my hand to silence me. A moment later the child burst into a passion of tears.

Hubert leaped to his feet. Was Conny hurt? Had anyone spoken unkindly to her? What made her cry? He knelt beside her, and strove to soothe her, and, indeed, we were all distressed at this unusual behaviour on the part of our pet.

"There is nothing the matter, papa," Conny said, when she could command her voice. "I would not have come down if I had thought I should be so silly. I shall be better presently, only I can't help thinking about it."

OUR CONEY.

This did not throw much light on the matter, but I would not have the child pressed; she should take her own time. Conny kept silence for some minutes, her face hidden from view. No one started a fresh topic, and at last, feeling, I suppose, that she owed us an explanation, she began unasked:—

"I was in the woods this afternoon with Alfred and Hilda. You can't think, papa, how beautiful they are now. Every branch of the trees, every twig was encrusted with clear ice-like crystal. The sky was a pale soft blue, and the faint sunlight lit up the long rows of trees and made a golden background to the hills. There was no wind, it was not at all cold, and I could have stayed there for ever, but Hilda said we must call at the Heywoods, so we turned off, and just as we came to the little gate—you know where I mean—we met Mr. Eversley. Alfred told him where we were going, and he said if I did not care to pay visits he would walk home with me, so Jack and I" (Conny fell back now and then into the customs of her childhood, and called her old playfellow by his christian name) "turned back. He knows the woods much better than we do, and he brought me round by another path where the trees looked even more beautiful still. They were all arching overhead, and it was just like a hall of frosted silver. You must let me take you there to-morrow, papa. Will you?"

"Go on, dear," I said, wondering what was coming. I could see that though wishful to tell her story, Conny seized on every little thing she could think of that would delay it.

"Then Mr. Eversley began to tell me about the Canadian woods, and of all the winter glories of North America; and he talked and talked till he must have forgotten I was there. I don't think he meant to tell me what he did."

Conny's voice grew tremulous again, and I feared she would break down. But she recovered herself, and went on softly—

"He spoke of his wife. Papa, did you know he had ever been married?"

Hubert started with astonishment, and Marion frowned. To them this was a revelation. Of course I knew Jack's history (a sad one it was), and so did my wife. Poor fellow, he was only married a few months. It all happened long ago, and he never alluded to it now. What made him tell my little girl to-day?

"She lived somewhere in the backwoods. I did not like to ask any questions. He was only twenty at the time. After they were married he had to go away to find work to do. She was ill and could not go with him, and he had to leave her with her friends. He couldn't write, for there was no post in those days. Then he had an accident which kept him from going back to her, and she thought he was never coming. When her baby was born, it died, and the mother too, and—and—oh poor Jack—he never saw his child."

Tender-hearted little Conny sobbed aloud. I don't think any of our eyes were dry.

"Don't tell us any more, darling," I whispered. "Try to think of something else."

"He showed me a tiny curl," Conny concluded with a strong effort. "He has worn it ever since. Some one cut it from the baby's head and kept it for him; some one who knew Jack was true. I have often wondered what was in that locket, but I never asked. I saw he did not wish to say."

My wife, who had moved away from the fire when Conny began her tale, here put her fingers on the keys of the piano and played the opening bars of some soft, sweet air. I was glad she did this; it soothed the child's excited feeling, and prevented further discussion, at any rate for the present. But it was some little time before Conny recovered her spirits, and the incident made me a trifle uneasy.

Conny would not go to the lake the next day, nor for several days after that. I fancy Hubert must have told her what Marion had said. Warned by my elder daughter's remarks, I now watched Percy Barrington whenever he was in Conny's company, and was soon obliged to allow Marion was right. Neglecting girls of much greater attractions, the young man devoted himself openly to our little one. If an excursion were proposed, it was by her wishes he was guided as to where we should go, and it was by her side he walked the whole morning. If an impromptu dance were got up, she was his first partner, and sometimes the only one—he was clearly caught, and did not care who knew it. Sir Hector and Lady Barrington were very attentive and kind to us all, but they too singled out Conny as an object of especial favour. To all appearance the girl enjoyed this to the full. If she understood what it implied, I hardly knew; she made no sign, and I hoped no one would enlighten her. But this was too much to expect in a neighbourhood like ours. Many a remark on "Percy's Barrington's infatuation" must have reached her ears. She might not apply them to herself now; but this unconsciousness could not last. How would it end?

For the moment the matter was settled by the Barringtons going up to town for the meeting of Parliament. Sir Hector had to be in his place in the House, and he did not choose to keep the Hall open in his absence. I was not sorry. Conny said nothing, but my elder girls confided to their mother that it was a good thing, for perhaps when in London Percy Barrington would come to his right mind. They tried to prevail on us to delay Conny's introduction, which had been fixed for the spring, and I would have acceded to the request, but Mrs. Beauchamp held firm and would not alter her plans. I hoped my wife was not becoming a match-maker—the best of women, I have noticed, take kindly to this pursuit, but I saw that the prospect of having young Barrington for a son-in-law was a pleasing one to her, and that she was willing to forward her younger daughter's interests with true motherly impartiality. I did not interfere. Mr. Barrington was not a man I could possibly object to; still it was painful to think of parting with my treasure, and I would do nothing towards it.

However, as I said, there was a respite. It was February, and we were not to go up to town till the beginning of June. A period of great quiet followed on our recent spell of gaiety. Hubert and Alfred went off to Oxford, Marion and Hilda to pay a visit to some friends in Devonshire, and we three were left to ourselves. Conny, her mother said, was dull, but whenever I was at home I found her as bright and playful as ever. I greatly prized our quiet evenings, when the little one, ostensibly to cheer me, would use all her arts to make the time pass pleasantly. The books I preferred were sure to be ready to hand on my little table, the chessmen set up, my favourite songs on the pianoforte. Conny loved music as much as I did, and often before I left the study where I usually retired after dinner, I used to hear her clear tones raised in song—a signal for me to come to her. If I were alone I would obey her call, but sometimes a friend would come in and detain me—as often as not it was Jack Eversley. If I asked him to go with me to the ladies, he generally made some excuse and took his leave, but otherwise he would sit, with a cigar in his mouth, listening to the sweet sounds, saying nothing, but keeping his fingers employed in making alterations and additions to Conny's sketches, some of which were sure to be lying about my room, alterations which I own were improvements, but which could have been made just as easily in the drawing-room.

Conny took more kindly to the pleasures of the London season than I had expected. Her introduction was a great success. Even her sisters, who were undeniably jealous of her, were obliged to own that her sweet, innocent beauty, her eager enjoyment of everything, rendered her very attractive, and that they did not wonder at the admiration she received. Among her many admirers, Percy Barrington held the foremost place. I will not say she led him on, but her frank expression of delight when she met him in society, the willingness with which she surrendered her card into his hands that he might choose what dances he liked, were not calculated to discourage him. The season over, we went abroad, and there I did hope to get rid of love and lovers; but I was mistaken. Quite by chance, so I was assured, Mr. Barrington found his way to Pontresina while we were staying there, and we never got rid of him afterwards. As he did not specially make love to Conny, I found no fault with him, but was rather pleased that he had joined us, for he proved a most agreeable companion. His prudence was a useful check on Hubert and Alfred, who were venturesome to a degree, and, till he came, had kept their mother in a constant state of nervous excitement. He was as attentive and efficient as any courier, and far less expensive, and his devotion to the ladies set me free for an amount of mountain climbing I had not enjoyed for years.

When we reached home a most unwelcome surprise awaited us. Our friend, Jack Eversley, whom we had left with the avowed intention of taking up his residence on the little farm he had lately inherited, had suddenly made up his mind to let the place and go back to London. Before his father's death he had been in business there, but had never made a good thing of it, though he earned enough to live upon in a quiet way. He was always saying he hated a large town, and making one excuse or another for running down to the country. I could not make out his reasons for this present move, though he gave me a dozen different ones. We all felt sorry to lose him, I more so than the rest, for middle-aged men, though Jack was hardly that, were rare in our little community. I had either to associate with a lot of "old fogies" or with very young men. The former I did not care for, and the latter, with the exception, let us hope, of my sons, did not care for me. I tried my utmost to prevail on Jack to alter his decision. Hitherto he had been most willing to be guided by my advice, but now I could make no impression on him.

In November the Barringtons came down to the Hall, bringing a large party of friends with them for the hunting. There had been little sport the year before, the place having been much neglected in old Sir Brian's time, and no attention given to preserving foxes, game, or anything else on the estate. The present owner managed things differently. Although a great invalid, he looked after his property with the greatest care; what he could not do himself he entrusted to his son, and he bid fair to be as good a landlord as his father. We were asked to join the party at the Hall for a few days, but though I knew it must be a pleasant house to visit, I resolved, for many reasons, to decline the invitation. If Mr. Barrington took offence at our refusal I could not tell, but for the next few weeks we saw very little of him. His mother did not ask us again, and he seemed to have no time now to come so far as Beauchamp Grove. It pained me to note that my little Conny lost much of her gay buoyancy about this time; she was often listless and abstracted, neglecting her favourite occupations, and scarcely even cared to wander about the woods. Once, too, she was heard to say, "She hoped there would be no frost this year; skating was tiresome work." I could only suppose her depression was caused

by young Barrington's behaviour, and in my heart I blamed him severely. He had no right, I reflected, thus to amuse himself—to try to gain the girl's love, and then throw her aside as a thing of naught.

It was well, however, that I made no one a party to my indignation. Coming across Mr. Barrington one morning when out riding, he expressed the greatest pleasure at meeting me, and volunteered to accompany me wherever I might be going if I would allow him to do so. I assented, a little coldly, a change of manner he was quick to notice. It brought on the crisis.

"I see I have displeased you, Mr. Beauchamp," he said, with charming frankness, "and indeed I do not wonder at it. You think I have neglected you—or your daughter. But you must hear my tale before you condemn me."

He went on to say he had confided to his father his deep affection for Conny, and Sir Hector, though much gratified at his choice, had recommended him to wait for some months before speaking to her, as she was so very young. To this he had consented very unwillingly, and had kept away from us, knowing it would be impossible to be in the dear girl's company without betraying his feelings. But now he saw he had done wrong. Might he speak to her at once?

I replied, gravely, that Sir Hector had given him very good advice. Conny was too young to marry, and it was better to leave her free. Still, I did not see that was a reason for treating her with coldness. I could not forgive him so easily.

To which he rejoined that waiting would only give someone else the opportunity to carry her off. Once engaged to her, and he would wait as long as I pleased (would he?). But he must make his peace with her, and how could that be done without a full explanation?

I enjoined patience, but naturally, perhaps, he paid no heed to my words. Before he was another day older he had told his tale. To his discomfiture, Conny looked as if she did not understand his meaning. Then she laughed, and finally, seeing he was really in earnest, she cried. But her tears did not soften her heart; not one word of hope could he get from her.

He came to me the next morning looking very sad and dispirited. I had heard nothing of the affair from Conny, and was quite unprepared for the disclosure.

"It is all my father's fault, Mr. Beauchamp," he said, in an aggrieved tone. "Of course she is offended with me. But will you not help me? To please you she would do anything."

I sympathised with the young man heartily, but entirely declined to force my daughter's inclinations. However, I did consent to ask the reason of her refusal. I could not understand it at all. Her sadness and preoccupation could have, as I thought, but the one explanation; it was not like Conny to be a coquette. Well, well! woman, take her at any age you may, is, and always will be, a riddle.

Our interview was a peculiar one. I am afraid I did not plead as earnestly as Percy Barrington would have had me do. I was only too glad my little girl did not want to leave her home.

"I always thought he was such a favourite of yours, Conny," I said at length, after having used every argument I could think of. "Don't you like him, then?"

"Of course I do, papa," she answered, innocently. "I like a great many people. Everybody is so kind to me; and Mr. Barrington is nicer than most of them, because he is not always paying me silly compliments as the other young men do. He is always ready to do anything and go anywhere. When I was a boy, you know," and Conny laughed a gay laugh, "I should have said he was 'awfully jolly.' But is a girl expected to fall in love with a man because he is 'awfully jolly?'"

"I should hope not, indeed," I said, trying to repress a smile. "But has he no other attraction in your eyes?"

"Oh, I know the park is lovely, and the house, and all that—people are for ever telling me so," she went on, "and Mr. Barrington will have it all, and a title too, one of these days. But I hope he won't get it for the next forty years. Sir Hector is a dear old gentleman; he gave me my collie, Black Sam. He is twice as nice as Mr. Barrington, any day."

Sir Hector or Black Sam? It seemed a little uncertain to whom she referred. It was useless to question her further. I would have let the matter drop, but the young lover enlisted Mrs. Beauchamp on his service, and she, at her wits' end, I imagine, suggested to me to make Jack Eversley speak to Conny and bring her to reason. Conny, she urged, thought very highly of Jack's judgment; she would be guided by him.

I reluctantly consented, and the next time Jack called I propounded this precious scheme to him. He made no reply, but only wheeled his chair round, and taking up the poker applied himself to mending the study fire. I thought he had not heard my words, so I repeated them.

"I had much rather not, Beauchamp," he answered bluntly, without looking up. "I am no hand at such things. Don't ask me to do it."

"You can't be worse than I am," I rejoined. "Try, anyhow, there's a good fellow."

"You approve of young Barrington as a husband for Constance," he resumed. "You wish for this marriage? Oh, well, I need not ask!"

"He is worthy of her in every way," I replied. "A sensible young fellow, rich, good-looking, and devotedly attached to her. How can I disapprove?"

"You would not give her to a poor man?" Jack went on, more as if he were talking to himself than making an inquiry.

"I had rather not, I confess," I said; "but there is no question of that. The girl is not in love with anyone else. She likes Mr. Barrington well enough; her refusal is caused by pique, he thinks. But the truth is she is too young to know her own mind. Will you do what I ask?"

"If I must," growled Jack; and then he began to talk of something else. I had never seen him so short-tempered. I had thought he would have taken more interest in Conny, who had always been a little pet and playfellow of his. I did not revert to the matter again till he was leaving, when I said, "Come in to-morrow afternoon if you can. Mrs. Beauchamp will manage that Conny stays at home." He nodded, and went out.

When Jack called the following day he found Conny alone with her mother. Marion and Hilda were out paying visits; I remained in my study. Mrs. Beauchamp soon found something requiring her attention in another part of the house, and, with a meaning look at Jack, left the room.

It must have been some time before Jack introduced the subject, for a good deal of laughing and talking ensued, and then we heard music. Conny was apparently trying to teach her companion the air of a duet, and he was making a wretched failure of it. At length the sounds died away, the door was closed, and all was still. I have only learned what passed in a fragmentary way, and cannot be expected to give a clear account of it. As far as I can make out, Jack began by telling Conny he had heard she had been behaving very badly—leading on young Barrington to make her an offer, and then throwing him over without any regard for his feelings.

Conny opened her large brown eyes widely, and glanced at Jack to see if he were serious, then perceiving his face was stern and gloomy, she faltered—

"It is too bad of papa to have told you anything about it, Mr. Eversley, and too bad of you to believe such things of me. I thought you knew me better. I suppose he will tell the boys too, and I shall never hear the last of it."

Jack followed up the subject valiantly. He told her she was young, but she need not be so thoughtless. It was wrong to trifle with a man's happiness. Besides, Mr. Barrington was everything her parents could desire.

"He is the nicest man I know—almost," Conny rejoined, shaking her pretty head. "But he will forget me very soon. Do you think I am the first girl to whom he has said all these pretty things? Why, he has not known me any time."

In which speech she maligned our friend Percy. For one thing, had he been so susceptible, he would have been caught long ago. Few girls are so unworldly as our Conny.

Jack said some words to this effect, adding that she was distressing her friends by her behaviour. The colour deepened on the girl's cheek, then she said a little defiantly—

"If Marion talks to me of worldliness, I do not mind, but I won't take it from you, Jack," she continued, in a different tone; "why do you talk so? Do you really want me to marry Mr. Barrington? Would it make you happier? Is it my duty? I can't do it, Jack, I don't love him well enough. Don't say I must, for, for——" and poor Conny broke down.

"For you love another," gasped Jack. "Is that why, dear child? Tell me, Conny. Trust me, dear. You know I will help you if I can."

"Trust you?" and Conny lifted her head and looked full in Jack Eversley's face. What she saw there made her lower her gaze. His tongue was mute, but his eyes were full of meaning. In another moment he had clasped her to his heart, and was kissing her lips, cheek, and brow. She tried just once to disengage herself from his embrace, and then gave it up and nestled into his arms. As she did so, I entered the room.

It was an awkward moment. I would have turned away, but they saw me, and retreat was impossible. Conny gave a low cry of dismay, but she clung to Jack all the closer. He stood firm. I waited.

"This is your doing, Beauchamp," he said, quite unabashed. "God knows, I have always loved the child, but I never thought to say a word to her about it. I tried to obey your behest—truly I did, but I never had so hard a task in my life."

I looked at Conny; she was blushing like a rose. Her depression was explained. It was Eversley's intended departure that had affected her spirits, not young Barrington's neglect. But poor Percy! how was I to tell him?

At first I declared nothing should induce me to give my consent; but in the end, as may be supposed, I relented. I could not withstand my Conny's pleading eyes. And when I see how happy she is with her husband, and how truly he loves her, I do not regret that I gave her her own way.

Nor does her mother, to whom, perhaps, Conny's choice was more of a disappointment than it was to me. We value Jack Eversley's friendship so highly we are glad to retain him near us, and do not find his companionship the less genial because he is our son-in-law.

As for Mr. Barrington, we lost sight of him for two or three years. We heard he went to Africa, elephant shooting, and that on his return he settled in London. On Sir Hector's death, last year, he came down to the Hall, bringing with him his wife and child—a girl, a pretty, blue-eyed thing, who rejoices in the name of Conny.

RED LETTER DAYS.

FOUR times a day the Board school bell rings out its summons, and as the children hear the familiar sound, they quicken their pace in order to be in time to receive a red or black mark. Some of these little people appear to be warmly clad and well fed, and have a general air of comfort about them. But the greater number have an occupied and anxious look upon their young faces, as if they were already acquainted with the cares and privations of life. The desire to give these poor little ones an opportunity of indulging in childlike enjoyment suggested a plan by which they might have a short time of real fun.

Three years ago some kind-hearted ladies obtained the readily granted permission of the London School Board to use one of their buildings during three days of the Christmas holidays, for the amusement of children attending the school. The experiment proved to be very successful. Ladies and gentlemen responded heartily and generously to the request for their personal help, and loans or gifts of toys and picture-books. The children themselves behaved admirably. There was an entire absence of roughness or peevishness, and the good humour with which they resigned their toys when asked to do so was very remarkable. They were gentle in their manner to their lame or weakly schoolfellows, and were careful to see that they had a full share of toys and picture-books. Indeed, it would be hard to say whether entertainers or guests most enjoyed these delightful Red Letter Days. The following description will, perhaps, convey to those who had not the good fortune to be present a faint idea of what really took place.

The longed-for day at length arrived! No late sleep for parents on that morning. They were awakened by the oft-repeated question, "Mother, isn't it time to get ready for the party?" Then followed a scene of unwonted excitement. Faces had to be soaped and polished until they shone. Hands had to be scrubbed—sure never before had little fingers looked so hopelessly black. And then the hair! every tangle had to be disposed of, and there seemed to be more than usual, and the brush was unsparingly used, for "We are going to play with real ladies," said one little girl.

The invitation was timed for ten o'clock, but in spite of the cold, groups of eager visitors were assembled long before that hour at the school gate. They had been asked to supply themselves with cups or mugs, and where these boasted handles, their owners' names were attached to them. The comparison of these various vessels, which were composed of china, crockery ware, tin, and in one instance of a publican's can, formed an animated topic of conversation and discussion which helped to while away the time.

At last ten o'clock arrived! The children were admitted into the playground, and a teacher marched them in order up the stairs, the children singing:—

"Before all lands, in east or west,
I love my native land the best."

On the landing they were received by a goodly array of entertainers, who welcomed them into a well warmed and gaily decorated schoolroom. Imagine the pleasure these children felt on being treated as guests, with the most delightful addition of all that goes to make a child's heart glad.

After singing a lively school song, as a sort of outlet for their excited feelings, the girls were arranged on their seats—the little ones in the front—and were supplied with coffee and cake. The distribution of the cake was easily managed, but the serving of the coffee was an undertaking which demanded no small amount of tact from the entertainers. The remarkable differences in the size of the drinking vessels, too, made it a difficult matter to ascertain the relative proportion of liquid to be justly allotted to each child. Much deftness, too, was needed in passing the cups and mugs across a forest of outstretched hands, without spilling the contents on the way. The proceedings were enlivened by a continued chorus of "Teacher (all the entertainers were called "teacher"), "that's my mug." "No, not that one, that there one." "Teacher, that's mine, that with blue flowers," etc., etc.

After the repast was ended the cups and mugs were carefully collected and placed out of danger, and the children dispersed in order to take part in the various enjoyments provided for them.

All the books and pictures had been carried to one end of the long schoolroom, which portion received the name of the literature room. This reading (?) room was much frequented by the elder and more thoughtful pupils. Here was placed a large rocking-horse, which had been lent for the use of the children. No quadruped, even in lands where the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is unknown, was ever so hard worked before—he had not a minute's rest from his labours. The children stood in a line and each had a five minutes' ride in turn, to the tune of "See Saw," sung by the entertainers superintending the horsemanship.

The other end of the room was devoted to round games of every description, which were carried on with great spirit and indefatigable vigour, and the children gave full play to their supple limbs.

In the class-room, or "toy-room," as it was called for the time, were collected all the toys which had been sent for their amusement. Shops, with small articles for weighing and selling (?) to customers, were greatly in request. One of the little guests, in a letter describing the "Red Letter Days," says—"We had lots of playthings and picture books, a rocking horse and skipping ropes. It was very nice. We had a large doll's house, and there was a table and two chairs, plates, and knives and forks. Then we pretended to light the fire and get the dinner . . . and we went home very happy with the games we had."

But, perhaps, of all the toys the dolls with removable clothes were the greatest attraction. Both with the girls and infants the game of "fathers and mothers" was a very popular part of the entertainment. One could not fail to be touched on observing the little pale faces flush with pleasure as the little hands eagerly received the doll. It was something on which to lavish their pent-up affection. "I am always wishing for a doll in long clothes to imitate a baby," said one of the children.

As, however, the supply of dolls was rather limited, they were lent to their respective parents for about a quarter of an hour. Those philanthropists who have interested themselves in "boarding out" will realise the grief and reluctance with which these little foster-parents resigned their charges into the care of other hands.

At twelve o'clock all the girls went quietly home, expressing a grateful appreciation of the kindness which had been shown them. One child remarked, "Thank you for treating us in such a nice way. It was better than playing in the streets."

The afternoon was devoted to entertaining the younger children, or, as they were called, "infants and elderly infants! Most of the elderly boys preferred to play at horses, and these were supplied with whips and reins, and dismissed to the covered playground. The little people who remained upstairs were particularly lively. Their favourite game was "A ring, a ring of roses;" to which was sung the chorus, "We all fall down." This intimation was carried out literally, again and again, to the evident enjoyment of the children, and the quickened pulses and heightened temperatures of their entertainers.

But everything must have an end, even the children's "Red Letter Day." At four o'clock the infants received a cup of coffee and some cake, and, on the last afternoon, each child carried home a toy as a souvenir of the Christmas party. Mothers came punctually for the young folks, and their careworn faces were bright with smiles as they warmly expressed their thanks for the hospitality which their children had received.

A few children from a Board school in another neighbourhood had been invited to share in the pleasure of entertaining, and the following extracts from accounts written by these girls will give the children's view of the "Red Letter Days":—"Some of the little girls were very poorly dressed, but they all seemed very happy indeed." A second remarks: "And the thing we noticed was, that they were so willing to give up their toys to each other, and no girl quarrelled with another." A third child says: "One thing I noticed was, how the children gave up their toys and dolls . . . and they all went home looking very happy, and like happiness itself."

M. E. H.

THE TWO RIVERS.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

BESIDE the river of Life they sat,
Two lovers full of gladness,
And the song of the stream was borne to them
With never a note of sadness—
"Flow, flow! Ripple and flow!
Never a wave of strife!
Hand in hand to the golden land
Of everlasting life!"

Beside the river of Death they stand,
But for a short space parted,
For one has crossed to the farther side,
And one is broken-hearted!
"Flow, flow! Peacefully flow!
True husband and true wife
Shall meet again on the golden plain
Of everlasting life!"

THE TWO RIVERS.

A FAIR OUTSIDE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Six Milestones," "Only a Servant," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was not another house like it in all the street. The steps were so clean, the door knobs so bright, the windows so spotless. On the window-sill were some boxes, common rough things to begin with; but their plainness was hidden beneath a covering of virgin cork, tastefully arranged. The boxes were filled with earth, and therein something was always growing or green, according to the season. In winter there were little hardy shrubs that could be bought for a few pence, and that afterwards did duty at the corners of the couple of yards or thereabouts of front garden. In spring, snowdrops and crocuses flourished; and in summer, gay nasturtiums were trained so as to festoon the windows.

The street was only a street of cottages; but no one passed through it without glancing at this particular dwelling and remarking that the people who lived in it must have very refined tastes.

Inside the windows were pretty curtains daintily looped with bands—not of silk, but Turkey red cotton, which was both inexpensive and durable. But the draping was so arranged that no one could get a peep at the little parlour within.

Naturally, everybody who looked at the outside, thought that the room would be specially pretty, and the neighbours were anxious to see it, and thereby get a wrinkle for the adornment of their own parlours.

But there seemed little chance of this. Mrs. Wilson, the new neighbour, was very pleasant spoken, and it was generally allowed that there was nothing "uppish" in her manners, though her home looked superior to the rest. This was when she first came to the street.

The two who lived nearest to Mrs. Wilson were Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith; but these were next and next but one to the model cottage, for it happened to be the last in the row.

With a view to establishing friendly relations, these neighbours made a point of going out to clean their steps and polish their windows whenever Mrs. Wilson was similarly engaged. They gave her a friendly "good morning," inquired after her health and that of her husband, and made remarks about the weather. Mrs. Wilson responded to all with thanks and smiles, and in turn asked after the health of husbands and children in the other homes.

She received a good deal of volunteered information about the latter; the illnesses they had gone through, perils in teething, and narrow escapes through accident.

"You don't appear to have any of your own, ma'am," said Mrs. Hobbs.

"I have no child," was the reply; and then Mrs. Wilson, having finished her work, bade her neighbours good morning and retreated indoors.

"She didn't say if she had lost any," remarked Mrs. Greysmith. "Indeed, she did not tell us a single word about herself."

"That's true, ma'am; and I must say I observed that when I was telling about that bad fall my little Bob had last week, she seemed to listen more out of politeness than as if she wanted to hear."

"I noticed the same myself. Ah! it takes a mother to understand another parent's little troubles over her children."

After attempts at friendliness ended in the same way. Mrs. Wilson went on with her work whilst her neighbours talked, and did not stay to gossip with them on the pavement after it was finished. Then she changed her hour for step cleaning, and did it so early in the morning that her neighbours, having children to attend to and get off to school, could not do theirs at the same time.

"I fancy she doesn't want any neighbouring," remarked Mrs. Hobbs. "I did think of asking for the loan of her frying-pan yesterday, for all of us in this row have been used to make one another welcome to the best they have. I had said as much to Mrs. Wilson, and she thanked me kindly, but said she hoped she should not have to borrow. After that one could hardly ask her to lend."

"Certainly not, and specially when there were those close at hand who would make you welcome, and think it no favour," replied Mrs. Greysmith. "My lad's ball went with a bang at her front window, and I called at the door to say I was glad no harm had been done, and I would take care she was not annoyed by my children playing too near again. I must say she answered very nicely, and told me she loved to see the children about and hear their merry voices, and that they seemed well brought up and a credit to their parents. She hoped she should not be the means of driving them away or spoiling their play."

"That was a very pretty remark," said Mrs. Hobbs.

"I thought so, but she never asked me across the doorstep, so you see she means to keep herself to herself."

A whole year sped its round, and at the end of it no one in the street had been invited into Mrs. Wilson's house, and yet all said there could not be a better mannered, more pleasant spoken person. She neither said nor did anything to offend, and the only thing of which she could be accused was want of neighbourliness. There was no gossip, no confidence on family matters, no visiting, no borrowing or lending.

But one day the Venetian blinds were drawn down from morning till night in the parlour, and the bedroom windows were curtainless. Could Mrs. Wilson be preparing for a removal? There was no outward sign of such an event, no "To Let" on the house, yet the simple fact aforesaid set all the neighbours on the look out. Perhaps I should rather say the look in, for when it was dark outside and Mrs. Wilson's small parlour was lighted up, a pair of prying eyes were directed to a space between the blinds, through which a view of the room might be obtained.

The eyes belonged to Mrs. Hobbs, and a very short time sufficed for her purpose and to send her rushing in hot haste to Mrs. Greysmith's back door.

"It's all a fair outside and nothing else," she gasped out, as she entered her neighbour's kitchen, untenanted at the moment by any person except its mistress and a year-old baby.

Mrs. Hobbs was stout, and had hurried, so she was fain to drop into a chair and recover her breath before she gave a further explanation of her opening words.

"Is it Mrs. Wilson you mean?" asked Mrs. Greysmith.

Mrs. Hobbs nodded.

"Yes," she replied, after looking round to make sure that no one else was within hearing. "It is Mrs. Wilson. She has been the mystery of this street for a twelvemonth, but she's such no longer. I had been troubled at seeing the blinds down and the curtains gone from the windows, and I thought to myself, 'Is it for flitting, or what?' Then came the idea that if anybody was ill it would only be neighbourly to ask if one could be of use. So I went to the door, but before I lifted my hand to the knocker I saw into the room quite plain, through the curtains being down, you understand. You might have knocked me down with a feather."

Mrs. Hobbs paused to make the most of her story, and Mrs. Greysmith looked quite alarmed as she said—

"What was there?"

"Very little indeed; just two chairs, the commonest wooden things, and a moderate-sized deal table, with a small cloth at one end, and the tea-things on it. Not much to eat either. As bare a set out as I ever saw. No carpet but a strip in front of the hearth, and such a little iron fender. I could hardly believe my sight. It was about the barest parlour I ever set eyes on. And there were the curtains drying before the bit of fire. She'd taken them down to wash and put up again, to hide the nakedness of the land."

"And to think of the flowers and things outside, and everything so bright and smart looking. I couldn't have believed it. But it is easy to see now why Mrs. Wilson never asked us in or made neighbours of us. She couldn't do it, for if she had come here she must have invited me into her place, and same with you," said Mrs. Greysmith. "Was the room clean?" she added.

"As hands could make it. Boards and every bit of furniture there was. But she might well have it so, with so little to clean, and no children. But Mrs. Wilson is a cheat, take my word for it, with her fair outside, and her flowers and fal-lals, trying to make everybody think there must be something worth looking at behind those curtains. There's something wrong about those Wilsons, depend on it."

Then followed a good deal of speculation as to what the wrong might be. That they must be very poor there could be no doubt. Nothing but the direst poverty could excuse the bareness of that parlour. Perhaps Mr. Wilson had done something he was ashamed of, and they were hiding in consequence. But this hardly seemed likely, for he went out every morning well-dressed and holding his head erect, as if he were not ashamed to look any person in the face. There was no denying that both he and his wife had the air of gentlepeople and must have seen better days.

Whatever feeling Mrs. Wilson's reserve might have brought into the minds of her neighbours, it had always been mingled with respect up to the time that Mrs. Hobbs peeped in at the window. She and Mrs. Greysmith had always agreed that Mrs. Wilson somehow hardly looked in her right place when she was scouring steps and polishing windows, though she did them so thoroughly. She might have been used to have servants to wait on her.

All the guesses of Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith did nothing towards unravelling the mystery. The only conclusion they could come to was, that they were very angry at themselves for having been taken in by a fair

outside, and that there was something wrong about the Wilsons.

"Mrs. Wilson will have no need to hold her head so high and keep me so at a distance for the future," remarked Mrs. Greysmith. "She will see that other people can draw into their shells beside herself, though without having call to be ashamed of letting their neighbours across their doorstep."

"I agree with you, ma'am," said Mrs. Hobbs, and then the patter of little feet warned the gossips that the children were coming, and each hastened to try and make up for lost time.

On the following morning Mrs. Wilson's windows were as trim and tasteful-looking as usual. The softly-draped curtains hung in their accustomed folds, and set an example to the street. The gay bands had their brightness renewed by the washing process, and appeared as good as new, and, as Mrs. Hobbs remarked—

"If one knew no better, one might think the inside matched the rest. But we shall not be taken in again by a fair outside either in home or mistress."

Mrs. Greysmith assented, and without actually entering into a verbal arrangement, the neighbours were agreed as to their future treatment of that "sham of a woman," as they called Mrs. Wilson.

Instead of putting themselves in her way as heretofore, Mrs. Hobbs turned her back and pretended not to see her approaching on the day after the grand discovery.

Mrs. Greysmith took yet more decided measures. She looked straight at Mrs. Wilson, and instead of returning her pleasant "Good morning," gave her a sort of contemptuous stare, then finished with a toss of the head, and marching into her own house, shut the door behind her with needless violence.

Mrs. Greysmith's action was intended as a vote of censure on Mrs. Wilson's duplicity. She thought she looked very dignified as she surveyed her neighbour from head to foot. Really her appearance was very ludicrous, for in getting rid of an adventurous fly that had settled on her face while she was blackleading her scraper, Mrs. Greysmith had transferred a goodly patch of the polish to her most prominent feature.

It is difficult to look dignified, or to express proper contempt, by turning up one's nose at an offender when the tip thereof is smutty.

Really, Mrs. Greysmith looked a very funny object, for she was warm with her work, and she still held in her extended hand the brush and rag that she had been using before she rose so suddenly from her knees.

If she could have seen the smile expressive of amusement on Mrs. Wilson's face, she would have probably felt less exultant as to the method by which she had "let that woman perceive that her tricks and deceit were found out at last."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Mr. Wilson returned home that evening his wife said—

"Do you know, Henry, I have been cut by my neighbours." She then described the little scene of the morning in amusing terms.

"I need not ask if you have done anything to provoke such a manifestation, Lucy," he replied, "but I think I hold a key to the conduct of these women. Did anyone call here just before I entered last evening?"

"No. You will remember I was very busy all the day, and as the blinds were down anyone might have supposed we were both out. I spoke to no one from the time you left until we met after seven o'clock."

"Then I have not misjudged Mrs. Hobbs. Usually I come into the street by the upper end. Last night I passed through the entry which divides this block of buildings from the next. As I turned by the end of the house, I noticed a short woman with her face to the parlour window. Her back was towards me, and I paused to observe her movements, seeing that she was stealthily peering in at my own dwelling. She was soon satisfied. Indeed, it would not need long for any person to take a mental inventory of our goods. She turned quickly but quietly away, and without looking behind her went to the next door but one. I thought the figure was that of Mrs. Hobbs. I feel sure it was she, and that having satisfied her curiosity she went to report her discovery to Mrs. Greysmith. We are found out, my dear Lucy. That is, as regards our immediate surroundings. We have been objects, first of interest, then of suspicion, from the time of our coming in these parts. You have kept inquisitive neighbours on the street side of your threshold; but when you took down your curtains for washing purposes, you laid open our humble interior to the prying eyes of Mrs. Hobbs."

"Could she see anything, do you think?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"My dear girl, she could see everything these four walls enclose." And Mr. Wilson waved his hand to indicate the very scanty furniture of the parlour. "I made sure of that, for I peeped through the same cranny that had served Mrs. Hobbs as a spy hole, before I rang for admittance. From the first, we have known and been amused by the curiosity of our neighbours. They judged us by outside appearances, and gave us credit for much that we did not possess. Now they have discovered that we are impostors, and act accordingly, but I think, Lucy, darling, you will survive the being 'cut' by Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith."

"I never sought their acquaintance, Henry, and should have felt glad to be simply let alone. But you know we both desire 'to live peaceably with all men,' and even with gossiping female neighbours, so I have carefully avoided giving them cause of offence. All I hope is that they will just let us alone now and for the future."

Mr. Wilson answered cheerfully, and advised staying where they were, especially now there was no cause for prying. "You can go out through the entry instead of the street, and then you will not be likely to come in further contact with these people."

"Perhaps it will be better. Such conduct as I experienced to-day might be amusing the first time, but would become annoying if persisted in. Thank God, we are not here because of wrongdoing to be concealed."

Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith looked in vain for further opportunities of showing what they felt about Mrs. Wilson's deceit and "fair side forward doings." She simply kept out of their way, and though they made remarks to each other about "stuck-up folks that thought themselves better than their neighbours," "poor and proud," and "fair outsiders," etc., in voices so elevated that they hoped Mrs. Wilson would overhear them; she made no sign, and they consequently soon desisted from such fruitless efforts.

A fortnight after that peep between the blinds, Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith had something to look at. A handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of fine horses, turned into the little street. The silver-mounted harness shone in the sun, the liveries of coachman and footmen attracted the admiration of all beholders.

Everybody in Paradise Street was delighted at seeing such a vehicle within its precincts, and equally, everybody felt it must be there through some mistake; but the coachman drove on as if he knew where he was going to, and the footman rang at Mrs. Wilson's doorbell, and then opened that of the carriage and stood waiting respectfully to assist its only inmate, a grey-haired lady, to alight. This she did the instant she caught sight of Mrs. Wilson's face in the doorway. But lookers-on could only see the meeting of hands, and then the visitor passed into the little house, and the door was shut.

There was no mistake, after all. The coachman did know where he was going, and his mistress knew whom she was expecting to see, for she had not only entered that deceitful woman's house, but was staying there.

Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith would have given anything to question one of the waiting servants, but these were very imposing looking individuals, evidently not to be trifled with, and, besides, how could they speak to them without being seen? They could only place themselves in the best position—Mrs. Hobbs' bay window—for observation, and wait the issue.

They cheered themselves by various suggestions; one being that Mrs. Wilson might have been the elder lady's maid before her marriage, and that the visitor might be going to give her some sewing to do, for by the look of things she might be glad to turn a penny in that way.

Necks were eagerly craned when a movement of the footman showed that he was expecting his mistress.

She did not come alone. Mrs. Wilson, much more elegantly dressed than her neighbours had ever before seen her, followed, and locked the house door behind her. There were traces of tears in her eyes, but it was a very happy smile which she turned on the servant, who touched his hat respectfully as she appeared, and closed the carriage door behind her. Then off pranced the impatient horses, and all that the watchers could discern was Mrs. Wilson sitting beside her lady visitor.

What could it all mean? Had Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith made a double mistake, first in judging too favourably of their neighbour, then by coming to too rash conclusions and blaming her without due cause?

They recalled her graceful movements, her pleasant manners, her forbearance towards their children, her avoidance of all cause of offence. She had never said a word or done the smallest thing that was rude or unkind. She had not sought their acquaintance, but she had responded with cheerful politeness when they had spoken. And if she had not chosen to invite them into her house, she had her reasons, and had a right to do as she liked.

If she were really a lady—and if manners were any guide she might be, and might have come down through no fault of her own—it was likely she would want to hide their misfortunes and make the best of things.

"My husband says sometimes, 'It's bad enough to be poor without looking it,'" remarked Mrs. Greysmith. "I'm glad it was you and not me that went peeping in at Mrs. Wilson's window when the blinds were down. It's a thing I should never have done myself. It's not my way."

Whereat Mrs. Hobbs replied sharply that if Mrs. Greysmith had not looked for herself, she was ready enough to listen when she told her what she had seen.

"I couldn't help it; you had it all out before I knew where I was, and I could not very well say you were to hold your tongue," said the other.

It was very sad, but Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith had a few words, that is to say, unpleasant ones, for the first time since they had lived side by side. Each blamed the other for having led her to think ill of Mrs. Wilson, and herself for having allowed her mind to be poisoned in such a manner.

Truly the sight of a handsome carriage and pair works wonders! It wrought a revolution in the views of two gossips, both with regard to the neighbour whom a few hours before they had treated with contempt, and in their opinions of each other's doings.

When the carriage returned, Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith noted its arrival from separate windows. But both saw the loving embrace in which the visitor held Mrs. Wilson, and a sharp little Hobbs who had been instructed to loiter close by, heard the elder lady's parting words, "Good-bye, my darling Lucy; but only until to-morrow."

The lad reported them to his mother, who exulted in her superior information, but held aloof from Mrs. Greysmith, and resolved that for the future she would not be taunted about spying and listening by that woman whom she had always treated like a sister, and told her everything.

Mr. Wilson's incoming was eagerly expected by a happy wife on that particular evening. She met him at the door, and with mingled smiles and tears, told him her glad news.

"My mother has been here, Henry. All is cleared up. She and my father know that they blamed you wrongfully, and implore you to forgive and forget. My father would come to you if he could, but he is too ill to leave his room. He is longing to see you, but my mother says he is afraid to ask the injured party to go to the one who has so cruelly misjudged him. You will go, dear, will you not? It is sweet to be forgiven, but I think it is equally blessed to forgive. My mother's hair has become ever so much greyer during the last twelve months, and she and the dear father are growing old. Christmas is just at hand, too, the blessed season of peace and goodwill. You know what ours was last year, when we were separated and estranged from those we loved best. Yet even through that lonely time you were cheered by conscious innocence; I by my unshaken faith in your uprightness. We could bear our own share of the burden because we knew that the sorrow was not the result of any wrongdoing on our part."

Mrs. Wilson said "we" and "our," though she had never been blamed by her parents for a moment; but she would not dissociate herself from her husband, even in this. They were one, and she had proudly placed her hand in his and gone forth with him ready to bear suspicion, blame, poverty, anything the world had to offer, parting only excepted.

"Last Christmas was sadder to our parents than even to us, Henry," she continued. "My mother told me so, for whilst blaming and suspecting, they loved you and grieved for you. The cloud was heavier over them than us, dear, and my mother says that neither she nor my father could live through such another Christmas. You will forgive and forget, will you not?"

Mrs. Wilson's hands were clasped round her husband's arm, and she was looking up pleadingly in his face. For answer, he stooped and kissed her tenderly, with a happy expression on his own countenance, which could bear only one interpretation.

"My darling Lucy, I am just as glad as yourself, and as willing to forgive. How could I feel anything but happiness and deep thankfulness at the knowledge that my character has been cleared? I have always been more grieved at the loss of your father's confidence, and the thought that he could believe me capable of such base ingratitude, than angry at his being swayed by evidence that I could not then disprove."

"Shall we wait till to-morrow, Henry?"

"No, darling; we will go to-night," and, the husband sealed his promise on the white brow of his wife. The story of the pair can soon be told.

The wife's father, Mr. Noble, a wealthy merchant, had taken Henry Wilson to his home when, at ten years old, he was left doubly orphaned and penniless. The lad's father and the merchant had been lifelong friends, and the deathbed of the former had been gladdened by the knowledge that, in the house of Fergus Noble and his good wife, Henry would find a second home and adopted parents, who would replace those he had lost.

In after years it was hard to tell which of the two, Henry Wilson or Lucy Noble, was the actual child of the house, unless the surname was mentioned. They grew up together, objects of equal care and love, and when after Henry had for years occupied a position of trust in the merchant's counting-house, he ventured to ask for Lucy herself, his adopted parents joined their hands, and told him that in the union of these two the dearest wish of their hearts would be fulfilled.

Only one condition was imposed. The same roof must still cover the old and young couples. The elders must not be left desolate by the marriage of their children. This was agreed to, and five happy years followed, happy except that two dear children faded in turns as the flowers fade, and there was no sound of little feet on stair or floor.

Henry was a partner in the firm, and all went well until a cousin of Mrs. Noble's had a situation given to him in the counting-house. He was clever, plausible, and wicked. How need not be told, but he succeeded in undermining Mr. Noble's opinion of Henry Wilson's character, and brought before his father-in-law what seemed the strongest possible proofs of his having been guilty of fraud, forgery, and other wrongdoing as the results of secret gambling.

Mr. Noble was hasty of temper and speech. Bitter accusations were made, indignant denials returned. Henry was almost stupefied by the cleverness and completeness of the plot against him, and his powerlessness to disprove it at once. In the meanwhile he felt it impossible to remain under the same roof with Mr. Noble, whose cruel words stung him to the quick.

In his passion the merchant bade his son-in-law go, and never darken his doors again, and Henry obeyed him, but he did not go alone. The wife believed in her husband's integrity, and shared his banishment. Mr. Noble had not anticipated this. He had taken it for granted that his idolised daughter would see eye to eye with him even where her husband was concerned; but he was mistaken. His wife was from home on a visit, or probably her gentle presence would have restrained and rendered him more reasonable. As it was, he came home to find that his daughter had left the house with her husband, taking only her clothes, all trinkets and valuables having been packed up and addressed to him. Just a few farewell lines, in which love for her parents and distress on her husband's account, together with an expression of perfect confidence in his truth and uprightness, were mingled, and that was all. Henry had but little ready money. He had never needed to keep much in hand, and he was too indignant and proud in conscious innocence to ask or accept anything from his father-in-law.

At first, the pair took refuge with an old employé of the firm, to whom Henry had shown much kindness, and through him he eventually obtained a very humble situation. A few necessary articles were taken at night to the little house in Paradise Street—a place as far as possible from the old home—and there they spent a year as the neighbours of Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Greysmith. They lived and kept out of debt; that was all.

In the meanwhile, but by slow degrees, the man who had set himself to work Henry Wilson's ruin unveiled his real character. Success in evil rendered him more daring. Discovery followed, and with the certainty of his guilt came equally that of Henry Wilson's innocence, and bitter regret to the heart of his father-in-law. He longed to make amends, to bring him back, to restore him to his old place with more than the old trust and honour, and, O, blessed thought! to clasp once more the beloved daughter to his own heart, and give her back to her mother's arms.

The bereaved mother had been so good and patient. Silently and tenderly she had performed every little loving attention that Lucy had been used to render to her father. She suffered, and grew greyer and older-looking, yet uttered no word that might add to her husband's trouble, but ever hoped and prayed that the truth might be made manifest. The truth, that was all she looked for. She never doubted her son-in-law's integrity.

When the time came, Mr. Noble broke down in health, from the vain longing to make restitution to Henry. The mother's longing was as great, but her faith was greater.

"If I could but find him! He may have left the country. We may never see our child again," wailed the husband from his sick bed.

Her answer was, "We must not doubt, dearest. He who has permitted the truth about our dear Henry to come to light, will not leave him without the comfort of knowing that his innocence has been proved."

Mrs. Noble's faith was speedily rewarded.

IN WINTRY DAYS.

By S. S. McCURRY.

IN wintry days we sit and sigh
For summer scenes no longer nigh;
For murmuring bees, the wooded ways,
The blackbird warbling in the maze,
The tranquil mead, the evening sky.

The bower where climbed the rose-tree high
From ingle warm we now espy,
Alas! how faded all its sprays
In wintry days.

But mourn not though the fields deny
The songs, the perfume of July:
Shall faith unmindful cease to praise?
New suns will shine with fairer rays
For all the dark that dimmed thine eye
In wintry days.

IN WINTRY DAYS.

TINY'S DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

TINY was very unhappy. She was not starved or beaten, or troubled with cruel and unkind parents; far from it. She lived in a nice warm nursery, was dressed in pretty clothes, and owned as many toys as the heart of a child could desire. But Tiny, like many a grown-up person, wanted something she had not got, and fretted accordingly.

It was Christmas-time, the season of bon-bons, crackers, fireside tales, and presents. And the fairy tales were the innocent cause of her trouble. Tiny had only read one volume of fairy tales—few little girls of seven have done more—and she was consumed with a longing to read the wonders of another. Unfortunately, Tiny's grandmamma was ill, and Tiny's parents were so engrossed with her sickness that they refused her wish for the present. "When grandmamma is better, dear," they said, "you shall have one." But grandmamma did not get better, and Tiny thought it very unkind and inconsiderate of grown-up people to be ill and interfere with her pleasure.

The day was cold and rainy. Tiny had been cooped up in the nursery for twelve hours, her parents being busy as usual with grandmamma, and the little girl felt as we all do sometimes—thoroughly out of sorts, and inclined to quarrel with her fate. Nurse, earthly in her affections, and anxious to be off to her gossip and her supper, put Tiny to bed rather earlier than usual, and the little girl lay wide awake in her narrow cot, blinking at the fire and pondering over the charms of the forbidden fairy tales. Presently she grew fidgety, put one little fat leg over the rail, then another, and slid gradually on to the floor. The red embers of the waning fire looked warm and fascinating, and she was soon seated on the hearthrug in her nightgown, clasping one foot in her chubby hand, and staring thoughtfully with big eyes into the ruddy glow. By degrees she closed them, blinked, began to dream.

It seemed to her as though the room was suddenly filled with an effulgence of bright light, unearthly in its dazzling brilliancy, that blinded and confused her. As her sight gradually accustomed itself to the unwonted glare, she perceived a lady dressed in some white shining stuff standing in the doorway. Tiny involuntarily dropped a curtsey at the imposing appearance of her visitor, who began to speak in a voice as clear and shrill as the tinkling of musical glasses.

"Cinderella, my dear," she said, "my dear little girl!"

Tiny longed to say that her name was not Cinderella, but the words stuck in her throat; she could not utter a sound.

"Cinderella, you shall go to the ball tonight, only remember you must return at midnight."

Tiny bowed assent, and hey, presto! the scene changed; she stood bedizened in finery in a magnificent ballroom sparkling with lights; ladies and gentlemen in grand clothes and court dress, stars and ribands glittering on their bosoms, passed and repassed her. The faces, too, seemed strangely familiar. High up on a huge throne sat a little round stumpy figure, with hands clasped over his fat stomach, whom Tiny recognised at once as Humpty Dumpty.

Just as she was going to ask him how he had recovered from his fall, and been put together again, she was violently pushed by some people from behind her, who called out, "Make way for the queen!" and turning round beheld the Queen of Hearts, much flushed in the face, dressed in all her regal robes, and carrying a large trayful of tarts. They looked so good, and their odour was so deliciously appetising, that Tiny exclaimed—

"Oh, let me have some, please!" But the crowd closed round her, the pages waved her aside, and ashamed of her forwardness she drew back quickly.

Presently a handsome boy, dressed from head to foot in blue, came near and stared at her.

"What beautiful eyes he has!" thought Tiny, "and how steadily he looks at me!"

This was not surprising, for she discovered afterwards that his eyes were made of blue china, as clear and flawless as possible.

"How does he manage to wink his eyes?" she thought again; "and has he real or sham eyelashes?"

Her curiosity was not satisfied, however, for just then a small shepherdess approached, linked her arm in that of the boy, and carried him off.

"There goes Bo Peep," said the bystanders, "with little Boy Blue; she is going to be married to him."

Tiny felt sorry, for she would have liked to talk to Boy Blue, and look more carefully at his china eyes. Then all the couples fell to dancing. There was Goody Two-Shoes, in her pointed cap and high heels, treading a lively measure with Jack the Giant Killer, who carried a great branch of the famous bean-stalk in his hand; and Margery Daw, with some of the straw on which she had lain still sticking to her, footing a wild fandango with Blue Beard. Tiny burst out laughing as she beheld his solemn, cadaverous face, and the pointed beard shaking with the violence of his capers; but he threw her such a furious look from under his bushy eyebrows, and showed two rows of such white gleaming teeth, that she shrank together, thoroughly frightened, and determined to laugh no more.

No one seemed to notice her, they were all dancing merrily, and Tiny commenced to grumble to herself, "What is the use of being Cinderella, and having a fairy godmother, if one is to stand alone and forsaken?" And it seemed to her that she grew sadder and sadder, and felt more and more lonely the more everybody else enjoyed themselves. Presently, as she lingered shy and miserable, with a feeling of profound disappointment, the most beautiful of all the cavaliers, dressed more splendidly than any other, and whom she knew at once to be a prince, came up and offered her his hand. Tiny accepted it gladly, and they proceeded to dance down the room together joyfully, while glances of admiration from the company followed them. On they tripped lightly and merrily, Tiny as pleased and proud as possible, showing her smart pink dancing shoes, while the prince whispered soft compliments and pretty speeches in her ear.

Suddenly, in the very midst of her triumph, twelve strokes clanged out with a great boom.

"Midnight!" said the prince, regretfully.

"Midnight," echoed the company; "you must go home to bed."

"Go home, indeed!" thought Tiny, her heart swelling with pride and happiness; "not I, not I. Fancy being the prince's partner and going home to bed like a naughty child! I will dance all night if I choose."

The prince turned his large expressive eyes on her, with a look of astonished reproach; the company held up their hands in rebuke, but Tiny danced on, heedless and careless of the consequences. Her feet seemed to move faster and faster, she bounded so lightly along that she scarcely touched the ground, she almost floated in the air, so light and fairylike was she; and as she danced on and on, quicker and quicker, the crowd melted away, the lights vanished one by one, the sound of the music faded in the distance, the prince's grip of her hand grew looser, the air blew chiller, and at last she found herself alone, no longer in a palace, but on a wide desolate tract of moor, the stars above her only light. A bitter wind pierced through her clothes, she felt icy cold, and tried to stop and look about her. But she had no control over her feet, they danced on more madly than ever; the pace grew faster and more furious, her head was cold, her hands were chilled, but the feet knew neither rest nor respite.

"Will not some kind one save me? help, help!" shouted Tiny, as loud as she could, but only the night blast echoed her cry. Blinded, dizzy, exhausted, she must have fallen had not her feet, gifted with supernatural strength, carried her on remorselessly.

"You would dance," the sharp winds seemed to murmur, as they chilled her ears with their biting caresses, "you would dance; dance away now till you die."

"And I shall die," thought Tiny. "I must die, if I cannot stop soon." Then she bethought herself of a little rhyme which had always seemed to possess a soothing tendency, and might possibly mollify the powers of evil that held her enchained, and she repeated—

> "Dickety, dickety, dock,
> The mouse ran up the clock;
> The clock struck nine,
> The mouse ran down,
> Dickety, dickety, dock,"

with a fervour and an earnestness of which she had hitherto had no experience. As she did so, it appeared to her terrified senses as though the wild pace slackened, the wind whistled less fiercely; then came a violent jerk, a shake; the mechanism of her feet seemed to stop like a top run down; she tripped against a lump of earth, lost her balance, and fell panting to the ground.

She lay there for some moments, utterly worn out, and grateful for the mere feeling of rest and quiet. After a little she heard a gentle voice say: "Why, what is this? It's soft, it's alive! Why, dear me, it's a little girl!"

"Why, so it is!" squeaked another voice, a little louder and shriller.

"A little girl!" cried a third voice, louder and shriller still. Tiny got up and looked about her; then she began to laugh, and she laughed so loud and so long that her dancing shoes fell off, and as they did so she felt a

BEATRICE.
(*From the bust by A. Léonard.*)

strange sense of lassitude and pain. Three black and white rabbits, nearly as large as house dogs, sat solemnly confronting her on their haunches, blinking out of their pink eyes, and wagging their big ears backwards and forwards.

"Oh, you funny rabbits!" said Tiny, when she had recovered from her laughter.

"We were three little bears," gravely replied the largest of the rabbits, "but we are rabbits now."

"Dear me! how is that?" asked Tiny, with curiosity.

"We went about hugging everybody we met; we meant it kindly, we were overflowing with love and sympathy, but people did not understand us; they said we did harm, and were mischievous animals that killed men and women, and at last they persuaded a witch to turn us into rabbits. If we hug people now they don't mind it, but our hearts are just the same—they haven't changed those."

"No," said Tiny, "of course not; I suppose rabbits' hearts are like other people's——"

"Not good to eat," promptly put in rabbit number two. "And now, little girl, where are you going? and what are you doing out here all by yourself, without a nurse or a mother to look after you?"

"Mamma has gone to see grandmamma, who won't get well," said Tiny, petulantly, a fresh sense of the old grievance breaking upon her, "and I have been at the ball, and my dancing shoes ran away with me, and I am very tired."

"Poor little thing!" said the big rabbit; "come home with us, and we will look after you." Therewith one rabbit took her by the hand on one side with his paw, and the other rabbit took the other hand; and the third rabbit ran in front, and thus dancing along on their hind legs, they hurried her off.

"Where do you live?" said Tiny. "I can't go into a hole as you can, and if I did I should never get out again." The rabbits grinned, and their laughter was like the rattling of hail on a window-pane.

"We don't live in holes, we live in houses. Some people call houses holes; but we call things by their right names."

"That's so," said Tiny, remembering the Black Hole of Calcutta, which killed everybody, was really a house.

They walked for some distance, until the moorland was succeeded by large green fields, orchards, and woods. Then they entered a park-like enclosure, and there, under spreading trees, amidst fern and bracken, they stopped at a little cottage. Everything in the cottage was clean, but exceedingly diminutive. Tiny could only just pass in at the door, and the rooms resembled these of a doll's house. There was the kitchen, the parlour, and two bedrooms, in one of which slept the three rabbits, while the other was consigned to Tiny.

"Here, this is our house," said the big rabbit, "and you can stay here and be our servant."

"Your servant!" answered Tiny, indignantly. "I am a little lady, and my papa and mamma keep servants."

"That is nothing to us," they said. "You are alone and friendless, and it is very kind of us to take you in at all."

Tiny sighed, but for the first time in her life she felt the iron hand of necessity pressing her down, and was silent. They went into the kitchen, which looked very nice with its rows of well-scoured tiny saucepans and kettles; and into the larder, where stood milk and cream, and butter and bread, tastefully arranged in saucers and pans.

"We will have dinner," said the rabbits. "Can you cook, Cinderella?"

"Not much," said the little girl, ruefully, wishing she had learnt something practical in her doll's kitchen.

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can toast some bread, and butter a muffin, and roast an apple on the hob."

"Is that all?" said the rabbits, contemptuously. "We are plain people; but we like our food well cooked. Never mind, I will show you how, and then you will know for another time."

"What shall we cook?" asked Tiny, humbly, for she felt rather ashamed of her helplessness. "I don't see any meat."

"Meat! We never eat meat; we are vegetarians."

"What, don't you even eat bacon, frizzled bacon for breakfast? I always do. I can't dine without meat."

"Eat bacon, eat pig, eat animals like ourselves, as harmless and innocent as ourselves! Why, you must be a cannibal to suggest such a thing! You can only have reached the savage state; we are civilised people."

"Oh!" said Tiny. "What do you eat then? I am afraid I shan't like your dinners."

"We eat bread, oatcake, porridge, and vegetables."

"And don't you get tired of those things?"

"Tired of our victuals! Well, you are an extraordinary little girl!"

Tiny perceived that there were other ways of looking at things besides those she had hitherto practised, and wisely determined for the future to express no more surprise.

By degrees Tiny settled down into the habits of the place. She used to rise early, sweep and scour, and cook the porridge. The rabbits were very particular; they would discover specks of dust in the most out-of-the-way corners, and send Tiny back to sweep all over again; and complain the porridge was burnt, and then a fresh supply had to be made. Soon Tiny, who had never done a bit of real work in her life, and only played from morning till night, waxed very tired of it, and became discontented and careless. She spoilt the porridge and wasted the bread, and threw away good pieces that would have kept a whole family, and at last roused the honest indignation and anger of the friendly rabbits.

One day they called her to them, and seating themselves solemnly around her on their hind legs, they made her stand in the middle, and thus addressed her—

"Cinderella, we took you in out of charity; we fed you and kept you, and have been kind to you, and you have rewarded us by ingratitude. We asked you to be our servant and to do your duty, take care of our things, and be honest and careful. You have been idle and wasteful, and we will have nothing more to do with you. You can go where you like and wander about at your own sweet will; only as the consequences of wrongdoing must always follow people wherever they are, we condemn you to eternal recollection of your wastefulness."

Therewith they took her gently by the shoulders and pushed her outside the cottage and locked the door.

For a moment Tiny was too astonished to expostulate, but presently the helplessness of her position dawned upon her. What was she to do, all alone, a little girl in the wide wide world? She would starve or be eaten by wolves. Passionately she tried to turn the handle of the door, kicked violently at it, and screamed in fear and desperation for forgiveness. No one answered; a dread silence reigned around. Then she determined to walk away, thinking that the rabbits only meant to try her patience, and would presently call her in. But as she wandered away a little the cottage in its grove of trees disappeared from her sight, and all around she beheld nothing but fields of waving green oats. How the flaunting ears of corn swaying to and fro in the breeze seemed to mock at her! Once when she stretched out her hand towards them to pick a few stalks, they slipped from her grasp, flew back, and held themselves proudly erect just out of her reach.

Too sad to care much, she walked on till from sheer fatigue she stopped and looked around her. Suddenly she saw close beside her a table with bread and meat and milk laid out.

"Oh," she thought, "some good fairy has done this for me. I shan't starve after all, though the rabbits were so unkind."

She stooped to take up some of the food, but it melted into thin air as she tried to seize it, and nothing remained in her hands. After several vain attempts, she realised that the food was all sham, that it was but an appearance, and nothing tangible. Then, indeed, the little girl's courage forsook her; she threw herself on the ground and wept bitterly, and the voices of the air took up her complaint, and cried out, "You wasted food, you wasted food, now you know what it is to be hungry!"

How long she lay there she could not remember; the mockery of the wind whisperings drove her nearly mad; she thought she must be dying, and hoped she was, when something black and large looming over her recalled her to her senses. She raised her head and recognised Bluebeard's scowling face, with the sneering smile that uncovered his dazzling white teeth.

"Get up, Cinderella, and come with me," he said, and his voice sounded like the clang of several brass trumpets.

Tiny was too frightened to disobey, and, rising, stood meekly before him.

"I saw you at the ball," he continued, "and you would dance after midnight, though you were told not to. Come along, you are a fit companion for my disobedient wives; they will be very glad to see you. But what do you dress yourself in that ridiculous way for?"

"What way?" muttered Tiny, in a broken little voice, for she was really weak from hunger and emotion.

"Look!" and Bluebeard held out his watch to her. On its large gold cover she saw herself reflected quite distinctly. Two large stalks of oats stuck out behind each ear, her hair was covered with bits of straw, and her dress powdered with chaff and oatmeal.

Tiny, a vain and fastidious little girl, gazed at her own image with horror and disgust. The rabbits' curse was indeed an awful thing. Everyone till the day of her death would know that she had wasted good food, and as for calling her pretty, who could think a child pretty with oats growing behind her ears?

"Well, you are a guy, ain't you?" good-humouredly laughed Bluebeard. "Come along, I daresay my wives will clean you up a bit."

"But I thought your wives were dead," Tiny ventured to say.

"So they are; what of that? Don't you like dead people? They're quiet and harmless, at least."

"I've never seen any," said Tiny, and her heart sank within her. Where was he taking her to, and to what fate was she condemned? At any rate, disfigured as she was, even her own papa and mamma would not know her.

They trudged on, Bluebeard dragging the reluctant child beside him as she vainly tried to keep up with his long steps, till the castle loomed in sight—a gruesome spectacle. Everything about it was blue, the very woods had a blue tinge; the walls were blue, the roofs blue; the faces of the sentinels, who were dressed in blue, were ghastly and pallid like those of corpses.

Tiny's blood froze in her veins, but she dared not speak. Past the soldiers, over the drawbridge, through the courtyard, down the long, weird, resounding passages, Bluebeard dragged the helpless child, till at last they stopped in a high vaulted chamber painted a dull blue.

"Here we are," he said, with that unearthly chuckle that sent a chill through poor Tiny; "now I will fetch my wives." Herewith he strode to a blue curtain which concealed a recess in the wall of the room, and drew it aside.

The spectacle thus disclosed was a horrid one. Hung round on pegs like dresses were the bodies of six women, all dressed in blue, all suspended by thick hair, and all of a corpse-like colour.

"There they are," he said, "the finest women in England once, all young, all pretty, and all disobedient, eh, Cinderella? Welcome her, my dears," he added to the corpses; "she's come to see you."

The corpses all opened their eyes at this address, grinned with hideous smiles, and wagged their heads.

"Welcome, dear Cinderella," they said, in hoarse, croaking voices; "welcome."

Then Bluebeard went closer, cut a string, and let them down like a row of clothes off a clothes peg.

"I keep them hung up when I am away," he explained, "so that they cannot get into any mischief. A good plan, don't you think? I don't believe in the emancipation of women," he added with a chuckle; "that only ends in the slavery of man."

Tiny did not answer; indeed, she did not understand, but stood frozen with horror as one by one they came near, joined hands, and made a ring round her, dancing slowly to a kind of lugubrious chant—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all of a row."

"Bravo!" applauded Bluebeard. "That's right, make friends. You'll soon understand each other; trust women to gabble together and find food for talk and scandal." Therewith he strode from the room with a great clatter of spurs, and left Tiny surrounded by his wives.

"Come here, little girl," said one wife, who owned a famous shock of red hair. "Why don't you paint your face blue? We're all blue here—blue by nature, by appearance, and by profession. Talk of Girton, it's a joke to us."

"I had rather be white, please," stoutly remonstrated Tiny, who was getting over her first feelings of horror.

'Oh, would you; what bad taste! Fancy anyone wishing to be white who could be blue. Where can you have lived? You must be a savage!" remarked a black-haired beauty.

For the second time Tiny was twitted with being a savage. Thought she, "What a queer world it is!"

"And what crime have you committed? We are all disobedient, curious wives. We're all wicked, and we're not a bit ashamed of it, we glory in it. Are you very wicked?" asked one who seemed to speak in tones of authority as the head wife.

"I'm not wicked at all," said Tiny, indignantly. "I'm only a very unfortunate little girl."

"Oh, you're not wicked! well, we'll soon see that. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's pride. Come, girls, let's tickle her with nettles."

A shout of savage delight broke from the women; they each seized a bunch of blue nettles, peculiarly stinging and disagreeable-looking, that lay in a corner, and chanting loudly they advanced towards her, brandishing their weapons. Tiny gave one scream, and would have turned and fled, when a great light suddenly filled the room. Bluebeard's wives shrank back, and the same beautiful lady, clad in shining white, that had appeared once before to Tiny, stood there.

"The extravaganza is over," she said; "now for the harlequinade. You, Cinderella, shall be columbine, Bluebeard pantaloon, Humpty-Dumpty, for whom exercise is necessary, clown, and the Prince harlequin, because he is active and can dance."

A mighty flourish of trumpets and drums seemed to emphasise her words, a rosy mist spread over everything, turned red, green, violet, pale blue, finally melted into white, and as it cleared away revealed no beautiful lady, no castle, no furious wives, but a common street in a town, where people in ordinary dress passed and repassed before the shops, boys wheeled barrows, men carried baskets, and women hurried along with bundles and babies in their arms.

Tiny stood on the pavement, clad in the shortest of white tarlatane skirts, and beside her, looking amiable, was harlequin, a fine young man carrying a white wand in his hand, with which he persisted in slapping the passers-by, apparently to their indifference and his own satisfaction.

"Why do you do that?" asked Tiny; "come and dance with me."

Just then up came a very fat and clumsy pantaloon, who tumbled over everything without seeming to hurt himself, and was pulled up by the clown, with a hearty, "Here we are again!"

"Nice cherry fellows," thought Tiny, until they began to pursue her with a hot poker; made slides, on which she tripped painfully; threw apples and cabbages at her head, carried off squalling babies, upset helpless policemen, and indulged in Christmas frolics and vagaries which rendered existence hideous.

Tiny, disgusted, grew more and more weary of the rough horse-play, but as columbine she had her work to do, her capers to cut, her part to perform, whether she would or no; with aching heart and languid limbs, she must dance and smile, while the clown chucked her familiarly under the chin, the pantaloon gave her a sly pinch, and even harlequin urged her on, regardless of unwillingness or fatigue. The practical jokes grew rougher, the falls and somersaults more frequent, the dancing faster, the music harsher and wilder. Tiny felt herself drawn along in a kind of mad witches' revel; objects whirled around her in kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria, hideous clamour deafened her ears, chaotic noises stunned her brain, pain and anxiety dimmed her eyes, till all was merged in one dull, horrible blare of senseless noise, movement, din, and unutterable confusion; her consciousness forsook her, and she fell to the ground.

When with an effort she revived, she opened her eyes upon the peaceful nursery, the homely objects of furniture standing around in their accustomed places, the dim night light shedding its familiar luminous circle on the shabby carpet; the grate, where the fire had long since died out, staring black and cold in front of her; and Tiny herself, a little white, cramped, and shivering image, lying prone in her nightgown on the hearthrug.

The deafening noise that in her dream seemed so awful was only nurse's hearty voice as she returned satisfied and nourished from her supper.

"What, dear, out of bed; you'll catch your death of cold!"

"Oh, nurse, where am I?" said Tiny, gasping, and clinging frantically to the warm and capacious bosom, and the friendly arms stretched towards her.

"Why, in your nursery, of course. I'll be bound you've been dreaming of these funny stories. You look quite scared like. Well, I've news for you, dear. Grandmamma is much better; the doctor says she'll do now, and I heard them saying downstairs that you should have a new book of fairy tales to-morrow."

"I don't want fairy tales," sobbed Tiny. "I've had enough of them and never want any more, and—and—I hate fairy tales!"

COSTLY STONES:

THEIR HUES AND LANGUAGE.

Would the ring upon her finger, or the bracelet on her arm,
Be less fondly venerated, or possess a lesser charm,
If she thought there were a meaning a-lurking in each stone,
And each speaking, as it sparkles, a language all its own?

THOSE beautiful and wonderful minerals known as precious stones still hold sway in the world of commerce and that of fashion, and a quiet half-hour spent in reviewing their numberless hues and their varied meanings can hardly fail of being interesting, and possibly useful at the same time. We shall arrange the stones alphabetically, for the sake of convenience, and not according to value or harmony of colour.

COLOURS OF STONES.

Amethyst.—Violet, violet red, purple.

Agate.—Clear grey tints, also yellow and variegated.

Aquamarine.—Bluish green, or greenish blue.

Beryl.—Bluish green.

Bloodstone (Heliotrope).—Green, spotted with red.

Carbuncle.—Ruby red, hyacinth red, brownish red.

Carnelian.—Pale red, bright red.

Chalcedony.—Emerald, purple, red, blue; also white, bluish white, etc.

Chrysolite (Oriental).—Greenish, mixed with yellow; also golden yellow.

Chrysolite (Occidental).—Pale yellowish green; also olive green, brown, etc.

Chrysoberyl.—Bright, light green, to emerald green, bluish or yellowish green, "sometimes reddish by transmitted light."

Cymophane.—Greenish yellow.

Chrysoprase.—Apple green.

Cat's Eye.—Greenish grey, with glaring internal reflections.

Diamond.—Colourless blue, yellow, green, orange, rose, brown, black.

Emerald.—Seven shades of green.

Garnet.—Various shades of red, from ruby red to brownish red.

Heliotrope.—Green, spotted with red.

Hyacinth.—Red, brownish red.

Hydrophane.—White, yellowish, grey.

Iris.—Very limpid, iridescent under light.

Jacinth.—Yellow or amber, orange, red.

Jasper.—Red, yellow, green, and other shades.

Jade.—Light green, olive green, or light blue.

Malachite.—From emerald green to grass green.

Opal.—Milky, variable, iridescent.

Onyx.—Brown and white, black and white, greyish.

Pearl.—White, delicately shaded with azure and also with rose, grey, yellow, pink, dark brown, and black.

Ruby (Oriental).—Red.

Ruby (Spinel).—Pure red, rose, cherry, deep violet, white, orange.

Ruby (Balas).—Violet rose, vinegar rose.

Sapphire.—Blue.

Sapphire (Water).—Transparent blue.

Sardius.—Bright red.

Sard.—Red.

Sardonyx.—Red and white, whitish and carnation red.

Sardoine.—Fawn.

Sard-Agate.—Whitish tint and orange red, or pale yellowish red in regularly disposed layers.

Topaz (Oriental).—Yellow.

Topaz (Brazilian).—Deep yellow, reddish yellow, rose, also colourless.

Topaz (Russian).—Bluish or greenish white.

Topaz (Saxony).—Pale yellow, vinous yellow.

Tourmaline.—Red, blue, green, etc.

Turquoise.—Blue, bluish-green.

Lapiz Lazuli.—Pure azure.

As two precious stones bearing the same name may be very different in composition, and consequently in value, it is necessary to distinguish them by placing the words Oriental and Occidental before them, the Oriental signifying the superior variety and the Occidental the inferior, of any precious stones.

The Diamond.

Ethiopia, India, and Borneo are supposed to be the three oldest countries by which the diamond has been supplied. Those obtained from near Golconda (in India) surpassed all others for their size and beauty, but in 1532 the old mines of Golconda were stopped, probably from a cessation of supply, and the latest most extensive diamond furnishing countries are South Africa and Brazil; those furnished by Borneo, though of the best, being of limited quantity, and those discovered in some other parts of the world too few to attract notice.

In some instances the diamonds of Brazil are extremely small, and occasion a great strain upon the sight to discover them; and children are sometimes employed to wash the sands, as few of their elders can see them after twenty-five years of age. The sands in which they occur need to be washed two, three, or several times, lest any should accidentally escape notice and thus get thrown away.

In South Africa, the De Beers Mine was regarded several years ago, along with others, as the "richest in the world," and from this mine and the Kimberley were obtained in the year 1887 diamonds to the amount of 250,000 carats, the contents of one "large bucketful of rich stones purchased for a quarter of a million sterling." It was in Africa that the diamond known as the African Koh-i-noor was discovered in 1869, and whose value was estimated "at about £30,000."

In Her Majesty's possession is a diamond also called the Koh-i-noor (mound of light). It is supposed to have been discovered near Masulipatam, in the bed of the Godavery, 5,000 years ago, and, according to Mr. King, is "older than the tables of the law." After a long time it became the property of the Rajahs of Malwa, and from them it passed into the possession of the Mogul emperors, and from them into that of the Persian Shahs, till the year 1813, when it accompanied the Cabul exile Shah to Lahore, who was compelled to resign it to Runjeet Sing in exchange "for the revenue of three villages, not one rupee of which he ever realised." From Runjeet it descended for a time to his successors, and "after the murder of Shir Sing it remained in the Lahore treasury until the supercession of Dhulip Sing, and the annexation of the Punjab by the British Government, when the civil authorities took possession of the Lahore treasury, under the stipulation previously made that all the property of the State should be confiscated to the East India Company in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, and of the expenses of the war.

"It was at the same time stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England;" and accordingly it was brought by two officers by Her Majesty's ship *Medea* from Bombay to England, where they arrived June 30th, 1850, and it was delivered to Her Majesty on the 3rd of July.

The Koh-i-noor is sometimes mistaken for another diamond known as the "Mogul," but they differ not only in weight and place of discovery, but also in age. The Koh-i-noor is supposed to be about 5,000 years old, and was found, according to King, in the bed of the river Godavery, and according to the above historians "the Hindu legend" makes it to have been found "in the mines of Golconda, in the south of India, in the days of the great war."

Its weight was 186½ carats, but by recutting it was reduced to 102½ carats. The Mogul, on the other hand, was found in the year A.D. 1550 or 1650, in the mine of Colore or Colone, and weighed 787½ carats, and by recutting was reduced to 280 carats. Consequently they are two very different stones. In the crown of England there are "1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds," in addition to other gems.

In 1791 Catherine of Russia is said to have presented her favourite Potemkin with a "magnificent palace, and a coat laced with diamonds, which cost £50,000."

The diamond is the hardest of all substances. Its hardness is represented by 10. It has, however, been engraved. When diamonds occur of a lovely rose or green, the former is more beautiful and consequently more valuable than the colourless, and the latter is much esteemed, but when the colours are only inferior they rather diminish its beauty than add to it.

The Sapphire.

Next in hardness to the diamond is the Oriental sapphire, or true corundum, which is 9. It is supposed to be the same stone as the hyacinthus of the ancients, described as of a "shining cerulean colour," of extreme hardness, liable to be of too deep or too pale a hue, and extremely cold when put in the mouth. The modern hyacinth is quite a different stone, and of quite a different colour to that of the ancients, which was obtained from Ethiopia. Job makes mention of the sapphire, and in the Book of Revelations we find it again under the name of jacinth. (Rev. xxi. 20, R.V.) It also formed one of the stones in the breastplate of Aaron (Exod. xxviii. 18). The largest sapphire is the "Ruspoli," which is valued at £6,800." In the possession of Lady Burdett-Coutts are two, valued at £30,000, and in Her Majesty's crown are "sixteen sapphires and one large broad-spread sapphire." Those that have a star of six rays are called asteria, or star sapphires. Real sapphires came formerly from Ceylon, and are also obtained thence at the present day. They were furnished in great abundance by Siam eighteen years ago. The water sapphire also came from Ceylon, but half of its composition is silica instead of all being the pure alumina of the true corundum; while those obtained from Epailly in France are regarded as nothing more than coloured quartz.

The Ruby.

The Oriental ruby and the carbuncle of the ancients are considered to be one and the same stone, although the name carbuncle was often bestowed upon any red stone. Its hardness is 9. It came from the west of Asia Minor, but in 1852 they were obtained from Pegu, which Dieulafait styles "that fatherland of rubies." It is now, however, asserted that the mines of Mougouk in Burmah are pretty nearly the only sources of supply at the present day, and from them come "the finest rubies in the world." The ruby is the most precious of all gems at the present day, and were it possible to obtain it of the great size some diamonds are found, it would be valued at from two to three times more than the latter. It was evidently the most costly stone in the time of Job, for having mentioned the value of wisdom as compared with gold, silver, and other precious stones, he declares that "the price of wisdom is above rubies" (chap. xxviii. 12—28). In Exodus xxviii. 17, and xxxix. 10, the marginal reading for "sardius" is ruby.

The ruby is said to be distinguishable from the garnet by its fewer angles, its power to resist fire, and the beauty and clearness of its colour when held up to the light; whereas the garnet is the reverse.

In Her Majesty's crown there are four rubies, and one large ruby irregularly polished.

In the time of Aurungzebe, the great Mogul of Delhi in the seventeenth century, rubies amongst other precious stones "studded the chairs of royalty," and a short extract on Delhi magnificence may not be here altogether out of place.

"Delhi had become a magnificent town, the mosque, palace, and courts of justice were lofty and spacious, built of white marble and red sandstone, and either richly enamelled or profusely but tastefully decorated with flowers and passages from the Koran, in jasper, lapis-lazuli, agate, and bloodstone. Mirrors and gilding added to the dazzling effect of the ornamental interior, and pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones studded the chairs of royalty. The peacock throne was long an object of admiration to travellers. Fountains played in terraces and avenues, in halls and vestibules; while the perfume of the rose and the jasmine, the song of a thousand birds, and the rich and graceful foliage of the plantain and the orange-tree more than atoned for the geometric formality of the *parterres* and *allées* of the garden. The brocades and silken costumes of king, princes, and nobles glittered with gold; their horses, elephants, and palankeens were gorgeously decorated with trappings and housings."

The spinel ruby and balas ruby differ in colour, and are of inferior composition to the true ruby; and the balas is inferior to the spinel. Spinels are obtained from Ceylon, Burmah, and Pegu, and also from some localities in America. Balas were obtained formerly from Balakshan, in Central Asia.

The Topaz

is regarded as the same as the Oriental chrysolite; it was formerly found on an island of the Red Sea. Although a corundum, it is never as valuable as the emerald or ruby. One "belonging to the Grand Mogul was purchased at Goa for £11,260."

The topazes from Russia, Saxony, and Brazil are not corundums. Those from the Urals and the Indies are spoken of as "blazing like fire."

Oriental Chrysolite and Chrysoberyl.

The chrysoberyl is found in one or two localities in America, and forms a beautiful gem, if it can only be obtained clear enough; but according to Dana it is not often free

from flaws. The Occidental chrysolite, which is obtained from Brazil and elsewhere, is of inferior composition.

BERYL AND AQUAMARINE.

Emerald, beryl, and aquamarine differ but little in their composition, though the emerald is by far the most highly prized of the three, its green being much richer than that of the other two. Cangar Jum (in India), Siberia, and Brazil, furnished the aquamarine or noble beryl; beryls are also obtained from several localities in America. Dieulafait remarks that "for a long time the beryl was only known in India, afterwards in Arabia, and still later in Russia." The common beryl, of honey yellow, brownish grey, etc., is found in Norway and other Continental localities. "A magnificent beryl surmounts the globe in the royal crown of England."

THE PEARL.

What is the pearl?

The pearl is a substance formed of lime and an organic matter inhabiting those bivalves known as the pearl oyster and pearl mussel, found in both river and sea. Mr. King, quoting Chares of Mitylene, compares the oyster to "meat both large and white and of very agreeable odour," and the pearls themselves to "the white bones" of that meat. Quoting Isidorus, he informs us that "the pearls are born alive, and are nourished through the part attached to the flesh. The latter is firmly fixed to the mouth of the shell, and is furnished with claws, and catches food. This part is exactly like the little crab called the pinnophylax. From this the fleshy part extends as far as the middle of the shell like a root along which the pearls are bred, and grow through the solid part of the shell, and increase in size as long as they remain attached thereto. But when the fish recedes along the length of its projection, and gently cuts off and severs the pearl from the shell, though it envelops the pearl it no longer nourishes, it only renders it more polished, more transparent and purer." In the time of the Ptolemies, pearls were brought from the Red Sea. These beds, however, were believed to be exhausted, as they had ceased to be worked; but at the present time pearls are again obtained from the Red Sea, as well as from the coasts of Mexico, the Bay of Panama, Ceylon, Borneo, and the Persian Gulf, New Guinea, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere; and concerning the place where they were so plentiful in the time of Isidorus, it is now said that "at the Bahrein fishery in the Persian Gulf many hundred boats are employed, manned by from eight to twenty men, and the value of the pearls obtained is stated to average £1,000 yearly, but the amount of course varies." The same authority tells us that "in many of the Scotch rivers old men, women, and children may be seen wading about the shallow fords, and when they discover a collection of mussels they thrust down long sticks split at the ends, and bring up the mussels in the slots. In the shallow water of the Dee the boatmen look down into the water with a tin having a glass bottom, and when shells are discovered they are brought up by a kind of dredge or scoop, and frequently some fine pearls are obtained."

Pearls are either perfectly spherical or pear-shaped, and the colour most esteemed was white with a delicate tint of azure. Then rose-tinted became fashionable, and now it appears that pearls may be procured of almost every hue—black, pink, yellow, and grey—which are styled "fancy pearls."

Queen Victoria is said to be especially fond of pearls, and an incident is told of her having purchased three valued at £500. Having wrapped them in tissue paper, she laid them on her desk, and one morning hastily wiped her pen on the said tissue paper and threw it into the fire, quite forgetful that the pearls were in it. In vain the grate was searched. The pearls were burnt. When the Princess Louise of Wales married the Duke of Fife, she wore round her throat a string of pearls, the gift of the Queen. The Princess's necklet always contains the number of pearls that corresponds with the years of her age, for Her Majesty presents her with a new pearl every birthday. What, then, is the pearl? "In fact," says Mr. King, "the pearl is only a concretion of the matter lining the shell that accumulates upon some foreign body accidentally introduced into the shell (usually a grain of sand) for the purpose of preventing the irritation its roughness would otherwise occasion the tender inmate," and he also shows that the Chinese introduced into the shell their miniature idols of brass and stone, and afterwards withdrew them as pearls of the most "grotesque configurations."

The Southern Cross pearl is probably something of this kind. It consists of seven pearls in the shaft and two in the arms, all adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, though having no apparent junction. It is of fine quality and great value, and is supposed to have had the groundwork of its construction formed by the introduction into the shell of a piece of seaweed. The largest pearl in the world is said to be the Hope. Its weight is three ounces.

Of the extravagant uses to which these gems have been put, the two or three following statements will show. In the reign of Charles IX., a hall in Constable Montmorenci's house, in which he (the Constable) lay at his death, had its walls hung with crimson velvet bordered with pearls; and in the reign of Henry IV. the Maréchal de Bassompierre "had once a coat trimmed with pearls that cost £900." They studded the chairs of royalty at Delhi, but here we pause with the remark that in Her Majesty's crown are "four drop-shaped pearls and 273 pearls." Artificial pearls are little blown-glass spherules, which are filled with the scales of a little white fish called the bleak or ablette, which abounds in the Seine, the Marne, and the Loiret. The art of making false pearls was invented in 1680 by Jacquin, of Paris, and has prospered ever since.

THE EMERALD.

A perfect emerald is a great rarity, for it is extremely liable to flaws. At the present day it is much prized when perfect, diamonds being almost too abundant. The Urals and Altai Mountains, and the Muso Mine, Santa Fé, New Granada, are probably still the chief sources of supply of the true emerald. It need only be remarked here that in Her Majesty's crown there are "eleven emeralds," and that the Czarina of Russia, who is said to "possess a more splendid collection of jewels than any other European sovereign," was presented, on her fortieth birthday (November 26th, 1887), with a beautiful necklace consisting of forty of the finest procurable emeralds.

THE ORIENTAL AMETHYST.

This gem is evidently still out of fashion, as it was eighteen years ago. In the time of Heliodorus amethysts came from India. The Oriental amethyst is the violet-coloured variety of corundum. Corundum is a mineral composed almost exclusively of alumina, or crystallised clay, and its different colours arise from minute particles of other minerals being united with the alumina. When corundum is blue, it is called Oriental sapphire; when red, Oriental ruby; when green, Oriental emerald; when yellow, Oriental topaz; and when violet, Oriental amethyst. Then we have what is called common corundum, and the brownish-coloured, granular variety is called emery, and is used for polishing glass, metal, etc. According to Ramsay's "Mineralogy," emery is obtained from "Saxony, Naxos, and other Grecian isles." America is pretty abundant in amethysts, but it is said that "the greater part of the amethysts of commerce are Occidental amethysts."

CHALCEDONY.

The chalcedonies of India far surpass all others for transparency and the extreme beauty of their varied colours, while the jaspers of Arabia excel all others in the splendour of their dyes. The white chalcedony from the East, with its delicate dendritic markings, is called "Mocha Stone." The ordinary chalcedony is found in England, Ireland, Germany, America, and elsewhere. Its colours are bluish-white, pale-grey, and light-brown. Chalcedony is divided into many varieties, as—agate, onyx, carnelian, chrysoprase, sardonyx, plasma, etc. They owe their names to the different metallic oxides by which they are coloured. Agates have also many names, as moss-agate, ruin-agate, landscape, etc., owing to their various zones and colours. Though capable of receiving a beautiful polish, they are "not much used in fine jewellery." Jasper is red, green, yellow, etc., and when these colours are in stripes it is called riband jasper; and Egyptian jasper when the colours are in irregular concentric zones. Jasper is opaque, and has hardly any lustre, but takes a high polish. It is used more for inlaid work than for jewellery. Heliotrope is a variety of jasper, and is found in a locality in Orange County, New York.

THE OPAL.

Milky-white or milky-yellowish-white colour. The three kinds of opals of commerce are: The Oriental or noble opal, the fire opal, and the common opal. The two former are beautifully iridescent, showing many brilliant colours, or flashes of colour. The common opal is not so. The countries that have supplied the opal are—Arabia, Ceylon, Honduras, etc.; the noble opal from Mexico, Hungary, etc.; the fire opal from Mexico, Washington Co., Georgia; and the common opal of various colours from Hungary and elsewhere.

GARNET.

The Indian garnet, and the garnet of Pegu, Ceylon, and Brazil, known as the Syrian, surpass all others for their beauty and lustre. Ceylon, Greenland, and Pegu furnish the best and most valued. Garnets are of many varieties, but only two kinds are fit for gems, viz., the Almandine and the Grossularia. The variety called Pyrope, or "the precious garnet of Bohemia," was supposed, like the ruby, to be, along with one or two other red varieties of garnet, the carbuncle of the ancients. Garnets are very plentiful in America.

HYACINTH.

The present hyacinth is a variety of zircon, and of a brownish-red or transparent red; but the hyacinthus of the ancients was blue, and is supposed to be our modern sapphire. Hyacinths are obtained from Ceylon, Greenland, Siberia, Bohemia, etc.; and were also obtained from the bed of the river of Epailly. Hyacinths are used in jewellery.

HYDROPHANE.

Out of water this stone is opaque, and of a whitish or yellowish colour; but when wet is said to become "translucent and opalescent." A white hydrophane has been discovered in Colorado, and has been named "magic stone" by the finder.

CAT'S-EYE.

Greenish-grey. It comes from Ceylon.

MALACHITE.

Obtained from Connecticut, New Jersey, Africa, Australia, Siberia, etc. It consists of two kinds—atlasite and emerald malachite. The latter is beautifully green and of vitreous lustre; atlasite is of dark and light green in concentric rings, takes a high polish, and is used in the manufacture of fancy articles, as

vases, snuff boxes, tables, etc., but sometimes used in jewellery.

JADE.

Jade has been obtained from India, Switzerland, South America, Central Asia, Turkey, and Poland. It is very tough, and used for war hatchets, figure stones, etc. Jadeite is another variety containing alumina, and more highly prized than all the usual varieties of jade.

TURQUOISE.

Blue or bluish-green; according to Dana, it comes from Persia, "not far from Nichabour." Although an aluminous stone, Dieulafait states that it "does not reach a high price except in specimens of a very unusual size." Arabia and Palestine furnished the delicate blue turquoise. The hardness of the turquoise is 5·6 or 6. The Occidental turquoise is merely coloured bone or fossil ivory.

TOURMALINE.

Tourmalines are of many colours; the darker shades are designated common. The red tourmalines from Paris, Meare described as "of great value, and affording gems of remarkable beauty." They are almost equal to the ruby for lustre and richness of colour, while the yellow variety from Ceylon is scarcely distinguishable from the real topaz, "and is often sold for that gem." The yellow, red, and green varieties are all used as gems. Tourmalines of various colours are abundant in America. Brazil, Sweden, and Siberia have also furnished tourmalines, and also many other countries.

LAPIZ LAZULI.

From this mineral comes the pigment known as ultramarine, which has been superseded by cobalt. Some years ago lapiz lazuli was fashionable in brooch jewelry. It came from Persia, China, and Siberia and Chili.

THE LANGUAGE OF GEMS;
Or, The Sentiments Associated with Precious Stones.

Agate.—Health, prosperity, and long life.

Amethyst.—Peace of mind, earthly suffering, sorrow, deep love, and truth unto death.

Aquamarine.—Misfortune and hope.

Bloodstone.—Courage and success in hazardous enterprises.

Carbuncle.—Suffering.

Chrysolite.—Preservation from folly.

Carnelian.—Forgetfulness of evils.

Diamond.—Repentance, innocence, and light, purity, life, and joy.

Emerald.—Success in love, faith, victory, and immortality.

Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity.

Jacinth.—The same.

Jasper.—See bloodstone.

Malachite.—Success and happiness; also numerous friends.

Opal.—Good fortune; more recently, misfortune; though some prefer to make it signify hope.

Pearl.—Purity, innocence, humility, tears, and a retiring spirit.

Ruby.—Forgetfulness of evils; also divine power and love; dignity and royalty.

Sapphire.—Repentance and innocence; also virtue, truth, constancy, contemplation, heavenly love and heaven.

Sardius.—Martyrdom in ecclesiastical symbolism.

Sardonyx.—Conjugal felicity, or married bliss and unanimity.

Topaz.—Friendship, fidelity, fruitfulness, love to God, and the goodness of God.

Turquoise.—Success, happiness, and numerous friends.

NEW TESTAMENT PRECIOUS STONES.

1. *Jasper.*—Constancy and firmness.
2. *Sapphire.*—Heavenly thoughts.
3. *Chalcedony.*—Ardent zeal.
4. *Emerald.*—Suavity of manner.
5. *Sardonyx.*—Variety in teaching.
6. *Sardius.*—Readiness for martyrdom.
7. *Chrysolite.*—Restrained by no obstacles.
8. *Beryl.*—Preparedness of mind at all times.
9. *Topaz.*—Healing power.
10. *Crysoprase.*—Severity towards sin.
11. *Hyacinth,* or Jacinth.—Calmness in all storms.
12. *Amethyst.*—Sobriety and temperance.*

EMBLEMS ACCORDING TO MARBODUS.

Jasper.—Lasting faith.

Sapphire.—Simplicity, hope, and a virtuous life.

Chalcedony.—Worship of God in secret.

Emerald.—Faith, bounteousness, pious deeds.

Sardonyx.—Humility, chastity, martyrdom.

Sardius.—Victory in martyrdom and union to Christ.

Chrysolite.—The perfect Christian who displays his light.

Beryl.—Retirement, solitude, quietness.

Topaz.—Study and contemplation.

Chrysoprase.—True, perfect, and immoveable love.

Hyacinth.—A pious life, well guided by discretion.

Amethyst.—The humble Christian's death in Christ.†

Dieulafait has given the names of the twelve stones consecrated to the twelve months of the year, and to the signs of the Zodiac, as follows:—

Garnet	Aquarius	January.
Amethyst	Pisces	February.
Jasper	Aries	March.
Sapphire	Taurus	April.
Agate	Gemini	May.
Emerald	Cancer	June.
Onyx	Leo	July.
Carnelian	Virgo	August.
Chrysolite	Libra	September.
Aquamarine	Scorpio	October.
Topaz	Saggitarius	November.
Ruby	Capricornus	December.

* The above Language of Gems is extracted from an article on precious stones by B. H. C. in the *Queen* for December 7th, 1878, by the kind permission of the editor.

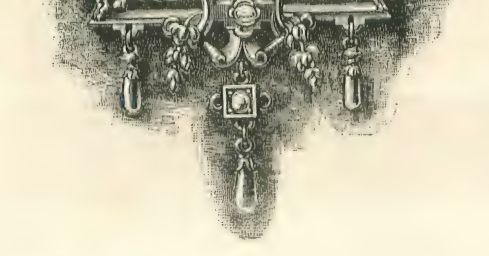
† Abridged from King's translation of the poem by Marbodus, p. 337-339.

He tells us also that "the pearl was dedicated to Venus, and is sacred to love and beauty." It was ever esteemed very highly by the Persians, and throughout Asia was valued far more than gold; consequently the Jews were acquainted with the trade carried on on the Red Sea coasts, when our Saviour took this precious gem as an emblem of Himself. We may look around and admire the gems that are visible, and some perhaps would even go to great lengths of toil to obtain them for their own. Yet they are perishable, and can but be kept during this life. Ought it not to be our earnest aim to obtain sure possession of the only true and endurable pearl—the "Pearl of great price"?

The *Ruby.*—"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies" (Prov. xxxi. 10). The value of the ruby is higher than that of any other gem. It was, therefore, no small tribute that was paid to woman, not merely as woman, but to her virtues, as it was perhaps impossible to find any more costly comparison. The graces that made her so extremely prized were not those "of plaiting the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel" (1 Peter iii. 3); but the graces of charity—kindness in her home life and to her servants; her serious and faithful deportment to her husband, and perhaps, above all, her supreme industry.

In concluding our review of the hues and language of precious stones, there seems one more lesson to be gained. We see in their formation not only the power but the "goodness of God," for, not being absolutely necessary to man's existence, they naturally point out the liberality and benevolence of the Creator, who has not only formed flowers to adorn the earth, but gems to adorn the creature; and yet He means them not for all. They are the special dowry of the heirs of this world's wealth; and, oh, let them not set such store by these morsels, which can be lost or stolen, as to forget that other jewel, which like them can also be lost, and that for ever. One soul is of far more value than a world of rubies. He has given the very poorest girl a soul. Then prize your soul. Keep it, educate it, that it may glisten in the clear and fragrant atmosphere of a sinless land. And if you are the happy possessor of the gleaming fragments, yet, "set not your heart upon them" (Ps. lxii. 10), for should He ever so require they can be turned to use in His service. Nor would any girl who thus sacrificed her jewels for the furtherance of His kingdom be the first in life's history to do such a deed. Might not America have lain undiscovered till now if Queen Isabella of Castile had not pledged her jewels to assist Columbus? We need not, however, fancy it requires wealth before we can do something; for there is a temple being built slowly but surely, and every stone in that building is wanted, and every girl that chooses may be a stone in it.

M. J. HYSLOP.



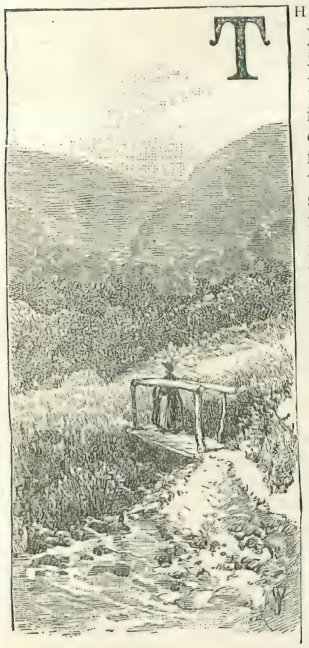
CRUMPLED ROSE LEAVES.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," "Dr. Blandford's Conscience," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE NOW AND THE THEN.

"Believe in love which nought can tire,
Which bright through every veil appears,
In love! the fuel of the fire,
In love! the ray that lights the spheres.
The faith which never fails or halts,
The peace which lofty virtues bring,
Indulgence for a neighbour's faults,
The sponge which wipes out everything."
—*Victor Hugo.*



THE month was November. A cold light fell on the pond in the demesne fringed with withering sedges. The ferns, rent and brown, had the mournful air which belongs to those who have ceased to keep up appearances, while they still hold themselves erect in the pride of having once seen better days. The crimson heath was rusting; but faint tawny lights brought into relief the dark fruits of the ivy and the brighter berries which in lanes and meadows adorn our hedgerows—blackberry and purple sloe, with scarlet hips and haws.

In the demesne of which she had been for the last ten years sole proprietor and lady, the Hon. Paulina Elmore took her afternoon ramble; what she was pleased to call her duty-walk. And in truth she looked as if she found it more of a duty than a pleasure. "If only she could have been persuaded to go through the village, she would have seen a little life," her maid observed, in expatiating on her "uncheerfulness" to her fellow-servants; but in the demesne Miss Elmore met no one save the gamekeeper, woodmen, or other of her labourers. Sometimes she encountered their wives or their bright-eyed children, who were glad of a little notice, and who looked wistfully into her face.

The words she greeted them with, if few, were always kindly spoken; but the rich lady as she passed on sometimes mused on the brightness and contentment that so often go hand in hand with poverty, while the poor hard-working woman who filled her thoughts for the moment, or the little child gathering sticks to take home, wondered still more at the joylessness of one who had all that this world can give, and who fared sumptuously every day. There were some more critical, who did not hesitate to say that Miss Elmore's refined and thoughtful features bore traces of an irritability and bitterness which rendered her unattractive, and marred what grace might have belonged to her in the dead day of her youth.

Withal she enjoyed the esteem and confidence of her tenantry. No steward or landbailiff dared to be oppressive in her name. Never was any case of distress or need among the poor on her estate allowed to pass without careful investigation into its causes, relief being administered in the most judicious and befitting manner. She acted on the principle that the truest beneficence is that which helps the poor to help themselves, and those who were obnoxious to her for their drunkenness or laziness, she soon managed to get rid of on the "movin' on" principle. Undesirable tenants had short notice to quit, labourers who never gave satisfaction to those over them were speedily dismissed. She had little forbearance and less taste for the work of a reformer; her concern was the estate itself, to have all her dependants well cared for and respectable, and to uphold order and purity of life in the village.

Things were going on smoothly at present, and innocent anticipations of Yule were already occupying not only the minds of children and their elders, but were intruding themselves into the deliberations of Board and Vestry.

As Miss Elmore made a wand of her umbrella for the parting of billows of dead leaves, the cares and worries of to-day were not present to her; her heart was filled with the Now and the Then, and herself an actor in each—the same and yet not the same.

Withering, withering, those many-tinted autumn leaves. A crude translation of a little German poem which memory retained because it had been set to music, sung itself over in her recollections as she pursued her solitary way.

"Withering, withering, all are withering—
All of hope's flowers that youth had nursed,
Flowers of love too early blossoming,
Buds of ambition too frail to burst.
Faintly, faintly, O how faintly
I feel life's pulses ebb and flow;
Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
With one who would not fain live moe."

Her heart ached with the loneliness of her lot. After her lonely walk, she would enter her luxurious but lonely home. She would dress without regard to the pleasure her appearance was to give to any eye; she would dine alone, and have solitude for her companion, until perchance in the land of dreams dear familiar faces came back to her.

Not always was the want in her life so keenly present to Paulina Elmore as it was this afternoon. It was a sadness that, like neuralgia, recurred at intervals, on the slightest provocation, some of its visitations being much more unendurable and protracted than others.

November is no friend to the neuralgic or the melancholy. Smiling grimly, she had extracted out of the surroundings of the lady who lived delicately all the gall that could be wrung out of them.

She triumphed over her anguish as she tasted the cup, and was determined that before December came with his fun, his sleigh-bells, and his icicles, she should drain it to the very last drop.

So much for the Now; but what was Miss Elmore's past? What the Then that awakened vain regrets? She had much more wealth at her disposal than she had when she was surrounded by father and mother and brothers and sisters; but what did that matter? She had always had enough and to spare. The sunshine of a stately but loving English home had fallen warmly and brightly around her, and she had free entrance to all the pleasures which a good social position can confer. She had beauty and talent. She knew what it was to be admired and looked up to, so though she could not help the blanks made by the great Spoiler, it must be by her own choice that she was lonely, and no wonder that she felt sad, in reflecting how very, very happy she had been in the past. No, in truth, her sadness was because she had been no happier. She knew the value of her blessings now that she had lost them, and her heart was wrung with remorse for not having held them dearer while they lasted.

As she sat before the cosy fire that evening, in her luxurious drawing-room, holding in her hands a piece of work which in two hours did not grow by a single stitch, she said audibly—

"It is owing to the unfortunate constitution of my mind that happiness in this world is not possible to me. If it is in the next, it will be because I shall not have nerves like those that plague me now, and there will be nothing for me to vex my weak, irritable spirit over; the discords of my nature will have been attuned."

"How can you be sure of that, when you have cried out so often against them here? How much has your religion helped you?" inquired some dark spirit near her, so plainly and decisively that Miss Elmore looked round as if she expected to see a ghost.

"I am getting dreadfully nervous," she thought. "The best remedy will be to have some company, but whom shall I invite?" Miss Schneider, her friend from girlhood. "But no, at this time of the year she could never join me in my afternoon walks," she said. "Her health generally is too uncertain for one to depend upon her for society, so I must not think of her."

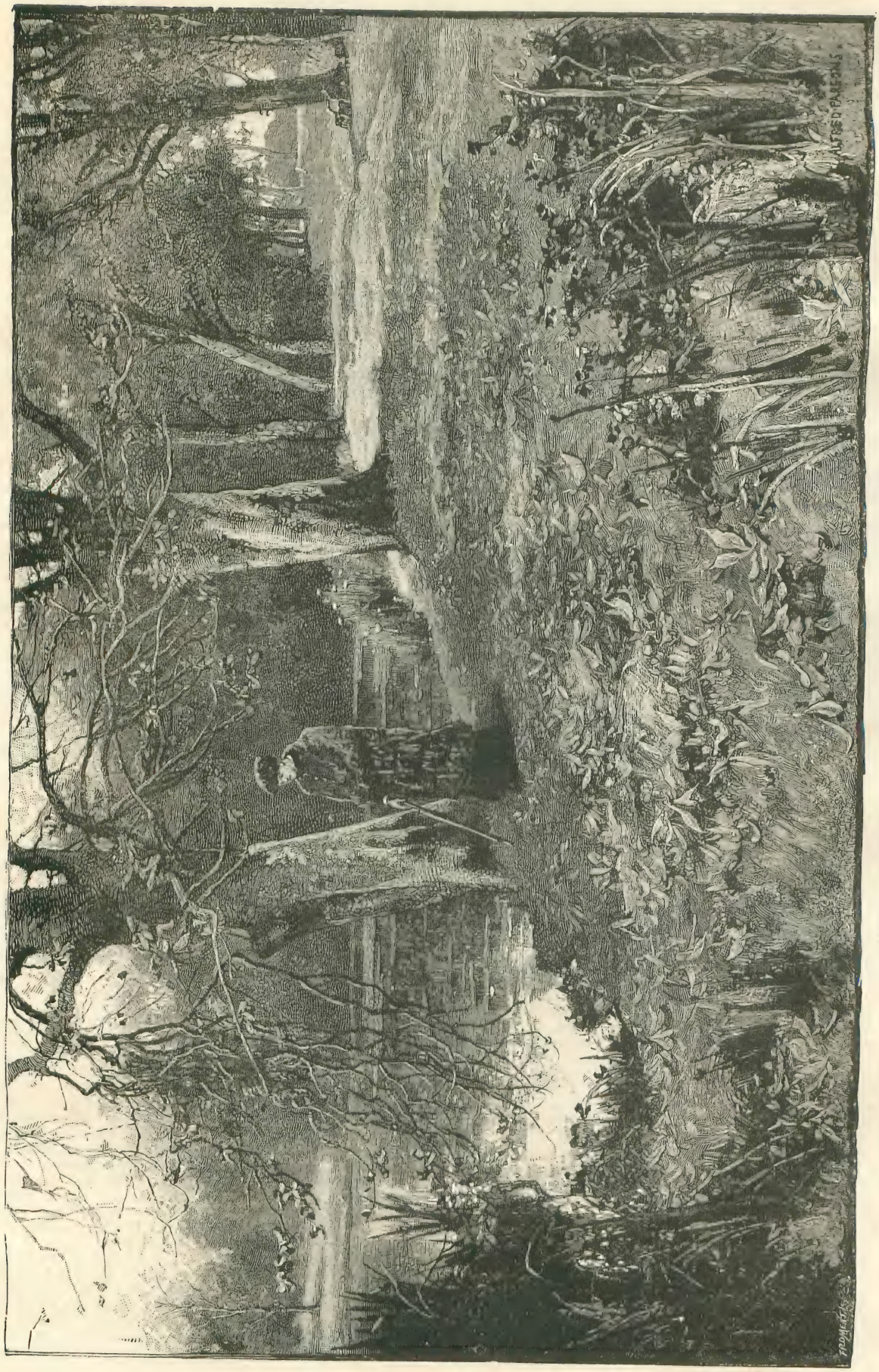
To Miss Schneider, her niece, Ethel Wynne, offered the contrast of rude health. She was as exuberant as a mountain cascade, and as spirited as a little Arabian pony.

"But," reflected Miss Elmore, "she is so abrupt, so boisterous. For a short visit Ethel is most refreshing, she sends a breeze of spring through one; but I can't stand her for more than a few days. Her voice and laugh are as coarse and loud as if she were a born Brabantoise, and the disposition to turn everything into fun soon palls upon me. I will not write for Ethel."

The task of selection proved difficult. One of her nieces was too fond of argument, another too frank in her allusions to her as an elderly lady.

"I think," she said at last, "I will send for Carlina. The poor child will be glad of the change, for she feels that she is not understood at home. It may be that her *amour propre* and her temper are of the very susceptible kind; but who knows, I may be useful to her from the sympathy of a fellow-feeling?"

The idea flashed upon her that she would warn the young girl, who had life before her, out of her own sorrowful experience, and she felt a degree of consolation as she saw the wreck of hopes, aspirations, and promises drawn together in a heap, to raise another's feet a little higher. Her heart went out to Carlina lovingly. "And yet," she asked, "how long will my affection for her last? In a fortnight I shall see faults in her that I never expected to find; they will magnify themselves in my sight, till by Christmas Carlina will have become intolerable to my distorted vision, and I shall be thankful when the term for her visit expires. Unhappy mortal that I am, solitude



"THE HON. FAULINA ELMORE TOOK HER AFTERNOON RAMBLE."

is my refuge, and when solitude itself oppresses me, I cannot hope for long to enjoy the sweets of affection, for the old unhappy spirit still gets the mastery." Notwithstanding these dark forebodings, she wrote to her niece—

"CARLINA,—Will you come for a long, long visit to your auntie, who feels very cross and very lonesome, and wants somebody to talk to? She will not scold you any more than she can help. Bring a pile of music with you, and invite the young lady you would most like to stay here during the Christmas holidays. I know I may trust you not to bring anyone of whom I should not approve.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"PAULINA."

A week passed before, in answer to this invitation, Carlina Elmore arrived. She was a very pretty, dark-eyed girl of twenty, with an unmistakably high-bred air and manner. A certain delicacy and sensitiveness of organisation seemed to add to her charm and yet appeal to kindly hearts to treat with consideration a creature whom every breeze caused to quiver like the aspen, and every careless touch to shrink like the sensitive plant. But Carlina's little world was not, in her opinion, made up of the kindly and considerate. Her brothers with fraternal candour told her that she was prickly—a rose beset with thorns—and that she was as provoking to others, as, according to her own showing, others were to her. Yet no one denied the sweetness of the rose, for Carlina had exquisite taste and such capacities for loving and cherishing, as made her affections a rich treasure to whoever were the objects of them.

She had less fear of Miss Elmore, and was more drawn to her, than any of her nephews and nieces. The reason was that she had been so often told that she was like her aunt Paulina, that she grew up with a belief that there must be special affinities between her elderly kinswoman and her youthful self. When she heard her failings alluded to she longed to speak in her defence. "Poor Aunt Paulina," she would say to herself, "so good and true, but no one seems really to love her, because like me she is misunderstood."

Carlina was the daughter of Miss Elmore's favourite and youngest brother Charles, who met his death gallantly in China, during the capture of the Taku forts by the allied forces, 1861.

She was born after the intelligence that he had been killed reached her mother, and Miss Elmore made his only child his namesake by requesting, as her sponsor, that she might be called Carlina.

Not three years elapsed before Mrs. Elmore married again. Her second husband was Colonel Fairfax Cass, in the corps of Royal Engineers. Colonel Cass, though of a good family, was by no means a wealthy man, and the quick appearance of "olive branches" brought him happiness, but added also to his cares.

Soldier-like, he was abrupt, undemonstrative, and exacting, yet very genuine. The warmth Carlina would fain have had shown to her, and that he did not show, was not evinced toward his own children; yet their welfare was his first thought in every undertaking, and he took an almost more than fatherly interest in their various pursuits and pleasures. It was thought that Charles Elmore's young widow had accepted his affection as a shield from the responsibility of her position—left to face the world alone with her little daughter—and that she reverenced more than she loved him. It is certain that by her second marriage the path was not always made smooth to her feet. She had to balance economy with appearances, and her burden as wife and mother could not be transferred to others.

So she had grown a little fidgety and oversolicitous; too much depressed when she could not keep all round her up to the mark of duty.

"Mrs. Cass and Carlina love each other dearly, though their numerous angles collide," was the remark of one who had had a near view of the working of the domestic machinery. It had sometimes suggested itself to Miss Elmore to offer Carlina a home with herself, if Colonel and Mrs. Cass would consent; but as often as she thought of it she remembered her unfortunate idiosyncrasy, and forbore.

Now the young girl came to her in this dark November, when her soul was in a worse fog than any that lay outside. Glad of the change was she, animated, spontaneous, ready to give affection and expecting to receive it. And Miss Elmore felt as if the golden rays of the chrysanthemum, the flower of the month, were lighting up this little dark patch of her life's journey, and as if the ghosts that had haunted her were silently stealing away.

Carlina had been with her nearly a week before she bethought her to inquire whom she had invited in her name for Christmas.

The girl had been shy of introducing the subject; but now she exclaimed—

"What a kind thought it was of you, auntie. Well, of course, I first looked at home; but my sisters declined, and said, in a very marked manner, that there were some to whom friends came nearer than sisters, especially half-ones, and that you had evidently borne that in mind, so as I did not wish to draw forth innuendoes of that kind I dropped the subject. I would not ask anyone else without consulting you; but I know whom I should like."

"Who is the young lady?"

"Fulda Röchlein, an Alsatian. She came to Madame Calebrook's to speak French and German with the pupils and have lessons in return, when I was in my second year there; subsequently she became a teacher. There was much in Fulda's lot to make her miserable; but she was so gentle and so gay that everyone grew fond of her, she did not seem to know what low spirits were. There is very little earnestness in her; but she is a dear, pleasant thing. Contrary to the general experience of pupil teachers, she was so popular that she often had invitations for the holidays; she spent one long vacation with us, and everyone was delighted with her. Now, auntie, a foreigner would be a little change for you. You like foreigners, I have heard, and Fulda is so amusing. She gets into such pretty little tempers when you back up the French against the Prussians. She will sing you

'O'er the blue Alsatian mountains,'

and tell you weird legends of the Rhine, for she is full of poetic superstitions. May I invite her, auntie?"

"Those little words 'gentle and gay' are a strong recommendation, Carlina. I like girls gentle and gay; but you say she has little earnestness. What then attracts you to her?"

"The contrast her nature presents to my own, in the first place," said Carlina. "In the next sympathy. She came among us a stranger to earn her education and a living. Her parents are poor; that she could not go home often told a tale, and her strong love for home and country renders it quite touching. Then she has learned what my cross is, and feels for me. Yes, when she stayed with us she saw that papa's temperament reacted on mine like the north wind on a summer flower. She saw that the girls and even mamma did not understand me as she understood me. 'It is the greater pity,' she said, 'because you are all so excellent. What you miss through want of a perfect comprehension of each other!' And she told me that it was so different in her home. She adored each one, and was petted by them all. She could not look back on anything that was painful, and yet she had to endure this long separation."

"Cannot remember anything painful?" murmured Miss Elmore, almost incredulously. "Either she forgets, or both herself and her relatives are most exceptionally amiable beings. You may invite her, Carlina; she comes of a people who think much of Christmas. I had not thought of such a visitor; but really I am better pleased than if you had introduced a guest who had a choice of homes and invitations and no lack of privileges and pleasures."

Carlina was almost too happy to speak.

"You may trust us to amuse ourselves, aunt," she said. "Fulda is very fond of skating."

"There will be weeks of ice, I doubt not," said Miss Elmore, "because this autumn scarlet berries were abundant."

Then she began to think of all the young people she could invite to join the girls in this delightful exercise; and planning for their pleasure, she felt as if the spirit that had been brooding so painfully over the now and the then, returned to her like the spirit, if not of a little child, of a much younger woman, with a young woman's capacity for entering into innocent pleasure.

CHAPTER II.

HER OWN UNDOING.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'" —*Whittier.*

DURING the few weeks the aunt and niece were together the elder lady won the younger one's confidence with reference to her home troubles, listening, but making very few remarks, until the evening before Fulda came, when she gave her her own confidence in return.

But before she replied to one story by telling her another, she said, "Beware of fretting over crumpled rose leaves."

"Oh, auntie, I told you so much because I thought you understood, and now I see that my sorrow is, in your estimation, only the moan of the Sybarite; but it is very real, very keen for all that."

"I do not doubt it," replied Miss Elmore, gravely. "At times it is almost unbearable. I do feel for you, Carlina; but my compassion is for the perilous susceptibility with which you are endowed, I would fain hope less fatally than myself. For your sake I am sorry that we are so much alike."

"But Aunt Paulina, if we—you and I, I mean—are highly-strung and sensitive, is that our misfortune or our fault? I am sure it is in itself an unspeakable misery, therefore there is all the more blame to those who, knowing it, put us to needless pain. What is it Shakespeare says?—

'Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.'"

"Yes, I know Shakespeare said so, and I revere the oracle," replied her aunt. "Whether my heart has been discordant with its surroundings because finely touched, I do not pretend to say, but certainly the issues of my life are not to be desired. What do I find? Loneliness and an unsatisfied longing for what when it was in my possession I did not rightly value."

"You say so because you are disposed to take dark views of yourself."

"What justification is there for bright ones? In my girlhood I thought that I had, like you, great trials, and I worried and fretted over them, Carlina, until my spiritual sense was dead to the rich blessings God had given me. Now that 'mine house is left unto me desolate,' I look back upon these sorrows of my

girlhood, and see that they were only crumpled rose leaves. For that reason I can see that if you were similarly bereaved, your heart would cry out for each dear departed one with bitter longing, you would condone all their little asperities, and wish that you had made more of the union while it lasted."

"But that is a dismal picture for you to conjure up. I do not need my dear ones putting out of my reach that I may learn to love them; my grief is that the outgoings of love are so chilled, that we treat each other in such a commonplace fashion, and no one member of the family seems to appreciate another at his or her true worth."

"It may be that they prefer to take for granted what it would delight you to express. We know our obligations to the air we breathe, and a hundred other matters, without always talking about them. As regards your step-father, he is reserved and cold in manner. He does not perceive it, or suspect how you feel it. And yet have you not guardianship and protection in him, a safe adviser? Would he take less trouble for you if you needed his help than he would for his own children?"

"I am sure he would not," said Carlina. "I always do him justice, Aunt Paulina."

"And then your mother has grown irritable and exacting. She is dissatisfied often when you have done your best, and doubtful when you mean to do it. Probably a great deal of that is nervousness. If she were taken from you, would you not miss a world of consideration and thoughtful foresight on your behalf, that you think little of now, because it is so natural for her to give and for you to receive?"

"I should, indeed," said Carlina, earnestly. "I only wish that hers was—

'That constant flow of love which knows no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
Which *humour* interposed too often makes.'

I have really substituted humour for temper, Aunt Paulina, because when I began quoting the lines, I forgot that a word was coming which I must not apply to mamma."

"And of all the other home relations," said Miss Elmore, "it would do you good to ask what would be meant by losing any one of them."

There was a pause, during which the thoughts of both were busy.

"I could wish now," said Miss Elmore, stirring the fire into a bright blaze, "that while I was young other names had been found for my unhappy failing. Whatever the unfortunate governesses thought who were expected to reconcile me to so many little aversions, and to adjust so many quarrels in the schoolroom, they accepted the excuses my mother made for me, and spoke gently about my extreme sensitiveness as resulting from over-refinement of feeling, and a fastidious taste. They pitied me when they ought to have blamed me. If only I could have been shown that the morbid sensitiveness was a refined form of selfishness, and if over-fastidiousness had been laughed at as a weakness, I might have grown ashamed of it, and as I grew older have set about attaining more robustness of character. On the contrary, I commiserated myself as being very exquisitely and highly endowed, and cherished my secret sins by kindling fires beneath them, as we nurse the exotic beauties of our conservatories. So it came to pass that the eldest of the family and the one most looked up to, surrounded by bright, affectionate brothers and sisters, who all had good and attractive qualities as well as faults to criticise—I often for months together cultivated solitude as being more congenial than society. For me at that time mind could only speak eloquently in books. Ralph, who came next me, was pronounced by everyone an affectionate good fellow, but he was unsentimental, fond of horses and field sports. He could not enter into my views of things, and yet he was very proud of his sister, and was never better pleased than when I could ride out with him or join him in a long country walk. Though his mind was cast in another mould than mine, he had good abilities and much practical sagacity. If only I could have been contented with what he had to give, it might have been possible for me to communicate something to him that was lacking; but no, I rasped at him till he grew angry. I thought at times so much of his deficiencies as to grow cold and indifferent toward him. He could not stand what he rudely called my 'silly' superciliousness, so then there would be long periods of alienation, months during which each took little notice of the other.

"Ah, how that came back to me ten years ago, when by his death and testament I was made mistress of this place till his son should come of age. He showed such entire confidence in me, and yet, Carlina, I had not even the satisfaction of lavishing on the little one the affection I had given in such stint to the father. His mother was compelled to take him abroad; the doctors said he could only live in hot climates. They are now in Algiers, and he is no better able to bear the cooler latitudes than he was in his infancy. Egypt is not too hot for him, poor little nursling. It was hard that Ralph, marrying so late, should only leave behind him that sickly child."

"No one thinks he will live, aunt."

"If he lives his constitution may improve greatly during the next eight years. When he comes of age I leave this place, yet if he has to be an absentee landlord he may prefer my remaining and acting on his behalf. All that we must leave. I can never imagine him sharing the tastes and having the robust physique of an English country gentleman. Well, now, to tell you of all my brothers and sisters would be to tell you of some fountain of sweet waters, curiously embittered by rills from the Marah of my own wayward disposition. The undisguised vanity of one awakened my contempt: vanity bespeaks so weak a nature; the reserve and caution of another was a perpetual thorn. Charlie, your father, was very hot-tempered, and sometimes turned round on me when I indulged in criticism. I agreed with him better than with anyone, because I admired his frankness and his high spirit; but my evil genius led me into a quarrel with him shortly before he was ordered to China, and though a reconciliation was patched up, it did not extract for me the sting of remorse when I knew that he had fallen, and that I should never look upon his dear, dear face again. I tell you, Carlina, that the disposition to make mountain trials out of molehill vexations is a kind of insanity. It arises from an infirmity, or rather disease of the mind, that ought to be vigorously opposed and contended with, not tenderly petted as being a simple misfortune brought to us in the train of a virtue."

Miss Elmore rose and paced the room, her eyes glowing with unwonted excitement.

"It is too late for me now," she said, her voice quivering with emotion. "The chain of the sins which I by my frailty had committed eats into the flesh; but only in death can it be loosened. If not a disease of the spirit, it is now an incurable disease of the nerves. But for you, Carlina, you are young; you know where help is to be found. But I have still more to tell you. I have not often brought myself to say that, worthless as my affections were, there were many who sought them; yet so it was, and difficult indeed they were to win. My father was in despair. Against every suitor I had some objection to raise; but I was conquered at length. One entered the lists who far surpassed my own ideal, and secretly I worshipped him. If the time of betrothal had been but short, no doubt it would have been most happy; but circumstances which I need not explain delayed marriage for two years. That was a testing time.

"As Rex Willows came to see me very often, there were abundant opportunities for the little illusions which inevitably attend a partial knowledge and a strong attachment to fall off. Now that was just what I could not bear. It became clear that in all points we did not think alike. Where we differed, I did not find all the compliance that I expected. I did not esteem Rex Willows any the less for having a strong will of his own; but my inability to influence him in certain matters made me doubt my power over him. That was enough in itself to make me miserable. He had a man's inability to understand an unhappiness which a woman is too proud to explain, so though on the whole he was very forbearing and very conciliatory with my caprices, we never seemed to come to a perfect understanding with each other. However endearing our intercourse, little frictions, little misunderstandings were perpetually arising, and I tried the foolish experiment of again and again putting my power over him to the test.

"He had not the least inkling of the motive that actuated me, and sometimes I was soothed by a satisfactory result; at others my ready fears took the alarm. Another source of unhappiness was that without being really a politician, I had grown up a Conservative. Rex had been led by his broad sympathy into a somewhat free intercourse with 'all sorts and conditions of men.' He studied not only politics, but trade and finance and political economy. The result was that, a Liberal to begin with, he had imbibed a slight vein of Radicalism. This was a great offence to me. I appreciated his philanthropy and practical benevolence, and hoped to be not a hindrance but a helpmeet to him in his schemes for helping others; but when he spoke slightingly of caste prejudices, and said that his great aim would be to awaken class sympathies, I feared that in our married life we should find in this—

'A little rift within the lute
Henceforth to make the music mute,'

and I set myself as strongly against his ideas as possible.

"Engrossed in the probabilities of future unhappiness, I had not eyes for the fact that he was already growing unhappy, that he did not seem to take all the delight in my society that he had done formerly. Had I but been alive to this, I might have repented of my folly before it was too late, and not gone on to commit a fatal blunder. For, Carlina, I loved Rex Willows with an intensity that if it was not to be my blessing must be my ban. To this day my affection for him lives in my heart as a bitter, poignant regret, when it might have been like one of those trees that are planted in heaven on the banks of the River of Life, trees whose leaves are for joy and for healing, you know."

She continued in her dry-eyed sorrow:

"Once when Rex came over he brought with him a friend whose acquaintance he had made abroad. He was a complete contrast to Rex, and I had the good sense and the good feeling to ask him when we were alone what it was he admired in Tom Locksley, with his stupid, staring eyes, and his ungainly manners.

"'Ah, that awkwardness!' exclaimed Rex. 'It is the outcome of self-distrust. Locksley is of good family, but his education was neglected when a boy, and he was besides very badly treated. I will tell you his story some day, and you will understand how the

daily endurance of unkindness and contempt in early youth have left a stamp on his timid, sensitive nature that can never be effaced. Do not mistake me. If he is timid he is heroic—all the more heroic because there is so much timidity to overcome. He would die for a principle, and he has a heart of gold. When I was in Italy I had Roman fever. He was in the same hotel and a stranger to me; but he was my only nurse. Never was woman gentler and more assiduous. Ever since we have been friends and almost brothers.'

"The heart of gold I did not take on trust. I did not seek for the hid treasure of his excellences and cultivate his friendship in order to give pleasure to Rex. His frequent obliviousness to what was passing around him, his many little gaucheries, his slow-moving mind, which made him absurdly slow to speak, even where there was only the light commonplace of ordinary conversation to reply to, made him appear to me out of his true sphere in good society, and irritated me while it provoked my ridicule. This was distressing indeed to Rex. He told me of the distinction in mathematics that his friend had obtained, and showed me various able articles he had written on Poor Law administration and kindred subjects.

"But I would not be conciliated, for I did not wish Rex to feel when we were married that he could often invite his dear Tom Locksley to the house. However, from the frequent allusions Rex afterwards made to him, I saw that he had not the least intention of withdrawing one particle of his friendship from him because he was not congenial to me. I brooded over his indifference to my feelings on the matter, until one might have supposed that the poor fellow meditated domiciling Tom Locksley in our household, and burdening me with his continual presence. If I had not a *bête noire* I was bound to invent one, and Reggy's unfortunate friend soon played a fearful part in my imagination. I felt by anticipation the restraint of his unwelcome presence at the board and at the hearth. He haunted our grounds, joined us in our drives and walks, and introduced some strange incongruity of word or deed into every little reunion of our friends. While I was musing the fire burned, until I felt that Tom Locksley must be got rid of at all cost. So one evening when the time for our marriage had drawn so near that arrangements for the wedding were already being made, I said to Rex—

"'Now that we are so soon to be in our new home, will it not be well for us to decide on the friends and acquaintances it may be desirable to keep up, and those that it is better to drop?'

"'What do you mean?' he inquired, with a look of surprise.

"'Bride and bridegroom double their friends after marriage,' I said, 'because the friends of one become also the friends of the other. Too many friends become burdensome, so there are very few people, I believe, who do not drop many of their old acquaintances. It is quite understood; no one is offended.'

"'That is very fortunate,' he replied. 'It is also a little curious. A friend is not a thing to be cast off like a dress or coat that is no longer needed. If some folks take that view of it, I sincerely hope that

'"Tis not me nor you.'

"'But don't you see the reasonableness of it, dear? Before marriage we choose our friends to please ourselves, after it we have each other's preferences to consult, and I am sure that one ought not to retain a friendship that is displeasing to the other.'

"'Paulina,' he said, 'I make you welcome to all the friendships you have made or may make. Whoever you may invite to your house is sure of a warm welcome from me.'

"'You are safe in doing it,' I said, 'for I am intimate with no one to whom you could object. Still, you must not forget that it is women who rule in society, and that it is the privilege of the lady of the house to select the guests for whom she has to prepare, and whom she is expected to entertain.'

"'Does that mean,' he inquired, 'that you intend to exercise the privilege despotically? If so, Paulina, it is better that we understand one another. I have no friend to whom on social or moral grounds any reasonable objection can be made; I have not one whom I will degrade myself by sacrificing because having taken the matrimonial yoke upon me I am no longer my own master. Do tell me that I have misunderstood you, and that you did not premeditate any interference.'

"'But really some whom you affect are such singular specimens that I shall not know what to do with them. They could hardly be useful or ornamental in any society.'

"'Is that aimed at Tom Locksley?' he exclaimed, starting up. 'Tom is not so obtuse that he does not see that you are ungracious to him, Paulina. It is not likely therefore that he will burden you with his presence too often. My only uneasiness is lest the close intimacy of years should be broken.'

"'It is a pity for you to run the risk,' I returned, coldly. 'You are quite welcome, Mr. Willows, to choose between your friend and me; affection for both appears to me incompatible.'

"'Do you really mean that, Paulina?' he asked.

"'Yes; it is what we have long been drifting to, and decision now will be better than regrets hereafter.'

"'I cannot trust myself to speak, but you shall have my answer. Oh yes, you shall have my answer,' he said, as he sought for his hat. He left me seated amid little heaps of wedding finery that I was never to wear, because I had trifled with my own happiness till Nemesis had overtaken me. It is dreadful to recall the dark despair in which I was plunged. I knew that there had been long forbearance, and that at last I had gone too far.

"When the next day I received a letter directed by his hand, I knew before even I broke the seal that I should not find in it one word of hope, one ray of reconciliation.

"Nor did I. The letter was long and it was kind. He seemed to take all the blame upon himself for not having retrieved earlier the mistake he made, in seeking to unite in a bond so close one whose sentiments were so utterly irreconcileable with his own, and who had not such an affection for him as would enable her to offer on her own side a little of the concession she expected on his. The only excuse he had to plead was the love with which I had inspired him, and the hope that time would resolve all difficulties.

"'I am, however, wholly disappointed in that expectation. For long you have given me very clearly to see that I have grown distasteful to you, that our covenant to each other hangs around you like a chain. It is better then to cancel it while it can be done. If only it were a question of choosing betwixt you and my friend! But it is in reality a question of choice betwixt being a free man and a slave.

"'However sorrowful, however desolate my lot, I must be free. Free to follow my heart's best impulses, to loose or to bind, to give or withhold. Every man also ought to have his own ideal of life. You have learned mine and you do not love it; nevertheless, I must be free to follow it. You cannot take from me the responsibility of being true to my own convictions of what is my proper work here and my duty.

"'Many a man placed in such a dilemma might determine to satisfy his affection for you, and at the same time by force of will to carry out his purposes. The irrevocable step taken, he would then show that he was master; but far be this from me—I could not if I would. You, who are so sensitive, are not you aware that I am sensitive? So sensitive that I could not cross you in the least particular, with the best reasons for doing it, and not be miserable. Even if you forbore remonstrating, while I know that secretly you chafed, all the pleasure of freedom of action would be gone for me. It is therefore but too evident that our spheres lie apart, and that if we came together, each would mar the other's life. That must not be. I say nothing of my own feelings, for the soul will never leave my body with more pain than I now endure in giving you back your plighted troth. I cannot trust that even time will heal the wound. I wish you to be very happy. You will breathe more freely for seeing the door open that threatened to be the door of a prison. Yet I cannot help fearing that there is something in yourself that makes against your happiness. You are so sensitive, so fastidious, so much too easily jarred, and you cannot help it. However, may the unknown who responds to your nature become the known, that he may sympathise with you, and understand you more perfectly than I have done. For all my failure I have never yet seen the woman that awoke in me even a faint glimmer of the love and admiration you have done.'

* * * * *

"I have told you enough, Carlina. Of course there was much indignation in my own family about this bitter disappointment; great pity for me, and some censure, implied now and then by a grave silence. The kindly offices of friends were offered in reconciling this "lover's quarrel," and I was urged not to let my pride stand in the way of my peace. But it was impossible to mistake the spirit of that letter. I could neither answer it nor permit a friend to speak for me. He was bitterly mistaken in supposing that my feelings had altered towards him, and that I really wanted to be free, but he was not mistaken in thinking that it was not in my nature to be contented and happy, and that I could not help myself.

"And what were the differences between us, that I should find them so terribly jarring, and that I should object to receive his friend as an occasional visitor? They were crumpled rose-leaves, that amid so many sweets, a sunshiny disposition would scarcely have heaved a sigh over.

"Oh, how self-accusing, how bitter and remorseful I grew! Any word about marriage was hateful to me from that time, though it was said in the family that if ever poor Paulina changed her mind, the engagement must be a very short one; otherwise she would grow tired of her lover, and get to misunderstanding him as she had done before.

"Rex Willows went abroad for several months, and it was poor consolation to be told that he was suffering from deep depression. He found a solace for his sorrows as time went on.

"I have never seen him but once, and that was in a little rustic church at the seaside. His wife and children were with him; she, a buxom, pleasant-looking woman. Two pews were filled with themselves and their bonnie boys and girls, I being in full sight of them. As a county magistrate, I often see his name. I know what is thought of him as a landlord, an agriculturist, and a director in various companies inaugurated for the public good. He took a zealous part in bringing about the Post-office Savings Bank. His boys come out well in the Cambridge lists, his daughters are said to be as artless and winsome as they are pretty. No doubt his wife considers herself a very happy woman. Perhaps she has taught those boys and girls to call Tom Locksley uncle.

"Here I am, a bitter old weed, Carlina. Mark, learn, and inwardly digest my story, and I will try and make a merry Christmas for you and Fulda."

But Carlina fell sobbing into her aunt's arms.

"You have given me a strong lesson, Aunt Paulina, and from this time I will indeed turn over a new leaf. I have seen myself in your glass."

"Thank God, you are still young enough to amend!"

"But cannot old and young say of Jesus—

'He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem?'"

said Carlina, shyly. "Auntie, I believe that God will take care that your last days are your best."

They had a very bright Christmas. The little Alsatian girl made mirth for them, and Carlina brought rich stores of conversation and music to her aunt's relief, while she devised all kinds of pleasures and amusements for her young visitors. They also found plenty of work in dressing her Christmas tree for the poor children, and in taking round some of her presents to the cottagers; also in presiding at the feasts which she provided for old and young.

Peace and goodwill! peace and goodwill! made sweet music in Miss Elmore's heart, charming the discords into unison with themselves, and she felt comforted for all that she had lost, as a sweet faith took possession of her, that God, having permitted her faults to work out the discipline of consequences, had elsewhere something better laid up for her than the best that had been taken away.

People who are not in the secret wonder why Carlina so often says over her own troubles, and the troubles of those who seek her for sympathy—

"Crumpled rose leaves—only crumpled rose leaves."

Not unfrequently tears have been dried at that view of the grievance, and a bright smile has shone out, like the sun after an April shower. If Carlina does not hold a tolerably smooth course at home nowadays, no one who knows her would insist that it is her fault.

So let us all be merry this Christmas, take our real troubles to God, and laugh at our crumpled rose leaves.

A WINTER TRIO:

THE CAMERA, THE LANTERN, AND THE MICROSCOPE.

THOSE who, at the close of the summer, put their photographic apparatus carefully away till the following spring, lose a great deal of the enjoyment that may be derived from this pleasant hobby, for, properly used, it will provide fully as much indoor occupation during the winter as it has furnished of outdoor pleasure during the summer months. Moreover, photography will prove a most useful handmaiden to certain other winter employments, pre-eminently so to those of the lanternist and microscopist.

Those who possess a magic lantern may on the one hand use their lanterns for enlarging, and thus obtain pictures well suited for the adornment of their walls; or on the other hand they may take reduced positives from their negatives, and thus show the results of their work to many friends at once, taking their friends with them, in imagination, over the ground they have themselves traversed during the previous summer.

Those, too, who have Sunday-school or other classes in country districts may afford their pupils an occasional evening, combining both amusement and instruction, by getting up short lectures on various subjects, illustrated by lantern views photographed from engravings and models.

We have already given a sufficiently detailed description in ROSEMARY of the manner in which enlargements can be made, either by daylight or with the aid of the lantern. Suffice it to add here that the condenser of the lantern must be larger than the negative from which the enlargement is to be made, so that while the four-inch condenser generally used in the magic lantern will do for enlargements from negatives taken with the small, so-called "detective" cameras, a five or six inch condenser will be needed if we desire to enlarge the whole of a quarter-plate negative.

The taking of positives suitable for use in the lantern from larger negatives is even a more simple matter. Plates of the exact size for lantern slides ($3\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches) may now be obtained from any dealer in photographic apparatus, together with a carrier to fit the ordinary dark slide, and having an opening of the size of the plates. The negative to be reduced may be placed in an opening in the shutter of the dark room window as for enlarging, and then photographed direct with the ordinary camera.

To secure the proper size, and be sure that you have within that size as much as you require of the original picture, it is best to draw with pencil on the ground glass focussing screen a square measuring 3 by 3 inches. This will allow a $\frac{1}{8}$ in. margin all round for the binding of the slide.

To reduce with the lantern it is necessary that your lantern should be provided with an extending front to carry the lens; for whereas in enlarging the negative must be nearer to the lens than the prepared surface which is to receive the enlargement; on the other hand, in reducing, the lens must be farther from the negative, and nearer to the prepared surface. An extending front may easily be improvised by placing an ordinary camera, with the focussing screen removed, in front of the lantern, and covering any spaces between the two with several thicknesses of black cloth. The prepared surface may then be supported on a drawing board placed upright in front of the lens, in the manner described in our summer number, under "Enlarging."

For these reductions, either the transferotype paper or lantern plates may be used; in the former case the hydrokinone developer must not be used, as it will harden the film, and it will then become impossible to transfer it to the glass slide; these transferotypes must therefore be developed with the iron developer according to the formula given with each packet of paper.

If the lantern plates should be used, the following will be found to be a good developer:

Washing soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Sulphite of soda	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Hydrokinone	15 grs.
Water	4 oz.

This developer may be used at a temperature of from 65° to 70° Fahrenheit. Views for the lantern are by many preferred uncoloured, in which case they are finished by placing another glass over the photograph with a slip of paper on each side, to prevent the covering glass from quite touching the photograph; the two are then held together by being bound with a slip of coloured paper about half an inch wide, and good strong paste.

Many very amusing sets of slides may be made either with the aid of photography, or

by copying by hand from the back volumes of *Punch*, or from the amusing pictorial histories of the mishaps incidental to social life, so often given in the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, and other illustrated papers. These will of course be much more effective if coloured. If copied by hand, a glass should be very carefully cleaned with French chalk, then polished with a clean leather, and finally coated with enamel collodion. As soon as the collodion is hard, which it will be in about half an hour after being laid on, no difficulty will be found in drawing in the outline with a small brush and Indian ink, the glass being placed over the picture that is to be copied. If the picture is copied by photography, the paint may be used direct on the gelatine surface, but this will bear very little working on, and it will be found better to coat the photograph first with the collodion. Should a second layer of colour be required, the plate must, after the first layer, be coated with negative varnish, and the operator may then proceed with the second layer of colouring.

If oil colours are used instead of water colours, the collodion will be unnecessary, whether the picture be copied by hand or by photography. Whether oil or water colours are used, those only must be chosen which are transparent; the chief of these are—

Yellow :—Italian pink.

Red :—Carmine, crimson lake, Judson's crimson dye.

Blue :—Prussian blue.

Green :—Sap green, Prussian blue, and Italian pink.

Brown :—Burnt sienna.

Black :—Lamp black.

Water colours may be mixed with a little ox-gall, and darkened, if necessary, with Indian ink. The moist colours are preferable, and the addition of a drop or two of gum will also be found a great advantage. Most of Judson's dyes may be used for painting lantern slides, but the colours, though bright and clear, will not prove so permanent as those of the ordinary paints.

Where a large surface has to be evenly covered, such as a sky or lake, it is very difficult to get a perfectly even coat with the brush, and it is then usual to resort to "dabbing." This consists in spreading two or three narrow lines of colour across the space with a brush, and then dabbing it all over the part required with the finger. Some workers cover the finger-tip with a kid finger stall. The colour must be breathed on from time to time as it dries.

Water colours may be made brigh er and more transparent by giving the plate, when finished, a coat of varnish composed of equal parts of Canada balsam and turpentine; this must be prepared some few days before it is required for use.

It must be remembered that the amount of colour on a three-inch slide has to cover a 6 or 12 ft. area on the screen, so that the slides must be more highly-coloured than an ordinary picture would be. Also it is well to bear in mind that little lines and shadings in Indian ink can be very well laid on over brighter colours, whereas if placed on the collodion coating first, the brighter colours would wash out and blue these lines; therefore, in drawing a comic picture, for instance, the flesh tint of the face and colouring of the clothing, etc., should be painted first, the outline, the features, and the shading being added when the brighter tints are dried, in fine lines of Indian ink.

For educational purposes diagrams are often required to help in the explanation of the other slides. A simple way of making these for lantern use is as follows: Cut out some square frames of thin cardboard $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches square and half an inch wide; obtain some best hand-made paper of a sort showing no grain or water mark when held up to the light, and as transparent as possible; cut into squares of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, pass them through a basin of water, take off the superfluous water with clean white blotting-paper, and while the paper square is still damp, mount each with paste between two of the frames of cardboard.

As soon as they are dry enough not to stick together, place all the framed squares in a pile and leave them under a heavy weight to get thoroughly dry. The diagrams are to be drawn on these paper slides with lampblack, rubbed up with writing ink, and any of the transparent colours already named may also be used if required. Finally, the paper is to be rendered transparent by giving each side of it a coating of the balsam and turpentine varnish. The slides may then be pinned up by one corner, and left for a few days to dry.

Apparently difficult slides may sometimes be made in a very simple manner. The writer recently required a slide showing the flame-like protuberances from the edge of the sun's disc during total eclipse, as shown in Sir R. S. Ball's "Story of the Heavens." These would have been difficult to paint with sufficient delicacy on glass; and then, how to get the black background? Painting was abandoned. A glass was coated with gelatine, and so soon as this was set (not dry), it was immersed in alum solution to harden the gelatine film. It was then well washed, and a little of Judson's scarlet dye was poured over the film. In a few minutes the surplus dye was poured off,

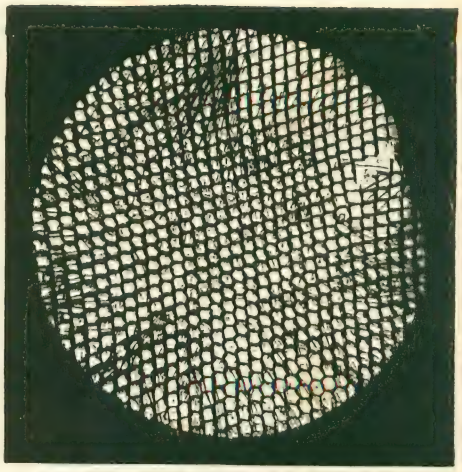


FIG 2.—A PORTION OF A BEE'S EYE.

the plate slightly raised, and left to dry. When dry, the dyed gelatine film was held above burning camphor until a perfectly even coat of black was deposited all over it, and then with a few delicate touches of a dry camel's hair brush the black was removed where required—a perfect copy of the crimson solar flames being the result. Last of all, the slide was protected with the usual cover glass, the whole time spent in making it having been, perhaps, ten or fifteen minutes.

I trust enough has now been said to show how easily the camera may be combined with the lantern to provide considerable pleasure and instruction during the winter evenings. Now let us see what can be done by bringing the microscope into the combination.

Those readers who have followed Mr. Liston's articles, and are possessed of a microscope and a camera, may like to try the very interesting work of taking a few photographs of such slides as they possess.

Fig. 1 shows the arrangement necessary for this purpose. As will be seen, the microscope is placed in a horizontal position, with a slide on the stage. The mirror under the stage may be used to reflect the light from a good lamp through the object; but it is more usual to remove the mirror and place the lamp itself, with a reflector at the back of it, behind the stage. Some operators prefer to remove the eye-piece from the microscope, using the object-glass only, while others use the complete microscope. In either case the lens is taken out of the camera and the eye-piece end of the microscope inserted in its place. The connection between the camera and the micro-

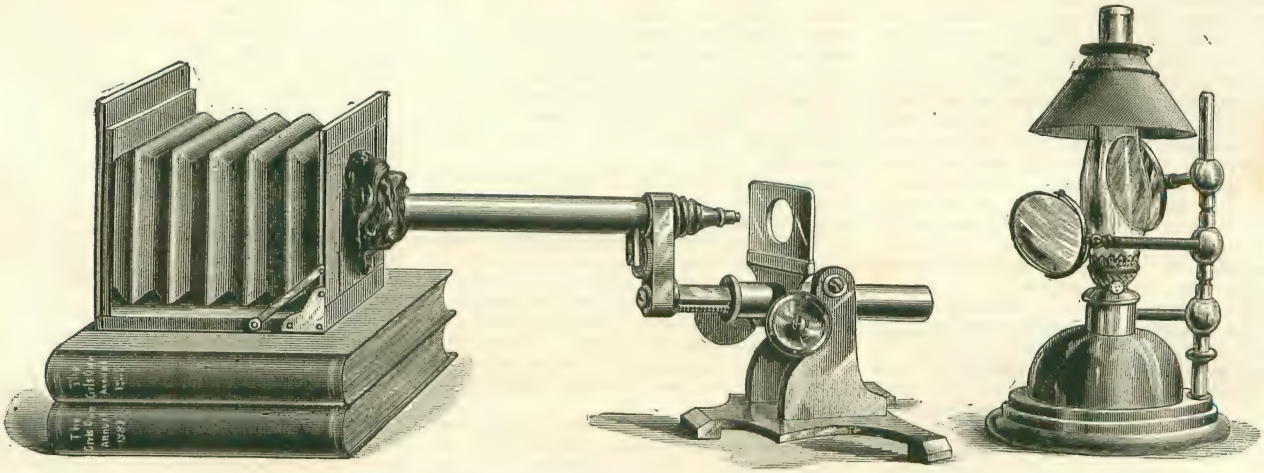


FIG 1.—THE CAMERA AND MICROSCOPE IN COMBINATION.

scope being effected by a cone of two or three thicknesses of black velvet, a cap (a frill box will do) must be placed over the objective of the microscope, and the interior of the camera examined to see that no light enters. Now, removing the cap, the object is to be focussed on the ground glass, as usual, and the dark slide having been inserted, the plate is to be exposed by removing the cap from the objective, and then developed in the usual way. It is in the focussing and exposure that the only two difficulties incidental to micro-photography present themselves. However carefully the object may have been focussed, the resulting negative may appear slightly out of focus. This is because microscope objectives are not corrected, like photographic lenses, to bring their actinic and visual focus to the same spot. With low powers the difference is generally so slight that it may be neglected, but with higher powers a few experiments must be made to determine the difference by turning the focussing screw of the microscope slightly each time after the apparent focus has been obtained, noting for each photograph how far the screw has been turned and which way, until a clear photograph rewards our repeated efforts. When once the difference has been found it will always be known for that objective, and no further difficulty will be experienced from this cause.

The other difficulty to which I alluded is in judging of the correct exposure. Most microscopic objects are of a more or less brown or yellow colour, and therefore very non-actinic; added to this, the lamp-light is also of course vastly inferior in actinic power to the daylight we are more accustomed to work by, and thus much longer exposures will be necessary. Then, again, the exposure required with a high-power objective is very much shorter than that required with a low power, hence it is impossible to give any idea of the requisite exposure; it may be half a minute and it may be half an hour, according to the light, lens, and object; but as usual, *experientia docet*.

If the photograph is taken of the right size, a positive lantern-slide may easily be taken from it; the prepared plate being placed behind the negative in a printing frame and exposed about a foot from a lamp or gaslight for a few seconds. Such a photograph may then be shown on the screen, enormously magnified from the natural size of the microscropic object, to the astonishment of a village audience.

Fig. 2 is a portion only of a bee's eye from a negative taken by the writer. A lantern slide taken from a part of this negative may be shown as a picture twelve feet in diameter. I leave the more mathematical among my readers to calculate the extent of the enlargement thus shown, and have no doubt but that such of them as possess the necessary apparatus will think twice before they again consider photography as a recreation for summer-time alone.

J. POCOCK.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

CHRISTMAS Day in a hospital! How dreadful! We shall pity you, poor dear!"

So said all my friends last year on my announcing to them that I should be unable to join the family circle on the fast approaching Christmas Day.

I had only recently entered one of our London hospitals to be trained as a nurse, and I confess that my own heart sank when I found I should not get leave of absence for Christmas.

"We shall want all the help we can get," said the lady-superintendent. "It is a busy day here, and I think you will find it a happy one."

So I made up my mind to be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances; but "happy it cannot be for me," I thought. Such a sad contrast to the bright faces and merry firesides I had been accustomed to associate with the thought of Christmas. I had yet to learn that in blessing others we ourselves are blessed.

Preparations had been going on for some days, and all our time off duty had been devoted to dressing dolls and making decorations for the Christmas tree. In the wards the patients had begun to talk among themselves about the coming festivities; the children especially asking many eager questions as to the treat in store for them, their little faces brightening and eyes sparkling at the bare mention of the Christmas tree. Many little patients in our children's ward had never seen one, and forgot their pain and weariness while they speculated as to its size, and what sort of presents each one would get off it. And how hard they all tried to get well! Medicine was readily swallowed and painful dressings submitted to without a murmur, because, "it will help to make you strong enough to go down to the tree."

This eagerness was not confined to the children's ward alone. I was astonished and touched to find even the men putting the constant question, "Nurse, will I be well enough to go down to the tree?"

The day came at last. We rose an hour earlier than usual, and hastily swallowing our breakfast, hurried to the top ward of the hospital to begin the day with a short service and singing the Christmas hymn.

The winter morning had scarcely begun, but the wards look bright and cheerful with the firelight dancing on the holly and wreaths which adorned the walls, and lightening up the faces of the patients sitting up in their beds, arrayed in new scarlet flannel jackets, and we standing in two lines down the long ward in our spotless caps and aprons, hymn-books in our hands, waiting for our chaplain to join us. A harmonium had been wheeled into the ward, and as soon as he entered we began the sweet old hymn—

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

Nearly every patient joined in, some heartily, some only at intervals in weak low tones, but all with evident enjoyment, and many eyes filled with tears. One or two poor women even sobbed aloud before we had ended. "Oh, it wor that beautiful! Just like angels a-singing. I did feel sort of heaven-like!" said one old woman to me afterwards.

The hymn ended, our chaplain spoke a few earnest words, and offered up a short prayer with the collect for Christmas Day. This little service was repeated in every ward in the hospital, finishing just in time for us to go on duty at our usual hour. The rest of the morning passed in the usual way—hospital work must be done, however festive the day.

Dinners were served at one o'clock, and all those well enough had a plentiful supply of roast beef and plum pudding, extra delicacies being provided for the greater invalids. At three o'clock the hospital was thrown open to visitors, who had been collecting long before this hour in the courtyard, and came thronging in with eager feet, seeking out their relatives with little delay, except to pause to admire the various decorations of the wards as they passed by.

At the tea hour the hospital presented a very gay and festive scene. Each ward had vied with another in preparing the smartest table. There was no lack of good things. Cakes, jam, oranges, etc., had been sent in abundance, as well as flowers and plants, by the kind subscribers and those interested in the hospital, and great taste had been displayed in arranging the dainties. What a buzz of conversation and laughter as the well-filled plates and cups were handed round by the willing helpers!

Anyone looking into the wards might have wondered what had become of the poor "suffering patients," for all seemed so glad and gay. Those patients whose cases were too serious to be allowed to join in the feast, seemed quite content to watch their more fortunate companions, and enjoy what little they were allowed to partake of. Not one murmur escaped any lips; pain and weariness seemed for the time banished, the weak ones getting their full share of tender service and kindly sympathy, and the stronger patients never forgetting to keep their mirth within bounds, so as not to jar on the nerves of their more suffering neighbours.

At six o'clock the great event of the day came off. The board room, which had been closed all day, was thrown open, and there in the middle stood the noble tree, towering up to the ceiling, radiant with dozens of tiny lights, and almost weighted down with its load of treasures; the large dolls forming a picturesque group round the base of the tree. Dolls formed the greater part of the presents, and were received with delight, not only by the children, but by the men and women—all were anxious to get one; the men particularly received them with great joy.

"For my little 'un at home, nurse!"

Forms and couches had been arranged carefully about the room, so as to accommodate all who were able to come down.

Many walked in, some with the aid of sticks and crutches, some leaning on a kind strong arm. Children were carried down by the doctors or students, for everyone seemed eager to do all in their power to help make merry, and lastly came those who were unable to be raised from their beds; these were carried bodily upon their mattresses, and laid carefully on the couches or forms. When every available part of the room was filled, it presented a strange sight; it reminded one of the Pool of Bethesda, for there were the halt, the lame, and the blind, young and old, all more or less afflicted and suffering, assembled in a group round one centre-piece—the Christmas tree.

Quick hands soon stripped the branches of their treasures, each one receiving something. Perfect order was maintained throughout, no snatching or clamouring; their quiet and good behaviour was remarkable, considering the untutored rank to which the majority belonged.

When the tree was quite stripped the senior surgeon addressed a few kind words to the patients, and dismissed them with the wish that none would be the worse and many the better for their Christmas Day's entertainment.

It must not be supposed that those patients

who were unable to attend the gathering round the tree were forgotten. Business meanwhile had been going on gaily in the half-deserted wards. Bran pies and lucky tubs were handed round from bed to bed, so that even the most feeble shared in the distribution. Each patient, too, received some substantial present.

In one ward, for instance, each woman received a warm petticoat or jacket, while the men got knitted vests and socks, and each gift was accompanied with an illuminated text, bearing sweet words of comfort and peace.

Surely many a heart, hardened with the struggle and battle of life, must have been touched and softened on that day, while some, I sincerely trust, will carry away with them the remembrance of their Christmas in a hospital, which, doubtless, many had dreaded as much as I myself had done, but where they learned to understand a little of what is meant by "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."

"To think so much should be done for the like of we!" exclaimed one old man with tears in his eyes. "Why, they seems to glory in waitin' on us, and fussin' us up! But t'aint themselves as does it, it be the Lord in their hearts."

But was it not also a joy to us to make these weary ones joyful! Let any who doubt it just try the experiment on this coming Christmas Day. Let them give up their usual part in the family gathering and all the luxury of their rich homes, and go for once among their poor brethren—the sick and sad of our great city. Let them see the glad smiles light up the wan faces and hear the words of gratitude, and I, from my own experience, can tell what will be their answer to the question, "Did you spend a happy Christmas?"

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

CHILDREN, I love to see you gay;
Put not your holly wreaths away,
  Cease not your mirth and singing.
Mine eyes are dim, and will o'erflow,
And gentle Lilian wants to know
"How is it tears can gather so,
  While Christmas bells are ringing?"

My lily flower, this holy night
To your young hearts is wondrous bright,
  The blessed day-dawn bringing.
You cannot tell through what a throng
Of tender memories, sad and strong,
Age listens to the angels' song,
  While Christmas bells are ringing.

To-night the moonlight floods the snow,
As one glad eve, long years ago,
  When I (my young heart singing),
Came to my fair new home a bride:
Warm welcome glowed the bright fireside;
Without, the moonlit snow lay wide,
  And Christmas bells were ringing.

Months fled; one night of storm and fear
I watched for coming footsteps dear,
  Long hours no comfort bringing.
Ah! God, it was a night of dread:
Drowned in the swollen torrent's bed
Out in the wild, my love lay dead,
  And Christmas bells were ringing.

Child, never dream we cannot bear
What God lays on us. To my care
  A baby life was clinging;
A fairy thing with golden hair,
And eyes like those which wait me there,
Beyond yon starry ether, where
  The Christmas bells are ringing.

A little space, an eve of dole,
The angel lent; the tender soul
  Its homeward flight was winging.
The blue eyes closed upon my breast,
I laid it softly as to rest—
My birdie, in its cradle nest,
  And Christmas bells were ringing.

Child Lilian, when the joy peals break
From roof and tower, for me they wake
  Heart memories closely clinging;
I live my life's bright hours again,
I gauge its depths of woe and pain
(God-sent sweet one, so not in vain),
  While Christmas bells are ringing.

And still afar, through patient tears,
Shines one bright hour, which these dim years
  Are ever nearer bringing.
Sometimes I think (God's love is great)
That I may reach the Golden Gate,
Where my beloved my coming wait,
  While Christmas bells are ringing.

THE QUEEN OF ARCADEE.

PASTORAL OPERETTA.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters :

PHYLLIS - - -	A Schoolmistress.
LUBIN - - -	A Shepherd.
DAME DORA - -	An Old Woman.

Properties :

A Book for Phyllis. A Shepherd's Pipe for Lubin. A Bunch of Herbs. A Wicker Basket, containing Crown, Necklace, Robe of State, and Sceptre.

Introduction :

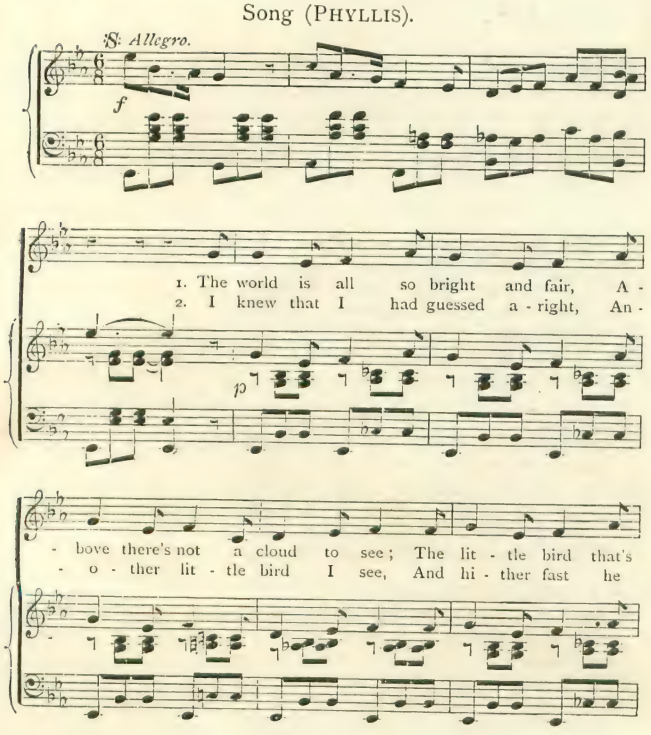
Play the accompaniment of the Finale for the Introduction.

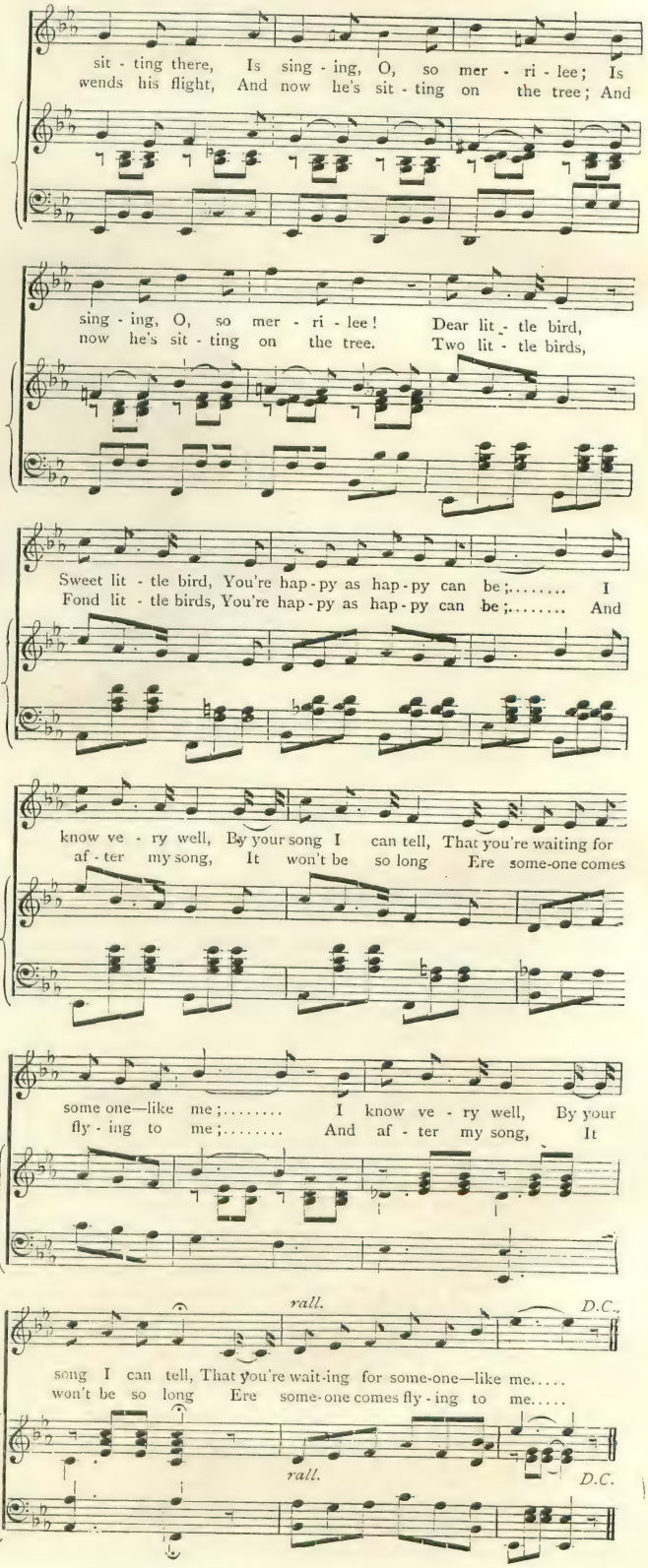
Scene : A Pastoral Landscape. PHYLLIS *discovered. She has a book.*

PHYLLIS. Saturday afternoon! Saturday afternoon! And a half-holiday. What a relief! Not only to me, but also to my little pupils. Teaching, teaching, teaching; learning, learning, learning! I don't know who's to be more pitied—teachers or pupils. Hark! I hear their merry voices. How they're enjoying themselves with their companions! And how I shall enjoy myself with my companions—my two companions. Here's one (*showing book*), Shakespeare! And the other one will be here directly. The other one is Lubin—dear Lubin. Lubin's employment is not intellectual, but it's healthy. Lubin's the best shepherd in Arcadee, and the dearest, dearest in this dear, happy world.

No. 1. TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

Song (PHYLLIS).

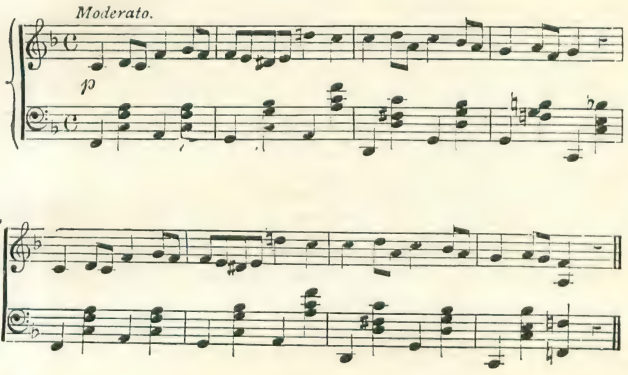




PHYLLIS. Why, Shakespeare, you *are* in a bad temper! You're upside down. I suppose I upset you. Now you're right. (*Reading.*)

Enter DAME DORA (R.H.). *Music.*

No. 1a. *Entrance and Exit Music for* DAME DORA.



DAME. Busy as usual, Phyllis!

PHYLLIS (*rising*). Good-morrow, dear Dame Dora.

DAME. You should give yourself rest, my little schoolmistress.

PHYLLIS. I am giving myself rest; and could I have a more agreeable companion to share it with than Shakespeare?

DAME (*slyly*). Yes, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS. Who?

DAME. Lubin, of course. Where's Lubin?

PHYLLIS. How can I tell, Dame Dora?

DAME. I shouldn't think he's far off.

PHYLLIS. I should be very cross if I thought he were.

DAME (*laughing*). *You* cross! Phyllis cross! That couldn't be. I shan't be in your way if I stay a few minutes, shall I? But my poor old limbs get so weary, and I have still further to go.

PHYLLIS. In my way, dear Dame? Of course not.

DAME (*slyly*). Besides, I can go as soon as Lubin comes, can't I?

PHYLLIS. Of course you can—no, I didn't mean that.

DAME. Yes, you did, and you're right, Phyllis dear. (*They sit down on a bank.*) And now tell me all about yourself. How is the school getting on?

PHYLLIS. Capitally. Three more pupils this week. I shall make my fortune in time.

DAME. Your fortune *is* made, dear. With Lubin's loving heart to cherish you, with the affection of all who are around you, and with the treasure of your own kind, sweet nature, you are richer than the richest queen. When first I entered this village, unknown and friendless, it was you, dear Phyllis, who came to me with your tender smile, and brought sunshine into my little dark cottage. When that great illness fell upon me, it was you who sat by my bedside, and nursed me through all those long, weary weeks, until the danger was past. What can I do? What can I say?

PHYLLIS. You think too much of my poor help. And besides, it was my duty; anybody would have done it.

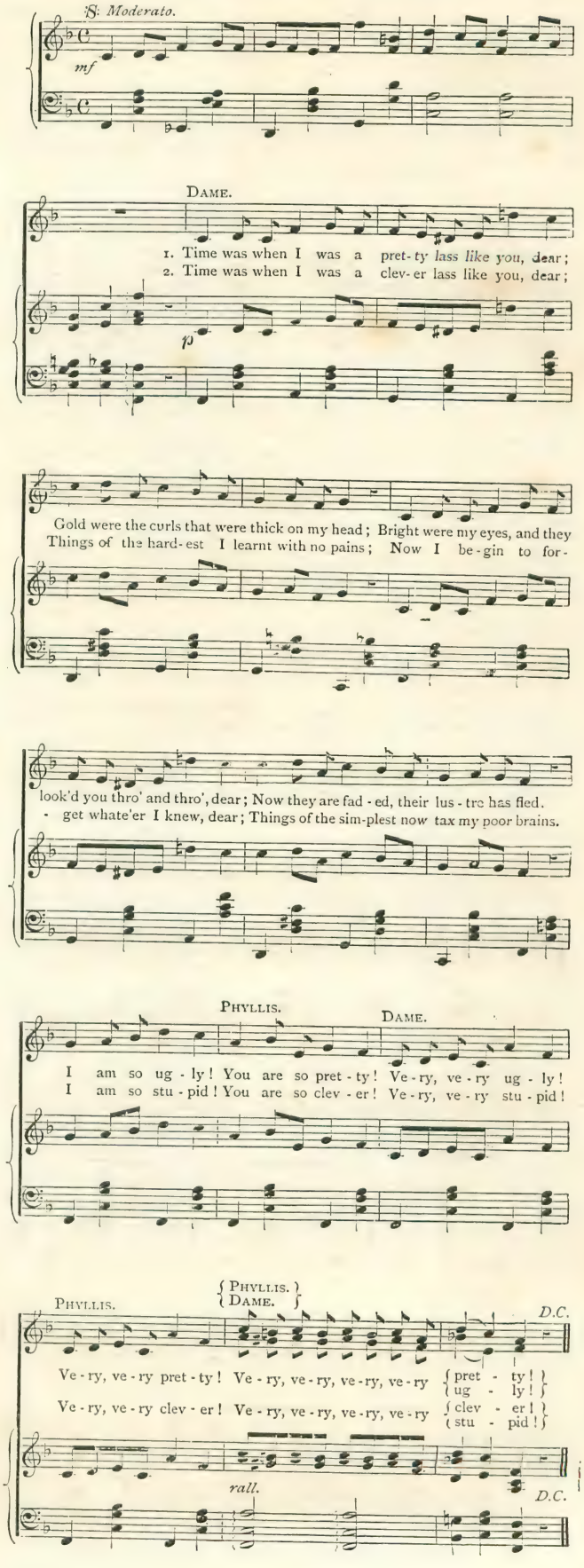
DAME. "Anybody," Phyllis! Nobody but you. There are other lassies in the village. *Who* comes near me but you? *Who* is kind to me but you? There are other lads in the village. *Who* comes near me but Lubin? *Who* is kind to me but Lubin? Because I am unknown and friendless, save for you both, dear—and your friendship is all the world to me—and because I am old and poor and ugly, they shun me, and treat me badly, and call me a witch.

PHYLLIS. Never mind what they say, Dame Dora. Lubin and I will always love and protect you, and when we are married we shall build a tremendous big cottage, and, whether you like it or not, you shall come and live with us. We've settled that long ago.

DAME (*kissing her*). My sweet Phyllis!

No. 2. TIME WAS.

Duet (DAME DORA AND PHYLLIS).



DAME (*rising*). And now I must be off.

PHYLLIS (*rising*). Let me come with you. You look so tired. Are you going far?

DAME. Down to the farm yonder, to fetch a basket that the carrier has left for me at the cross-roads.

PHYLLIS. But *you* can't carry it, Dame Dora.

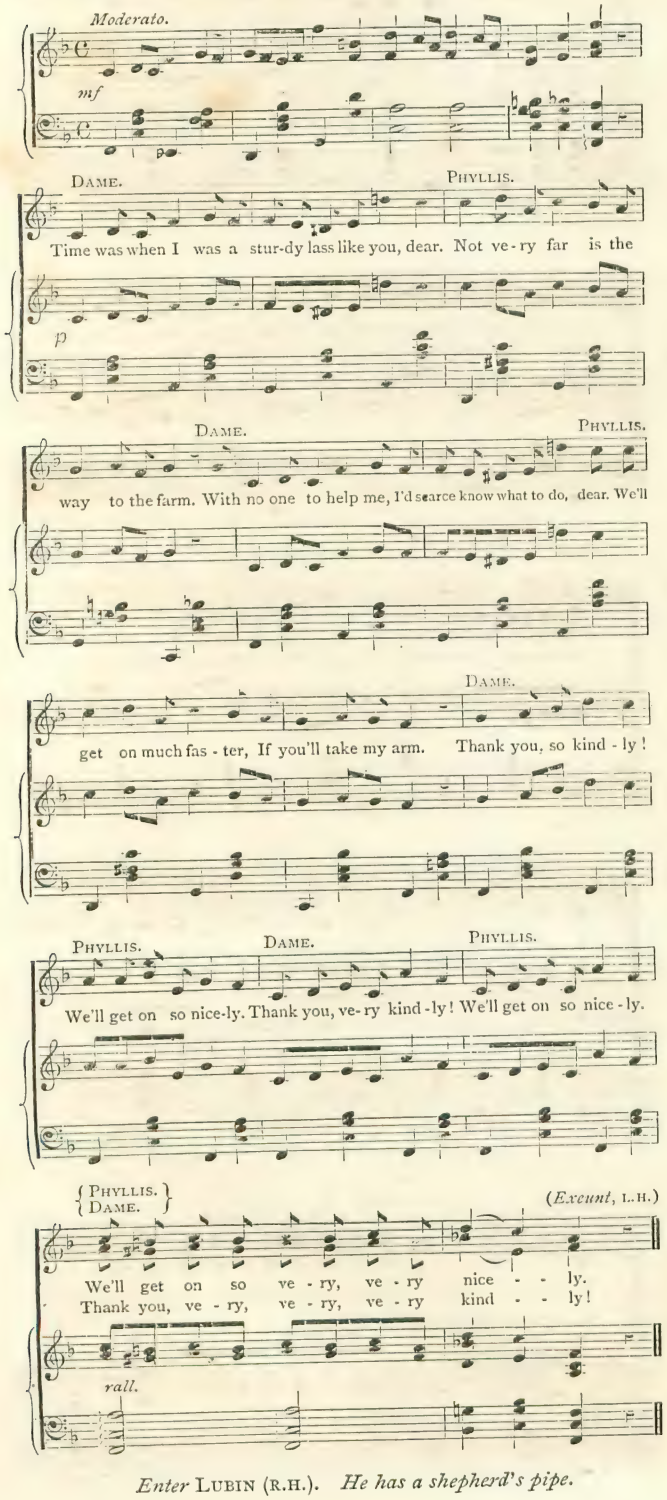
DAME. I must manage it somehow, dearie.

PHYLLIS. I'll come with you, and bring it back for you.

DAME. That *would* be kind. But what about Lubin?

PHYLLIS. Lubin must wait. (*To book.*) Good-bye, Shakespeare, and take care of Lubin, won't you?

No. 2a. TIME WAS—*continued.*

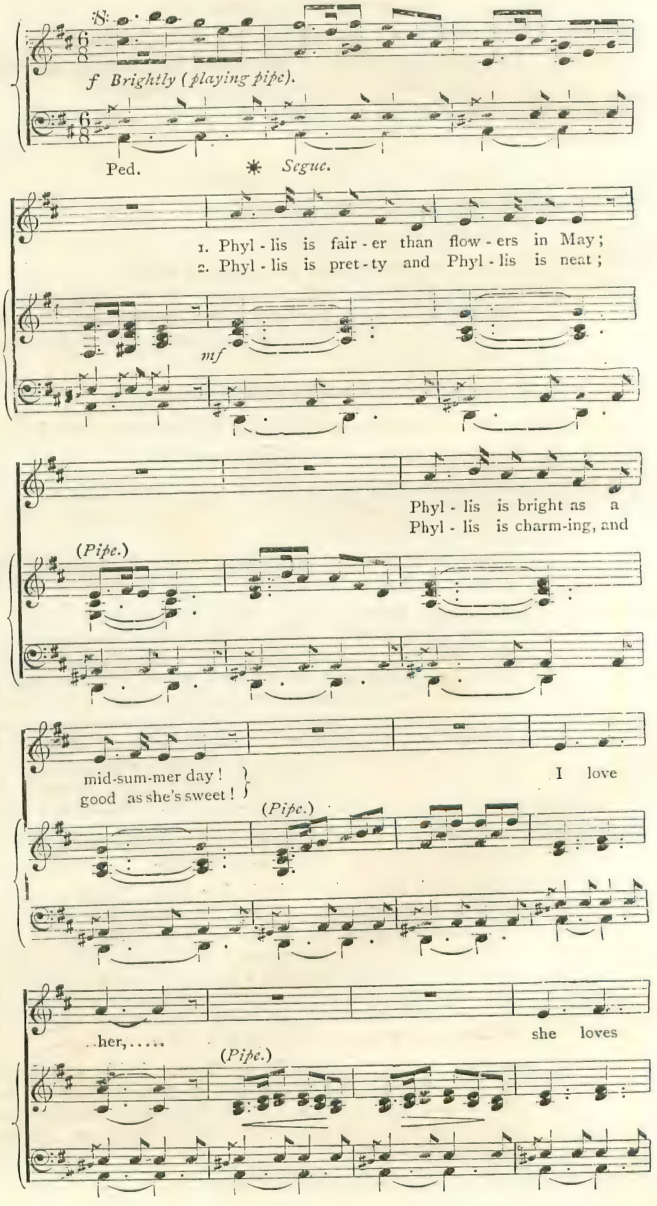


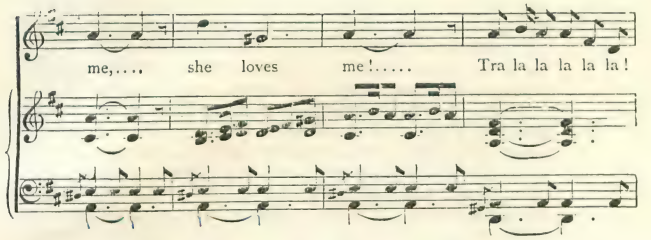
Enter LUBIN (R.H.). *He has a shepherd's pipe.*

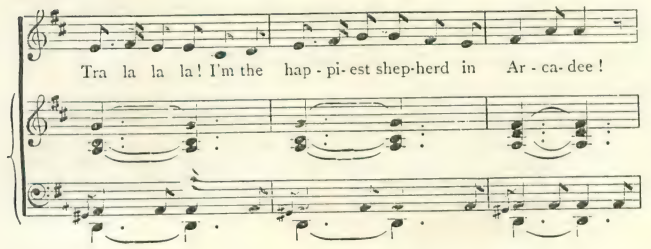
LUBIN. Why, where's Phyllis, when her Lubin is here? (*Seeing look.*) There's her book, so she must be close by. (*Looking into book.*) I've often heard her say that she gets quite wrapped up in them sometimes! No, she isn't there. (*Looking off*, L.H.) Ah! there she goes down the hill, with old Dame Dora leaning on her arm. Kind Phyllis, sweet Phyllis! How good she is! Much too good for me! And that's a great admission for any man to make. (*Looking off*, L.H.) See, they're taking the turning to the farm. Of course, it all breaks in upon me. They've gone to fetch the mysterious basket that has arrived for Dame Dora. The carrier wouldn't take it to her cottage, as he said he didn't want to have to do with a witch; so he left it at the cross-roads for her to bring away. The whole village is talking about it, for the carrier told them he thought he heard a *mew* come from the basket, and when he peeped through the side he saw a great, big, black thing with glaring, green eyes as big as saucers, and he saw besides, snakes, bats, and toads, and all sorts of other things. They're furious against her, and say that she's sent for these charms to bewitch them. I don't believe anything of the sort, and as long as there's an atom of strength in me, nobody shall hurt Dame Dora! Poor old lady! What a shame it is to treat her so badly! How fond she is of Phyllis! But I'm not surprised at that.

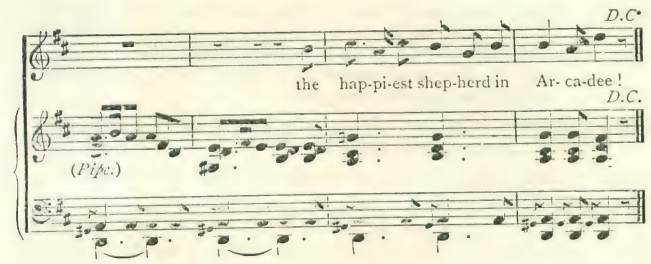
No. 3. THE HAPPIEST SHEPHERD.

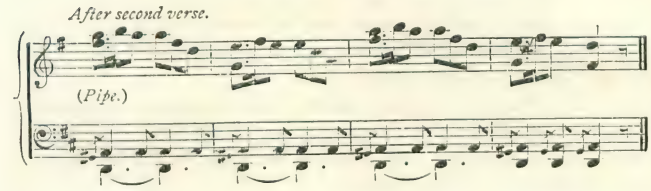
Song (LUBIN).











Enter DAME *and* PHYLLIS (L.H.). PHYLLIS *carries a basket, which she puts down. Music.*

DAME. A thousand thanks, Phyllis! Ah, Lubin!

LUBIN (*kissing her hand*). Good-morrow, dear Dame!

DAME (*pointing to Phyllis*). Don't mind me!

LUBIN. Good-morrow, Phyllis! (*He bows.*)

PHYLLIS. Good-morrow, Lubin! (*She curtseys.*)

DAME (*laughing*). Don't mind me!

LUBIN. My sweet Phyllis!

PHYLLIS. My sweetest Lubin! (*They embrace.*)

DAME. And now I must just go into yonder dell to gather a few herbs, and I will leave my basket in your charge a little while, if you are not frightened of it.

LUBIN. Frightened of it?

PHYLLIS. Yes, Lubin, down at the farm they were so unkind and said—but I don't like to tell you.

DAME. They said, "Away, old witch, with your baggage, and we hope the black cat in it will tear out your wicked old heart!"

PHYLLIS } Shame on them!
LUBIN. }

DAME. Yes! Shame on them!

[*Exit*, R.H. *Music.*

LUBIN. And now we're alone, I *must* kiss you again

PHYLLIS. *Must* you, Lubin?

LUBIN. Yes, for it is my duty.

PHYLLIS. Then do your duty like a man!

LUBIN. There! (*Kissing her.*)

PHYLLIS. Ah, duty is very sweet sometimes. (*They sit.*) And how are the sheep?

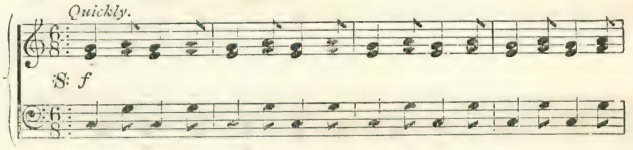
LUBIN. As quiet and amiable as possible, for I told them I was coming to see you, dearest. And I put them all in such good tempers, for I gave them all new blue satin bows for their necks. After that I played to them on my new pipe, and the lambs couldn't help frisking about It was such fun! They looked so absurd; they might have been human beings. One of the sheep, Mrs. Methuselah, that very old lady with the squint in her eye, was quite shocked at their behaviour, and said reprovingly, "Baa-baa!" but the lambs, I am sorry to say, went on frisking all the same, and only answered, "Bah-bah!" which was rather rude of them, wasn't it?

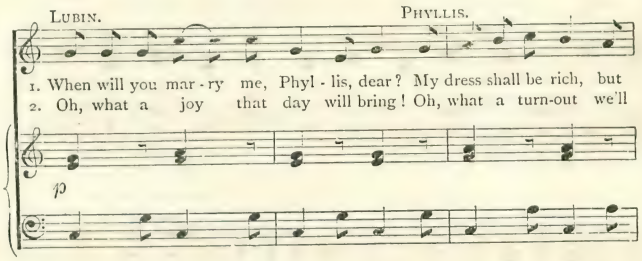
PHYLLIS (*laughing*). Very rude. You silly Lubin! (*They rise.*)

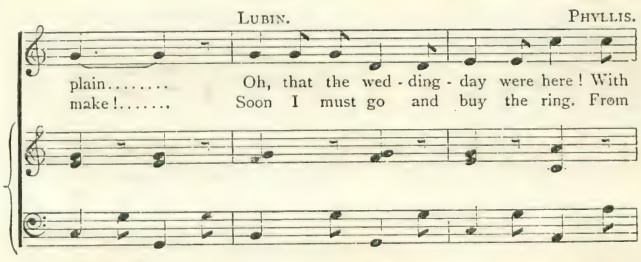
LUBIN. Yes, Phyllis darling, I *am* silly, very silly. I'm just like my sheep, for I've hardly any brains. But what does that matter, as you have more than enough for both of us?

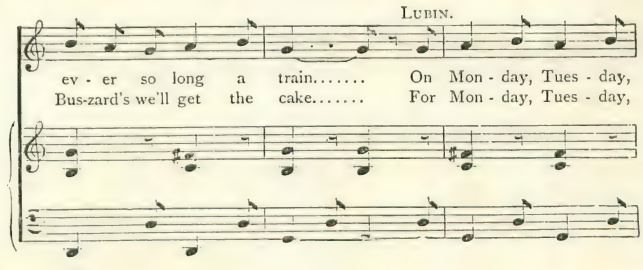
No. 4. WHEN WILL YOU MARRY ME?

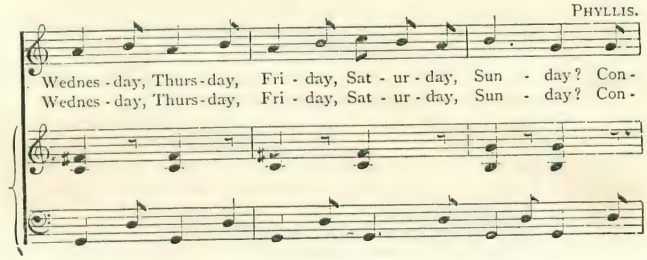
Duet (PHYLLIS & LUBIN).

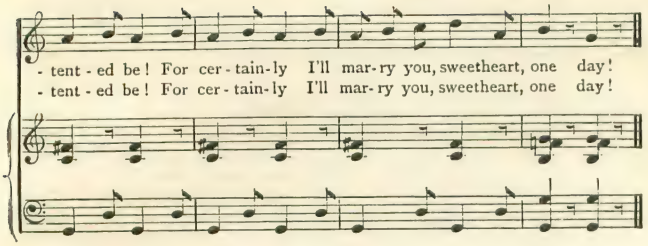


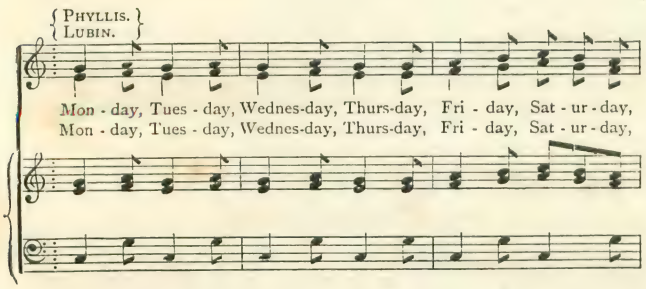


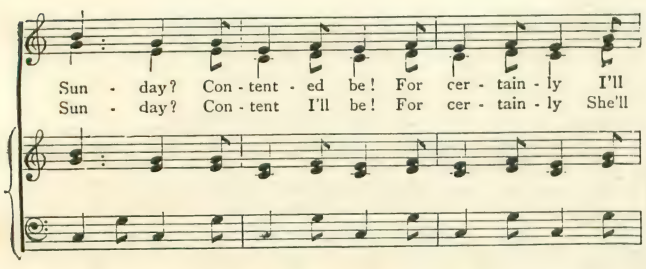


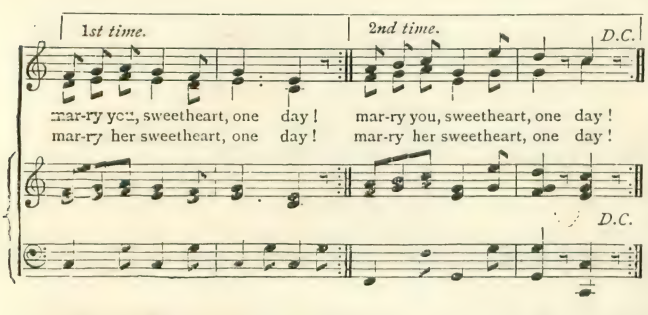


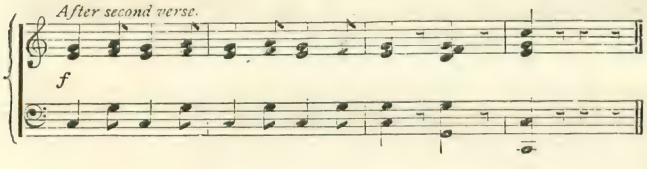












Enter DAME, *with a bunch of herbs* (R.H.). *Music.*

DAME. Well, dearies! Has the black cat been mewing?

BOTH (*laughing*). No.

DAME. I must rest again before I trudge back with my basket.

LUBIN. Dear Dame, do not take the basket back, for I fear something will happen. Already the villagers are in an uproar, for the carrier has spread all sorts of reports about it, and you must not venture amongst them. Trust the basket to me, and I will take charge of it.

PHYLLIS. And, dear Dame Dora, come and stay with me in my cottage; they daren't harm you there.

DAME. Kind, loving hearts! Yes, Lubin, you shall take charge of my basket, and, Phyllis, I will stay with you in your cottage, for if my life *is* in danger, as you seem to think it is, you must shield it from harm, for it is very precious to me now. Listen, and I will tell you a story. (*They all sit.*) There was once a queen who ruled over this land of Arcadee. The King died, and they had no children. By the laws of Arcadee she herself had to appoint her successors. From the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the laws bade her make her choice. She was surrounded by fawners and flatterers, by those who had smiles on their lips and falsehoods in their hearts, and she found none worthy. One day she left her palace, and, disguised as a peasant, took up her abode in a village, hoping to find some true and worthy hearts there. Because she was old and ugly, and seemed poor, they drove her away. For a long time she wandered from village to village, always mocked at, always jeered at, always driven away with sticks and stones. At last she came to a village not far from here, dearies; and again, all were unkind to her; all, except two—one was a little schoolmistress, the other was a shepherd. And the search of the Queen of Arcadee was over.

PHYLLIS. Poor Queen! Then she was happy at last?

DAME. Very, very happy.

LUBIN (*looking* R.H.). Look, Phyllis! (*they all rise*); something has happened in the village! What can it be? They are all rushing towards Dame Dora's cottage. Ah! they are not going to burn it, as they have so often threatened to do. They are not going to burn it! I must try to prevent this cruel deed.

[*Exit*, R.H.

PHYLLIS. Dear Dame, poor Dame! What can I do? Oh, what *can* I do? Let us fly away together to a place where you can find safety! Don't be frightened! don't be frightened! We shall never leave you. Lubin and I will always love and protect you.

DAME. Dearie, I am not frightened. See, I am not trembling, like you. I will stay here.

PHYLLIS. Come away, do! do come away! See, Lubin returns to warn you.

Enter LUBIN (R.H.).

LUBIN. Oh, Phyllis! Oh, Dame Dora! Such a wonderful thing! A splendid gold coach, drawn by eight white horses, has just driven through the village, and has stopped at your cottage, Dame Dora. I asked one of the footmen whose it was, and he told me that the carriage had come to fetch her Majesty the Queen.

PHYLLIS. What *does* it all mean?

DAME. It means this, dearies, that the basket must now be opened to give the poor black cat a little air. Open it, Lubin.

LUBIN (*opening the basket. He takes out a crown.*) A crown.

DAME (*putting it on.*) For my head.

LUBIN (*taking it out.*) A string of precious stones.

DAME (*putting it on.*) For my neck.

LUBIN (*taking out a robe.*) How beautiful!

DAME (*putting it on.*) My robe of state.

LUBIN (*taking it out.*) A golden stick.

DAME (*taking it.*) My sceptre.

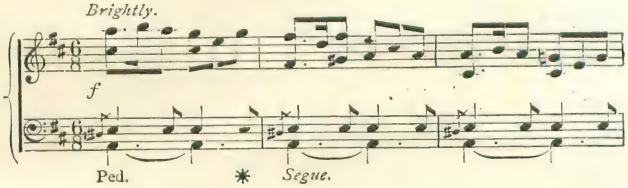
PHYLLIS. I see it all. Lubin, Lubin, it isn't Dame Dora, it is the Queen herself.

PHYLLIS and LUBIN (*falling on their knees.*) Please don't chop off our heads!

DAME. Dearies, I am Queen Lovegood, *not* Queen Elizabeth. Rise, sweet ones. (*They rise.*) As you have made me happy, it is my duty to try and make you happy. In you both I find those who are worthy to rule over Arcadee, and on your wedding day I give up the throne to King Lubin and Queen Phyllis. I shall still hold you to your promise of love and protection, and I know that you'll find a little corner in your big palace for Dame Dora.

No. 5. FINALE.

DAME DORA, PHYLLIS, AND LUBIN.



mf

DAME. LUBIN.

Soon will the wed-ding bells mer - ri - ly ring, Ding - a-dong-ding!

PHYLLIS. DAME.

Ding - a-dong-ding! For Phyl - lis the Queen and for Lu - bin the King.

PHYLLIS. LUBIN.

rall. *a tempo.*

Ding - a-dong-ding - a - dong - ding - a-dong-ding! What can we

rall. *a tempo.*

say or do? Your kind - ness to us you nev - er will rue.

DAME. *rall.*

Dear - ies, I know that you to me will be lov - ing and

rall.

LUBIN. DAME. PHYLLIS. PHYLLIS. LUBIN. DAME.

true..... Ding - a-dong, Ding - a-dong, Ding - a-dong-ding! How

a tempo.

LUBIN. PHYLLIS. DAME.

hap - py we three to - geth - er will be! The King, And the Queen, And the

PHYLLIS. LUBIN. DAME.

Dow - a - ger-Queen, of Ar - - ca - - - dee!.....

f *p*

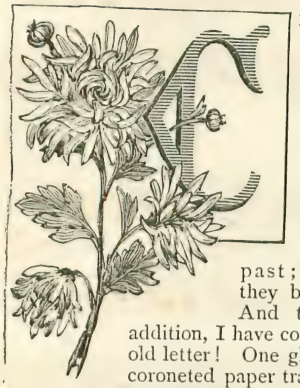
f *cres.* *ff*

fff Curtain.

THE STORY OF ROSE.

By E. CHILTON.

CHAPTER I.



CHRISTMAS EVE! a clear night, and the bells are ringing. To me those Christmas bells are a charm, conjuring into new life a scene of the past; every year they bring it back. And to-night, in addition, I have come upon this old letter! One glimpse of the coroneted paper transported me to my Grayport drawing-room. The sea air came, salt and bracing, through the open window; the sun was shining, the waves were shimmering; on the cliff a strong, shrill voice cried, "Mackerel! fresh mackerel!" The house around me was resonant with scales and "Cramer's Exercises;" a delicate odour, as of rose leaves, when I opened the envelope breathed a *je ne sais quoi* of refinement.

"Witham Park, August 16, 18—.

"DEAR MISS LEE, — Please expect the children any time from 4.30; my maid will see them safe with you, and return by the next train. We are all quite low at the idea of losing Rose; she is a perfect sunbeam in a house—such a lovely child! By the bye, did you come across her portrait in the Academy? A young artist, a Mr. Brooke, who was here for a week or two, could not rest till he had leave to paint her. As to poor Janet—well! 'least said, soonest mended.' Any improvement which your judicious hand can effect will be a boon to us all. Pray kindly give special attention to her deportment. I should wish her to have daily lessons from Madame Michan, whom, by the way, I don't envy. That fairy, Rose, will be some compensation, perhaps.

"What exquisite weather! As usual, I am overwhelmed with occupations. *Au revoir!*

"Yours truly,

"CHARLOTTE BEAUMONT."

Was it by some perversity of nature, or my experience among girls, or my knowledge of Lady Charlotte, whose own daughters I had educated, that her note inspired in me a prepossession directly the reverse of her own?

Witham Park was hardly the place in which an unattractive orphan—without rank, without wealth, without beauty—would be in other respects appreciated; and again, it was precisely the place where a beautiful child-heiress, gifted alike by nature and by fortune, would be pampered, worshipped, spoiled.

I knew that Janet Colson was the sole relic of a foolish marriage by which Mr. Beaumont's only sister had, as was considered, disgraced herself. He had taken the orphan from charity when its parents died within a week of each other. But Rose Fairfax was the eldest daughter of Lady Charlotte's favourite brother, whose rich young wife had bequeathed to him her large fortune in trust for their child. To recruit his spirits after her loss, he had gone abroad, leaving the little one with Lady Charlotte; and, extending his travels to India, married another wealthy wife, nearly related to the Governor-General. Under her auspices he obtained, being in orders, some high appointment in the Cathedral of Calcutta, and this he still occupied, waiting till the fat living of Witham, in Mr. Beaumont's gift, should fall vacant. A large family was springing up around him; and already one or two of them had been sent home to his present wife's English relations. But Rose had remained at Witham Park, the darling of the household.

My thoughts, in anticipation, turned from that spoiled pet, whom, I felt assured, it would be my task continually to snub, to the neglected orphan, whose little heart was doubtless craving for the love which I, in my turn, longed to lavish upon her. I was busy with my first class, I remember, when the children were announced. I found them waiting in my drawing-room, with the elegant maid, whom, at first sight, I mistook for a lady. The cab was still at the door; the farewell had at once to take place. The child I perceived to be Janet extended indifferent fingers; but the other little one clung about the stately neck, and brought from her pocket a small parcel, some parting gift. When the Abigail, considerably dishevelled, arose from that stooping embrace, the beadlike eyes were wet with genuine tears. A moment later she was gone, and I turned to my children.

Janet did not resemble the overgrown girl of my fancy. She was half a head shorter than Rose—a little wizen, stunted creature, with a face terribly like a small monkey, and a heavy brow, bearing the unmistakable impress of bad temper. Her expression was sharp, observant, and, so far as possible in a child of ten years, satirical. She looked first at me, then the room, then my books and ornaments, all over with a rapid and sinister glance; and my eye, skilled in such deciphering, saw that her estimation of herself was far removed from the morbid humility I had pictured. On the contrary, I was not sure but that she would prove to be a little conceited; and of this I was sure that she had it in her to be more than a little pert.

I turned in disappointment to the other. There was my Rose. It seemed at once quite natural so to call her. Surely, of all names ignorantly chosen at baptism, none ever fitted like hers! Such a sweet, such a lovely, such a bewitching little face, divided now between smiles and tears; the tears, stopped midway in their course on the childish cheek, responded to those which I had seen in the black orbs of the maid. But she was not thinking about them or herself. She was looking at me with a half-inquiring, half cordially smiling glance, which took my heart forthwith. I held out my hand to her; she came at once, and stood beside me with a sigh of mingled relief and content. I scanned her critically; the longer I gazed the more she charmed me. The bright hair all in curls and ripples; the fair skin exquisitely coloured; the eyes, which might have been blue stars cut from a summer sky; the graceful limbs, round yet slender; all these seemed only the natural embodiment of the spirit which irradiated her countenance. She was not merely a beautiful child—she looked like a child fresh from heaven.

I drew the darling within one arm, and held out my other hand to Janet. She withered me by a glance which seemed to satirize the action; and then, if ever jealous hatred were depicted on any face, I saw it in hers, as she looked from me to Rose. I fancied that Rose saw it also; she likewise glanced at her companion, then turned away, and as she stood within my arm I felt a smothered sigh.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE met, in my experience among girls, with all manner of strange medleys, perplexing my preconceived theories at almost every turn. As I grew in wisdom, I renounced such theories altogether, contenting myself with observation—a more successful plan.

Janet Colson at first appeared to be singularly deficient in natural gifts of the mind no less than of the body; but for that satirical keenness of glance I should have thought her absolutely "wanting." Some casual circumstance fired her ambition; and an intellect above the average developed itself. Presently her companions spoke of her as the cleverest girl in the school; I myself, as she grew older, was often astonished by her power of mental grasp.

Without doubt hers was no commonplace character. In my musings concerning it I felt that it ought to be, and in fiction would appear, decidedly interesting. Nevertheless Janet did not interest me; in fact—though for this I blamed myself—she had something to me almost repulsive. The sunshine of cheerful kindliness abounded in our house, and, prompted by all I guessed of her antecedents, I contrived that its rays should beam in double measure on her. But the silent scorn of their reception made me feel myself a mere gaoler, whose overtures his victims despise. I still longed, however, with intense pity to help her, for she was not happy even as a child—as a girl she was positively the reverse. Morbid, unsatisfied cravings showed themselves in her countenance, in her voice. I believe that what she wanted was someone to love and to love her; not anyone—someone—the one; not so easy to find! for her aspirations were wide, her attractions limited. She grew up decidedly plain; and notwithstanding Madame Michan's labours, her deportment never satisfied Lady Charlotte. Lady Charlotte would tolerate no servant who appeared to her ungraceful, no article of furniture which did not accord with her fastidious taste; Janet, neither a servant nor an article of furniture, must remain a standing grievance.

Meanwhile her jealousy of Rose, early fostered by injudicious comparisons, had been outwardly subdued; only now and then some chance incident revealed its existence. But it did still exist, as Rose knew. My Rose! how quickly, to be sure, she crept into all our hearts! The darling of the whole school; her life, but for Janet, would have been a perpetual summer. There was something great in Janet, she would say to me; something which would unfold itself one day. If only she would believe in her, Rose, and forgive her for being liked! She desired no difference, hated it indeed. This as she grew older. As a child, only half understanding, she would say, "I wish Janet would love me! Will she ever, Miss Lee, do you think?" She would heap presents upon Janet, would watch her like a dog to offer any little service, would stand up for her when—I fear not unfrequently—occasion needed. But I am not sure that these very things, by heightening Rose's sweetness, did not deepen the envious anguish in that dark young soul.

For Rose, meanwhile, the petting and admiration which surrounded her seemed but her natural element. I guided them, I could not check them; they came spontaneously, unconscious tributes. Amid all she was unselfish, grateful, lowly-minded; the happiest nature that I ever knew, peerless as her face. She was not clever, like Janet.

No one, indeed, could arrange flowers as she did, or make such pretty knickknacks for ornament or use; but her prizes were all for neatness or good conduct; and she never, that I remember, reached the head of any class.

So the years rolled on until, at the age of eighteen, the girls left me, as they came, together.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years later I was invited to Witham Rectory, where Rose's father had been recently installed. He had collected his scattered family, and Rose had written glowing histories of her half-brothers and sisters and her step-mother; she seemed almost fabulously happy. A fever had temporarily dispersed my school; we had still a few days ere reassembling, and I thought that I could not do better than spend them with my child.

She met me at the station herself on a bright October morning. The woods were rich in tints; the sky was a vault of cloudless blue, the hedges were bright with berries. A robin's clear song greeted us as we drove out into the quiet lanes.

"Is it not lovely?" cried Rose. "I am so glad you are come! I have been longing to tell you some good news. Now guess—you shall have three guesses."

I could not guess at first, however, for gazing at her. She had been beautiful as a child, but she was far more beautiful now. She looked like the embodiment of a poet's dream; one might live a long lifetime and never see such another face. Her eyes had still that aspect of being taken from the sky, the world's touch had not been there, or at best it had injured her no more than the petting at school.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she cried, "You are trying to read my face. But no, I won't let you off your guesses."

"Well, let me see. You are—engaged to be married?"

"I? No, indeed!" she exclaimed with a quick, vivid blush. "It is nothing about myself."

"Is it not? My interest falls at once."

"Oh, how unkind! Is there no one else at Witham whom you remember? Have you quite ceased to care for poor Janet?"

As she spoke in a rallying manner, but with an undertone deeper than rallying, my conscience pricked me. In truth I had for the moment forgotten that Janet also lived at Witham.

"Janet! Then is she engaged?"

"Not engaged; but—oh, I must tell you, I can't wait. The Beaumonts have all been at Ilfracombe for six weeks, and Janet with them; and in the hotel was a Mr. Brooke, whom Aunt Charlotte knew long ago. I have always heard of him as a delightful man—clever, good, everything. Well, Minnie Beaumont says that his infatuation, as she called it, for Janet was quite striking. The very first evening, when he sat next her at the *table d'hôte*, they found all manner of subjects in common, talked away, he drew her out; the next day he joined them on the sands. After that he was constantly with them; they went expeditions together, he lionising; he was only to have been there a week, but he stayed on and on. The Beaumonts came home full of it; they all agree that the attraction was undoubtedly Janet."

"But has it ended in attraction?"

"Oh, Miss Lee! Remember your lectures on impatience. He is coming to us to-day."

"To you, at the Rectory?"

"I'll explain. It turned out, in talking things over, that he is a cousin of mamma's. As children they were great cronies, but when she went back to India, after leaving school, she lost sight of him. Well, when I heard how the land lay, and saw the change in Janet, and found that Aunt Charlotte did not seem to care about following up the acquaintance—her house is always so full, you know—I persuaded mamma to write to him, and renew old times; and to make a long story short, he is coming to us for a week, and then he is to go on to the Park."

"So if Janet does get a good husband, she will owe him to you."

"What a way to put it! Not at all. No doubt he would in any case have managed to come; but that kind of thing is difficult without opportunities, and I thought what a pity if it fell through just for want of an opportunity. Of course, when Aunt Charlotte found he was coming, she said he must go on to them afterwards."

"And you speak of a change in Janet?"

"Oh, yes. It is what I always felt would be, if only she could find some one to appreciate her. You see people are so led by looks, and looks are horribly deceitful. I am sure if Janet had fair play, she would be worth a score of beauties. What are you laughing at, Miss Lee? I am very angry with you. I assure you, I saw the change before I had a notion of the cause. Such a softness on her face and in her manner, instead of that unfortunate sneer which so belies her. It improves her so much to be happy. She smiles and laughs quite merrily sometimes; and everyone says how far more amiable she has become. I think when she is really engaged, we shall hardly know her for the same person. I feel sure that Mr. Brooke is just the right man for her."

"My dear, how can you feel sure of that? You don't know him."

"Only in recollection. He was staying once, years and years ago, at the Park, when Janet and I were children. I remember I used, from afar, to regard him as perfectly fascinating. He was a very young man then; now he is—let me see—three years younger than mamma, that will make him two-and-thirty. Not old, you know."

"I should hope not," I answered, laughing.

"And Janet is my age—twenty-one; but she was always old in mind. I'll tell you why I call him the right man for her. There is a story about him. He was engaged once, long ago, to a very lovely girl, and she jilted him—deceived him utterly; he found that she had never been half he thought her. He was poor in those days, and had taken up art as a profession, and he was a true artist in his worship of beauty. But now he says openly that he cares far more for expression than for beauty of feature; and he told a mutual friend of ours, that ever since that great shock he had been unable to resist a certain suspicion, at first acquaintance, of so-called beautiful women. That is rather hard, but I suppose it may be the natural reaction from his old foolish creed that beauty was the test of the soul. And no doubt it helps him to see Janet without prejudice, and to appreciate her talents. He is very clever and thoughtful himself, and Minnie says that he seemed to find her entirely congenial."

"And is he still an artist?"

As I spoke, I was trying to remember where or when I had heard of a Mr. Brooke, an artist, before.

"Not professionally; he does paint still, I believe; but only from love of the work. He is very rich now. A few years ago he inherited a large place and fortune; the house is under repair at present, and he is roaming about till it is ready."

"And looking for a wife?"

"Miss Lee, you are really ill-natured to-day! As to that, he would not require to roam far, for he is quite charming, even the Beaumonts say, and you know their fastidiousness. But I feel sure he is in love with Janet."

Therewith the subject dropped; we had each plenty to tell and to hear on other matters. I had not seen my child for eighteen months, and this was my first visit to her own home. A truly pleasant home I found it to be, pervaded from hall to attic by an atmosphere of comfort and of sunshine. The rector's habits were doubtless luxurious, but he was an excellent husband and father, and in kindliness so genuine that I felt puzzled to account for his relationship to Lady Charlotte. His wife was the reverse of the traditionary stepmother; wrapped up, indeed, in her own children, but fond and proud as ever I could desire of Rose. The children, of all ages, from thirteen years to three months, were pretty and attractive. But not one of them would ever equal my child. It did me good to watch her flitting hither and thither, to hear her happy voice, to see how all looked to her, all loved her.

After luncheon, as I sat alone with Mrs. Fairfax, I remarked that I wondered she were not married ere now.

"It is not for lack of opportunity," said my hostess, smiling; "I may confess to you that she has had one or two really splendid offers. Lady Charlotte was very much annoyed. But somehow her heart seems difficult to touch."

"It is strange," I observed.

"Well, there is plenty of time," said Mrs. Fairfax. "For ourselves, we are only too thankful. She is the life of the house."

CHAPTER IV.

THIS rectory was evidently a most hospitable establishment. Every day, as I soon learned from the family conversation, people were coming and going. There was a large dinner party on this particular evening, and several were to sleep in the house. When I went downstairs, after dressing, the drawing-room was filling fast, and seating myself on a retired sofa, I looked about me, well amused. Presently I was aware of a gentleman who, entering among a bevy of fresh arrivals, walked quietly to my sofa and sat down, as if, like myself, more desirous to see than to be seen. As he remained silent and unobserved by host or hostess, I shortly ventured to cast a sidelong glance towards him. He was a distinguished-looking young man, and his countenance was that of one who had thought and suffered. I caught myself wondering about him, conjecturing as to his history. The manner of his entrance denoted him as a guest located in the house; he had probably arrived during my absence upstairs, and I felt a conviction that this was Mr. Brooke. His expression, as he gazed across the room, struck me as remarkably intent. I observed in it a touch of wonder, of growing interest; followed his eyes, and saw Rose, as usual, the centre of a circle.

"I beg your pardon," said my neighbour, suddenly, "but can you tell me the name of that young lady with the white geranium in her hair?"

"That is Miss Fairfax."

"The daughter of Mr. Fairfax's first wife? Indeed! Then I must be wrong. But, by the bye, they are related, are they not, to the Beaumonts of Witham Park?"

I replied in the affirmative, explaining that until lately Rose had lived with her aunt.

"Ah! No doubt then it is the same. I thought I could hardly mistake the face. But how wonderful to see her so unchanged!"

He relapsed into silence, still gazing at Rose, while I speculated on his meaning. I was about to frame some polite inquiry when he suddenly left his seat, and, without another syllable, walked straight across the room. He said a few words to Rose; I saw her start, colour, smile. The next moment they were

talking away as if they had known each other all their lives.

Janet was not present on this evening; she had been from home, and could not return until late. If my new acquaintance were indeed Mr. Brooke, I wondered how her jealous nature would have endured the sight! He was looking at Rose with all the admiring fascination which, unconsciously to herself, it seemed her destiny to excite. She, in her turn, was evidently delighted, glowing, sparkling, chattering in her child-like fashion, looking even more lovely than usual. Dinner was announced, and my faint doubt of his identity was dispelled, for they went in together; and I knew that by her special desire it was arranged that Mr. Brooke should be her squire to-night.

"I feel like a regular old match-maker!" she had said, laughing. "I shall talk to him all the time about Janet."

And even so, as I sat opposite, among all the hum of voices, Janet's name constantly reached my ear. What was she saying, I wondered? Was it Janet, or one another that absorbed them? Anyhow they seemed, throughout that long dinner, to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world.

It was much the same afterwards in the drawing-room. Rose was singing when the gentlemen entered; I saw Mr. Brooke's eye seek her out, and gradually he edged his way up to her; when she rose from the piano, she found him at her elbow. He could not monopolise her as at dinner, but the whole evening he hovered near her, and certainly she talked more to him than to anyone else.

At night, when all was over, she came to my room.

"Miss Lee," she cried, "he is delightful! Janet is very fortunate."

As she spoke, I noticed, half smothered, the faintest possible sigh.

"Yes," I said, "you must introduce him to-morrow. And were you talking about Janet all the time?"

"I began about her. Yes, we talked of her a good deal, and of Ilfracombe generally, and of old days."

"Old days? Oh, by the bye, you told me that he had stayed at the Park in your childhood."

"He painted my portrait, you know. At least, perhaps you don't know; but he did. He was an artist then; and he made use of me for his Academy picture."

At once all flashed upon me. Lady Charlotte's note of long ago rushed back to my remembrance.

"Fancy, he has no recollection whatever of Janet in those days; but he would have known me anywhere, he says. How strange it is! I am so sorry Janet could not be here to-night; but no doubt he will go to her the first thing to-morrow."

He did not, however. The morning was rainy, otherwise I myself should have gone to the Park; but as it was, we ladies contented ourselves with indoor occupations. Mr. Fairfax and another gentleman, who was staying at the Rectory, went out, for the rain was not heavy, but Mr. Brooke remained within. Rose gave him one or two hints, remarking that it was only ten minutes' walk to the Park, and that Janet was at home; but "Indeed!" was his sole response. During the greater part of the morning he, Rose, and I entertained one another in the drawing-room. We had music, looked at photographs of people and of places, discussed them and things in general. He was certainly most agreeable. At one time I had feared that he might prove to be a flirt; but as I saw more of him, I felt this an impossibility. He was far too unconscious, too genuine, for flirtation; indeed, I soon forgot the surmise in the pleasure of his society. He had travelled much, read much, mixed much in the world, and all had united to cultivate an originally gifted mind. Now and then he made a remark which I saw to be beyond Rose's depth. Janet would have responded instantly; but my Rose was never intellectually clever. Either she looked puzzled, or her reply was beside the point; and in each case I saw him afterwards glance at her with some scrutiny—once he seemed a little disappointed. But when, towards the end of the morning, she was called away, he turned abruptly to me, and said, as if unawares—

"I can't tell you what it is to see her so entirely unchanged!"

Perhaps my manner showed surprise, for he went on to explain himself.

"When I met her in days gone by, I thought her the most lovely child I had ever seen. Her face has crossed my memory at times, but always with regret in the thought that she could not remain a child. You see I never dreamed but that she would have been spoiled long ago. And now, after all these years of admiration and adulation, I find just the same face!—just as unworldly as——"

He stopped suddenly as Rose, with Mrs. Fairfax, re-entered; and I sat silent, perplexed.

CHAPTER V.

THESE were the days of croquet; a croquet party, the last of the season, had been arranged for the afternoon. Towards one o'clock the rain cleared off, the sun came out, the sky brightened. Mrs. Fairfax shook her head, and talked of wet grass, but she was overborne by several voices, declaring that the grass was too short to matter. After luncheon, a bevy, headed by Rose and Mr. Brooke, sallied forth to set the hoops and prepare; and some time later such guests as did not fear the damp began to arrive. The weather, despite the rain, was mild; a steamy day, hazy and still, such as is not unfrequent in late autumn. I was strolling with Mrs. Fairfax and other ladies near the entrance gate, enjoying the serenity, when a carriage full of young ladies drove up.

"Oh, here are the Beaumonts!" cried Mrs. Fairfax. "You naughty people to be so late; the sets are all formed."

While excuses were being made, and messages delivered from Lady Charlotte, who was not of the party, I turned to Janet. She had advanced to meet me with a smile of welcome—the sweetest smile I had ever seen upon her face. Yes, it was true! she was altered—favourably altered. She looked, as Rose had said, softened; the sneering expression was almost, if not utterly, gone; and as, our mutual greetings over, she glanced up and down the garden, a strange new bloom glowed on her cheek and made a wonderful improvement in her complexion. After that first glance, indeed, the colour faded; but her countenance when she turned again to me was full of peaceful content.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Lee; must you really go the day after to-morrow? I wish you could have stayed longer. They are all at the croquet-ground, I suppose?"

The Beaumonts had flitted hither and thither with congenial acquaintances; Janet and I walked on alone. We had a pleasant little chat on the way, and I found her more affectionate than ever before in my experience. As we neared our destination the colour returned; she looked excited, expectant; I could see that her heart was thrilling high in joyous anticipation.

The croquet-ground was large, formed from a field adjoining the garden; when we arrived four games were in progress. In one, an interminable eight game, I saw Rose and Mr. Brooke. At the moment they were standing idle, she listening while he talked, bending a little towards her with that look which I had observed before—that look of magnetic fascination. They did not see us approach. There was a heightened bloom also on Rose's cheek, a brilliance in her eye, which added a charm even to her attractions. Any stranger coming suddenly upon the group would have said, "That young man is head over ears in love, and the girl feels it."

Just then a cry of "Dark blue! Who is dark blue? Mr. Brooke! Mr. Brooke!" came from a frantic devotee of the game. At the sound of his name they started, both he and Rose, and as he hastened to attend to his stroke, I observed that he coloured. Janet observed it also; the joyous expectancy was changed to blankness; the eyes passed from eagerness to startled pain, then fixed in a stony hardness.

At this moment Rose glanced in our direction, saw Janet, and was flying to meet her, when she in her turn was called. An eight game of croquet, as we all remember, must progress, if the world were on the point of perishing. Mr. Brooke, however, following Rose's eyes, crossed the ground, taking off his hat. Janet gave him a passive hand; that stony look, so near despair, never changed. I doubt whether he observed it; he seemed in a hurry to get back, turning quickly when a partner asked advice. No place in any game was vacant, but Rose offered hers to Janet, calling across the ground in her clear young voice—I can hear it now, calling, imploring. Janet refused—not, however, with the old malignant tone; she was cut to the heart too deep for malice.

After a while, as other friends claimed my attention, I became aware that she had vanished. I looked round and about, asking for her, but no one had seen her go.

"Janet disdains croquet," said my old pupil, Minnie Beaumont. "You know her of old, Miss Lee. Wild horses would not have drawn her here, if there had not been another attraction."

She laughed significantly as she spoke, and glanced towards Mr. Brooke.

"I hope he hasn't changed his mind," she added, presently, in an undertone, of which I took no notice.

When everyone went in to five o'clock tea, Rose came to me and inquired for Janet. I volunteered a search, and, Rose being otherwise summoned, wandered off alone through the garden. Some instinct led me to the least cheerful nook of that generally cheerful place, a knot of fir trees, where a garden seat had been placed in the summer. There, as I had half expected, was Janet. Her hat had fallen off, her arms were round the trunk of a tree, her head was resting against it; her face was hidden, her whole frame agitated by convulsive weeping. It was utterly uncontrollable, I saw at a glance; I had never known anything like it in her before throughout the years of our acquaintance.

I forgot reserve, her dislike to unasked sympathy, everything but pity. This was no mere girlish vexation; her sobs seemed to come from the depths of a broken heart. I sat down beside her, took her in my arms, drew her lonely young head to rest on my shoulder.

"Janet, my child," I said quietly. Half to my surprise, even then she did not repulse me.

"Oh, Miss Lee!" she murmured, clinging round me as she had clung to the tree. "I can't bear it—I can't; the world is cruel! Oh, I have been a fool! But everyone else thought it too. You don't know the words he said to me, or his—his—— But I might have guessed that he would think no more of me when he saw her! She has been the bane of my life."

"SHE WAS A JOY TO LOOK UPON."

She said no more, only hid her face in my shoulder, and cried and cried. She seemed to take it for granted that I should understand; and I asked no questions. I felt sadly powerless to console her. I could not comprehend the affair, or foresee how it would end; but my sympathy alone seemed to soothe her. In the first agony of disappointment her spirit sought refuge in a friend, and a true friend she knew me to be. After a time she grew calmer; she still clung to me, and I almost thought that, in her exhaustion, she was falling asleep, but suddenly she sat up, smoothed her hair, and said that she would go home.

"You won't betray me," she said, earnestly. "You won't tell anyone of this? Promise—promise!"

I promised of course, only asking how I should account for her disappearance.

"Oh, merely say I went home by the fields; they are never surprised at my taking my own way. I won't be so foolish again. Please forget it, Miss Lee—and thank you!"

She clasped me suddenly round the neck, kissed me, and was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL that evening Rose was in high spirits. For the first time since I had known her a feeling akin to reproach and doubt of her had awakened in my mind; but when I had watched a little while this disappeared. She fascinated without intending to fascinate. To-night she seemed like a happy, unthinking child. She did not talk as before to Mr. Brooke. He still hung about her, and gazed admiringly as she ran to fetch her father's book, set a knitting-stitch for her stepmother, mended a child's doll, caressed the dogs, played the piano to her brothers. But even Janet would not have blamed her, had she seen her manner—cordial and friendly but perfectly unconcerned—to him to-night.

Again, when we went upstairs, she came to my room, and, kneeling on the hearthrug, gazed for some moments into the fire.

"Miss Lee," she said at last, "are you sure that you must go on Friday?"

"Quite sure, my dear. I have a great deal to arrange before we begin work."

"And Miss Moore is not strong enough to come back. How will you manage without your right hand?"

"Very badly, I fear," I replied, sighing involuntarily, as I thought of my useful head governess disabled by the fever.

"I'll tell you what!" cried Rose, turning suddenly to me, "you must let me come back and help you till she is well."

"You, my dear!" I exclaimed. But I soon found that she was in earnest; moreover, that she had asked her father's permission, which that easy-minded rector had straightway granted, asking no questions. I remonstrated, but without effect.

"I know my visit to you will never be if I put it off any longer," she said; "and I do so want to see dear old Grayport, and to be with you comfortably for a little while. I have not had half enough of you in this peep. Then, you know, that of all things I enjoy 'putting tidy'; so I shall really be of use."

Thus, after some parley, the matter was settled, and I could not but rejoice in a prospect delightful as unexpected. I did not trouble myself by speculations as to her motive, though once or twice a notion struck me that more might be in it than appeared; but this notion vanished in the atmosphere of her simplicity, as I watched her sunny face and heard her chatter, when, a day later, we started from Witham.

Mr. Brooke had looked very blank on the previous evening, when informed of her intention. He had been absent all day on a pre-arranged visit to an old friend in the neighbourhood, not returning until dinner was nearly over. Thus he saw little more of Rose, who went early to bed, and on the Friday morning all was bustle.

"I suppose you will be back before I leave Witham?" I heard him say, after looking very grave and thoughtful for some moments, just as we were starting.

"I don't know; Grayport is very fascinating. I'm not sure that I shall ever come back at all," she said, lightly.

Then the children flocked about her with their farewells, and our time was gone.

As we left the Rectory, a little note in a sealed envelope was placed in my hand.

"Dear Miss Lee," it said—"I must once more beg of you to forget my folly. don't know what possessed me. I feel as if I should die of shame when I think of it. Pray, pray forget it all, as I shall strive to do.

"Yours,

"JANET."

I had been to the Park the day before, but had only seen Janet for a moment. Lady Charlotte was full of a recent purchase of some fine engravings, and wanted my help in their assortment. Janet had looked exactly like her old self—reserved, cold, miserable, only the scornfulness was still softened. She had gone back into her shell, took little notice of me, and, since such was her mind, I knew her too well to take much notice of her.

Now, in reading her note, my heart ached for her; I felt painfully my impotence, my ignorance. But I could only commend her to a Higher Power, and resign myself to inaction; and as the day wore on, and we neared Grayport, the whole affair seemed but as a troubled dream. Rose was so full of glee, watching for familiar landmarks; we ate our sandwiches, looked at *Punch* and the *Graphic*, talked of old days and old schoolfellows of my child, some of whom were still with me. I did observe that she never mentioned either Janet or Mr. Brooke; but she had often been a little volatile, and her thoughts were now engaged with new subjects.

I found, as I had anticipated, much to arrange when I reached home, and I know not how half would have been done in time but for Rose. She was so full of energy, of help, of handiness. All through November—that year a dreary month—thick fogs overhanging the sea and leaden skies the land, she brightened the house like a sunbeam. Sometimes she taught the little ones, sometimes chatted with the elder girls, sometimes she went out shopping for me, sometimes she only sat in my drawing-room, working and singing to herself. In all alike she was a joy to look upon.

The sharp frosts of December came, lightening the heavy atmosphere; and still she was with us. Once or twice her departure had been fixed, and by herself postponed. She was so happy with me, she said, and no one knew when she might come again. So the weeks went on, until the holidays were close at hand, and it was arranged that I should return with her for Christmas. But somehow, one snowy day, she caught cold. A few days later she was in bed with congestion of one lung.

It was only a slight attack, the doctor said: she must lie in bed and keep warm, and by the New Year she might hope to be pretty well again. This report was accompanied to Witham by a cheerful note from Rose herself; and the time being Christmas and the illness so slight, no one thought it necessary to come. They knew that I could be trusted to take care of her. I must bring her home when it was safe, they wrote, and I agreed.

Pupils and governesses were gone; it was Christmas Eve, the house was strangely silent, but I enjoyed the calm. I ensconced myself snugly with books and work in Rose's room; she was decidedly better, and able to talk a little. The second post brought letters from Witham—one from Mrs. Fairfax for Rose, and one for me from Janet.

"Miss Lee, Miss Lee!" cried Rose, suddenly. She had started up in her bed, her eyes shining, her cheeks rose-coloured.

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? Lie down at once."

"Miss Lee, it is come! They are engaged. Oh, I am so thankful!"

She lay down again, and the colour faded. Thoughts which I could not fathom filled her blue eyes to overflowing.

"Janet and Mr. Brooke?" said I, as I opened my own letter.

"Yes. Here, take mine. Mamma tells me the whole story. He proposed to her a month ago, and she refused him; but on Monday he came again, and now it is all right."

At this moment the bells of the parish church broke into sudden music.

CHAPTER VII.

IT all came back to me to-night when our own bells rang out. I saw again that room with the cheerful firelight glancing on the bed—my child's face on the pillow, her bright hair flowing round it, and still that same strange look in her eyes, of thoughts I could not fathom. She had no appearance of illness; I remarked with pleasure that the attack seemed passing away. The bells were still ringing—now pausing—now beginning afresh, as I have heard them to-night. Tea was over, and I was resting near the fire. Janet's engagement seemed already quite an old affair.

"I wish I might have heard the whole of Janet's letter," said Rose, suddenly.

"My dear, curious child! I have read nearly every word to you."

I had, indeed, read all but one short sentence in the midst of that glowing history:—

"He has confessed everything to me—it was a passing fascination; he says that he loves me now far too well for it ever to come back."

"I should have liked to see all. I think I can guess, though." I looked up. She was gazing at me with a mischievous smile, surmounting the dreaminess.

"Shall I tell you something, Miss Lee?"

"Anything you like."

"I have been so very happy with you; it has been a delightful visit; but my real reason for coming was something that I overheard."

Even my elderly cheek coloured and felt conscious.

"You remember the afternoon of the croquet party? You went to look for Janet; you never knew that soon after I followed. I came up suddenly behind the trees. I saw you and her. Oh, how poor Janet was crying." Her voice trembled.

"I stopped, and I heard her say, 'I might have guessed that he would think no more of me when he saw her. She has been the bane of my life.'"

"My dearest child, you heard that?"

"Yes, only that, then I turned back and flew. I felt so guilty when I saw you next, but I soon found that you knew nothing about it. I thought all over, and I planned to come here. I knew you would have me."

"Have you! Yes, indeed; but I am so sorry you heard."

I went up to her and kissed her gently. There were one or two soft tears on her cheek.

"Never mind," she said; "it is over now, and I am glad, I am thankful. Oh, I am thankful that I had strength to come."

Those words thrilled through me with a

sudden fear. I looked at her in consternation.

"It is over now," she repeated, "and I am quite happy. I will tell you all about it. It will be a relief to tell you; I never had a secret before. I will confess it was a struggle to me to come."

"Then why did you come?" I said, almost fiercely. What was Janet, what was anyone to her?

She went on, as if she had not heard, her eyes still full of that dreamy light.

"It was a temptation. I am not sorry—now. I think all my life it will make me more merciful to people who fall when they are tempted. Things, which I never knew were in me, woke to life under it. I was very near being horribly mean and selfish."

"Go on, my darling."

"You know at first I thought of no one but Janet, and I had made up my mind that he was in love with her. It never occurred to me that he could think of anyone else till—till I saw it. I did like him so very much; I could not help it. When I saw that he was taken with me, I did think it was a pity Janet cared for him, when he was the only man I had ever seen whom I could really—love. You know there were some before, but never one like him. Part of that evening and all the morning after I was a little intoxicated: I would not let myself think. Then, in the afternoon, when Janet came, and he turned from her to me, then the temptation was strong. I thought after all it might have been a mistake—that he had liked her only as a friend, perhaps, and that surely he ought to know best, and why should not things take their course?"

"My poor child! I had no idea of this."

"No, I know. It was a horrible conflict. I was in the midst of it when Janet said that; and that brought me to my senses. I wondered how I could have been so cruel! Poor Janet, so lonely, so unappreciated, and I—I have everything. Only——"

"Yes?"

"Only, somehow, for a time, in my foolish thoughts, everything else seemed nothing in comparison."

"But you conquered?"

"Yes; God helped me. It was easier after you had said I might go with you. As to him, you see it was only a passing fascination, such as I seem doomed to create in people. I knew it would go off when I was out of his sight, though if I stayed it might grow. It was my horrible beauty."

"My dear Rose!"

"Yes, Miss Lee, I mean it. My beauty is a trial to me. Over and over again people have loved me, and my heart has bled for them, yet I could not help them. It is so hard to give others pain. Yes, if it were God's will, I would rather have an end of all."

"My darling, what do you mean?"

"I would rather go away out of this perplexing world, Miss Lee, if I might choose. Often, lately, I have been thinking of my mother—my own mother, you know. I can remember her, and how my heart felt half broken when she died, and how it grieved her too to leave me without a mother. Papa is happy again, he has new ties, and he does not want me particularly. I am not of chief consequence to anyone; so it is not selfish, and my whole heart is craving for my mother."

"You are so weak, dear, now: you will feel differently when you are well."

"No, I have felt this for long. I am happy enough, as you know; but if I might I would rather go to her. I shan't come in anyone's way there, or pain anyone, or fascinate anyone; and there I shall be no one's bane."

"Don't think of those unfortunate words, my Rose; she did not mean them, and now you have made up for all."

She smiled, and her face brightened.

"She will be very happy, won't she? You remember how I always longed to make Janet happy. And she is far better suited to him than I could be. I am not half deep or clever enough really to suit him. After a time, when he had grown used to me, he would have regretted Janet. Yes! the more I think of it all the more thankful I am."

"And now you must rest, my child: you are very tired."

"Yes, I am tired and sleepy. Good-night, dearest Miss Lee. I am so glad to be with you!"

She clasped me round the neck as I stooped to kiss her. Her hands were more feverish than before, I thought, with some anxiety. I smoothed her pillows, tucked her up, and sat beside her to read an evening hymn. When it was over, she said dreamily, her eyes closed—

"Thank you. How beautiful the bells are! Like heaven, I should think. Don't vex about my foolish chatter, Miss Lee; I am quite happy now."

She was asleep almost before the words were finished; but I sat on watching her anxiously.

CHAPTER VIII.

At dead of night a knock came at my door. The bells had ceased, the ringers were gone home, all without was darkness and silence.

"If you please, ma'am," said a low voice, the handle gently turning, "I fear there is a change in Miss Fairfax."

Five minutes later the whole house was astir. Rose had awakened, complaining of pain and an oppression on her chest. She was sitting up when I entered her room, panting for breath. There was a strange, glazed dimness in her eyes, though she could still smile, and seemed grieved that I had been disturbed, begging me to go back.

But I did not go back. I did not leave her any more. It was a sudden, fatal attack on the heart, resulting from her illness. She could never have been very strong, the doctor said. After a time of severe suffering his remedies relieved her, and at length she sank to sleep again, propped up by pillows. I sat beside her, watching for an hour or more; it was nearly four o'clock on the Christmas morning when she awoke.

"I feel better," she said faintly. "Oh, those bells!"

But it was no earthly chime that she heard.

"The bells stopped long ago, darling," I said, leaning over her. She did not answer. As I took her passive hand in mine she sighed gently, smiled an ineffable smile, raised her other hand, as if hearkening to far-off music, and passed away.

CHAPTER IX.

All was so sudden, so hurried! The startled feeling comes back, fresh as ever, when I think of it; and still on Christmas Day returns that first strange difficulty of realising that Rose is dead. Her father was with me in the evening. Two days later we took her home to Witham.

I think that only then I became fully aware of the extent to which she was beloved. As we entered the village, the road was lined and double-lined by rustic people; it seemed as if all the cottagers in the place were assembled; the men bareheaded in the bitter cold, the women each with some badge of mourning. Old people, bent with age, were there, and tender little children, and rough youths and boys—many who might seem impervious to mere sentiment. When the coffin was slowly borne from the hearse to the Rectory door, sounds of sobbing and of crying came from that humble throng who had gathered to do honour to all that remained of her.

"She was in and out among them from a child," said Mr. Fairfax.

But I think that even he did not know, as I knew, how great was now their loss.

In the hall the servants too came weeping round; the little children seemed almost brokenhearted. My work for the next few days was cut out, in their need of comfort; not until my return home had I time to dwell on my own bereavement.

Many came to gaze on her as she lay in her calm rest. There was still a faint bloom upon her cheeks, her bright hair still shone and rippled, the last smile lingered on her lips; a white rose, from Lady Charlotte's most cherished hothouse, was clasped in her still hands.

Among the rest were Janet and Mr. Brooke. As he gazed his colour changed, his lip trembled. Janet saw it, and even at this solemn time the old jealousy revived within her. I read it on her face, not, as so often before, mingled with hatred, but sharp and full of pain. But some time later, she told me that afterwards, when he and she were alone, he clasped her in his arms, and said—

"Darling, when you saw me just now I was only thinking of the blight on that radiant loveliness. The old fascination is dead for ever. There could be no face like yours to me now."

Thus at length, after all these years, her envy of Rose was healed. On the morning of the funeral I found her kneeling by the coffin and sobbing—

"Forgive me, forgive me, Rose, for all my unkindness."

But that countenance which once would so have brightened at such words could brighten and change no more. A little later the grave had closed over that beloved face. Surely at the Resurrection, when we see it again, it will scarcely be more beautiful or more innocent.

* * * *

My Rose had made her will when she came of age, in the summer before her death. I found, to my surprise, that she had left me a sum which rendered me independent of my teaching, and which, with my own savings, enables me to spend these latter years of my life in all the comfort I could desire. When Janet married, I removed, by her earnest entreaty, from Grayport to a pretty little house on Mr. Brooke's estate.

I see her almost every day, and very thankful do I feel for the change which love and happiness have wrought in her. She is a devoted wife, a pattern mother, and as she grows older her appearance improves; she is no longer plain. Sometimes, when she is looking at her husband, I think her almost beautiful.

Often of late I have realised the truth of my child's remark, that Janet was far better suited to Mr. Brooke than she could ever have been. Perhaps in the course of years he might have wearied of her, or they might have grown apart. I cannot tell, but I feel assured that all is best as it is. Some day, when the right time seems to have come, I shall tell Janet of my darling's sacrifice, and of her confession on that Christmas Eve.

[THE END.]

THE BIRD ON HER BONNET.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

"All praise is due to the Selborne Society for undertaking a crusade against the fashion of wearing birds and portions of birds. It is hoped that the earnest attention of the 'gentle sex' will be drawn to this subject."

My lady was a gentle lass,
And fair and tender as a flower;
She sighed to see a helpless moth
Imprisoned in a spider's bower.

It pained her heart to cuff the cat
That winked upon a Dickie's cage;
Her pity stayed the hangman's hand,
Her tears bedewed the Laureate's page.

One blithesome morn she blithely donned
Her choicest garb, a dainty gown,
And mantle like a web of mist,
And bonnet like a fairy's crown:

It rested on her sun-bright hair—
The silken glory fitly met—
And in its folds of creamy lace
A bonnie bird was sweetly set—

A tiny bird, with half-spread wings,
And poised upon the bonnet's rim,
As skylark by his nest at dawn
Preparing for his matin hymn.

But voiceless is the tuneful throat,
The wings will never flutter now,
Nor other cradle shall he know
Save that which graces Beauty's brow.

A smile was on my lady's lip,
The love-light sparkled in her eyes,
While all her heart was lifted up
With dreams of Love's own Paradise.

Love's Paradise is thronged, they say,
With tender-voiced, gay-plumaged things,
Who warble nothing else than love,
And wear Love's own immortal wings.

Amid my lady's dream, no room
For one sad vision—say, of *this*—
A nest within a rose-hedge hid,
A nest that rosebuds cared to kiss;

A nest where brooding mother sat
With wings most tenderly outspread,
Above her hopes enclosed in shell,
And waiting upon one that's—dead!

He had gone forth on lightsome wing,
His song had cheered her many a day:
"He'll come and feed me soon," she thought,
And prayed. Why not? A bird can pray.*

Her mate came not, for he had fallen
Within the subtle fowler's snare,
Because my lady sought a plume
To set above her golden hair.

And so the mother, waiting, died—
And died the hope within that nest;
Then rosebuds opening, shed their leaves
To hide it from a schoolboy's quest.

* * *

My lady moved to meet her love,
Her spirit light as summer air;
The murdered minnesinger poised
All motionless above her hair.

My lady moved to meet her love—
Her love had died that very day!

* * *

From head that grovelled in the dust
She tore the fairy crown away,

And in her grief cried out to God,
"Oh, hapless doom of great and small,
To love, and lose, and die!" And yet
God marks when even the sparrows fall.

* "The young lions. . . seek their meat from God. . . who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God?"—PSALMS.

SILENCE AND SONG.

By LILY WATSON.

"THE doctors are waiting to see you, Pauline."

It was the voice of my elder sister that spoke; a voice habitually level, chill, precise, but to-day modulated into a cadence of unwonted softness. As she entered our little drawing-room I raised my head, pressed hitherto in foolish abandonment of suspense and wretchedness against the side of the grand piano—my dearly loved friend and companion for this many a day. The cold polished surface seemed welcome to my burning cheek.

"What a pity you have made your hair so untidy!" pursued Eleanor, who was herself the very embodiment of neatness in her trim, compact little person. She looked with consternation at the dishevelled form that rose from the low chair by the piano, and, standing on tiptoe, she tried to put back some of my stray locks. "One side of your face is much redder than the other," she continued, anxiously; "but still, perhaps they won't notice that——"

"Let them notice it! What does it signify?" I cried rebelliously.

"Now, Pauline, dear, do be calm; remember how kind it is of Sir Wilfred Lavington to come here. Do try and be resigned. Remember——"

But I preferred to hear my fate from other lips than hers, and without waiting to know what it was that I had to remember, I left the room. After a moment's pause in the narrow passage, I opened the opposite door, to find myself in the presence of one of the greatest medical authorities in London.

Our own little doctor stood by his side. It is strange how in crises of fate, comparative trifles press themselves on attention. I remember being struck anew by the contrast between the suburban medical man and his noble *confrère*, thinking irreverently of Landseer's picture, "Dignity and Impudence." This was suggested, I suppose, to my mind because the knight was grave, tall, solemn, mustachioed; our kind doctor small, fussy, with beard and whiskers not unlike a Scotch

"THENCE I VIEWED THE WIDE ATLANTIC."

terrier, and restless little eyes roving under bushy eyebrows. Sir Wilfred Lavington placed a chair for me, and then took up the tale.

Well! it was nothing after all that would invoke supreme pity from men versed in human suffering. No prospect was before me of pain, illness, infirmity, early death. Nothing of the kind. I was thoroughly convalescent; a change to the seaside was all that was necessary to restore me to my former robust health. But——

Oh, that terrible *but!*

I must not hope to be able to sing again.

"Do you mean, never?" I faintly asked, trying to realise what this would involve, and utterly failing to grasp my fate.

"It is seldom safe, my dear Miss Lucas, to pronounce so absolute a judgment," replied Sir Wilfred, kindly. "I can only say, after the thorough examination I have made, that I quite agree with my friend Dr. Davis—whose treatment of the case I most cordially approve—that entire rest from your profession for an indefinite period is necessary."

I hardly listened to what followed. I believe he spoke sympathetically; referred to my rising reputation ("though he had not had the pleasure of hearing me sing himself, he understood," etc., etc.); counselled strict attention to rule; and finally, looking at his watch, declared he must hurry away, courteously waved aside any faint suggestion of a fee, and departed in his well-appointed brougham, whose horses had been impatiently pawing the soil of the humble little road at Upper Norwood for what seemed to me an interminable time.

Dr. Davis was in a state of fussy excitement after the departure of the great man. It was so very good of Sir Wilfred to come without a fee, indeed to come at all; he happened to know Sir Wilfred was to be near, and ventured to ask his aid; they were at St. Dunstan's Hospital together as young men; most kind, most gratifying—and so forth.

Then he appeared to realise all at once that the eminent specialist's kindness, true and gracious as it was, did not lighten the intolerable burden of misery for the woman before him. I sat apathetically, hearing him talk on, until he stopped short.

"Tut, tut! this won't do, Miss Pauline. You must take heart, my dear young lady. Why, here you are, after your illness, well and almost strong again, and only needing a few sea breezes to put roses into those pale cheeks! A glass of port is the thing for you just now. Dear, dear, you must not look like that!"

I was thankful to be left with Eleanor, though she had nothing to say that would give me any comfort. She and I had lived together since our parents died, making common cause of a little income she had inherited, and my earnings. Fifteen years my senior, she managed the house and looked after me—which latter, she often said, was the harder task of the two.

My career, though not attended with the exceptional brilliancy that marks the rise of the queens of song, had hitherto been creditable and successful. Round the walls of our sitting-room hung a goodly array of certificates I had gained at the Royal Academy of Music. They seemed to mock me now!

My name, as a solo contralto singer, was slowly becoming known. I had plenty of teaching, and was on the staff of an accredited School of Music. Dearly did I love my art; teaching was never a trouble to me, but above all did I delight to sing. When I stood before an audience, giving voice to the music of one of the great masters, my whole soul was in my task: it seemed to soar heavenward with the words.

I took special pleasure in oratorio music, and delighted in the grave and noble strains of Spohr, Mendelssohn, Handel, Mozart, Rossini. Of such men I could say—

"Every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him."

Often had I read George Eliot's poem of "Armgart" with eager sympathy, and pity for the singer stricken dumb. Well could I understand her revolt against her cruel lot. And now it was to be mine.

I had sung "O rest in the Lord" at a performance of the *Elijah*, the very last time I appeared in public. All my heart was in the melody. How I felt

"The silence tremble now, now poise itself
With added weight of feeling."

I was not only executing an aria, I was speaking to all these human hearts in a message of peace and consolation; speaking to them not in my own personality, but as the interpreter of Divine words, borne on full and perfect music. How noble did the singer's task appear to me! I could never have lent my voice to aught that was even frivolous and unworthy; my work seemed a solemn one.

It was an outlet for my inner life. My only sister was no confidante to me; we were antagonistic in nature, though we preserved an outward show of harmony. All my hopes, my aspirations, even my complaints and sorrows I poured out into song. This gift was my all.

On the occasion in question I felt I had surpassed myself. I was overwrought, impassioned. The night, mild at first, had suddenly turned chill and rainy. I was careless (unpardonably careless, Eleanor said) in omitting to wrap up immediately on leaving the hot concert-room; my cab was late. What is the use of dwelling on the miserable chain of incidents that brought about my illness?

Then came a long period of dimly-remembered danger, pain, and weakness; trained nurses, with white cap and apron and gentle faces, moving softly to and fro; inquiries and flowers from pupils, incessant at first, growing less frequent as weeks lengthened out into months; finally, convalescence and hope—now the doom of despair.

"It will not take your pupils much by surprise," observed practical Eleanor, as we sat together that night, she darning house-linen, while I, too wretched for occupation, lay back in my chair. "You see, you have been ill so long. As it is, several of them have had to get lessons elsewhere. I met Mrs. Wood to-day: she inquired very kindly after you, and told me her girls were learning now with Signor Solfeggio. She said he taught no better than you, and charged twice as much."

I made some *sotto voce* and quite unmerited remark as to the musical capacity of the Demoiselles Wood.

"I do think we ought to settle something before we start for the sea," continued Eleanor. "I would not trouble you while you were weak; and really I have waited as long as I think is wise, Pauline." This was in answer to an impatient sigh from me. "About your teaching, now. You could tell people how to sing, as well as ever; but if you couldn't show them, I suppose it wouldn't do. I was talking it over with Mrs. Smith, and she said at once she was very sorry, but Matilda needed practical demonstration how to manage her voice. She suggested whether you would care to take beginners for the piano."

"Do spare me, Eleanor, pray, the account of what your Mrs. Smiths and Woods have said! Of course I cannot go on teaching singing; but I certainly will not take beginners for the piano; I would rather do anything. You know how much I dislike even teaching accompaniments," I declared.

"Yes; but your touch is very good," observed Eleanor. "And Mrs. Smith meant it kindly. She was wondering what you were going to do."

Silence. Was not I wondering what I was going to do? Had I not been wondering about that, and nothing else, all this fateful day?

"Fortunately, you have saved something," pursued Eleanor; "and there is my little income still. But if—but *as* you are to give up your profession, it will not do to keep on this house. You see, to-morrow is the 24th of June, and if we do not stay here the landlord ought to have notice."

I did not speak.

"I could go and live with brother James," pursued Eleanor, reflectively. "But you would not like that, would you? You do not get on with his wife."

"You had better make your own arrangements, irrespective of me," I cried. "I am afraid I am not only thinking of the money question in the loss of my voice. It was my one treasure, my one gift, my joy, my all; now it has gone, it does not seem so terrible that money should go too. I do not want to live, now it has gone. My pupils whom I loved will care for me no longer; people who heard me sing and were pleased, are hearing others and are forgetting me; my life's work is done. I should be thankful if I might die."

"You are really wicked to talk so, when your life has been so providentially spared," replied Eleanor, severely. "You are only twenty-eight, and your life's work cannot be done. I might just as well say mine is done, because it seems as though my task of taking care of you, and managing for you, were to be over."

"Hardly the same thing," I interpolated.

"It is much wiser to look matters in the face," she resumed. "If it is really true that you will not be able any longer to earn your living by your voice, we ought to consider what to do next. I am sure I wish you had a fixed income like mine; but you haven't, and mine is not enough for both, so what is the good of shutting our eyes to that? I am sure, Pauline, I am most grieved for you; but then I have expected it all these months, so I am not taken by surprise, as you seem to be."

My sister had a great deal more she could have added on the duty of resignation, but I stopped her. She was talking sober sense enough, and yet I could not endure it.

"We will give notice to-morrow," I replied. "I suppose we must go to the sea?"

"Why, of course! you know the lodgings at St. Hilda's are taken from Thursday."

"And then," I continued, "you can go and live with James, at Michaelmas if you choose; we must sell our furniture, and my dear piano, and I must take a situation as governess, unless——"

I was going to add, "unless I drown myself first," but I stopped the wicked utterance on my lips.

"Now you are talking like a sensible woman," cried Eleanor. "There is no need to hurry; the landlord's notice is the chief thing."

It was perhaps wrong of me, but I fancied that there was perceptible relief in Eleanor's demeanour after this conversation. She had often found it rather a hard task to bear with my "vagaries and whims," as she would have styled them. She had little real sympathy with me, and no motherly tenderness. With my brother James she would be happy enough; her "little income" would be a comfortable addition to his, and I, bereft, shorn of my one talent, must go out into the wide world—

"A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds."

All this I felt with poignant bitterness. Unchristian and wrong, it might well be called; but my sense of loss was so new and keen I could not be resigned.

When a few days later we found ourselves installed in the little western watering-place of St. Hilda's, the change of scene did not achieve the results for which Eleanor hoped. She could not possibly understand my persistent melancholy. Had rapid consumption followed my illness, which seemed at one time not unlikely, I might, within proper bounds of course, have showed depression; but when I had been saved from a premature death, it was really wrong, and I must be "roused."

She tried everything, my poor sister; taking me for brisk walks along the cliffs, buying little unexpected delicacies for tea, even venturing on the unwonted extravagance of an hour's drive in one of the St. Hilda's shaky flys; but none of these remedial measures seemed to lighten the gloom heavily settling down upon my life. The mild sea air was grateful to my throat and chest, and I was even sorry to feel that I was growing in strength.

I used to escape from Eleanor whenever I could, and stand at the extreme end of the tiny wooden jetty that was St. Hilda's sole substitute for a pier. Thence I viewed the wide Atlantic, sometimes thundering in long rollers towards the shore, sometimes blue with broad purple stretches, lovely as a poet's dream; sometimes grey and cold, with a faint silver streak afar on its "unharvested plain." Anon the showers would come suddenly driving down, and I was fain to take shelter in the little wooden cabin against which I had been leaning.

But the sea and the sky had little to say to my rebellious heart. My bitterest sorrow lay in this—that my life's work seemed done. My one talent was taken away; I had become like poor Armgart, "the millionth woman in superfluous herds." And all that I had hitherto achieved—my trials, my triumphs, my successes—what of them? All faded away, "as a dream when one awaketh." The public had quite forgotten Pauline Lucas. My pupils had forgotten me too. They were learning with other teachers now, and I no longer had their loving girlish letters.

I think, had I known it, this was really the sharpest sting of my trial. I had enjoyed my intercourse with the bright young girls, at the School of Music, and at my home and theirs. It constituted the chief part of my social life. More or less they had a way of adoring me as their teacher, worshipping my talent, and becoming fascinated by my personality. As my home life was so lonely, this was inexpressibly pleasant to me. During the first weeks of my illness, as I have said, their visits, letters, and flowers had been incessant, but I had been unable to make any response; and when months after months go by, and the adored object is out of sight and hearing, what would you have!

In the busy London world, when one drops below the surface, one is soon forgotten. The stream of correspondence ebbed by degrees, and now the post scarcely brought me a letter.

"The drawing-room lodgers are musical, I think," observed Eleanor, one morning at breakfast.

"Oh, I hope not!" I cried.

"They came in yesterday," she continued, "and in the evening, while you were out, I heard someone singing, 'O rest in the Lord.' It gave me quite a shock, for I could have been certain it was you, Pauline. Just as you used to sing it—your time, and style, and everything."

As Eleanor was not at all musical, I attached no importance to such a comparison, but rather expected to have my vanity wounded when I should overhear this performer.

But, to my great surprise, that evening I heard the piano above our heads touched sympathetically and softly; and the music of Mendelssohn rose into the air, borne on a lovely mezzo-soprano voice, that did not sound unfamiliar, though it was not like my own vanished treasure.

Sad as were the associations evoked—for this was the last strain I had ever sung on that fateful night—I could not but listen; and as I listened, tears welled into my eyes, and poured down my cheeks.

Rest in the Lord! thy heart's desire! Could I so rest? and would He indeed grant me my heart's desire? Ah, no; that could never be again. And yet the music of my favourite aria soothed me with unwonted comfort.

"It is a young lady in deep mourning who sings so sweetly," Eleanor informed me. My elder sister had a knack of possessing herself speedily of all details respecting her surroundings. "Her name is Graham. Her mother died lately at Mentone. She is an orphan, and is all alone with a sort of elderly person—half servant, half companion. She is well off, the landlady says."

"Graham! I had a pupil of that name at the School of Music. I remember wondering why she never sent to inquire after me. And I thought the voice sounded familiar; yet I could hardly tell if——well, we shall soon know."

I was not long left in doubt. As I passed beneath the balcony of the drawing-room next morning, I involuntarily looked up. I caught sight of a girlish form leaning against the window, a sweet face gazing pensively on the sea. Yes, that certainly was my former pupil, and the owner of the voice.

I felt doubtful as to what I should do. The Grahams were wealthy people. Were they purse-proud also? Winifred was not a very recent pupil. Perhaps she would have forgotten me, or would not care to renew acquaintance with the singing mistress who had made a failure of her life! And how the girl had improved in singing! how her voice had developed! What a charming, though sad, expression was on her face! Should I introduce myself?

I was not long left to my meditations. The form disappeared from the window, and, at what seemed one and the same moment, came flying through the open front door. I was seized, there and then, in a close embrace.

"My darling Miss Lucas! How delighted I am to see you again! Come indoors. Why, do *you* lodge here too? That is a wonderful coincidence."

Rather in a state of bewilderment, I allowed myself to be dragged up the stairs and seated in the drawing-room, my captor flinging herself on a stool at my feet. When the first greetings were over, I stroked her cheek, and spoke a word or two of sympathy as to her recent bereavement.

"I meant to come and see you directly I got back to London," she said. "I have thought of you so often, and I knew I could talk to you about *her*. Mother often used to speak of you. She was so grateful to you."

"Grateful to me, Winifred!"

"She heard you sing at the *Elijah*; you remember?"

Remember! Ah, should I ever forget!

"It was just before she left England," continued Winifred, weeping as she spoke. "She was bent on hearing the *Elijah*, and the doctor said it would do no harm to take her. She feared she was going abroad only to die, and was distracted with grief and anxiety for me. Your words came with wonderful hope and comfort to her. She always said it seemed like a message straight out of heaven as you sang 'O rest in the Lord' that night."

I could not speak in reply.

"Then as she grew weaker, I used to sing it to her, and she liked to hear me. She would often say, 'When I am gone, and you see Miss Lucas again, give her my love, and thank her for what she has done for me and for you. Tell her what a comfort her singing was to me in my sorrow.'"

Then my work was not all thrown away! How my heart filled with thankfulness and joy as I listened to Winifred's story! She spoke to me further of her mother's last days, and seemed to welcome my mute sympathy.

"Tell me about yourself, dear Miss Lucas," continued the girl, drying her tears. "You look altered since I used to see you in the dear old School of Music. I have heard nothing of you, because I have been away from England."

"You would not have heard much of me if you had been in England, dear Winifred," I replied.

And in brief I told her of my long, long illness, my recovery, and the loss of my voice. I had not spoken to anyone else as frankly and freely as I spoke to this fair girl, who herself had known sorrow. And she was a sympathetic listener. As I recounted my story, lights and shadows passed swiftly over her expressive face.

"Poor, poor Miss Lucas!" she cried, tenderly stroking my hand. "And what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know, dear," I said, trying to master my voice. "My sister thinks I ought to try and get a situation as governess."

"How horrible!" cried Winifred, indignantly.

"Not horrible if I knew anything," I tried to expostulate; "but you see, my voice was everything. I am not up in all the acquirements needed for a really good governess. I am only fit to take quite an inferior position. And Eleanor says I am not a good housekeeper, so I could not earn much in that capacity. My time has been all given up to singing."

"Of course," cried Winifred. "And oh! how exquisitely you sang."

The child's flattery was pleasant to me.

"Well, please don't take a situation yet," she continued; "let us talk it over, and let us try to comfort one another if we can."

The comfort this encounter brought me was very real. I was suddenly confronted with a beautiful result both of my teaching and of my singing, and saved from that bitterest of despondencies—the feeling that all work and effort have passed away into empty nothingness. And by degrees my rebellious heart was quieted. I was grateful for the past, and tried to be calm as to the future.

Miss Graham sought our society with an ardour that pleased and surprised Eleanor. Our melancholy stay was suddenly transformed. Afternoon teas, drives, rambles—in all of these we were pressed to accompany her, and the little seaside place was invested with fresh interest. There was some mystery occupying Winifred's mind, as I could easily guess; and the solution came at last.

I was standing alone one evening, at my favourite point of view at the end of the pier, trying hard to summon up all my courage. The date of our leaving St. Hilda's was fixed, and I was attempting to compose an advertisement for a situation as governess,

"I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A GIRLISH FORM LEANING AGAINST THE WINDOW."

"A lady would be glad to teach the rudiments of English——" I had only got so far when I heard a quick step behind me, and saw Winifred, a letter in her hand, hastening up the pier. Her face was bright and lovely in its radiance.

"I have heard from my uncle in London, Dr. Graham," she began at once, "and he approves of my plan."

I looked at her in some mystification.

"I want to ask you, dear Miss Lucas, if you will come and live with me?"

"Live with you, Winifred!"

"I ought perhaps to say *travel* with me. You must know, the plan was for me to live with my uncle's family—he is a doctor, you know, in Cavendish Square—but I feel dreadfully restless, and long to get out of England again, at any rate for a year or two. Italy is my dream; but I could not go there alone, or even with old Elizabeth. And I thought if I could only persuade you to be my companion——"

"I!" It was too good to be true.

"Uncle knew something about you," continued the ardent girl. "He has been making further inquiries. Though I am my own mistress, I like to consult him; and he says—here is his letter—that he has known several cases where a prolonged stay in the Italian climate has resulted in perfect recovery of the voice. What do you say? shall we go? We will begin with Switzerland, and travel into Italy as the autumn comes on. There we will spend the winter. I shall study singing, and you——"

When I could speak I could only cry—

"Winifred! you are giving me fresh life."

It was more than I deserved. All my rebellious complainings, all my convictions of past failure were removed. Hope smiled on me again, and in gratitude unspeakable I recognised, first, that no work, truly and conscientiously done, is ever altogether lost; secondly, that there may be compensations for privation in store, even when all seems hopeless. There are many methods in which the Divine purpose works.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

I thought of Clough's lines as I watched the Atlantic tide welling in on that peaceful summer evening; and as we walked homeward through the sunset, hand in hand, my heart was singing, though my voice was silent.

A STORY ABOUT TWO BITS OF GLASS.

A TALE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

One bright summer afternoon two little girls, Miriam and Mildred, were playing in the back yard of the house in which they lived. The house was in the poor part of a large country town, and it and all its surroundings were sordid and shabby. But the shabbiness did not affect the little girls; they were amusing themselves by poking in the dustheap that stood in one corner of the yard, for the gay-coloured shreds and cuttings which Miss Needham, the dressmaker, had thrown there that morning. Miss Needham lived in the garret, and gained her living by making theatrical dresses. She looked upon the gay bits she snipped from her work as so much rubbish; they littered her room, she said, and, poor as she was, she liked to keep that neat and clean, because it was her home; besides, which she was heartsick of all the fine dress she had to make. But to Miriam and Mildred the blue, red, and yellow scraps were treasures of great price, and they poked among the dust and ashes in search of them till, as both their mothers declared, they were not fit to be seen.

Miriam had collected a number of pieces, when suddenly she exclaimed—

"Oh, see what I've found!" and she held up a piece of bright green glass.

"And I've found a red piece," said Mildred, wiping the dirt off it with her pinafore.

"Everything looks such a pretty green," said Miriam, applying the glass to her eye.

"Everything looks so pink," said Mildred, looking through her piece.

Miriam looked through her glass at everything in the yard—at the dirty walls, at the old waterbutt, at the broken flagstones and the old cracked pitcher by the washhouse door.

"What an ugly place this is," said she, in a peevish tone. "I hate it. I wish father would have it whitewashed. I went to see Minnie Roberts yesterday, and her mother's yard is a great deal nicer than this. There's a bed of flowers round it where Minnie grows mustard and cress. One can't grow anything here."

"How brightly the sun shines," said Mildred. "This bit of glass makes the water butt such a pretty colour; and that piece of rag hanging over the edge of it looks like silk!"

"It's a nasty old butt and wants painting; half the lid is broken away; and Mrs. Jones will stick her washing tub and birch broom on the top of it; I wish she wouldn't," said Miriam.

"Oh, do look at those blades of grass growing up between the flagstones!" cried Mildred; "they are just like what are in the country by the roadside; and, well I declare, I never saw that pretty flower before!"

"It isn't a flower, it's an ugly old stinging-nettle, and has no business there," said Miriam, plucking it up and throwing it on the dustheap.

The nettle stung Miss Miriam's fingers, at which she cried, and hated it for stinging her more than for only looking ugly.

Miriam was often inclined to be peevish and fretful, and to-day had gradually got more and more so since the moment she looked through the green piece of glass.

"I shall go indoors," said she, sharply; and in she went, leaving her companion to follow.

Now you must know that the two bits of glass that the little girls had found in the dustheap were not common glass, such as you can buy at a glazier's, but two of those universal mediums of seeing things that are scattered all over the world. We all look through rose or green coloured glass at some time in our lives, and wonderful are the effects produced by each.

The rose-coloured gives a bright, sunny aspect to everything, and makes those who use it cheerful, contented, and good-tempered; but the green causes the fairest prospect to appear gloomy, and the unfortunate people who chance or choose to look through it soon become fretful and discontented. How this glass first came into the world I do not know. Some say that the fairies gave it to us, and possibly they are right. But I do know that green glass is detestable, and I do hope that none of my little readers will be persuaded to use it, though I have little fear they will when they learn what troubles happened to poor Miriam from looking through the piece she found in the dustheap.

Indoors tea was ready. The tea things were set, the kettle was singing on the hob, everything was ready, but was kept waiting for the father, who was a tailor, and had not yet come home from work.

"Oh, you tiresome boy," cried Miriam to her brother Dick, "now you've been and upset my doll's house. Get away with you, do," and she gave Dick a slap that sent him crying to his mother.

"What a nice doll's house you've got!" said Mildred, following her into the room; "let me play with it, will you? I haven't got one."

"It's only an old box," said Miriam. "Uncle Ben put in a division to make it look like two rooms; it isn't a regular doll's house, like Minnie Roberts has. Hers was bought at a shop, and has real fireplaces in it, not painted ones like those."

"What pretty chairs these are! I should put three on this side and two on that and one next the fireplace," said Mildred, arranging the chairs as she spoke. "Now don't that look pretty? I like this little table, but it wants a cover."

"I haven't got a cover," grumbled Miriam. "Minnie has one with a fringe to it, but then her table and chairs are better than mine."

"Where's your doll?" asked Miriam; "let's set her on a chair by the fireplace, with a piece of work in her hands, 'twill look so pretty."

"My doll's only a penny one," said Miriam, jerking out the word "penny" with great contempt; "one of her legs is broke, and all the paint's washed off her face."

"What a pity!" said Mildred, taking up the poor ill-used doll. "Why did you wash her?"

"I didn't do it; Dick did it," replied Miriam; "he put her in the tub on Saturday night, to make her swim, he said."

"Oh, the naughty Dicky!" said Mildred; "never mind, we'll lay her on the bed and pretend she's ill, then it won't matter about the paint being off her face; sick people always look pale, you know. Or, I'll tell you what, suppose she's fell down and broke her leg, and suppose I'm the doctor come to mend it!"

"Oh, Dick's so tiresome," said Miriam, not heeding Mildred's suggestion; "he breaks all my toys."

Here the children were interrupted by Mildred's mother, who lived upstairs, calling to her to come to tea.

"Good-bye," said Mildred, and went away to her mother.

Miriam's parents lived on the ground floor, and let their front room to Mr. Jones, a shoe-

maker. It was Mrs. Jones who put her washing-tub and birch broom on the broken lid of the water-butt. Miriam was anything but agreeable that afternoon; she found fault with everything, her little brother and sister included; she slapped one and pinched the other. She threw Dick's paper boat on the fire, "just to see how it would burn," she said; at which Dick first screamed and then fell to kicking her. The kicks Miriam returned by a box on the ear, at which he roared for the next ten minutes.

Nelly paused in her work of threading beads to watch the sparks fly up the chimney from Dick's burnt paper boat, till she came to the parson and clerk, then she went on stringing her beads.

But Miriam felt too ill-tempered and mischievous to let her sister remain quiet.

"That's not the way to make a necklace," said she.

"Yes it is; you leave me alone," cried Nelly, dreading her sister's interference.

"No 'tisn't, that's the way," said Miriam, giving Nelly's hand that held the beads an upward jerk. The beads jumped up and came down like small rain, some on Nelly's lap and some on the floor. Nelly cried, and Miriam ran away laughing.

Now all this was very naughty and unkind of Miriam, but we must pity her, poor child, for her ill-temper arose from having looked through the green piece of glass she had found in the dustheap that day.

Presently Miriam's father came home. He was a tall man, despite his being a tailor. He had lean cheeks, large eyes, and a wide mouth, which made him look hungry. He was quite ready for his tea, so perhaps he was hungry. Then the children were called in, and they all sat down to table.

The tailor had brought home half-a-pint of periwinkles, a treat that Dick and Nelly hailed with shouts and clapping of hands. The children had milk and water in tin mugs, and thick slices of bread and butter. But nothing could please Miriam; first there was not enough butter on her bread, and she began to whimper at that, and when her mother humoured her by dabbing on an extra lump, it wasn't put in the right spot.

Then her milk and water was not sweet enough, and when more sugar was added it was too sweet. Her share of the winkles she thought smaller than Dick's or Nelly's, which she said was a "shame;" then her pin was crooked, which made it difficult to get the winkles out, and when got out she didn't like them; they were "nasty," she said.

"Why, Miriam, my girl, what's the matter with you?" asked her father; "nothing seems to please you."

"Goodness knows what's the matter with her," exclaimed the mother; "she's been as tiresome as she could be all this afternoon, and has teased Dick and Nelly beyond everything."

"She burnt my boat and boxed my ears," said Dick.

"She upset my beads," said Nelly, beginning to cry at the recollection of the injury.

"I tell you what," said the father, "if we have any more of these games I shall put you in the coal-cellar."

Miriam's father had a way of threatening his children with the coal-cellar when they were naughty. I need not say that he did not wash their clothes, or he would have found a cleaner place of punishment.

But Miriam could not keep quiet even with the fear of the coal-cellar before her eyes. She gave a sly kick under the table at poor Dick's legs, and made a snatch at Nelly's bread and butter, in parrying which Nelly upset her milk and water. Then there was a general commotion, and the mother declared, as she wiped up the slop with one of Dick's dirty pinafores, that she "never did see such children, never!"

"Now, I won't have any more of your nonsense," said the father, reaching across the table and drawing away Miriam's mug and bread and butter. "You go out of the room, and don't show your face here till you can behave better."

Miriam pushed back her chair and went sulkily out of the room into the passage. The door of Mr. Jones's room was open. There sat Mr. Jones with a large pair of spectacles on, mending shoes; Mrs. Jones was darning stockings.

"Any shoes to mend, any stockings to mend?" cried Miriam, imitating the chair-mender's voice.

"Go away, you rude child," said Mrs. Jones, with whom Miriam was no favourite.

Miriam bawled out—

"Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Get it done by half-past two,"

and then ran into the street, leaving the house door open.

Mrs. Jones got up and shut it, also her room door, so that she and her husband might be in peace.

In the street were the horse and cart of Mr. Salt, the cheesemonger, who lived next door. No one was minding it, so Miriam got into the cart—for she knew Jenny the horse, and was not afraid of her. She jumped up and down on the seat, and played with the straw at the bottom.

Presently the horse began to move.

"Oh," thought Miriam, "how nice! I'm going to have a ride."

Then the horse began to trot, and the cart went jolt, jolt, bump, bump, all the way down the street; for the road was uneven, some parts high, some low, so that nothing could go smoothly, whether cart or carriage.

Now, if it had been the little Princess Drusilda—who, as everybody knows, always rides in a gilded coach and sits on the softest of velvet cushions—if it had been she who had found her way into the cheesemonger's cart, I do not think she would have thought the jolting very agreeable; she would most likely have cried out, and thought she was going to be shaken to death.

But to little Miriam, who had never put her nose, much less her legs, inside a coach, and who so seldom had a ride of any sort that she looked upon one even in a wheelbarrow as a great treat, this jolting in the cheesemonger's cart was glorious.

And so mightily pleased was she with the ride, that she did not notice how far the horse was taking her, until she saw Squire Grove's house, which stood just outside the town; then she became aware that Jenny was trotting away into the country, so she cried—

"Way, woa; woa, way," as she had heard Jem, the cheesemonger's boy, cry when he wanted Jenny to stop.

Jenny, however, was not inclined either to "way" or to "woa," but kept right on at the same trotting pace. A brewer's dray jolted past, wherein was a jolly-looking man seated on a beer barrel. Miriam called to him to stop the horse; but he only laughed and nodded, saying—

"Pleasant ride to you, my little dear," and so passed on.

What should she do? The sun was going down behind the trees; she knew it would soon be dark. What should she do? She began to cry. That didn't do any good; never does. I don't know whether such a thought occurred to Miriam; but after a time she left off crying and dried her eyes.

Then she saw, far away in the distance, a tall grey figure coming towards her. It looked bigger than any man she had ever seen; she thought it must be a giant! The figure came slowly on. Miriam crouched down at the bottom of the cart and tried to hide herself. As it approached it gradually changed from grey to black; and the nearer it came the larger it grew, until at last, when it was nearly up to her, its head seemed to touch the sky! Miriam shut her eyes, too frightened to look at it. She need not have been, for it was only Night travelling towards the city she had just left.

When she opened her eyes all was dark, yet she could see, seated on the driver's side of the cart, a little grey man, with sparkling red eyes, who was jerking the reins to make Jenny go faster. Night had dropped him from his mantle as he passed, but Miriam did not know that, as she had had her eyes shut, and she marvelled much how the strange man came there. As she was afraid of him, her first thought was to be very civil, so she began by saying—

"If you please, sir," or rather that is what she tried to say, but, to her amazement, she could not speak! And another curious thing that happened to her was, that whenever she caught a glance from the grey man's red eyes she became quite bewildered, and thought the strangest things imaginable. At one time the cart seemed changed into a boat, and she fancied she was alone on a wild, rough sea, wretched, cold, and hungry. Presently she saw her little brother come tripping over the waves, carrying in his hands the bread and butter and mug of milk she had left at tea. He came to the prow of the boat and offered them to her, but just as she stretched out her hands to take them, her brother sank into the waves, the sea vanished, and she was again jogging along in the cart with the little grey man by her side.

She was not there long, however, for the red eyes met hers again, and straight she was in a swing at the end of her grandmother's garden, a place she had often heard her father speak of but had never seen. Yet she knew it was her grandmother's garden, for there stood the tall pear tree, and the cherry tree, and the row of gooseberry bushes, and the white gate leading into the meadow, and the pretty porch in front of the house, with honeysuckle threading itself in and out of the lattice-work, all of which her father had described to her many and many a time.

There was a light shining through the curtained window over the porch. Miriam wondered whether her grandmother were in that room, and if she were, why she did not come down and ask her in. "But she don't know I'm here," thought she. "What a nice swing this is! one could go to sleep in it."

The moon shone brightly down on the bed of flowers at Miriam's feet.

"I don't like that yellow lily, it looks so consequential. I'll knock your head off, you ugly thing," said Miriam, stretching out her foot and touching the flower with the point of her shoe.

"Oh, my! what have I done?" exclaimed she, as the flower swayed violently to and fro; "I've kicked the king of the garden; now he'll kill me!"

She was right; the lily was the king of the garden, and no sooner had she touched it than a most strange change took place in the garden. All the flowers turned into little figures, and commenced running about! Each one was dressed in the colour of the flower it had changed from, and had that flower growing up from the top of its head. The house vanished, but the porch remained, and in the centre of it rose up a large block, at which stood the little grey man, dressed in blue, like a butcher, with a large chopper in his hand.

The little figures then began a very odd kind of game; they ran through the porch one after the other, and as each one came to the block it laid its head down, and the grey man

chopped off its flower, but the flower grew up again directly and was ready to be again chopped off when next its turn came. The figure that had the yellow lily growing from its head, and which was the tallest of all, stood outside the porch whipping the others with a bunch of flag leaves as they ran by. The more the lily whipped, the quicker the little figures ran, and the grey man's chopper went chop, chop, so fast that it was a wonder he did not cut their heads off instead of their flowers.

Miriam thought this the drollest sight she had ever seen, and became quite excited in watching the race. She was particularly attracted by the tricks of a jonquil, who, whenever the figure before him was about to lay its head on the block, took a flying leap over him, laid his own head down, had his flower cut off, turned a somersault over the block, and ran on with the others, all so quickly that the grey man's chopper did not pause one moment in its work. There is no telling how long this game would have lasted had not the jonquil, being full of fun, commenced jumping over the rest of the flowers as if they had been so many posts. It was so droll to see him go flying over their heads, his long legs stretched out as wide as they would stretch, and the long leaves of his flower flapping up and down like wings, that Miriam laughed aloud.

In an instant all the figures stopped and looked towards the swing. On seeing Miriam they raised a loud shout, and the yellow lily cried in a gruff voice—

"This is the girl with the green piece of glass. Bring her down!"

Then the whole troop ran towards her, crying out—

"The girl with the green piece of glass. Pull her down, pull her down!"

Poor Miriam! she clung tightly to the ropes to try and save herself, but it was no use. Some pulled her legs, whilst others climbed up the swing, and, unclasping her hands, pushed her off. They dragged her along until they got her inside the porch, where stood the grey man with his chopper ready.

Miriam fell on her knees, clasped her hands, and begged of him not to kill her.

"No, no, I won't kill you," said he, "I'll only chop your head off; that will do you good." His red eyes twinkled merrily as they looked into hers, when, in that instant of time, before he could raise his chopper, the garden vanished, the porch changed into a shop, the block became a counter, and the grey man himself, to Miriam's intense astonishment, became Mr. Rasp, that irascible old gentleman who kept the chandler's shop just round the corner of the street she lived in!

"Now, then, what do you want?" asked Mr. Rasp. He was weighing up half-pounds of moist sugar, and had dropped some grains on the counter. They looked so tempting that Miriam could not forbear moistening her finger and picking some up, upon which Mr. Rasp snatched a cane from beneath the counter and rapped her knuckles with it, saying as he did so—

"Keep your hands from picking and stealing, missy."

Miriam winced at the pain, and rubbed her smarting knuckles.

"Ah, ah!" said Mr. Rasp, pleased at the effect of his caning, "that will teach you not to touch my sugar again. Now, what were you sent for?"

As she could not make out how she came to be in Mr. Rasp's shop, Miriam had no very clear idea of what she wanted, yet she replied promptly—

"Half-pound of sugar, and half-ounce of tea, please."

Mr. Rasp weighed the tea, and took the half-pound of sugar, ready done up in whitey-brown paper, from a square hole behind the counter.

"There," said he, pushing the small packages towards her. "Now, where's your money?"

Miriam took up the tea and sugar and put down the shilling she had felt in her hand ever since she had been in the shop; but when laid on the counter it proved to be only a white bean.

"Is that your money, you little hussy?" cried the irascible Mr. Rasp, rushing round the counter and seizing Miriam. "You want to cheat me, do you? I'll give you to a policeman," said he, dragging Miriam to the door.

Miriam crouched down on the floor, shut her eyes, and screamed.

"Never mind her screaming," said a voice. "Lift her out."

She opened her eyes. Mr. Rasp, the shop, and all had disappeared, and she was being lifted out of the cheesemonger's cart. Those who took her out sat her down on the ground. She looked around, wondering where she was. No moon was shining now; but she saw by the faint, green light that illumined everything that the place was a wild, desolate heath.

There was a large house opposite to her, which looked as if it were built of fog or mist; but her attention was mostly given to the strange figures round her. They all had long, flexible noses, reaching to their waists, and such tiny eyes, it was a wonder to Miriam how they could see out of them. She was much frightened at finding herself in the midst of such creatures, yet she could not help laughing at their long noses, and saying to herself—

"Goodness, how ugly they look! I shouldn't like to have such a nose."

Now Miriam had no right to laugh at the long noses she saw, for her own nose had grown as long as the longest, and, what was worse, stuck out stiff and straight, so that it came very much in the way of all the other long noses. But of this she was not conscious. The long-nosed people began dancing round her, repeating in a sort of chant—

"This is the girl with the green piece of glass,
Poke at the girl with the green piece of glass."

Each time they said the word "poke," they all hit her with their long noses, so that in truth she got severely beaten. Her poor nose had the worst of it, for each one aimed at it as if they had a special spite against it, as most likely they had. Poor Miriam! her nose ached sadly, yet she could not believe it was the least in the way; she thought that the fault lay in the other noses being so long.

After awhile a voice called out—and Miriam fancied it came from the house of fog—"Noses, leave off," upon which the long-nosed people marched away two and two, their noses bobbing up and down in a very comical manner.

Then the voice spoke again, very loudly, saying, "Wash her in the well of tears." Immediately two blackamoors came, and, each taking an arm, hurried her away to where there was a dark pool of water. Into it they dipped her, over head and ears, once, twice, thrice, and then giving her a good shaking to get the water off her clothes, they brought her again in front of the fog house. The water had got into her eyes, and made them smart; into her ears, and made them dizzy; into her mouth, and left a bitter taste there.

Bitterly did she repent having looked through the green piece of glass, as she now knew it to be the cause of all her misfortunes.

Once more the voice came from the house of fog, and this time it said—

"Let Care show her prisoners." Then Care came forward, looking very dismal, for she had just killed her cat. She took Miriam by the hand and led her into the house of fog. They passed through passages of luminous green walls, and Miriam was frightened when she saw herself and the gaunt figure of Care dimly reflected therein; though what was strange was that she did not see how long her nose had become. Perhaps the reflection was too faint to show it properly, for though long noses are easily discerned in other people, yet it requires a very strong light to see one's own.

At length they came to an iron door, barred and padlocked, of which Care kept the key.

"Oh!" thought Miriam, remembering her father's mode of punishment, "she's going to put me in her cellar."

But Miriam was mistaken. Care had not yet so much power over her as to be able to do that. She is a disagreeable and encroaching person that Mistress Care; the more you give way to her the more she imposes on you, till at last she makes you her slave, and then it is a thousand to one if you ever get quite free from her. So if ever she comes to you, my young friends, and wants to shake hands with you—for she always begins by pretending great friendship—take my advice, put both your hands behind you, and say, "No thank you; I don't want to know you," and then run away as fast as you can.

Care unbarred her cellar door, and went in, taking Miriam with her. It was a large, dreary place, with huge cages on each side, in which Care kept her prisoners.

There were a great many of them, and very dismal and wretched they all looked. None of them heeded Miriam, although many times her long nose was poked through the bars of their cages.

Some were busy reckoning up cash books, some were stealthily counting gold pieces, and these looked suspiciously round from time to time, as if they feared the money being taken from them.

In one of these cages was a man who had a heap of bank notes and a padlocked cash-box, and he wanted everyone to think him very rich. But Care told Miriam that the notes were false and the cash-box filled with farthings.

Then there was a woman who was trying to make a rich mantle cover a shabby dress she wore, but the mantle was not large enough; the shabby gown would peep out somewhere in spite of all her efforts to hide it, at which the poor woman sighed deeply. In the next cage was a man who held a comic mask before his face. To look at the mask you would have thought that he was always laughing and saying funny things; yet Care told Miriam that the mask was very heavy to hold, and once when she spoke to him he dropped it, and then Miriam saw that his real face was very doleful.

"What a wretched place this is," said Miriam to herself. "I hope I shall never be like any of these people."

"You will be," said a voice at her side, "if you use green glass to look through."

She turned to see who it was who spoke, but there was none but Care near her. Right glad was she to be again outside the dreary prison, and whilst Care was busy locking up her prisoners, Miriam cleverly slipped away to follow a pretty maiden who beckoned her up a long flight of stairs.

The pretty maiden led her up and up and up till Miriam's legs ached, and she wondered whether they would ever reach the top. They reached it at last, and then the pretty maiden, without saying a word, pointed to a white door at the end of a long gallery, and disappeared.

On the door was the word, "Enter," so she pushed it open, and went in. She was now in a large vaulted chamber. Miriam thought it was like a church; anyway, it was very different to Care's gloomy prison.

The arched roof was high, high above her head, and a clear brilliant light shone into every nook and corner. A beautiful lady was seated on a marble throne, and as Miriam looked at her she saw that the intense light in which everything was flooded came from a brilliant star on the lady's breast, and from the innumerable smaller stars with which her pale blue robe was studded. Miriam was awe-stricken. She felt awkward and confused when the noble lady beckoned to her, and she advanced but slowly, being ashamed of her dirty pinafore.

"Come here," said the lady, smiling sweetly; "you must learn some lessons of me."

"What a grand lady to keep a school!" thought Miriam.

"My name is Truth," said the lady, gently smoothing the hair back from Miriam's forehead. "Do you know me? Look in my face and say whether you have ever seen me before."

Miriam looked, and immediately she thought of her mother, of her father, and of home; it seemed as if the words were written in the lady's bright face, but they were not.

"Yes, lady," replied she, timidly. "My mother has often shown you to me. But then," added she, after a pause, "you were not so grandly dressed."

"Perhaps not," said the lady; "I visit people in different guises; this is my home dress, the dress in which I am going to give you your lesson. And first you must have your eyes open."

"What does she mean?" thought Miriam; "my eyes are not shut, I'm sure."

"They must be opened clearer than they are now," said the lady, for she knew what the little girl thought.

Then the lady touched a silver bell, whereupon two beautiful damsels entered. The one who wore the strange star upon her forehead, which was sometimes so clear and bright and sometimes so dimmed and smeared, the lady called Conscience; and the one who wore the wreath of fadeless flowers, she called Affection.

Now, although Miriam had hitherto behaved herself very submissively in Truth's beautiful home, yet when Conscience took hold of her she struggled and screamed, and begged that her eyes might not be opened—anything but that; to open her eyes seemed the worst punishment of all. I believe there are other people in the world who, like Miriam, are horrified at the idea of having their eyes opened.

But, struggle as she might, Conscience was too strong for her. She took her with a firm grasp, and set her on a high stool and opened her eyes, whilst Affection breathed on them and on her heart. Then they held before her a deep red glass, which emitted an intense light. Miriam was compelled to look in it, although it scorched her eyes and pained her heart. In it she saw her own home, her father and mother, her brother and sister; she saw herself, too, as if she had been some other little girl.

And now she understood how naughty and ill-tempered she had been at home, and she saw, too, for the first time, what a long nose she had. She yearned to kiss her father and mother, and beg of them to forgive her, but that was impossible; she was far away from them now, and might perhaps never see them again.

She cried very bitterly, not so much for her present distress as in remorse for her past misconduct, so that this time her tears really were of use. As these were the sort necessary to wash away the effects of the green glass, her good friends let her cry till she was quite exhausted. Then Truth took her by the hand and said—

"I think now that you will not again wish to look through green glass, will you?"

"No, no," replied she, sobbing, "never again. Pray let me go home; Mr. Salt's cart is downstairs, and Jenny will find her way back. I'm sure she will," sobbed she, fearing some objection might be made. "Do let me go."

"Yes, you shall go," said Affection; "your father and mother are expecting you; but first my little handmaid Cheerfulness shall give you a keepsake."

Then Cheerfulness, a pretty, bright-eyed maiden, came forward and gave Miriam—what do you think?—such a funny present for a little girl—nothing else than a pair of spectacles made of the good fairies' rose-coloured glass. Cheerfulness bade Miriam keep the spectacles for her sake and use them when she grew to be old and her sight failed her.

"Then," said she, "you will become a pleasant, kind-hearted lady."

Being now told that she might go, Miriam hastened to the door; but just as she had her hand upon the lock, Cheerfulness said to her—

"Stay, let me put this shawl round you; the night is very foggy, and you will be cold riding so far."

Then she tied something tight over Miriam's shoulders and chest, and as she did so she breathed on her eyes and in her ears. This made the little girl feel bewildered and confused; she was half-conscious of the place changing into a poor-looking passage; but she was too anxious to get away to notice the change.

"Good-bye," said Cheerfulness, kissing her.

"Good-bye," said Miriam, in haste to go.

She opened the door and went into—where? Why, into the very room she had been turned out of in disgrace, before she started on her strange journey! Yes, there sat her father and mother having supper by the light of one of Mr. Rasp's candles!

"Why, Miriam," said her mother, "where have you been? We've been looking for you everywhere; and, bless me, why have you got your pinafore tied over your shoulders in that queer manner?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Miriam. "I think I was cold. I've been having a ride in Mr. Salt's cart."

The mother was about exclaiming against Mr. Salt and his cart too, and against Miriam for going in it, when she was stopped by the little girl throwing her arms around her neck, and saying—

"I know I've been very naughty, dear mother; but I won't be naughty any more. I'll never look through green glass again."

The mother was so pleased at Miriam promising to be good, that she did not heed what she said about "green glass." She kissed her fondly and bade her go to bed, which Miriam gladly did, being very tired.

But before undressing she looked into the glass to see if she had still that horrid long nose, and very pleased she was that the glass showed her the same pretty little nose she had been accustomed to see there. She went to bed very happy.

In the morning when she awoke she thought that her adventures of the evening before must have been a dream; but when she found the rose-coloured spectacles in her pocket that Cheerfulness had given her, then she knew "it was all true."

GRETCHEN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"At Yuletide, as the story tells,
There comes a gentle angel-child
From far-off lands, where no man dwells,
Across the northern waters wild."

EVERYONE knows that the old belfry tower of Gerstenberg is a perfect asylum for birds of all sorts. That the stork should be at home there is not to be wondered at in a German city; that barn owls, jackdaws, and starlings should occupy every vacant niche is only natural; but what surprises every visitor to the town is to learn that the kestrel, or "windhover," is a regular inhabitant, laying its eggs on the bare stones of the upper gallery. But even more surprising still, notwithstanding the presence of birds so destructive to their kind as owls and kestrels, the tower swarms with pigeons, doves, warblers, swallows, swifts and sparrows—all living as a veritable happy family together! Small wonder, then, that the inhabitants of Gerstenberg look upon their old belfry tower with love and affection, and regard it as the typical abode of peace; and little to be marvelled at, too, that it should be associated in their minds with many quaint and pleasant legends, the truth of which none dare to question.

Of one of these legends Gretchen Bruhl's mind was full as she walked slowly down the principal street of the town on a certain Christmas Eve.

From time immemorial it had been handed down from one to another of the inhabitants of Gerstenberg that on Christmas Eve the Christ-child visiting the old town, always came first to the ancient belfry-tower, sending forth peace and joy and every blessing with the sound of the merry bells. And Gretchen was wondering now whether the dear Christ-child would bestow the wondrous gifts on her, and was praying that it might be so, for she was in great trouble, or so it seemed to her, and being a foolish little maiden, every thought of her sorrow brought new tears to her eyes.

And this was the cause of her grief.

Gretchen had a lover—a fine, manly young fellow—Max Hoffman by name, and it had been arranged that he should spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with her and her parents. And yet only that morning she had quarrelled with him, and had parted with bitter, angry words, and she was thinking that if ever they met again, it could only be as strangers.

And it all arose out of a very little matter too. Passing through one of the quieter streets of the town, Gretchen had suddenly discovered Max standing in an open doorway, and talking very affectionately to a girl of about the same age as herself; and when he had chanced to turn round and notice Gretchen on the other side of the road, he had looked very confused, and had said good-bye to the girl at the door in a very odd and hurried way. And then, to make matters worse, when he had caught Gretchen up, and she had made some inquiry about his friend, he had only laughed, and said he could not tell her anything just then, but that she would know all in good time.

Now Gretchen had one great fault: she was inclined to be jealous on very slight provocation, and before she was regularly betrothed to Max, many and many a heart-burning had she had. For there was no denying that Max was a very handsome young fellow, and he had always been a great favourite among the girls of Gerstenberg; so, being naturally inclined to be jealous, Gretchen had felt nettled when Max had declined to say anything about his new friend, and repeated inquiries proving of no avail, she had shrugged her shoulders, and turned away from her lover with an air of lofty disdain on her face.

Max was in a teasing humour, and something he had said about there being no cause for jealousy had only made matters worse, and the end of it had been that Gretchen had rushed away, exclaiming angrily that she had no wish to see anything more of him, and that he needn't trouble to keep his appointment in the evening.

Poor little Gretchen! and now she was walking home very sad at heart, and feeling how wrong and foolish she had been. No doubt Max would have told her all about it in time if she had not been so jealous and hasty. But it was too late now, and she had lost him for ever! Alas for the joyous Christmas Eve and Christmas Day that she had been looking forward to for so long! And what use the little hoard of presents that she had been storing for Max? All the joy seemed to have gone from her life, and she could see no hope anywhere.

But stay: was it not Christmas Eve, when the Christ-child came, bringing such glorious blessings to all who welcomed Him? She would go home and pray to God for pardon, and that peace and happiness might once more be hers.

And then another idea came to her as she thought of the old legend. Why should she not go up into the belfry, and wait there for the coming of the Christ-child? Was not her father the sexton, and were not the keys of the tower hanging up behind the door at home? Yes, she would slip out directly after tea, without saying a word to anyone. And with this thought she dried her tears, and went indoors trying to look as though nothing had happened.

After tea she took the keys, unnoticed by all as she thought, and slipped out in the dusky evening. The moon was shining, so that she could manage to find her way up the old belfry staircase. For all that, though, it would not have mattered much to Gretchen if it had been the blackest of black nights, for her feet were familiar with every yard of the old tower.

She stopped when she arrived at the last platform, which was just under the great bell. On this platform was a short ladder leading up to a stone coping, on which those adventurous enough to stand could touch the bell itself.

At the foot of this ladder Gretchen humbly knelt down and prayed to the heavenly Father for mercy and pardon, and that that night the Christ-child might bring to her, even her, all His blessings of love, and joy, and peace. And so praying and

"STANDING ON THE NARROW COPING."

watching, she fell asleep, for her grief had worn her out.

* * * *

Now Max Hoffman was a sensible fellow, and knowing that he had no reason to be ashamed, and moreover being deeply in love with Gretchen, he determined to take no notice of her hasty words, but to keep his appointment for Christmas Eve just as though the little quarrel had never been.

So it was with a heart full of confident expectation of soon setting matters right that he entered Herr Bruhl's house, and looked eagerly for Gretchen. But no Gretchen was there.

On inquiry, her parents knew nothing of her whereabouts, and were very surprised that she was not there to welcome Max; and he, poor fellow, began to feel very anxious and uneasy. *Could it be that* she had kept up her resentment to such an extent that she had purposely gone out to avoid him?

But at this juncture a little voice broke in—the voice of Gretchen's sister Elsa—"I know where she's gone, for I saw her take the keys. I think she's gone to the tower to look for the little Christ-child that always comes to good people on Christmas Eve."

"But why?" said Max.

"'Cause I saw her take the keys," repeated Elsa.

This was evidently conclusive evidence to her, and apparently it was to Max also, for away he shot like an arrow from a bow.

Arrived at the foot of the tower, Elsa's words were partly borne out, for the door was open.

Max's heart beat very quickly as he thought of Gretchen, high up in the tower, with the bells alone to keep her company; and, half in hope and half in fear, he dashed blindly up the steps.

He reached the highest platform without finding the slightest trace of Gretchen, and then his heart sank within him, for not until then did he confess to himself how he had longed to meet her there, and explain the morning's misunderstanding.

But stay! what was this lying clear in the moonlight?

Gretchen's hat at the foot of the ladder leading to the coping beneath the bells! Oh, terrible thought! If Gretchen had ventured up there, with only a few inches on which to stand, and with a fall of hundreds of feet awaiting her if she made the slightest slip!

Full of the direst foreboding, Max mounted the ladder, and as he reached the top, there, clear in the moonlight, he saw Gretchen, his Gretchen, standing on the narrow coping, with eyes fast set, as though she were looking and waiting to hear the first chime of the big bell.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, and yet, as was evident, with a firm purpose in his mind, Max steadied himself on the topmost rungs of the ladder, and encircled her with his strong arms.

And at his touch she slowly opened her eyes, and cried—

"Max, Max, my darling!"

But all the same, it was as much as Max could do to get her down the ladder in safety.

* * * *

Arrived at home, and looking very pale and shamefaced, she sat before the blazing fire and told Max her story, as far as she knew it.

She had gone to sleep at the foot of the ladder, dreaming of the Christ-child and—of Max; and a fancy came to her that she must get close to the big bell, and that then she would see the Christ-child, and all would be well; and scarcely had she mounted the ladder than she opened her eyes, and there stood Max before her.

And Max, who had been so teasing in the morning, was all penitent now, and eager to explain the morning's apparent mystery.

The girl whom Gretchen had seen was a married sister who had unexpectedly come to live in Gerstenberg, and Max had kept it a secret for a few hours, meaning to introduce her to his betrothed as a surprise on Christmas Day.

Out of such little things do troubles often come.

* * * *

Is it needful to add that that Christmas was indeed a blessed and joyous one to the little family circled round the hearth in the old town? Or that as every successive Christmas comes round to Max and Gretchen in their own happy home, even amid many little griefs and troubles—

"For every good that comes to them,
When life seems doubly drear,
They fold their hands and whisper,
'The Christ-child has been here.'"

"PEACE ON EARTH."

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS SERMON THAT WAS PREACHED TWICE.

By H. A. McCAUL, Author of "Martin Spencer's Luck," "My Holiday Task," etc.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST TIME OF PREACHING.

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Is that my Daisy with the sermon-case?"

And therewith Daisy Maryatt pushed open the gate, behind which she stood watching for her lover, in the twilight of Christmas Eve, and sped joyfully down the quiet country road to meet him. And Dr. Maryatt's "cottage-ornée" stood in so retired a portion of the parish of Dartmer that the only spectators of their greetings were some cows, in a field by the roadside, a bat that wheeled over their heads, and the silent splendours of the frosty heavens, where the Christmas moon was rising, and the evening planet shone in a west still streaked with crimson and gold, so that there was nothing to hinder Harry Noble's tokens of delighted gratitude as he took from the hands of his betrothed a handsomely embroidered sermon-case, which her deft fingers had prepared and emblazoned with the monogram "I. H. S.," in readiness for his first sermon.

"Good, kind little girl, to have it all ready in time!" quoth Harry, looking at it approvingly, and pulling out the sermon from his pocket.

"Oh, it's you who are good to remember to bring the sermon for me to fix in myself," she answered, eagerly taking the MS. from his hand. "May I read it, Harry?"

"Of course; we will look it over together, and you shall criticise and make suggestions."

"Oh, but a sermon! Ought I?"

"Aren't you to be my helpmate? Didn't we talk it over many a time, and 'agree to ask' a blessing on it, love?"

She looked up at him with eyes that swam in happy tears, and for a moment the young clergyman and his affianced wife stood silent in the lovely glow of the frosty sunset and waxing moonlight.

"Yes, it is a glorious thought," he said, presently, answering her unspoken words; "ambassadors of the 'glad tidings,' the 'God's spell' of peace. May He make us worthy of such a commission!"

"You have kept to our chosen subject, then?"

"Certainly—Christmas peace; only, after a good deal of thought, I selected a different text from those we discussed as likely to offer a suitable one. After thinking them each over, I decided rather to preach from Isaiah lvii."

"The fifty-seventh chapter?" interrupted Daisy, looking somewhat disappointed. "Is not that the verse about 'no peace to the wicked?'"

"Aye, but you are spoiling it all by separating that concluding verse from the context; read the last three verses together, if at all—the whole point of the passage depends on its being taken as a whole, surely!"

"Here we are at home, and uncle and aunt and everybody is out, so come into the drawing-room, and let us go over it together comfortably. I will just tell Hannah to bring us the lamp and some tea; and pray stir up the fire and put on a log."

And while Miss Maryatt turns aside to speak to her aunt's servant, and Harry Noble walks into the cosy, though old-fashioned, sitting-room, we will just tell you all about their engagement, reader, and some happy little plans they were making this Christmas-tide, 1850, with reference to a wedding in the coming spring.

Daisy was an orphan, and though she lived with her father's brother, worthy Dr. Maryatt was far from rich, and his niece was very glad to go out as a daily governess in the country town of Dartmer. In the previous summer, however, she had had a sharp illness, and Dr. Maryatt forbade her going to and fro in all weathers any more; and to Daisy, shy and gentle and averse to strangers, the prospect of undertaking a resident situation away from home was far from agreeable. And, indeed, the good doctor and his wife said she was not to think of such a thing; but then they had eleven children, and how could Daisy consent to be a burden and expense? Her clever cousins, Mary and Lottie, did all the needlework, taught their small sisters and brothers, and were great at all household accomplishments. Daisy felt it must still be her part to earn money outside of the home. But then came the sudden joy of her engagement to Harry Noble. Daisy had known the rector's stepson slightly for many a long year; but it was only last summer he had come to live with Mr. Penny, who had promised him a title and a curacy. And now the head master of Dartmer Grammar School had sent in his resignation, and Harry had applied for the vacancy, and if he obtained it it would be quite pru-

dent for him to marry at once, and Daisy, instead of seeking a situation, might begin to get her trousseau ready for Easter. The school was managed by six trustees, one of whom was the rector of the parish, who, in case of equal suffrages, had a casting vote, and might naturally be supposed likely to favour the cause of his own stepson.

So argued Harry, hopeful and ready always to look at things from a bright point of view. Somehow, Daisy did not feel quite so confident of the rector's support, should the election turn on his decision. She was a shrewd girl, with a good deal of perception of character, and in spite of Harry's unaffected cordiality towards his stepfather, she had divined that gentleman's dislike to Harry.

Why was it? Harry Noble was one of those people whom it is difficult to understand anyone disliking. He was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with broad, intellectual brows, honest blue eyes, and such a pleasant, frank smile as shone on the beholder like sunshine. During the six months he had resided in Dartmer the heart of every poor parishioner had been won over to welcome him to their homes, and even, in many cases, accede to his entreaties that they would come to church. Some hitherto hopeless characters had shown signs of amendment, two or three standing difficulties had been overcome, the boys and young men of the place frequented his Bible class, Sunday-school class, and choir practice with a zest unknown before. And when, on the day before our story begins, Harry had for the first time read prayers at Dartmer Church, the old building had been so well filled that seats could scarcely be found for so unusually large a congregation. Everybody congratulated the rector on having such a good and earnest young deacon ordained to share the duties and cares of his cure of souls, and be to him as a son in his old age. And Daisy Maryatt was not the only person who noticed how coldly the Rev. Amos Penny responded to these felicitations; but then the good people of Dartmer were used to their rector's dry, stern manner, and would have been almost more surprised had he shown a warmth to which they were unaccustomed.

The Rev. Amos Penny belonged to the old school of divines; he had been brought up very strictly, at the close of the eighteenth century, and being naturally narrow-minded and limited in his ideas, had never rebounded from the undue cramping which pious but ill-judged guardians had given to his character. He had gone on too much in one groove all his life; though twice married, he had had the misfortune to lose his wife each time within a few years, and thus the greater number of his days had been spent in sorrowful solitude. The first Mrs. Penny had died a few weeks after the birth of a daughter, and Amos Penny secretly idolised this only child, but knew not the wise medium between tenderness and over-indulgence, discipline and harshness. Poor little Jessie was spoiled until she grew unmanageable; then — her father suddenly awaking to the fact that she was no longer a mere infant—was restrained with a strictness and severity that only intensified the ill-effects of previous mismanagement. It ended in open rebellion, strife, and, finally, a clandestine marriage when she grew up to womanhood, after which her father refused to see her or hear her name mentioned. It was just at this time that he met and married Mrs. Noble, a young widow with one son; but Harry never spent much time under his stepfather's roof as a child. Old Colonel Noble undertook the education of his grandson when his daughter married again; and Harry was sent to Rugby for five years. At the end of that time his mother died, and Colonel Noble took the boy to be his companion on a long series of travels in search of health. Harry spent one year in Australia, and two in North and South America, besides making the tour of Europe, Syria, and Egypt, before his grandfather brought him back to matriculate at Oxford. The old man's fortune was entailed on another grandson, but he had saved enough to defray the expense of Harry's university career, and also to leave him an annuity of a hundred pounds after his own demise, which occurred during Harry's second year at Oxford. So that our young friend came to Dartmer with a certain independence of position and means, which, little as he suspected it, galled his stepfather to begin with. These two people were both good Christians, trying, each according to his own light, to do right himself and do good to others, and yet they were as intensely antagonistic each to the other as could any two mortals brought together under one roof possibly be.

There was a difference, however. Harry, though Mr. Penny was uncongenial, heartily gave him credit for goodness of motive, and treated him with forbearance, respect, and consideration; whereas, Amos Penny allowed dislike and distrust of his young relative to grow on him day by day. Harry's hearty genial manners, his cheerful temper, his large-hearted charity, were a rebuke to the coldness and unamiability in which the older man permitted himself, and instead of taking the heaven-sent message of example, Amos Penny listened to the baser whispers of a morose temper, and disliked his stepson because his Christianity was a standing reproof to his own lack of love and faith. Jealousy crept in to widen the breach, as Harry grew popular with all Dartmer and accomplished reforms his rector had attempted in vain; and, alas! it was so easy to silence conscience with protests that it was from a religious point of view that Harry was objectionable—that his theology was too broad, his spirits too high, etc.

"He wants something; his religion is not deep enough," the Rector of Dartmer told an old friend and brother clergyman (that Christmas Eve, while Harry was showing Daisy his sermon all ready to be preached on the morrow). "I shall be able to judge when I hear him in the pulpit to-morrow, but it seems to me he wants something vital; there is a levity——"

"My dear friend," interrupted the other, a good old man who had known Harry at Oxford, "what he wants is only the experience that comes with age, believe me. Harry is thoroughly in earnest, and his very crudities will do good, with such zeal, and love, and faith to give them life."

"I trust so," returned Mr. Penny, but his face and voice were most untrustful, and in his heart he was saying, "There! just like the rest! Even this venerable pastor of three-score-years-and-ten is imposed on by Harry's gushing manners and boyish enthusiasms. For my part, I prefer a little sobriety of demeanour in a young clergyman."

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND TIME OF PREACHING.

THE benediction had been given, and an unusually large number of communicants were pouring out of Dartmer Church. Harry Noble had preached his first sermon and assisted at his first service of Holy Communion, and now, tired, but very happy, was disrobing in the vestry, while the old clerk, helping him off with his surplice, poured out exclamations of satisfaction at having lived to see this day, and hear such a discourse from one he had known as a child.

"It du my old heart good, it du really, Mr. Harry, to hear you stand up and speak them beautiful words, and think as how you were but a little lad in a jacket when first you come along of us at Dartmer! There you sat, in that there Rectory pew, a-smiling at us all as a little child, and now you be a man growed, and able to preach so beautiful!" And the old man fairly shed a tear of delight.

Such congratulations could not but touch Harry's affectionate heart, but he answered more lightly than he felt.

"You mustn't make me vain with praise, Aldridge," he said; "forget the speaker in the thing spoken, if I have been allowed to bring you all a message of Christmas peace."

"I must protest!" The interruption came in so harsh a voice that both curate and clerk started with astonishment, and turning round, beheld the rector, pale, his face disturbed, his hands trembling, as he stood by the vestry table and repeated, "I must protest against this tampering with truth, and preaching peace where there is no peace; the sermon my stepson has just delivered is, in my opinion, thoroughly unsound, and I refuse to allow him to utter such dangerous doctrines from my pulpit again. You will not preach in my church again, Harry Noble; and I shall think it my duty to warn my co-trustees of the grammar school what a perilous guide you would be for the young, since such are your opinions."

The argument which followed need not be given at length. Harry's sermon had been such an one as, thank God, we are all well used to hearing nowadays in the majority of our churches when Christmas time comes round. Taking for his text, "Peace, peace, to Him that is afar off, and to Him that is near," our young clergyman had first fervently proclaimed the message of universal love, which God stooped to assume our nature to bring to His creatures; and then had given a short practical warning against the one sole hindrance which, keeping the hearts of fallen humanity restless "as the troubled sea," can rob them of their Christmas gift of peace.

And then came that "bow drawn at a venture" about unforgiving tempers and unthankful, ungenial ways, which helped to shut our hearts out from the sunshine of God's peace. Little dreamed honest Harry how that sentence would reach and rankle in the conscience of the older clergyman, as little as he guessed what blessed "fruit" it was to "sow in peace" for the future.

* * * *

Twenty-four years passed by before that first sermon of Harry Noble was destined to be preached again; two dozen very chequered years, for the unfortunate opening of Harry's clerical career had been a drawback in worldly prosperity, and for a long time after leaving Dartmer he continued poor and unnoticed in an obscure curacy in the East-end of London. The Dartmer trustees listened to Mr. Penny, thinking so good a man could not surely be prejudiced against his own stepson, and the mastership was given to another candidate. Harry went to Whitechapel, and toiled among the poor of East London; Daisy took a situation as governess in Manchester. At the end of several years they married, but Daisy's health had been impaired by overwork, and her first-born son was a cripple, destined to be a sufferer through life; and wealth and fame as a popular preacher came to Harry too late to avert this, one of the heaviest trials a parent can know. But he and Daisy were happy in spite of all their cares and trials; happy in hearts and a home full of that sunshine of peace which he had chosen first of all to proclaim to others. And now, here was the faded old manuscript in his hands once more. A brother clergyman had broken in upon Harry's Christmas holiday at the seaside, whither physicians had sent his invalid boy, and begged so urgently for the help of a sermon on

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Christmas morning, that Harry bethought himself of the sermon-case, worn out now, which he kept in his desk as a dear relic of old times, with that first sermon in it. He preached extempore now. A couple of hours' prayerful study of the old manuscript, and he was ready to aid his friend, and preached the sermon, scarcely altered, which had edified the Dartmer people so many years before. Many comments were made on the beauty and spirituality of the stranger's discourse, but one hearer said little; she went home rejoicing as only those can who have long sought peace for their souls, and hear at last "the joyful sound," so as to make it their own.

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Noble were gathered round the fire with their children, reading and working, when a visitor called and asked to see the clergyman who had preached at Shoremouth Church the previous morning.

Harry went downstairs to receive a stranger; but something in the face of the widow lady standing before him seemed familiar. She drew nearer and held out her hand, and he cried out—

"Surely it is Jessie!"

It was Mr. Penny's daughter, long a wanderer in foreign countries with the husband for whom she had left her father's roof in disobedience, now a widow struggling with dire poverty, but come to entreat Harry to assist her in procuring her father's pardon ere he died.

"When I heard you speak yesterday of the free pardon and love for all, I knew at last that it must be for me too, and I took hope once more that my prayers to see my father once more, and be at peace with him before he dies, might be granted," she told him.

Harry accompanied her himself the very next day to Dartmer. He knew how Mr. Penny's health was breaking, and that no time should be lost. They found him actually dying, and with the approach of death had come a softening of the heart, and a longing to see his daughter; but he had so long refused all communication with her that he knew not where to send.

When the first meeting and reconciliation had passed, Jessie looked up gratefully at her half-brother and said—

"It is all his doing, father. His preaching at Shoremouth has been the means of bringing us together, and his message of Christmas peace gave me courage to seek you out once more."

The old rector started.

"Christmas peace," he murmured, feebly. "Was it that sermon, Harry?"

"Yes, that very sermon," replied Harry, gently, pressing his proffered hand, and added the apostolic words about "Peace always by all means."

* * * *

"Daisy," said Harry, telling his wife about it when—Amos Penny having passed quietly away and been laid to rest in Dartmer Churchyard—he was able to return to his family, "you helped my choice of a first sermon, and it has brought 'the blessing of peace' with it."

"'The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace,'" softly quoted Mrs. Noble, and calling the children round the piano for their Sunday afternoon hymns, she began one that was Harry's especial favourite:

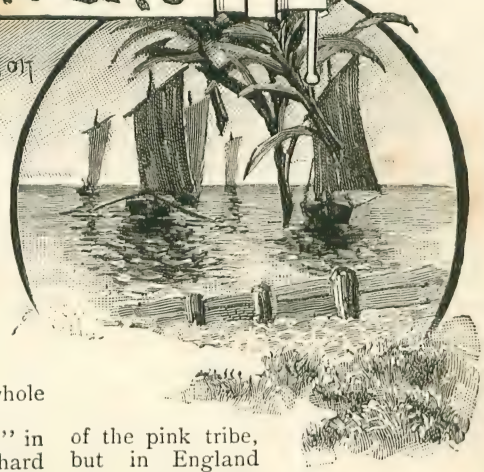
"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

Imp. Draeger et Lesieur. Paris.

Solitude.

A Garden of Gillyflowers

By James Mason



THE name of gillyflower is about as confusing in a garden as that of Jones in a Welsh village.

What flower is a gillyflower? "I," says the clove carnation; "people sometimes call me the clove gillyflower."

"Not so," says the stock; "it is I, and my name in full is the stock gillyflower."

"It is I," says the wallflower; "in old books I am called the gillyflower of the wall, and the winter gillyflower as well."

"Not a bit of it," says the dame's violet, "I am the real gillyflower, called the winter gillyflower as well as you, and sometimes the queen's gillyflower, and now and then the rogue's gillyflower."

The ragged robin lifting its head from the meadow claims to have as good a right to the name as any, for is it not often called the marsh gillyflower?

Then the water-violet puts in a claim; it is known as the water gillyflower. And so does the familiar thrift which goes by the name of sea gillyflower.

The fact is there are so many gillyflowers you might stock a garden with them. The artist who designed the wrapper of this summer number of ours has from all the candidates for distinction selected wallflowers to exercise his pencil upon. That is because an artist is a poet, and poets have always surrounded wallflowers with sentiment, and given them the post of special favourites. Our artist, instead of making a choice, might have represented every claimant; but a wrapper is not a field large enough to display a whole garden.

Take note, by the way, that "g" in gillyflower is soft. Don't say with a hard "g" *g*illyflower, as if it had something to do with the gill of a fish. We often hear it pronounced in that way by country people. It should be sounded with a soft "g," jillyflower, just as if it were a buttonhole flower for Jill, Jack's partner.

According to some, gillyflower is a corruption of July flower, "so called from the month they blow in." You meet with this statement in old gardening books, and in some modern ones, the authors of which ought to know better. It has nothing to do with July.

When gillyflowers were first spoken of in England, the plant meant was the clove carnation. The name was in those early times sometimes spelt *gyllofer* and *gilofre*, the "o" being sounded long. It came from the French *giroflée*, Italian *garofalo* (M. Latin *gariofilum*), corrupted from the Latin *caryophyllum*, and referring to the spicy odour of the flower.

The name having been imported from the Continent got attached after awhile to a number of different plants, which will not surprise anyone who has observed how much there is happy-go-lucky about the giving and spreading of popular names. "Much of the confusion," remarks one writer, "has doubtless arisen from the vague use of the French terms *giroflée*, *œillet*, and *violette*, which were all applied to flowers of the pink tribe, but in England were subsequently extended and finally restricted to very different plants."

The garden of gillyflowers—pinks, stocks, wallflowers, and all the rest of them—is an old-fashioned bit of ground, but none the worse for that. Indeed, what garden for fragrance, variety, and interest is equal to the old-fashioned one? No wonder the poet wrote that if he only told all that was to be enjoyed in the company of flowers that interested and cheered our forefathers, all men would throng to his garden and leave the cities empty.

The plants with most claim to be called gillyflowers, if antiquity counts for anything, are certainly the family of carnations and pinks. It was one of their ancestors that was the gillyflower of Merrie England. They were clove carnations that the lover in the old song referred to when he said—

> "Cowslips and gillyflowers,
> And the sweet lily,
> I got to deck the bowers
> Of my dear Philly."

It was a fragrant flower for decoration, and beautiful too. Phillida showed extremely bad taste when "she did them all disdain," and flung them out of the window.

At what time the carnation made its first appearance in our gardens is pretty

much a matter of guesswork. We want a Gibbon to deal with the history of flowers, and clear up that and a number of other disputed points. In a wild state it is a native of this country, being generally met with on the walls of old castles and other ruins. But though growing thus wild, it is supposed to have reached England in its cultivated state from Italy or Germany. Gerard, writing in 1597, speaks of it as received from Poland.

"Few persons," says Sir W. J. Hooker, speaking of the clove-pink carnation, or clove gillyflower (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*), "on seeing this plant as it grows on old walls, would suppose it was the origin of one of the 'fairest flowers of the season'—

"'The curious choice clove July flower,' or carnation of our gardens, with its endless diversity of colour and form, yet such it is always considered to be." It is one of the most remarkable instances to be met with in the whole realm of Flora of the effects of cultivation.

Perdita, in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, affects to speak slightingly of what she calls the "streaked gillyflowers." "I'll not put the dibble in earth," she says, "to set one slip of them." But young women are ever whimsical, and in their fantastic humours not to be taken as meaning all they say.

As universal favourites the carnation family rank next to that of the rose. "Why," says a writer on the garden, shortly after Shakespeare's time, "I may well call them the King of Flowers, excepting the rose, and the best sort of them are called queen gillyflowers. . . . Of all flowers (save the damask rose) they are the most pleasant to sight and smell." What say you to that, Perdita?

In a work published in the time of Charles I., we read of their being so popular that "carnations and gillyflowers be the chiefest flowers of account in all our English gardens." The author calls them "the pride of our English gardens," and "the queen of delight and of flowers."

The gillyflower used to be employed to give a spicy flavour to ale and wine. This is alluded to by Chaucer, who writes of "many a clove gilofre to put in ale," and also by Spenser, who speaks of them under the name of sops in wine, a reference, no doubt, to their being steeped in the liquor.

The old herbalists strongly recommended the flower of the clove-pink carnation as a cordial and anti-poison; it was also said to be of singular efficacy in all disorders of the heart, and in every sort of nervous complaint. There was a conserve made of the flowers with sugar, which is praised by Gerard. He says it is "exceeding cordiall and wonderfully above measure doth comfort the heart, being eaten now and then."

It may be that the carnation got its name from the flesh colour of its flowers, but some say that the old form of the name was "coronation" (it is so in Spenser), and that the plant was so called from its being used in chaplets. It was a flower often worn by betrothed persons in token of their engagement.

The lovely colour of the flower suggested the following song to Herrick. The poet is wandering in the garden, and, reminded of some dear little piece of baggage, thus addresses his carnations:—

"Stay while ye will or go,
And leave no scent behind ye:
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.

"Within my Lucia's cheek
(Whose livery ye wear),
Play ye at hide or seek,
I'm sure to find ye there."

The pink is a commoner and hardier flower than the carnation; but it does not seem to have been much cultivated till the latter half of last century, though it is said to have been introduced in 1629. The common notion seems to be that it came to be called pink because of its colour; but the probabilities are the other way—the name of the colour is more likely derived from the flower, than that of the flower from the colour.

According to Dr. Brewer, the pink is so called because the edges of the petals are pinked or notched; pinking, as many of us know, being working in eyelet-holes, or piercing with small holes for ornament. Dr. Ogilvie, who connects the word pink with the Dutch *pinken* (to twinkle with the eyes), says the name is "given to various plants and flowers of the genus *Dianthus* from some of the species being marked with small dots resembling eyes, as the clove-pink or carnation (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*) and garden pink." Keeping this in view, we get over the seeming absurdity of applying the name pink to pinks that are sometimes white.

Such were the gillyflowers of long ago; but when people of recent years have spoken of gillyflowers without affixing any descriptive adjective, it has been generally taken that they referred either to stocks or wallflowers. In stocks we have some of the most important and popular of our garden favourites, everyone knows them—ten-week stocks, queen stocks, Brompton stocks, intermediate stocks, and all the rest of the tribe. Of indigenous species of stocks there are two—the hoary, shrubby stock which grows to about two feet high on maritime cliffs in the South of England; and the great sea stock, a biennial plant flourishing on the sandy sea coasts of Wales and Cornwall.

We find as handsome a look and as fragrant an odour in our next gillyflowers—wallflowers or wall gillyflowers. The common wallflower in its wild state is found very much at home on old walls, so how it comes by its name is no puzzle.

One would think from the way in which it takes the crumbling ruins of castles and churches under its protection that it was a native of this country; but it is not so. It came from Southern Europe, and was introduced into England in 1573.

As an emblem, "the yellow wallflower stained with iron brown," as Thomson calls it, is held to represent fidelity in misfortune, because it attaches itself to what is ruined and desolate, and lends a charm to what would otherwise be unsightly.

A fanciful account of the origin of the plant is given by Herrick. According to him, a lass who loved a sprightly youth was once on a time kept a close prisoner. At last she braved all perils to steal an interview with her lover.

"Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal:
But the silken cord untied,
So she fell—and, bruised, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now, the flower of the wall."

From a gardening book published when Oliver Cromwell was Protector we learn that wallflowers—"gillyflowers of the wall, or winter gillyflowers," the author also calls them—were sometimes known as bee-flowers because they were thought good for planting in the neighbourhood of hives.

Another gardening work about a hundred and fifty years old tells us that a little before the middle of the eighteenth century, the common single wallflower was very seldom cultivated in gardens, but the double wallflower was common enough. It is just the reverse now; single types are largely grown, but the old double forms are seldom met with except in cottage gardens.

The botanical name of the wallflower is *Cheiranthus cheiri*, which is derived from *cheir*, the hand, and *anthos*, a flower, in reference, it has been supposed, to the custom of carrying wallflowers in the hand for a nosegay.

We have now spoken of the more important gillyflowers, and the rest need not detain us long. The next to be mentioned is the dame's violet, which used sometimes to be called the winter, queen's, or rogue's gillyflower. It is well known under the name of the common rocket, and is a member of a very interesting family of flowers. In some parts of England it was a frequent practice with ladies to keep pots with rocket in them to adorn their rooms, and in that way it came to be called dame's violet.

Ragged robin, or the marsh gillyflower, is a plant frequently met with in wet meadows and other moist places. It is easily recognised. The stem is about a foot high, with leaves not unlike those of the ribbed plantain. Its chief peculiarity, however, lies in the flowers, which are of a fine pink or rose colour, and have a loose, ragged appearance. We have sometimes heard it called cuckoo-flower. A double variety of the ragged robin, of more humble stature, is occasionally seen in old-fashioned gardens, but it seldom has a long life there for want of its natural supply of moisture.

The home of the water violet or water gillyflower is in ditches or other shallow waters on a gravelly soil. It is sometimes spoken of as feather foil. The plant is generally immersed in water, the top only with the flowers being above

the surface. The name water violet must not be allowed to mislead us. Neither blossom, perfume, nor form is like that of the violet.

The last plant of our garden of gillyflowers is the old-fashioned thrift, which sometimes goes by the name of sea-pink. This is the sea gillyflower. Its grass-like leaves and dense heads of pink or lilac flowers are familiar to every visitor to the seashore, not only in this country, but generally throughout Europe. But whilst one of the most humble, it is also one of the most lofty of plants. We frequently find it leading a hardy existence in moist, boggy situations, high up on mountain slopes.

In the garden it is often planted by way of edging, and a very good edging it makes. It thrives in most situations, even amidst London smoke, a sort of plant philosopher, and by its facility for thriving has come by the name of thrift.

Such is our garden of gillyflowers. It is an old-fashioned bit of ground, as we have said, the fragrant perfumes and interesting associations of which take us back to a time when GIRL'S OWN PAPERS were not even dreamt of, and when girls would have opened their eyes, not realising what it meant, had some Mother Shipton told them that in the year of grace 1890 the name of their favourite flowers would form the title of a Summer Number.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

SUNLIT upland pasture on a sultry July afternoon, and a young girl is sitting in the shade of a pine tree, her only companions a few cows and goats lazily browsing on the sweet green grass.

Above—the cool whiteness of the everlasting snows, across whose dazzling brilliance soft blue shadows will later steal their way. Not a cloud dims the blue of the horizon in its sweet clearness. A brooding hush lingers over everything: grim rock crags and green Alps steeped in warmth and light; the waving boughs of larches and sweeping columns of the true mountain pine; the roar of the torrent, far below in the ravine—this is the scene upon which Réné's large dark eyes are listlessly gazing.

Not always will Nature touch us. We are sometimes irresponsive beings, and wrap ourselves in our own inner life, and hear no music in the great outer world.

"Have I done right? Was I not unkind to Otto? Yet I could not love him, and never shall!"

This is the current of the girl's thoughts; she has put herself on the treadmill of self-questionings, and must endure their torture. Alone in the silences of the mountains she loves, which from childhood she has climbed as nimbly as her four-footed friends, and whose awe, sublimity, and softer beauty touch her dreamy little soul with mystic power. Réné must fight out her woman's perplexities as best she can.

Who is she? What is her story? Yonder large brown châlet on that lower slope is her home, and she lives there with an aged grandfather, Pierre Perin, who in younger days was a chamois-hunter, and now exists with his pipe in the sunshine and the occasional labour of cutting wood, and gathering in the treasure store of hay, with the help of Réné's young arms. The girl's father was a guide; born and reared among the mountains, they were to him as his very life, and to them that life was sacrificed. Storms and exposure undermined a vigorous constitution, and when he died he left his young wife and baby child to the shelter of old Pierre's châlet.

Rosina, Réné's mother, was Italian, and Christoph Perin had first seen her at a Festa on the southern side of Monte Rosa; and the large dark eyes had flashed their loveliness into his brave peasant heart, and he loved Rosina, and won her.

She did not live long after him, but long enough for her little girl to remember warm mother-kisses. Her one regret was that Réné had her large dark eyes, and was not like her father.

The baby boy—whose tiny life drew its one breath and then passed from her arms, drawing the young widowed life away after her child—was a fair, blue-eyed thing, and they called him Christoph, and laid them both by the father's side in the little churchyard.

And Réné grew up alone; cared for and loved, in his own rough, silent fashion by the old man, yet sorely missing the mother-tenderness. The children around were sometimes her playmates, but more often Réné was alone. The goats and the flowers pleased her best, and the mountain streams she loved; and as girlhood grew upon her, Réné was very happy, though often with a yearning wistfulness; for hers was a sensitively-strung little soul, and for such life brings pain with its pleasures. But there, reared in that mountain home—

> "Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story-book
> Thy Father has written for thee.'"

And Otto had always loved her. From childhood Réné had been his special playmate; at school he guarded her from the rougher children; then he would drive the goats home for her, and carry in the hay; and one gleam of a smile from Réné was enough to light up the day for him.

But she never could give back to him more than this. All the love that welled up in his strong honest heart failed to touch hers. As it grew so clear to her how much Otto cared, it perplexed her sorely; and very gently she tried to put it all away from her. Otto must not meet her for the early mass; her arms were strong enough for the hay, and she loved scrambling after the goats all by herself. They would be good friends, but nothing more. And patient, honest Otto could not see this, and blundered over these painful love-lessons all the more, besieging Réné, and sometimes clumsily, with the wealth of his love for her. But Réné grew restless and irritated, trying all in vain first to love him, and then to teach him she could not. Otto was a slow, stolid German-Swiss, and the quick, hot, Italian blood in the girl, and her dreamy, changeful moods, made her unable to understand—and, I fear, even at last to endure—him. Don't blame Réné, but you may pity Otto. Of all sorry things, a pure, true, one-sided love is the sorriest.

Otto Meyer's father kept the smallest hotel, and was making it pay well, and folks said it would soon be a rival to the Dent Blanche, where all the English went; and old Pierre, looking grimly at the patient courting that met with no response, thought the girl a fool, and Otto a bigger one for his pains. Réné would have a good home as mistress of the "Drei König"; and he (Pierre) was old and poor, and very proud of the pretty young thing that from baby years had twined round his heart.

Was not Otto good enough for her? He never could understand women! Why, they took up with some men who could not climb or walk, and were ugly too. And Otto was good to him—old Pierre—and often made him rest under their balcony, and filled his pipe, yes, and a Schoppen (pint mug) of beer too!

* * * *

To-day as our story opens, Réné has told Otto that things must come to an end between them; never can she return his affection, and she will not play with it.

It has cost her the pain of giving pain; and any true woman feels this acutely. And Otto leaves her numb and stunned; his boyhood's love, which was to him as a very part of his being, has drifted from him, and an impassable gulf lies between their divided lives; for he knows now that Ludwig Imseng loves Réné, and he is sure that she will not frown upon Imseng.

Long and silently has this other lover waited, always deeming Otto would win the day at last; and were they not comrades from the old schooldays, and made their first communion side by side?—and never would Imseng wrong Otto. But all is changed now; the one heart must bear its aching smart and solitude; the other may joyously step forward to victory and love.

These are life's realities that make it fraught with such tremendous possibilities of suffering as well as gladness. On one path the clear shining; on the other cold sharp shadows. Once and always now Otto has said to the queen of his dreams—"Ade! heart's beloved."

* * * *

Some days after we first saw Réné it was Sunday, and a special fête in the valley. From far and near the peasants flocked in to early service, and then lingered till late in the forenoon, somewhat after the Scotch fashion of attending their Kirk services, and of necessity picnicing out of lunch baskets between church hours. It was a pretty picture, perfect in colour and grouping, on that bright Sunday morning. As English tourists packed into the salon of the hotel for their Church service, or strolled away under the pines to find "sermons in stones and tongues in trees," their eyes rested on groups of the valley maidens in full white sleeves, bright red scarves, and queer flat hats; men in cloth suits and gay-coloured neckties, the greater number guides, whose felt hats covered bronzed faces.

Here were mothers with round-faced babies in tiny caps, and clad in miniature gowns of rough homespun cloth; little maidens with short pig-tails; and elder sisters with plaited tresses, mostly of yellow hair. All donned gay scarves; even the old women, with wrinkled faces and sparse grey locks, folded a scarlet kerchief upon their scraggy necks. The men smoked and lounged; the younger ones did a little quiet courting in shy fashion. Stalls were erected, and some brisk marketing was going on, their Sunday-keeping allowing the cheeses to be disposed of and sundry stores to be laid in.

That forenoon the young curé—son of Karl Crettaz, whom all the village knew, and who owned the fattest cows in the valley—was to preach his first sermon. It was a gala day, that Sunday. So two hearts felt. Ludwig had found out Réné; they had walked together away from the hum of the street, down to where, deep among the larches, the river sang its song: and their spirits sang too.

It was the old story, whose keynote is the undercurrent of music through all the world. Were they not "caught up into love, and taught the whole of life in a new rhythm"?

Réné is no longer perplexed. Ludwig's heart has won hers, and the "paction is made 'twixt the twa." The tall, handsome young guide has always pleased her; as her lover he satisfies her absolutely; a passion of affection absorbs them both.

That Sunday, while the sun shines on the snow-fields of Dent Blrnche, not far from the crowd, and yet so apart in the first flush of their new-found gladness, the future looks as sunlit as the flower-strewn meadows at their feet. Eden is anew created for all souls that love. Réné is but a peasant-girl, but hers is a nature tuned to fine issues; a wealth of affection is pent up within her, and, given an outlet, it will flow forth, and her womanhood grow larger and richer through its strength of loving.

One evening, as the moon shone in full-orbed brilliancy upon the glacier, and the pines stood out in weird shadow, Réné is standing at the châlet door. She has worked hard all day; since dawn the hay has engrossed every moment, and now the last load is gathered in, and old Pierre sleeps wearily. The châlet is tidied up, and the meal cleared away. Fritz, the mule, has had his "Abends-essen" (supper), and the goats are milked and housed for the night, and Réné is waiting.

"Surely he will come to-night!" A bounding step answers her thoughts; a low whistle, and the well-knit figure in brown tweed is at her side, and they greet as lovers are wont to do.

"Herzchen! I could not come sooner. We are only just home from the Grand Cornier, and I have walked on from Terpécle to see you. They laughed, the other Führer and the Herr, and thought sleep was far better than more walking; but I thought not so, when you were at the end of the walk, mein Liebchen. And now I'm off again; two English Herren want to do the Mont Colon to-morrow, and es wird gut bezahlt (there will be good pay), and I must earn and save all I can this summer. Is it not thine as well as mine—all for our own lustige Haüschen (snug little home)?" he added, with proud tenderness.

Réné's eyes had their softest gleam. "Ach, Ludwig, the 'Colon' is etwas schwer (rather difficult)."

"Etwas!" and he kissed away the shadow on the sweet face. "But a guide, Geliebte, never says 'schwer.' Where our duty calls us, and the money can be earned, there we go! Couldst thou love me, Réné, were I a coward?"

"No!" and the girl's pride in her lover's skill and strength overcame her fears. "Ludwig could do anything!"

Women love intensely that power and courage in manhood which appeal irresistibly to their weaker physical nature. Never was Réné prouder of her lover. And yet she half whispered—

"Ludwig, they say the stones are bad this year, and only once has Cuenodoz been up this summer."

"All the better if we get auf die Spitze (to the top) to-morrow." He did not say that the inaccessible side was the goal of their ambition; he only added—"Cuenodoz is first guide, and he is very sure, and I must win my colours fast—for you! Now beste (dearest) Réné, we are off at Ein Uhr (1 a.m.), and I must not linger, but get my axe and rope, and a little sleep to be fresh for work."

"Yes, Ludwig; it is our Pflicht uns zu trennen (duty to part). Thou wilt come back to-morrow to me, bester Freund?"

They whispered parting words, and the moon shone on their farewell.

"Always love and duty, Réné; and I can face duty more bravely now; it is all a new thing since you have loved me. Gott bewahre dich (God keep thee) auf Wiedersehen! (till we meet again)!"

Long did Réné look on the cold still mountain—so noble in its position at the end of the valley, so unearthly in its sublimity, as starlight showed shadowy outlines of rock, arrête, and crevasse.

Mont Colon was the guardian peak of the upper valley, its monarch mountain only rivalled by the Pique, another lordly snow-crest close beside it; but somehow to the girl that night it seemed a relentless foe, hurling defiance on all who dared assail it.

* * * *

Sunlight had stolen across the path of the mountain party as they reached the summit and began the descent.

So far all had gone well.

They had scaled the hitherto unconquerable side, and hands and feet had done sharp, stiff work on those perpendicular rock-walls—clinging to narrow ledges, and cutting foothold on steepest ice-slopes; every now and then pausing, where the foot might safely linger, for the wonderful vision of the snow world around them. Columns of blue ice, sharp-toothed seracs of glacier, masses of rock and snow hurled in the path of an avalanche, and in the distance, peak beyond peak of dazzling brilliancy—the lakes and towns on Italian plains, gleaming in the soft blue haze.

Cautiously they are tracking their homeward path; the order of march being—the first guide, the two Englishmen, then Ludwig, a German, and the porter in the rear. All knew their work and its potential perils, and were careful and courageous. Just under a precipitous couloir on a narrow ledge, with overhanging masses of ice and rock, they were cautiously picking their steps in single file, when suddenly an enormous stone, loosened from the mass above, came hurtling down upon them. Two were safely beyond its reach; the younger Englishman of the party would have been struck by it, had not Ludwig Imseng seen the impending danger, and in a moment of time pushed his companion next to him on the rope, thus saving him—by the one foot of distance measured on their path—from the inevitable doom.

Malcolm Grant was spared, and Tunseng was struck. In all its relentless cruel force the stone caught him, and, severing the rope, dashed him below.

The terror-stricken party saw him, to their utter astonishment, stretched on a ledge of hard snow, which saved him from a fall into unfathomed depths, and rendered it possible to attempt to rescue him if life was yet lingering. A feeble groan answered their call, though blood was flowing fast. The terrible catastrophe had been but the work of a moment; it was a longer process to lower one of the party and gently raise the dying man, and somehow, on that perilously narrow track, support and lift him to the shade of some rocks on the glacier, and then do all they could to feed the fast flickering flame of life.

But how little was the "all" that lay in their power!

Ludwig—the bright brave fellow, the nimble climber, so full of patient pluck, of daring and endurance, of manly vigour, and brimful with life and spirit—lay motionless before them, already in that silent borderland where none may enter and help the traveller for his unknown journey.

From some internal injuries the life-blood was fast oozing, and the end could not be far off.

"My dear, brave fellow!" was all Malcolm Grant could mutter in broken German and thick, husky voice; "you have saved me! would I could do it for you!"

The eyes faintly opened, and a smile lit up the pale face.

"Ach, Herr! es war meine Pflicht es freut mich jetzt" (it was my duty, and now it makes me glad).

"Pflicht und Liebe" (duty and love), he murmured on. Was he thinking of the brown châlet, of the girl he loved, of last evening's farewell?

"Ere the parting hours go by—
Quick! thy tablets, memory!"

* * * *

A look of pain contracts the brow, the anguish of leaving life when it held so much in it for him, and physical suffering, too, as the cords of life were sundering. But the pain passes into peace.

John Alden, the elder man in the group, is kneeling close beside him. As a clergyman he is using the grand privilege of his calling, and utters words telling of a love unto death; of victory over the last enemy, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

In the silence of that mountain-side, in the hush of the shadow of death, these words ring out their glorious message:—"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord"; and "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

And there, in the solemn stillness of the eternal hills, with bared heads and tear-dimmed eyes, the sorrowful group gather round their dying comrade, commending him to the Father of the spirits of all men, in whom, according to the measure of his light, Ludwig had simply trusted.

Once again he rouses, and tries to touch the hat that lies by his side. In it is a bunch of Edelweiss. Cuenodoz, his fellow-guide, has guessed his meaning.

"You wish to send it to Réné Perin, comrade—is it not so?"

"Ja."

"I will take it to her," said Malcolm.

"Give her my faithful love. Pflicht und Liebe—sie versteht (she understands). Immer Liebe—bis dem Tod"—(always love, even unto death); he lingered on the last words.

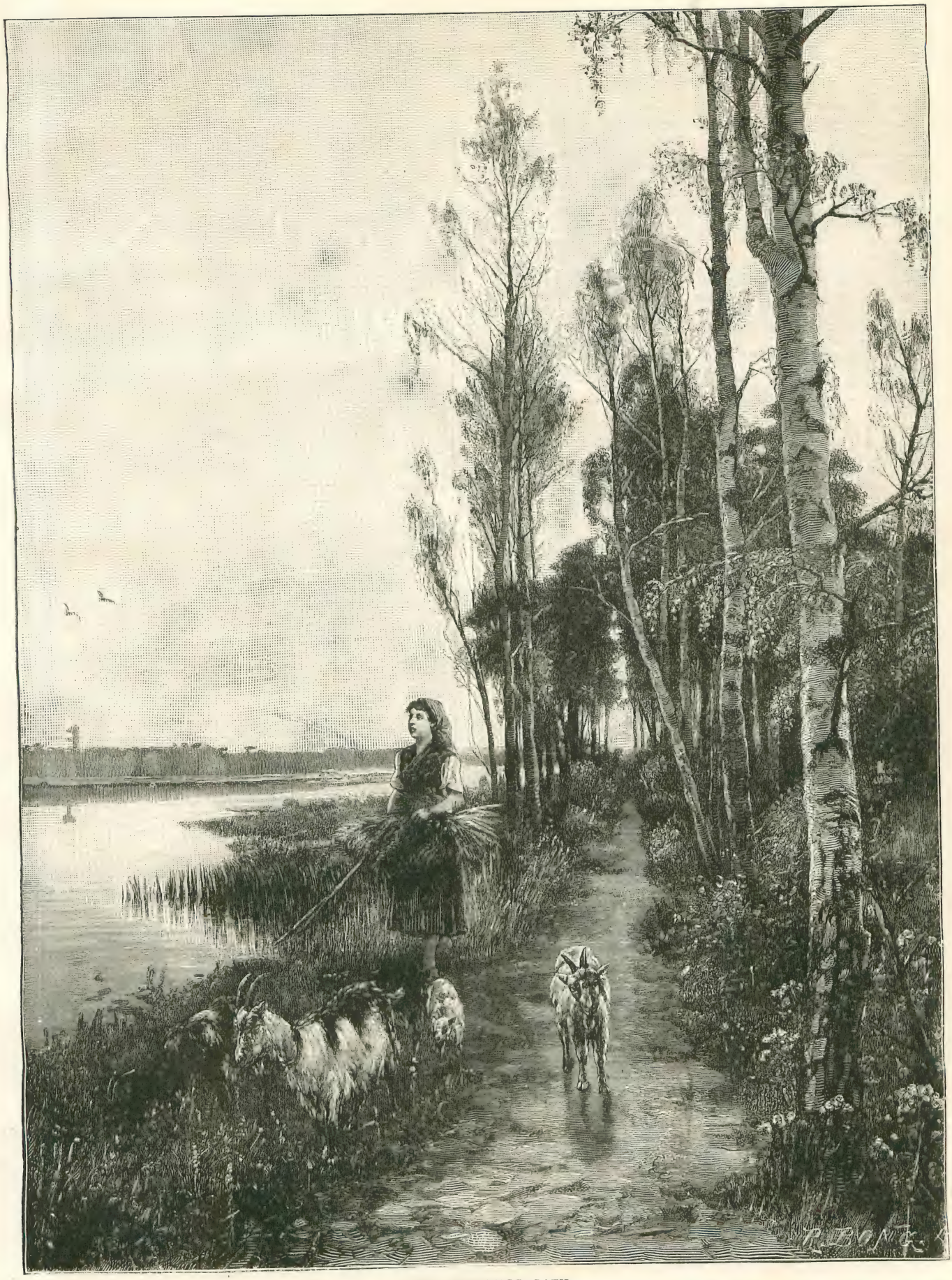
"Bis der Ewigkeit!" (for ever) added Alden, and the dying eyes met his with a smile.

A rush of blood followed, pouring from the mouth, and the crimson life-stream stained the pure white blossoms, as Malcolm Grant stooped to lay the little bunch reverently in his pocket-book for Réné.

And Ludwig Imseng passed into the Unseen Land.

And Réné was alone—with only his message, his flowers, and his love folded into her heart.

ROSA WHEELER.



THE HOMEWARD PATH.

THE SONGS OF TYROL.

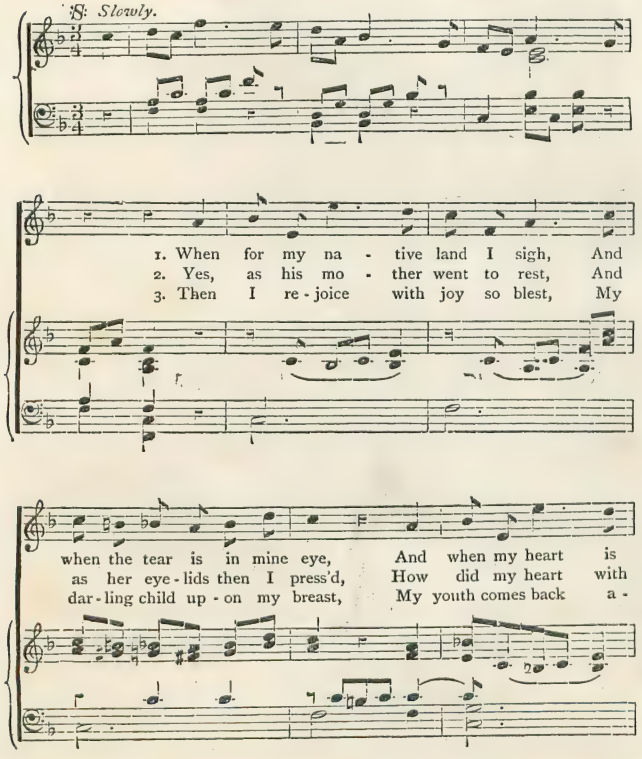
By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Author of "Louisa of Prussia, and Other Sketches," etc.

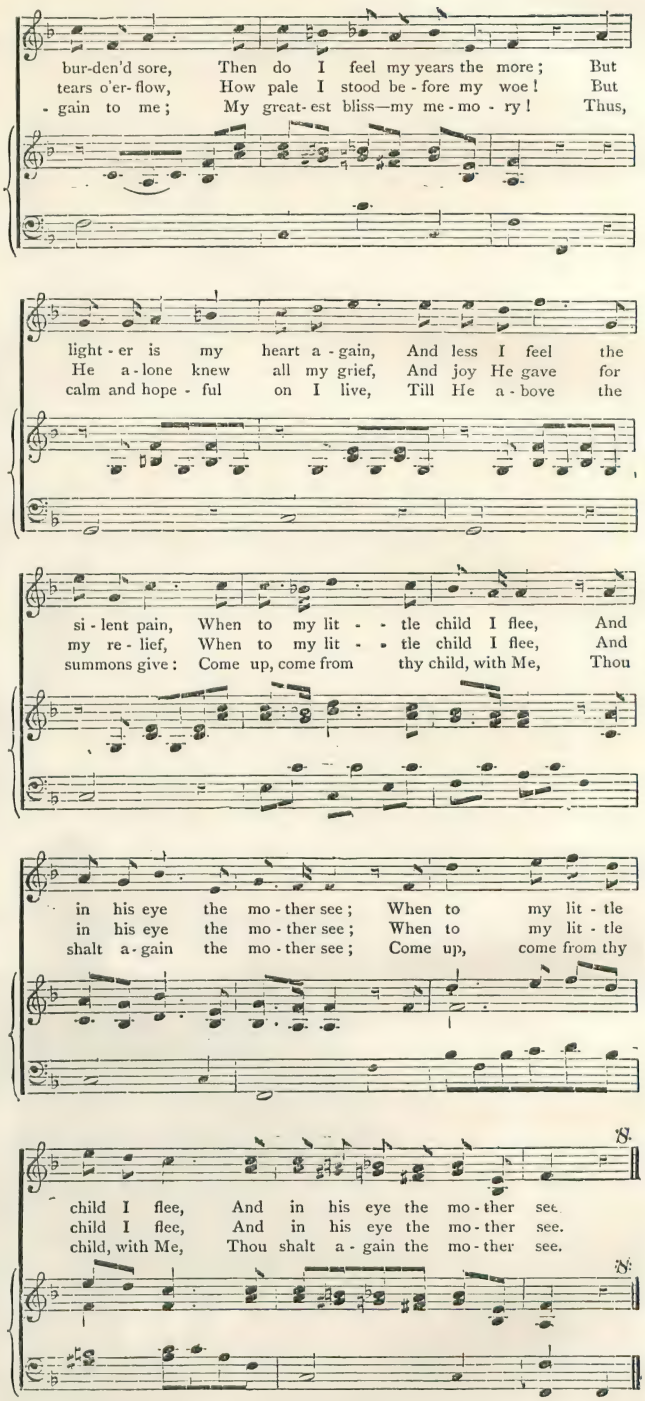
"Creative genius," we are told by one who knows the people of Tyrol thoroughly, from long residence among them and from extensive and intimate intercourse with them, "has distinguished the people for centuries. Painters, carvers, poets, musicians, form the body of the Tyrolese contingent of celebrated or well-known names. Musical talent is without comparison the gift of nature most widely diffused in Tyrol, and to a stranger, particularly to an Englishman, it is amazing to find a finely-developed ear and a capital voice in the commonest country lad who hardly knows his A B C. To be able to join with a second or third voice in a song which they have not heard before, is a very common accomplishment. They are shy, and often refuse to sing their national lays, if they see that their listeners are strangers. The highways must be left, and unfrequented paths be sought out to enjoy a musical treat. If we do not press the herdsmen or dairymaids, or betray any wish to hear them sing, it is possible they may begin on their own account. Sitting on a low step in front of the châlet, enjoying a quiet half-hour's rest in the calm evening after the fatiguing day's work, the dairymaid will awake the echoes of the surrounding heights, answered, perhaps, if there be other huts within earshot, by their inmates. Tinkling bells, the rich silver voice, melodiously tender in all its notes, the quiet calm of the evening, and the grand landscapes, all unite in producing an effect on the mind for many days to come." *

If one may judge of the character of the Tyrolese from their songs—and it seems to be fair to do so, for people do not love the songs that commend qualities which they neither possess nor admire—they are distinguished for love of home, love of wife and child, and love of country. They are famed all the world over for their love of country, and their home sickness when they are away from it. This last feature of character they share with the people of other mountainous countries, but they have given varied and passionate expression to it in their songs.

In the following specimen—The Tyrolese and His Child—which is translated into the metre of the original, and given with the native music, domestic affection and love of country are blended together. The father of the song is evidently in a foreign land when he pours out his heart in the song.

THE TYROLESE AND HIS CHILD.





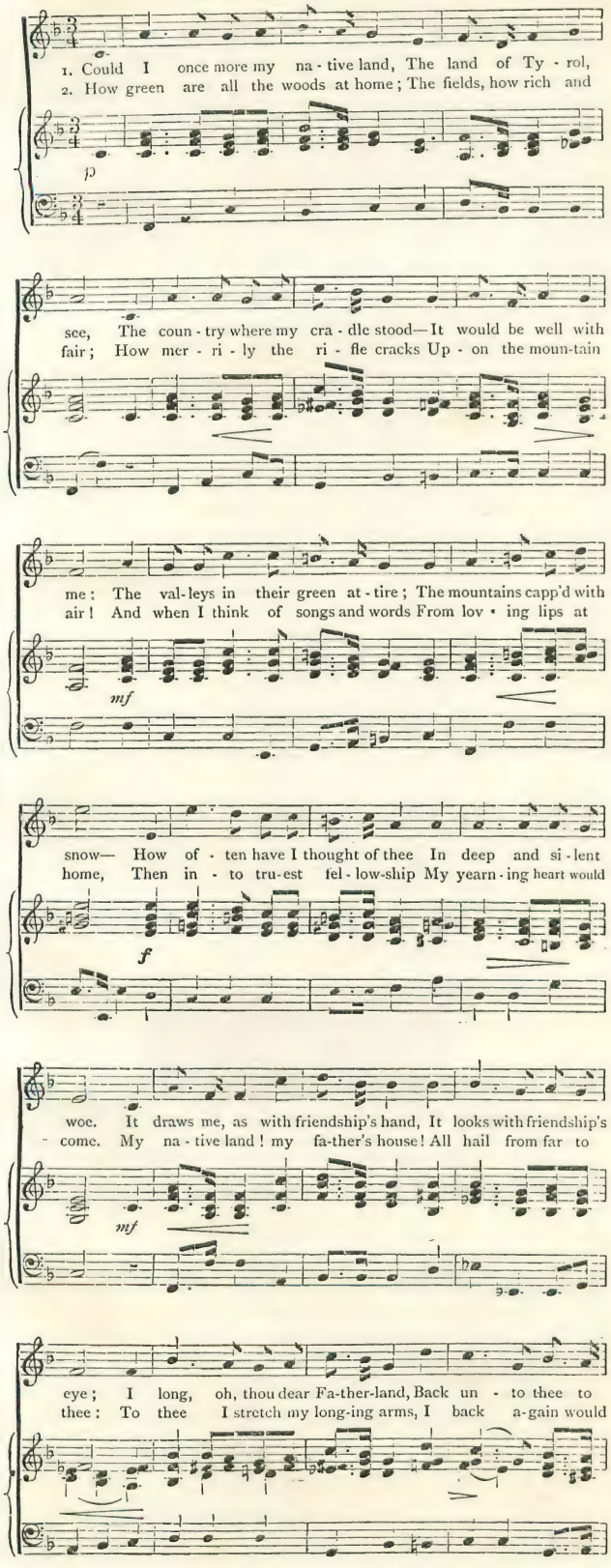
Many of the Tyrolese, of necessity, go forth to seek their fortunes in the world. They go as pedlars, as musicians, and in other vocations. Some of them, the singers in particular, visit all quarters of the world, and some have even exhibited their musical talents at the Courts of all the potentates of Europe, as well as in the great cities of America. Few Tyrolese, however, leave their country for good; when their purposes are accomplished they return without fail to their own land, and settle down in their native valleys, and enjoy the fruits of their industry.*

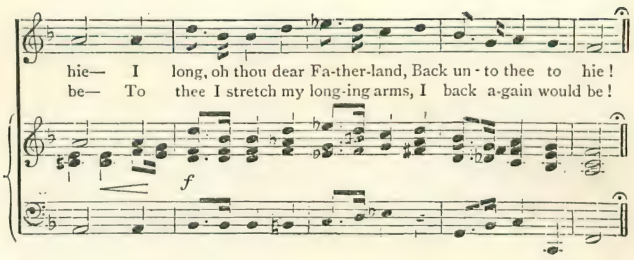
* Grohman: "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," 1876.

* Grohman "Tyrol and the Tyrolese."

The feelings that overpower them, at times at least, during their absence from home, find expression in another song, entitled TYROLESE HOMESICKNESS. This song also shows how the features of the scenery of their native land dwell in their minds, and are fondly recalled in the lands of their temporary sojourn.

TYROLESE HOMESICKNESS.





The life of the chamois-hunter on the mountains forms the subject of many a spirit-stirring song. The perils and joys of the chase are portrayed in such a way as to inspire the dullest and most inactive reader with something of the sportsman's feelings. Nor is the eagle, which still has its home in the mountains of Tyrol, forgotten.

More suitable for consideration in these pages are the songs which treat of the life of those who tend the cattle on the mountains—particularly of the dairymaids; songs relating to them are numerous.

"In May," says Mr. Grohman, "when the last streaks of snow have vanished from the mountains of medium height, the peasants, now rid of their autumnal stock of fodder, lead their herds of cattle up to the juicy pasturages that encircle their native valleys. These 'Alps' or pasturages are resorted to at different seasons, according to their heights, and many of them, at an elevation of 6,000 or 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, afford the necessary food for cattle for a short period. Each pasturage is provided with a hut—the châlet or Alp hut; and a rich peasant boasts that he has three or four of these Alps situated one above the other, at an interval of an hour or two between each. Thus when the grass on the lowest, which is first resorted to, grows scarce, the herd and his cattle migrate to those higher up, and in this way the highest Alp hut is reached in the warmest season of the year—about the month of July. Poor peasants have two Alps; and if the peasant has but a few head of cattle to call his own, he will be content with one, though this may be said to be the exception in all but the poorest valleys."

In some valleys girls occupy these huts. Their life is very busy. The making of cheese, the churning of butter, the milking of cows twice a day, the cleaning and arrangement of the dairy utensils, the oversight of the flock, attendance on sick cattle, etc., give constant occupation.

Saturday is the day on which the "Sennerinnen," as these women are called—dairymaids, in plain English—are "At Home" to receive visitors. Their visitors are, truth to tell, their lovers. The following is one of the mountain songs in which the hunter and the dairymaid both figure. It is called—

"THE WOOING ON THE ALPS."

Hunter: Fair maiden, when the dawn you see,
Look out, for then I'll come to thee.
Maiden: Now come, good lad, I beg of thee,
Say what it is you want from me.
Hunter: I would remain a while with thee,
And pass the time right merrily.
Maiden: Do not make merry now, but go,
Else you to me some ill may do.

Hunter: Now do not bid me hence depart,
But take, oh take, my hand and heart.
Maiden: No, no, my boy, now go away,
And leave me here, in peace, I pray.
Hunter: Take my farewell, and let me go,
Nought more is there for me to do.
Maiden: Take thyself off, then, hunter dear,
And come again another year.

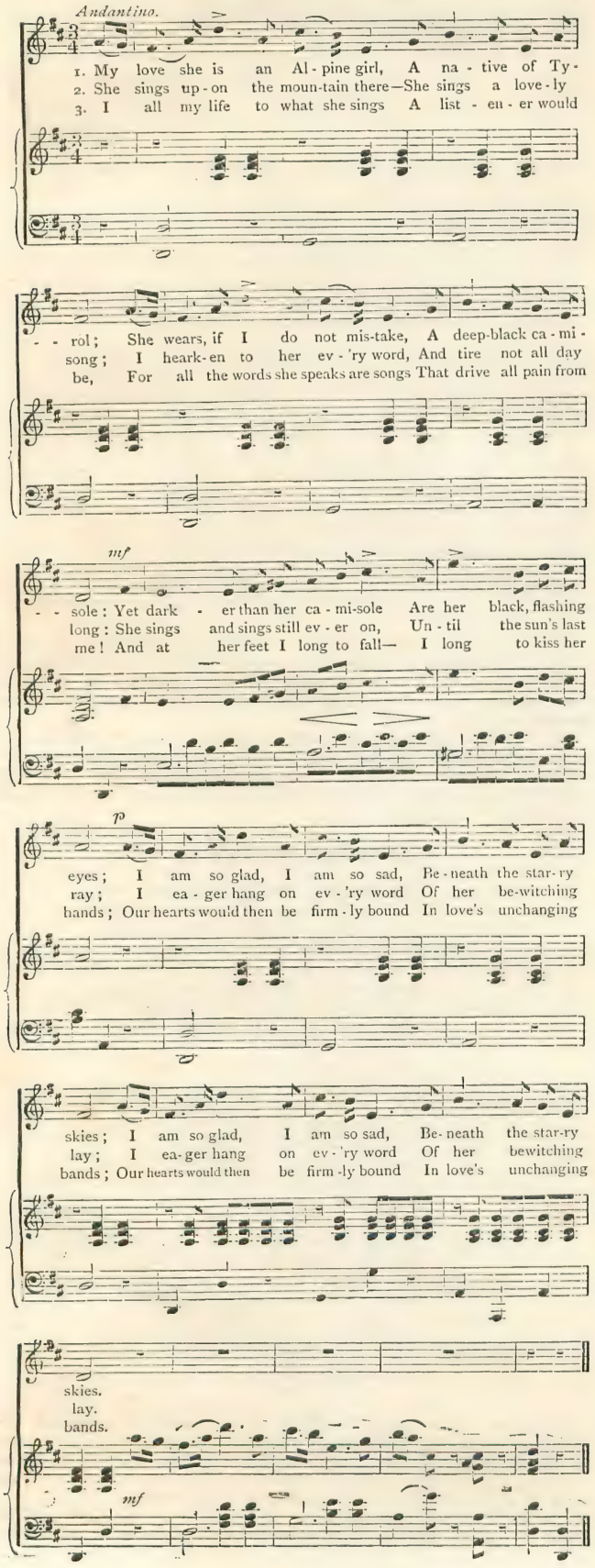
Hunter: Do not, dear heart, make sport with me,
But say, may I thy husband be?
Maiden: Now truly, I'll be good to thee,
Since thou dost speak so prettily.
Hunter: It is no jest, dost thou not see,
To plight thy solemn troth to me?
Maiden: Now, thine I am, and mine thou art,
Our wedding shall take place, dear heart.

Like many of the songs of Tyrol, the original of this one is in the patois of the country, and is very irregular in form, and each stanza concludes with "jodling," so that the writer has deemed it best to reproduce the sense in ordinary English, and in some familiar metre, and not attempt to give a close imitation of the original.

Some of the most popular songs in Tyrol are of this class, and the tunes to which they are wedded are exceedingly pretty. There are

also love songs in High German as well as in the patois of the people. The following is one of these: —

MY LOVE SHE IS AN ALPINE GIRL.



The greatest of the Mediæval Minnesingers, or poets of love, was a Tyrolese, Walther von der Vogelweide, and "the sentiments of the Minnesingers," we are told, "tinge the poetry of Tyrol to-day." We may trace these in such a song as this; like the poetry of Walther von der Vogelweide himself, it is perfectly free from any unworthy taint.

The national heroes, who live in the hearts and memories of the people, occupy a large place in the poetry and songs of Tyrol. Vogelweide is the subject of many a poem. So also is Oswald von Wolkenstein, who, next to Vogelweide, is the most popular of the Tyrolese Mediæval Minnesingers among his compatriots to-day. The peasant leaders in the rising against the Napoleonic power in 1809 are the subject of numberless songs. Those devoted to Andreas Hofer alone are collected, and form a volume of over one hundred and fifty pages.

Touching the songs of Tyrol generally, on turning over a collection of popular favourites, one cannot help being struck with the bright and joyous spirit that breathes through them as a whole. As in the people of other mountainous countries, however, there is a reflective vein; there are undertones of sadness, which find expression in their songs. They have evidently a deep sense of the transitoriness of earthly relationships. With a sample of such a song the writer would close this article; it is entitled

One Word.

One word in life is often heard,
  Of heaviness and fear,
From lips beloved 'tis often breathed
  With pain into the ear.
One word of dread and hollow sound,
  Alas! we know it well,
When any near and dear one says,
  "Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

From 'neath the loved parental roof,
  The shelter of his home,
The voice of Destiny calls forth
  The son abroad to roam,
The mother long embraces him,
  Her heart with grief doth swell;
"One kiss," and then "depart," she cries,
  "Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

A maid leans on her lover's breast,
  Her tears, too, freely flow;
She, too, must part, must separate,
  Her friend from her must go.
Then from her arms he tears himself,
  Into her eyes tears well;
"One kiss," she cries, and then "depart,"
  "Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

An aged man the last time lifts
  In death his languid eye,
He now must leave this vale of tears
  At call of Destiny.
He turns around, with hollow voice,
  His only child to tell,
"Oh! live in hope, we'll meet again,
  Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

AN ENGLISH ROSE.

SONNET.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

In early spring I love to watch the rose
  Break forth in tender leafage, and to trace
  The advent of fair blooms that dare to face
The bitter wind that through the garden blows;
But a still keener joy within me glows
  When summer's blooms, perfect in form and grace,
  Delight the air with fragrance, and embrace
All hearts with love from dawn to daylight's close.

Fit type they of the truest womanhood,
  Just such as one my eyes rest on to-day,
Wandering in sunlit paths beside the wood,
  Roses in hand, and she as fair as they;
Gracious and loving in her every mood,
  Queen of all hearts that fall beneath her sway!

"WANDERING IN SUNLIT PATHS BESIDE THE WOOD."

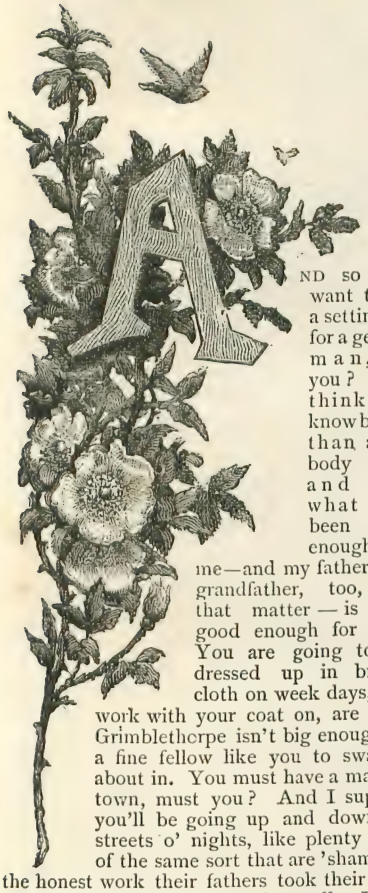
BY A GIRL'S HAND.

A BOY AND GIRL STORY.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

LIKE FATHER UNLIKE SON.



AND so you want to be a setting up for a gentleman, do you? You think you know better than anybody else, and that what has been good enough for me—and my father and grandfather, too, for that matter — is not good enough for you. You are going to be dressed up in broadcloth on week days, and work with your coat on, are you? Grimblethorpe isn't big enough for a fine fellow like you to swagger about in. You must have a market-town, must you? And I suppose you'll be going up and down the streets o' nights, like plenty more of the same sort that are 'shamed of the honest work their fathers took their coats off to do, and gloried in doing well. You'll be smoking cigars next, and wearing a top hat, and going in for all the newfangled ways of spending money that young fellows practise nowadays, because they have never known what went to the earning of it. But you'll rue not having taken my advice, as sure as your name is Mark Walthew."

The speaker, Daniel Walthew, and father of Mark, paused for a minute, not because he had finished, or that he desired any reply from his son; he was only out of breath, and was fain to recover it.

More than once Mark had tried to answer these hard words, which pained him sorely; but all to no purpose. From his earliest childhood he had been told to speak when he was spoken to; but, though he was now long past childhood, he was rarely allowed to speak at all if his father were holding forth, and especially if he were not in a very happy frame of mind at the time.

Daniel Walthew had always prided himself on what he called "keeping to his own rut." By this he meant holding to the same opinions, keeping to the same habits, living on the same spot, doing the same kind of work as he had done ever since he could remember, and thus following in the steps of the father and grandfather who had gone before him. Each of these had saved a good bit of money, and handed it down to be added to by the next generation. Daniel Walthew had been the only son of his father, and though there had been three children born to himself, Mark was the only survivor.

Everybody in Grimblethorpe knew that Daniel Walthew must be well off, but nobody, his wife and son included, could have told how well. Daniel considered that to let a woman or a young man know the length of his purse would be a great mistake, and only teach idleness, pride, and extravagance. It was commonly reported that even on his wedding-day, he had half killed his bride by making her walk some twelve miles, on a hot summer's afternoon, from her native village, where they were married, to the cottage at Grimblethorpe which was to be her new home.

"We'll send the boxes by carrier," said Daniel, "you and I can walk. I mean to begin as we shall go on, Barbara."

So the newly-wedded couple walked the dozen miles, side by side when they started, the young wife plodding on behind, and being waited for at intervals when she could not keep up with the bridegroom's steady stride. Daniel was thirty-five at the time, and he had waited until after his mother's death before he made up his mind to marry. He meant to live in the old home always, married or single, and he did not believe in two mistresses under the same roof. He surprised everybody by taking to wife Barbara Sharp, aged twenty-two, and consequently thirteen years younger than himself.

A far-seeing man was Daniel, even in this matter. He had watched the girl closely, for she was in service at Grimblethorpe, before he popped the question. He knew how thrifty she was, and that, instead of wearing feathers and finery, and aping those who could afford such things, and whose position they became, she made her simple garments last twice as long as most did, and put them together with her own clever fingers. She liked saving almost as well as he did, and had a "nice bit" in the bank already.

Of course he might have married somebody higher up than a mere servant. But would one of the farmer's or tradesmen's daughters have stepped beside him in his rut? By no means. They would have wanted to drag him into a wider one, and to scatter to the winds some of the dearly-loved savings that it had been the work of three generations to bring together.

It would be different with Barbara Sharp. She would be lifted into a higher part of the road, albeit the rut might be narrow, and be mistress instead of maid, though in a much smaller dwelling than the one in which she served.

Even in the matter of age Daniel had made his calculations. "A wife should be a dozen years younger than her husband, so as to be able to nurse him when he gets a good way on in life. A woman gets looked after by other women folk; but for a man, his wife is the natural nurse." (Daniel said natteral.) "And it is very upsetting for him to have anyone else about him in his latter days."

Self came first with Daniel even in his way of looking right on to the very end of life.

He was dreadfully upset on his wedding day, for just when home was reached, Barbara's face went white, and down she dropped in a dead faint on the floor of the "house," as the apartment was called which did everyday duty for sitting-room and kitchen. There was a parlour, but it was kept sacred to Sundays and state occasions.

This fainting fit filled Daniel with misgivings. Not so much on account of the hardships to which he had subjected his bride in making her walk so many miles during the heat of the day, but lest after all he had married a delicate woman and might find her a burden instead of a helpmeet.

Such, however, was not the case. Barbara, on coming to, seemed properly ashamed of herself for having excited such a commotion; said such a thing had never happened before, and she did not think it would again. She had been mistimed, having worked early and late to do everything in the way of preparation for her marriage, instead of spending a needless shilling. On the top of all this the walk had been too much for her—that was all, so Daniel was comforted.

Into the rut stepped Barbara, and kept therein close beside her husband. She had few relations, and by degrees, as no visits were paid on either side, she lost sight of these. She was not an inquisitive woman, and was content to know that there was no fear of want before their eyes, and to work, that additions might be made to whatever savings already existed.

The few acres about the cottage belonged to Daniel, and furnished him with occupation. Her household work, the dairy, poultry, and pigs found enough for his wife to do. Too much when there was a baby as well. But Barbara managed. She never dreamed of employing a servant, and she was so habitually careful and orderly, that both work and expenditure were reduced to the lowest possible amount.

The two first children, both boys, died just when the toils of nursing were over, and each could patter, unassisted, over the red-tiled house floor.

It was a very silent place after that. Barbara grieved and worked more mechanically, and Daniel mourned after his fashion, thinking to himself that there was to be no son to follow father and grandfather in the old rut.

Yet the expenditure was not increased. Every apple in the orchard, every cabbage in the garden, every scrap of produce that could be turned into a penny or the half of one, was so turned to account. Slowly and surely the money kept growing, for the little holding furnished nearly all that the pair required, and clothes seemed, in Barbara's careful hands, to grow little the worse for wear.

Daniel's hoards grew—Mr. Mitcheson, the chief lawyer at Claybury, could have told how fast; for though Barbara did not know it, her husband was adding field to field, and rents and interest were being turned into principal and let out on safe mortgages to increase the income that was never to be spent, but to go on increasing still.

Daniel liked Mr. Mitcheson, chiefly because he kept in the same rut as his father and grandfather had followed before him. It was as natural for a Mitcheson to be the chief lawyer at Claybury, as for Daniel Walthew to plough, sow, and reap the fields that his forefathers had first earned, then owned.

Daniel was forty-one and Barbara twenty-eight when their second child died. Five years later a third child was given them, and the gift remained. That he had all the affection of which his father was capable may well be imagined. In the depths of her heart, his mother longed to do more and better for her boy, to make his young life brighter and more child-like. But she had been trained to keep in one rut, and felt that there was no stepping

out of it. She had no will but that of her husband, and she must teach little Mark to keep within the same bounds.

The child was not stinted in one way. He was fed with food convenient for him; his clothing was good and comfortable, and shaped to promote freedom of limb and preserve health, by the careful hands of his mother. She watched him, worked for him, nursed him, as no hireling could have done; though, thank God! there are many nurses not mothers, who look for their reward less in pounds, shillings, and pence than in the well-being of the little ones committed to their charge.

But though little Mark's bodily wants were well supplied, his young heart hungered for young companionship, and no small feet except his own ever crossed the red-tiled floor. Father could not be troubled with other people's children; they would be noisy, and sometimes need asking to a meal. Mother had trained her own little man to the tidiest, cleanest ways imaginable. She rubbed and scraped his boot-soles till his feet glowed again, and his tread left no mark of mud on step or ruddy floor. Mrs. Walthew had no time to look after other people's children, so, though a little schoolfellow might come with Mark as far as the gate, he came no further. Father and mother knew at what time to expect the boy, and, in their cut-to-pattern fashion, rejoiced at his coming.

But if he were later than usual, the time had to be accounted for, and he was ever admonished to come straight home, and not loiter or play on the road.

No wonder the boy grew old too fast, and felt that he was doing so—that in sheer desperation he worked too hard at his books, and distanced the motley group of boys and girls that together made up the village school.

Fortunately, Mr. Mitcheson, after long striving, succeeded in persuading Mark's father to send him to a high-class grammar-school at Claybury, the one at which he had been taught, and to which his own sons were now going.

Daniel Walthew hardly thought it possible for Mr. Mitcheson to make a mistake. All his investments, made by that gentleman's advice, had been so satisfactory, and the interest was so regularly paid, that he was delighted Mr. Mitcheson claimed no credit for this. Daniel Walthew was too wise a man to ask for large percentages. He always said, "High interest means great risk. I want nothing beyond five per cent., and if that means risk, four and safety." So the lawyer found it easy to place his client's money in good hands, and insure the regular payments of interest in which Daniel delighted.

He alone knew what the sum total of these amounted to, but he was also aware that a good deal of money went straight into Daniel's hands every six months without passing through his own.

Mr. Mitcheson looked ahead and, in imagination, saw the boy Mark grown into the man, and heir to all this wealth.

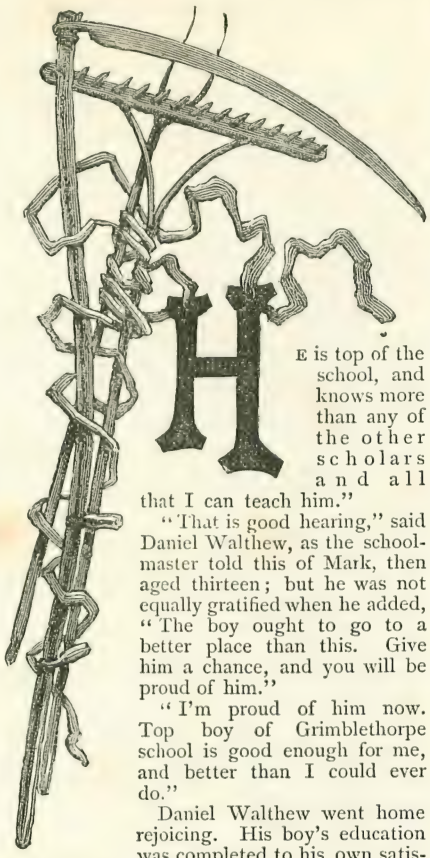
"It would be too terrible," he said, "if that fine lad were to have his life narrowed down to the limits which at present confine them. The old man's one ambition is that the boy may keep to the same rut as he walks in, but I will do my best to free him from such bondage."

Mrs. Mitcheson agreed with her husband, and said, "If Mr. Walthew will send his boy to Claybury as a weekly boarder, we can do something to brighten the lad's life between Mondays and Saturdays. He will listen to you if he will to anybody."

But Mr. Mitcheson would have failed in his efforts but for the help of an unexpected ally, and an unforeseen trouble with regard to Mark himself.

CHAPTER II.

A PEEP INTO AN EARTHLY PARADISE, AND A MEETING WITH EVE.



HE is top of the school, and knows more than any of the other scholars and all that I can teach him."

"That is good hearing," said Daniel Walthew, as the schoolmaster told this of Mark, then aged thirteen; but he was not equally gratified when he added, "The boy ought to go to a better place than this. Give him a chance, and you will be proud of him."

"I'm proud of him now. Top boy of Grimblethorpe school is good enough for me, and better than I could ever do."

Daniel Walthew went home rejoicing. His boy's education was completed to his own satisfaction, and there would be no more school fees to pay. Now he would take him in hand and guide his steps in the old rut.

But Daniel had planned what he could not carry out.

Mark had tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and hungered for more. There were no books at home that he did not know by heart. A weekly local newspaper was the only new literature that came within the door of the cottage. He had not even the companionship of his old schoolfellows; he was to share his father's occupations by day, and to be content with what sufficed to fill up the measure of his parents' days when working hours were over.

Mrs. Walthew doubted what the result would be, but did not say so. Mark felt his monotonous life unbearable, but had been too well-trained to rebel. So he did as he was bid, and in a short time became silent, listless, careless about his food, and spiritless in everything, besides looking miserably ill.

His father and mother had little faith in doctors, except as persons who were all of one mind in having long bills. So Mrs. Walthew made herb tea of the kind drunk by three generations of Walthews, and the fourth took it from her hand, but grew no better. Then a doctor was called in. He knew the family history, and he said promptly enough, "Your boy needs no medicine such as I can give, Mr. Walthew."

Daniel looked cheerful on hearing this, and decided that advice without physic could not be very costly. He was grievously undeceived when he found that the advice of this doctor would cost a guinea, whereas the Grimblethorpe medical man only charged half-a-crown for a visit, and a bottle of medicine into the bargain.

"What your son wants is something to think about, work for mind as well as body, and young companions to work amongst. Give him change of scene, plenty of books, good teachers, bright companions, and you will save him. Here he will die or lose his reason."

The doctor was a friend of Mr. Mitcheson's, and therefore to be trusted, and as the result of the combined advice of lawyer and doctor, Mark went to Claybury, and stayed there from Monday to Saturday in each week, whilst his father trod the old rut with only his wife to bear him company, and both sorely missing their boy's company.

At first, Daniel Walthew had many misgivings as to the wisdom of the plan to which he had been brought to consent. Mark's feet had not taken kindly to the path which sufficed for his father, though he had never complained of it. But a new interest was created by the lad's very absence. He was terribly missed during the week; but how delightful it was to welcome him back on Saturdays, and to hear all he had to tell! So thought the mother.

But whilst Daniel rejoiced to see the hue of health coming back to his son's cheeks, and to hear the new glad ring in his voice, he was not so ready to listen, because with every week's work the lad's store of knowledge was increasing. He was getting new-fangled notions, and Grimblethorpe, which had been and still was his father's world, would never satisfy him when schooldays were over. "What next?" Daniel asked himself. But he was afraid to suggest an answer to the question.

Beside the wider school world, and world of books to which Mark had access now, there was another charmed circle into which he entered with bated breath. Mrs. Mitcheson did not forget the talk between her husband and herself about brightening the life of the solitary lad. She questioned her own sons about him. "How do you like young Walthew?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, he is most amusing," said Allan; "I do not mean in his talk, but he has such prim, quiet ways for a boy. He is going to be a model good boy, and as such most objectionable. He never blots his exercise books, or leaves anything out of place, or tears a leaf, or speaks at a wrong time. He is hatefully goody-goody."

"You are too hard on him, Allan," interposed Fred, who was sixteen, and a couple of years his brother's senior. "You know how Mark has been brought up, mother, in such old-fashioned un-boylike ways—they are very good ways all the same. If I were half as careful and methodical, I should save myself many a lecture. But Mark is very clever, and his parents will be very proud of him one of these days. He is a year and a half younger than I am, but I shall have to work hard to hold my own against Mark."

"I wonder if Mr. Walthew really will be proud of the result of his son's school work. It is certain to interfere with his pet plan of tying the lad down to the same kind of life that he leads himself."

"Why, mother, Mr. Walthew could never expect Mark to go back to the old life at Grimblethorpe. To dig and delve, to sow and reap on that little holding, where two or three generations of miserly Walthews have gone on scraping and hoarding farthings, until they are as rich as——"

"Hush! Fred, your father would be displeased if he heard you talk in such a manner."

"No one can hear me but yourself, mother, or you may be sure I should not say a word."

"Tell me about Mark's manners, Fred. I have seen little of him; he is very shy, is he not?"

"Yes, but he has really nice manners. Old Mr. Walthew, though homely and

countrified, had nothing coarse or uncouth about him."

"Then you think Mark will behave nicely if I ask him here?"

"No fear of that. Do ask him, mother. It will be a real kindness to bring him amongst younger children. He is so much too old for fourteen," said Fred.

Mark was accordingly invited to Mr. Mitcheson's, and there he entered on a new and hitherto undreamed of life. Mrs. Mitcheson did the wisest and kindest thing possible by handing him over to the tender mercies of her younger children; for she had a very populous nursery, and Mark soon became an immense favourite with them all.

In the Walthews' home at Grimblethorpe there was hardly an article of furniture that had not done duty for two or three generations. This said much both for the makers and users thereof, but little for the good taste of either. Everything was hard, bare, and uncompromising, though exquisitely clean and orderly. Nothing ever seemed to wear out or get broken in Barbara's careful hands.

After Mark became familiar with the handsome table appointments, soft carpets, fine pictures, and furniture which combined beauty of form with comfort in use, he became painfully sensible of the bareness and ugliness of his home surroundings. How he longed to break those impossible animals in brown and white pottery which ornamented (?) the parlour mantelshelf—how he wished to remove the china mugs, with "A present from Blackshore" in gilt letters on their sides, from the rank of decorations to the crockery shelf in the cupboard!

Mark compared the hard Windsor chairs with printed patchwork covers, and the hearthrug made of scraps of cloth sewed on a canvas foundation, with the velvet-seated furniture, of which, at first, he had been almost afraid to make use, at Mr. Mitcheson's. But there all the beautiful things were in constant use, and in his own home, the best, where all were ugly, might only be brought out on rare occasions.

In a general way, the Walthews used thick delf cups and saucers and two-pronged steel forks. The china tea service, really beautiful and dainty, seldom graced the board, and three-pronged forks were only seen on Sundays.

Yet Mark made no mistakes. He was too quietly observant for that, and Mrs. Mitcheson was greatly delighted with the manners of her young guest.

"He has been very nicely brought up," she said to her husband. "Who would guess, to see him at our table, that the very sight of many of its appliances was new to him but a month ago?"

"Poor fellow! I am not sure whether we are doing him a kindness," replied Mr. Mitcheson. "The father is bent on pinning his boy down to the same dreary life that he leads, and every day's absence from Grimblethorpe makes it less likely that he will submit to it."

The lawyer's children were boys with one exception. There were three—Fred, Allan, and Maurice—then the only girl, Dorothy, who was nearly twelve years old when Mark paid his first visit to the house.

After her came four little masculine steps, the very youngest being only a few months old.

Dorothy, or Dolly, was the darling of the household, alike the pet and tyrant of the boys. The elder ones were continually contriving pleasures for their sister, she as continually playing little mother to the smaller people in the nursery, each of whom in turn learned to trot after her as soon as they could trot independently, and to look for her help in every difficulty.

It was twelve-year-old Dolly who took possession of fourteen-year-old Mark, questioned him about his home, and pitied him with all her heart when she found that he had neither brother, sister, nor even a cousin within reach.

"You poor lonely boy!" she exclaimed. "You say there is only yourself at home, and no one ever comes to play at your house. What do you do with yourself on Saturday afternoons and Sundays?"

"I get lessons ready for Monday first of all. Sometimes I fetch things from the shop for mother, or help father in the garden when there is anything I can do. On Sundays I go to church once—there is only one service."

"And then, I suppose, you have somebody to talk to."

"Not often, except my father and mother. I used to have very little fresh to say to them, but now it is better, for we are not all seeing the same things the week through, and I can speak about school, and all that happens at Claybury between Monday and Saturday."

"Next time you are at home you will tell them about me," said Dolly, with childish frankness, and a little sagacious nod of the head.

Mark assented.

"What else? About the little ones, and how nice it is to be one of a lot of children—though they do bother you at times, you know," said Dolly.

"Oh, yes. And I shall say how kind your mamma has been to me, and——"

But Mark checked himself, and his face flushed suddenly.

"And what?" persisted Dolly.

"You can guess what," replied Mark. "Think of all that I shall see new; of any kind words said to me, and then you will know for yourself."

"But if anyone says unkind words, what then?"

"I will keep them to myself. Repeating things helps me to remember them, and I would rather forget unkind words if I can."

"Well, you are a queer boy. Now, if anybody vexes me, I always go straight to mamma, and tell her; or if she is not in I tell Fred. I believe you were going to say something to me, only you stopped all in a minute. I saw you go quite red, too."

The observant little lady was right. Mark was going to say that he should tell his mother how beautiful everything was at Mr. Mitcheson's, and how different from his own home surroundings. But he felt that silence on this point would be best. Somehow he shrank from drawing too exact a picture of the cottage at Grimblethorpe.

"Then have you no cousins at all?" persisted Dolly.

"No own cousins or near relations."

"How horridly poor you must feel! Don't you want any?"

"I should be glad if I had brothers and sisters. There were two baby boys before me, but they died. If I could choose I would have a brother and a sister."

"It's no good troubling now," said Dolly. "If any were to come they would be no good for companions, so you are as well without. Being a boy, you would not want to nurse a baby like I always do. They are such darlings—at least ours are," claiming proprietary right in the nursery treasures. "Are not your father and mother sorry you have no cousins or anybody?"

"They grieved when the other children died, but I do not think they care about relations. Father says the fewer people have the better; for if they are richer, they look down on you, and if they are poorer, they always want to borrow money from you."

Mark said this innocently enough, just repeating his father's words. But these made Dolly thoughtful, and she remained silent, puzzling over and trying to understand the difference between this boy's life and parents and her own.

The Mitchesons were strong in family affection, never disowning their kindred, but readily responding to all reasonable claims for help and sympathy one amongst another.

There were no loose links in their family chain; through evil report and good report, they clung together. They helped the weak, cheered the troubled, and, if misfortune pursued one of their number, the prosperous held out kind hands—not empty hands—and set him on his legs again.

Even if there were a black sheep amongst them, love flung a mantle over his faults, so that the world at large should not scoff at the sable fleece which, maybe, grew whiter in time, as grey hairs replace black ones, with advancing years and better judgment.

Mark was a problem to Dolly which she could not solve. She had heard people say that his father was rich; yet she was sure he worked in the fields, and wore a queer coat on weekdays, like the cottagers round Claybury. There was no servant—Mark had accidentally told so much—and therefore his mother must sweep, scrub, and make fires, and cook, and wash up dishes; no wonder she did not want company. And they did not care for aunts and uncles and cousins! It must be all very horrid. But Mark was nice, and so Dolly magnanimously resolved that she would not "bother"—her favourite, though inelegant, expression—but would be as good as ever she could to the lonely boy. So she sent her problem to the winds, and said to Mark—

"I have seven brothers—three older, four younger than I am. One more does not make much difference; so I will have you to go amongst the big lot, and make it into four. Then I shall be exactly in the middle, and you will have eight of us belonging to you. There!"

And Dolly, having settled this matter to her own satisfaction, gave herself no further anxiety on the subject, but managed to give Mark something to talk about by initiating him into the mysteries of tennis, and laughing and making him laugh at his awkwardness.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WALTHEW IS FAR FROM EASY IN HIS MIND.

DANIEL WALTHEW'S mind was much exercised by the fact that his son had been invited to Mr. Mitcheson's, and treated like one of his own boys, for the solicitor was a very great man in his eyes. He was not only *a* lawyer, but *the* lawyer to whom noblemen, the first in the county, went for advice. He had property, too, which made him independent of his profession, and Mrs. Mitcheson had not come to him empty-handed. He entertained his aristocratic clients, and was entertained by them, and as Mr. Walthew put it, "He thinks no more of a member of Parliament coming to dinner, than I should of asking my next-door neighbour to a cup of tea."

Doubtless he thought less—for it was only after much deliberation that even such modest hospitality was dispensed at the cottage board at Grimblethorpe, and such occasions were few and far between.

Daniel Walthew was proud of the honour done to Mark, and yet it troubled him for two reasons. The first was because he could not understand that a lady like Mrs. Mitcheson

had invited a simple country lad to her house from sheer kindness of heart, and with the single desire to brighten his young life.

Secondly, he felt that Mr. Mitcheson's life path lay on a much higher level than his own, and if Mark got accustomed to mix with grand people, how would he ever come down to that humble part of the road on which was his own rut?

"What do you think about it, Barbara?" he asked his wife.

"That Mrs. Mitcheson is very kind to Mark, and I am very thankful to her."

"But why should she ask him? That's what I want to know. I should like to know what will be the outcome of it."

"Maybe because you are a customer of her husband, and your father went and paid good money to his father. I reckon your custom has been worth a good bit to them from first to last."

"What I'm afraid of is that Mark will get stuck-up notions, and when he has done with schooling he will not want to settle down here again. If I were to see him with a cigar in his mouth, swaggering up and down like some of those empty-headed puppies that think fathers were only meant to work and scrape money together for them to waste, I should almost wish that he had followed the others when he was little."

"There is no better boy than Mark, and what is the worth of the money if neither he nor me are ever to be any happier for it?" asked Barbara, stung to speak as she had never done before during more than twenty-five years of married life. "Why," she continued, "should Mark be tied to Grimblethorpe? He will be fit for something better, and I hope he will get it."

Very wroth was Daniel Walthew when these rebellious words met his ear. He had not married Barbara to teach him what he ought to do, or talk about money as if she brought him any.

"So you mean to encourage the lad in stuck-up ways, do you?" he asked. "You want Mark to be a fine, do-nothing gentleman when he leaves school? I wish I had never sent him, but I've promised him three years, and I never broke my word yet. He shall have his time, and then——"

There was comfort in the thought. Daniel Walthew never boasted of his money. It was happiness enough to know of his hoards, and how they grew—grew, day by day, as the grass grew, without being watched. No need that others should share the knowledge with him. But Daniel liked every one to regard him as a man of his word, and he would keep a promise at any cost to himself. So Barbara knew that Mark was safe up to seventeen, and by that time something might happen.

However much Mr. Walthew might wish to keep the actual amount of his property a secret, and perhaps most of all to his son, lest Mark should thereon found a claim to live as a gentleman, other people talked and calculated, unassisted by any hint from him. The talk reached Mark's ears, and he tried to speak about it to his mother.

"Everybody says my father is a very rich man. If he is, why should not we have a different house from this, and live like other people? It seems a shame that you should do the cleaning and washing, and that father should work just like a labouring man, when we might have things as pretty as the Mitchesons have. It is so pleasant even to look round one in their rooms and to sit at a table where the silver and glass glitter when the light falls on them, and the table-cloth shines like satin. If we only had a few pretty vases to put flowers here and there, they would brighten the table, and we have plenty in the garden."

Mrs. Walthew looked terrified when Mark spoke of his father's wealth.

"Hush, dear!" she said, "people talk of things they know nothing about. How should they? Your father keeps his affairs to himself. As to him and me dressing up like gentlefolks, and having servants to wait on us in a big house, we should be fish out of water. We are used to our work, we couldn't be idle, and if we had to change our ways we should be miserable. Let us alone, lad. We are best as we are. As to sticking flowers about the place, why, you have only to turn your head, and there they are all in sight, and the sweet smell coming in at the open door, so that you cannot help knowing they are there."

Mark had to be silent, for he could get no information from his mother with regard to his father's wealth; only a hurried, frightened whisper, for Mr. Walthew's step was heard on the gravel.

"Don't trouble yourself! There is only you for everything, but you will have to humour father, for he can do as he likes with what belongs to him."

"But, mother, he talks of my coming and living here in his way and working as he works. I never shall. Do you think if a blind man's eyes were suddenly opened, and he had the power either to keep his sight or go back to his old state, he would shut them and choose blindness? I have seen a better, brighter life, mother. I can never settle down at Grimblethorpe again."

Mr. Walthew's entrance prevented more conversation, and Mark, seeing that an allusion to money matters or his own future only troubled his mother, said no more, but worked harder than ever, and bided his time. He had, however, a confederate and devoted friend in Dolly Mitcheson. Dolly was the very soul of honour, and to be trusted. Her brothers, big and little, chose her as the repository of their secrets, and the one girl of the family was never known to "peach." It mattered not to her whether the smallest toddles in the nursery, or Fred, who was growing tall and manly, chose to speak confidentially, or whether the subject was trivial or important, she was equally trustworthy in every case.

When Dolly adopted Mark as a brother, in order to make a double fraternal quartet, she did him a vast service by giving him a friend on whose truth and good sense he could rely at all times.

At first, when the girl spoke to him in her frank fashion about his home, and asked him if this and the other in her own were like it, Mark hesitated, and scarcely knew what to say, whilst his face flushed painfully. How could this dainty maiden realise the difference between her parents' beautiful house and its surroundings and the cottage he called home! So he turned the talk from furniture to flowers, and being great on this subject, he delighted and instructed Dolly by telling her about those she loved, and such as grew in his father's garden.

As time went on, Mark, after thinking over the matter, decided to tell his girl-friend the exact story of his past life, and to describe, with the utmost minuteness, the cottage home and its contents, as well as the narrow circle in which his parents were satisfied to move.

Dolly listened attentively, picturing the while all that Mark was taking such pains to make clear to her. She could guess, too, what it cost him; but when he finished, she bravely looked in his face and said—

"When people have lived so long in one way they cannot change, Mark, can they? They are like old trees—if you try to take them up and plant them somewhere else, the roots cling, and there is no moving them without breaking some. If people choose to live in a little house and wait on themselves, instead of in a big one and be waited on by other people, it is their own business, and nobody has a right to find fault. One working bee is worth a lot of drones, is he not? Any way, if your mother has no servants, she has not them to grumble about all the time she is out calling, as my mamma's visitors do. I do get tired of hearing them, when I am dressed up and sitting in the drawing-room sometimes, and I wish they would talk of something else. So does mamma. I mean to learn how to do everything, and then when I am grown up, and have a house and servants, I shall be able to tell them what they do not know."

Mark agreed with the wisdom of this resolution; then he said—

"You must not think we are without anything that is really necessary. We have good food, beautifully cooked, and clothes, only they have to be taken great care of. I know my parents are very fond of me; only, somehow, I have never been a boy like other boys. I never ran, and jumped, and raced, and got into scrapes, and tore my clothes, or got sent off to bed as the neighbours' lads did. I think I was born rather old."

Dorothy laughed at this, and Mark joined her, then added that he had been growing younger every day since he came to Claybury, and it was all through Mr. and Mrs. Mitcheson and herself.

"But you work fearfully hard, Fred says."

"Because I want to get one scholarship at least—two if possible. I cannot live at Grimblethorpe always, and unless I can give a very good reason for not doing so, my father will insist on my going home, and working as he does. He calls it 'keeping in the old rut.' If I had known no different life, I might have done it, but not now."

Months grew into years. Mark Walthew laboured incessantly at his studies. Daniel would have been more or less than human if he had not been proud of the place won by his son, of the reports which came at each term's end, and the prizes he carried off. Mrs. Walthew's glad tears ran down her cheeks, and even her husband had to turn his back upon her, that she might not see why his spectacles needed so much polishing before he could read what "schoolmaster had written about Mark."

The boy was no country lout or awkward bookworm to look at, but was growing into a fine youth, whose manners would disgrace no society. His mother's training had given him right habits to begin with, and under Mr. Mitcheson's roof he had learnt those practised by persons in a higher position. Frank, yet modest, simple but refined, sincere without forwardness, and with a mind richly stored for one so young, Mark Walthew was indeed a son on whom a father might have rejoiced to bestow all the advantages money could give.

But all the while Mr. Walthew was saying, "Barbara, this is Mark's last term. In July he will come home to stay."

She, with a sinking of the heart, could only answer, "Yes; he will have had the three years you promised him," and hope for a solution as to future difficulties which she could foresee, though her husband could not; whilst he nevertheless confessed that he was not altogether easy in his mind as to what all this learning would lead to.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW FACE.

CLAYBURY SCHOOL was richly endowed, and had many valuable scholarships open to candidates born within a certain radius of its walls. It had been Mark Walthew's desire to win one of these, believing that if he succeeded, his father would consent to his continuing his studies after the allotted three years.

His success exceeded his most sanguine

hopes. He won two of the best, and, even without further help from Mr. Walthew, might work on for three more years, and, he trusted, win further distinctions.

"Scholarships!" said old Daniel, when informed of Mark's success. "Hasn't he been getting scholarships these last three years? He went for learning, and he should have put some by for future use by this time. I don't know what you mean by two scholarships. I always lumped the whole concern, and called it learning. Well, if he has got a double dose, so much the better; I reckon it will last longer; and when he is settled down at home, he will have plenty to serve him his lifetime."

Then came the struggle. Mark bared his heart, and told his hopes to his father, and was answered by a torrent of reproaches—told that he wanted to set up for a fine gentleman, instead of keeping to the old rut, and doing the work his father had been proud to do well.

This story begins with some of the words used by the wrathful old man; many others, far more bitter and cruel, sank deep into Mark's memory, and grieved him to the heart, but they need not be repeated here.

"If," said Mr. Walthew, "you are resolved to turn your back on home, and choose a new road for yourself, go, and never darken my doors again. But if you think of being kept in idleness by the old father's money, you will find your mistake out; I will never leave you a penny! You choose now—once and for all!"

"Then I must choose to go, father," said Mark. "God has given me some talents to account for, and I must use them. I will never ask you for money; but some day I hope I shall hear you say I have chosen wisely. If you are not now proud of my success—and, oh, I had so counted on hearing you and mother say 'Well done, Mark!'—you shall not be ashamed of me in after years."

"I am proud of you, Mark," cried Mrs. Walthew, "so proud that I would not have you stay and be tied down from youth to age, to such a life as we have led. We are too old to change; but for you it would be a living death. Go, my son, my one darling, if so be you can choose, and have no fear of want before your eyes. I have been twenty-eight years, always going the same daily round, without change in anything, except the growing older. Talk of money! What is it worth if it never gives a day's brightness, and the only pleasure the owner has is the being able to say, 'I have so many thousands of pounds, or hundreds of acres'? Listen, my boy. It is terrible for a wife to take the opposite side to her husband, but I could not bear to think of your growing into a man like your father. Not that he is dishonest! To gain a hundred pounds he would not take a penny wrongfully, or refuse to pay what is fairly due. He has only robbed himself and me of everything that money could have bought in the way of happiness for ourselves, or enabled us to give it to other people. Those who have wealth, and neither the heart to spend nor give of their abundance, are the poorest of the poor. You may be blessedly rich with very little money."

Need it be said that Daniel Walthew was not present when his wife spoke these words to her son? They cheered Mark, for they told him that his mother's blessing would be on his head, his mother's prayers ever offered on his behalf. And both hoped that in time the father's views might change. How could he stand singly against the world?

The world meant Claybury and the country round, for naturally Mark's success had made his friends proud of him—none more so than the Mitchesons, and most of all his friend Dolly. Many a time the true-hearted girl had cheered the boy on, until her own brothers used to say that the adopted one took the first place of all in her thoughts, and had more than an eighth share thereof.

Mr. Mitcheson tried to move Mr. Walthew from his resolve, but in vain. The head master of the school used his influence, and spoke in such terms of Mark's talents and industry, that any other man would have been delighted beyond measure to call him son.

Not so Daniel Walthew. "I don't hold with learning that takes a man out of his proper spear, and makes him ashamed of the honest work his father does," said he, and refused to hear any argument on the other side, or to speak again on the subject.

So the cottage door closed behind Mark Walthew, and all the articles purchased for his use went with him. The old man would not suffer a scrap belonging to him to remain, and the goodly pile of handsome books which had brightened the dingy parlour no longer lay on its table to tell of the boy's school victories.

Daniel Walthew neither spoke of Mark nor allowed any other person to mention his name.

In his heart he must have felt for the sorrow of his faithful wife, for he did not hinder her from receiving letters; and he knew that the tidings they brought must be good by the glad light on her face, though tears often accompanied it—tears because her husband did not share her joy.

Mr. Mitcheson still transacted Daniel's legal business, found new investments for his hoards, and made out deeds when some fresh purchase was completed. But he felt equal pity and indignation at the sight of his self-willed client, and his inability to value the good gift bestowed on him in the shape of his talented and worthy son.

Years passed on. Mark did wonders, and his friends rejoiced that his career had more than fulfilled their most sanguine expectations.

He was at Claybury, the honoured guest of the head master of the old school, and his name was mentioned in the columns of the principal local papers. Copies of these came to Mrs. Walthew, who, entering the kitchen gently, found her husband eagerly reading the paragraphs relating to his boy.

At sight of her he angrily thrust the paper between the bars and saw it burn to ashes. But his wife had caught the expression on his face as he read, and thanked God for this as for a ray of light and hope.

"He is not so hard as he seems," she said to herself. And this she not only thought, but told her son in a letter, written in a cramped hand and imperfectly spelled, but which the youth kissed—soft-hearted fellow that he was—because it came from that dear unselfish mother whom he had only seen very rarely for seven long years.

He was turned four and twenty, tall, straight, and healthy, despite hard brain work, for he had lived temperately, taken outdoor exercises, and not "burned the candle at both ends."

There was a fair face that lighted at his coming—a warm, loving heart that did not try to hide its gladness, when, at an evening gathering at the head master's house, in honour of his old pupil, Dolly Mitcheson's hand was clasped in that of Mark Walthew.

Dorothy was twenty-two now, and for years past she and Mark had known that each held the first place in the other's heart. Friends—adopted brother and sister!—these might be and were sweet relationships; but that which subsisted now was nearer and dearer still.

Dolly had been wooed by wealthy suitors. Mark's father would never break his word, so that he had only himself to rely upon; but she knew that a time would come when her lover would be able to claim his bride, and offer a home of his own winning. And Mark knew that wealth had sought in vain for Dorothy's regard, and that she would wait, no matter how long, for her one love.

"There is one chance as to old Daniel," said Mr. Mitcheson to his wife; "he will hate to go to any other lawyer; it would be stepping out of his rut. He may not make a will at all. He has said he will leave nothing to Mark. Let him die intestate, and the lad will get the money, and the old man keep his word."

The same thought had passed through Mrs. Walthew's mind; and, if truth may be told, through that of Daniel also.

Before Mark left Claybury he paid a brief visit to Grimblethorpe, and saw his mother; not in the cottage—never would he cross its threshold without his father's leave—but in a field-path, between the waving corn, they walked and talked together, whilst Daniel Walthew kept a business appointment with Mr. Mitcheson at Claybury.

The mother fed on that happy meeting for many a day—looking back on it, and forward to the next.

Winter came, and sturdy old Daniel, who had never known a day's illness before, was attacked by severe bronchitis, and confined, not only to house, but to bed for many weeks. It would have been going out of the regular rut to have outside help; so Barbara toiled and watched, and nursed him tenderly, getting often hard words and never thanks—for Daniel was a most impatient patient. It was only when he was fairly well again, and grumbling over his sadly-neglected plots, that Barbara's strength gave way. She was simply worn out with loss of rest and overwork. She had been as hale as Daniel, as independent of doctors and their physic; but now a great dread fell upon her husband. What if his wife were to die! He had always made sure she would outlive him, and counted on her careful nursing to the last.

Who was to nurse her? They had kept themselves to themselves. They had no neighbours in the ordinary sense, and were unused to asking favours of anyone.

Worse still, Daniel must go to Claybury on the very day that Barbara broke down, as deeds had to be signed, and the other party to them would come a long way to meet him.

Barbara suggested the name of an elderly woman who would bear her company during his absence, and she further said, "There are nurses at Claybury. Ask Mr. Mitcheson to give you the name of one."

The lawyer felt sorry to see the trouble of his stout old client, despite his stubbornness and unreasonable treatment of Mark, and called Mrs. Mitcheson into consultation about finding a nurse for Mrs. Walthew.

"I think I can find one," she said. "I will do my best, for I am grieved to hear of Mrs. Walthew's illness. No doubt she has broken down through overwork and anxiety."

When Daniel Walthew was ready to return, the nurse was forthcoming. She was young, and pleasant to look upon, but such a picture of neatness! No frizzled hair or finery, but smooth braids under a cottage bonnet, whilst wholesome-looking prints, ample aprons, and snug caps, with stout serviceable boots for outside, and noiseless slippers for indoor wear, composed her visible wardrobe.

How deft she was in her movements. How tender in her manner towards the poor invalid. How clever in preparing little things to tempt her appetite, and how patient and considerate to Daniel himself!

The old man saw his wife's face become more hopeful-looking, and in time overspread with a faint colour. He noted that her spirits improved, and that this young presence had a cheering effect on himself, for the nurse told bright tales, and as her patient gained strength,

went singing about the cottage in a voice that sounded wondrously sweet, when compared with anything he had ever heard.

Barbara and her young nurse had always plenty to talk about, but sometimes they stopped suddenly when Daniel came in. He noticed, too, that she had very pretty ways, and what he called "lady hands," and yet how clever they were at whatever they attempted.

Barbara went on improving to a certain point, and then stopped. The doctor was puzzled, and said so. Day after day passed and no progress was made. Then she began to go back a little. In mortal dread, Daniel consulted the nurse, who calmly answered, "Mrs. Walthew wants a medicine which only you can give her. She wants her son's arms round her neck, and the sight of his face."

An angry exclamation fell from Daniel's lips, and he left the cottage for a time. When he returned the nurse was standing with her outdoor garments on and her box packed ready to depart, as it was the carrier's day for Claybury.

"You will not leave her!" he cried, aghast at the sight and at the tears of his wife.

"I would not if I could do more for her, but I cannot stay to see her die when it is in your power to save her. If Mrs. Walthew dies, the blame will be on your head."

The nurse looked fearlessly at Daniel, who turned from her to his wife as these plain words fell on his ears.

"Have your will," he said. "She must be saved. It is human nature for a mother to want her only son."

Joyfully the nurse prepared a telegram and ran with it to the post office, Daniel watching the while beside his wife. Not many hours later Mark stood by his mother, and that too by his father's wish, and from that moment Mrs. Walthew began to mend.

"I may have been wrong in keeping in one rut all my life and keeping other people at a distance," said old Daniel. "Nurse Dora has taught me a good many lessons in a few weeks, more than I had learned in seventy years before. I don't know how we shall do without her, and she will have to leave us soon, she says. Here is Mark, far and away happier without money than mine has ever made me. That is a good thing. For I have said I will not leave him any, and I will not break my word."

"Do not make a will at all," said Nurse Dora.

"But I shall, my dear," said the old man, his eyes twinkling with a knowing expression, such as Mark had never seen in them before. "I shall make a will that I may leave you a legacy. And there is no need to trouble for a way out of the difficulty. I never said I would not give Mark anything. I am free to do that, and I am not sure but what there is more pleasure in giving than leaving, for you can see the fruits of one and not the other.

"Ah, Miss Dorothy," he continued, "the old man is not quite so blind as you thought! You have not come to speak to me of late years, but you have some of the child's face left yet, and you favour your mother. And my ears have caught odd words now and then, and I know how good and true a heart my lad has won, and what a clever housewife and nurse can be joined to a born lady. You have won old Daniel as well as young Mark, and all I can say is 'May God bless you both, and forgive me.'"

Is it worth while to add another word? To tell how Dolly Mitcheson's wise resolve, "to learn everything," brought good fruit, or to speak of the way in which Daniel opened his purse as well as his heart, or of the renewed health of Mrs. Walthew, the changed cottage, the abandoned rut, the perfect union between the faithful young pair when they twain became one, or of the manner in which Daniel kept his word?

He gave a handsome sum to Mark, and that, too, before his marriage, and when he and Barbara have done with the rest, it will go to "Nurse Dora," as old Daniel delights to call his daughter-in-law. No fear that this bequest will disturb the true union between Mark and his wife, despite the power put into her capable hands by the Married Woman's Property Act!

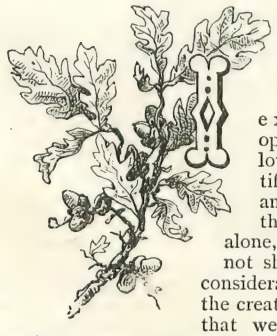
Dorothy tells her husband, in confidence, that however proud she may be of him, his devoted love, and his great attainments, the conquest on which she plumes herself most of all is her victory over old Daniel's prejudices, and on having coaxed him out of the narrow path to which he had restricted himself for threescore years and ten.

[THE END.]

BY MOUNTAIN, STREAM, OR SEA.

By MEDICUS.

"Now each tree by summer crowned,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play.
All the air is filled with sound,
Soft and sultry and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass,
'Come away.'"



I SHOULD think, not twice only but many times, before I ventured to express the opinion that the love of the beautiful in Nature is an attribute of the human soul alone, and that we do not share it, to some considerable extent, with the creatures around us that we are far too ready, in our pride, to call "the lower animals."

As I sit out here in my garden, on this beautiful morning in early spring, I see many pretty sights and hear many sweet sounds. From the spruce thicket down yonder, for example, comes a gush of bird melody. It is the voice of the blackbird fluting to his mate; and it would be impossible to make me believe that music like that is not appreciated by the bird who makes it, and by her too who sits so quietly on her cosy nest, or that it is not the very language of love itself, bubbling over from a heart that is filled with it.

A little dark speck in the pale blue of the sky, yonder, is the lark; he too is singing a wondrous song high above the field of green-springing wheat in which his home is hidden. Not a note nor a quarter-tone, that ever I could discover, falls jarring on the ear of the listener throughout all that long wild lilt of his; the harmony is perfect, the melody soft, sublime. Sweetest of harpers at heaven's gate, why, the very angels might listen with joy to minstrelsy like his. If you turn a pair of lorgnettes on that bird, you can see that his whole soul is in his song, that his neck is swelling, his lovely head swaying from side to side, and that he is apparently oblivious of everything except the music he makes. And yet there are men who will tell you that this glorious song, and that of the thrush, of the robin, and blackcap, have no more meaning in them than the cock's shrill clarion, that warns his feathered friends or foes away from the ground where he rules as king.

There is a strange medley of bird-song in the air to-day, however; for every bird is so busy working out the story of its own little life, and telling its own love tale, that it cannot pause to listen to that of its nearest neighbour. But each and all of them are enjoying the sweet sunshine, and the ozone-laden breath of spring. And no wonder they are glad; for the long weary winter has passed away at last, with its bitter, biting blasts, its frost and snow, during which they starved all day and shivered all night, as they hid in holes, or clung with half-frozen feet to wind-swept hedge or tree. But this is all forgotten; the contrast of the present with the past makes them feel the happier and sing the louder, and not a bird among them but is dressed more gaily now, as if to do honour to this holiday season. The breast of the throstle or song-thrush is more prettily speckled, his back is a bonnier brown; the blackbird's plumage is like glossiest velvet, his bill of golden yellow; the starlings sparkle in the sun, as if they had just come straight from the hands of some wondrous Japanese artist; cock-robin and his wife hop over the walks, both looking so spruce, and both with breasts so holly-red, it is difficult to tell which is he and which is she; while even the male sparrows have donned their summer coats and mounted bibs of deepest black.

Well, by the time these lines are read it will be holiday season with us poor human beings as well. Do not we love Nature also? Yes, we do; the veriest little city bird amongst us who buys a flower from a street vendor to make her dingy parlour window gayer, has a love of God's beauteous creation deeply implanted in her breast. And every one of us ought to get away out somewhere, for a brief spell in summer, by mountain, stream, or sea, to live, if only for a few days or weeks, in the paradise to which we really belong by rights—the paradise of green fields, flowery swards, waving foliage, and blue rippling seas. Have we not worked and toiled, and, mayhap,

suffered, even as much as the birds have done, all the weary winter through? and do we not, therefore, deserve our spell of sunshine and rest? Verily, we have and do.

And it will do us good, too, if we can but enjoy it rationally. We are probably tired; some of us are not over well, and we all have an indescribable longing for a change. Let me then give a few desultory hints about making the very best use of that change.

I have said before, probably more than once, that happiness and health are almost inseparable; at any rate there can be no full happiness where health is not. But the poets tell us that happiness is coy; that if we seek for it we seldom find it, if we chase it, it flees from us, but if we rest at peace it will come to us. This is all true, and I would have everyone who means to go away this summer for a little holiday, to cultivate calmness of mind above everything. And this calmness cannot be obtained if we do not rest. Of course, if you are in bounding health, and full of spirits, go in for enjoyment as much as you please, so long as it is enjoyment, and gives you your own special self delight. Wander over the mountains; go fishing on river or lake; go riding or driving, or rowing on the sea, and it will be all right and well, so long as you do not overdo it. You will return harder in flesh, perhaps a little browner in skin, and far healthier and happier for the outing you have had.

On the other hand, if you are tired and weary from the winter's work, I repeat, it is rest you want. Rest yourself, and happiness will come; a calm, contemplative kind of happiness, perhaps, but health is coming with it. Are you to sit down and wait for the desideratum? Certainly you are. Did ever you try to catch a morsel of thistledown, or the feathery, floating seed of dandelion? Run after it, and away it flies; even if you are close under it, and it is within your reach, if you move the hand too quickly, off it goes again, and you have lost it. But walk quietly towards it, and extend a gentle upturned palm, and ten to one it will drop into your hand, or your hand can softly clasp it. You can't catch thistledown in any other way, and depend upon it you can't catch health and happiness in any other way either.

If you ask me where you ought to go to, in order to obtain the most benefit, I can only answer that all depends upon the kind of air you need. But in writing this paper I have the tired work-a-day girls most in my thoughts, and it is a bracing-up building air they need most; though in many cases, where much mental worry has been gone through, a milder and more calmative atmosphere will be found more beneficial. I am quite convinced that a holiday of a few weeks spent in the cool green country would often do infinitely more good than life for the same length of time at the seaside. There are hundreds of pretty wee rustic villages in the Midlands, and away up in Yorkshire, or down among the green flowery lanes of Devon, where life for a month may be simply idyllic. How to find them out? Oh, that is very simple. Get the local newspapers, and if you see nothing to suit, why—advertise.

If, however, you do choose a country holiday, do not let it be on a tidal river; for the banks of such are apt to be laden with bad air, arising from decaying matter that lies thereon.

The objection to a residence near a river of any sort is the fog or mist which frequently hangs about the banks after sundown. But this, of course, is not constant, and prevails most in autumn, nor does it rise very high. On the other hand, life by the river-side is very pleasant; the garden is so luxuriant in summer, the banks of streams are covered with a wealth of wild flowers, and there are walks to be had in shady lanes, or through cornfields and waving woods, to say nothing of rowing on the river itself. Far up streams, too, the very best of country produce can always be had cheap—the creamiest of milk, the freshest of butter, and new-laid eggs, with vegetables of every kind culled with the dew upon them.

Those, therefore, who choose quiet rustic life, by stream or by lake, would do well to live in the simplest way, dine about half-past one, and use homely country fair, with milk and eggs as the great staples of diet.

Fen lands or marshes should be avoided. The Norfolk broads, however, ought to be far more visited than they are. There is here such a world of lovely foliage that no malaria can arise, and the people are as healthy generally as the summer day is long.

Anyone thinking of visiting the broads should first and foremost get books or a book, and read all about them. I may, however, mention that for about two pounds a week one can hire a kind of Norfolk yacht, and live altogether on the water here. These yachts have a crew of sometimes only a woman and a lad, but these do the cooking and everything else. The little saloon is pleasant enough, and there is even a piano in some; nor need one feel lonely—there is plenty to study and plenty of fishing; and go where you will, you are certain to meet with nice people, all bent on enjoying themselves in a calm and rational way. Bird life on the broads is a truly marvellous sight; but to put it briefly, there is beauty everywhere on the Norfolk broads.

The lake district of England, and the mountain lands of Wales and Westmoreland afford a thousand delights to one seeking for quiet, and desirous of repairing a shattered constitution at the same time.

But it should not be forgotten that the lady who desires to reside for a time in a comparatively out-of-the-way place, should have certain resources of enjoyment of her own. To read books all the time may become wearisome; to wander listlessly about, without end or object, becomes monotonous after a time; but this monotony can easily be turned aside if she will go in for the study of botany or wild flowers, or for fishing. From these two hobbies alone much pleasure may be obtained, and the day so divided between these and walking, and reading, music, etc., that the time will pass all too quickly away.

The air of hills and moorlands — real heathery moorlands, I mean—is often bracing and soothing as well; and if plenty of exercise, without fatigue, be taken, and good, simple food, the blood becomes enriched and purified at one and the same time.

By the sea most people know how to enjoy life, though very few act up to that knowledge, and the result is that more than half our holiday-keepers return to town far more jaded and worn out than when they went away. To all my readers who desire benefit from sea air, I say, "*Rest, rest, rest.*" It is not always easy to rest when the nerves are unstrung. What nervous people hanker most after is rest for their busy minds and freedom from fret. Well, here is a hint for such as these. Whenever you feel inclined to worry or hurry, lie down. Not in bed; on a sofa, perhaps, by a window as widely open as it possibly can be, or out on a balcony, well wrapped in rugs if a draught is blowing, or recline out of doors on a bench by the sea, or make use of a very easy bath chair. It is wonderful what an amount of good rest of this sort does to the mind. Fret and worry fly away, and health at once begins to take their place.

Another thing to be borne in mind is this: less food is required to support life in summer-time, especially if one does not take an over-abundance of exercise. Reduce the diet, therefore, in hot weather, take very little sugar and not much farinaceous food, eat plenty of fruit, and abjure stimulants of all kinds, and condiments, with the exception of mustard, pepper, and salt, or now and then a little cayenne. Tea may be taken in the afternoon; but only a rusk or two eaten therewith.

The dress should be as loose as is consonant with neatness, for nothing can possibly be more injurious than a tight-fitting dress or corset in warm weather.

If you are by the sea, fish should be eaten daily; oysters are very nutritious, and so are most kinds of white fish, with the exception, perhaps, of mackerel and plaice. Skate is a delightful change, or well-cooked codfish.

As the weather this summer may be, for a time, very hot, the delicate health-seeker should bear one or two hints in mind which I herewith give. If she will attend to these I feel certain she will reap comfort and benefit, whether her temporary home be by mountain, stream, or sea.

I. Then, I have already said we are to be cautious in eating, and eat less. Some condemn meat. Well, my own experience of hot weather is pretty extensive, and I humbly opine that a little tender meat once, at least, during the day, say for dinner, is very nourishing, and easily assimilated even by the most delicate. I think the mistake too often made by the dyspeptic is taking food that is over-fluid. A small quantity of solid food, such as tender beef with well-mashed potatoes, a little toast and vegetables, may be far better borne than strong soups, made dishes, and milk puddings, for if you liquefy the contents of the stomach too much the gastric juices do not have fair play.

II Take care to eat slowly, dawdling almost over the meal, and rest for a short time after it. If it be dinner, and one feels at all nervous or weak, half an hour of a nap on the sofa, or more, will wonderfully refresh.

III. A combination of acids and bitter tonics, taken some time before meals, greatly increases the appetite, and goes far to insure digestion. Any chemist can make up such a tonic. Do not let him give you quinine, simply the dilute nitro-hydrochloric or phosphoric acid in some bitter infusion, such as calumba, chiretta, or quassia.

IV. Tea should only be taken in the afternoon, and if you are weak and languid, recline on the sofa while you sip it.

V. When thirst prevails, as it will if you perspire much, a little iced water with a squeeze of lemon in it will do good. Do not make the mistake of drinking a deal of fluid. Lime-juice syrup in iced lemonade or in soda water makes a very delicious summer beverage.

VI. Ripe fruits were ordained to be eaten in summer. I need not say more about them than that, only they do most good if eaten before breakfast and after dinner. Tomatoes are also very beneficial, and, if it can be borne, so is cucumber eaten with dinner.

VII. Beware of exerting the body much in the sunshine, for even if you perspire you are not always safe. It is not sunstroke I so much fear your having, as nerves weakened and unstrung by excessive heat; and more harm may be done in an hour from this cause than a month's holiday will be able to remedy. Besides, exertion of any kind does not accord with the rest cure which I am advocating. If at any time you feel over-heated, bathe face, arms, and neck with the coldest of water, and lie down for a time, with a book to read.

VIII. Even in the hottest weather one often catches cold, and this may be guarded against by avoiding over-heat or fatigue of the body, and by wearing light woollen underclothing. You need not sit in a draught when heated. Sitting out of doors in the cool of the evening is, however, often beneficial, only be advised

by me, and throw some light woollen garment over all, with perhaps a silken wrap about the neck. Guard the feet. The stockings worn after sunset cannot be too thick and soft. The garments worn by day in the sun should be light in colour and not heavy in weight. Even the parasol should be light in colour, or even white.

IX. Nevertheless, the sunshine must be looked upon as the best friend a delicate person has during her summer holiday. Be out in it, therefore, morning and afternoon, only do as birds do—seek the shade during the hottest part of the day. The sunshine should be all around you: it should be in the house where you live, and it should, figuratively speaking, find its way even into your heart itself.

X. Try to get good sleep at night by taking plenty of wholesome outdoor exercise during the day, and by keeping the digestion up to the mark. Acidity of the stomach is the cause of at least one-third of the cases of sleeplessness medical men have to treat. Guard against this by avoiding sugar and fats to a great extent. Sometimes a small bottle of soda water, with fifteen grains of pure bicarbonate of soda in it, drank before going to bed, will insure a good night's rest if the stomach is at all out of order. Go early to bed. If you really cannot sleep, well, I must let you read. A good book keeps the mind steadily on one subject, and this is better than thinking about a hundred harassing subjects all in a minute.

XI. A few reminders about the bath will not be out of place. The colder the morning tub, the more bracing it is. Let the towels be rough, and dry the skin thoroughly. The sponge bath is taken before dressing in the morning, but the plunge bath or full bathe should not be taken within an hour of eating, nor till three hours after a meal. Keep the feet warm. Do not go into the bath with cold feet. Have the morning bath in a well-aired, not too hot, room. There is no danger of taking cold after a cold bath; it is after a warm one people are apt to get a chill. Sea bathing should be taken daily. Remember this—the bath is a tonic, and simply to take it one day and leave it off the next, does no earthly good.

XII. Rest! Rest body, rest mind, and health and strength are sure to come.

"A FAIR WOMAN IN FRESHEST SUMMER ARRAY."

"I WILL BE THERE."

AMONGST the fashionable people that pass to and fro on the esplanade at a much-frequented watering-place, moves a woman very far from being fashionable. The changes of style, or even of seasons, have little effect upon her costume, which, though never ragged, is always incongruous and unsightly. A skirt of uncertain manufacture will be surmounted by a bodice or a jacket unconnected with it either by cut or material; and the headgear, be it hat or cap or bonnet, will be chiefly remarkable for the gaudy flowers or feathers stuck upon it.

The face beneath this triumph of millinery is that of a woman whom you would never connect in your thoughts with either youth or beauty—though she possessed both years ago—and the restless eyes and ever-moving lips tell their own tale. From those faded lips fall no intelligible words, and the eyes are ever eagerly seeking for someone or something. Now and again she starts forward as if she had found the object of her search, and some unfortunate gentleman—for she never accosts a woman—will find a hand laid upon his arm and a pair of wild eyes gazing into his face; or if he be seated, the poor lunatic will suddenly nestle down beside him, and offer him what she doubtless thinks a tempting selection from her packet of sweetmeats. It is a trying moment for a nervous man, and also, in a slightly different sense, for a young and thoughtless one; and the poor creature has suffered many a rebuff, harsh, indeed, in its effect upon her shattered brain. On the other hand, a little encouragement will put her in high spirits, and under those circumstances her mincing gait and glances of triumph are almost irresistibly ludicrous.

Yet though the spectators must needs smile as they see the pitiful creature moving through the crowd of fair women in freshest summer array and men in newest holiday attire, there will be tears in the eyes of many of them, even if they are ignorant of her story. Mad Annie's presence there in the glory of bright sunshine is like a skeleton at a feast, a widow's veil at a marriage party.

"Dear me, Katharine! what extraordinary figure is this?" exclaimed a young man one July day, as Mad Annie made her way along the esplanade in a more fantastic costume than ordinary. She wore a gay plaid skirt, a black velveteen jacket of a bygone style, and a sailor hat with peacock feathers stuck round the crown. Her lips moved rapidly as she pushed her way along, looking

eagerly into the face of each young man she passed.

Katharine glanced up from her strip of fancy work.

"Oh, that is Mad Annie," said she. "I have not seen her for several days."

"Who is Mad Annie, and how comes it that she is at large? Look at Peele; I vow she has collared him, and plying him with acid drops!"

"She will often do so with anyone whose face pleases her. Mr. Peele looks very uncomfortable; I hope he will not repulse her. Bob, if she speaks to you, you will be gentle with her, won't you?"

"If she speaks to me I shall be scared, and that is all I can promise you. I hope I may be spared that ordeal, though. Poor Peele does not give satisfaction; she shakes her head and comes on. I trust I may not be the next victim. Do I look very attractive, Katharine?"

"Do not be absurd," she said, looking reprovingly into the bright, careless face bent towards her, and acknowledging in her heart that to her it was attractive beyond all faces in the world.

Meanwhile, Annie advanced, gradually losing the look of depression which Peele's evident aversion had cast upon her countenance. She lingered by an elderly man, looked approvingly in his kindly face, gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder, and passed on to consider a youth in a blue serge jacket. He laughed in her face, and with angry mutterings she went on again.

Bob and Katharine watched her progress narrowly, and on a sudden became aware that his handsome face and bewitching eyes had caught her attention. She was steering her course direct for the bench on which they sat.

"She has fixed me, Katharine! Don't leave me to my fate!" he implored, and had no time for further words before Mad Annie seated herself beside him in almost unpleasantly close proximity.

Katharine watched her lover. This, surely, was a test of character, and if he came through the trial triumphantly he would be all that her imagination already pictured him. Bob did not fail. The position was ridiculous, and he was well aware that the eyes of all the loungers on the esplanade were upon him, as he sat with this bedizened lunatic making frantic love to him. Nor, truth to tell, was Annie an attractive object at close quarters; a young face with no soul behind it is repulsive, and Annie's was no longer young. It was distorted now with smiles, which rendered the broken teeth and many wrinkles more obvious than ever; but it awakened no disgust in Bob. Nothing but kindliness and compassion was to be read in his voice or manner as he talked to her in gentle accents, and accepted her uncouthly-offered gifts.

As for Annie, her whole being hung upon him; she knew nothing of the staring crowd or the too audible remarks that were uttered by some among it; she was conscious only of the great delight afforded her by the young man's beauty and courtesy. That she understood the words that he addressed to her is very improbable, though she made some approach to coherency in her attempted answers, but at least they soothed her. When Katharine, thinking that they had provided quite sufficient amusement for the society round them, suggested to Bob that it was time to go in to luncheon, Annie darted a glance of malignity at her, nor would she be persuaded to take any farewell of the lady, though she clung long to the hand extended to her by Bob.

From that time forth the esplanade became forbidden ground to Katharine and Bob. He and his conquest had become the joke of the season, and to have formed a spectacle for one whole morning seemed enough even to his generous nature. The neighbouring woods and lanes became their resort, and though, after some days of restless searching, Mad Annie discovered their haunts, and contrived to waylay them more frequently than could have been imagined, and hung upon Bob with embarrassing tenderness, they supported her importunities, and found the country spots very sweet and peaceful.

One place to which they frequently walked or rode was the ruin—or what almost might be termed the ruin of a ruin—of an ancient chapel about midway between the sea and the county town. It lay a little apart from the main road, and was most pleasantly reached by narrow lanes, scarcely more than footpaths, somewhat difficult to trace amongst a network of many such roadways. Seated by the largest of the few heaps of stonework that testified to the former existence of a building, Katharine related the story of Mad Annie, as she had gathered it from a local authority.

* * * * *

Some years ago, fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty, Annie Manson had been the prettiest girl in her native place. Her parents then kept the best glove shop in the town, in Mercer Street, where her mother and her aunt still remained. The belle of a village, or a small town, must almost of necessity seem a flirt, and Annie was no exception to the rule. She had lovers by the score, but, to her father's disturbance, would bind herself to none of those whom he considered eligible—to none, that is, of the tradesmen who sought her, nor to the minister's only son who hung upon her footsteps. These came and went, and Annie dealt honestly enough by them, so that though her father was concerned at her indifference to her future, he could not find it in his heart to blame her conduct.

All the while she nourished secretly an affection for a suitor who could scarcely be held to be desirable. Joe Richards, a far-off cousin and childish playmate, had won all the love that she had to give while they were yet school children, and now that he was grown up into a handsome, reckless, good-for-little or nothing youth, her love only increased with her sense of its exceeding unwisdom. It was an attachment not to be publicly acknowledged, however, for she could not expect her friends' real approval until Joe had settled to some regular employment; so while he confined himself to unfulfilled intentions, she refused to be bound by any engagement. At length, urged by her steadfast refusal to pledge herself to an idler, Joe obtained employment in an office in the county town, and exhibited an amount of application surprising to all who knew him. Returning at the end of six months, with the hearty good word of his employers in his favour, he made a formal proposal to Annie, and was received by her family as her intended husband.

That spring was the happiest period of her life. The lovers loitered about the country, as lovers will, during that brief and beautiful fortnight of his holidays, and, after the long probation, Annie learned to trust him almost wholly. On the last day of the holiday they wandered out as far as the fragments of ruin by which Bob and Katharine now sat, and talked, as lovers will, of parting and of meeting again.

"I shall have no further holiday for many a long day," said Joe; "but if you will come out here on the first Monday in August I will be here to meet you. I am to be sent up to the London office for the summer months, but on the first Monday in August I promise you I will be here."

"Will you, surely?" asked Annie, wistfully, perhaps a little distrustfully.

"I will, surely! I will let nothing on earth stop me! Be you here to meet me, that is all."

Very gladly Annie made her promise, and Joe's last words as he rode off on the morrow were a reiteration of hers.

"I will be there," said he; and Annie looked in his earnest face and believed him.

Many and many a time through the summer Annie strayed out to the chapel, long walk as it was for her, and sat there by the hour together, recalling every look and word of Joe's. June passed, and July came, and then St. Swithin. St. Swithin's was a wild and stormy day, and being of a superstitious mind, she trembled lest the appointed day should be as stormy. Day followed day, with rain and thunder more or less, and August arrived in due course. The first Monday in August was ushered in by a tremendous thunderstorm. The blackened sky was rent with vivid lightnings, and thunder shook the houses in the streets.

"He will not come; he surely will not come," muttered Annie, as she remembered the solemnity of her lover's promise; but when once the storm had rolled over, she could not keep within doors, and gladly accepted a seat in the cart of a neighbour who was bound in the desired direction. When she alighted from the cart she had still more than half a mile to walk, but the weather had cleared so wonderfully that she stepped on in buoyant spirits. As she neared the chapel, on a sudden the sky was again overclouded; a glare of lightning that lit up all the woods around was followed by a rattling peal of thunder with which a curious crash was mingled.

Annie flung her shawl over her head to shut out the light and the uproar, and fell half stupefied on the ground. It was some minutes before she could command herself sufficiently to rise and pursue her way. When she did so the sky once more was clear; the storm had ceased as abruptly as it had risen; but on mounting the little eminence on which the ruin stood Annie tripped and fell over the stiff and blackened corpse of her lover.

She was found soon after, and carried back to her friends, but from that day forth she was known as Mad Annie.

* * * * *

"What a wretched tale!" said Bob, as Katharine finished. "It makes the place uncanny, in spite of the sunshine. I should not like to meet the poor soul here; but I must set off the feeling of not being specially flattered in being taken as a substitute for her lost lover. What are her people like?"

"Dear old things. I must take you to the shop, if you are not afraid of encountering Annie there; they keep her out of it as much as possible. You can buy me a pair of riding gloves, you know."

"I don't care to stop here any longer, I think. Are you ready to go?" said Bob, rising and shaking himself. "I keep on fancying that the body is still lying amongst the ferns, and that my *innamorata* may come upon us at any moment. Are you jealous, Katharine?"

So they sauntered away into the shady woods, and escaped Mad Annie for the time. Nevertheless, a meeting on the spot was to take place, and that meeting was not less disastrous than Bob had foreboded.

Those were golden summer days, not shadowed for the couple by the demands that the lunatic made on their compassion, haunting their steps as she did by sunny shore, by breezy cliff-head, busy street and leafy wood. They were too happy to grudge her the minutes that she stole from their holiday hours, or to heed the jokes that were made at their expense. St. Swithin had been dry this year, and there was little following rain to interfere with their pursuits. To poor Annie, on the contrary, this was always a vexed

time, and she was what almost any other couple would have thought troublesome and annoying.

One bright morning in August the two were out with a party of friends, gay as the occasion prompted, and troubled with no fear of rain; but when some distance inland, and out of reach, so far as they knew, of any kind of shelter, black clouds rose upon the horizon; and though they turned at once homeward, and rode helter-skelter as they might, they could not outride the storm. Bewildered in the maze of narrow lanes, and riding horses too much terrified by the tumult to be quite under control, Bob and Katharine found themselves approaching the very spot that under such circumstances they would have chosen to avoid.

The rain descended in sheets, glittering dangerously under the constant play of the lightning, and just as they reached the ruin a wild crash of thunder broke over their heads. Bob's horse plunged furiously, and had almost succeeded in unseating him, when a woman rushed out from the bushes, and the catastrophe was accomplished.

"He will be here!—he said so!" screamed the maniac, throwing herself upon Bob's prostrate form, and uttering the first connected words for many years.

Katharine gazed thunderstruck for a minute, then leapt from her horse and hurried to where Bob was lying.

* * * *

Bob was injured, not beyond recovery: but this second shock, upon the very scene of the first, was too much for poor Annie's system. She sank into a state of still more hopeless idiocy, and before the year had run to its close she was laid to her long-desired rest.

E. E. KITTON.

WANDERING WINGS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," "Dr. Blandford's Conscience," etc., etc.

I.

"OH, poet unknown and unthought of, you who have sung only to be forgotten, how I wish that some fate would bring me near to you! I want to tell you what I daresay you expected the world would tell you: how thoughts of my own that were vague and formless have been shaped and coloured and quickened into life by your song, as it is said the sight of beautiful pictures and statues reached the Greek child's body through his soul, subtly refining and perfecting the plastic clay. You love everything that I love. You do not strain to say something better than Chaucer in praising the daisy, or than Wordsworth in complimenting the wind-blown daffodils; but you spread your wings for the countries the swallow seeks, and you charm the imagination into ecstasy with your descriptions of Venetian colour and light, Spanish religion and romance, Moorish brilliancy and superstition. Your soul is like a 'storied window richly dight,' with light falling through its many colours. Your heart is a glowing coal; you live intensely and feel deeply. Yet after all your foreign flights, how simple is this home-song, called

"'THE DYING COTTAGE GIRL.

"'Why smile the angels so brightly, I pray,
Through the may-blossom branches that shine o'er the way?'—
'Dear, 'tis because thou wilt join them to-day,
And go where they lead thee.'

"'Why are your faces red as with weeping?
Why are chill tremors over me creeping?'—
'Dear, 'tis because thou so soon wilt be sleeping
Where we cannot wake thee.'"

As Grace Vilmar's artistic sense placed the scene more vividly before her than the bald words of the simple poem, a strain of sweet music came with the picture, and linked itself with the rhythm of the verse. Yes, she saw it all; the thatched eaves of the cottage overhanging the lattice with its diamond panes, which the wall pear-tree curtained, lovely with blossoms; the garden patch, the dog-rose hedge, the thorn-tree on the roadside, standing between the window and the westering sun. She saw within the snowy little bed, the tearful women-folk watching for the end, and for aught they could do to soften its approach; and more than all, the little cottage girl, her rustic beauty refined by suffering, brilliant with hectic fire, great eyes looking in wonder now on the tearful faces around her, now on the sun-illumined sprays of white blossom, and seeing, perhaps, not only in fancy, but with new eyes—that are opening for the other world—angel faces radiant with a smile.

Still holding the book in her right hand, Grace Vilmar sat down to her piano, and with her left picked out notes with what I may call a harp-like, *pincettant* touch. In a few minutes she had admirably blended the verses with a strain which had a "dying fall." This was one of her rare, happy moments, for she had not much creative power. When she at last vocalised her little song, it sounded wondrous sweet, the music being superior to the words, and her voice having in it a rich vibrating thrill which always appealed to the emotions.

In that moment of unusual exaltation, a stranger might have imagined that she was herself a poet, the refined, high-bred face was so full of a dreamy suggestiveness; but in poetry, at least, her faculty of admiration was far in excess both of her knowledge and of her powers of criticism, or she would never have been drawn into so glowing a rhapsody over the songs of this unknown.

The reason why they laid hold upon Grace Vilmar was, that they were the outpourings of an exquisitely refined mind, and the fount of feeling unsealed in them was freshly pure and true. Of all senses, the one most highly developed in her was the artistic; yet this had not in her the force of genius, or even of talent. She was remarkable, chiefly, for an exquisite taste; for having a style and a way of her own. Without being aware of it, her ruling ambition was simply to be a lady. As the Vilmars were not just of yesterday, it might have been supposed that Grace would be a lady without thinking about it. So, indeed, she was in all those acts and habits of life that are unconscious; but wherever her own purposes and predilections had sway, the aspiration to be ultra-elegant, refined, and ideal betrayed itself.

As she sat at her piano in the little sanctum that was like a revelation of herself, with flaky petals falling from the white snowballs she had arranged in an azure blue vase, where a white-throated swallow made for a cherry-laden bough, she was just as fair and true an expression of her times as another little lady, for whose portrait she had paid a high price when it hung on the walls of the Manchester Picture Gallery. This was a belle of the Louis Quinze period, seated at her clavier, her powdered hair drawn from a face that had more sweetness in it than intellect, and her long purple train lined with salmon-pink falling from her shoulders. The same studiousness and chicness of detail showed in each, and Grace Vilmar loved that picture, though the title, "Picture of a Lady," left little for the imagination to fill in. Grace knew how much she had of the advantage conferred by a later period; and yet to this perfect lady in one sense was lacking much that is necessary to the perfection of a woman. She had not yet surrendered herself to that Divine breath that is now regenerating society, and whispering to culture in the heights of what is to be done in the depths; wafting odours abroad, that are reminders of the path once chosen by the Blessed Feet.

Grace, in maiden meditation, fancy free, thought about the author of "Wandering Wings" until she had before her an ideal of manly chivalry, student pensiveness, and scholarly brilliance such as for her peace of mind's sake we may hope she will never meet, unless the compliment of her admiration can be returned. She could not help thinking what a happy chance it would be if some time he should hear her little song. More unlikely

things happened. Zippor Shebaniah might be introduced to her as plain Mr. Grey or Mr. Brown in evening dress. She might sing that song among others, if her music was much in demand, and then the man himself, or the hostess, might make the poet known, and—and—as all geniuses appreciate the homage of ordinary but sincere minds, he would not be ungrateful.

Whatever made him choose a Hebrew *nom de plume?* She did not take the trouble to seek out its meaning. It was strangely incongruous with the taste otherwise shown in "Wandering Wings."

II.

GRACE was in the act of handing her mother her cup of afternoon tea, and the softest, most fascinating of Angora pussies was curled up on a mat in the sun, expectant of a tiny saucer of cream, but by far too well-bred to ask for it, when carriage wheels were heard, and presently Miss Bowsyer was introduced. She was the daughter of Squire Bowsyer, who lived six miles away at Yarlbrow Hall. She was rather younger than Grace, and had more of the blooming physique and the air of the "North-countree" about her than this *précieuse* of modern civilisation. While the two girls preserved an outward friendliness of manner, they had little sympathy with each other.

This evening Freda called to know if Grace would join an archery guild she had taken it upon her to organise. Grace gave in her name readily, while Mrs. Vilmar helped her guest to strawberries with a liberality which supposed her to be very destructive to fruit. Freda protested, but laughed and asked Grace if she did not think her very disinterested in introducing archery practice into the neighbourhood.

"If I had such a figure as you, Grace, no one could be surprised at my affection for such a pastime; but for a big bouncing lassie like me it is too trying. The law of compensation, however, comes in, and I hope to prove myself a capital markswoman." Her eye fell on a book laid open on an ottoman. "Reading 'Wandering Wings' before it dies a natural death?" she inquired.

"Long live those little songs!" Grace Vilmar replied with warmth. "There is exquisite taste in them. They must be the outcome of a mind as pure as it is scholarly."

"The scholarliness is a very doubtful quantity," replied Miss Bowsyer. "We have in the book the fruits of wide but desultory reading, not of real knowledge or experience. Is it possible that you know nothing of the author?"

"I know much," answered Grace, "and yet only what the book can tell me."

"Then the book is not to be trusted; for you have taken for granted a scholar and a gentleman, but the parents of Zippor Shebaniah belong to the artisan class, and live in Blackburn. They were factory operatives, and Maria Saunders (that is your poet) worked at the spindles herself when she was a little girl, but only for a very short time. Her mother took her away because she had the sense to see that she was too delicate and sensitive to stand it; and she could not help seeing that the child was not like other children—that, to use her own words, she had 'a great deal more in her.' These Saunders were very worthy, pious people, and soon bettered their condition, the father becoming a master's man in his own department at Parkinson's mill, and the mother giving all her time to her house and her family instead of thinking about earning money. Maria being weakly and 'so clever,' they did their best to shield her from hardships, and books were got for her from the libraries of the Sunday-school and the Mechanics' Institute. She has battened on books of poetry, fiction, and travel like a silkworm on the mulberry leaf. Some of her little poems found their way to the corner of a local newspaper. They came to be talked about, and then a great deal of notice was taken of her; books were lent her by the editor of the paper, the Parkinsons, and by the pastor of the Congregational Church which the Saunders attended."

Here Freda came to a sudden stop, like a clock that has run itself down.

"But is that all?" inquired Grace, in deeply disappointed tones. "Who enabled her to launch this book, and how did she come to write such poems as 'In the Eternal City,' 'A Dream of Home on Como'?"

Miss Bowsyer laughed at her mystification.

"The girl's bodily presence has never been found fifty miles from her own doorstep; but where may you not go with the wings of the imagination to carry you? When Solomon said, 'The fool's eyes are in the end of the world,' he forgot to add that the poet's might be found there without rebuke. I am sorry to see you so crestfallen, Grace. Do you not see that while the facts take from the truth of the poetry, they make the imagination of the little poet and the mechanism of her verse all the more wonderful?"

"Oh, yes, I see that," said Miss Vilmar. "If I appeared crestfallen, it was because of some disillusionising as to the author, and a certain doubt as to the sincerity of the song. Yet think of the little creature with such a soul, such a genius, confined to the narrow bounds of her home and circle in noisy, sooty Blackburn! What a grand escape the wandering wings of her imagination must have given her! She would fancy herself now in Rome, now sailing on Como, then musing among the churches of Spain, until her fancies fired her, and she seized her harp to tell us what she saw."

"Or what she thought she saw," returned Freda. "On the whole, I consider it very unfortunate, a kind of disease, that poetic afflatus and fever of ambition in a girl of her class; but everyone who knows her pronounces her a little wonder, and says that she is as modest and childlike in manner as she is gifted in mind."

"Genius is not the privilege of any class," observed Mrs. Vilmar, for the first time taking part in the conversation, because she saw how jarring to Grace was some of their visitor's remarks. "Why should there not be a Frances Brown or a Maria Saunders as well as a Robert Burns?"

"Burns was the Ayrshire ploughman, even in his poetry," observed Freda; "but this little cotton-spinner has imposed even upon Grace, by composing like a young man who had taken his degree, and then been allowed the run of the Continent."

"Is that her fault or mine?" questioned Grace. "It may only prove what my criticisms are worth—surface impressions. The girl evidently has not a home-keeping muse, so the title of her book, 'Wandering Wings,' has a certain appropriateness; but how did she get it published, Freda?"

"Well, Mr. Davidson, her pastor, to whom her mother introduced her first twitterings in the dawn, was greatly taken by surprise when he gave them his attention. From that time he took Maria under his wing, and eventually out of the mass of her poems made choice of the best, and spoke to Mr. Parkinson, who is very kind-hearted as well as rich, about the expediency of publishing them, and devoting any profits that might accrue to Maria's education. They could not find a publisher to undertake the risk, so Mr. Parkinson became the patron. The printing was given to the boys who learn printing in the Coates' Orphanage. It was coquettishly bound, so that customers might be found who would covet it for the best parlour table; and then a good firm was induced to give a certain number of copies house-room, and to allow their name to appear on the title-page. Some fifty copies were sent to reviewers, and after that the book was expected to make its own way, with what results you may imagine. Poor Maria's education has not been advanced much by the profits, I expect. Only a very few of the reviewers were generous in their praise. The greater number of them hardly mentioned it, while there were others treated it so satirically that the poor girl was broken-hearted, and had a severe illness through the shame and mortification she thought she must have cost her patrons."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Vilmar, "if the editor had commended the book to the public as the first efforts of a girl in humble life, the critics would have regarded it from that standpoint, as so promising and remarkable that they would have been hearty in their recognition."

"Maria's timidity or her pride forbade," said Miss Bowsyer, "for that is just what Mr. Davidson wished to do. She told him that there was no need for the public to know who she was. I suspect the little minx—for all her meek ways—has a fair share of old serpent pride in her. She thought, no doubt, that 'Wandering Wings' would lift her above the place and people she had lived among, and then her beginnings and 'bringings up' need not be guessed."

"Such considerations would be sure to present themselves to an ordinary mind," observed Grace; and if Freda had any doubt of her meaning, Mrs. Vilmar had none; but affecting not to hear she said, "Wherever did she get that strange, outlandish *nom de plume?*"

"Most likely from a Hebrew lexicon, or a concordance. Both in its incongruity to the poems and its piety it is worthy of a Puritan New Englander. Zippor Shebaniah means 'A bird whom Jehovah hides.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Grace, with a deep breath; "to think I never tried to discover its significance! What a signature to link with 'Wandering Wings'! for it gives one the key to her diffidence, her fear of having the veil lifted on her obscurity. Yes, she may be ambitious, she may be impatient; but while she sings her song, she tries to do her duty in that station of life unto which it has pleased God to call her."

"And if I am to do likewise I must say 'Good evening'; for Humphrey will be in a frightful fume over those ridiculous horses, who he thinks should never be taken out on a wet day, or obliged to stand more than ten minutes for anyone's convenience but his own."

III.

IF truth is stranger than fiction, it is often very much less attractive, from an artist's point of view. Grace felt angry with herself for having arrived at conclusions so very wide of the mark. "Wandering Wings" was relegated to one of the higher shelves of her bookcase, and for a few days it appeared to be forgotten in the diligent practice of Spohr and Beethoven.

But no, it was a haunting memory, and when it was taken down again it was in a moment of keen self-reproach.

"Oh, my worldly heart!" sighed Grace. "I have loved and praised the song, and then scorned it, because the singer is only a poor girl, a little bird whom God has hid. Let me see how her page affects me, now that I regard her in her true light."

Although softened, she was in the mood to be critical. The charm of music and genius still fascinated her, but she was alive to a fact not obvious to her before, that the poems must be read as representing aspirations rather than experiences. Indeed, without any conscious imitation, many of them were echoes

of other voices, on which the singer's ear had been attent.

Even so, if a creature in her teens, entirely self-taught, could achieve such results, what might she not attain to when matured? Grace Vilmar decided that she must see her, if only to add to her poet's guerdon of appreciation; but she thought that out of her larger life and many resources she might open up to her better opportunities for the development of her talents and the shaping of her thought.

Shall we say, alas, alas! for the bird whom God had hid, that these things might not be? Humanly, we may say it; for the broken column, the unaccomplished purpose are still painful to us in the contemplation; but Grace Vilmar realising—ay, on her first interview with this child of song—that her life here was to be as brief as it had been intense, concealed her own sharp regrets, and did not imperil her happy calm by any suggestion as to future possibilities, had another fate been in store. Nothing could exceed the young girl's humility and docility, though she had a firm conviction that she was a singer born, and was wont artlessly to avow her belief in herself. It deeply touched her to hear that Miss Vilmar loved her because of her verse, and was drawn to come and see her in her lowly home.

She looked at her with almost a worshipful regard, as the most beautiful, finished lady she had ever known and when, sitting beside her on the chintz-covered settle, Grace sang her little song, she said it was as if an angel had sung it to please her; but tears ran down the homely mother's face. Grace saw that the association was too exquisite for her, and passed quickly from it to the hymn by Donne, beginning—

"Softly now the light of day."

They were soothed by it as by a lullaby.

It did indeed appear to Grace a strange paradox to find a being of such intellect as Maria, with such quick, quivering sensibilities, born of parents who, to say the least of it, spoke broadly, and had only the work of their hands to depend upon. Studying either parent, Maria was difficult to account for; nor did her brothers and sisters bear any very near resemblance to her; and yet there was one thing that all had in common, which made the lowly home as fragrant as that in which Mary of Bethany broke her box of ointment very precious—that was religion, bringing with it love, which is the bond of perfectness.

Maria was too good for anyone to envy her, so that if father and mother did not entertain their "angel unawares," neither did her brothers and sisters.

Miss Vilmar had not seen her more than two or three times before she proposed taking her to Blackpool, or to Pensarn, as more sheltered; but the mother shook her head.

"It's kindly meant of you, Miss Vilmar, honey; but I know by many tokens, as well as by what the doctors tell me, that the flower o' ma flock won't bide here long. The Lord's time is short enough for her and for ourselves. We'd rather keep her in her home."

After that Miss Vilmar did not dare speak of change; besides she knew that no change could be of lasting benefit. Maria had always been very frail, and had been preyed upon by the fires of her own genius, and weakened by the strain of her self-acquired knowledge. Three months ago a severe cold had hurried on what is called a galloping consumption. Seeing that she must never again hint at removing her, Miss Vilmar remained for a few weeks in Blackburn, and went every day to see her.

"My little sister," she said one evening, as she sat beside her bed, "I cannot tell you what a shock it was to me, and how heart-rending it still is, to find that you are to be taken away from us, when I had hoped that you and I might be great friends, and that in some way or other I might be able to brighten and widen life for you."

"It was a Divine thing of you to come to me with such kind intentions," said Maria; "but, dear Miss Vilmar, Jesus has other little sisters whom you may help in my place. The kindness of your heart shall not be wasted; it will bless others and yourself."

"I must think more about the other little sisters," said Grace, thoughtfully. "I have stifled my regrets, dear, fearing they might

"STILL HOLDING THE BOOK."

trouble you; but does it not grieve you to have to lay down your harp so soon?"

"I felt it at first, but I am more than reconciled to its silence now," said Maria. "I shall reach higher notes where I am going. If I might live, dear Miss Vilmar, I would stir up God's gift within me for a different use. 'Wandering Wings' only represents my aspirations, which were weak and vain, all for travel and pleasant places, and foreign tongues and knowledge. Now if I were to write I would write of what I know. Oh, there is such sorrow in the world, such suffering, such sin, and there are good and gracious ones like you, who might be workers together with Christ, in making the dark places light, if they knew! but often they do not know till God has given each wronged and worsted class a poet of their own."

"You must not forget and talk too much, Maria; but I have often thought that such an incongruity between my tastes and aspirations, my lot in life, and prospects, as you have known, must have been a misery to me, that I could never have reconciled myself to it. Have you always been as happy and contented in it, dear, as you are now?"

"I hardly know how to answer your question, Miss Vilmar. I have had my seasons of depression, almost of despair, but the general tenor of my life has been most happy. My days have rippled onward like a silvery brook. You must remember that I have never been accustomed to the luxuries and elegancies which to you appear necessary. Everything beautiful in my home—everything that raised it above others of the same class—proceeded not from money, but from religion and from love. Was there ever a girl who had a tenderer, more loving mother, or stronger, truer father? You cannot know what my mother is, Miss Vilmar; but she has a very rich nature; and my father, he may be narrow, perhaps, but he is an illustration to me of 'out of the strong came forth sweetness;' (ah, Grace Vilmar, you have read much of the 'Woes of the Ideals,' but cannot something be said for their joys? Depend upon it, this child has seen many a jewel where you would only have beheld a boulder-stone): "And then you do not know how kind-hearted and noble my brothers and sisters are; I daresay they appear to you diamonds in the rough; that is because they have not had my advantages, and have known very little of suffering."

"Indeed, no," said Miss Vilmar; "I discern in all of them an uncommon gentleness."

The little dark face lit up with a smile of pleasure.

"I will not say that I have never been tempted. I have thought if by virtue of my gift I was one day called up higher, should I as child and sister bear the test? That there should ever come one moment of secret shame or misgiving for my own seemed too terrible. I felt I would rather remain to the world unknown; let them praise my song, not me. I tried to think of myself as a bird whom God had hidden."

"You were a very wise little bird," said Miss Vilmar; "they say the wise are sorrowful, but you have been most happy. Yet notwithstanding, if you could get better and I had the power, I would not leave you where I found you."

"It is better as it is. Perhaps the voice within would warn me to say to you, 'I dwell among mine own people.' Any change that took me away from them would be full of danger and of pain. However, I need not think about it except to thank you—

"'For all these things have ceased to be
With my desire of life.'"

There was a hoarseness in her tones which warned Miss Vilmar not to permit her to speak any longer. She sat in the silence with her hand in hers, until the silence was broken by a whisper. "Please sing our little song." She sang it, but there were tears in her voice.

There are tears in it now sometimes when she sings that song, and the scene comes again before her; but the breaking off of that young life, with its unfulfilled aims; the view those dying eyes took of things temporal in the light of another world, the acquaintance with what is noblest, best, and sweetest in life, made where she would have last looked for them, among the poor and illiterate of this world, have effected a great change in Grace Vilmar.

The memory of Maria Saunders is still a unique one in her recollections, but she has found many little sisters of Christ, sisters and brothers of our common Lord, to whom she can be a dispenser of temporal and spiritual gifts. She has learned what is meant by giving oneself; and every year finds her more generous and cheerful, in the sacrifice of ease, leisure, wealth, and talent, for the good of others.

THE CHILD FLOWER.

AN ALLEGORY OF A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

By GEORGE WEATHERLY.

In a dull, dark court, 'mid a city's din,
Where the kindly sunshine ne'er peeped in,
A little flower sprang up one day;
Through clefts in the stones it had forced its way,
Until at length in the world it stood
In a spirit of daring hardihood.
Poor little flower! what else could it be
But a sickly thing in its misery?
A sad little plant that seemed to gaze
With far-away look to distant ways
Where its happier brothers and sisters played
In bright green fields, in sheltered glade,
In well-kept gardens, trim and neat,
In labyrinths full of fragrance sweet.
Poor little thing! it murmured not,
Nor grumbled at its bitter lot—
(It may have been it never knew
Where its happy brothers and sisters grew)—
And yet withal it seemed to say,
"I'm scarcely in my place to-day!"
Poor flower! the stones so hard and cold,
Ere it was young, had made it old;
And the smoky air no strength could give;
The wonder was that it could live!
But live it did, though day by day
It seemed to wither and pine away;
And week by week all youthful grace
Died slowly out of its wizened face;
And its strength was lessened every hour,
Poor little stunted, neglected flower!

At length one day when the sun peered down,
Just over the houses grey and brown,
And the little flower was trying its best
To catch a ray on its petalled crest,
A merry sparrow came hopping along,
And it stopped to chirrup the flower a song—
A song that was joyous and full of glee—
A song that knew nothing of misery!

The flow'ret listened, and then for awhile
Its face was lit by a strange sad smile,
So strange and sad, so full of pain—
(The smile of one who would never complain)—
That the singer ceased his song to make,
And his honest heart began to ache,
As he thought of the silent sufferer's lot,
Of the comforts he had and the flower had not.
Then he pondered awhile and hung his head:
"Cheer up, little man," at length he said;
"Cheer up, cheer up, I know why you're sad,
But I'll tell you a tale that will make you glad—
A tale of a deed that has just been done
By your brothers and sisters out in the sun!"

"Far away from the city dark and grim,
Far away from the courts and alleys dim,
Your brothers and sisters dwell at ease
'Mid singing birds and whispering trees,
Fanned by the gentle summer breeze,
Protected from cold when the nights are chill,
Guarded and kept from every ill.
And gardeners wise have these flowers in charge,
And the gardeners' hearts are kind and large;
And they ponder not of their plants alone—
Their thoughts go out beyond their own;
And they love the flowers that dwell like you—
Unloved by the sun, untouched by the dew,

Trying your hardest to live and grow
'Mid sickness, misery, want and woe.
And these gardeners kind have shown their love
For you and the Master who rules above,
By laying out gardens trim and neat,
In country ways and city street—
Gardens that look to the rising sun,
And watch him all day till his work is done;
Gardens that breathe a fragrance rare,
And sparkle at dawn in the clear, pure air;
Gardens where such as you, little flower,
May be tended and cared for every hour,
Restored to health and life and strength,
To do your work in the world at length.

"In most of these gardens plots are traced,
In each of which a flower is placed;
And each row of beds is given to keep
To a gardener skilled in mysteries deep,
Who tends his flowers with wondrous care,
Gives them their due of light and air,
Hovers around them night and day,
Makes them happy with stories and play,
Brings back the smile to each petal pale,
The strength to the stems that were wont to fail,
Soothes them in pain, nor leaves them until
They come back to health, if the great God will!"

The sparrow paused for a little space,
And the flower looked up in his pitying face,
With a pleading look that seemed to say,
"Tell me more of the gardens, kind friend, I pray!"
So the bird went on with his tale again,
And the listening flower forgot its pain.

"Well, now, to tell you what has been done
By your brothers and sisters out in the sun,
By them in the gold for you in the grey,
For you the sad, by them the gay!
They heard of the plots and the gardens fair,
They heard of the gardeners' tender care;
They knew of the sufferers left to moan,
To fade and wither and die alone,
And they thought in their pitying hearts, if we
Could help them a little, how glad we should be!
So they pondered the matter awhile, until
They thought of a plan to work their will,
And every heart grew light and glad.
They would give up a little of all they had—
The colours which shone on their petals fair,
The sun and the light and the clear sweet air,
The plentiful food and the gorgeous array,
The meetings with friends for pleasure and play—
And all that they saved they thought they would give
To make more little plots where their brothers might live.
"What matter, indeed," said they, with a smile,
"If we should look dowdy or plain awhile?
What matter, indeed, if less comforts we know,
If our colours should fade and our pleasures go,
If only our brothers and sisters may live!
For such a great cause 'tis but little we give!"

The sparrow paused again, looked wise,
Stood on one leg, and rubbed his eyes;
And then said he, "I tell you what!
I'll take you away to a little plot,
One that your brothers and sisters have made,
The fairy plot in Children's Glade;
And there, perchance, you may yet grow strong!
Come, trust to me, and I'll bear you along."

And so the flower left its nook.
All tenderly the sparrow took
It up, and bore it in his beak—
The stronger careful of the weak—
And set it in a little plot,
And told the gardener of its lot,
And prayed his care. Then o'er the bed
A pitying tear or two he shed,
And humbly spread his wings and fled.

How changed was now the flow'ret's way!
No hungering for care by day,
No solitary hours at night!
Its days were full of pleasures bright;
Its every want was quick supplied!
Love hemmed it in on every side!
And yet withal no strength it gained;
It never sighed, it ne'er complained,
And yet its life ebbed slow away—
And it grew feebler every day.
"Too late!" the gardener said at length;
"It lost its youthful power and strength
In its first hours of want and pain;
It never can grow strong again!"

And one calm night when slumber deep
Enwrapped the busy world, asleep
They found the flow'ret in its place,
A happy smile upon its face!
"Asleep?" said I. Yes, by God's grace,
The long last sleep that bringeth rest
Had calmed the little sufferer's breast!
Its heavy weight of pain had fled;
In blissful rest the flower lay dead!

* * * * *

Does it now need a word of mine
To tell the meaning of each line?
Need I explain that those bright flowers,
Who in the sunshine spend their hours,
Are children healthy, wealthy, glad;
While the wee flower, so weak and sad,
Uncheered by the breeze, unloved by the sun,
In dull dark city court, is one
Of those poor little ones whose days
Are spent in cheerless, dreary ways?
The gardeners making gardens bright,
They are the people who unite
In all good works, and, richly blest,
Build hospitals and homes of rest
For those who otherwise would die
In abject want and misery.
The tenders of the little plots—
(The children's wards and children's cots)—
Are doctors, nurses, kind and true,
Eager the Master's work to do.
The kindly sparrow, last of all,
Is one of those who, at the call
Of Him who went about doing good,
With wondrous love and fortitude,
Seek everywhere their suffering brothers,
And give their very lives for others!

A STEPPING-STONE TO LITERATURE.

By EVELYN UPTON.

LIKE many other undertakings productive of far greater results, our Story Club had only a small commencement. One day, some few years ago, I received a letter from my particular friend Elsie, saying that she and three other young girls were about to set on foot a literary society, and cordially inviting May and me to join. Ida Holland was to be president, and I was asked to be secretary. We were to send in four stories a year, the subjects to be chosen by the members in turn, and the length not to exceed sixty pages of manuscript, copy-book size. It was as well to allow a wide range for the flight of genius. After the stories had been sent round for the perusal of the different members they were to be returned to their respective owners. This was the substance of the literary regulations.

As no expense would be incurred beyond the trifling sum for postage, there was no entrance fee. May and I welcomed the suggestion warmly, and I wrote back to Elsie, telling her we should be delighted to join her society.

We were all amateur authors, in the strictest sense of the word, the youngest member being still in the schoolroom. It is true that one or two of us had filled copy-books with girls' initiatory attempts at fiction, and I had even gone so far as to write two long manuscripts, whose size would have entitled them to be issued in book form; but as no publisher could be persuaded to view them in the same light as myself, they had been ignominiously relegated to an obscure corner of a cupboard. But this was another blast of the literary trumpet. It was a fresh call to arms, or rather to pens. If you cannot spring up the ladder of fame by leaps and bounds, at all events you can go on the old-fashioned principle, and painfully crawl up rung by rung. I don't say that you will ever get to the top by this means. I don't think you will. But you may reach some respectable height.

"And if denied the victor's meed,
You shall not lack the toiler's pay."

The first subject on which we had to try our hands was "Haunted," and we had an ample three months wherein to illustrate it. As might naturally be supposed, it gave birth to haunted rooms and ghostly apparitions; but as first productions the stories were far from despicable, and one of them certainly—I cannot vouch for more, though it may not have been the only one—after having been touched up, appeared eventually in the pages of a popular sixpenny magazine, and realised the sum of three guineas.

The choice of the subject for the second quarter fell to my lot, and it was generally allowed that a tale of the Seventeenth Century produced very creditable results. The authors were more sure of their ground, and the stories were a decided improvement on the preceding ones. In fact, the president's was so good it was quite worthy of being printed straight off, without any alteration whatever. Of course, an incident in the Civil Wars furnished the groundwork for one of the stories, but Elsie went further afield and laid her plot in Germany, skilfully bringing in the siege of Magdeburg. And a third writer concentrated her energies on the romantic escape of one of Monmouth's adherents.

This century furnishes more interesting historical incidents than any other, and presents a simply limitless field for beginners in fiction. And it is wonderful how the very fact of having to write a story founded on a historical subject brushes up one's knowledge of historical events. When you can bring imagination to bear on an otherwise dry and uninteresting subject, the impression is likely to be deepened and intensified a hundredfold. I recommend this method of strengthening the memory and exercising the imagination to home students, or to those girls who are desirous of carrying on their self-improvement after they have left school.

At this period, and for the whole of the first year, the star of our Story Club was decidedly in the ascendant. It had received Archiepiscopal sanction and approval. For his Grace happening to be visiting at the home of one of the members, and being left alone a few minutes in the drawing-room, amused himself by glancing through one of the stories which was lying with the budget on a side table. He expressed his satisfaction, and gave the society his hearty good wishes.

But at the end of a year and a half the literary ardour began to cool very considerably. One of the girls complained that her ideas had given out. Two more began to feel the tax of the quarterly contributions a distinct infringement on the liberty of the subject, and therefore the act must be repealed. And little Bessie, our youngest member, justly urged as a reason for withdrawing from the club that her lessons took up so much of her time she had none to spare for writing stories.

May and I were thus the only two of the original founders left, and we could not find it in our hearts to desert the sinking ship. But there was something very ludicrous in the situation, and I remember how we went into fits of laughter one day when we had sat down seriously to consider our position. It was plain that we two could not constitute president, secretary, and members all in our own proper persons. But yet we were really desirous of entering the walks of literature, and were anxious to raise the little club from its ruins, and, by reinstating it on a new footing, make it a means to that end.

With this object in view we came to the determination that we must have an educated man, if possible possessed of some literary taste, for a president, whose duty it should be to criticise the quarterly budget of stories. To be sure a head without a body is something of an anomaly, but a body without a head is a still greater one—it is a terrible monstrosity. Besides, we were sure that when we had once got the head, the members, constituting the body, would soon follow. But supposing we found a man possessed of all the requisite qualifications, it did not at all follow that he would be willing to devote his time to the inglorious task of criticising the crude attempts of unfledged authors.

After running over in our minds all our likely and unlikely masculine friends and acquaintances, we came to the conclusion that ours was not a literary neighbourhood, and that we must seek in another direction. At length, after a long consultation, a happy thought struck me. "There's John!" I exclaimed. "Now, he would be the very man." He had always been John to us, ever since we were children. He was a Cambridge M.A., a honour-man, and had obtained the Seatonian Prize, which is a sum of £50, awarded for the best original poem in English on a given subject. He was therefore well qualified to criticise our little literary efforts. May agreed with me that John would be the right man in the right place, and we decided that she should, without delay, write him a very prettily-worded letter, imploring him, on the plea of keeping it in the family, as she said—for his family and ours had always been great friends—to accept the vacant post of President of the Amateur Literary Society.

John wrote back very kindly, saying he should be very glad to undertake the office of president. The only things he stipulated for were that May should continue to be secretary, and that he should not be expected to fall in love with our heroes and heroines, however much we might do so ourselves. To this we agreed. Then came the task of hunting up fresh members. We wrote to all our girl cousins and friends, and tried to enlist their sympathies in our cause. Of course we got a good many refusals. Several regretted that story-writing was not in their line, but they wished our society every success. However, our appeal brought in two or three recruits. I also made known the requirements of our little club in the drawing-room column of a ladies' magazine, stating what its objects were, that we had several vacancies, and that on receiving a stamped envelope I would enclose the rules. I had more than a dozen answers, and the greater number, on receiving further particulars, decided to join. So we started afresh with about twelve members, just double the number of our original society. This was very encouraging.

Our new president's first act was to remodel the rules of the society. So he drew up a formula for our acceptance. Instead of being changed every year, the president and secretary were to continue permanently in office; and whereas we had hitherto had no subscriptions, now an annual fee of one shilling was to be exacted from each member. But as I think my readers may like to know what the rules were, and as they may serve as a sample for other literary societies, I will give them in detail.

THE KNITTER.
(*From the picture by Millet.*)

RULES OF THE AMATEUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

1. The object of this society is to encourage the writing of short stories.

2. Each member is expected to write every quarter, and to send her MS. to the president for review, on or before the last day of each quarter, under fine of sixpence.

3. No MS. to exceed twenty-four pages copy-book size. The pages to be numbered and written on one side only, and the MS. enclosed in a paper cover.

4. The president, after criticising the MSS., must return them to the secretary, specifying the two best each quarter.

5. The secretary is requested to send on all the MSS. to the members, after receiving them from the president, and to keep a memorandum of the order of merit each quarter.

6. The order of receiving the MSS. shall vary each quarter; and a paper shall accompany the MSS. giving the requisite information.

7. Each member, after receiving and forwarding the MSS. to the next name on the list, is requested to send a post-card to the secretary, giving the date of their despatch.

8. An annual fee of 1s. is due from each member to defray expenses, and a fine of 1s. on leaving the society. All fines and fees to be paid to the secretary.

9. The subjects for each quarter are to be chosen by the prize-winners, the president, and the secretary.

10. Each member is requested to use a *nom de plume*.

11. Two prizes will be given annually to those members who have obtained the highest number of marks.

Then followed the name and address of the president and secretary respectively.

Hitherto we had gone on the principle of each author doing what seemed right in her own eyes, subject to no literary supervision. Now all this was to be changed. Expansion had been all the order of the day, now it was to be contraction. Instead of letting our pens run riot over sixty pages of manuscript, we were to be restricted to twenty-four. It was a very wise regulation, for from twenty to twenty-four pages of MS. is the average length of a short story in the monthly journals. As a rule authors find it much easier to expand than to contract. It is much easier and far pleasanter, too, to give reign to your Pegasus when he has once spread his wings, than to be perpetually pulling at the bit. Consequently, the author whose short work—perhaps only a story book for children—is so perfect in its completeness and artistic merit as to defy the severest criticism, is a genius of a rare type. Mrs. Ewing was a writer of this description. Her strokes were few, but they were all master strokes. But the faculty of compressing one's ideas into a given number of pages is a very useful acquirement, and when once you have learnt to do this there is no difficulty in expanding a short story into a serial, should you feel so disposed. It is merely a matter of filling in, dwelling on literary details, developing the characters—lengthening a conversation here, inserting a description there. It is very far from pleasant work, and what the author's soul often shrinks from, but still it can be done satisfactorily; whereas to attempt to compress a long story into a short one, without any previous practice, usually results in botched work, invariably rejected by an editor.

And another argument in favour of learning to write short stories is, that those young authors who do not display any conspicuous literary capacity may yet find abundant scope for their limited talents, and be able to enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing themselves in print.

Our president knew that we should have reason to bless him many and many a time for what at first sight seemed rather arbitrary measures. And there was another snare into which we had been falling, and it is one that besets many young authors—I mean an undue fondness for piling up the adjectives. Just as the untrained painter loves to put a great blaze of colour on his canvas, so the uncultivated author delights in collecting all the most emphatic adjectives he can find, and loading a sentence with as many as it will carry. It is as much a vulgarism in the one case as in the other; but somehow the adjectives seem to twine themselves round the author's soul, and it is a wrench to give them up one by one. A Carlyle or a Ruskin can afford to indulge in the luxury, but a less gifted writer cannot.

So I fear the self-love of not a few of us was somewhat wounded when, on the president returning the budget for the first time, we found our little MSS. furiously scored in all directions. Scarcely a page had escaped the red lines of the reviewer's pen. Supernumerary adjectives were to be cut down; whole sentences were condemned as involved; the phraseology generally was more colloquial than classical! In some manuscripts the grammar was faulty, in others the punctuation; and in one or two instances, I am ashamed to say, the spelling even was defective. The taking-down process, however salutary, is never a pleasant one. But it was the kindest sort of criticism, and in it our president proved himself the truest friend both to art and to the artists.

The subject for this quarter was "Golden Days;" but with a view to giving a more definite purpose to the stories, the next subject was selected by the president himself—"A Girl's Power of Doing Good." This time there was a marked improvement in the literary contributions. Far fewer corrections were necessary, and in his quarterly letter accompanying the budget, always expressed in the kindest, most encouraging terms, the president declared himself well satisfied with the results. As a proof of his literary discrimination, one of these very stories was the following year published by an editor in the Christmas number of his journal.

After this we went on swimmingly for some time. Fresh recruits were constantly coming in. The Amateur Literary Society grew so wealthy, with its fees and fines, that it was able to have the rules printed and distributed among the members; and when, on one occasion, the budget was lost in the post, a reward was offered for its recovery in the columns of one of the London daily papers. Although it failed to restore the lost stories, it had the effect of making the society known to the world at large. At length the number of candidates eager to enrol themselves on the lists of our society became so great we were obliged to limit the members to twenty. Of these a few were honorary, and the budget of stories sent in quarterly rarely consisted of more than a dozen.

For although three months is ample time for writing a story not exceeding twenty-four pages in length, yet a quarter seldom passed without bringing in fines from some defaulters. But when the budget arrived the excitement was great, and the curiosity intense, to know who had been singled out by the president for the coveted distinction of first and second, and who only for honourable mention. I rather fancy that on more than one occasion the president and the members were not quite at one as to the respective merits of the different MSS., and that if these had sat in the critic's chair they would have awarded the places differently. But the verdict was always most wisely and impartially given; and, unlike the too-often unjustly imputed editorial favouritism, May and I gained nothing from our personal acquaintance with the president. In fact, we were inclined to think that he went to the other extreme. But when we accused him of withholding well-merited praise, he declared, in his humorous way, that he acted the Spartan father over us.

Two prizes were given annually, both in money. The first was 7s. 6d., the second 5s.; but as the two foremost competitors won by a dead heat, both having obtained first and second places an equal number of times, we were obliged to join the two prizes into one, and divide it equally. We subsequently made it a rule that no member might receive the first or second prize two years running. We also gave a Consolation Stakes to a writer who had been indefatigable in contributing her story with unfailing punctuality, but had never obtained either place or reward. And after a time this third prize became a regular institution.

Upon the president and the two prize-winners devolved the task of choosing the quarterly subjects. The range was wide. On one or two occasions we illustrated the title of a song. Pithy proverbs were found to be highly suggestive. "Long looked for comes at last," and "If everyone would sweep before his own doorstep, the city would soon be clean," produced very good stories; though, of course, when some of them subsequently appeared in print it was found necessary to append a shorter title. Kingsley's well-worn line, "Do noble things, not dream them all day long," and "An Act of Heroism," "A Christmas Story," "My First ——" (leaving the object to be supplied by each individual writer) were also good subjects. We had "A Christmas Story" more than once, as from its inclusive character it is simply inexhaustible, and it is a species of fiction which is very likely to find purchasers in the literary market later on. One need never be at a loss for a subject. A poem, a song, a proverb, a historical incident, will always serve as pegs on which to hang one's ideas, or more strictly speaking, will themselves prompt those ideas.

But the best of all foundations on which to erect a superstructure of fiction is a short account, a narrative read or heard, tragical, pathetic, comic; I care not which, so that it vividly impress the imagination. It is the seed from which so many of the well-known novels have sprung. Facts furnished the most striking scenes in Miss Linskill's delightful stories of the North Riding. Old African legends supplied Rider Haggard with his theme. It is said that a tragical domestic tale, which casually reached the ears of Charlotte Brontë, gave the keynote to "Jane Eyre." And in like manner, from the pages of history, Sir Walter Scott culled the central ideas of his most brilliant romances. In the case of short stories, the more pithy the incident the more saleable the MS.

But I am digressing. At the expiration of four years our kind president sent in his resignation. Originally, when accepting the post, it was on the understanding that he should be allowed to retire at the end of four years. He had launched the Story Club, had seen it well through some rough waters, and now that it was fairly afloat, both for its sake and his own, he thought a change of captains would be desirable. It is superfluous to mention that his work throughout had been entirely honorary. And we all felt that the small testimonial, subscribed for by the members, was a little acknowledgment indeed of our gratitude, but wholly inadequate to recompense the painstaking, conscientious criticisms he had so ungrudgingly bestowed every quarter on the ofttimes bulky packet of manuscripts.

Again we were fortunate in securing another able president, willing to devote his time and attention to the good of the cause. He was

also a Master of Arts and a thoroughly literary man, so that by the more advanced members his criticisms were much valued and appreciated. But this dispensation hardly lasted two years. At the end of that time the Amateur Literary Society wound up its affairs, paid a graceful acknowledgment to president and secretary, and ceased to exist. Various causes helped to bring this about, but I think the chief one was that the principal supporters of the club all felt it had had its day. It had amply served its end and purpose. And those of us who through its means had gained an entrance into literature naturally considered they could now dispense with its aid.

Our society has not produced an authoress of the highest order; but several of the writers confess to having derived lasting benefit from it. And the following results show that it has not existed in vain. Some sixteen of May's contributions to the Amateur Literary Society, and about seven of mine, eventually became the copyright property of various publishers and editors. And as a proof that they were not merely accepted by amateur journals, or by that host of ephemeral periodicals which take but never give, I received for my MSS. in good English gold the sum of fourteen pounds. Of course they varied very much in length, and therefore in value. Several fetched £3 and £2, and for the longest of her stories May received £5. I only mention these successes of ours because I can really vouch for them, but several more of our members contributed at different times to the current literature. And we all thought it a feather in our society's cap when one of Ida Holland's stories came out in the Christmas number of a monthly magazine.

One of the good results to be derived from joining a society of this kind, is that where they are weak the fact of having to write a quarterly story will help to strengthen one's grammar, punctuation, spelling, and composition. It will also give you a better knowledge of your own language; and by cultivating the imagination will develop any latent literary talent you may possess; and, if you are at all fitted for it, will help you to the first rung on the ladder of fame. But in setting a Story Club on foot, it ought to be done with a definite aim and purpose; not merely for the fun of the thing, or for the sake of stringing together a few crude ideas, or scribbling off in wretched English a sensational story, ill-conceived, and utterly regardless of the most elementary rules of the art of fiction. Without a president, and an able one too, it will surely collapse and come to nought; but with a conscientious critic, and members bent on self-improvement, and a steady determination to enlist in the ranks of the great army of authors, you may achieve wonders.

If you have a brain furnished, or even furnishable, as Carlyle puts it, with some glimmerings of light, and three fingers to hold a pen withal, don't be content to begin and end with the Story Club, or even in the printed pages of an amateur magazine. ASPIRE! Never rest till you have worked your way up into a journal which will not only recompense you for your labour, but will circulate your thoughts and opinions round the globe, and make humanity the better for them. Above all, be very careful so to write as that you may never be ashamed to meet the fruit of your unseen sowing.

SAVOURIES.

SAVOURIES nowadays being such an important and appetising part of a dinner, I have selected a few of the easiest and best, in the hope that my readers may be induced to try them. A few are original or improved on.

CANAPES.

Take six or eight sardines, one dozen fried rounds of bread, two tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan cheese, two tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs; pepper and salt to taste. Skin the fish, pick meat from the bones, and pound in a mortar. Butter the fried rounds of bread, spread each with a layer of the sardine paste; mix the cheese and crumbs and sprinkle over, place a piece of butter on each, and brown quickly before the fire, not in the oven.

FINNAN BALLS.

Take cold Finnan haddocks or close fish and pound the meat in a mortar. Add one ounce butter, two tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs, cayenne to taste, and enough cream to moisten all. Roll into balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in boiling lard; serve very hot.

FINNAN TOAST.

Cut squares of bread, toast them, and fry in butter. Flake the meat of a cold, cooked Finnan, and cover each square with some of it, place before the fire to heat, add a dash of cayenne, melt some cheese and pour some over each square of bread, and serve at once

POTATOES A LA CREME.

Put in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, a small handful chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste; stir up well till hot, add a small teacupful cream, with two teaspoonfuls flour; stir till it boils. Chop up some cold boiled potatoes, add, boil up, and serve.

SARDINES A L'INDIENNE.

Put in a saucepan the yolks of four eggs and a pat of butter, a good spoonful of chutney, and salt and pepper to taste; stir over a slow fire till it becomes a fairly firm paste. Trim each sardine, and wipe off all moisture with a clean cloth Thoroughly cover each fish with the mixture, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a delicate brown in butter; dish them on strips of crisp toast, and serve them very hot.

DEVILLED EGGS.

Boil six eggs hard; leave in cold water till cold, then shell them; cut in halves, slicing a little bit off the bottom to make them stand. Take out carefully the yolks, rub to a smooth paste with a little melted butter, some cayenne, mustard, and a dash of vinegar Fill the whites, and send to table standing on a bed of chopped cress or lettuce, seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar, and a very little white sugar.

OLIVE CUSTARDS.

One ounce grated Parmesan cheese to one egg well beaten, mix over the fire till like a thick custard; fry some rounds of bread in butter, spread them thinly with anchovy paste, and pour on each a small quantity of the custard, and place a stoned olive in the centre of each round. Serve very hot. A tablespoonful of cream is an improvement to the custard.

SARDINES AND EGGS.

Take six squares of bread the length of the sardines and three times the breadth; fry in butter. Lay on each piece two sardines fried hot, and in the space between them lay neatly a spoonful of scrambled eggs, to which a spoonful of cheese has been added, and serve at once.

SAVOURY RICE.

Boil some rice as for curry; put on in a pan with a piece of butter, and as much tomato sauce as the rice will take up, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well over the fire till hot, and serve piled up high on the dish.

TOMATO PIQUANT.

Cut half a dozen tomatoes in slices and fry in butter to brown them, and add a tablespoonful white vinegar, the same of chilli vinegar, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, and the same of white sugar, and simmer for twenty minutes.

PARMESAN BALLS.

Whites of two eggs, beaten very stiff two ounces grated Parmesan, and salt and cayenne to taste. Mix cheese into the whipped whites; make into small balls, and fry in lard to a light brown

OYSTER FRITTERS.

Drain the liquor from them, and to a teacupful of it add same quantity of milk, eggs, and salt, and enough flour to make a thick batter. Stir in the oysters, whole, into the batter. Have ready a pan of boiling lard, drop in the batter by the spoonful, taking care to see that an oyster is in the spoonful; fry a nice brown, and serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.

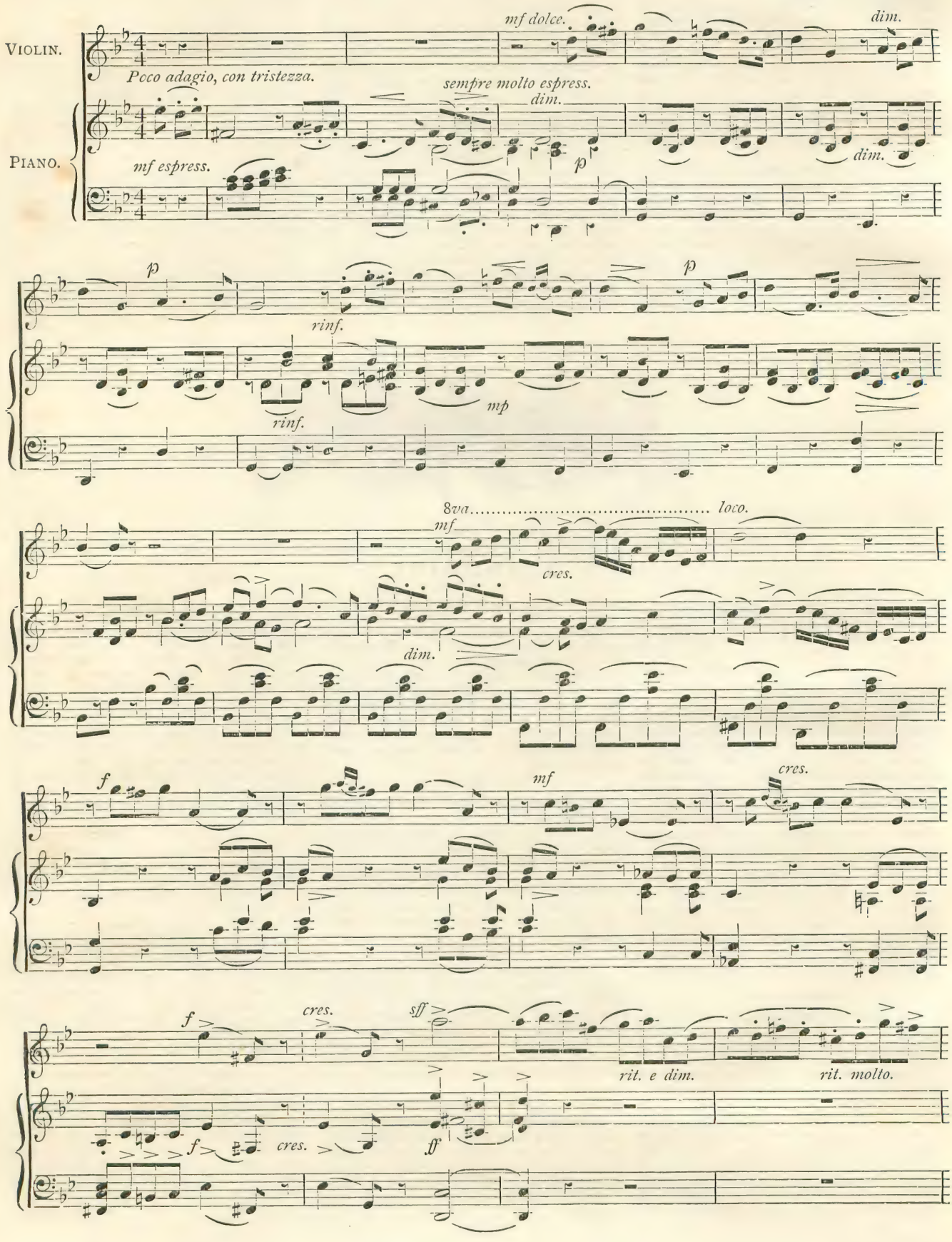
Boil a small cauliflower till tender, and break it into sprigs, and lay some of them on a buttered dish; then sprinkle with pepper, salt, and a handful of grated cheese, lay the remainder of the cauliflower on neatly, then more cheese, and cover with breadcrumb, pour over a little melted butter, and bake in oven twenty minutes till a golden brown.

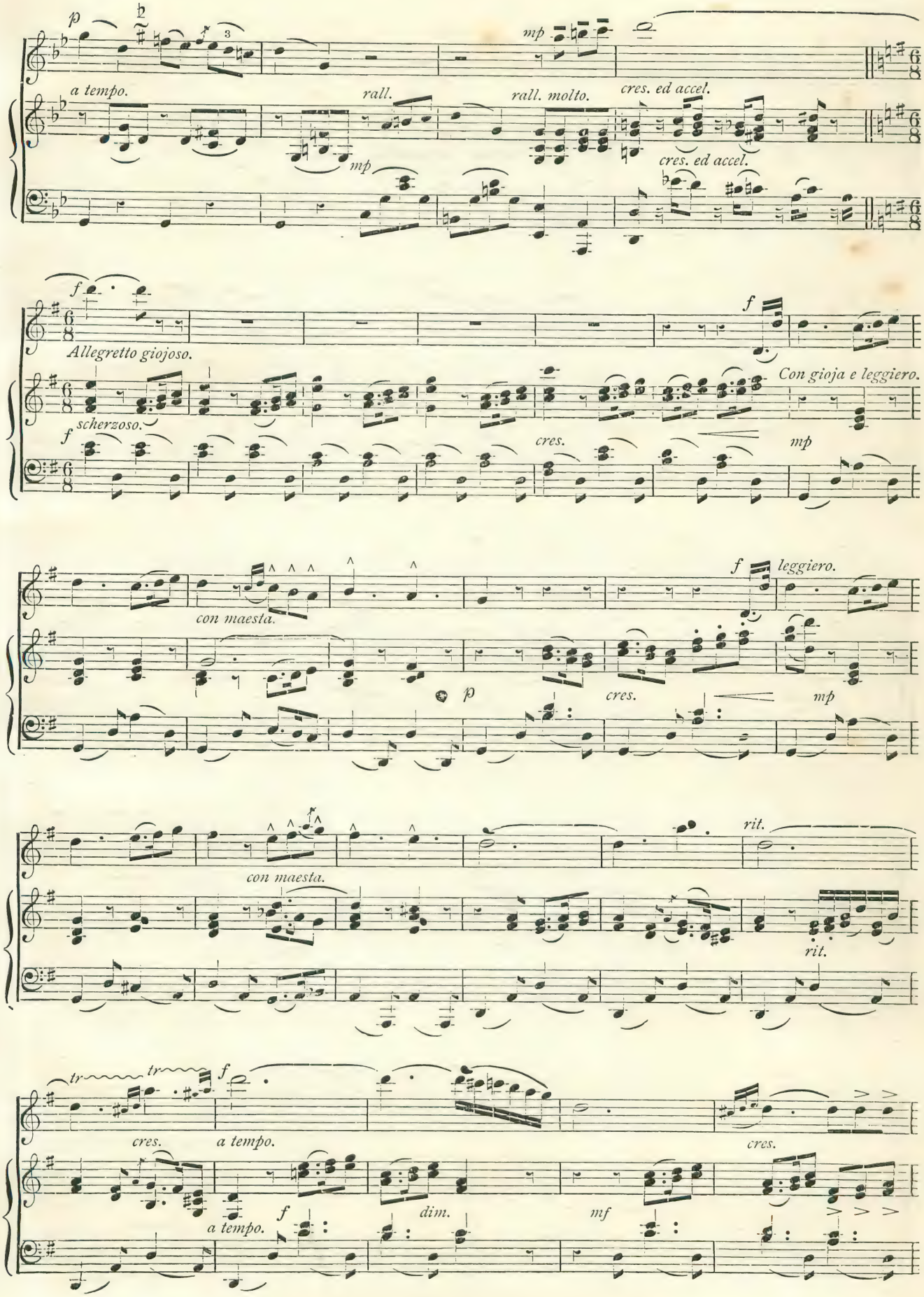
CONSTANCE.

ROMANCE FOR VIOLIN.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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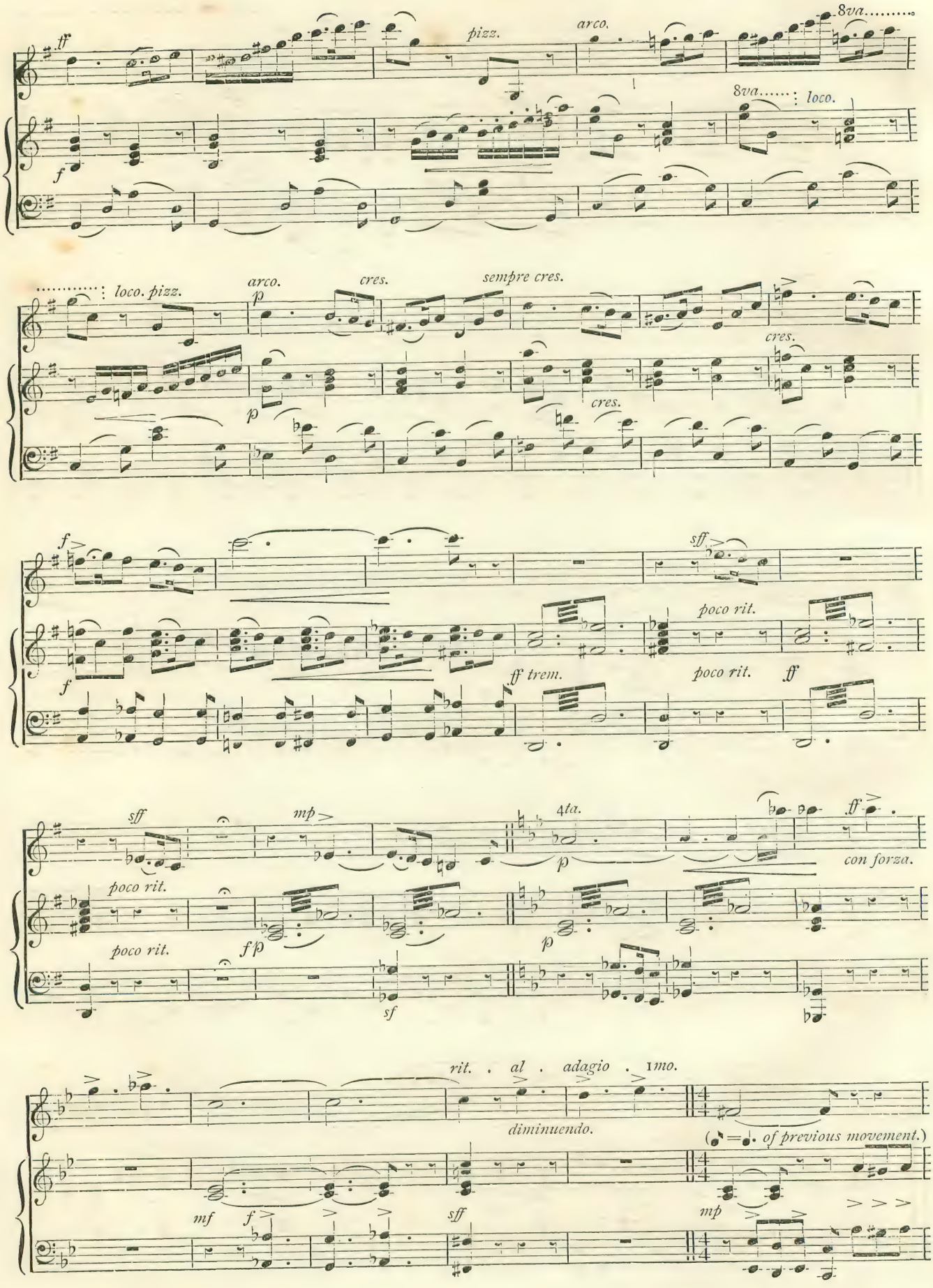
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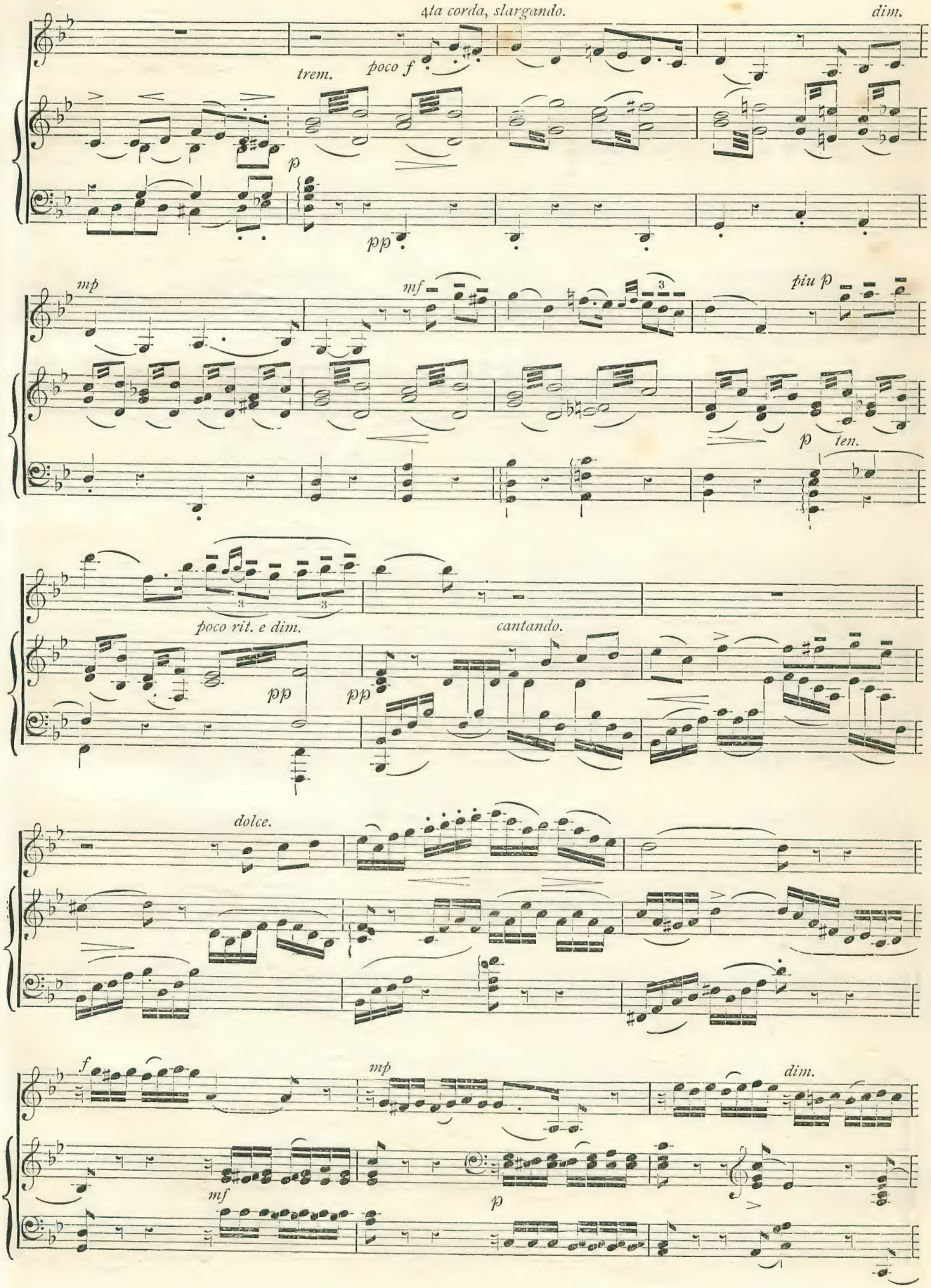
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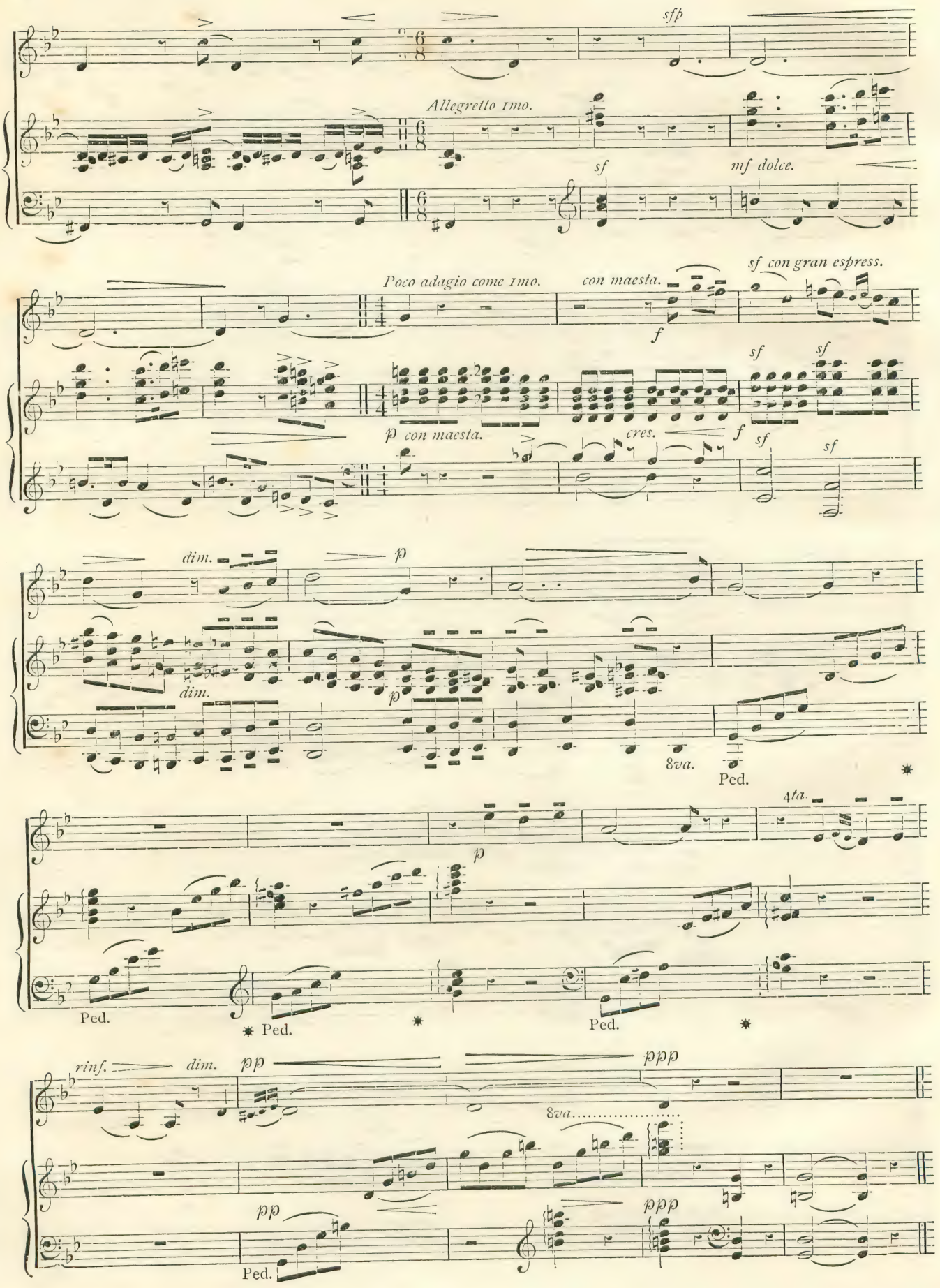
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ALPINE ROSES.

By EVELYN UPTON, Author of "Christmas Eve in a Crypt," etc.

CHAPTER I.

From the drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

"DELICIOUS! I declare this is the first fine evening we have had since we came up here," Rachel Carlyon exclaimed, as she looked with rapture on the exquisite peach-coloured glow that was falling tenderly on the snow-crowned peaks around.

"I hope that means we shall have a fine day to-morrow. It will be a treat after all this misty weather," rejoined her friend.

"Which is tantamount to saying we must go for an excursion somewhere," supplemented Jack Trelawney, who was walking on a few paces in front.

His companion, a slim, pretty-looking, blue-eyed girl, turned her head to remark, "Then I vote for the Diablerets."

By mutual consent the four came to a standstill, in order to discuss the feasibilities of a long expedition. They had just reached the end of the straight road which served as a promenade to the visitors at Villars, and had halted at the little bridge spanning the white mountain stream, which, after swirling in and out of the spokes of the sawmill wheel, splashes its course headlong into the thickly-wooded gorge on the slopes below. Through the archway formed by the pine branches, the five white notches of the Dent du Midi showed out clearly against the warm sunset sky, and a deep purple mist was hushing the Rhone valley into a gentle lullaby.

"It's a long pull to the Diablerets. I hardly think it would be well to begin with that," Rachel Carlyon objected.

"I propose an amendment to your resolution, Miss Shadwell. Let us get to the Sepey, on foot or horseback, stay the night there, and come back by the Ormonts." And Jack turned eagerly for approval to the young girl who was leaning over the bridge watching the rush of the water. But May Shadwell was obdurate.

"No. I voted for the Diablerets, and I'll stick to it."

"Well, Rachel, what do you say?" questioned Mrs. Trelawney.

"For my part, Ella, I should prefer something nearer home. We haven't been up Chamossaire yet, and everyone says the view from the top is one of the finest in Switzerland."

"Oh, I've been there scores of times, and I know every little molehill by heart," grumbled the irreverent Jack.

"Mine must be the casting vote, then, and I give it for Chamossaire," said Mrs. Trelawney. "Claude will do whatever we wish, and it would not be too far for the children. Jeff and Amy would enjoy a picnic."

So at length it was settled. May Shadwell gave a sigh for the Diablerets, but determined to cast in her lot with her friends, and Jack Trelawney was ready to go wherever she did Even Chamossaire with May Shadwell was better than Sepey and the Ormonts without her. At twenty a young man's wishes turn to whatever quarter a maiden moves them.

The approach of the yellow lumbering diligence, laden with luggage, and drawn by four lean horses, sent the party back to their hotel, all bent on discovering what share they would each have in the contents of the mail bag. Jack Trelawney and May Shadwell strolled on in front, and Rachel and her friend followed a few steps behind.

"You are sure, Rachel, dear, you feel up to the expedition?" Mrs. Trelawney asked, anxiously scanning the striking face above her.

"Oh, yes; I shall enjoy it immensely. We shan't have to turn out very early, and we shall be back in ample time for *table d'hôte*. I can walk if I can do nothing else," the girl added, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone.

"The divine law of compensation comes in there. All our troubles do not overtake us at once. Don't forget that, dear."

Through the gathering twilight she saw a sharp spasm pass across the girl's calm, strong face, and tears welling up in her eyes. But Rachel bit her lips and remained silent, only returning the pressure of Ella Trelawney's hand. They passed several little groups of after-dinner strollers, either coming from or returning to the hotel. Among them was Claude Trelawney come in search of his wife. He turned back at once, and she gave him the outlines of the proposed expedition on the morrow.

"You are very wise to choose Chamossaire, Miss Carlyon," he said, turning to Rachel. "We are bound to do it the first fine day. Ella, you won't be able to walk the twelve miles there and back. Shall I order one or two horses?"

"Oh, one will be quite enough, unless, Rachel, you would like to ride? for I can give the children a lift when they are tired."

But Rachel assured her that twelve, or sixteen miles even, in that glorious Alpine air would be nothing to her, and she would far rather walk.

"THE CLUMP OF PINES WAS DARKLY STILL."

When they entered the long *salon*, music and gaiety were going on as usual, and by-and-by the letters were delivered to the greedy recipients. Three were handed to Rachel; two she read through, the third she only glanced at, and then, with a suppressed sigh, laid it aside. But when she had retired to her own little room for the night she took it out again from its envelope. A few scalding drops fell on to the thin foreign notepaper, blurring the writing and blotting out the sense. With a great effort she choked back her tears, and, throwing a light blue shawl over her shoulders, she stepped on to the balcony into which her window opened. It was a lovely summer night. The small crescent moon, just risen, was too young to afford any light, but the army of stars were glittering in bright array in the still, neutral-tinted sky. The ridge of near mountains loomed solemn and grand—the majestic outlines of the Grand Muveran only just discernible; the white crowns of his three companions were in shadow. The clump of pines near the hotel was darkly still. The rest of the view was shrouded in night's canopy.

A long time the figure in the white dress stood there, leaning against the balustrade as still as if she were carved in stone. Her tall, straight form, her classic head with its silky light hair, wound round and round it in massive coils, and her beautifully-chiselled features were profiled against the dark sky. There was no relaxation of any of the muscles, but the firm, thin lips and the determined chin were set with pain, and about the noble white brow were sorrowful but half-scornful lines, as of one who had fought and been worsted in life's battle. A deep sigh now and then, bursting from her overladen breast, were the only tokens of the struggle in which her soul was engaged.

A year ago Rachel Carlyon had been one of the foremost of the band of women-workers in East London. Strong, commanding, self-reliant, with a wonderful influence over human hearts, she was a tower of strength—trusted in and looked up to by all who were associated with her, whether men or women. The men regarded her as something more than a mere woman, and were content to rely implicitly on her far-seeing discrimination and unerring insight into character. The women, those who were double her age, as well as the young and inexperienced girls, alike deferred to her mature judgment and wise counsels. Before her indomitable spirit hydra-headed obstacles melted away like snow before the sun. All that she put her hand to prospered. Drunkards were reformed, the fallen were rescued, "men at her side grew nobler and girls purer." With Rachel Carlyon it was no case of having to wait to see the result of her labours. The seed she sowed in faith and hope grew into a plant before her very eyes; the seemingly dead tree put forth leaves and fruit.

All the large longings of her woman's nature had free vent. In spite of her calm exterior, her human sympathies were deep and boundless. The poor looked upon her as a veritable angel in human form. The helpless, the friendless, the destitute—these called forth her warmest, most powerful instincts, her pity and compassion. Since a girl of sixteen, she had kept this one object in view. Mission work in the East of London had been her lode-star—her goal. And when at twenty-two circumstances left her, comparatively speaking, her own mistress, she threw herself with all the zeal and energy of unconquered youth into the breach, and came forth the victorious leader of many a forlorn hope. To her it was life at its highest level—glorious, expansive, Christ-like. Its summary was only that of many another noble life—nay, of the noblest life ever lived on this earth—doing good.

Whether all this constant homage and success were good for her own individual spiritual growth may be open to doubt. She must have been more than mortal if she had been entirely free from any germs of self-exaltation; but her friends, at least, could see no blemishes of pride or conscious superiority. Some natures can stand the full glare of sunlight, and show no trace of its withering touch. Perhaps hers was one of them.

But through all the fibres of her being she was conscious that she was living at high pressure, and the more she was persuaded of it, the more feverish grew her self-devotion, the more indefatigable her exertions. If she fell, at least she would fall in the midst of the battle. The incessant strain to mind and body told at length, and at the end of six years a severe attack on the brain brought her to the very gates of the grave. She slowly struggled back again to life, and when she was sufficiently recovered the medical men sent her away from the scene of her labours, and ordered her entire rest for two years, advising her to spend the greater part of the time abroad. So as her great friend Ella Trelawney, with her husband and children and Mr. Trelawney's brother, were going to Switzerland for some months, Rachel accepted their warmly-pressed invitation, and joined them.

She was no longer an invalid, indeed to the eye of the casual observer she had completely regained her health; but the first doctors in London had told her the shock to the whole nervous system had been such she would never be equal to any concentrated mental effort again. And therein lay the great poignancy of her doom. Her lofty nature could soar above the bitterness of seeing another wear her crown and sceptre, and rule in her kingdom; but to her the keenest anguish of all was the being compelled to fall out of the ranks—to lie helpless, and watch her comrades marching past to victory. It is one of those worst trials which we only know once in our life. None but those who have experienced it can guess its intensity.

Slowly and painfully she had been learning to say "Thy will be done"; but this letter from one of her East-end fellow-workers, telling her about her former friends and occupations, had brought back all the ache and pain, and had plunged her into the thick of the conflict again. The magnificent strength of Nature, and her own utter helplessness and littleness in contrast, oppressed her. The mountains had stood in all their might since the beginning of the world. They had never been ordered to fall out of their serried ranks. The stars were glittering as brilliantly as they did long thousands of years ago.

"Oh, it isn't fair!" she murmured, in the exceeding bitterness of her soul. "Why should they, who are only so many masses of atoms and molecules of inanimate matter, be suffered to retain their grandeur and majesty, and I, an emanation of the Deity who created them all—I, with my powers of reason and intellect, be in slavery to these cells and tissues, the merest pitiful particles of organic substance?"

At another time answers in plenty would have come to her, but now she was swallowed up in the contemplation of her own sufferings. The strength of the everlasting mountains, and the undimmed throb of the stars, seemed to reproach her for her feebleness, and she rushed back into her room, closed the window, and threw herself on her knees beside her bed, in an agony of fervent supplication. A long time she wrestled for patience, but peace came at last, and a little later on rest to the tired body and soul in dreamless sleep.

Garçon knocking at her door with the can of hot water awoke her at seven o'clock the next morning. Eager to see what promise the weather gave for their projected picnic, she stepped out into the balcony. The sky was an exquisite Italian blue. The mysterious hush of the summer night still lay upon the mountains. The great Muveran and his companions looked unspeakably stately and grand, not a cloud on any of their summits, all drawn up in an unbroken phalanx, solemn and silent, like a great host at rest. While the far-off snow peaks of the Mont Blanc range, in their utter purity, might well have been a cordon of white angelic guardians, who had been keeping watch through the night, and during those still hours holding converse with the moon, and stars, and mystic beings of other worlds.

The transcendent loveliness of the view, and the fresh morning air, cast a calm on Rachel Carlyon's troubled spirit. Her pulses began to throb again in harmony with nature; the pain of last night was over, the soul-destroying doubt was gone. It was good to be alive in God's glorious world, with faith and hope, and a capacity to receive and to enjoy His good gifts. "Who am I to question His wise decrees?" she thought. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? Shall I, who am an heir of eternity, quarrel with these materialised conceptions, whose beauty and strength are limited only to time?"

She hastily dressed, and when she entered the *salle à manger*, Jack Trelawney came forward to greet her with the words—

"The fates are propitious at last! Did you ever see such a morning? I wish I was on the top of Chamossaire now."

"So do I. But where is Ella?"

"Oh, she'll be down presently. She's always late on these occasions. Claude is busy putting up the prog. He'll be here directly. I'd better order *café pour quatre*, as usual."

At nine o'clock they all set off, and a very picturesque party they made. The gentlemen, tall, good-looking young men, with the bearing and tread we are prone to think the peculiar prerogative of the well-born Englishman, dressed in light grey shooting jackets, knickerbockers, and dark stockings, and the girls in their pretty summer costumes, carrying alpenstocks. Jack and May Shadwell led the way. Had it not been for the Trelawneys she must have spent but a dull time, as her father and mother were both too invalidish to do more than take short strolls in the hotel garden, or as far as the sawmill. It was at Jack's request that she was constantly included in their party. In his opinion a pretty girl was an indispensable adjunct to a summer sojourn among the Alps; and, much as he admired and reverenced Rachel Carlyon, he was conscious of an immeasurable gulf between them which he had not the smallest desire to bridge over. Rachel and Claude Trelawney followed, and Mrs. Trelawney brought up the rear on a sorry Swiss steed, led by a Vaudois youth with an impenetrable countenance. Jeff and Amy were running after insects and flowers, and in their little minds scorning the idea of their ever being tired enough to wish for a ride beside their mother.

For several miles the road led up the mountain through a long forest of lofty pines, affording ravishing glimpses of Alpine meadows, bright with wild flowers, and miniature green valleys dotted over with pretty little Swiss châlets. In the far background was a glorious range of dazzlingly white mountains, one snowy shoulder of Mont Blanc being distinctly visible the whole way. The air was fragrant with the scent of the pines, and musical with the sound of rushing streams and the tinkling of cattle bells on the mountain-side. Overhead was one vast canopy of blue, beautiful to distraction.

Rachel Carlyon was constantly breaking out into raptures of admiration. It was her first visit to Switzerland, and if she had gone through its length and breadth, she could not have found a more exquisite spot. Her face wore no trace of last night's suffering, and the happy light of enthusiasm in her hazel eyes banished for the time the wistful look of pain her mouth so constantly wore. Her red sunshade and the bunch of scarlet poppies in her hat gave a dash of colour to her stone drab dress.

The August sun grew hotter as the day advanced, and when the party left the pine woods and came on to the open ground at the foot of Chamossaire, it beat down upon them in all its meridian fierceness. But some steps cut out of the short fine grass made the ascent as easy as going upstairs. Mrs. Trelawney decided to walk to the top, and although Jeff still scouted the idea of fatigue, he was willing to take his father's hand; and Amy's little flagging feet found a ride on Uncle Jack's back a very pleasant mode of ascending the mountain.

At length they all reached the cairn at the top, and sat down to enjoy the splendid Alpine panorama seen to-day in all its perfectness. Not a cloud on any of the mountain summits, save one of light, fleecy texture hovering round the majestic head of Mont Blanc, like some angel with outspread wings just preparing for upward flight. Close beside him were his attendant Aiguilles in their robes of spotless whiteness. Towering away towards the right stood the veteran Dent du Midi, calm and grand as ever, and on the left were the Dent de Morcles, with his two rocky fangs, the Dent Favre, the Little Muveran, soft and green, and the Great Muveran, like a veritable chieftain keeping all his clan in order. Then came the jagged Diablerets peaks, the silvery Argentines, the rugged Oldenhorn, and stretching far away into the horizon, rising peak after peak into the infinite blue, was the snowy Bernese Oberland range, the Jung Frau conspicuous by her tall and graceful spiral summit.

Even the blasé Jack condescended to approve and admire as he began pointing out the different peaks, with a slightly patronising air, to his companion. But Rachel sprang up and walked away a few steps to where Mrs. Trelawney was regaling the children with biscuits and lemonade.

"Ella," she whispered, sitting down beside her, "my soul is satisfied! I can say with the poet—

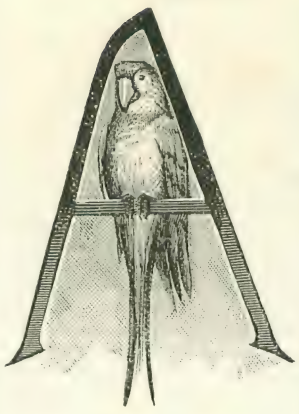
> 'God be praised
> For anguish which has tried,
> For beauty which has satisfied.'

One must needs know the ecstasy of pain fully to enter into the rapture of beauty. I never could have believed the world held such a wealth of loveliness."

"I am so glad you like it, dear. It is very beautiful; but I wish the sun weren't quite so hot. We shall be roasted if we stay up here."

Claude came up at this moment, and, yielding to his wife's remonstrances, and the general complaint of the heat and the flies, it was decided to continue their course, and picnic in a sheltered spot a few miles further on. Scrambling down one rough craggy side of Chamossaire, and then passing two small lakes embosomed in hills, Jack and the girls reached the third and most lovely, the Lac des Chavannes, lying hidden among the mountains, its waters a deep emerald green framed in a setting of pine-fringed heights. It was the very spot, of all others, for an Alpine picnic, as they all decreed when they were somewhat rested and refreshed by the welcome contents of the luncheon basket.

CHAPTER II.



An hour afterwards Rachel and Ella Trelawney were sitting side by side on the slope of one of the green hills just above the lake, sheltered from the sun's rays by a small detached cluster of pines. The men had gone to bathe. May Shadwell was sorting the wild flowers gathered in her pocket-handkerchief on Chamossaire, and the children were playing by the side of the water.

Almost before they knew it the conversation had turned on Rachel's work in East London.

"What I feel so terribly in giving it all up is the being no longer allowed to take my part in the great battle against evil. To know that sin, in all its heinousness, is going on unceasingly day and night, and I not there to lift a hand against it! We have only one life on this earth; only once, as far as we know, in all the ages of eternity, shall we be allowed to wrestle with the powers of darkness, to strive to snatch souls from their dominion." And there was a passionate quiver in Rachel's voice as she spoke.

"But does Sir Brook Street hold out no hope of your ever being able to go back? Not even after a good long rest?"

"Not the slightest. He said if I did I should be laid up again directly; and he would not answer for the consequences of a second brain attack. But think of giving up my life-work at twenty-eight! Think of my being condemned to merely vegetate like some animal or plant—some lower species of creation—for all the rest of my days! I, the heir of all the ages! Oh, Ella, you cannot guess what the prospect is to me! It is a living death."

Mrs. Trelawney pressed her hand in silent sympathy.

"But, dear," she said, presently, "are you sure you are looking at the trial quite in the right light? You know and I know that all things will work, if God so wills it, for our individual good. But besides that, is it right for us to think the steps of progress wait for our poor human efforts?

> "'The puny leverage of a hair
> The planet's impulse well may spare,
> A drop of dew the tided sea,'"

she quoted.

Rachel was silent. Ella saw she was struggling with rising tears.

"The battle is not lost because the general is struck down," she continued; "another takes his place and the fighting goes on. This breakdown in your health is surely a plain indication that there is some more important work waiting for you to do somewhere else."

"Important! Oh, Ella, I shall never be able to do anything but the merest child's work now."

"Ah, but how are we, with our short sight, to determine the relative grandeur of an action? The Eternal Eyes see things from a different point of view to what we do. In the whole course of His earthly life, our Lord never bestowed higher commendation on anyone than on the woman who had done what she could. You have done your utmost, and more than your utmost, and now some other form of work will be given you."

"But it seems like degrading me, if I may use the word, as if I must have been unfaithful in much; and so now I am put to do lower work."

"You must not trouble yourself on that score. Surely that is the whisper of pride which says, 'Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why bid me sweep the dust?' If we are set to lowly tasks and do them well, surely our reward will be as great as those who fulfilled the grander duties assigned them."

"You would have me be content with the 'work that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles,' for I can see your thoughts are running on Kingsley. But I'm afraid it will be a very long time before I can be content to crawl where I used to run." Then she added, trying to speak more cheerfully, "You see I've no home call in any direction. The boys have their own homes, and Anna has hers; and I'm just an old hulk cast up high and dry on the shore."

"You must not say that, Rachel, dear. I am sure yours will be a useful life wherever it is spent. Besides, someone may come by who will prize that wreck more than any sound ship in full sail."

"Oh, no, Ella. I refused all that sort o thing years ago," she replied, while a faint colour tinged her cheeks, as the memory of one day five years ago came back to her, when, in the plenitude of youth and self-devotion, she had proudly refused a good man's love, counting her work in London far nobler than the every day monotony of life with a man, she was pleased to think, intellectually and spiritually her inferior.

"I have had such a full and happy married life myself," Mrs. Trelawney went on, not noticing Rachel's remark, "that I cannot but wish you the same. I am old-fashioned enough to think it is woman's highest mission. I am sure it is her highest happiness."

"Forgive me, dear, if I say it seems to me only a tame and commonplace destiny," Rachel answered, with a touch of contempt in her tone. "The most frivolous and empty-pated of our sex always take refuge in marriage. To undertake a man is a sort of thing that comes within the meanest feminine capacity. Saving your presence, I have always viewed matrimony as a merciful resource for the weaker sisters."

Ella laughed with an air of superior knowledge. "But there are two ways of undertaking a man, as you call it. You may undertake him to his everlasting good, or to his eternal bane. But here come Claude and Jack. I suppose that means we ought to start. I see my stolid Vaudois has just finished his afternoon nap."

In a short time the procession was re-formed, and the return journey commenced. But when they reached the little hamlet of Brettaye, it was the generally expressed opinion that they would all be the better for a draught of the delicious Swiss milk. So while the two men went in search of it, the rest sat down on a bench outside one of the châlets to wait their return. As they reappeared with the quaint little pottery cups filled with milk, two dusty travel-stained strangers, dressed in mountaineering costume, turned the corner of the hut at the same moment. They both carried alpenstocks, and the elder of the two men wore a dark blue veil round his soft drab felt hat. At the sight of him Rachel gave a start of recognition. He at once took off his hat, and, advancing to her, held out his hand.

"You here, Miss Carlyon! This is an

"ROBES OF SPOTLESS WHITENESS."

unexpected pleasure; I had no idea you were in Switzerland!"

Jeff and Amy looked on in wide-eyed astonishment. Ella and her husband exchanged glances, and Jack and May Shadwell simultaneously asked one another, "Who is it?" Greetings and introductions followed. Captain Macpherson informed them that he and his friend were walking down to Aigle, and proposed that, as their road as far as Villars would be the same, they should join forces. But when the time came to start, a little delay was occasioned by Mrs. Trelawney finding that her horse's girthing must be attended to; she was sure the saddle was crooked and the straps wanted tightening. So Captain Macpherson and Rachel, both being good walkers, got on some way in front. At first, Rachel was a little *gêné* to find herself alone with the man she had refused five years ago; but his quiet, perfectly self-possessed manner soon set her at her ease, and she consoled herself with the reflection that he had no doubt long since forgotten his fancy.

It was now past three o'clock. The heat of the sun's rays had considerably abated and the flies had been left behind. Mountains and valleys, pines and pasture lands, were all suffused with a beautiful tender haze—a mingling of blue and pink and gold and grey, all blended into one mellow indistinguishable hue—only to be characterised as the colour of Rest. It is to be feared, however, that Rachel saw more of the stalwart form beside her than of the natural beauties by which she was surrounded. He was a tall, well-knit man, between thirty and forty, with a military bearing, iron-grey hair and moustache, and a kind and reliable, rather than a handsome, face. He had left the Indian army before he was thirty, and had settled down on a little property in Scotland. The small pearl shell he always carried in his pocket was constantly in requisition, as from time to time they stopped to quench their thirst at the little limpid rivulets running into the hollowed-out trunks of trees lying by the roadside.

Presently they came to a mountain slope thickly covered with flowering shrubs of small red rhododendron. Rachel uttered a cry of delight. They were the first Alpine roses she had seen. Captain Macpherson instantly plunged in among them, and as he handed her a carefully arranged bunch, observed—

"They will just match the colour of your parasol."

She gave him a smile of thanks as she fastened them in the front of her dress.

In a walk of six miles, when two people are talking incessantly the whole time, a good deal can be said. Rachel bore the brunt of the conversation, as her companion drew her to speak of her work in East London. It was a great relief to unburden herself to one who entered so heartily into all that had interested her so deeply, and sympathised so warmly in the bitterness of being obliged to relinquish it. He rose a hundred degrees in her estimation in consequence. At last, as they came within sight of Villars, he stopped and said—

"I think we had better wait till the rest come up. Shall we sit down here?" And drawing a macintosh cape out of his pocket he spread it on the bank, and when Rachel was seated he threw himself down beside her. Facing them, and framed by the near pines, was the Grand Muveran, like a great lion couchant reposing in the subdued afternoon sunshine.

For a few minutes they sat in silence, then Captain Macpherson said, referring to the last topic of conversation—

"You will feel quite stranded now without your mission."

"Oh, I do!" she answered, emphatically. "I feel like one with 'prospect and horizon gone.' My work was a profession to me."

"But the avenues of usefulness are never all closed to one at the same time. When one is shut there is sure to be an opening in another direction. Rachel," and she noticed a sudden thrill in his voice, "will you be vexed with me if I ask you once more to make *me* your mission? My love for you has never wavered by a hair's breadth. I would not press it upon you as long as I saw you felt you had a special call from heaven to spend your life and energies in East London. But now that your work there is ended, I think I have a right to urge my claim again. After all, is it possible to improve on the divine primeval law which decreed woman should be a helpmeet to man?" he asked, earnestly, as he stood before her with appealing voice and eyes.

Rachel plucked a tall white ox-eyed daisy that grew at her feet.

"But I think," she answered, with a faint smile, "I have been a help and a succourer not of one but of many men."

"Yes, I know you have; and I don't doubt but that many poor wretches have had reason to call you blessed. But the old law was that one woman should be a helpmeet to one man—his second and his better self! You are the only woman in the world I have ever asked or ever could ask to be my wife. Cannot you make marriage your vocation?"

"May I have a little time to consider?" she asked, humbly, looking up into his eyes, and wondering at her own unwonted meekness.

"I shall be here again on Friday. You may have till then," with a playful touch of authority.

"Hadn't I better write to you?"

"No. I will take my answer from your own lips. Besides, I can't give you any address. We are off to Zermatt to-morrow, and shall ascend Monte Rosa the next day. But, Rachel," taking both her hands in his, and looking straight down into her eyes, "will you grant me one little request? If you can give me any hope, will you wear these Alpine roses when I see you again on Friday, so that I may know my fate at the first glance."

The rest of the party now came up, and put an abrupt termination to the *tête-à-tête*. Captain Macpherson and his friend took their leave at Villars, with pressing invitations from the Trelawneys to visit them when they were again in the neighbourhood.

During the next two days Rachel subjected her innermost feelings and motives, her past and present life, to a searching investigation. Suffering and changed circumstances had strangely softened her views. Had Donald Macpherson really altered so much for the better? or was it that the scales of self-sufficiency and intoleration had fallen from her eyes, so that life with him in the lonely house on the shores of the Scotch loch wore a very different aspect now to what it had done in those far-off days, when the excitement of work and the incense of applause from grateful hearts were the meat and drink of her daily existence?

* * * *

On Friday afternoon Rachel met Captain Macpherson on the little bridge near the saw-mill. She wore the bunch of Alpine roses at her breast.

"SUFFUSED WITH A BEAUTIFUL TENDER HAZE."

A FAMILY OF COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

(A SHORT PAPER ON THE STUDY OF BOTANY.)

By "BEE ORCHIS."

THERE is a great satisfaction to be found in a thorough knowledge of your own neighbourhood. There are so many intelligent minds to whom circumstances deny the foreign travel for which they crave, who are a little inclined to fret at their small opportunities, quite ignoring the field of research which in some form or other lies at their very doors. The bird in the hand is neglected, while we turn wistful eyes towards the two on the bush, just out of our reach.

Few indeed are the educated girls who cannot command some leisure hours, and I do not believe there is any place where there is not some special interest to be found, although, of course, some are farther to seek than others.

In one of Mr. Walter Besant's more recent books he introduces a girl whose home was in the midst of the most prosaic business quarter of London, who in her walks sought out the old churches, and other landmarks, and re-peopled them with dreams of the authors, poets, and other great men who lived there before the tide of modern improvements and business bustle had crept up to it. No place is without its history: some battle has been fought, some treaty signed, some discovery made, some notable person has been born or buried in each, and any girl by a little study and pains may find an interest keen enough to drive away the demon of *ennui* from the most prosaic and humdrum of every-day lives.

Also, if we take an intelligent interest in things near at hand, it will sharpen our perceptions, so that when the wished for day of foreign travel does come, we shall be the better prepared to enjoy it. The knowledge of architecture picked up by studying the old parish church will heighten our enjoyment of the glorious proportions of some cathedral. The old Roman camp, of which we have traced the history to the best of our ability, will throw light on more renowned antiquities. The small flora of a commonplace neighbourhood, thoroughly known, will be the best of introductions when it is our happy lot to go where botanical treasures abound.

And it is of these natural productions that I wish particularly to speak. Perhaps you may live near quarries, where fossils may be found; perhaps in the fens, where the ditches abound with freshwater shells, little fishes, and curious water plants; perhaps by the sea, where on the most barren of beaches the waves yield treasures of weed and shell, the collecting and classifying of which will be a lasting pleasure. If this last is the case, do not take your sea air by strolling along the smooth parade among fashionably dressed people, but put on your oldest boots, tuck up your skirts, and go down on the shore at low tide, where sea anemones, shells of many kinds, and comical little crabs will await you.

The pinkish-brown shrimp may be very nice when boiled to eat with bread and butter, but he is far more interesting shooting about in his natural semi-transparent state in some rock-pool; and to the close observer there are further treasures of zoophites and coralines, which a careless passer-by would never notice.

I think that there is some danger, now that active games are so popular with girls, that these more intellectual pursuits may be overlooked. Tennis is delightful, but the girl who has made it her main recreation is apt to feel flat, not to say cross, if she is staying where there are no courts, if no young companions are at hand to play with, or if some physical weakness has rendered such active exercise undesirable for her. Besides, tennis gives no pleasant occupation for the rainy days that will come, while to the student of natural science there are always specimens to arrange or draw (which is a better plan than pressing plants, if you can sketch and colour them accurately), and their histories to look out in your books of reference.

It will, perhaps, explain the kind of pursuit which I am advocating if I describe to you one of the branches of my particular hobby which has given me a large amount of pleasure and interest. It has fallen to my lot to live among the ranges of chalk hills, whose abrupt cutting off along the coast line form the white cliffs which, many centuries ago, earned for our island the name of Albion. Over these downs, with their soft and cushiony outlines, you may ride for miles without seeing a human habitation, and hardly a bush or a tree. Bleak and barren they look in the winter, but in the summer-time the close turf is one mass of wild flowers; and these, in default of human ones, I have learned to look upon as honoured neighbours, to be visited in their own abodes, and brought to visit us, where they occupy vases upon, instead of chairs around, the social board, as friends of our own species would do. Amongst these guests none are more welcome than the family named collectively *Orchidaceæ*. I rank no less than twenty members of it among my intimate friends, and some of these I hope to introduce to my readers.

First of all there is the early purple orchis (*Orchis mascula*.) This is not so particular about the soil in which it grows as many of the others, but is common throughout England, its star of rank, purple-stained leaves pushing through the dead leaves in many a wood, side by side with the earliest primroses; and its tall clusters of red-purple flowers mingling with cowslips, bluebells, and campions in the garlands and maypoles of the village children. For the pretty custom of carrying these around on May Day has not quite died out, although it is fast disappearing before the march of education, and we are told, "Schoolmistress calls it genteel begging."

Shakespeare writes of the early orchis as "long purples," a name probably more appropriate to the specimens grown in the deep soil of the Avon valley, than to those upon our wind-swept hilltops, where only a few inches depth of soil clothes the solid chalk rock.

The green-winged meadow orchis (*Orchis morio*) comes into blossom soon after the early purple, which it much resembles, but the colour is of a deeper, richer violet, and the cluster of flowers of a wider, blunter form. Also its scent is particularly pleasant, somewhat resembling violets, while that of mascula is disagreeable. This also is fairly common, and appears to like sand quite as well as chalk. I have seen low-lying meadows absolutely purple with it, and among so many you are sure to find specimens of creamy white, and of a delicate rose-pink spotted with crimson. This is the only orchis which is given to such vagaries of colouring.

The commonest orchis of all is, I think, the spotted (*Orchis maculata*). In June and July it is as common as dandelions in spring; every hedgerow, grassy bank, and copse is full of it. It varies very much with the situation, being white and slender under the trees, purple and sturdy upon the hillside.

Another well-known variety is the fragrant orchis (*Orchis conopsea*), but it is rather more local. Once fairly established, it grows in great profusion, covering the chalky banks with its sturdy spikes of reddish-lilac blossoms. It is easily distinguished by the very long spur and narrow, unspotted leaves. The dwarf dark-winged orchis (*Orchis ustulata*) is much rarer—indeed, I grieve to say that the last few seasons it has entirely disappeared from the only station in this neighbourhood where we ever found it; but I am told that it is still fairly abundant on the downs near Lewes.

It is a small but very pretty flower, the buds of so dusky a crimson as to have earned the name of the "burnt tip," The lip is white, and delicately spotted with red.

The pyramidal orchis (*Orchis pyramidalis*) we find in various pastures and hedge-banks; it is not nearly so common as the fragrant, which it somewhat resembles in its plain green leaves and long spur, but the flowers of the pyramidal are of a deep, rosy purple, and the flower-heads much more dense and compact. It blooms later in the season than most of its relatives, and to me is always associated with the deep, ultramarine blue of the round-headed rampion (*Phyteuma obiculare*), a flower peculiar to the chalk-hills of southern England, with the ox-eye daisy, yellow bedstraw (*Gallium verum*), dwarf thistle (*Carduus acaulis*), yellow-wort (*Chlora perfoliata*), and all the other flowers which make our hillsides so gorgeous in July and August.

Marsh and water plants are rarities in this high and dry region; but there is one small meadow in which they are to be found. This is not on the chalk, but on the lower green-sand, and is bounded on one side by a swiftly-flowing stream. Here grow the cotton rush, the white fringed buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), the bog pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), with its dainty pink flowers, and better still, the marsh orchis (*Orchis latifolia*). It is very like the sturdier specimens of the spotted, but the long purplish bracts are far more conspicuous, and the whole plant of a ranker, coarser growth.

In the summer of 1884 I was in this meadow with some schoolgirl visitors, when one brought me a spike of odd-looking, drooping buds, and I was delighted to recognise the marsh epipactis, a single specimen of which had been sent me from Essex the year before. Quite a large patch of it grows in the swampiest corner of the meadow, which happily is far removed from the high road. I took a specimen of it to an old gentleman, who is the great local authority on botany. He was at first almost speechless with delight, never having seen a specimen in this district before; and "he always had said that it ought to grow here!" By what law, he did not explain.

The marsh epipactis (*Epipactis palustris*) is a slender plant, from six inches to a foot high, its leaves tinged with purple, and the upper part of the flower a purplish red, with a large, creamy-white lip, spotted and notched all round the edge.

It is a far prettier plant than the broad epipactis (*Epipactis latifolia*), with its tall spike of dingy green blossoms. This is a commoner plant, growing in many woods and shady places; but it is so inconspicuous as to be easily passed by.

Under the beechwoods with which many of the northern slopes of the downs are covered, the large helleborine (*Cephalanthera grandiflora*) is to be found in considerable quantities,

sometimes growing to nearly three feet in height. The leaves are so broad as more to resemble those of Solomon's seal than an orchis; the flowers are cream white, and seldom more than one is expanded on each stalk.

The tway blade (*Listera ovata*), with its pair of broad, ribbed leaves, is exceedingly common, not only in the woods, but on the open down. The whole plant, stalk, leaves, and flowers, is of one uniform bright green. As children we used to call this the "man orchis," and fancy, with a slight strain on the imagination, that the flower resembled the human figure; but when you have once seen the true man orchis (*Aceras anthropophora*) there is little fear of again confounding it with the tway blade. Here the little man is perfect, head, arms, and legs, just such a figure as you would cut out of paper to amuse a small child. The flowers are of a pale yellowish-green, and the leaves much like those of the fragrant orchis.

The frog orchis (*Habenaria viridis*) is another dull green, insignificant plant, sometimes shaded with purple. The likeness to a frog is very faint indeed, and it is perhaps more sensible to call it the green habenaria. It is not common; but we know of several stations where we may expect to find it each returning season.

The British orchid which has least claim to beauty is the bird's nest (*Neotia nidus-avis*). At the first glance it looks like the parasitic broom rapes found in clover-fields. It has a dry, scale-covered stalk, and flowers shaped like those of the brighter orchids, but of a dull brown colour. There are no leaves, but the stalk rises from a thick cluster of fleshy fibres —the "bird's nest," from which it takes its name. It grows in shady woods, but is decidedly rare.

I had an impression that the musk orchis (*Herminium monorchis*) might be found on our hills, and for several summers we searched likely localities for this pretty little delicate green plant, but in vain. At last we heard a rumour that it had been found, twenty years back, on a certain hillside about six miles away, so with a brother and sister I rode on horseback to the spot, and looking carefully among the sheep-trodden grass we were soon pleased to find two poor little specimens. Then we made our way through a narrow copse to the edge of the cornland, and there on a grassy bank we came suddenly on the most beautiful display of orchids that I ever saw growing together.

The musk orchis was in profusion, and many fine bee orchises, besides the commoner kinds. We dismounted and filled the crowns of our hats; and here let me remark that a hard felt hat is not to be despised as a substitute for the orthodox botanical tin case, that is if you have a mind above caring for probable spiders in your hair.

There was a little mild grumbling when I pressed the fraternal hat into this service, about my being responsible for his having "a bee in his bonnet," and what should he do if he met an acquaintance? This was a very unlikely thing to happen in this thinly-populated region, and the specimens confided to him reached home without any mishap.

I have referred to the bee orchis (*Ophrys apifera*). It is fairly common, and I think is my favourite of all. The resemblance to the velvety brown body of a bee is perfect, and the pale mauve sepals pass very fairly for wings. One summer, in the boggy meadow above mentioned, on a little dry hillock, we found a perfect bed of bee orchids, no less than twelve flower-heads in about four feet square. One of these was quite a giant, eighteen inches high, with six flowers fully out, and four buds besides. The bees were humble bees for size and plumpness, and most gladly did we bring it home and paint its portrait, but left its smaller brethren to fulfil their part in the propagation of their species.

It was in the fear that the spider orchis would be exterminated that we were asked to promise to dig up no roots before the exact spot where it grows was confided to us. It is said to grow abundantly near Dover, but here it is very rare; and it was a great pleasure to find a few specimens among the long grass of a rough pasture, where the great black working oxen of a neighbouring farm were grazing after their day's work.

The spider orchis (*Ophrys aranifera*) is a smaller, slighter plant than the bee; the lip is brown with yellow markings, curiously like those large tortoiseshell spiders which hang in their great webs among the gorse bushes on dewy autumn mornings.

The butterfly orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*) is to be found in much the same situations as the large helleborine, and grows finest in very shady spots. It is a beautiful flower, white, shaded to greenish yellow, the spur almost transparent; but it needs an exceedingly vivid imagination to trace any likeness to a butterfly. The scent is very sweet, and almost overpoweringly strong when many are together. One very warm day, in a wood of low thick hazel bushes, we caught the scent of butterfly orchids, and followed it up for several yards, until we found the flowers.

A little three-year-old friend of mine once had a fly orchis (*Ophrys mucifera*) shown her by her father, and exclaimed at once, "It's a buzz-fly, daddy!" which shows that in this case there is a very obvious resemblance in the plant to the insect after which it is named. It blooms rather early in the season, and is fairly plentiful in shady places. It is a very slender plant, often crooked and bending with its own weight. The sepals are green, the lip a very dark velvety brown, marked with a curious double spot of blue-grey.

The latest of all the British orchids to blossom is the little "ladies' tresses" (*Spiranthes autumnalis*), evidently having received its English name when the hair of ladies was stiffly curled and powdered. It shows its unobtrusive spike of tiny white flowers and greyish-green leaves in all sorts of unexpected places in August and September, literally "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," for the perfume is both strong and pleasant.

Such is one family of our vegetable neighbours. There are many and larger families which may be traced out in the same way; but let me exhort any readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who take up this pursuit of botany to be very careful in one particular. It seems to me such a fatal mistake for botanists to pick all the flowers when they find a rare plant, or worse still, to dig it up root and all, that it may dwindle away a wretched life in a town garden, or form a perfect specimen in their collections of dried plants. It is nice to own such, certainly, but it is a decidedly selfish pleasure when we remember that slowly and surely so many of the rarer species of British plants are disappearing from their native haunts.

I remember reading in the biography of a good and wise man, that as a boy he would stop and study some rare wild flower, saying that it was "too beautiful to pick!" In the same spirit we can look at them where they grow, and only pick such specimens as we and our botanically inclined friends really need. For this is a very sociable pursuit—specimens and ideas can be freely interchanged, and such conversation is a vast improvement on the usual style of girlish gossip. It also gives such a definite object to your walks, and even near towns there are often neglected corners where modest little wild flowers may be found. I have spent as happy hours hunting for specimens in a brickyard in a London suburb as in the sweetest and freshest of country spots.

Above all, it has a freshening and bracing effect on the mind, and enables you to lay aside small worries, and to do your duty cheerily in whatever place in which your lot may have fallen, remembering the fact that Archbishop Trench so well expresses in his lines—

"Thou camest not unto thy place by accident,
It is the very place God made for thee."

MEG'S DEFENCE OF STAINTON HALL.

AN EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

My great nephews and nieces have asked me to tell them about their grandmother when she was a girl in the troublous times when King Charles I. was on the throne. As they play in the park with their cousins, and I hear their merry voices, I look back for nearly forty years, and again I see the park filled with the Roundheads, whilst with a few faithful followers we held the place till Prince Rupert came to our aid. Ah, me! it seems but yesterday that I was sitting in the oriel window of the south parlour, when my father came in from the town, his face very grave and stern. Margaret was laughing at the tricks of her little spaniel, but she rose as my father came in.

"What is the matter, daddy?" she said. "Has the bay mare fallen lame?"

"I would it were the mare," said Sir Thomas; and then Meg and I knew that something dreadful had happened. Indeed, it was news of a great event. His Majesty had set up his standard at Nottingham, and the great war was begun which lasted for so long.

I was ever a weak and nervous girl, but Meg was different; she would have made a better boy than a girl, we always said, not that my sister was ever anything a maiden should not be. Our father, Sir Thomas Asheton, had been much at the Court in his youth, and his only son was then with the King. I think I wept when I heard the news from the North, but Meg declared, with flashing eyes, that she would she were Guy.

In a few weeks came the news of the battle of Edgehill, and after that we were for ever hearing tidings of the war. Guy was still with His Majesty; and though several of our village lads went to join the Royal standard, all was as quiet and peaceful in the village as if no great struggle were taking place in the country.

It was after Marston Moor that Sir Thomas joined the King's forces, taking with him a score of brave young fellows. Alas! how few of them returned to Stainton.

He was loath to leave us alone, but our home was not in a part of the country likely to be attacked; at least, we thought so then, but a

few months later we found out our mistake. I was in the still-room one beautiful May morning, when Meg came in from a ride with flushed cheeks.

"Dolly," she said, "there is a small troop of horse coming over the hills. I have sent Tom Hedger to see who they are."

And even as she spoke old Simon the butler came in, his ruddy face white with terror. "'Tis the Roundheads, sure enough!" he said, and he looked to me for orders. Though I was the elder—three years older than Margaret—I looked to her for help, she was so brave and fearless. She was standing by the window in her habit, her whip grasped tightly in one hand, while the sun made her hair shine like gold.

"What shall we do, Meg?" I gasped; but she was quite calm.

"Hold the hall for the King!" she said, clearly; "we have food in plenty, and Simon is an old soldier."

"It is madness!" I exclaimed; we are so few." But the wilful girl took no heed. She and Simon were deep in some consultation, and when I looked up again the old man was gone and I was alone. In a few minutes Betty, my little maid, came in with the news that the old people from the village were coming up to the hall with their cows and pigs, and that Mistress Margaret had given old Simon the charge of the garrison, and that he was looking over the armoury with the head keeper. I went out into the hall, where I found quite a large company assembled. Mr. Johnson, the chaplain, was there, and several of the old village women. Meg came in presently, and told us that Simon thought we could hold out till help came.

"The rebels will be here in twenty minutes," she said; "they are even now in the park."

Till then I had hoped they would pass us by, but now there seemed but little hope for us, although I know Meg felt otherwise.

She had great faith in the good cause, but after what happened —— but there, that is neither here nor there, and I know, children, you will be wondering why old Aunt Dorothy does not come to the part about the siege.

As you all know, our dear old home was partly surrounded by a moat, that part having been built by old Sir Guy, the crusader, who is buried in the parish church; his tomb you can still see, but the Roundhead troopers broke off the nose of the statue. That side of the house was, we thought, the most secure. In a few minutes the Roundhead captain rode up to the gate, and asked to see the master of the house. Then, hearing that Sir Thomas was with the King, he said he must see me.

Meg and I were in the hall when Simon ushered in the man; he was a short personage with a long face, and was followed by a tall, sour-looking Puritan. Neither of them had removed his hat, and, in reply to our stately greeting, the first nodded his head, in what I thought a most insolent manner.

I felt the blood rush into my face when he demanded us to give up the house to him, to be held for the Parliament, forsooth!

"In the absence of our father," I said, "we cannot consent to any such thing."

"We hold the house for His Majesty," added Meg, proudly. And there was a pause, and the tall man muttered something about the "house of Ahab." Then they consulted together, and the first speaker continued, "We have our orders from the general to take this house, so you had better submit calmly."

"You can tell your general that the daughters of Sir Thomas Asheton will give up his house to no one in his absence," said Margaret, and the Roundheads were fain to retire.

Then followed a terrible time; the rebels were determined to take the house, and on our part we were as determined to prevent them. Our garrison was very small, but all worked with a will. The Reverend Mr. Johnson took a musket and joined the men; Margaret was in and out all day, encouraging our men; she had stuck a pair of pistols into an old belt of my father's, and as she went about among the old people in the hall, cheering them with kindly words and glances, she seemed to my eyes a very Amazon. The assailants had a small cannon with them, and twice a ball struck the house. I kept my maid by me in the chaplain's room, helping me to load the muskets, for the fire from the enemy was very brisk, and we could spare none of our men for this work.

As the evening came on, the firing ceased; but we dared not sleep for fear of a night attack. As soon as we knew that a siege was intended, Meg had sent off one of the grooms on our quickest horse to summon aid, so that we were determined to hold out as long as powder lasted.

The next morning the firing again commenced, and the rebels made a breach in the outer wall on the north side. The cattle and horses brought in by the village people were in the central court, which I visited in the afternoon. I hardly saw my sister all day; she was on the wall directing the fire, Betty told me, and I could only wait and pray. Many of the village women were sick with terror as they heard the firing, and once a ball fell into the room where we were assembled. One of our brave defenders was shot in the shoulder, and I was busy tending him, when Margaret came in. I should hardly have recognised her. She was very pale, with a stern, set look on her face, and her hands were black with powder; her golden hair had fallen round her shoulders.

"They have gained the outer court," she said, "and now it is only a question of time."

"Is there no hope?" I gasped, and the women gathered round us, awe-struck. Margaret looked round at them.

"We can hold the wall, I think," she said; "but we must all work. I have come to ask if anyone will go up on to the tower to keep a look-out for help. None of the men can be spared."

Two girls immediately volunteered, and went to their post. Margaret would not stay. "I think my presence encourages the men," she said.

"Do you think help is coming?" I asked her, as she was leaving the room.

"Jones must have fallen in with some of our troops," she replied, "and they will hasten here as soon as they know." And she was gone again. I could not rest, and when I had seen the women at work loading the muskets, which they handed to the men, I went up on to the tower to look for the help which seemed so long in coming. Below I could hear the shouts of the combatants; then the assailants raised their voices in a psalm tune. I seated myself on a bench which my father had placed there for an outlook, while one of the girls stood up by the flag-staff, an open mark for the enemy; but, to do them justice, they did not take direct aim at women. Presently she turned round with a cry of joy.

"Here they come!" she cried, "there, over the hill!" With an exclamation of thanksgiving, I rose and looked in the direction in which the girl pointed. There, in the crimson light of the setting sun, I saw the shining steel of our brave men's breastplates and their bright scarves, showing plainly on whose side they were. I lost no time when I had satisfied myself as to who they were, but ran downstairs as fast as my lameness would allow me. I did not pause in the hall, but went out into the court to find my sister. She was up by the wall, but she turned when she saw me, and came to my side.

"What is it, Doll?" she exclaimed.

"We are saved!" I cried; "*there is a* small troop of horse on the way."

"Thank God!" she said; "it is time; they are pressing us hard, and Simon is down. The men are beginning to lose heart, too," she added, and then returned to her post. In a few minutes she came into the hall where I was tending old Simon.

"Mr. Johnson has sent me in," she said, seating herself by the fireplace; "our men are fighting like Trojans, but the Roundheads have nearly forced an entrance."

What happened during the next few minutes I can hardly tell. I was trying to persuade Meg to take some food, when a shadow fell across the floor, and I saw a face at the window; it was the sour-faced Puritan, and behind him were two other men. They had attacked us in the rear. I think I must have fainted, for I only remember seeing Meg spring forward, pistol in hand, and then a confused murmur of voices. Afterwards old Simon told me what had happened. He was wounded in the thigh, so he could not rise, but the other wounded man managed to stagger to his feet and join his young mistress. One of the women (the keeper's wife it was) rushed forward with a musket she had just loaded; the villain in the window fired, narrowly missing my dear sister, and then staggered back with a ball in his heart. The other man pushed on, and was into the room before Hodge could discharge his piece; but Meg, snatching the musket from the woman, barred his way.

At that moment the door was burst open, and the Roundhead, dropping his pike, made off as fast as he could, but the new-comers stopped him, and I came to myself in time to see my sister lying on the ground, with a young Cavalier bending over her. I sprang up and knelt by her side. "Is she killed?" I asked, but I was reassured the next moment, for the stranger rose, and, taking off his hat, answered, "No, madam; 'tis only a swoon." And the keeper's wife brought some brandy, with which she wetted my brave girl's lips, and in a minute or two she sat up, looking rather confused as she met the stranger's gaze of admiration.

"Meg," I exclaimed, "we are saved!"

"Yes," said the stranger, "we arrived in time to drive those scoundrels away. As we rode into the court and drove the rebels out, I heard the report of a pistol in the house, and came in, hoping to be of use, but you, madam," he said, turning to Meg, "were quite equal to that cowardly Roundhead. My name is Roger Wentworth, a cornet in Prince Rupert's Horse; his Highness is even now in the court; we met your messenger last night, and hastened to your relief."

Then a very tall gentleman came in and complimented us on the noble way we had defended the hall.

"The King shall hear of it," he was pleased to say. Then his Highness told us that he was coming our way when Jones met him. As Master Wentworth had letters from our father, in which he desired us to go to join him at Oxford, Master Roger Wentworth would be our escort, the letter said.

Prince Rupert would not stay all night; he only waited to sup, and then rode on, leaving a score of men to garrison the hall. Margaret was worn out with watching, and went to her room as soon as she had seen the Prince leave the door.

I was left to entertain the young cornet. He was a handsome young fellow, and had only lately joined the troop. He said he was a great friend of Guy's. But although he was most attentive to me, and answered all the questions I asked him, yet I could see he was looking for Margaret.

"I shall never forget seeing her oppo-

site that great brute of a Roundhead," he said; "she looked like an avenging angel!"

And with that I could not but agree.

The next morning we started on our journey to Oxford, which we performed on horseback. Meg was a fearless rider, but I preferred riding pillion behind a staid old sergeant. Roger did all he could to make our journey pleasant, but I think the slow march would have tried his patience had not Margaret been by his side. We were obliged to go by very circuitous routes, to avoid the enemy.

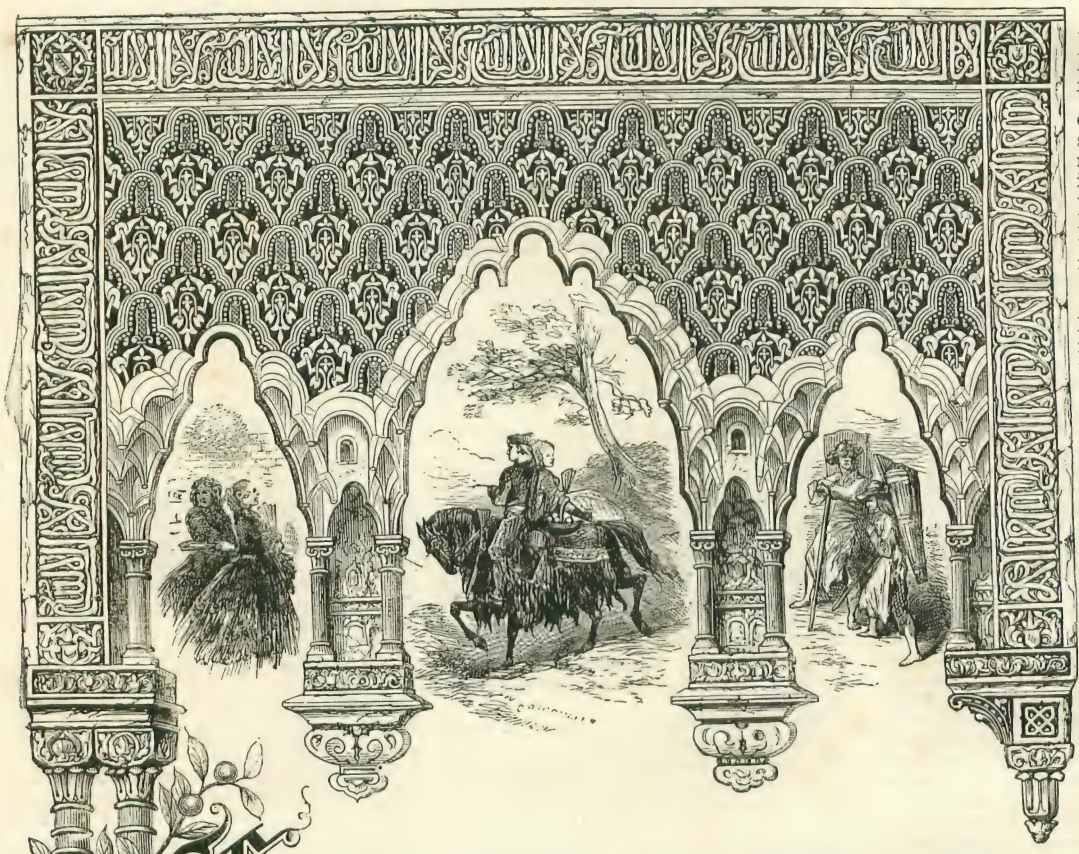
How well I remember riding into Oxford late one afternoon! My father had come out to meet us, and we rode in together through the gateway. The Queen had heard of our siege, and she sent for us that evening, and Meg was quite the heroine of the day; but I think she cared more for my father's praise and Roger's admiration than for all the compliments of the gentlemen about the Court.

You children know what happened afterwards, and how your dear Uncle Guy was killed on Naseby field, and Meg and I lived on alone at the old Hall, till your grandfather came and took my sister away, and I went to live with my old aunt till the Restoration, when Roger and Margaret came home to the dear old Hall, where I have lived ever since.

ESK.

OUR FIRST QUARREL.

By C. N. CARVALHO, Author of "Our Conny."



FOR months before we were married I made Percy promise to take me to Spain for our wedding trip. I had always had a strong desire to see that country, and, besides, I wanted to do something different from what is usually done by newly-married couples. I therefore steadily refused to visit either Paris or Switzerland. What did I want with Paris? I had spent a whole year at school there, and had no pleasant recollections connected with it. And as to Switzerland—everybody went there; I would have none of it.

"A tour in Spain will cost an awful lot of money, little woman," Percy rejoined, when I gave him my views on the matter. "I think it would be wiser to do as people in our circumstances generally do, Netta, and not try to cut out our neighbours."

"Nonsense!" said I, mindful of the everlasting talk about settlements that had been dinned into my ears for the last few weeks, and feeling, for the first time, a certain pride and satisfaction in having an income of my own. "What does it matter what it costs? We only take a wedding trip once in our lives. Let us enjoy ourselves. I hate Paris, I tell you; and as for Switzerland ——"

"Oh, don't say anything against Switzerland," Percy interrupted. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life as when I went there with Laurie and Wraxall, those two Oxford friends of mine, you know. I should like to see some of the old places again very much."

Would he? I did not wish to see any place where he had enjoyed himself without me. Without me; it was inconceivable! His words strengthened my determination not to set foot in Switzerland. It was useless to argue with me. I had made up my mind to go to Spain, and nothing would turn me from it.

And, as in those days Percy always gave me my own way, to Spain we went.

Having from my childhood been accustomed to pass weeks at a time on board my father's yacht, the sea had no terrors for me, and I insisted on going to Gibraltar in the P. and O. steamer. Percy had no love for that mode of travelling, but I assured him he would find it far more agreeable than being shut up in a hot railway carriage. I always look back on my yachting excursions with pleasure. Was it not on board the *Sea Mew* that I first met Percy? We had put into Stornoway for provisions or repairs, I forget which now, and a Mr. Angus, an old friend of ours who lived in that neighbourhood, hearing of our arrival, brought down four or five young men who were staying with him to see the yacht. We asked the whole party to lunch on board, and then —— But never mind all that.

One special attraction the sea route possessed in my eyes, was that we should go direct to our destination. If we went by land we should have to stay in Paris, and once there, who knows, I might be induced to remain, or perhaps be carried off to Switzerland after all.

We passed some very pleasant days on board the steamer, though I was sorry to find it very full. I cared for no society but that of Percy. But to my discomfiture, he found our fellow-passengers very attractive, and, as the weather was fine and the sea calm, spent a great deal of time laughing and chattering with a lot of pretty girls—dreadful flirts—who were on their way out to India. He was so unnecessarily attentive and polite to them that I took no pains to conceal my opinion of their behaviour.

At Gibraltar the real work of our journey

THE GREAT MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

began. Percy had had too much on his hands of late to be able to study maps or guide-books. He left all that to me, and, as I have no head for things of that kind, I fear we set out without any definite route having been laid down. So we wandered hither and thither, remaining at a place if it chanced to please us, and if not, leaving it in a few hours. At intervals we telegraphed home, reported all well, and asked for news or money—in which latter case we had to appoint a place where letters might be sent—but otherwise we held no communication with the outer world.

From Gibraltar we went to Malaga, and thence to Granada, where at last my dreams were realised. I shall not attempt to describe the Alhambra, nor to give an account of our various expeditions into the vicinity. I will only say that to me it all seemed the perfection of loveliness. No Swiss scenery, I was very sure, could surpass the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and certainly nowhere in that much-vaunted paradise of beauty could be found architecture to vie with this Moorish palace. Percy used to shake his head when I said these things, and assure me I should change my mind when once I had seen the Alps; but I would not believe it.

We had been warned by more than one friend that we were visiting Spain a little too late in the year, and that we should find the heat very oppressive, but here, at a delightful hotel, some three thousand feet above the sea, it did not trouble us. Groves of trees afforded us a shady retreat, and the air was deliciously soft and balmy. Flowers grew in luxuriance all around, adding by their perfume a charm hitherto unknown to me. I revelled in the gorgeous colouring of the landscape, the deep blue of the sky, the crystal clearness of the air. The very shadows, black as night, had a peculiar fascination for me; I had never, I felt, known what a shadow was till now. To sit and watch the movement of the crowd in their gay and varied costumes was my delight. It was like taking part in an ever-changing picture, only the scene was more life-like than has yet been transferred to canvas.

Our days glided by like a dream—a long dream of bliss. My cup of happiness was full. Alone with my beloved husband in this enchanting scene, sorrow and care seem banished from the world. In every sense there was no cloud in the sky.

We lingered so long in Granada that the month of June was well advanced when, after making a détour to Seville, we shifted our quarters to Cordova. As usual, we had made no plan, and I feared to speak to Percy on the subject lest he should show a desire to return to England. The expression of satisfaction that would steal over his face whenever he chanced to find a copy of the *Times* in the hotel reading-room, told me that his home life had strong attractions for him. However, he said nothing. He knew I wished to stay, and for him my will was law.

It was at Cordova the first note of discord was struck. It had been a glorious day—a day of intense heat. We had gone over to the cathedral, and spent the morning there wandering up and down the countless aisles and transepts, and losing ourselves in the bewildering thicket of marble columns that support the roof, at each step finding some new beauty to arrest our attention. According to our custom, we had declined the services of a guide, preferring to examine the place by ourselves. I liked to hear from Percy of the curious changes the building had gone through, and the strange legends connected with it; while from another such details were dull and uninteresting. But at length, wearied out, we sat down on a bench near the Orange Court, and sank into silence.

To-day, for the first time, I felt oppressed by the splendour and brilliancy around me. The scorching glare seemed to dry up the life-blood in my veins. On our way from the hotel, the sun, early as was the hour, had poured down like a stream of liquid fire, and now, at high noon, I shrank from encountering its fierce rays. It was in vain my husband reminded me that it was long past our usual hour for returning home. My head throbbed painfully, and I was longing to lie down; but I would not move, and at each appeal only raised my weary eyes and begged him to linger yet a while.

But when at last there was a little shade on one side of the narrow street, Percy, speaking in a tone of authority he had never used to me before, insisted on taking me back to the hotel. His manner pained me, though by this time I was quite willing to go. He put his arm round me, and half led, half carried me to the entrance of the church, where he called a carriage and we drove home.

"We must get out of this, Netta," he said to me, a little latter, finding I was quite unequal to going down to dinner, or indeed to taking anything at all. "This heat is killing you. You are used to the sea, and you need pure, bracing air. I shall take you away as soon as you can travel."

I made no rejoinder, for the pain in my head was agonising. The sea—it was cruel to talk of the sea. A vision of green, curling waves urged forward by the breeze seemed to flit before my eyes. I almost felt them deluging my long hair with their cool, salt spray, and then the pain, like a red hot sword thrust through my brain, returned and stupefied me. The sea. Ah, yes, to be on the sea; or, better, in the sea, deep down, where no ray of sunlight could penetrate; there, indeed, I might find rest.

I may have uttered some of these incoherent words—I cannot tell. Percy looked at me with frightened eyes, and muttered something about fetching a doctor. Signing to him to throw the long window curtain over the balcony, that I might get more air, I sat up

and pressed my hand over my brow. I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing. He came back to my side presently with a basin of iced eau de Cologne and water, with which to bathe my temples. The cool touch relieved me for the moment, and made me feel more collected; and soon, with his hand tightly clasped in mine, I fell asleep.

My slumber was neither sound nor refreshing. For hours I was tormented by confused and painful dreams, broken by the incessant clatter in the streets. The rattling of wheels and the strange cries seemed endless. Then an unfamiliar voice sounded in my ear, and I felt someone take my hand, from whose touch I shrank in terror. I tried to ask who it was, but the power of speech had gone from me. I could not even move; I felt spellbound.

I scarcely knew when morning dawned, for I had begged to have every ray of light excluded, and the darkness was profound. I woke with a strange feeling of languor and weariness, but the pain was gone. My husband was moving about the room softly, and I called to him. He came to my bedside in a moment and kissed my cheek.

"You are better, dearest," he exclaimed, joyfully. "I can hear it in your voice. My little Netta, what a fright you have given me. Let me have a gleam of light, darling. I want to look at you."

"Only a very little," I answered, languidly. "Yes, I am better, I think, but I feel as if I had been ill for a month. What has been the matter with me? I never had such a headache before?"

"A touch of the sun, the doctor says. Ah, you did not know I had a doctor to see you last night. We were both as quiet as mice. He would not let you be disturbed. He said sleep was the best possible thing for you. You are to keep quiet to-day, Netta, and to-morrow, if it is safe for you to move, we start for home."

I frowned. I did not like to have things settled for me in this arbitrary fashion. But I was too weak to argue the point, so I said nothing. Taking my silence for acquiescence, Percy began forthwith to arrange my trunk; for which, as it proved later, he showed no special talent. Presently the doctor was announced. He was a pleasant young man, an Englishman, though he appeared to think it a duty to speak his native language with a strong Spanish accent. He desired us to be off without loss of time, as the heat would increase daily. If I would go by a night train, and so avoid all exposure to the sun, I could travel safely. But till I was ready to set out I must not leave the house.

"It is quite against my interests to bid you be gone, Mrs. Elphinstone," he added, seeing my look of dismay. "I should have you on my hands for weeks otherwise. And in the summer I get so few English patients," I heard him murmur *sotto voce* as he took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, and we had taken a light breakfast, Percy took out the time-table and made notes from it for our homeward journey. We should only stay the day in Madrid, he told me. From there we must get to the frontier as quickly as possible. If I would like to go from Bordeaux to England by water, I could do so.

I ought to have been touched by his readiness to encounter the Bay of Biscay for my sake, but I fear I only thought him unkind thus to thwart my wishes. I should be all right again in a day or two, and why must I give up seeing Madrid and so many other places? He knew how much I wanted to see them, but my wishes had no weight with him any longer.

So I pouted and sulked till the poor fellow looked thoroughly miserable, and evidently thought I was seriously ill. He never left me all that day, but his presence only increased my ill-humour. I made more than one effort to induce him to change his resolution, but he who had hitherto been one of the most yielding of men, now displayed a firmness of will that surprised me.

"My darling, I cannot do it," was all I could get from him. "I dare not risk your health," and when I continued to plead, he added, a little impatiently, "We won't talk about it any more, Netta; you are a silly girl," and then taking up a book, went out on the balcony, leaving me to meditate bitterly on the sad change in his manner towards me.

The next morning I felt better, and would gladly have gone for a drive, but was not permitted to disobey my doctor's orders. Percy tried to beguile the tedium by describing to me his father's place in Derbyshire, which I had not as yet seen, but his trouble was thrown away on me. His delight at the prospect of seeing it again seemed to me to be childish. We were to stay there on our return to England—or I was—till our new house should be ready for us, and I thought I should have quite enough of it then. I was a little afraid of that visit, to say the truth, and would show no interest in it.

We left Cordova that evening, and arrived at Madrid after a wearisome journey of twelve hours. From the station we drove at once to an hotel, which Percy would not allow me to leave that day. I was too tired to care about doing so then, but on the morrow the desire to explore the place grew strong in me, and I determined to gratify it. It was useless to ask him to take me anywhere, for the heat was as oppressive as ever, so I lay quietly in the sofa fanning myself and watching for an opportunity to get away unobserved. Percy was not going to shut himself up all day between four walls, although he condemned me to it—no man would. I knew that before long he would invent some excuse for taking a turn.

At last he did so.

"Netta," he said, bending over my couch and playing with my hair, as he had a trick of doing, "I shall go down now and get you a few photographs. We ought to have a souvenir of Madrid. Lie still and rest, darling. I will soon be back."

"Don't hurry yourself," I rejoined, more cordially than I had spoken all day. "I shall do very well."

He went off without saying anything more, and I heard him humming a tune as he descended the stairs: he was evidently glad to be released. I waited for what seemed to me a very long time, but could not really have been many minutes. Then I rose, tied on my hat, and taking my gloves and parasol in my hand, prepared to sally forth. I would show him I did not intend to be kept a prisoner. I was not going to be ruled like a child. To be in Madrid, and not see the Prado, the Puerto del Sol, or even the Calle de Alcala—it was ridiculous.

Treading as lightly as I could, I crossed the courtyard and paused at the door of the hotel to consider which way I should go. The sun was blazing, but there were trees on one side of the street which would afford me shelter, and in a few minutes I should find a carriage.

Suddenly I heard my name uttered in surprised accents, and my husband put his arm round me. He had not gone out after all, but was choosing his photographs in the bureau. At the same moment I heard a mocking laugh from some young men who were standing at the entrance smoking, and caught the words, "Novia hermosa, marido zeloso." Without a word Percy led me upstairs and back to my room. Arrived there, I threw myself on the sofa in a passion of angry tears.

"I am more than sorry to keep you indoors, dearest," he began, apologetically, trying to take my hand. But I shook him off and would not listen. He had exposed me to insult, and I could not forgive him.

At five o'clock we were to leave Madrid and travel straight to the frontier. There, or rather at San Sebastian, we would decide whether to visit Biarritz or go on at once to Bordeaux. I was confident so long a journey would make me ill, but I was assured such were the doctor's orders.

For the last two or three hours the sky had been dark and lowering, and now great heavy raindrops were beginning to fall. They did not cool the air; indeed, so hot was the pavement they scarcely wetted its surface, and only served to render the atmosphere damp and oppressive. To-day we were a very silent pair. I repulsed all Percy's efforts to get up a conversation, and pretended to be absorbed in my book, the leaves of which I turned industriously, and he occupied himself with looking out of the window.

It did not tend to restore my equanimity to be told we were within sight of the palace and gardens of the Escurial, where I had expected to spend many pleasant hours. I could hardly be persuaded to glance at it, or to note the delightful change in the scenery. We had left the arid plain of Madrid, and were now in the midst of hills and valleys and sparkling streams. The palace itself, partly hidden by trees, with its splendid background of mountains, made a lovely picture. It seemed an immense place, full of spires and towers, and surrounded by charming gardens and sheets of water. Percy began to tell me of its wonders—wonders I was not to see—but I bade him be silent, I did not want to hear.

Daylight began to fade now. The gloomy sky scarcely allowed us to know when the sun set, and darkness was soon upon us. Percy stretched himself at full length on the cushions and slept profoundly. There was no such resource for me. In vain I shaded the lamp and closed my eyes. Sleep would not come, and I could only listen to the rain as it pattered on the roof of the carriage, and to the wind as it rose and fell.

At Avila, where the train halted for some time, Percy woke and asked me if I would not get out and have something to eat, but I refused to move. At Valladolid, some three hours later, he made the same proposal, and again I declined. But knowing I had tasted nothing since the morning, he rose, saying—

"I shall go out and see if I can't pick up something for you, Netta. You will be starved at this rate."

"Oh, do leave me in peace," I said, snappishly. "I wish you would get into another carriage; you are always disturbing me. I can get no sleep. I should be much better off without you."

He looked a little strangely, I thought, but left the carriage without making any rejoinder. Ashamed of my childish petulance, I watched him as he walked about seeking for a vendor of fruit and cakes such as one sees sometimes at a station where there is no regular buffet. After a while he paused before a little stall on which was spread a quantity of cigars, and began to chat with the salesman. Percy had managed to pick up a good deal of Spanish within the last few weeks, and was very fond of showing it off. Now and then he turned his head in the direction of our carriage, but made no signal, and I did not know if he saw me. Then a bell rang faintly, but he paid no heed to it. I was not alarmed, for Spanish trains are so uncertain and so dilatory that the sound of the bell has little meaning. All at once the guard called out something, I knew not what, and proceeded to close the carriage doors in quick succession. Still Percy did not move. A panic seized me. Did he not mean to rejoin me? Without

pausing to reflect how unlikely this was, I snatched my bag from the seat and sprang hastily from the carriage.

It was a long step, and the train being already in motion, I was brought to the ground with a shock that somewhat confused me. I had hardly recovered myself when I heard a shout, and saw Percy cross the platform and rush headlong into the guard's van, the door of which stood open. I gave a violent scream, but it was too late. The train quickened its pace, and in another moment was lost to view.

I felt as if turned to stone. Was it possible he had done this to punish me? He might have known my words had no meaning. Oh, he must have known it. Besides, he was the last man to do anything unkind. I knew he loved me dearly, dearly.

I remained where I was, having no energy to move or even to think what I must do next. The station-master came up to me after a few minutes and asked me in French if he could be of any service. Did I want a carriage? I tried to tell him what had befallen me, but he made very light of the occurrence.

"It is unfortunate," he replied, airily, "but there are good hotels in the town. Madame had better pass the night at one of them. I will myself escort her to a good one."

I shook my head.

"No, no!" I cried. "I must remain here—here where my husband can find me. I will not leave the place till he comes."

"As madame pleases," he rejoined. "Monsieur cannot be here for some hours. You will not come? Then I have the honour to wish you good morning. No train passes here till six o'clock. I am going home."

He turned away with a bow, and entering the waiting-room with a heavy tread, put out the gas and locked the door. I had thought to take refuge there, and this was a serious addition to my difficulties. I was too frightened to remonstrate; too frightened to cry. In despair I walked the length of the dark platform, and looked out into the night. I shivered when I reached the end of the covered way, and the rain beat into my face. My dress of light China silk afforded me little protection, and I had only a lace shawl in addition, my woollen wraps having been left in the carriage. A vivid flash of lightning, followed after a few seconds by a long peal of thunder, drove me back to the door of the waiting-room, and I shook the handle violently.

Someone, attracted perhaps by the noise, peeped out of a little door near by, and addressed me in Spanish. I shook my head to show that I did not understand. He repeated the word *telegrafo*, and held open the door as if to suggest to me to go in. Again I shook my head, afraid to accept the invitation. He divined my fears, and taking off his cap, pointed to the gilt letters on it to show me he was in the employment of the railway company. I would not go into the office, but was emboldened to tell him my story, which I did in French, putting in as many Spanish words as I could, for I saw the man's knowledge of French was limited.

"Telegrafo," he said again. It seemed to be his sole idea.

"Where?" I asked, anxiously.

"Up the line," he replied. "The senor is in the guard's van, you say; he is easily found. Bid him wait, you will come on. You will meet much sooner if you do that."

"Very well," said I. Then with a sudden break in my voice, I continued, "Oh, I cannot telegraph, and I cannot go. I have no money at all."

"No matter," he said, with a reassuring nod, "the railway company will do that," and pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket, he put it into my hand. But seeing my trembling fingers could scarcely hold it, he took it from me, and wrote—

"Wait at Burgos. I will join you by the first train."

"Oh, why there?" I cried, as soon as I saw the words. "Surely the train stops before that."

"It will be safer," he replied. "The senor may not get the message in time to leave the train at Venta de Banos. They get there at two o'clock, and it is close on that now. Will you put your name to this, senora?"

"And I can start at six?" I said, inquiringly, when I had signed the paper. "The station-master said there was a train then."

"Yes, senora." And presently the click of the machine told me the message was on its way.

This being accomplished, I thanked the clerk, went back to the platform, and began to walk up and down; but before long my strength failed me, and I was forced to take refuge in the office through sheer fatigue. I believe I was faint with hunger, too, though I did not recognise it then, for I had been ravenous when Percy first offered me some refreshment, though I would not confess it.

I took a seat in a corner of the tiny room, and glanced from time to time at the clock. So often, that at length a smile of amusement passed over the face of my companion whenever I raised my head. He was a kind-hearted man, I am sure, and truly sorry for the plight I was in. He talked to me in a mixture of languages that at any other time would have been diverting, and with an evident desire to put me at my ease, told me he had a wife and a large family of children, all girls. I wonder if it was true.

Day broke after a while, and the returning light did much to raise my spirits. About half-past five the station-master came back, and I told him of the telegram I had sent. He nodded approvingly, and assured me my husband would not fail to get the message. As the train was not due for half-an-hour, I went into the waiting-room as soon as it was unlocked, and sat down there. I took off my hat and laid it beside me on the floor, glad to relieve my head. Presently I began to feel very ill. The room was close and had an unpleasant smell, but I was unable to rise to seek fresh air. I was terribly alarmed; it would be dreadful to be ill in a strange place without anyone near me whom I knew; what was I to do—a young girl barely nineteen? A lump rose in my throat—a mist swam before my eyes. Objects began to waver and turn all sorts of colours. I knew no more till I felt a dash of cold water in my face, when, opening my eyes, I saw a number of people standing round me, one of them fanning me vigorously. I tried to rise, but a tall man, dressed in a long black cloak, put his hand on my shoulder and said in broken English—

"Lie still, dear child; you must not move yet."

I obeyed mechanically. The stranger, a gentleman I was sure from his delicate white hands, gave me a glass of milk and bade me drink. Another man, a younger one, opened a bag he was carrying, took out a roll of bread, and placed it in my lap. I seized it and eat it with avidity, though it was dry and hard. Seeing this, the old gentleman smiled and said, in Spanish this time—

"She was hungry. She will soon be well."

Suddenly I heard a trampling of feet, and the sound of a bell followed by the snort of an engine. Recollection came to me, and I cried out—

"Oh, the train! the train! You must let me go!"

"It is too late," was the reply; "the train is gone."

It may have been foolish, but I really could bear no more. I covered my face with my hands and wept aloud.

"Does she understand French?" I heard someone ask, and when I nodded assent, the young man said—

"Do not agitate yourself, madame. There will be another train very shortly. You will get to Burgos nearly as soon if you start an hour hence."

This comforted me, and I tried to check my tears. When I had in a measure recovered my self-control, we began to talk. The young man told me his name was Léon Victor, he was a Frenchman (I had guessed that already from his perfect French), and he was travelling with his old friend, Dr. Alvarez. They had just arrived at Valladolid, and were descending from the railway carriage, when the station-master came up and inquired if either of them were a doctor, as a lady had been taken suddenly ill and was in need of medical assistance. On being told such was the old gentleman's profession, he brought them to the room where I was lying, and, while they did what they could to revive me, told them my story. They had intended to remain in Valladolid for the day, but their business was not of importance, and they would gladly escort me to Burgos; it was not out of their way, as they lived in Vittoria.

It was a kind offer, but I would have refused it if I could. I did not mind so much travelling with the old doctor, but M. Victor was young, very good-looking, and fashionably attired. What would he think of my soiled and disordered dress, my dishevelled hair, my hat, which had been trodden by someone out of all recognition? I fear I thanked them with a very bad grace, but perhaps they did not think the worse of me for not being too eager to avail myself of their services.

The train was a good deal behind time, but in Spain this causes no alarm, and my companions only smiled at my nervous apprehensions. It made its appearance at last, and with many expressions of thankfulness to the station-master and the friendly clerk—unfortunately I had nothing more substantial to offer them—we took our departure.

We reached Burgos between eleven and twelve. What my Cordovan doctor would have said to my being abroad in the very hottest part of the day, I do not know. Luckily, though the rain had ceased, the weather was still unsettled, and the rays of the sun less strong than usual.

A terrible disappointment awaited me here. It was in vain I scanned the crowd on the platform. No Percy was to be seen. There was not a single individual that looked like an Englishman, and my companions glanced at each other, divining the truth before I had the courage to open my lips. They had thought to continue their journey to Vittoria by this train. What was to be done now?"

"You must go to a hotel, Mrs. Elphinstone," said M. Victor, who was the first to regain his self-possession. "It is the only thing I can suggest; it is useless to go on. If we cannot find your husband in Burgos, you will have to telegraph to your friends in England."

I clung to the doctor's arm, trembling like a leaf. I had no voice to accept or reject this advice—in fact, I scarcely heard it.

"Victor is right," agreed the old man. "Yes, that is what you must do. But I cannot leave you alone, you would fall ill. Here, Victor, take out my little valise. I charge myself with the senora. You had better go on; I can do all that is required."

It was doubtless the best way; but I felt doubly lonely when the kind-hearted young Frenchman re-entered the carriage and bade me adieu. His frank, pleasant manners had made me forget my untidy condition (if he had

noticed it, I never knew), and to him I could talk freely. With the doctor communication was both slow and difficult. Still, I was grateful to the old man, and tried to tell him what a comfort it was to have him to take care of me.

We left the station in a carriage, and made the round of the principal hotels in hopes of finding Percy's name on their books. Our search, however, was fruitless. I was not surprised. It seemed unlikely that he had got my message. He might have quitted the train at an intermediate station, with the idea of returning to Valladolid by road, or he might have done one of a dozen other things for aught I knew.

At length my guardian said I must do no more, and stopping the carriage at the door of an inn he knew well, he established me in a good-sized bedroom, and begged me to rest and take some food while he made further inquiries. I was thankful he did not insist on my telegraphing at once to England. It would have to be done, I feared; but, oh, the humiliation of sending such a message. I would rather have waited any time, painful as it was, than bring that on myself.

My lack of money troubled me but little. I knew I could get that easily, though it would take time. For any pressing need I had rings and other ornaments that might be disposed of. I told the doctor this, and asked if he would manage it for me; but he waived the suggestion with a kindly smile.

"I have no doubt your husband is in Burgos, Mrs. Elphinstone," he said to me in a cheering tone when he came to my room an hour later. "I find that two small packages bearing your name, together with some shawls and cushions, were left at the dêpot between four and five o'clock this morning. Your husband is most likely scouring Burgos in search of you at the present moment. It is very strange we missed him at the station. If he cannot find you, I am inclined to think he will return to Valladolid to seek you there. The next train leaves at four, and I propose to take you to the station on the chance of meeting him. What do you say? Will you come?"

I was ready to start then and there; but Dr. Alvarez said it was useless to go so soon, and reminded me that I must not expose myself to the heat of the sun more than was absolutely needful. I knew this was true, but the delay was a sore trial to my patience. At half-past three he came for me, and led me down the stairs with slow measured steps. At the door of the inn stood a carriage awaiting us. We were about to enter it, when it was hailed by a gentleman who was coming quickly down the street, and the driver moved on a few paces as if to obey the summons.

"Pardon me, but this carriage is already engaged," Dr. Alvarez said, laying his hand on the door. Then turning to me, he continued, "Mrs. Elphinstone, will you enter?"

But instead of getting into the carriage I gave a scream of joy, and rushed into the arms of the intruder. Dr. Alvarez comprehended the situation in a moment—I had found my husband

"Netta, my own darling!" was all that Percy could find voice to utter. I clung to him convulsively. My kind old friend looked on with tearful eyes.

With an Englishman's aversion to making a display of his feelings in the public street, Percy drew me under the portico of the inn, and placed me on a seat. Then he looked at my companion as if to ask what possible concern he could have with me. I knew Percy to be as little jealous as anyone, but I confess I shrank from the flash of his dark eyes. What was he thinking of?

"You had better take your wife upstairs; she has a room there," was all Dr. Alvarez said in answer to this searching glance. (I could see he was somewhat nettled at Percy's demeanour.) "Doubtless you have much to say to each other. Mrs. Elphinstone, with your permission, I will bid you adieu; you do not need me any longer. I shall leave for Vittoria to-night."

I could not permit my kind protector to leave me so abruptly, so I roused myself, and begged him to come up with us and help me to give an account of my adventures. Indeed, I should have done it but badly without his assistance; for on reaching my room I broke down utterly, and could only lie quietly on the sofa while he told the story. I was vexed with myself for being so weak and useless; but I had gone through so much excitement and fatigue that there was some excuse for me.

Accustomed to the freer manners of his country people, the doctor probably thought us a very matter-of-fact couple. Percy listened attentively, making little comment, but with a strange expression on his face that sent a thrill of fear to my heart. He would not chide me before a stranger, I was well aware, but I dreaded the moment when we should be by ourselves.

The conversation was carried on in Spanish, which I only followed with difficulty, but when the doctor rose, I could see my husband was making a cold and formal speech of thanks to him. The old gentleman bowed; then taking my hand with the ceremonious politeness of a bygone day, kissed it gravely and left the room.

The door was scarcely closed before I crept into Percy's arms and wept unrestrainedly. He tried to soothe me with caresses, but did not speak.

"Percy," I began, timidly. "Percy, dearest, say you forgive me. It was all my fault, I know. If I had not been so foolish and ill-tempered none of this would have happened. But I never meant the silly things I said. How could I be happy away from you? I should be miserable. I should die. I know I should."

"My own Netta, it pains me to think what you must have suffered," he replied, as he drew me close to him. "My little darling, so tender, shy, and sweet. What have I to forgive? Nothing, dearest; do not think of it again. You would never have said what you did if you had not been ill and weak; do you think I don't know that? And I was unkind, I am sure I was——"

"You were never unkind," I interrupted. "I won't have you say that. But if you are not displeased with me, Percy," I went on, growing bolder, "what makes you look so stern and hard? I don't know what I should have done without Dr. Alvarez and his young French friend. Why did you speak to the old man so coldly?"

"Was I cold, Netta? But you did not say if his tale were true or false, dear, and you looked so terrified while he was speaking, I knew not what to think."

"No two people could have behaved better," I said. "It was your face that frightened me. But now, tell me what happened to you last night. It seems an age since then."

He began from the time the train left Valladolid. He had been told, he said, that we were to wait half an hour for some mail-bag that had gone astray, so when he had bought some cakes for me, he went to get a few cigars for himself, and as there was plenty of time, stood chatting with the man at the stall, who was rather a witty fellow. He was laughing over some comic story, when someone going by called to him that the train was going. It had already begun to move, and, in a fright, he rushed into the guard's van, the only available place, without looking to the right or the left. He feared I should be vexed, but there was no help for it. At the next station he went back to our carriage.

"You may imagine my surprise and distress when I found it empty," he continued. "Your wraps were on the floor, and my portmanteau and your railway basket still under the seat; the only thing missing was your dressing-bag. I could make no inquiry till we stopped again, when I spoke to the guard. He said you must have got out at Valladolid. This I declared to be impossible, and told him he was a fool—in my best Spanish, of course."

I smiled. "Go on," I said.

"At Venta de Banos, just as I was going to alight and search the train again, he came to me triumphant. 'Are you Senor Elphinstone?' said he. 'Yes.' 'Then the senora is at Valladolid, as I told you. She will join you at Burgos. Look here.' And he handed me a telegram—the one you sent. I ought to have apologised to him, but I didn't; I was too anxious about you. I gave him a gold piece instead. I daresay he liked it just as well.

"When we got to Burgos it was a beautiful morning, rosy and fair; the storm had not reached there yet. The sun was out, and there was a refreshing breeze blowing. Just the sort of weather you delight in; and how I missed you!

"I took the luggage to the depôt, and went to the ticket-office to inquire when the next train from Valladolid would arrive. The place was shut. I collared the first railway official I met, and put the question to him. He said he did not know. I bade him find out at once. He looked at me with an expression of such profound astonishment that, uneasy as I was, I could not help laughing. Another gold piece—a small one this time—helped his memory. He went into the office and brought out a book. Talk of Bradshaw, Netta! Bradshaw is clearness itself in comparison to a Spanish time-table. With the man's help, I made out you were due at ten. It was then only six. What should I do in the interval? Common sense said, rest. Do not think me a brute.

"There were very few people about to give me any information, but at last someone directed me to a hotel, the Fonda del Norte. I rang at the door, and, after some little delay, was admitted. The porter looked me all over while I told my tale; I could see he did not think much of an Englishman without luggage. However, he gave me a room, and after a while I got a cup of chocolate and threw myself on the bed.

"Alas, for common sense! What was she thinking of when she bid me rest instead of telegraphing to you? How cruel, how thoughtless I had been! I rose immediately, and drove back to the station to repair my error, but it was too late. You were to have left at six, and it was then past seven. I would not go back to the hotel, but paced about the streets, till the sun grew so hot that, as a matter of prudence, I went into a church and waited there. I was miserably anxious all the time, as you may suppose. Well, well! I have you again, my darling, and trust to be able to take better care of you in future.

"Of course I went to the station in good time. The officials were very polite to me, and made no objection to my going on the platform. How my heart beat with joy when at last the train came in sight. How it sank when I found you were not in it, I need not say.

"By my time-table there seemed no possibility of getting back to Valladolid for several hours. I might have gone at ten, but that hour was past. Then I bethought myself of the telegraph, and sent off a message to ask what had delayed you. The answer came: 'The senora has gone. She is accompanied by Dr. Alvarez, a young Frenchman.'"

"Oh, Percy!" I almost screamed.

"It did not frighten me, Netta ; at least, not in the way you mean. My trust in the innocence and purity of my wife was not to be shaken by a hastily-worded telegram. It puzzled me, I own, for it was no one's interest to deceive me. What I feared was that some villain, taking advantage of your unprotected state, had offered some insult to you. You are very young and very pretty, you know—don't blush, dearest, have I never told you so before?—and you have a number of valuable things about you. There was quite enough to make me uneasy without my inventing impossible contingencies."

"But why did you not come to meet the second train?"

"I overlooked it, I suppose. I can't think how. I was in the station at the time. And do you know, Netta, I verily believe I passed close to you. I remember a girl with a lace scarf over her head that concealed her face, clinging to the arm of a tall old man in black, and the poor thing was crying bitterly. But I had left you in a large Leghorn hat and a light silk dress, fresh and spotless as a flower, and I did not give the pair a second glance. You had gone off with a young man, you know."

"Poor Dr. Alvarez," I said, laughing. "We must call on him and thank him for his kindness to me."

"With all my heart. And now you see why I was so stiff with the old gentleman; I thought he had terrified you into silence. I will go down and find him before he leaves, and make him amends. If you decide on stopping at Vittoria, Netta, we might all three go together. When can you be ready?"

"Oh, not to-night," I said, "I am so tired. Besides, I am not fit to be seen."

"You mean because you have lost your hat. Never mind, you look lovely in that lace thing, and what does it matter at four o'clock in the morning?"

"I am not going to travel at any such absurd time."

"I make no doubt the railway authorities will alter their arrangements to suit your convenience."

"Ah, you are laughing at me, Percy. Is there really no other train?"

"We will see. I daresay there may be; and if we only go as far as Vittoria, a slow train will not signify. Where else do you want to stop, Netta?" he added, a little wearily.

"Oh, nowhere," I cried, catching the weary tone in his voice, "I am not going to be selfish any more. Do you think I do not see you are longing to be at home. We won't even stop at Vittoria; we can write to Dr. Alvarez instead. And I will be ready to start whenever you please."

We did not leave that night, for neither of us was equal to the exertion; but we did stop at Vittoria, and passed a very pleasant stay there in the society of our new friends—old friends now. I will not follow our footsteps further. It is enough to say we arrived home without any misadventure. I have called this our first quarrel, but I hope you will believe we never had a second; it is true. If I have not been able to show how true-hearted, patient, and generous a man my husband was; at any rate, the events I have narrated made it clear to me, and I strove to be worthy of so much love and confidence. I hope I have succeeded.

ROMANTIC WOOINGS AND WEDDINGS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.

In every age of the world's history, and in every country of the globe, the feminine mind has always been attracted by and interested in the subject of marriage, whether as applied to the matter in the abstract, or to any particular marriage. If the betrothed pair be of royal birth, that interest is of necessity more widely extended, and it is at the same time more keenly felt, because it is one of the great events in life through which royal personages pass, in common with the humble and lowly born, and every circumstance connected therewith is naturally a matter of general comment. In the early ages the woman seems to have had no will in the matter, and to have been disposed of without any choice on her part. The opportunity of loving before marriage, and to having that love considered, reached the middle classes, whilst the marriages of princes and princesses were still "arranged" to serve a political purpose, without any reference to affection or inclination. Thus it has come to pass that the most trifling incident from which it can be gathered that the affections of the royal pair have been touched is warmly welcomed, and the giving of a flower, the sending of a ring,* a word, a look, a fancy of early youth, any departure from the ordinary etiquette of a royal wooing and wedding, any or all of these things may become more interesting than the details of the bridal veil or of the orange wreath.

The following instances will prove that although our princes and princesses are supposed to shape their loves according to political expediency, a halo of romance has been shed around many a royal marriage, and the likings of the parties concerned appear to have asserted themselves.

Viewed in this light, even the old story of Vortigern and Rowena is interesting. The fair Rowena, whose beauty was enhanced in the eyes of the British king by her golden hair, blue eyes, and delicate complexion, won the affections of that monarch at a great feast given by her father, Hengist. She pledged Vortigern in a golden cup of wine, and she contrived to utter the words "Drink, dearest king," in tones of sweetness and tenderness, whilst at the same time she regarded him with a look full of loving interest. These fascinations were too much for the British king; he had never been accustomed to anything of the kind, and he was immediately enslaved. The beautiful Rowena became his wife, and she took care to keep the love which she had won thus easily.

Pity, and not policy, seems to have been the chord that struck the heart of the Saxon king Offa, when Quendrida, a French princess, who had been condemned for some offence and sent out to sea in an open boat, was wrecked upon the Welsh coast; her half-lifeless body was carried to Offa, to whom, when she had recovered, she told her sad story. The royal heart was touched, and surely the wooing and the wedding which followed were as strange and as romantic as anything that could have happened in the humblest walk of life. Poets have sung of the loves of Edwy and Elgiva. The cruel treatment to which, according to legendary lore, the latter was subjected, has possibly been the great incentive to romance in this case. Modern critics reject the story of the cruel fate of the beautiful Elgiva, but the legend, if so it be, has been a favourite one, and has been introduced into many histories as worthy of credence. Be that as it may, all writers agree in saying that Edwy and Elgiva "married for love;" they were both very handsome, and their affection for each other was all-absorbing. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which the "ladies of the olden time" were kept, and the rigid etiquette that is supposed to have prevailed, several instances have come down to

* As in the case of Marie of Burgundy.

us of love-making on their side. The Empress Zoë fell in love with Harold Hardrada, when he was at Constantinople, but as he did not respond, her ideas underwent a great change; she raised an accusation against him, and the unfortunate man was thrown into prison; he was set free by a lady to whom St. Olaf had appeared in a dream. Although two ladies had been "interested" in him, it seems that Harold returned to Russia heart whole.

A similar tale will be remembered in connection with Matilda of Flanders, who, when a maiden in her father's house, made love to an Englishman, Brithric Maur by name. The youth had the daring to reject the lady's love, for which Matilda had her revenge, when in after years her husband, William of Normandy, became King of England. Matilda obtained a grant of all Brithric's lands; she then caused him to be seized and conveyed to Winchester, where he died in great misery.

The Princess Agatha, a daughter of the Conqueror, is a remarkable instance of the "true love" which has been sometimes found to accompany "State reasons" for matrimonial alliances. The Saxon Earl Edwin had been won to submission, and his interest had been secured by a promise of the hand of the princess. Although the marriage was "arranged" from motives of policy, the betrothed pair became deeply attached, and when the earl was slain whilst travelling on a mission to the north, Agatha was overwhelmed with grief, and refused to be comforted. Hers is indeed a romantic story. Some time afterwards the king promised her in marriage to Alfonso, King of Galicia. In vain Agatha wept and entreated and implored her father to desist; she was compelled to embark for Spain, but on her way thither she pined and died, and was thus spared the sorrow of becoming the bride of one to whom she could not give her heart.

I think that it is only because we are so familiar with the life of Margaret Etheling in sober history that we fail to see the romance that clings around the marriage and wedded life of the princess who "opened Scotland's line of queens." It contains all the elements of a romantic story, almost of a fairy tale, for we have a maiden flying from her enemies, a storm which prevented her from reaching her destination, and which cast her on other shores. We have in Malcolm the generous king of the country who pitied the maiden in her distressed plight, and, after the good old fashion of all proper love stories, married her and made her happy ever after. Whether viewed in the light of history or romance, the story of our Margaret Etheling is delightful. "No more auspicious marriage graces the royal annals of England than that of Henry I. and Matilda of Scotland. In Matilda the people saw a representative of the royal line of Alfred, and the allegiance which the mighty Norman kings had demanded in vain was given to the husband of Matilda." There was "policy," indeed, in this marriage, and yet romance has been very busy with it, grudging to "state reasons" alone the marriage by which our sovereigns trace their ancestry to the Saxon line. Miss Strickland speaks of the "special love" between Henry and Matilda, and tells us of her unwillingness to wear the "veil" prescribed by her aunt, the Abbess of Romsey. In the "Romance History of England" an exciting scene is depicted, to understand which we must learn that at the time of William Rufus' death, and in the forest where it took place, Henry was suddenly saluted as king by a mysterious-looking personage clad in the garb of an ecclesiastic, and known as the Mad Monk of St. John; he made three predictions. With the first and the third we have really nothing to do; but in order to make clear the second, which does concern us, we may mention that the first was that Henry should be speedily King of England; this we know was directly fulfilled. The second, that he should restore the ancient Saxon line, seemed so unlikely and so inconsistent, that not until he was on his way to Westminster Abbey did it occur to him that by his marriage with Matilda he was about to accomplish this part also of the prediction. The lovely Matilda was warmly greeted by the populace, and many blessings were invoked upon her. She stood at the altar "with blushes that outvied the crimson of her robe;" the archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice exclaimed, "Forbear!" and an ecclesiastic approached the altar, in whom the king and his attendants recognised the "Mad Monk of St. John." With a forced smile, the king said, "What new vagary is this, reverend father?" "I say," cried the monk, "to you Norman priest, forbear! This is not an occasion on which when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race a Norman should mar by his officiousness the auspicious ceremony."

The applause of the multitude followed this speech, and to the question of the archbishop, "Where shall a fitting person be found?" the monk replied by imploring permission to be allowed to join the hands of the royal pair; adding, "I have been the cause of my country's evils, perchance I may be the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils." The monk united the hands of the royal lovers, and breathed a benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect Archbishop Anselm and his friends. The king and queen knelt before the altar, and the ceremony, thus strangely interrupted, ended amidst the prostrations of the multitude and the exulting strains of praise and thanksgiving. It need hardly be added that the "Mad Monk of St. John" was the hermit who, when dying, confessed that he had been "once king of England." The legend of Harold's survival after the battle of Hastings is told by Endmer, an historian, who has been praised for his "sincerity and truth."

As Richard I. was the very model of a feudal knight, it will not surprise us to find that certain "love passages" are attached to his name. One has found its way into the "Romance of History," and very sad it is. During Richard's captivity in Austria, a "trial of strength" was arranged between Richard and the Emperor's son, in which the latter was unfortunately killed. Richard was in consequence condemned to be placed in the lowest and most loathsome dungeon. But the Princess Margaretta had seen Richard at the "trial of strength," and had straightway fallen in love with him. She contrived to visit him in the prison, and it was easy for the chivalrous Richard to make love, and to pretend that her affections were returned. She arranged a plan for his escape, but, alas! for Margaretta, she was seen by the Emperor in Richard's arms. Her father's rage knew no bounds, and he ordered his attendants to kill Richard. With unquenchable love and dauntless courage, the princess placed herself in front of Richard, received the blows intended for him, and sank to the ground at the feet of her father. This tale is founded on an old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion.

We return to the pages of history, where we find that two of the family of King Edward III. made "love matches." The Black Prince encountered great opposition to his desire to marry "the Fair Maid of Kent," but true love prevailed, and at last the discreet Philippa was induced to give her sanction to the marriage. History tells us that the Princess Isabel was wooed and won in a truly romantic fashion. The Lord de Coucy was in England, faithfully attending his master, the captive King of France; he made the most of the opportunities which presented themselves, and these were possibly neither few nor far between, owing to the courteous and chivalrous treatment which King John experienced at the hands of his captors. Thus the Lord de Coucy succeeded in winning the affections and the hand of the eldest daughter of the King of England, and another royal marriage took place, in which the inclinations of the bride and bridegroom were not sacrificed to expediency. But no royal wooing has come to us with pleasanter surroundings than has that of James I., the captive King of Scotland; for the sweet spring-time was lending all its charms to the sunny slopes of "proud Windsor," and her gardens were adorned with their freshest green, when James looked forth from his window in the "Round Tower" and saw a lady, young, lovely, and richly attired. That lady was Joan, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. James fell in love with her at once, and, inspired by her beauty, this royal poet poured forth his sweetest song in her honour. The wooing was successful, and it resulted, as all wooings should result, in a happy marriage.

Perhaps no sovereign of England has contracted a marriage round which fiction is more likely to cling than did Edward IV., for he raised Elizabeth Woodville, the humble suppliant at his feet, to be his wife and the sharer of his throne. The story* which is attached to it may be briefly told. One balmy summer evening, the beautiful and sorrowful widow, Lady Gray, was wandering by the banks of the River Ouse with but one female attendant. Her heart was very heavy, for her husband had died whilst fighting for the "Red Rose," and there was little hope of mercy being shown to her and her children. She had heard that the king was likely to pass, and she had remained out until late in the hope of being able to cast herself at his feet and plead her own cause. Suddenly she found herself seized by a man of the most repulsive aspect; she screamed in terror, and her shrieks were heard by a young man of noble bearing and courteous demeanour, at whose appearance the unsightly being relaxed his hold on the lady, and fled into the forest. Her deliverer begged to be allowed to conduct her to her home; a mutual interest was awakened, and ere they parted "Edward March" had promised to exert his influence at Court in behalf of Lady Gray. This was not their only meeting, and before very long the hand of the still beautiful Elizabeth was promised as the "guerdon," should the intercession of Edward March be successful. He departed for the Court, and Elizabeth, whose heart was fairly won, waited in desolation for the reappearance of her lover. Instead of which blissful fulfilment of her longings, she received a visit from her uncle, who brought her the news that her suit was unsuccessful, and that Edward March was no more.

In this twofold grief the widow's feelings were akin to despair, and only a mother's devotion to her children induced her to travel to London, and throw herself at the feet of him whom she regarded as the murderer of her lover. Judge then of her astonishment, when, in the dreaded king, she saw the fondly-loved, handsome, chivalrous Earl of March. Her joy and confusion were overwhelming; she fell on her knees, but was quickly raised in the monarch's arms. and her suit was granted by King Edward IV. on the same conditions which he had named when he stood before her as the poor esquire, Edward March. Fiction has also been busy with the marriage of "Perkin Warbeck" and "The White Rose of Scotland." The story† goes that when the

* In the "Romance History of England."

† "Romance of History."

Lady Katherine Gordon was with her aunt of Burgundy at Ghent, her heart had gone out to the son of a poor weaver who had saved her from a watery grave, and whose strange wooing had been favoured by further opportunities. It came to the ears of the Duchess of Burgundy, and when she added the promise of the hand of her niece to the prospect of wearing the Crown of England, if this humble individual would practise the deception she had proposed and personate the Duke of York, he hesitated no longer. Katherine returned to the Scottish Court, and, when requested by her royal kinsman, King James, to receive the Duke of York as her husband, she obeyed, notwithstanding the saying,

"Ill shall betide the Gordon fair
Who would the White Rose of England wear."

Her astonishment and delight may be imagined when she saw in the Duke of York the poor man who had already won her affections. There were "reasons" enough for the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, yet even in this case a "story"* has been handed down to us, which would attach a tenderer motive than that of "State policy" to this union. It is said that the first spark of love for the fair Elizabeth of York was kindled in the heart of the Duke of Richmond whilst he was in Brittany. A portrait of the princess fell in his way; he was so bewitched by its loveliness, that he believed it to be but a dream of the artist, for he imagined that no woman could possess such charms. On being assured that the original was in no way flattered by the likeness, a most romantic passion took possession of the duke. It seemed to be hopeless; but he contrived to send his own portrait and a letter to the princess. The result is a matter of history, and is thus alluded to by Shakespeare.

"We will unite the White Rose with the Red;
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction
That long hath frowned upon their enmity."

The sober pages of history, unaided by fiction, reveal to us the "love match" of Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister, Mary. Her affections had been already bestowed upon Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when she became the unwilling bride of Louis of France. She did not, however, forget to tell her brother that if she married now in "furtherance of his causes," she should expect his "comfort and goodwill" if she chose for herself next time.

Fortune seemed to favour her designs. Ten weeks after her marriage she was a widow. Charles Brandon was sent to France at the time, and a secret marriage (in Lent) took place between him and the beautiful Tudor princess.

The Duke was very much afraid of the consequences of such a proceeding, but Mary was determined. Cardinal Wolsey interceded with Henry VIII., the Duke was forgiven, and a State wedding took place on the return of the couple to England. The marriage is chiefly memorable in history because it connected the Brandons with the royal House of Tudor, a connection which proved fatal to some of their descendants, amongst whom may be mentioned the Lady Catherine Gray. Her position and beauty made her an object of jealousy to Queen Elizabeth, whose wrath was great when she heard of Catherine's marriage with Lord Hertford. The news of her marriage would not have been welcome under any circumstances, but it has been suggested that Elizabeth herself had a liking for Lord Hertford, and that in consequence the intelligence was peculiarly distasteful. Bitter were the accusations and severe were the punishments heaped upon the unfortunate Catherine.

Similar to this, but even more sad than this, was the fate of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart. After the "plot" which had been formed to place her on the throne had fallen through, King James I. released her from the close surveillance to which she had been subjected, on condition that she should not marry. Unfortunately for Arabella, she was already deeply in love with William Seymour, the grandson of the Earl of Hertford, and no sooner had she regained her liberty than she made use of it to break the condition upon which it had been granted. She married Seymour, and the news thereof reached King James, who was not slow in having the matter inquired into. However, no plans, no watchfulness could keep these true lovers apart; they managed to meet, and to arrange an escape to France. The plan failed; the ship set sail without Seymour. Arabella was overtaken, brought back, and conveyed to the Tower. But the saddest part remains to be told. Her sorrows deprived her of her reason, and she died partially insane. The wedding of James VI. of Scotland was decidedly out of the usual course of royal weddings. James VI. and Anne of Denmark were married by proxy at Cronenburg, in Zealand, in August, 1589, and a suitable fleet was appointed to take the bride and her ladies to Scotland. The season was favourable, but such storms arose that the commander attributed them to witchcraft; he believed that a witch whose husband's ears he had once boxed had "brewed" them out of spite, and the poor unfortunate woman was actually burnt to death for her supposed influence over the winds and waves. The same storm which had caused the death of Jane Kennedy, when attempting to cross Leith Ferry, in order to take her place in the newly-arranged household of her sovereign, drove the young bride back to the Norwegian shore. Three efforts were made, and then a brave Danish gentleman undertook to convey letters to King James, telling him of the condition of "his storm-stayed bride." James was equal to the occasion, notwithstanding the difficulties of such a course; he determined to fetch her himself. The difficulties were not imaginary ones; his people adored him, and would not willingly permit him to incur danger. He had but little money; and how could he hope to succeed where the mighty fleet of Denmark had failed; but he braved all, and the wind being favourable, he reached Norway safely, though it was only after a long and weary wandering that he discovered his bride's refuge, which was nearly hidden in the snow.

On the following Sunday they were married in the little church of Upslo; a wild place surely for the marriage ceremony of one of our monarchs, and no less wild were the winds and the waves which had by this time renewed their fury. The dangers of the land journey through Sweden were so great, that James bravely tried them himself before venturing to conduct his bride thither. Having satisfied himself, and being escorted by four hundred troopers sent by the King of Sweden, they set out, and arriving safely in Denmark, were welcomed with great delight. They consented to be married again, according to the Lutheran rites, and the winter was passed right merrily. In the spring the royal pair left Denmark, and "arrived at Leith on the May Day of 1590," when preparations were immediately commenced for the coronation festival. The most extraordinary stories had been got up respecting the storms, and a woman "confessed" that she had been incited to raise them!

European history would furnish us with many instances of romantic wooings and weddings of royal personages, and the story of Charlemagne's daughter is familiar to most of us, for that lady, being fearful that a man's footsteps in the newly fallen snow would betray the secret of her lover's visit to her, accomplished the feat of carrying him to a place of safety. She was discovered in the act of doing so, and her courage and presence of mind gained for her what in ordinary circumstances she could not have hoped to obtain — the sanction of her father to her marriage with the object of her choice, and the withdrawal of that proposal for her hand which the Emperor had hitherto favoured. But without searching into the annals of foreign countries, the instances which have been brought forward are sufficiently numerous to prove that many royal personages have held the same opinion as Shakespeare, and they have shown by their actions that they felt with that great genius when he said—

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
* * * *
For what is wedlock forcèd, but a hell—
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

—*King Henry VI.*

ANNE HATHAWAY.

* "Romance of History."

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

By ANNE BEALE.

BLEST innocence! Sweet Emily,
How beautiful thou art!
It is a boon to live with thee,
And win thy tender heart.

If ever face on this rude earth
Was like a face divine—
Angelic, yet of mortal birth,
My darling, it is thine.

Thy cheek is like the rosy light
That tints the morning sky;
And like the heavens when clear and bright,
Thy blue, unclouded eye.

And like the faintest golden streaks
That in the dawning play,
The locks that down thy rounded cheeks
In silken softness stray.

If only thou couldst always be
As free from guile as now!
No tear to dim thy purity—
No frown to shade thy brow.

And hadst thou not a soul to raise
For God and things divine,
I might desire thy childish ways
For ever to be thine.

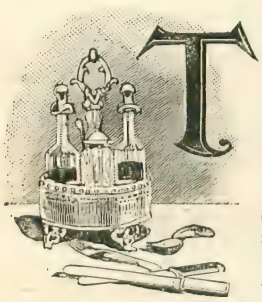
But, young Immortal, like a star—
Nay brighter—thou shalt be,
And dwell in yonder arch afar
To all eternity.

So shall no idle wishes cling
Around my heart of clay;
Then listen to the words I sing
From this blest Book to-day.

And may the precious ore of thought
That in thy bosom lies
Be unto full perfection wrought
By God's own mysteries,

Until the beauty we admire,
The innocence we love,
Be thrice refined by heavenly fire
And purified above.

NEW SALADS—MADE WITH TINNED NOVELTIES.



THREE years ago we called attention to some of the various methods of utilising tinned meats, and we then pointed out that tinned goods of every description should be regarded in the light of valuable accessories to ordinary households, and not as articles of everyday use. Speaking generally, it is our duty to use the things of this world without abusing them. In the arrangements that we make for our daily food, our endeavour should be to hit upon that happy medium by which we best carry out the apostolic injunction, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

Unfortunately there are some households where "tinned meats" are used in excess, as well as many where they are not used at all. In the former establishments this description of goods are constantly selected simply and solely because they save trouble. The wearied and tired bread-winner returns home exhausted rather than hungry, and finds the staple dish, at the meal which is to him the chief one of the day, to be a tin of corned beef, with perhaps a lettuce, or a tin of soup with some cold meat, and the reason assigned for this weary monotony is, "Oh, but it saves such a lot of trouble." Now there are cases where this plea is justifiable, and also many cases where it is not, and of course much depends upon the particular circumstances of each case, and also upon the social status of the household. In times of sickness or in small households, on those domestic occasions known as "washing day," the excuse holds good; but when the tin is substituted for the juicy steak or the tempting cutlet, in order to give the idle and selfish housekeeper, who probably has a good hot early dinner herself, more time to read novels and visit her neighbours, the introduction of tinned meat too often is utterly unjustifiable.

Again, there is the household where tinned meats and tinned goods never enter. The case is by no means an uncommon one. We hear ladies occasionally lay down the law on points of domestic economy, which the ablest and most experienced housekeepers admit to be open questions. These good persons, who are generally of what may be termed "a certain age," which, by the bye, really means "certainly aged," overwhelm one with the unanswerable argument that they object "on principle." They are what they call "methodical," which too often means that they insist on having their own way in every little tiny detail of life. Like the Pharisees of old, they pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and neglect weightier matters, such as judgment and mercy. It is these "pig-headed housekeepers" who are the great stumbling-blocks on the road of progress. We cannot get them to move one inch from the beaten track. We cannot reason with them, for "what reason never put in, reason will never get out." We can only leave these good people wise in their own conceit, to their favourite pursuit of finding motes in other people's eyes.

Our daily food must of necessity vary from time to time with the conditions under which we live. The universal opinion of the best medical men and the most experienced housekeepers is that in the days of our grandmothers people as a rule ate and drank a great deal more than was good for them, and the law of progress to which we have referred tends in the direction in the present day of taking far less quantity of meat, but more fish, fruit, and vegetables, while stimulants of every kind should be regarded as medicines rather than necessities. Persons in hot climates require far less meat than those who live in cold, and in hot summer weather like the present we should learn the lesson that Divine providence teaches us in the bounteous supply of fruit and vegetables which at this season of the year is sent for our use.

There are perhaps no dishes during summer more seasonable or more grateful than a good salad, and yet in this country, owing to habit and tradition, how seldom do we meet with a salad, save as a means of driving down, when it is almost too hot to eat at all, some cold beef or cold mutton! We all know the ordinary English salad, consisting, as it usually does, of a large lettuce of gigantic growth, somewhat similar in shape to an old umbrella of the Mrs. Gamp pattern. To this is added some radishes, mustard and cress, small spring onions, beetroot, celery, etc., and the whole is dressed in various fashions, and served "with cold meat." The salad as a dish by itself is, alas! too often unknown.

Fortunately for those who are really fond of salads, some of the more recent inventions, or, to speak more correctly, improvements, in the shape of tinned provisions, enable us to

IN THE NURSERY.

make a cheap, palatable dish at almost a few moments' notice, provided, of course, that we have the basis of the salad in the shape of fresh cut lettuce ready in the house. These salads also possess the great advantage of being a complete dish in themselves, and not merely accessories to cold meat. There are few dishes more acceptable at a luncheon or supper than a good salad, and these hitherto have been almost confined to lobster salad. Now lobster salad is exceedingly nice when made from fresh lobster, while at the same time there are few things more difficult to be obtained in a hurry, especially in country places, than a fresh boiled lobster. Tinned lobster is quite unsuited to make a salad; but on the other hand, a really delicious salad can be made from the new preparation of sardines now sold mixed with tomatoes.

These sardines and tomatoes mixed are a great improvement on the old form of sardines in oil. There are two kinds, viz., the Portuguese sardines and the Italian. Of these the latter are rather more expensive, and are decidedly more delicate in flavour. In making a salad from these sardines, of course the first thing is to prepare the lettuce. A large tin of sardines, or what grocers call half tins, and which are generally sold at about a shilling each, would take four good-sized French lettuces, for it must be borne in mind that all these delicate fish salads require French lettuces, not English. These lettuces vary in price according to the neighbourhood; although called French, they are grown in England. In the West of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands they can be obtained during the months of May and June at about two or three a penny, but of course fetch considerably more in large towns.

The lettuces should first be carefully washed and dried; in washing they should be pulled to pieces with the fingers, but the little hearts should be preserved for ornamental purposes afterwards. In every case of fish salad half a saltspoonful of dried tarragon, or four fresh tarragon leaves, chopped very fine, should be added to the quantity we have mentioned; but do not add more, as the tarragon flavour would overpower every other. In every salad that we shall mention the basis will be the same—four French lettuces. Remember, however, the importance of having the lettuce dried. Wet lettuces will never make a good salad. Next open the tin of sardines as near to the edge as you possibly can, so that you can turn out the dish on to a plate without breaking them. Next separate the sardines from the tomato pulp in which they are imbedded, and lay the sardines, after having wiped them with the edge of a cloth, side by side on a plate; should there be any broken ones or heads and tails, these can be placed under the lettuce in the bowl, but we want to make the top of the salad look pretty. Now arrange the sardines like the spokes of a wheel, so that all their tails meet together in the centre of the bowl, which would correspond to the axle. Then take the whole of the tomato pulp that was in the tin, which should be scraped clean, and place a little streak of red tomato between each fish, beginning near the centre of the bowl where the tails meet. Next take two or three hard-boiled eggs, cut them in halves, and then each half into three pieces longways. You must have enough egg so that one strip goes between each sardine. Of course these pieces of egg would go round the outer part of the bowl, between the heads of fish. The salad now presents a very pretty appearance, the fish reposing peacefully on their green bed, like trout fresh-caught repose on the grassy bank of a river. The red tomato brightens the centre of the dish, while in the centre itself can be placed the half of a hard-boiled egg, sufficiently buried in the lettuce so as to show only a yellow centre and white ring. A little finely-chopped parsley may be sprinkled round the pieces of egg that ornament the outer part of the bowl. This salad looks very cool and tempting on a hot summer's day, and forms a dish in itself, and can be often eaten and enjoyed when a delicate appetite in very hot weather would rebel against the cold shoulder of mutton, however tempting the salad might be served with it to help to drive it down.

In dressing this salad, all you require is oil and vinegar, pepper and salt; the chief point of importance is to make sure that the oil is pure olive oil, and not half olive oil and the other half composed of cotton-seed oil, which is very injurious. The best security in buying oil is the name of some well-known firm whose honesty is above suspicion. Avoid buying oil labelled simply salad oil, with no manufacturer's name attached. In dressing a salad of this size I would recommend a saltspoonful of salt, and half a one of pepper; three tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Then mix the salad well together—fish, tomato, and lettuce, before you add any vinegar. One tablespoonful of vinegar would be sufficient. What many people prefer, however, is a tablespoonful of lemon-juice; only take care that the lemon is a new one, and the juice acid. A lemon which has been kept a long time, till the skin is shrivelled, is of no use at all.

Another very superior salad can be made from a tin of Norwegian lax. Some three years ago we described how to make a salmon salad mayonnaise from the ordinary tinned salmon, which of course corresponds to plain cold boiled salmon. By means of Norwegian lax we can have a mayonnaise of smoked salmon. Now, we all know that smoked salmon is very expensive, the price being about four shillings a pound. One tin of Norwegian lax would make two large salads, and these tins are somewhere about 1s. 8d. each. Norwegian lax consists of smoked salmon cut in very thin slices and preserved in oil; it is quite equal to the very best smoked salmon. Of course it requires some good mayonnaise sauce, and this is by no means easy to make. Too often directions are given for making mayonnaise sauce which, if carried out, would result in a salad-dressing of the consistency of oil. Proper mayonnaise sauce should be of the consistency of butter in summer-time, so that you can spread it with a knife over the top of the salad, which should resemble in appearance a solid custard pudding. A few words on mayonnaise sauce may not be out of place, as it is the sauce *par excellence* for all high-class salads. To make mayonnaise sauce in summer the oil must be cool. Take a raw egg, and separate the yolk from the white; place the yolk at the bottom of a bowl large enough to hold a quart; drop the oil on the yolk of egg, drop by drop, and at the same time beat it lightly and quickly with a fork. Gradually, as you drop more oil, the mixture becomes thicker and thicker, till you churn a thick butter from two thin fluids, just as ordinary butter can be churned from liquid cream. It takes a long time to make, as the oil must be added very gradually indeed; the slightest impatience will ruin it. Whatever you do, do not add any vinegar, pepper, or salt till, so to speak, you have obtained the butter, and even then do not add these other ingredients till you mix the salad all together. We want the mayonnaise sauce as thick as possible, in order that we can spread it over the salad and make a yellowish white surface; it is this that makes the salad look so pretty. Now spread this white mixture over the centre of the salad, leaving a green rim round the edge, about two inches wide; cover this outer rim with the thin slices of Norwegian lax. If you have a cucumber in the house, a little, in very thin slices, can be placed between each piece of lax, showing a little green rim. Now take a little tiny piece of stale bread, and crumble it in a saucer very small, and drop three or four drops of cochineal, and colour the breadcrumbs a bright red; remember, you don't want more than half a saltspoonful. Chop up very small enough parsley to fill a saltspoon; then with the edge of a knife sprinkle these little red and green specks over the white surface, only don't overdo it. Now ornament the salad with, say, two hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters; you can also add half a dozen filleted anchovies, and a dozen stoned olives; you can also take a small teaspoonful of capers, throw them on a cloth in order to dry them from the vinegar, and sprinkle these on the surface, only do not too much hide the yellow. You have now a high-class dish, worthy to be served at the wedding breakfast of a princess.

If it is some great occasion, such as a supper party or a wedding breakfast, the dish can still be further improved by the addition of a few little heaps of chopped aspic jelly. Aspic jelly is now sold in sixpenny jars, and one jar is sufficient to ornament half a dozen dishes. Suppose we have two roast fowls, a cold pigeon pie, and a mayonnaise salad—what a wonderful difference can be made in the appearance of all these dishes for what Mr. Montague Tigg would have called the ridiculously small sum of sixpence! This salad is extremely pretty, and when it is all mixed together and its beauty destroyed, you can add the vinegar, pepper, and salt, or the vinegar can be added after each person has been helped, as some persons like more than others.

Another very nice salad can be made from tinned cods' roes, a new invention that has only lately appeared. For making cod's roe salad, proceed as follows:—Cut up a couple of French lettuces rather fine, and place them in a salad bowl. Take a breakfast-cupful of cod's roe, and break it up small with a fork, and remove the pieces of skin. Add two tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a brimming teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Mix it well together, adding a little white pepper. Place this on the outside rim of the lettuce; next take two hard-boiled eggs, separate the white and the yolks. Chop up the white very small, and powder the yolk. Place a ring of white round the lettuce inside the roe. Fill the centre with the yellow-powdered yolks. By this means the whole of the lettuce is covered, and the top of the bowl presents the appearance of a yellow centre, surrounded by a white ring; the white ring being surrounded by a very light red ring. Sprinkle a few specks of chopped parsley over the yellow, colour a pinch of the roe with cochineal, and sprinkle a few specks over the chopped white of egg. A few diamonds of aspic jelly can be used to ornament the edge. This makes a pretty luncheon or supper dish in the shape of a fish salad. It must be well mixed before eaten, when more oil and vinegar can be added. A small pinch of dried tarragon or two or three leaves of fresh chopped tarragon is a great improvement to the salad, and can be added to the lettuce before it is covered.

Another nice luncheon or supper dish can be made from tinned cods' roes, which may be called

Imitation Crab.

Take a breakfast-cupful of the cod's roe; break it up with a fork, and remove all the pieces of skin. Add two tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, one tablespoonful of made mustard (not too strong), one tablespoonful of malt vinegar, and add pepper to taste. Mix very thoroughly, using the prong of a silver fork to break all the little lumps. Serve in a real or imitation crab shell, or an ordinary oval dish; and place a small border of cold boiled rice round the edge. A few specks of chopped parsley sprinkled on the rice improves the appearance of the dish.

MY KATIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Ashamed who now can be
To own the Crucified?
Nay, rather be our glory this,
To live for Him who died!"

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh use me Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal.

If I were to talk to you for hours I could never make you understand how lovely it used to be to sit by our cottage door and watch the sun dip down into the sea on a quiet summer evening.

It was my home, of course; but if the place had been quite strange to me, and I had come upon it suddenly, I think it would have found a niche in my memory as one of the fairest spots on our fair earth.

In front was the sea, mistily blue; and away in the distance, clothed in purple haze, the phantom forms of the fair Welsh hills.

The billowy hill-slopes formed a background to this sweet scene, and looked as if the earth had been trying to copy the rippling waves of the sea.

In spring-time these dear, breezy slopes were daintily clothed with a delicate mantle of primroses; while in summer they were gay with golden gorse and purple heather and thyme.

Now and then the slopes were broken, and a bit of reddish brown marl was visible, throwing richer colouring into the landscape. Wandering over the hills, sometimes you would come to a precipice going sheer down into the sea; and in some places would get a fine view of the rough, rugged coast, broken up by tiny bays and inlets, guarded by craggy, furze-crowned tops.

I could never tell you how I loved it, how I love it now; but when I dream of heaven I like to think that somewhere in that better land there will be a little nook like Hindley Bay, and I shall feel at home and happy there.

Here it was that my early days were passed, and the years of my school life hurried quickly by. At least, it seems to me now as if they had sped away "as a dream when one awaketh," although, doubtless, at the time, like most girls, I thought they crept along but slowly, and longed for the time when life's real joys and duties (which girlhood always paints in glowing colours) should commence, crying out with the lassie in Jean Ingelow's poem:—

"I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the fox-glove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
The child is a woman; the book may close over;
For all the lessons are said.

I wait for my story; the birds cannot sing it—
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it; but, long years, O bring it,
Such as I wish it to be!"

Strange, is it not, that we are always looking forward all through life—feeling sure there is something better farther on? Thank God that this hope will certainly be realised by those who through His grace shall at last reach the desired haven, and be satisfied when they awake in His likeness.

And now, after the flight of years, as I look back to those quiet days, faces and scenes come out of the past; the misty veil woven by passing years is rent asunder; the present is for the moment forgotten, and I live over again the days that are no more.

And there is one face that is more closely associated than any other with those school-days of mine; and though it is very sweet and fair, and linked with some of my happiest days, it is connected also with one of the saddest memories of my life.

Katie and I were friends—school friends—and when I have said this, all girls will understand the sort of relationship which existed between us. How frequently we used to exchange vows of eternal friendship; we were determined to prove to everybody that schoolgirls' friendships were by no means of so ephemeral a nature as is generally supposed.

Away in one of my drawers I have an old book with violets and primroses pressed between its leaves. The colours have quite faded now; you could hardly believe they had ever been flowers. Katie gave them to me one day, when they were fresh and dewy, and I gave some to her; we were to keep them for ever, I think, in token of our friendship. We used to write what we considered very fine poetry, too, addressing it to each other; though doubtless both rhyme and rhythm would have been found very defective by critical eyes.

I remember there was one poem that I considered quite a masterpiece of genius, which Katie gave me. In it one of us was compared to the oak-tree, and the other to the ivy which clings around it. There was a simile, too, about our friendship being like the soft, pure light of the moon, which spiritualises and idealises any landscape, gilding it with its own silver radiance.

I remember I looked upon Katie as a very great and rising poetess after this production, and used to build many castles in the air as I dreamed of future days. Katie, however, would not unfrequently laugh at my fancies, for she was less sanguine than I, especially in matters concerning herself.

At the time of which I write we were both working hard for the examinations, and though it was the fair month of June, we had little time for our usual walks and talks, since it was necessary for us to study both early and late.

To Katie the papers would be easier than to me, I knew; for her memory was a most retentive one. Naturally I was most anxious to succeed, not merely to pass the examinations, but to gain honours, if possible; for I desired so much to stand well in Katie's eyes, to gain approbation from her. Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," speaking of women, says—

"We strain our natures at doing something great
Far less because it's something great to do,
Than, haply, that we so commend ourselves
As being not small, and more appreciable
To some one friend."

I do not know that this is always the impetus of womanly ambition; but I know I longed to succeed that I might commend myself and be "more appreciable" to Katie.

Not much more than a fortnight before the examinations, on a lovely summer day, a whole holiday was given to us, the occasion of which I cannot remember.

Katie and I decided to spend it, as usual, together on the cliffs. In the early morning we set out, a small basket in my hand filled with provisions for the day, which in returning we intended to use for the floral spoils of our day's pleasure.

Katie carried a book of miscellaneous poetry, for she would often read to me unwearyingly for hours together, as I lay prone among the fresh green grass, dreamily watching the soft white clouds sailing silently by. Katie was an only child, and her mother had died when she was less than a year old.

Her father was brilliant and clever, but by no means a religious man. He was exceedingly proud of his bright little daughter, but he never thought of anything but her temporal advancement. Katie had never heard of the blessedness of a life hid with Christ in God. Her father looked upon all Christian people as "fanatics or worse," and Katie's ideas upon this subject were influenced by his.

For some time I had been much troubled about this matter in my intercourse with Katie. We talked freely with each other upon all other subjects, but the one great topic of the world's Redeemer and His dying love for sinful men was the one upon which we never spoke. Christian influences had been around me from my earliest days, and not long before this eventful day in June I had professed my faith in the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, and had for the first time remembered His dying love, sitting down with His people at His table. I had a class in the Sunday-school, and loved to speak of my Lord's love to the little ones there; but with Katie my lips were sealed. I made many excuses to myself for behaviour which looked so much like denying my Lord. I told myself that Katie would not think less of my religion if I let my life speak and my lips remain silent. I did not see clearly till afterwards that I loved Katie and Katie's good opinion better than my Lord and His command.

Many and conflicting thoughts were passing through my mind as we climbed the cliffs that summer day. Sometimes we wandered aimlessly over the hills; at other times we kept to the path close by the cliffs. After long rambling, we sat down on the green slopes and enjoyed one of our long, pleasant talks. At last Katie opened her book of poetry and commenced reading to me.

How clearly I can see her as she looked then, as if no fleeting years had rolled between! Katie in her white dress, with its blue ribbons, her dark, clustering hair falling in glorious profusion about her head, her dark eyes radiant with the light of happiness, the mouth firm yet sweet, a face that, if it spoke truly, was the index of a character in which complete reliance could be placed—a good face to look at and know that it belonged to one's well-beloved friend.

All these thoughts passed through my mind as I sat watching Katie, her usually pale, dark face slightly flushed from sympathy with the poem she was reading, It was Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie," well enough known now, and tells the story of an old woman's bravery. The rebel army were marching through Fredericktown, and in haste and fear the inhabitants hauled down the flags which bore the stars and stripes; all but one old woman of nearly ninety years of age, and she, unwilling to see her country's flag dishonoured, held it far out of her window, guarding it with her old, grey head, calling upon the rebels to shoot her if they must, but to spare the banner of their country. The woman's action touched

MY KATIE.

the heart of the rebel leader, and he ordered his men to march on, leaving both flag and bearer untouched; and all day long its gallant folds waved and tossed over the heads of the hostile army which trod the city's streets.

"That was a brave old woman!" cried Katie, warmly. "How proud I should feel if anyone belonging to me did something like that! How I honour anyone, whether man or woman, who is not ashamed of their colours!"

Then, in what we schoolgirls used to call Katie's "martial style," she repeated the lines—

"Honour to her, and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Freitchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave.
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round that symbol of light and law.
And ever the stars above look down
On the stars below in Fredericktown."

But for me, I had no desire on that day to discuss bravery with Katie, feeling, as I did, that I myself was a very coward.

"The time is going fast," I said, at last, anxious for some diversion, "and if we are to fill our baskets with flowers to-day, I think we had better begin to gather them."

"All right, dear old girl!" cried Katie, with alacrity. "Whatever should I do if I hadn't you to bring me down from the clouds sometimes! But the record of noble deeds always seems to me like the roll of the drum leading one on to battle and to victory!"

We took up our baskets, and soon filled them with a wealth of summer beauty.

At last, in a crevice above a gigantic boulder, Katie saw a lovely star-like blossom, more beautiful in her eyes than all the rest. There seemed to be little danger, and she felt she must secure it. The flower was in her hand, her bright face looking up into mine in smiling triumph, when suddenly a terrible thing happened.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the boulder on which Katie stood, already undermined by many a storm, became loosened by her weight, and in a moment slipped out of sight, carrying her with it down, far down, to the white sands below the cliff.

For a moment I felt completely stunned by the terrible disaster, and then, rallying back my strength, as my heart cried to my heavenly Father for help, I remembered a winding rocky path which led down to the white stretch of sands. As I descended, with my whole heart I cried for Katie's life, that she might yet be spared to me, for I could not believe that she was past help.

CHAPTER II.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our best beloved resign.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves,
We bow our heads and pray;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

And my prayer was answered; for when I reached the sands beneath the cliffs, I found some fishermen, who had been busy with their boat on the shore, standing over the poor helpless form of her who had so lately been my bright, laughing Katie.

They were anxious for someone to direct them, and willingly obeyed my orders. Though their hands were rough and their faces weather-beaten, they lifted my darling with tenderest care and placed her in their boat. A low moan of pain broke from her, and I felt thankful even for this sign of life. I cannot write of the terrible journey in the little fishing boat across the bay home to her father's house, of the still white form which was carried up into my Katie's dainty chamber.

In a dream I seemed to hear the bustle of many feet, and to see a look of startled dismay on many faces. The doctor's face wore a look of anxiety and pity, but he said very little; still, I saw from the first that her father had little hope of his daughter's recovery, and very bitter were his lamentations, for if he lost Katie it seemed to him as if the very light of his life would be for ever quenched.

Before I left the house that evening a grave elderly woman had arrived; she had been called at the doctor's suggestion, and was installed as nurse at once. I was not attracted to her at all; she was very quiet and self-possessed; her manners seemed stern to me. I would have given anything to remain by the bedside of my darling, but this was not allowed; only hands experienced in nursing serious cases could attend her.

And all the time it was borne in upon me that however much care and skill was lavished upon my well-loved friend, all was of no use. I felt sure that she could never more wander with me over the hills or sit by my side in the classes.

Then followed some days of anxious suspense. I feared the blow must fall, and yet, while it was delayed, I now and then dared to cherish a glimmering hope. These days seem burnt into my memory by some strange fiery finger. Only Katie's father and the nurse were allowed to enter her room; how hard it seemed that I, her dearly-loved friend, should be shut out. But no agitation might come near her. Through the still midnight hours, when everyone else was sleeping, in an agony of tears I prayed for Katie, that before death's cold fingers closed my darling's eyes, she might, in some brief time of consciousness, receive the grace to see Jesus, and recognise in Him her Saviour; it seemed too terrible for words to tell that I had never, in days of health and strength, spoken to her of that dear Redeemer who tasted death for every man, dying that we might live.

Sometimes it seemed to me that the punishment for my unfaithfulness was greater than I could bear; but God is very merciful. He is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer now, as in days gone by. At last one day a messenger came to call me to my Katie's home. It was the old man-servant, who had lived in the family for many years, and his voice trembled, and a tear stood in his honest eyes, as he told me that nothing could disturb his dear young lady now. The great London doctor who had come down to see if his skill could suggest anything for her relief said that at best she could only live for a day or two, and she might now see anyone she chose, to say a last good-bye, and she had asked for me.

It was not long before I had reached the door of Katie's home and entered the old familiar rooms. How different everything looked! It seemed to me as if the life and spirit of it all had suddenly gone out.

There, on the hat-stand in the lobby, hung Katie's pretty garden hat; in the sitting-room, on a low table, stood her work-basket, just as she had left it, an unfinished strip of braiding lying on the top. The books, too, were there which we had studied together, but which she would never need again. How all these inanimate things seemed somehow to touch my heart with keener pain than before, and shake the calmness which I had been charged must be strictly maintained in Katie's presence!

At last I went upstairs into the bright little room I knew so well, with its windows overlooking the bright blue waters of the bay, bounded by those cruel cliffs. And standing by the little bed with its white draperies, I was alone once more with Katie. Her face was white and drawn; it seemed not Katie's face at all, and yet there was a calm, peaceful light in the dear brown eyes, and a tender smile on the pale lips, such as I had never seen before on any face. I had promised the prim-looking nurse that I would be calm, but oh! it was very hard.

"Nellie, my Nellie," whispered Katie, softly; "don't look so sad, darling, it is all right with me now; I am leaving you, but I am going to Jesus, to my own dear Saviour, who has bought me with His precious blood. We shall meet again, darling, in the land where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for Nellie, dear, I know you love the dear Lord, too; but how was it you never spoke to me of Him, and of the joy and peace to be found in believing?"

I buried my face in the white coverlet, for my tears choked all utterance—tears of bitter repentance for my unfaithfulness, yet mingled with them tears of joy. But Katie did not wait for me to reply to her question, but went on—

"I had always such a strange idea of religion before. I thought it was something that might be added on to one's life; I never dreamed that it was the very heart and mainspring of it all, as I see it now. The old nurse the doctor sent to us is a follower of the Lord Jesus, and she has taught me the way to Him. And, Nellie dear, do you know I quite hope dear father is learning the same blessed lesson too. At first he used to listen to nurse's talks, and to what I could remember to repeat to him, to please me, but now I really believe he, too, is seeking for rest in Jesus; and, Nellie, I am so happy!"

There was a light not of earth on the pure, pale face. How was it that in such a short time she, helpless and lying upon a dying bed, had outstripped me in the Christian race?

I never saw my Katie again till I saw her two days after in her coffin. Pure, white flowers were placed around her, and on her face there was a look of perfect peace. It reminded me of the "peace of God, that passeth all understanding."

"By God's grace I will follow thee home, little daughter," I heard her father whisper, as he stooped to place a lovely white lily in her folded hands.

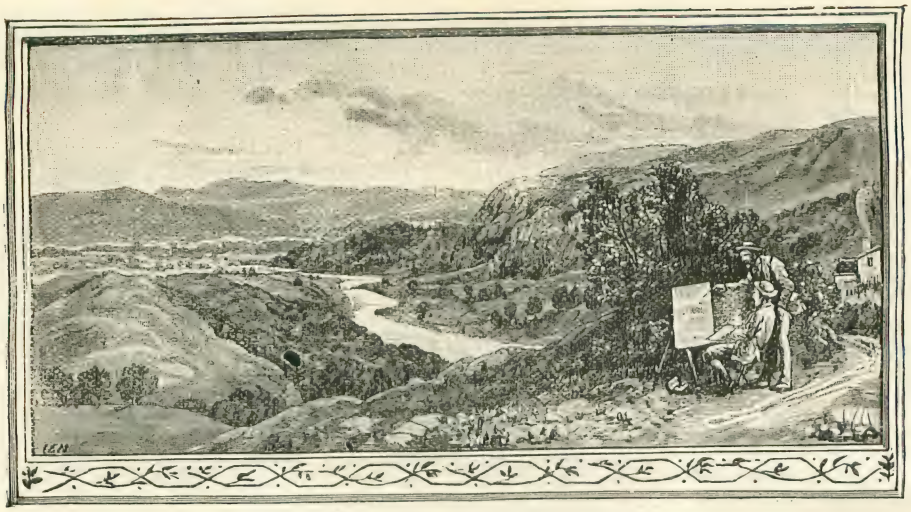
All our school friends attended the funeral, and many a lovely flower wreath was laid by loving hands upon the coffin. Some time after a marble cross was erected to her memory, and upon it was engraved, beside the date of her birth and death, the words—

"We asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest her life,
Even length of days for evermore."

For many a day life seemed dark and empty to me without Katie, but before long the land beyond the river, whither she had gone, seemed nearer to me than ever it had done before. The presence of our blessed Lord and Saviour became also a living, bright reality to me. He seemed to fill up the aching void in my heart. I learned that it was possible to walk close by His side, and not far off only, where His footprints were dim and His voice hardly heard at all.

Truly tender and merciful as a father is our God, and yet while I look forward hopefully to meeting Katie some day in the land where partings are unknown, when I remember those days of sad and bitter anguish during which, with many tears, I repented my unfaithfulness to Katie, I pray that others may be warned by my example, and never be ashamed to show their colours. May they by word and deed bravely confess themselves followers of the Lord who bought them, striving thus to bring others to His blessed feet!

Mary I. Bryson.



THE SWEET COMPANIONSHIP OF NATURE.
From the drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

A GALLERY OF MODERN ART.

YOUTH AND AGE.
Drawn by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

HIS spring I escorted some "country cousins" to one of our London Galleries, and presented my own catalogue to them, so I content myself with a cursory glance at the collection as nameless works of art; my opinion is thus unbiassed by the prestige of authorship, for my acquaintance with the handling of our modern painters aids me to a recognition of only a limited number.

So, abandoned to my own devices, I first sit down to take a comprehensive view of all the pictures on the wall before me. At a glance I see those that merit a closer investigation; but as I am not here for the purpose of reviewing, I propose to act on no special plan, but simply take a stroll down the room, and look at all indiscriminately as they come. The collection does not contain any remarkable pieces, but seems to present a medium standard as to effect and finish.

The first picture which attracts me is decidedly clever; the contrasts of light and shade effective; the concentration of interest secured to the right object. But it belongs to the class denominated "Dismal Art." Poverty, dirt, hopelessness, and grim combination with vice in its ferocious aspect, are well depicted. A grating high up in a cellar wall casts a pictorial Rembrandtish light on the repulsive-looking group. The subject is by no means of an elevating character; it could answer no good end, and would prove a failure as a decorative object in a private dwelling. Such works could only find a suitable place in a gallery of pictures. Indeed, they exercise a really baneful influence as a comparatively isolated object of contemplation, especially in the case of an invalid confined much to the house; as also upon children, whose nurseries should be made "sun-traps," so to say, bright with elevating, hope-inspiring associations. To give a fair idea of a picture which would prove a tonic to an invalid, and exert a beneficial influence wherever located, I would direct attention to those by Cobbett. Light, warmth, joy are their special characteristics; and the mind of the spectator is impressed with a most agreeable influence, really hygienic in its character.

Here is a group of a very different description from that which I last discussed. All is indicative of luxury and happiness, and each figure a portrait, as delicately finished as a miniature. But, looking at the subject as a whole, with the eyes partially closed, it seems as if the canvas were spotted with three or four whitish patches. I look from one to another, and all present themselves with an equal degree of importance; and the interest is so scattered that, viewed as a work of art, it is a failure. It reminds me of the family group of the immortal Primroses, each member of which was to hold an orange. Substituting faces for oranges, their repetition in spots equally conspicuous gives to the picture a small-pox effect very far from artistic.

A "Kit-kat portrait of some citizen's wife" next claims a word of remark. It is doubtless an accurate likeness, produced with uncompromising sincerity. But the lady evidently condoned the offence in view of an equally faithful representation of a variety of trinkets—chains, rings, fringes, bows, and buttons—all carefully delineated and equal to a fashion plate; and above all, a large warming-pan locket, enclosing a portrait of her own good man. There are no half lights and no shadows in this picture. She would have protested against them; and so far as her face was concerned, she at least had the royal support of Queen Bess, who considered that a shadow in connection with any part of the face gave an appearance of age. Thus it is that all her portraits are so flat and unfinished. In the present case, one would suppose that the poor artist was paid extra for every auxiliary object represented. The album, inkstands, and other brilliant articles arrayed on the gaily-draped table form each of them so many separate pictures, which do not seem to blend into nor assist in forming the main design. They are all cleverly executed, but might each be cut out without being missed.

A landscape is the next picture, at least, so I suppose, as I glance at its "greenery" minus the "yallery." But it seems more correctly to represent a bunch of spinach and parsley. No warmer tints, no speck of red, produced by a peasant's shawl or a poppy in the foreground, relieve the uniform tameness and chilliness of the general effect. Doubtless, if your eye rested for a moment on a plot of garden grass shorn of its golden-eyed daisies, or at a square of heaven's own blue seen through a topmost pane, the colouring might be perfect; but where the design? and without the design, where the picture? I never cease wondering how such performances ever insinuate themselves through the jealously half-closed gallery-doors that shut out so much that is good. What effect is produced by so many hours of work? An effect in green. Well, "green"—the spectator feels little impressed by any idea, save that the artist produced a faithful symbol of himself if he thought to make fame or fortune out of such a "work of art."

The next in order is of much the same hue, but shows far more of design. The last streaks of declining sunset touch-up the leaden surface of a stagnant mill-pond, and a weather-stained house, half hidden amongst the few trees around it, is suggestive of rat-holes and mildewy paper hanging loosely from the walls. I almost smell the fusty dampness of the mouldy-looking room entitled the "drawing-room," and shudder at view of the deadly miasma beginning to rise from the rush-grown land adjoining. I should expect to hear, in the stillness of night,

"Strange footsteps walk the upper floors,"

of those of the smitten and laid low by fever and ague. Certainly I should not select such an uncanny abode, nor lodge there even for a night.

This is, no doubt, another example of "Dismal Art," yet it has at least the redeeming characteristic of being suggestive—which is one of the triumphs of art. Most pictures are wholly deficient in this respect. We see exactly the object painted; no more and no less. No stimulus is given to the imagination, which should be helped towards the creation

of further developments; the filling-in of an indistinct and shadowy beyond, and conjuring up of ideal histories connected with them.

Close to this mill-scene is another suggestive design. A castle, partially in ruin, stands on a beetling rock above the sea, and touched up by moonlight out of a rift in the wild wrack driven madly by a gale. On the opposite side of the picture the balance of design is made up by mist-covered wood heights, and in the foreground there is a weird-looking lightning-struck tree; and all looks mysterious and dreary in the ravine which forms the centre of the picture. The *tout ensemble* is good—one or more such productions may be found in most collections, and they afford a little feast to the mind of the spectator, who may easily connect the scene with romantic stories, historic or traditional.

Passing on a little further, I see a group of flower and fruit designs. Some are merely pressed specimens, though not intended as such, stem, leaf and petal lying flat on the background. To pick them up you would have to run a knife beneath them, or scrape them off. No lights or shadows detach them from the background or from one another; they seem to be flattened with a hot iron, and stuck fast to the card or canvas, and cast no shadows in any direction. Some few amongst the present collection show most artistic grouping; the colours are fitly contrasted, the lights well massed, pure white blossoms greyed down softly, in proportion as they retire from the front, and likewise less clearly defined in outline. "Why?" you may ask; simply because you could not see them all at a glance. You see one or two, and the rest with an imperfect vision, which but dimly defines all other outlines than that of the particular object to which the sight is directed. Apart from this fact, all cannot be presented in the same strength of light. Take, for example, the unsurpassed flower-pieces of Muckley and Fintin, and catch some inspiration from them, you amongst my readers who have adopted this branch of art. In their exquisite works only the more prominent white blossoms catch the major lights. Pictures of this description are of the highly "Decorative Order."

There are other pictures which may also be classed under the same department of art, not admirable for their energetic power, strong contrasts of light and shadow, nor their peculiar suggestiveness. They are the very opposite of the "Dismal Art" type, and are attractive, more especially for their brightness and great harmony of colouring and gracefulness of form. Such are the landscapes of southern countries—Italy, Spain, etc., with picturesque figures of peasants in their attractive national costumes, grouped near an ancient pillar, an archway, a sunny, weed-grown wall, or a trellis draped with fruit-laden vines or flowering creepers. The colouring in these is often daringly true to Nature; but while too bright for the credence of northeners, who have not seen such dazzling hues, nor could imagine them in such combinations, they are very charming to the eye. Pictures of this type are very suitable in a drawing-room, the boudoir, and the bedroom. They act like a gleam of sunshine; they do good to the mind. True, they cannot boast of the strong nervous power of the Old Masters, nor need they to do so. They fill a place of their own, and cannot be dispensed with; and those who can produce them deserve well of many whose lot is cast under gloomy grey skies, and amidst the smoke of northern cities.

I stroll leisurely forwards, and another portrait arrests my attention: an Eastern belle, whose neck and arms are ablaze with gem-studded chains and circlets of gold. The outlines are perfect, the expression life-like and characteristic, the jewels sparkle with transparent light; but the face, neck, and arms are edged with a black, narrow cord. Outline designs by such masters as Retch or Flaxman are perfect; they need no filling-in of colour, nor shading in black or brown. The effect of roundness is produced by the thickness or thinness of outline; the respective distances, by the relative proportions of the several objects; together with a due regard to the strength or lightness of the touch and the correctness of the perspective. But in drawings that are filled in and shaded, and in paintings, there can be no line to indicate the extreme edge of any part of the person, the dress, or auxiliary article, whatsoever it may be. The colouring of the flesh has its due limit—that is all; and at that extreme limit it is paler than elsewhere; for it shows a delicate reflected light, more or less strong, according to the brightness or whiteness that occasioned it. This reflected light serves not only to give roundness and globosity, but it detaches the object from the background, and gives an appearance of atmosphere around the figure.

Once more I squeeze myself into a place on a central sofa. I should not bring myself into such close contact with strangers, or risk incommoding them, but for the selfish tenacity with which seats are retained when once secured. People seem to take root, and make no effort to give place for others, forgetting also that all have an equal right to the seats, and should enjoy a few minutes' rest, each in succession.

My eyes wander on to a very long splash of dark paint on a grey background. Is it an old evening gown, with a train, hung upon a nail? or is there a scarecrow specimen of mortality inside it? When I have taken a general view of the intervening pictures, I promise myself a closer investigation. Where I now am, the frames appear far more important and conspicuous than the gems they are supposed to contain. No doubt there are most exquisite works, of very limited dimensions. Of this description many marvels of art may always be seen in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, notably by Meissonier, Sell, Seiller, and others equally admirable. But unless the young aspirant to greatness and fame be the fortunate possessor of genius like theirs, we recommend larger canvas. As a rule—when the principal objects in view are considered, *i.e.*, the largest amount of decorative capabilities, and the greater enjoyment of the majority of beholders—remember that a picture the size of a snuff-box produces no effect on a wall; it can only be used as a pendant, or grouped with other little works, miniatures and such like, and so massed together to fill a reasonable space on one side of a room. And as to the enjoyment of the majority of persons, they cannot be appreciated without the aid of a magnifying-glass, nor even seen at a very short distance. Then, if your picture be not this kind of "gem," only a small example of your powers, it is "skied," or put so low down that friends interested in you must grovel on the floor to see it. It is viewed as unimportant, and is fitted in where chance may offer a space. Try a bolder flight, and produce a picture that will sell. The ordinary public requires one that will repay its cost, and look important amongst the few they can afford to purchase to glorify their dwellings.

Other visitors are looking with envious eyes at me, and I must resign my place to one of them. So, passing by the more insignificant examples of modern art, I press as politely as I can through the elbowing crowd, after the fashion of a swimmer propelled on one side by a single arm, to contemplate a remarkably strange exhibition. Absence of colour, form, relief, of atmospheric effect and any semblance of life—these are the leading characteristics at once apparent. It is of the genus "portrait," and of the species "full-length," and we can only hope that the limp, lugubrious figure represented is only the ideal offspring of some sickly artist's brain. At least he cannot be accused of "playing into the hands" of the dress-maker: no "pinchings-in" nor "puffings-out," no *soupçon* of trimmings and curious devices in needlework. The subject may be anything save and except a fashion-dummy, rigged-out for a Regent Street window. I should say that some poor "unfortunate, weary of life," had been rescued from the Thames—black with its mud—under the auspices of the "Humane Society"; but why exposed elsewhere than in a "morgue" I fail to comprehend. The article still tied on the head seems a kind of "Hallelujah Girl's bonnet," and the whole figure presents an even surface with the background. Further comment is needless. I have described what I once actually saw in one of our principal galleries.

General effect—produced with pencil, brush and chisel—in contrasts of light and shade, or of colour, beauty of design, and concentration of interest, may supersede the advantages of finish, and almost entirely dispense with it. This is demonstrated in some of our grandest monuments of art. But the most exquisite "finish" can far less afford to dispense with "general effect." In designing, as in reading, to misplace the emphasis is to ruin the whole; the reader mystifies the audience by changing the drift of the sentence, or rendering it pointless and flat, if not ludicrous. It is just so in poetry. A misplacement of the beat—which should ever recur at the same syllable in each companion line, in unbroken regularity—is to forfeit for the stanzas all claim to be called "poetry." "Poetical license" does not signify an unpoetical breach of the rules of prosody. In such paintings as that last described, none of the above-named essentials to the production of a work of true art could be discovered.

What little gingerbread-coloured landscape is that, which produces no further effect than that of a dingy blot on the wall? Someone beside me said it was "so like the work of a certain Old Master, of a foreign school;" I forget who. Aye, but—not having the prestige of his authorship, nor the intrinsic value of that much antiquity—it must stand on its own merits. As a design it shows neither originality of idea nor beauty of form, nor of combinations of colour. It is not striking nor suggestive; and certainly not decorative. Even were it an original, old masters, like modern ones, left very unequal work behind them, and many uninteresting pieces. They had their dull days, working against the grain; and doubtless they sometimes used up old remains of paint to "produce something out of nothing." Like poets, once a reputation has been established, the favoured of Fame amongst painters and sculptors are sometimes apt to think that any crude work from their pencil or chisel will be blindly and gratefully received by an admiring public, who may be (and they are not far wrong) "as tenderly led by the nose as asses are." Apart, however, from such wilful presumption, old masters—great as they might have been amongst even the greatest lights of genius—made their mistakes. The small "gingerbread specimen" is so obscure, that the figures under the dark green blots, supposed to be trees, are scarcely distinguishable in the fog of paint into which their forms are dissolved. There is no colouring to refresh the eye, and the whole piece is utterly uninteresting.

Enough of this unrefreshing object of contemplation; let me look at this marine view, which seems to possess some merit. The southern colouring is true to nature, the figures and boats cleverly dashed in, without regard to finish. As I have said, great finish is not essential; but mannerisms should be avoided. This description of individuality is not credit-

able. There are lumps of paint daubed over the canvas, sufficient for the production of another picture. I grant that, when a great light is to be concentrated on some particular spot, as on the fringe of foam that crests a giant wave, the effect may be legitimately heightened by the massing of white paint upon it, so that it may likewise catch the real light by standing up in relief from the canvas. But dabs of paint of any dark colour only look like clods of mould turned up on a newly-ploughed field. What advantage is there in so much roughness? The painter cannot pass it off for real power. Some of the smoothest paintings I have ever seen have exhibited the strongest contrasts of light and shade, and the highest possible relief in the objects represented.

The crowd, unlike the "rolling stone that gathers no moss," appears to thicken with fresh recruits as it moves onwards, and I make up my mind to relieve the pressure at least by one unit. Here and there I see beautiful examples of art, free from mannerisms or any defect within the scope of observation—golden-hued landscapes that would bring a gladdening ray of sunshine into the darkest of rooms; sea-pieces bright and vigorous, if not so marvellous as the works of the great Danish marine painters, such as Melby or Rasmussen, or the late incomparable Sörensen, whose marvellous works were for some time exhibited in Bond Street; portraits of women vieing with such as Gainsborough's "Duchess of Montagu," standing boldly out of a background of "clear obscure," such as those of our modern Sant and Richmond, remarkable no less for the refinement of the subject than for the combined delicacy and strength of the handling; or portraits of men, such as those by Frank Holl, as striking and lifelike as any by Vandyck himself.

Let me try to understand a queer-looking group of very unnatural form and dress. It impresses my mind with the kindred idea of employing the quaint old language of the Bible in everyday commonplace conversation. A modern dwelling and nineteenth century men and women, depicted in a style dating back to Cimabue. Far be it from any reader to imagine that I undervalue an original work by that great Father of Art, or any of his immediate successors, nor even a modern adaptation of the style to subjects of the same period of history, or to sacred personages and events. The long attenuated figures, the impossible perspective, the absence of any relief or of due proportions in the "human form divine," all these peculiar characteristics and what not besides in the incongruity of the designs, I regard all with a sort of tender veneration and respect, recognising their perfect originality, their frequent vigour, and curious naïveté of expression, combined with their antiquity.

Through the thronged doorway and into the water-colour department at last; but not for long. I have criticised enough for to-day, and not after the plan which I usually adopt, *i.e.*, to select the best works for notice, and omit all mention of the undeserving. It needs not more originality, but far more of professional skill, to produce a fine work in such colours than in oils; and but few can produce them of large dimensions. But some, of small size though they be, deserve longer comment than I have time to give them. Here and there are examples, more or less, stippled like miniatures, producing a beautiful effect, and the work would bear examination even through a magnifier. But my notice is attracted, although at rarer intervals, by certain pieces exquisitely fresh in colouring and as free in design, wherein every effort is produced by one clear, broad sweep of the brush; no supplementary touches nor washes, no wiping out, nor scratchings with a penknife. You may sometimes see figure subjects exquisitely produced in this style in the "Exhibition of Lady Artists," notably by Miss Beresford, in the Nineteenth Century Art Gallery, and other collections.

If any of "our girls" desire to cultivate such a bold, free, yet perfectly finished style, never let them use old, dry washes left from a former occasion. I advise you, my young friends, to make a fresh one, and plenty of it, for every tone you require, and try each on a separate sheet of paper, to assure yourselves that it is exactly of the right tint before you begin. Lastly, leave all the lights—do not paint them in nor scrape them out; but first of all learn to use your pencil freely, and to sketch figures rapidly in every position before you attempt to produce them in colours.

My little chat is concluded. Twisted and twirled about in the eddies formed by the crowd of sightseers, I am tired, and likely to become prosy, if I have not fallen into that snare already. But it has been a pleasure to communicate my impressions to my girl friends equally interested in this department of art. Our gifts are all God-bestowed, and the ability to support yourself or your family, or earn the means to extend your benevolence to strangers, is a "talent" to be cultivated, not "laid by in a napkin." Or viewed as a powerful means of instructing and elevating the minds of those who see the productions of your brush, and of bringing beauty and brightness into your own and other homes, the skill and genius of the artist may be regarded as a sacred trust, to be used for the service and glory of your Divine Master.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

GERMAN WOMEN: THEIR INFANCY, GIRLHOOD, AND MARRIED LIFE.

BY THE COUNTESS A. VON BOTHMER.

FROM the moment a German baby is born its life is different from that of an English one, for most German mothers still follow the old-fashioned custom of swaddling their offspring as tightly as possible.

The unfortunate little being is clothed in the numerous garments thought necessary for its tender years, and these said garments are folded over its legs, and pinned together in such a manner that it is an impossibility for the child to stretch itself; and then it is placed in an oblong bag, richly decorated with lace and ribbons, beautiful to the eye, but thoroughly unpractical.

I need hardly say that this custom is at once unhealthy and uncleanly, for a careless, idle nurse rarely takes the child out of its bag as often as is necessary, in consequence of which its legs become weak and useless, and a great many children suffer from rickets, which complaint is curiously enough called in Germany "Die Englische Krankheit," or the English sickness, for what reason I have hitherto failed to discover.

However, the baby's troubles are over when it is short-coated, and then, until its fifth or sixth year, it may be said to spend a very happy life, for no mother is more unselfish or kinder than a German one, for she is heart and soul devoted to her children's welfare, and even if she has many servants, she still personally superintends everything connected with their bringing up and education; but it is in smaller households that her love and unselfishness are most prominent.

At five or six a girl is thought old enough to go to school, unless her parents keep a governess, but this is very rarely the case.

However, the children do not lose their happy home life and their mother's care, for they only spend a few hours at school, and always return home for the rest of the day.

The schools are conducted on much the same plan as the English high schools, and in both England and Germany girls receive a thoroughly good sound education, but in the last-named country there are greater facilities for acquiring modern languages, and there are very few German girls who cannot speak French and English fluently, and often a little Italian.

The reason that they are so much better linguists than their English sisters is, that as a rule they are utterly free from shyness and self-consciousness, and are therefore always pleased to do their best in speaking any foreign language that may be necessary. Family life in Germany is very different from what it is in England, for the brothers and sisters, although very fond of each other, have nothing in common, and no interests or amusements that they can share together, so each go their own way, and drift invariably very widely apart. Outdoor games are very little played, in fact there is not enough time for this kind of amusement, and the boys generally work off their superfluous energies in practising gymnastics.

It is not thought necessary, however, that girls should be brought up to be pleasant companions to their brothers, and, as a natural result, afterwards to their husbands; for they are taught from their earliest infancy that their sole vocation in life is to be good Hausfrauen (or housewives), and that the only virtues that are necessary for them to cultivate are submissiveness, thrift, and unselfishness—three undoubtedly very excellent attributes for a woman; but she needs many more intellectual qualities before she can become the intelligent, close companion to her brothers and husband, for which she was surely intended.

The girls make enthusiastic friendships amongst themselves, and indulge in an immense amount of hero-worship, and are much more sentimental and demonstrative than English girls, for they are rarely reserved, and show their feelings of pleasure or the reverse very plainly to everyone.

A birthday is a great fête, and the occasion of much pleasure to the whole family; a table is laid out with the presents in the drawing-room, and, when all is ready, the "Geburtstagskind" (or birthday child) is led in, when there are great exclamations of surprise and delight; but the table is left undisturbed in all its glory until the evening, as generally a coffee-party is given, to which all the young girl-friends are invited, and they, too, each bring a small offering to be laid upon it.

The coffee-party is a most gorgeous affair, and the girls eat so many cakes that it is a wonder that any of them are able to go to school the next day. The first meal is about 4.30, and consists of quantities of sweet things of all descriptions, and coffee and chocolate, with whipped cream; and after these good things have been disposed of, games are played, and sometimes there is a little music, until 6.30, when the lady of the house appears and calls the girls into another room, where a second feast awaits them. This time there are jellies, ices, creams, and wine; and when these have also disappeared, the happy, but I

SCHWARZBLATTE.

should think very uncomfortable little guests depart.

Christmas is another great family festival all over Germany, and the very poorest person would not think it was Christmas unless he had his tiny tree, with one or two lights; even the Jews follow this custom. For months beforehand great preparations are made, and the mother and sisters are busy with mysterious pieces of work, intended for their father, brothers, and each other, for no one must know what he or she will receive. On Christmas Eve the tree is very beautifully decorated with every kind of ornament and quantities of lights, and all the presents are arranged on small tables round the room, and the name of each happy recipient on his or her respective table.

As soon as it is dusk the father and mother light the tree, and then the children and servants are called in, when each one is led to his or her table, and for a long time nothing but exclamations of delight and wonder are heard.

At last, when the lights get low, they are extinguished, and the family go to supper, but the presents are still left on the tables, in order that any visitors, who may come later, can see them.

The rest of the evening is spent at home, and the next day, which is Christmas Day, is spent very much like an English Sunday, for in the morning everyone goes to church, and in the afternoon a quiet walk is taken by the whole family.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen a girl leaves school, and is then sent to a pension for young ladies, where her education is finished, the pension being very often in French Switzerland or Belgium, as in these countries she can perfect her knowledge of French.

It is not at all an unusual thing for a Swiss and a German family to exchange daughters for a year, so that each may learn the other's language and have the advantage of seeing a foreign country, and this plan is generally a success, as the girls return home greatly improved with fresh interests and ideas.

And now, after a year or two in the pension, the young lady returns home to be introduced to society.

Most German girls are extremely pretty when they are quite young, for although they have not always perfect features, their complexions are faultless, their figures fine and well developed, and nearly all of them have most beautiful hair, but unfortunately they often lose their good looks very quickly, and generally two or three years of married life will transform the brilliant young beauty into a dowdy Hausfrau, careless of her personal appearance, and with but one thought —how to make her weekly allowance go furthest.

Society in Germany is very different from what it is in England, for it is much more formal, and there are numerous points of etiquette that it is necessary to remember. If you have ever read about what English society was like some seventy years ago, you will have a very good idea of the manners in vogue in Germany at the present time.

A young lady must not sit down in a room with elder ladies until leave is given her, unless they are very near relations. She must make a low, deferential curtsey when she first speaks to them, and if they are of high rank should kiss their hands; she must always address them as "Gnädige Frau," or gracious lady; or if they are titled, by their title, with the prefix Frau if they happen to be married. It is only with girls of her own age that she is able to be natural and free, for it is equally impossible to have any but the stiffest and most restrained intercourse with gentlemen, old and young.

Country excursions in summer are a favourite amusement, and, as a rule, several families join forces; but even at these picnics a certain stiffness prevails, for the papas go about together, and the mammas sit in a circle, and discuss the iniquities of their servants, keeping, at the same time, a careful eye on their daughters, who are not allowed to wander out of sight.

In fact it is an impossibility for any man to become intimately acquainted with a girl before marriage, and he can only guess at her character.

Judging from German poetry and pictures, one would imagine that courtship in Germany was carried on in the most romantic way possible; but this is by no means the case, for all the preliminaries to marriage are conducted in an exceedingly prosaic and matter-of-fact manner.

The girls are brought up to think that marriage is necessary, and will improve their position in the world, and they think less of being companions to their husbands than of the importance of having a home and independent position of their own.

They have very warm hearts, and often have a romantic sentimental feeling for someone else who is not a sufficiently good *parti*, and who they therefore can never hope to marry; but as a nearer approach is not allowed to any man, the feeling does not go very deep, soon is forgotten in most cases, and they are quite contented to bestow themselves on the husband chosen by their parents—not, I daresay, without a few sighs and longings at first that Fate had proved more kind. There are, however, occasionally very romantic marriages, with deep love on both sides; and it is also a fact that unhappy unions in Germany are much rarer than in England, and elopements are not known, for a German husband is always good-natured and kind, and as the wife expects little, she is never disappointed.

The parents of the future bride and bridegroom generally arrange everything between them as regards the future, about money arrangements, etc., before anything on the subject is said to the girl, and if everything proves satisfactory, the bridegroom elect is allowed a free *entrée* to their house; but even now the young people are never allowed to be alone, for mamma, or some equally watchful person, is always present to note every word and glance, and it is utterly impossible for them to become really well known to each other.

A German girl is very susceptible, and if the husband provided for her possesses even a very moderate share of good looks and a pleasant manner, she soon becomes very fond of him, and is perfectly contented with her lot, and the importance of being engaged has also a great charm for her.

The Verlobung, or betrothal, is celebrated almost as solemnly as the marriage itself; all the relations and friends are invited to witness it, and to drink the health of the Braut and Bräutigam, or bride and bridegroom, as they are from this time called. After an engagement, which in many cases appears unnecessarily long, according to English ideas, the marriage takes place, and during this time the bride's parents have had a great deal to do, for on them falls the entire expense of furnishing the house for the newly-married pair, and this is by no means a small task, for the bride has also to provide enough household linen to last her lifetime, and her trousseau must be very large.

In the old days everything was made at home, and many mothers began to prepare their daughters' outfits when they were quite tiny children; but now it is quite different, and in Germany it is the same as in other parts of Europe—the large shops provide everything, and endless trouble is saved.

Each separate article of household and personal linen is embroidered most beautifully with the bride's monogram, and many of the best sheets and pillow-cases are trimmed with lace and insertion, and are of the very finest linen.

In no country is the household linen finer or more beautifully worked than in Germany, for the women of all classes excel in fine needlework of every kind, and tablecloths, sideboard cloths, and even towels are covered with the most exquisite embroidery.

Modern German houses are furnished in good taste, and are often very artistic, but in the older houses the furniture is very ugly and heavy; however, even here the universal dinginess is redeemed by the extreme neatness and cleanliness seen everywhere.

The night before the wedding a large evening party is generally given by the bride's parents, who invite all the relations and friends of both sides; it is called the "Polter-Abend," polter meaning mirth and merriment; but it may be more correctly translated as the nuptial eve.

The Braut and Bräutigam are on this evening treated with great honour, and sometimes allegorical theatricals are got up as a surprise for them, and they generally sit in two armchairs in front of the other guests at the performance.

On the morning after these festivities the wedding takes place. Sometimes, however, the civil rite has been performed several days previously, but if that is not the case, the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by two or more witnesses, first drive to the Standesamt, or registrar's office, where the civil ceremony is performed, after which they go to the church, where all the wedding guests are assembled.

There is no fixed marriage service, as in England, for it is not allowed, as the civil marriage is the only one recognised by law. The clergyman merely asks each in turn if they are willing to take each other as man and wife; then follows the ceremony of exchanging rings, after which a long extemporary oration on the duties of married people is given, and all is over, and the newly-married pair retire to the vestry, where they receive the congratulations of their relations and friends.

The bride's parents generally hold a reception in the afternoon, at which the bride and bridegroom are present, and after this they leave for their honeymoon.

The wedding tour does not, as a rule, last so long as an English one, and when it is ended the young wife is brought home, to begin the prosaic duties of a German Hausfrau, and all the excitement and importance of being a Braut is a thing of the past.

In most houses, especially in officers' families, only one servant is kept; for in the last-mentioned the soldier-servant takes a great part in the household arrangements. He does all the rough work—valets his master, waits at table, runs errands, takes the children out, and I have even heard of him wheeling the perambulator.

You will, however, see that, in spite of this invaluable man and a maid, a great deal must fall on the mistress's shoulders, especially where there are little children; and in the civilian families she has still more to do.

I formerly knew a lady, a captain's wife, who had four small children, and who was still quite young and exceedingly pretty. She always rose about 6.30, when she put on a dressing-gown and a mob-cap, under which her hair was thrust; she then went to her children's room, washed and dressed the two youngest, and assisted the others, after which she gave them and her husband their breakfast, and then spent the rest of the morning in household work.

She made everything her children wore; and, as they washed at home, as is usual in Germany, she also helped with the ironing, and I have even seen her hanging out the clothes to dry.

At 12.0, or a little later, the captain would return home, after a hard morning's work, to find that his wife had laid aside her untidy *déshabille*, and was now well-dressed and cheerful, and, moreover, there was a good dinner awaiting him prepared by the said wife's hands.

What wonder is he is perfectly satisfied with the existing state of circumstances. It is what he has always been used to. All his creature comforts are ministered to, his home is comfortable, his wife perfectly happy if he is contented, and his children are well cared for and very fond of him.

A German is always an affectionate, kind husband, but he does not look for or expect a companion in his wife; his companions he finds in the restaurants, where he spends most of his evenings, and with them he interchanges any thoughts or ideas he may have

After two or three years the wife loses all interest in things outside her domestic duties, for although she is always treated with respect and kindness by her husband, her whole time is spent in the kitchen and nursery, or in worrying over household cares, and as a natural result her intellect deteriorates, and her only thoughts are about her household duties, and how to make her weekly allowance go furthest. Even in rich households the strictest economy is often practised, and a good Hausfrau knows even the number of the lumps of sugar which leave her breakfast and tea table. A rigid supervision is exercised as a rule over the servants, who have their daily allowance of food meted out to them, the rest being kept under lock and key; but this is not always the case, and the younger generation are becoming much more liberal in these matters.

One good result of this universal thriftiness is, that it is the rarest thing possible for a German to live beyond his means, and no one is thought the worse of for being poor, for the greatest ambition of the wives is be considered extremely economical.

A good old name in Germany is thought much more of than untold riches, and it would be an excellent thing if this were also the case in England, where any rich parvenu can obtain entrance into the highest society, and where one hears constantly of families being ruined by living beyond their means, in the hopes of outshining their neighbours.

Lavish expenditure and display are left in Germany to the Jews, who have certainly not lost their Oriental taste for magnificence. The favourite amusements of German ladies are coffee-parties, or Kaffee-Klatsche, as they are called, on account of the immense amount of gossip that goes on at them; and in military circles, evening parties, at which all the ladies of the regiment meet when their husbands are at mess, these evenings being held in turn at each other's houses.

The coffee-parties are only frequented by ladies, who all come armed with small work-bags, as they do not wish it to be said that they are wasting their time; but very little sewing is done, and the talk is unceasing, quite overwhelming to anyone who is not used to the extreme volubility of a German woman.

The lady of the highest rank is placed on the sofa as the seat of honour, and in turns, according to their status, the other ladies sit by her and converse until coffee is announced, when they all troop off to another room, and it is soon seen that their appetites for cakes quite equal their powers of talking.

The conversation at these afternoons is never intellectual, and consists solely of petty gossip, generally good-natured, and stories about their respective husbands, children, and servants. Books are rarely mentioned, and the news of the day excites no interest whatever; but the smallest scrap of gossip is eagerly pounced on and made the most of.

This is the usual life of a German woman—the mornings always spent in household work and attending to her children; and her relaxations—frequent coffee-parties, an occasional country excursion, and, in the winter, a few dinners and suppers.

It seems a dull, uninteresting life, but they are perfectly contented, and their industry, unselfishness, and cheerfulness are a good example to everyone, although one cannot but regret the starvation of their intellects. I have only given the general type of a German girl and wife; there are numerous exceptions of women with splendid intellects, whose influence is felt, wherever they go, by all around them.

RAGNHILD: A STORY OF NORWEGIAN PEASANT-LIFE.

By FRU ALHED SCHOU, FÖRDE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the wild West coast of Norway, in a lonely mountain valley, there lived some years ago a married couple with their only child, little Ragnhild. Their home was a grey, unpainted, desolate-looking farmhouse, situated beside a narrow and wild fjord, which penetrated the valley. The house was nearly hidden by a huge black mountain, and this mountain was their great enemy—the great drawback in the life of the peasant's wife. It wrapped their home in dark shadow; the mountain wall kept the sun away for ever so long. Only for three short summer months did its warm rays reach their fields, only for three summer months the blessed sunlight gilded their small green windowpanes, and then the dark wall mercilessly shut out from them the beautiful sun.

The peasant's wife was a stranger in the valley. She was for ever longing for the sea—for the bare island on the coast where she was born. Whenever the mother and little Ragnhild were sitting alone on dark and stormy days, she told her daughter of her beloved old home on the lonely isle encircled by the waves. She described the great proud ships which passed by every day, their white sails expanded to the fresh breeze. Beautiful sunshine seemed to reign there for ever, and no ugly dark mountain limited their wide horizon; the great blue sea was always before her eyes.

Whenever her mother told of her old home she looked so kind and gentle; and when Ragnhild got a little older, she felt sure that the mountain always depressed her mother's mind, so that she never forgot its existence.

That was quite true. Sometimes the mother fretted because their potato grounds and their oatfields were frozen, while the fields of their neighbours, living at sunny places in the valley, still looked fresh and blooming. Sometimes she complained their hay was not so sweet and fragrant as that grown on sunny soil. She persisted in saying that her butter and cream were not so good as they ought to have been; the cows did not like the hay, she said. And as an avalanche, when Ragnhild was a baby, nearly destroyed their houses, and, in fact, tore away their best fields, it became the sorrow of the mother's life that her husband did not sell out and leave this dreary place.

Ragnhild's father was a pious Christian man. From the living source he every day gathered patience, hope, and strength, and unconsciously the old Latin proverb—*Ora et labora*—was the rule of his simple life. His gait was weary, his back bent—no wonder, little Ragnhild thought, when she remembered the many thousands of stones he had patiently carried away from his dear fields after the great disaster of the avalanche.

Nearly everything necessary in the peasant's daily life was at this time made at home, as still is the case in remote mountain valleys. The father was the artisan of the family. He made the shoes for his wife and children; at other times he worked in his smithy, or ground his oats at his small mill, situated by the white, foaming river. His hand carved out the pretty shaped jugs for the home-brewed ale, and he made the curious tubs for the butter. He turned the wooden plates and dishes used for dinner and supper, he painted them with a fresh red, and adorned them with blue painted blossoms and yellow stars. Earthenware is always rather costly, and seldom to be found in the mountains.

The Norwegian peasant women are very industrious. It is the women who tend the cows; the hay-making and the harvest are often rather too much for them, as they have their housekeeping, besides the nursing of their little children. The autumn is especially a very busy time. First there are the animals to be killed to provide meat and pork for the whole year. This meat is salted, usually smoked, and eaten raw; fresh meat is seldom or ever eaten in the mountains. Then come the candle-making, the baking of "Fladbröd" (that is very thin, great sheets of oatmeal, which are used at every meal), the provision for the whole year being rather large. Then follow the washing and shearing of the sheep, whose wool at all the diligent little homes has to be spun in the winter, woven during the spring, and at last, in the summer, transformed to brightly-hued blankets, to gowns, shirts, trousers, and jackets for the whole family.

The children also must work. They have to tend the cows and the sheep when the animals are grazing upon the fields; they have to nurse the younger children, etc. Little Ragnhild had also another duty. During the long winter evenings, while her mother and her servant girls turned their spinning-wheels, Ragnhild always tended the "Spik." That is the name of a sort of candle commonly used in Norwegian valleys. Tallow candles were too costly for daily use, and the paraffin had not yet made its way to those remote parts. The "Spik" consisted of long, slender splinters of firewood, which the father and the servant boy cut in the day. At twilight a heap of those splinters was carried into the "Stue"—that is the common, and very often only, room of a Norwegian peasant house. It is always a child who tends the "Spik," because the elders have other things to do, but that child has a weary and dull task.

When little Ragnhild had lighted the first of the splinters and put it into an old fire-

block, placed for that purpose in the centre of the room, she had to look very sharply after it. The flame must burn bright and clear, or her mother could not see how to spin her fine woollen thread. It must burn quite down, and then have to be extinguished in a tub of water standing at her side. Yet the new "Spik" must be lighted without a moment's delay, otherwise there would be a murmur from the servant girls at their spinning wheels, and her father would not like to be disturbed in his work as a shoemaker.

So these lonely winters teach the people the necessity and the blessings of labour. Beautiful summer brings to them many a gift. Then come the wonderful waterfalls from the shining "Brær" (*i.e.*, glaciers); the silver white rivers are running through a verdure rich and green, the air in the valley is fresh and pure. The summer cannot give to them rich grounds nor rich pastures, the mountain sides are too scanty and too small; yet the people love their native country much. Many a time they, sick and dying, return from the wide, wide world, in order to rest their bodies in the earth of "Gamle Norge."

CHAPTER II.

JUST opposite to the home of Ragnhild, across the narrow fjord, in a friendly opening between the mountains, a great farm was situated, surrounded by green, smiling fields. The farm was called Solheim—the home of the sun—because the peasants living there "always had the sun," as the saying is in this valley.

During the afternoons in early spring little Ragnhild used sometimes to sit on the great stone outside their housedoor, and while her own home and the fields before her were wrapt in deep shadow, she loved to gaze across the fjord towards that beautiful spot, the sunny, red-painted farm. From her lonely seat she watched the sunset there. The sun lit up the shining mountain tops with rosy, golden, and violet tints. And after the manner of her mother, she asked herself why the mountains rose so high and dark at her home. She loved the sun quite as much as the other children, and he had forgotten her.

In the early mornings the sun gilded the fields on the other side of the fjord, they looked so fresh and so green. She fancied she heard the joyous laughter of the children there, while she was sitting quite alone and cold in the dark shadow.

She never forgot her first meeting with these children across the fjord; she was then a little girl, only eight years old. One day in spring her father told her to come with him in his boat across the fjord, to their opposite neighbours. The father intended to buy some sheep, and Ragnhild could help him tend them in the boat.

She was quite in a flutter while her mother dressed her in her black woollen petticoat, her green bodice, and her little Sunday hood of flowered chintz. A row across the fjord, and then to see those happy children, that was quite an event. She had never talked with them. Outside the church last summer she had indeed looked very hard at them, but had not courage to speak.

What would they say to her? the solitary child wondered. With her whole little heart she longed for childish words and sympathy. She supposed their lambs and goats to be very pretty, but surely they did not possess such beauties as her ten little white pigs, and her own precious little goat, with his long beard; would she ever see his equal?

The boat landed on the opposite shore while all these thoughts whirled round in her little head. She helped her father to drag the boat ashore, and then she began to climb the hill, full of expectation. She always remembered that the soil itself felt warmer than at their farm; these fields were greener, and little flowers were nodding to them with their pink and yellow heads. At her fields the flowers had only got their leaves—no buds, no blossoms, but then "they had not yet got the sun."

The red-painted farm at the top of the hill was quite magnificent to her mind; and as to the turf roof, why, it was transformed to a cover of blue heartsease; she never saw anything so pretty! Her father found the neighbour outside the door, and after some chat about the weather they at last got quite absorbed by their great theme—the sheep and their price.

Meanwhile, the little girl was left quite to herself. She did not discover the children; perhaps they were with their mother working on the potato grounds. At last, when the price was finally settled and the money paid, she followed her father and the neighbour to the sheepfold. There the sheep patiently stood waiting for them; it was quite a labour getting them out of their dark little house. Ragnhild was soon quite absorbed, patting the animals, especially one with two pretty lambs, which she already loved. How well she would guard them! no fox or bear should ever come near them. She felt so happy with her new charges that she nearly forgot the disappointment at not seeing the children.

But suddenly there came a little, sturdy-looking fellow running over the fields towards them, a little sister following as quickly as possible. "Father, father," they cried, "do not give that man our pretty sheep; we are so sorry."

"Why," the father answered, "you are very naughty; the neighbour has bought them."

"You shall not get my lambs," the little boy said, resolutely striding up to Ragnhild. "I hate you and that bad farm of yours. Why, they say the fields are quite grey and frozen while ours are green. I don't like my pet lambs grazing there; they would die." But here the father quickly interrupted him and sent him away crying, with his sister, quite as sorrowful, following at his heels.

Poor little Ragnhild! that was her first sorrow—her first conflict with the world without; and when she turned to walk down the hill, the sheep and the father before her, she suddenly saw the mountain and her own home at the other side of the fjord.

Involuntarily she shuddered, for the mountain rose before her, black and huge, with snowy peaks and ridges. The glaciers on it and its neighbours gleamed with an unearthly brightness; the snow lay in shining patches on its black sides; but, alas! little Ragnhild could not see all the beauty.

It was true, as her mother had told her before, it was indeed an ugly, terrible mountain! She thought of Paradise, of Adam and Eve, the poor outcasts, of which her mother had read to her from the Bible. They—her father, mother, the fields and the lambs—were also outcasts, until the blessed sun reached them once more.

CHAPTER III.

IN the remote valleys of Norway the schooldays some years ago did not take up much of the year. The schoolmaster of the valley walked from house to house, teaching his pupils for some weeks at each place.

Shortly after her unhappy visit to the neighbour across the fjord, Ragnhild had to begin school, which was held at their neighbour's house. She did not like it; she dreaded meeting with the children quite as much as she longed for school. But of course she had to go; she was rowed across the fjord, her books and her red-painted provision box on her lap; and very sad indeed she felt.

In the low-roofed "Stue," now transformed to a schoolroom, she found her small enemies, with twenty other bustling children. The schoolmaster, an old, friendly-looking man, with large, horn-rimmed spectacles and a long coat, made her heartily welcome, and then he pointed out her seat, just beside the neighbour's children. However, they now seemed to repent of their demeanour, and the boy—she knew he was called Knut, and his sister Sigrid—sealed the peace by dragging out of his pocket some beautiful pebbles, which he offered Ragnhild with something of a sly smile.

That was the beginning of a friendship which turned out to be the happiness of their childhood, and Ragnhild went home very well contented with her first lessons and her new companions. How she longed for them during the summer, when the schoolmaster had finished his teaching! In the evening she strained her eyes and her ears to catch a glimpse of them; but, alas! the narrow fjord was ever between them.

When the autumn came her mother began to pine for the loss of the sun and the darkness to come. But little Ragnhild answered merrily enough, that now the fjord would be frozen, and the children would come to her across it. During the twilight they all steered their sledges down the hill, and taught her how to use the snowshoes which their father had made for them.

By degrees Ragnhild nearly forgot the mountain and its deep shadow, the companionship of the other children made her so happy, and her mother was again alone with her sorrow and her longing for the great blue sea.

But the children, what a happy time they had of it for some years! Bright summers and cold, clear winters, which only made them more rosy-cheeked, strong, and courageous. Many a quiet, rainy, summer evening Knut rowed his father's boat across the fjord, and Ragnhild, who sat on her dear stone waiting and looking out for him, merrily sprang down the hill and jumped in. She took the oars while he fished and brought the big, bright fish—the cod, the whiting, and the haddock—up from the fjord. On sunny days, when no fish could be caught, they went on the mountains. There they knew all the secret places where the bilberries grew in rich and fragrant abundance.

There were great cloud-berry marshes, which they reached by difficult paths, wading little rivers, and climbing great rocks and stones. There the golden berries shone in abundant profusion, transforming the dark brown marsh to a golden plain.

They had happy walks to the "Stöl" or "Sæter," that is the dairy for the summer, built high up in the mountains, and sometimes situated one or two Norwegian miles from the farm. The cows graze there on rich pastures, and the milkmaid who lives there for the summer has a busy time of it with her milking, skimming, and cheese-making.

But the peasants at the farm, where during the whole summer there are no cows, and, in consequence, no milk (save that fetched once a week from the "Stöl"), have a still more scanty diet. Fancy, then, what a treat it is to all children, going to the "Stöl," and eating to their hearts' content the sour milk with cream, called in Norway "Römmekolle."

Ragnhild, Knut, and Sigrid never forgot the happy summer evenings at the "Stöl." They often sat outside the door of the lonely little "Stöl," surrounded by mighty mountains, while the milkmaid, standing on a great stone, called, with her clear ringing voice, for her cows. And there they came trotting up, the little white or brown darlings; each child had its own favourite, for which they gathered the sweetest herbs and the freshest grass.

Every winter Knut taught the girls how to

steer their little sledges down the hills. Hand in hand they ran with skates on their feet on the frozen fjord. They pursued the footprints of the red fox and the little white hare, while Knut raved and dreamt about buying a gun. Then he could shoot all the grouse and black-cock, whose cries he could so well imitate. And when once a man, he told the girls, he would kill the bear who every autumn feasted on some of his pretty lambs.

Knut's father owned a few books, and Knut had inherited his love of learning, and was always happy whenever he could acquire some fresh knowledge. To him, quite naturally, the girls came for information, and very often they asked him what was behind the mountains. And though he did not quite understand it himself, yet he tried to tell them of the world without. He told them of the bright cities, the streets full of bustling people, the churches, the ships in harbour, the noise and the bustle of the great towns. No wonder that he became the oracle of the girls, as they sat listening to him with great wondering eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE years went by for these children, spent between labour and the pleasures of this friendship, which had transformed the solitary life of little Ragnhild; though she was not little now—she was a tall young girl of seventeen, and had been confirmed last year.

With her obedient, kind demeanour she turned out to be the sunbeam of that sunless home. The careworn face of her mother sometimes lighted up with a smile when she saw Ragnhild, in the early mornings, as gay as a young lark, boiling the potatoes, mixing them up with barley-meal; and at last baking the dough to thin cakes ("Poteteskage"), commonly used for breakfast in the valleys.

The mother did not complain so much now of the early frost, nor did she so hate the dark mountain. The sight of her handsome daughter, as she sat diligently weaving the difficult patterns of the blankets, or in the evening, when she turned the spinning-wheel so rapidly and steadily with her foot, had more charm for her than the blue waves or the open coast.

Knut was now to leave his father's house, and with his departure they all felt their happy childhood ended. He longed to face the world, and to use his strong arms. He intended going out to the fishing stations on the north coast of Norway.

One stormy evening in the autumn he rowed across the fjord with his sister, to say good-bye to Ragnhild and her parents; and next day he was far away "over the mountains."

How much Ragnhild followed the friend of her childhood in her dreams and thoughts during the lonely winter she did not herself quite know. He had left them for that unknown, mysterious world of which they had so often spoken. And when the sun this year went away, she felt the mountain wall more dark and impenetrable than ever—the mountains like menacing sentinels around her.

How she envied the white gulls—they might soar high up over the mountains to the far unknown!

Sometimes her dreams took another flight. Good fortune would follow Knut; he would turn out to be a prosperous man, and one day a great ship would ride at anchor in the narrow fjord. Knut was the captain of that beautiful, marvellous vessel, plentifully loaded with all his goods. She would step on board with her mother and Sigrid, and the captain would hoist his sails for that beautiful land where everlasting sun and summer reigned!

And when she met his sister all their talk was of Knut and of his doings. They wondered whether he would ever come back from that great sea; they wondered whether they would get a letter from him during the winter; the mails were not so very frequent in the distant villages then, and the peasants did not write as much as now.

When he had been three months away, there arrived one day a letter from the Lofoten Islands. He was hearty and healthy, the letter said, and the fishing did very well. He hoped, please God, to return home next spring.

But death was also very near to him. He told them of a tempest there, which suddenly burst upon them with a rage never to be forgotten. Several great boats were just drawing in their nets full of herrings; in a moment all went down, and he would not meet his comrades till the Day of Judgment.

Around this little letter the thoughts of Ragnhild now encircled themselves. Poor Knut! fancy death so near to him, though he was so young and strong! Many a fervent prayer she said for him when the storms were raging in the mountains; and she felt grateful and happy when the weather was calm; she hoped then the same for Knut.

But her mother did not quite like the dreamy and altered manner of the young girl. One may have a worldly sight though dwelling in a lonely mountain valley. She feared her daughter in time would come to love this young man, who did not possess anything save his two strong arms.

She secretly hoped Ragnhild might marry a rich, old widower dwelling two Norwegian miles away, at the bottom of the fjord. He was very rich, and his farm was beautifully situated near the white-painted church of the valley.

The mother gave the good widower some confidential hints when they met at church, and the old man, quite flattered, resolved to try his luck. He reasoned quite coolly that Ragnhild, as an only child, would probably get a little money; besides, she was young and healthy, and would spare him a great deal of labour.

So on Christmas Day the widower arrived at their farm, dressed in his best clothes, adorned with silver buttons, and furnished with a great walking-stick, trying to make a good impression.

He told the parents, to whom he addressed himself, hoping secretly to have a still more attentive listener in the daughter, of the good farm and his wealth; his "Stabur" or store-house, filled with dried mutton, bacon, and flour; his wardrobe filled with good clothes, bright hued blankets, wool, and leather. Then his farm was so prettily situated, with large fields, and he had the sun all the year round. The parents brightened up; that would do very well for their daughter. Fancy, a good farm, with so many cows and sheep; and then the farm was quite near the church. Ragnhild might hear the bells chiming every third Sunday, when Divine service was celebrated there. She might from her own house watch the whole congregation gathering outside the church; every wedding, every funeral, would be outside her own window—for the parents it signified the whole world. When the elderly suitor at last took his leave, the parents earnestly invited him to "come again," and after his departure they strongly urged Ragnhild to think of these brilliant prospects.

But Ragnhild, with flushed cheeks and eyes brimming over with tears, vowed she would not marry this old man. She would try to be a good daughter to them; surely they would not wish to get rid of her so soon. Who was to start for the "Sæter" if she was not there? Who was to take the management of the animals, the churning, and cheesemaking?

And with kind words and deeds she laughed the marriage prospects away, but only for a while, she feared. She knew her parents, and they would not easily forget these bright prospects.

CHAPTER V.

DURING the whole summer Ragnhild busied herself at the "Sæter." Late in the autumn she triumphantly returned with a lot of delicious yellow butter, and a cart full of cheeses. The cows were fat, no sheep were missing; she had indeed played her part well; and the mother proudly thought, looking at her bright, handsome daughter, that she deserved a wealthy bridegroom; she would not waste his riches, only redouble them.

Ragnhild did not yet suspect these thoughts, she only hoped that her qualities as a good housekeeper would make her still more indispensable to her parents. She was so happy after a meeting with Sigrid, who told her of two letters which Knut had sent home. Both letters contained kindly messages for her, and Ragnhild thought, smiling, he would be back in spring, and then the old days would begin again. If she only might get rid of that hideous old widower!

Alas! he still persisted with his wooing, and his courtship became rather pressing. When Ragnhild and her parents arrived at church on the Christmas Day, after a very cold sail, the widower invited them all to an excellent repast. The meal consisted of butter, cheese, "Fladbröd," dried mutton, and last, but not least, newly-brewed Christmas ale served in a silver tankard. After the repast, the suitor showed all his riches, and he did not forget anything, from the ten cows to the well-filled, red-painted chests.

That silver tankard dazzled even the sober mind of her father, and the following months were not agreeable to poor Ragnhild. The parents tried by all means to persuade her, and as the time for Knut's arrival drew near, they the more eagerly urged all the good reasons for this marriage.

One stormy, dark evening in March, when her parents had gone to bed, Ragnhild was sitting alone in her little chamber inside the "Stue." She was quite heart-broken. The widower had visited them in the morning, and very proud and offended he was. If the girl wanted to delay things so much, he said, he would gladly retire; there were other young girls in the valley. The parents grew very uneasy; they excused their daughter as much as possible, and at last they promised next Sunday to celebrate the betrothal (the "Jaord"). Outside the house the storm raged, the rain poured down in torrents. Sometimes a strange noise was heard from the mountains amidst the intervals of the storm; it was caused by stones and small avalanches getting detached from the wet ground, and rolling down to the valley.

And in the young heart of Ragnhild there also raged a storm. She was going to undress for the night, and had taken off her little hood, and loosened her long, flaxen hair. But her breast was nearly stifled by sobs, and the tears rolled unceasingly down her round, young cheeks. She was sitting on her little chest, dressed in her red bodice, with white sleeves, and a short, green petticoat, a picture of despair. She would not willingly distress her parents, and yet she could not marry that mercenary old man; her whole heart revolted against the thought. There was only one light in the darkness. Knut was every day expected to return. Surely he would advise her, and say if she ought to marry this old man. But if he did not come, what a terrible Sunday she was to have!

A new rush of wind now shook the house, and, shuddering and unhappy, she rose to shut the window a little better. Then a cry of surprise escaped her; the little garret which Knut occupied when at home was lighted, she could see the dim light flickering across the fjord. A great joy suddenly filled her; she no longer felt unhappy or alone. Then again she turned herself anxiously towards the

window; the light had perhaps already vanished.

No; thank God it was there still, and she sat in the stormy, dark night, watching it for ever so long, drying her tears, and hoping that Knut would know how to help her; then at last she crept to bed and dropped asleep with a grateful prayer on her lips.

She slept the deep, happy slumber of youth, and she did not hear how the storm increased with the darkness of the night. But the wind now rose with redoubled fury, howling and shrieking among the mountains, while the torrents of rain transformed themselves to little rivers, which furiously hastened down the mountain sides.

The mother, who never slept during such nights, hurriedly awakened her husband. Surely it was not alone the roaring storm, the furious squalls of wind she heard. No! that low, menacing, strange noise spoken of before, drew nearer and nearer; the avalanche was coming! She shrieked; they must try to save themselves before it was too late!

Yes, it was the avalanche. Growing more wild, and now surpassing the noise of thunder, it made the house tremble to its foundations, waking up the inmates to anguish and the fear of death. The furious rain had loosened the mighty mass of snow in the mountains, and, forcing its way down the mountain sides, it swallowed up great trees and huge stones that vainly tried to stop it on its deadly way.

A huge white mountain itself, it descends over the fields, on which had been spent so much of patient labour; nearer and nearer it comes, and this time, not satisfied with the fields, it buries the home of Ragnhild and its inmates under its huge, icy sheet.

CHAPTER VI.

When Ragnhild at last awakened from her stupor, she found herself lying quite still, unable to move. Her head felt dizzy and wandering, and it was difficult to breathe. Darkness reigned around her, which filled her with a deadly weakness, and she became unconscious, until she was aroused by a low, moaning sound. Was it the voice of her father? It sounded so strange and spectral.

A painful bellowing of the cows—deadened and far away—terrified her still more. Where was she, and what did it all mean? Suddenly the truth revealed itself to her with fearful clearness.

It was the avalanche! Coming like a thief in the night, it had crushed and destroyed them, and at last buried them in this deep, hopeless grave! The enemy of the mother, the black mountain so long forgotten, had now revenged itself! Why had she ever forgotten that sudden death lay in waiting for them behind those dark, snowy peaks? And involuntarily she screamed aloud! It was a cry so high, so despairing, that she got quite afraid of her own voice. The low moaning of her father answered her; he was quite near her. He tried to tell her that his own arm was crushed—it was nothing; but the mother was lying quite still next to him. Perhaps it was only a deep swoon; but then her hand felt so cold. Poor mother! she had been so afraid this horrible night!

Calling her mother with gentle words, Ragnhild tried to rouse herself; but as not even the faintest moaning answered her, the poor girl became quite terror-stricken. "Could they do nothing in order to save themselves?" she tremblingly asked her father. And in their darkness they entreated God the Almighty to help and to save them. If the Lord, full of wisdom, had fixed this day for their death-hour, they prayed for strength, saying, "Thy will be done!"

The Lord graciously heard their prayers; help was near at hand, though the poor people did not yet know it. Knut had indeed returned late in the evening, and when he at last went upstairs to his own little garret, he also sat for awhile watching the light across the fjord. To him it seemed to mean a welcome back again to the old place and the old valley.

He pondered deeply on the news which Sigrid had told him—the courtship of the old, rich widower; but, to be sure, Ragnhild must know that he, Knut, had loved her since he was a boy. For her sake he had gone to the North, because he hoped her parents then more willingly would give him their daughter. Would she not prefer him to the old man? How he longed for to-morrow to ask her. Then came the doubts; perhaps she had already given herself up for the sake of his riches. No! that she would not; she was good and stout-hearted, however the parents would tease and try to persuade her, poor girl!

These thoughts would not allow him any sleep. The idea of pretty Ragnhild as the wife of that old man was too much for him.

The weather also made him very uneasy. These torrents of rain and heavy storms very often loosened the avalanches, and her home was so exposed. He tossed about restlessly in bed until he suddenly heard the thunder of the avalanche. The noise was diminished by the great distance, and yet he did not err. It was an avalanche, and it had gone in the direction of Ragnhild's home. In a moment he dressed himself, and awakened the father and the whole house. When daylight at last dawned he knew his forebodings were true, for instead of the old grey house across the fjord, there now was a huge heap of ice, snow, stones, and timber, fearful to behold.

But daylight also found them quite ready to labour and to work. Their mother and the younger children rowed out along the fjord in order to ask help from other peasants; and Knut, their father, Sigrid, and the servant boy, with their spades and axes, hastened across the fjord to the scene of the disaster. Knut did not yet feel any sorrow or anxiety: his whole being was only bent on the thought of saving these poor, unhappy people. The news spread with great haste, and happily the wind subsided, so many peasants came to the rescue. They all dug and laboured in the deep snow for the whole day: but for many hours without any result. Within an hour darkness would set in, and then they could not work so well. The workers therefore used their utmost efforts, and at last, when the daylight was nearly gone, they got out the first body. Alas! it was no hopeful beginning, for the poor mother was dead: a piece of timber had crushed her head!

After a while they reached the bodies of Ragnhild, the two servants, and her father; they were all alive, and had for a time heard the noise of the spades, but could not make themselves heard.

With a faint smile, Ragnhild recognised the face of Knut as he anxiously bent over her; then she closed her eyes again and seemed to swoon. The father was very weak, his arm being crushed: the servants were also hurt and bleeding; but the poor mother alone had lost her life beneath that mountain which she always had dreaded and hated so much! Some of the men continued the digging by the light of torches in order to save the animals: others wrapped the rescued people up in woollen blankets, refreshing them with a little brandy and bread.

The women tried to make a couch in the boat for the dead wife, whom they wrapped up with a piety and kindness always shown to their dead. The fresh air seemed to be the best cure for the poor sufferers: a warmer hue was already spreading on the cheeks of Ragnhild as she, with her head in the lap of Sigrid, was rowed across the fjord to the home of Knut.

CHAPTER VII.

It was months before her father recovered from his weakness caused by the accident. During the long, painful days he had plenty of time to think how little earthly things signify when one stands face to face with death. So when Ragnhild one day, blushing and happy, owned to her father her great love for Knut, and entreated his consent, the old man very willingly granted it. He said he indeed had been repenting of his former worldliness, and that he daily asked his Maker for forgiveness. Knut, who had saved the life of his only child, was the only one to have her; may God bless them both.

Happiness, love, and youth were allies which soon cured the mind and body of Ragnhild, only when she thought of her poor dead mother she grew silent and pale; the horrors of that night could never be forgotten.

The preparations for the wedding also absorbed her time. With the amount of the insurance of the father's house and the savings of Knut, they had bought another property, and that no other than the white-painted farm of the widower. The rejected suitor had resolved to sell out, and then to be off to America, where his children were residing. And so Ragnhild eventually became the mistress of that pretty white house—so near to the weddings and the funerals—only she liked the present owner, Knut Solheim, far better.

How I wish I could describe to you, my kind young readers, the wedding at the mountain valley, with its curious old customs, its various functionaries and guests, and last, but not least, that beautiful scenery, which forms such a mighty majestic frame for the peculiar and interesting groups and persons.

The wedding guests at these valleys always arrive at the bridal house on the evening before the marriage ceremony. As the weddings usually last for three days, it is an old custom for the guests to bring eatable presents for the bridal house. These presents are called "Funne," and the contents of the "Funne" basket are usually noted down by the givers, simply because these goods on similar occasions in the family of the givers are expected to be returned in the same form.

On the evening before the wedding of Knut and Ragnhild, a lovely day in the last part of July, it was quite a sight to watch how boat after boat, all filled with wedding guests, landed at the shore of Solheim, the home of Knut, where the wedding was to be celebrated.

Up the hill, where the red-painted farm gleamed hospitably in the sun, the mighty mountains clustering around, old women are coming dressed in black, old-fashioned cloaks and black, peculiar-shaped hoods. They carry their brightly-painted buckets full of sour cream for the wedding porridge (Bryllups-gröden), a dish which is to be served for dinner to-morrow when the wedding party have returned from church. The old women are followed by some gay young fellows, who carry their sacks full of dried salted mutton. Some children are walking after them demurely and with wondering great eyes. They are clasping their presents—the red-painted boxes filled with newly baked potato cakes—as tightly as possible. An old man with streaming white hair, with a big staff in his hand, climbs the hill wearily. Panting and exhausted, he at last delivers his present, a large cheese (Gammelost), to the cook, who is bustling about.

The courtyard of the farm is already filled with gaily dressed people. The men are sitting on the stairs of the old "Stabur," on a heap of great stones, or on the green turf, peacefully smoking their pipes. Yonder is a group of young girls, with dimpled cheeks and

laughing eyes; and very prettily they are dressed in their red bodices and white sleeves. They pretend not to notice the young lads, standing a little apart; and yet they are all looking forward to the dance, and silently choosing their partners. The married women are very interested in the preparations for the supper, and are always hovering near the kitchen, attired in their high pointed black hoods and black woollen petticoats.

At the supper this evening there is usually served a dish called "Brudepölse" (bride's-sausage), prepared of barley meal and suet, and served with a sauce containing treacle, cream and suet, and very badly it tastes, I think, though it is a favourite dish among the peasants. The red fire looks so merry through the open door of the kitchen, it makes the red cheeks of the cook look still redder, while she is busy with her great pans and hissing coffee-kettles.

The hired waiting-women ("Klekoner") are passing to and from the "Stabur" (store-house), busied with the preparations for supper. The "Stabur," a small building, lies opposite the dwelling-house. The women carry from it great heaps of "Fladbröd," pieces of butter, great cheeses, dried mutton, etc., and as the guests are so many, they have their hands full of work.

The old customs are very much esteemed at a mountain wedding. According to custom, the bride must not appear too much in public this evening. She is sitting alone with her bridegroom, in a little room near the "Stue," where the walls are hung with her new-made gowns and petticoats, spun, woven, and made by herself. Here the bridal pair receive the visits of the guests, and treat them to a glass of wine, which is placed on a little tray. "Time flies quickly in agreeable society." Ragnhild and Knut are very happy. They are looking out of the little window at the great black mountain opposite, across the fjord. Ragnhild tells her lover how terrified she felt when, as a little child, she first saw the mountain from this place, and how she wept because Knut would not give his sheep to her—"they had not the sun." She told him of her poor mother, how she pined for the open coast and a wider horizon. The thought of her poor mother and her terrible death is so full of sorrow to her that it fills her eyes with tears, even on this happy day. But the low, tender whisper of Knut tells her that, after the saying of the Lord, eternal life is to come from death; and as to themselves, they loved each other so much, please God, happiness was in store for them. And then, I suppose, they had happy visions about the future and their pretty white-painted home, and so we will leave them for a while, and return to the other guests and officials. Some of them I should like to introduce to you.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG the various officials I must first introduce to you the governor of the feast, or "Kjögemester." He is a necessary and most important person at a mountain wedding. He acts as the host and hostess combined in one person. The master of the house is a stranger in his own habitation on that day, and has no duty to perform towards the guests.

The position of the "Kjögemester" is rather difficult and troublesome. He ought to say grace in a grave manner, and to know by heart a number of old proverbs, and a good song or two. He must be witty, knowing how to deliver a joke just at the proper time. Then he must be quick and ready if there, most unhappily, should be too little of salted fish and strong beer.

He must know how to keep his head clear of this same beer; must not forget even the poorest guest; yet he must know the order of precedence, not asking the cottager to dine before the farmer. The "Stue" is so small that dinner cannot be served for all the guests at one time, and they are usually divided into three or four parties. Dinner is served for each party, the last sometimes waiting several hours for their meal.

If the "Kjögemester" to all these good qualities can add that of eloquence, if he can praise in a pretty manner those guests who are giving the bridal pair much money, or as the saying of the valley is, "Meget i Skaalen" ("much in the cup"), he is very popular. The favourite "Kjögemester" of the valley has a rather busy time in the summer, when all the weddings are celebrated.

This money given to the bridal pair is not really a present; it is considered as a loan without interest, and with unlimited time for repayment. The young farmer who at the wedding of Ragnhild gives ten kroner "in the cup" shall, if he has no marriage in his family before, claim this money back again at the wedding of his own daughter, twenty years perhaps afterwards. Ragnhild and Knut will then, as an elderly couple, pay them with good grace. It is regarded as a *point d'honneur* to pay the "wedding debt," as it is called. One may sometimes hear an old couple regret a wedding invitation: the bridal house is so far away, etc.; but then they must go, they are "skyldige," owing their wedding debt to the family. The good couple will not simply forward the money, that is not becoming; and they like to take a little of the pleasure also—a bit of the wedding porridge, and a nip of the strong beer.

One only finds this curious custom in the more remote mountain valleys. I have, indeed, heard peasants regretting that the custom begins to be old-fashioned. With the contents of the Skaal (cup) a young couple can afford to begin their household without debt, and can pay for their cows, goats, and sheep. No debt can be paid in a more agreeable manner, without interest and other disagreeable attendants. A childless couple who for many a year have been to many weddings and given to many "Skaaler," sometimes, especially some years ago, invite their debtors from the weddings to a "money wedding." The old man and his wife place themselves as bridegroom and bride, while the "Kjögemester," with many jokes, gets the money back again from the various indebted guests.

At an ordinary wedding in the mountains this interesting scene takes place on the second day of the wedding. The bridal pair seat themselves at the top of the long wooden table. Next to them are placed at one side of the table the parents of the bridegroom, his kinsmen and friends. The relations of the bride are placed in the same manner at the other side of the table. After a hush of expectation the "Kjögemester" arrives with the Skaal (cup) in hand. He begins his speech, standing before the assembled party, the young people gathering around him in order to hear as much as possible of the interesting proceedings.

The "Kjögemester" begins thus: "To-day N. N. celebrates the wedding of his daughter. N. N. is a good, industrious man; his daughter, the bride, is a good and diligent girl. He has married his daughter to the stout young lad sitting by her side; and a good gift N. N. gave at the wedding of his daughter." (Here the father has to take a note out of his purse, and place it into the cup.) "A good gift, an excellent present, 40 kroner, N. N. gave at the wedding of his daughter; but then N. N. is a mighty man," etc., etc. (Here I must remark that the gift of parents, of course, is always a genuine present; but that given by brothers and sisters has to be paid back in the same manner.) The "Kjögemester" now makes his round to every one of the relations and friends, making a thus flattering speech to each. One may little understand that the office of the "Kjögemester" requires discretion and shrewdness. The bride and bridegroom, who have to sit perfectly erect and quiet under the proceedings, treating everyone who "pays" with a glass of wine and a cake ("Kringle"). It is very interesting to watch the different faces on this occasion. Some of them express deep calculation; some of them try to look indifferent, whether the cup is filled or not. Jokes and witticisms accompany the act, and the foaming bowl of beer diligently makes its way round the table.

Young people from the neighbourhood, who are not staying for the whole wedding, very often come to the bridal house in the evenings for a little pleasure. It is understood, as a *point d'honneur*, that they have to dance the "bride's dance;" and this very often also is a debt—the bride or bridegroom has "danced" with them at their wedding, and now they must "pay" it.

The young lads dance once with the bride, and then, *sans façon*, place in her hands two or three kroner. The whole thing is going on in a business-like manner. I have seen at a peasant wedding a young man hand the bride a note for five kroner after his dance. He asked her to change it, and to keep the debt, two kroner; whereupon he very coolly pocketed the remainder. An elderly man, who on the same occasion danced with the bride, paid her two kroner. "I am dancing for my little daughter," he said; "you gave her two kroner when you acted as her sponsor; later on I shall dance for myself." The bride did not look as if she felt tired of being used as a money-making machine. And yet it must be very fatiguing, as she, on the first day of the wedding, dances with her heavy "krone" (crown) on her head. On other days, when she is attired in her "wife's hood," with the great yellow knot under the chin, it is much better. Old women who wish to dance with the bride "hire" a young man for the dance, and place the money in his hands.

The bridegroom invariably treats every bride's-dancer with a glass of wine and a "Kringle"; his character is a very humble one at the wedding. You will find the custom very naïve, devoid of all forms of hypocrisy, that is true, and looks sometimes very ungraceful. Yet I understand those peasants find money the best form of wedding presents in the remote villages.

CHAPTER IX.

I HOPE my girl readers will kindly excuse this perhaps too long description of the "Kjögemester," and the customs at a Norwegian mountain wedding.

We left our bridal pair sitting quite alone in a little room, and supper was just to be served for all the guests, who filled the courtyard. Now when we are returning to them again, we observe the worthy "Kjögemester" busy in the courtyard. He is welcoming the guests, delivering his jokes, and presenting his bowl of beer. The guests like the brewing to be seen, and his assistant, a little, jolly-looking man, with a wrinkled face and a red-pointed cap, has to run often up from the cellar and refill the beer-can of the "Kjögemester" from his own curious blue and yellow painted wooden jug.

And now the fiddler comes up the hill with his precious fiddle under his arm. He smiles a fat, good-humoured smile at the young boys who are cheering him. He knows he is a treasured person, and therefore he begins to refresh himself at the long, wooden table in the "Stue;" he knows that for three days and nights he will have little sleep or rest. It would amuse you to look at him when he at last gets installed in his corner of the long,

low room. He has his own drink beside him, and he beats the time rather loudly with his feet while he plays the old tunes to his heart's content. He follows the young people and their dance with a beaming, good-humoured face. They are dancing their old national dances, the "Springedans," which is really a pretty and picturesque dance, and the "Halling," described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER by the Rev. T. B. Willson. The music of these old national dances possesses a peculiar beauty. The old fiddler plays them, not knowing that they often are the motives and key-notes of the works of our great composers.

There are no young bridesmaids at a mountain wedding. Instead of them they have elderly experienced women called brides-women ("Brudekoner"). This evening the brideswomen will take a last survey of the bride's finery, and to-morrow morning they will dress Ragnhild in all her state. They will place the high and heavy silver crown on her head, and adorn her breast with shining "Söljer." (We have a beautiful picture by Mr. Tidemand representing this scene. It is called "Brude pyntning paa Staburet.") And when the bridal pair to-morrow morning are walking up to church, at the head of the bridal procession, these two old women, attired in their pointed black hoods and black woollen dresses, will walk after them. Outside the church they will take a last survey of the pretty bride, they will arrange the silken coloured ribands which come down from the shining crown; they will smooth her long, flaxen hair, and brush the invisible dust from the clothes of the bridegroom. At last the old women will accompany them up to the altar, while the other company are staying behind in the church.

The wedding morning of Knut and Ragnhild dawned quite as beautifully as the evening ended the day before. The sun beamingly dressed the snowy mountains, the green fields, the white waterfalls in bright wedding colours.

Slowly the bridal procession glides on the blue fjord, beneath the snowy mountains, passing the green slopes, covered with silvery birches, until at last the white church greets them at the bottom of the fjord. The fairest blossom in this beautiful picture is Ragnhild, the bride. She is sitting in the first boat, beside her bridegroom, looking like a fairy queen with her silver crown, her red petticoat, and the golden ribbons.

How very well we understand that the Norwegian mountain peasant—whose daily life is so monotonous and self-denying, whose diet is so frugal, whose dress is so sober, whose only pleasure is a meeting at church—must rejoice in all this sunshine to-day. And then we hope and wish that the festive salute which now resounds in the mountains may, with the sunshine, flowers, youth, and love, resound a little in their future life.

* * * *

If any of my young readers should like to know a little more of Ragnhild and Knut, I may say that they both are living, happy and satisfied, in their pretty, white-painted home. Their old father has lately died, and Sigrid, the sister of Knut, is married in another valley. But, perhaps, some day you will know Ragnhild, her husband, their children, and their pretty home yourself. She has just informed me that her husband has let out for next summer a part of their house to an English gentleman, who "was so fond of trout-fishing and great mountains." Then some of you may come another year, and Ragnhild herself will—if you happen to learn a little "Norsk"—tell you how she once mourned "over the mountains," but how happy she now feels, and how good the Lord has been to her and her husband.

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

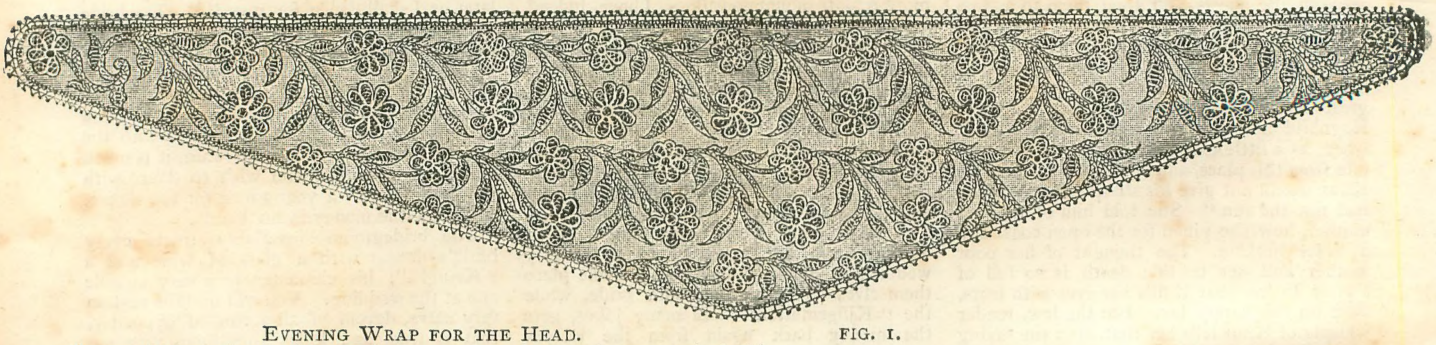


FIG. 1.

Evening Wrap for the Head.

THE model here described is of pale cream-coloured soft cashmere, worked with silk of the same shade. Any other colour may be chosen, but the embroidery silk always matches the material.

The length is about two yards, and the width twenty-two inches, shaped as fig. 1. The outer and inner contour of the flowers and leaves must be traced. The petals of the former and the centre of the larger leaves are cut out after being thickly buttonholed round with rather coarse silk. The openings are filled in, the simple lace stitches in finer silk. The outer edge of the large leaves is closely sewed over (cord stitch), and the remaining portion, as well as the centre of the smaller leaves and stems, is worked in coral stitch. The scarf is hemmed round with a narrow hem, over which a row of openworked scollops are made (shown in fig. 2), by inserting the needle above the inner edge of the hem, leaving the silk loose for the scollop, in which make three button-hole stitches. Keep the scollops even, and be careful not to draw the edge of the scarf. This is finished off with a crochet edging.

1st Row.—1 double crochet into first scollop *; 3 chain; 1 double crochet in next loop; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—1 long in the 3 chain *; 5 chain; 1 long in next 3 chain but one; repeat from *.

3rd Row.—1 double crochet in the 5 chain *; 2 chain; 1 picot (4 chain, 1 single in the first); 1 double crochet in the next 5 chain; repeat from *.

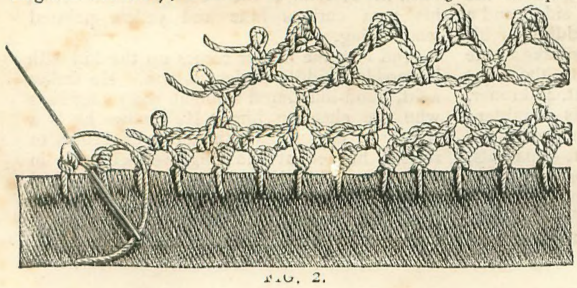


FIG. 2.

When finished it is advisable to place tissue paper on the back of the work, and press it with a warm iron. Fig. 3 shows the scarf as worn over the head and round the throat.

FIG. 3.